

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM BRUNTON.

No flags at half-mast flying;
No muffled drum-beat roll;
No note of plaintive bugle;
No solemn church bell's toll.

Hearts that miss the sunshine,
Yet hope through the gloom and mist;
Eyes that are dim with teardrops,
Like flowers by soft rains kissed—

These are the tender tokens
That speak our loss and pain,
In these hours of hush and silence
When we list for his voice again.

Night has settled about us,
But the stars are in the sky;
The shadows can ne'er affright us
While the light shines down from on high.

Death with its silence and anguish,
Is blessed with the light of his life
Which shines brighter through the darkness,
Like a star o'er the rivers of strife.

Let the flags be unfurled to the breezes,
His life is a victory won.
Beat the unmuffled drums in triumph,
His life march is only begun.

The clear true note of the bugle blast,
Like his voice, bids us "up and away."
The swelling tones of chiming bells
With joy proclaim his heaven-born day.

M. M. S.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

(IN MEMORIAM—REV. WILLIAM BRUNTON.)
"Thine be the quiet habitations;
Thine the green pastures, blossom-sown,
And smiles of saintly recognition
As sweet and tender as thine own."

"All which is real now remaineth
And fadeth never!
The Hand which upholds it now, sustaineth
The soul forever!"

Rev. William Brunton, whose work as a minister of the Unitarian faith widened and flowered into the rich abundance of the positiveness of the divine life, in the conviction of the open and direct communion between those in the Seen and those in the Unseen, has left a singularly rich legacy of faith and friendship and of the possibilities of absolutely realizing, in daily life, the high ideals to which he gave unflinching allegiance. Mr. Brunton's name is most familiar to the readers of the "Banner." For a long time nearly every number has been enriched by his contributions of poetry and of poetic and uplifting prose. The one special affirmation that may be made of Mr. Brunton is that he was not disobedient unto the Heavenly Vision. He followed "The Gleam." His life was essentially one that was constantly "moving to melody." The spiritual life is not entered into only by the "gateway of death. Its condition is not merely the negative one of being freed from the physical body, but the positive one of realizing and achieving the life of the spirit. Every time that one controls the impatient word or thought; that he realizes the close ties of friendship and social relations; that he is as careful in guarding the interests of others as his own; every variety of conquest of the higher and nobler forces is an entrance on the spiritual life. For all progress is a process of perpetual evolution. The "material" and the "spiritual" cannot be regarded as two separate and utterly distinctive states with fixed boundaries; they are no more separated than are light, heat, and electricity; or than ice, water, vapor, and ether. Condense a cloud floating in the sky, and we have water; condense the water by intense cold, and we have solid ice; melt the ice by moderate heat, and there is again water; apply greater heat, and there is steam or vapor; still greater, and the vapor becomes invisible, because it is still more refined. Spirit and matter are in the relation of cause and effect. Matter is the manifestation of spirit. The entire material world, as we call it, is the manifestation of the spiritual world. All this part of life is experimental. It is the rehearsal before the play, the tuning of the instruments before the concert. We are learning how to begin to live and to realize how inexhaustible are the treasures of the spiritual world.

"The kingdom of God for any soul is that condition anywhere in the universe when it seeks and obeys the highest, when it

loves truth and duty more than comfort and luxury," said Bishop Brooks.

The close of the temporary physical sojourn is the entering into a more positive and real and radiant life, the continuity unbroken and rich, with all the wealth of intellectual and spiritual treasure that has been gathered here. It is as logical to begin new studies, to enter on new achievements, at seventy as at seventeen. One does not die because of death. The mere change of form has no power over the spiritual being who has been sojourning here, except to liberate the energy and to give it the stimulus of new and finer conditions. No life is so fortunate that it is free from difficulties and perplexity. A truer reading would, indeed, be that no life is so unfortunate as to be free from these, for the soul gains the strength of the hardship it overcomes, and thus its hardship is good rather than ill fortune. That he who will keep on, true to the highest ideal that is revealed to him, through good report or evil report, through happiness or hardship, through delights or difficulties,—regarding these as purely incidental matters, as we regard a stormy day as a mere incident in nature,—he it is who enters on the spiritual life, now and here.

There often seems to be a curiously erroneous conception as to the nature of spirituality; and it is not infrequently held to be mere passivity and negation rather than purpose and positive energy. An amiable person who drifts harmlessly in life; who lives in the constant attitude of accepting God's will; who is resigned, so to speak, and regards resignation as a moral virtue,—of such an one his friends often remark that, although he contributes little to the progress of others or himself, he is yet a person "of great spirituality." Now while these virtues may, and certainly do, enter into the spiritualization of life, they cannot alone represent that achievement, nor constitute it.

Spirituality is force. It is the most potent, the most resistless, the most all-conquering force in the universe. It is executive and creative. It does something. It achieves and accomplishes. Its achievement may be seen in many various directions. It may take the form of such work for humanity as that of religious ministry, of educational reform, of endeavor to embody new ideas in the social order; or building a railroad across the continent, inventing the ocean cable, or working out the problem of wireless telegraphy. In any event, spirituality includes spiritual energy, which is force, and which manifests itself as power.

It is not enough to pray that the kingdom of heaven may come. There is something to do to contribute to this result. The kingdom of heaven is to be built up out of hope and belief and endeavor and love. It is not to be bought, but to be made. It may begin in one's own room,—even in one's own mind. It must begin there if it is to work outwardly. It manifests itself in a home, in a community. It manifests itself in a man's own life.

Nor is this manifestation seen in "a calm and indolent ease." It is seen both in achievement and in creating conditions for achievement. It is seldom that the work one desires to do can be found; it must be made. Vacant places do not wait for some one to discover them; they are created out of new combinations of circumstances and conditions by the power of spiritual energy.

This creation, however, is by no means that of outward inquiry or visible seeking. Its work lies far deeper, and consists in an understanding of the law. All life is twofold: it has its ethereal and its physical side. Before any purpose or plan is precipitated into the outer and objective world, it must be controlled, shaped, determined, in the ethereal world. All this ethereal atmosphere is plastic, and out of it spiritual energy can create the very conditions essential to fulfillment.

Monsieur Sabatier, the author of that great study of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, has recently said that no one thing is more needed in the world than a re-statement of Christianity, and there can be no question but that the great demand of the day is a larger grasp of the truth regarding the relations between God and man. The Incarnation was but to teach the way, the truth, and the life, yet so overlaid has it been with theological controversy that the

sublime lesson itself has been obscured and not infrequently totally eclipsed to the vision of man. The ablest thought of the day is engaged with this problem, and its solution is to lie—does lie—in an increasing mass of testimony and of evidence impossible to doubt, that of the modern revelation of spiritual truth which reveals the nature of the relation between man and God and between the physical and the spiritual worlds. This revelation is coming to us in the guise of actual and demonstrable facts; in evidence that would bear its due weight to all intelligent minds in any other connection, and should not the less in this trend of inquiry.

To this revelation, Mr. Brunton contributed in the most valuable manner. To it he gave the force of his scholarly culture, of his power as a Christian minister, and of his beautiful and winning personality. Life to him was not a matter of achievement in possessions, neither of fame nor of gain; it was to him—Opportunity. He found the significance of living in the opportunity to serve, to minister. Never was there more realized in any human life the essential truth that the object in living is not to be ministered unto—but to minister, than in the daily experience of William Brunton. In nearly all the ethical literature of the day,—magazines and newspapers,—of his own church, and those representing a still wider and more inclusive spiritual ideal, his work constantly appeared.

Within the week immediately following his transition to the higher life, there came under the eye several publications in which more than one contribution of his appeared. A sonnet from his pen that is in the March number of "Practical Ideals" is so absolutely an unconscious autobiography that I must beg to quote it here:

"Once in the ages came a soul so sweet
That nothing evil in this bosom lay;
He walked in peace and love the common way;
And mingled with the tide in home and street.
To make their lives with usefulness complete
And give new beauty to the every day,
And show the helpfulness for which we pray
And give the graciousness to actions fleet.

And he abides the image of the man,
The royal man, all men at heart would be,
His light of love would all of darkness ban
So that the good of all the world could see.
Could love in life—his love thus come to view
My friend, it would transfigure me and you!"

The beautiful uplifting with which Mr. Brunton's life was characterized manifested itself in countless daily acts and expressions of sympathy and of kindness. He was the ideal friend, the wise and tender counselor. And, indeed, it is in these little acts of thoughtful remembrance that life finds its sweetest fruition. Well did Boyle O'Reilly express this truth in the lines:

"What is the real good?
I asked in a musing mood.
'Order,' said the law court;
'Knowledge,' said the school;
'Truth,' said the wise man;
'Pleasure,' said the fool;
'Love,' said the maiden;
'Beauty,' said the page;
'Freedom,' said the dreamer;
'Home,' said the sage;
'Fame,' said the soldier;
'Equity,' said the seer.
Spoke my heart full sadly:
'The answer is not here.'
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard—
'Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word.'"

In the late afternoon of Saturday, March 10, 1906, Mr. Brunton passed on, after only a brief illness, to the life more abundant. On Tuesday, March 13, his family and nearer friends gathered in the little Chapel of the Forest Hills Crematory for the simple memorial service conducted by his friend and brother minister, Rev. Edward A. Horton, who spoke with appreciative beauty of the work and the character of Mr. Brunton, as pastor, friend, and citizen. A wealth of flowers, and the poetic music of "Lead, Kindly Light," and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" offered their solace; and every heart felt the beauty and the consecration of this transition into that higher life of which his own, while here, was so divine an interpretation.

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

"Twilight and evening bell—
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

The world is the better for the sojourn in it of William Brunton, poet, friend, minister, and exquisite interpreter of divine realities. His fine literary gifts, his intellectual force and grace were all consecrated to the simple, quiet aid of humanity. He was curiously devoid of any self-consciousness. He radiated his best to every one,—as the sun shines. "The solar system has no anxiety about its reputation," said Emerson, and Mr. Brunton was as entirely without any thought of personal fame, although recognition and sympathy were inexpressibly dear to him. Sensitive, refined, with the utmost delicacy of feeling in every way, his only demand of life was to serve the higher ideals. There are no words to express the exalted beauty and the loveliness of his character. An angelic presence has been among us and is now withdrawn from the visible world. But only nearer and more impressive is his spiritual presence now released from its physical environment. The lesson of his life may well come to us in the words of Amiel—"Be swift to love! Make haste to be kind!"

O, "white soul in the garden of God!"
All life shall be purer and nobler and more generous and tender in sympathy and love because of the sojourn here of the "white soul" of our beloved friend, Reverend William Brunton.

The Brunswick, Boston.

The Webs We Weave.

Mary K. Price.

GENEROSITY.

"Brother Brown, you know the Widow Jones' house burned last night, with everything in it. As she's a member of our church, I thought I'd come over and see what you thought about our getting up a subscription for her," said Deacon Smith to another Deacon,—the wealthiest man in his church.

"Well, Brother Smith, I suppose something will be expected of the church, but I don't believe in acting too hastily in these matters. Today is Thursday, and I think it's better to wait till after prayer meeting tomorrow night, then lay it before the members and see what they decide."

"You know she has no relatives here," continued Deacon Smith, "and I don't suppose she has much money. Perhaps we ought at least to find a place for her to stay till something can be done. Your house is large; I wonder if you couldn't take her in."

"I!" exclaimed Deacon Brown, "why, man alive, you're crazy! Have them three boys of hers tramping over my carpets and scratching up the furniture? Well, I guess not. Besides, I don't believe in encouraging idleness. Of course the insurance company 'll build up her house again, but she'll have to go to work."

As far as that goes, she always has worked since she came here to live," said Deacon Smith. "You know she served lunches to the High School boys and girls and did plain sewing besides. She's a worker all right, but something ought to be done now, while they're waiting for the house to be built. Why, all their clothes were burned. They've nothing except what they had on their backs."

"Now don't you get excited," replied Deacon Brown. "I'll bet she's got a nice little sum saved, givin' them lunches right along for the last five years. Don't you worry. You wait till tomorrow night, when we all get together and can talk it over. She ain't sufferin', you can be sure of that."

"I wish I were sure. But perhaps you're right, so I won't say anything more till we all meet and see what can be done." So saying, Deacon Smith walked on, and the conversation ended.

Meantime, where was the Widow Jones? On a little hill, two blocks away from where her house had burned, lived an Irish "section hand," with his wife and five children. The night of the fire he had been roused by his wife shouting, "Pat, wake up, man,

Begorra the Widdy Jones' house is all ablaze an' not a fireman in sight."

Soon Pat was out with his boys, running toward the house and shouting, "Fire!" while his wife and the girls "tidied up a bit," to receive the "Widdy Jones" and her family, whom they knew Pat would bring back. And here, occupying the two best rooms in the house, while Pat's children slept on "shakedown" in the attic, she and her children were found by Deacon Brown when he called the following Saturday to bring the ten dollars which had been donated by the church, together with the message of condolence, and the hope that she might be able to find something to do till her house was rebuilt, sent with the money. He was much chagrined and rather offended to find that through the efforts of Pat and a few others of the poorer class, her present needs had been supplied, and a place found near the High School where the business of serving lunches was to be resumed the following Monday.

So it seems to be nearly always. True charity is found among the poor. Their scanty fare will be freely divided to meet the wants of one more needy, their few coverings for cold winter nights stretched to cover another. Why is this? Is it because of their generosity that they are poor? Or is it, that never having enough of this world's goods to save anything, they never learn to value money save for what it will bring immediately? Or, is it that, poverty develops greatness of character?

Whatever the cause, it is a fact that frequently while the well-to-do are pondering as to whether they can afford to give toward this or that case of want, the poor man cuts his potato and loaf in half and shares it without a thought.

Thrift must be learned, and indiscriminate giving does as much harm as niggardliness; but poor Pat and his family felt a glow from their generous act which never warmed the frozen heart of Deacon Brown and those like him.

Have we ever felt it ourselves?
Are we "Pats," or "Deacon Browns?"
No doubt we are generous—with advice, and our old clothes.

Magnanimous? Certainly we are,—when some one is looking on with whom we think it will count in our favor.

But what are we in our hearts, down under the surface, where no eye seeth? The generous man, however, is something more than a dispenser of alms. He can forgive a foe.

He will overlook the misdeeds of the fallen and stoop to lift him up.

He has even been known to speak well of an enemy, and to aid a criminal in his effort to reform.

The generous man has sometimes been known to acknowledge his own faults, to overlook injuries and to do various other noble and high-minded acts.

Generosity is an attribute of character too often lacking, but when found is ever allied with other noble qualities.

One cannot imagine a generous man guilty of any petty, mean, sneaking act. His outlook upon life is broad.

He does not carry a mental microscope through which he searches for flaws in his fellow men; nor for defects in the universe, but, with a clearness of vision and calmness of judgment which can see and weigh more than one side of a question, he goes his way through life smoothing the paths of others, as oil stills troubled waters.

THE VOICE OF SILENCE.

Homer Darling Trask.

I was tired and weary of the world at large, So into the silence I launched my barge. To set my soul a-dreaming. The Voice of Silence whispered low:—"This is the place where souls may know More than merely seeming."

My Soul began to waken fast, Revealing truth to me at last Of immortality. God's vast universe was mine, The school to learn all things divine, In earth, air, sky and sea.

"I have to work like a slave," said a good woman, weary with her worries, but the answer came from a more way-wise comrade: "Oh, but you can work like a queen."—Frances Willard.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

John F. Simmons.

O chivalrous defender of the right,
Thou sweet-toned poet with a warrior's heart,
Who, in life's battle for the weaker part,
E'er led the onset e'en with all thy might;
Nor held thy hand through all the weary fight,
Until thy falchion, flashing with the art
That Leaders have, made routed foe de-
part
And brought the daybreak to dispel the night.
As sweet and gentle as a woman, thou;
As tender as a mother with her child;
The quip and jest e'er hovered round thy brow
And love beamed sweetly from thy blue eye mild.
Wealth and corruption, boastful in their pride,
Lost worthy foe, when William Brunton died.

Perfect Praise.

A PARABLE.

Stuart Young.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

A day in the life of Saint John the Divine, as described by Esther, a woman of Bethesda, whose child had been healed by the dead Christ. Time A. D. 36.

A day I mind—a sweet day in harvesting-time. John the son of Zebedee had been with us since noon, and was now with little David in the garden. Reuben and I were at the open casement, hand in hand, and Stephen was romping with youthful glee on the green sward.

It was evening, and the red gold of the sunset flooded the open spaces. Broad shafts of the ruddy light lay among the hoary trunks of the fig-trees; and sifting downwards between the quivering leaves of the acacia, it fell in a sparkling shower around the rustic form on which the two disciples—one so strong and healthful, the other so weak, young and wistful—sat.

Out in the glorious sunshine the fisher-children played, and the air was filled with the music of their merry shouts and laughter. And it seemed to me, as I watched them, smiling, that if I chose I might leave my body resting on the window-seat, and leap out into the glowing warmth of the sunny fields and play, too—a glad child among the children, laughing and shouting with the merriest. For I was a child still,—in my heart it was noon, because I had learned from Christ the secret of all good—that secret which has never been young and can never be old, which comes neither early nor late, which has the power to stretch a moment into eternity, and possesses all the ages now.—PEACE.

David was leaning back in John's arms, and from time to time, he raised his white hand between his eyes and the sunset and looked at the rosy lines traced by the light between his small transparent fingers. Sometimes he would gravely watch his little friends at play, or look steadfastly into the blue eyes of his companion; but for the most part he gazed out steadily towards the glowing west, with eyes that seemed to see something far within the flaming gateway of the dying sun.

Presently his wistful eyes, turned in my direction and he beckoned with his finger. I quickly approached.

"Sit with us, Esther, dear," he said pleadingly.

I gently stroked the soft hair of my little charge, pushing it backward from the broad white brow, and passing its pale gold through my fingers.

His dark eyes gazed at me with a yearning pathos in their unfathomable depths, and I asked earnestly:

"What dost thou think about, David, when thou sittest so still and silent?"

His voice trembled as he answered:

"I try to remember."

"What dost thou try to remember?"

David's eyes began to shine with a strange light, and his lips faltered as he said:

"I do not know, Esther—I never know! I try so hard to remember, but it never comes back, and I do not know what it is. I asked Stephen to help me yesterday, but he could not—he told me to ask John. I do not know what it is. Sometimes I ask the flowers to tell me, and I think they try; but I can never quite understand what they want to say. I thought when I beckoned to thee that I saw a great angel with glittering wings but there where the sky is so rosy, and I hoped that he was coming to tell me; but afterwards I thought I must have been only a cloud, for it melted away into the sunlight."

He paused abruptly, and then his eyes sparkled and his little finger was uplifted—

"Hush!"

The rich, full notes of a bird's song rose up from the shade of the fig-trees,—rose suddenly up like a fountain of sweet music, palpitating on the silence in drops of purest melody, and as suddenly fell and ceased.

"There!" whispered the child. "I thought I was just going to remember! I thought the bird would tell me. I think it meant to, but I could not quite understand. Perhaps it will try again presently."

John gathered him close in his arms, and I could see the tears thick upon his dark lashes.

"Shall I ever remember, John?" the child asked again.

"Soon, David, thou wilt understand all, and remember. But thou must never forget that there is something thou hast to remember."

"Will it be very long?"

John stroked the child's hair, and answered slowly.

"Thou must be patient, David."

He looked up with a new hope shining in his face, and cried:

"Dost thou not remember?"

John shook his head.

"Thou canst not have my memory," he said. "Everybody must remember for himself. And I could not tell thee if I would, David, for I do not perfectly remember—I only dream. All our grandest thought is

the result of pure imagination, or imperfect memory. I will tell thee what I have dreamed."

"His voice took on a moving pathos, and his eyes fixed on the dying king of day were moist with the intensity of his earnestness."

"I remember . . . I imagine . . . I dream of a Garden of Delight, full of sunshine and joy, the songs of innumerable birds and the laughter of children, but no garden of this sad world can compare with it for beauty; no mortal foot has ever pressed its magic soil; and the children playing therein are not the children of earth, for the light of their smiles is unbroken by any rainbow-radiance of tears, and their laughter is free from any note of sadness or knowledge of pain."

"And I remember that I, too, have played in this garden—a child ignorant of sorrow, and pain, and sin; and as I begin to see more clearly the memory of my earthly troubles fades from my mind, and I live for a short time a life of gladness in the beautiful Garden of Delight."

"I was one among many children, but although I played and laughed and sang with all the joyful company, there was a girl-child who was my friend; and whenever a game was played we would wind our arms about each other's necks, and would wander away together to listen to the singing birds or to find new and wonderful flowers. Sometimes we would sit hand in hand beneath the blossom-laden trees, and gaze upward through the delicate traceries of pink and white into the infinite blue above. But wherever we went, and whatever we did, we doubled our joys by sharing them, and found our chiefest delight in being together."

"Now in the Garden of Delight, with us children, were many tall and beautiful people, marvelously and transcendently beautiful, shining with a glorious light, who were constantly passing to and fro. These Shining Ones always seemed full of business, for their movements were swift, and they seldom loitered on their way; they were able to will their passages to other spheres, and were constantly passing through the air like flashing meteors. We children knew of the existence of other Gardens, but ours was the Garden of the King, and were we able, we would not have desired to pass hence."

"The Perfected Beings were never too busy to smile upon us, or to exchange words of kindness with us; and they were always ready to answer our questions."

"My companion and I had long treasured a secret wonder in our minds, which gradually grew deeper and stronger until it became the chief object of our thoughts and of our talks when we were alone together. This wonder was the sound of a faint music, which was ever in our ears. Yet it was not the music of children's laughter, nor the singing of birds, nor the hum of insect-wings; it was low and sweet, like the tones of a great organ played far away. We had often asked our companions if they, too, heard the music, but most of them answered 'No,' though now and then one of them would confess to hearing something; but none of them seemed to be interested, so little Patience and I decided to question the Shining Ones."

"One day, hearing the rustle of wings, we bounded out from a bower of white roses, and cried:

"Tell us, O tell us, the meaning of the Music!"

"When we spoke the radiance which gleamed from the Face and Form of the Shining One grew still brighter, and he said:

"Dost thou often hear the music?"

"And we answered, 'Always. Once we only heard it when we were very still; but now it sounds in our ears while we are at play, and we are compelled to stop that we may listen. Wilt thou tell us the secret of the music?"

"'Lull! for it is time,' replied the Angel. 'But ye must both come with me.'"

"Then a supernal rapture filled our hearts, for the Shining One gave a hand to each, and led us swiftly away."

"How far we traveled or how long we were upon the way I do not remember, for the Angel talked to us as we went, and we were glad to listen; moreover, the sound of the music grew stronger and ever fuller as we advanced."

"Presently we reached the limit of the King's Garden; but there was no wall on the inner side of the garden nor any country at all beyond, for we stood on the edge of space and looked down."

"Eternal and bottomless space yawned below, blue as the ether above; and we stood between the unfathomable heights and depths. But we felt no fear, because the Shining One held us by the hand."

"Slowly the blue spaces darkened while we gazed, and from the depths below, and from the heights above came the sound of that mighty music."

"Then for the first time we knew sorrow, for now that we could hear more plainly, we knew that the music was not perfect. Many notes which were clear, and true reached us, ringing through this huge sounding-board of space; but many a harsh and jarring sound, and many a piercing, wailing shriek came, too, and hurt the ears of those who listened, and there was an undertone of sadness to all the music; but we did not know it was sadness, because as yet we had never been sad. But now for the first time tears began to gather in our eyes, and we said:

"What is it?"

"The Angel answered: 'It is the Beginning of Praise.'"

"What is Praise?" we asked, eagerly.

"And he said: 'It is the cry of "Praise God!" rising from all creation to the Highest.'"

"But it hurts our ears," we said.

"That is because the song is not perfect yet. In a little time God will send The Example to teach them how to sing," he replied.

"But surely this is not fit for the Highest!" we said.

"The Shining One smiled, and said: 'Through the Beginning the Eternal can hear the End of Praise.'"

"When will it be perfect?" we asked.

"When The Teacher has finished His Work," said he.

"Who is The Teacher?"

"Then the Angel turned and pointed along the margin of the Garden of Delight on which we were standing, and, after looking in that direction for a moment, the Figure of a Great King was seen, and a great company of people surrounding Him."

"Come, let us go to them," said the Shining One.

"Who are they?" we asked.

"They are Those who Know. These are they who accompany the King when He goes to teach the Perfect Praise."

David had been listening breathlessly, his eyes flashing with excitement. He now asked eagerly:

"John, was Jesus the King?"

John bowed his head in silent assent.

"And didst thou join the Band, and is that why thou art His Disciple?"

John pressed the child's forehead with his lips, and continued his parable in his musical voice.

"And we all three walked hand in hand along the margin of the Garden of Delight."

"And then Patience and I knew that we were approaching one of the walls of the King's Garden; but although we had never seen a wall before—for the Garden is wide and we had much space to play in—we did not look at it now because our eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the shining gateway which stood before us. The gate itself, which shone like the sun, was divided down the middle into two leaves, glowing with rainbow-tinted hues, and the leaves opened inwards. Over the gate there was a golden instrument, and whenever the leaves of the gate swung inwards to admit a white-robed beautiful figure, a ripple of melody proclaimed a welcome."

"What a good land must be beyond that gate!" I exclaimed.

"The gate is not so beautiful on the other side," answered our Angel-Guide.

"And as he spoke the leaves of the gate swung in, and we caught sight of the other side. We saw that they were made of stone, which was green and mouldy, and half-covered with moss, and the mould and moss almost hid from sight some writing which had been cut into the stone."

"What is the writing?" we asked.

"It is the welcome of the instrument put into words: the words of our King: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' But the people on the other side forget to keep the stones clean, and very few can read the writing now."

"But why do they forget if they have to come through the gate at last?"

"The Shining One answered: 'Only Those who Know come through this gate—only those who have learned the lesson of the Perfect Praise.'"

"And the others?" we whispered, fearfully.

"They spoil the Music," replied the Angel, and a thrill of pain vibrated in his voice.

"Then the tears gathered in our eyes, and we knew a deeper sadness."

"The Shining One led us on once more, but now he left the margin and led us along by the wall which bounded the Garden of Delight. And presently we came to another gateway, and the gate opened outwards, and it was decked with sweet flowers. Around it stood many of the Angels, and with them were a number of children. Now when we saw these children, we knew them to be companions of our games, who, one by one, at different times, had vanished from our midst. And we said with a little fear in our tones:

"What is this gate, and why are these children here?"

"This gate has many names," he said. "On the other side it is called the Gate of Birth; we call it the Gate of Forgetfulness, for when the children pass through this gate they must sooner or later forget the joys of this life. These are children who like you have heard the music, and have longed for the Perfect Praise. They are going through the gate to the only place where discord is heard—the Sorrowful Star. If they make their wings of love, they will be amongst Those who Know, and the instruments will welcome them back as Shining Ones. If not—"

"If not?" we cried, anxiously.

"They will help to spoil the harmonies," said the Angel.

"Is it a dangerous thing to go through the Gate of Birth?" we asked.

"Yes," he replied; "but it is a glorious thing to add a sweet note to the Perfect Praise."

"I looked at Patience; Patience looked at me."

"We will go," we cried together.

"And he said, 'I know it. None who have listened to the music can go back to their play.'"

"We then asked the Shining One to teach us what we must do when we had passed through the gateway; but he only shook his head, and said, 'I cannot. I can only tell you to remember.'"

"How shall we remember?" we asked.

"It will be very hard," he said, "for on the other side it is very easy to forget. But the secret of the music lives in the breath of the earth-birds; and at its best, the human heart gives out a faint echo of Creation's 'Praise God' to the Eternal. All these beautiful things—birds, flowers, fruits, the sun, the clouds—will be trying to remind you, and if you pay careful heed to them you can never quite forget."

"We will go together," we said.

"You may start together, and God will place you near each other," said the Angel; and he clasped our hands together and led us towards the gate.

"The gate opened; black air surged in; all became dark; a great fear filled my breast."

"Presently, without any warning, our hands were torn violently apart, and we uttered a bitter cry."

"Down, down, through space I passed, and a great convulsion of pain thrilled through me, then—"

"I opened my eyes and wondered. I did not know where I was, and I burst into tears because I could not remember where I had come from."

"But when I looked up I saw through my tears the face of a woman looking down upon me—dark, loving eyes gazed into mine—she clasped me to her heart, and

called me her child. I looked up into her face, and I knew that if I trusted in my mother's love, I would be sure to remember."

David clasped his little hands in glee: "I shall remember now! I shall remember now!" he cried, exultingly.

For a time he was silent, then he said quietly:

"John, didst thou know Patience; didst thou find her here?"

John shook his head.

"I cannot be sure," he answered, "but I think I knew her, and I think she remembered me." A great light shone in his eyes.

For some time there was silence while the sun slowly sunk to rest, and the birds twittered their "goodbyes" among the leaves.

"Tell me about the end, John," at last said David. "Thy friend went first?"

"I can only imagine what the meeting will be like," said John. "I think that I will stand before the slab of stone, which is green and mossy with age and neglect. As I stand there I will hear the sound of falling tears like the patter of raindrops when a summer shower falls upon leafy trees. But when I would turn to discover the cause of so much weeping, I will be hindered by the sight of some half-hidden letters carved in the old stone, and it will seem to me that before doing aught else, I must remove the moss and read the writing."

"And I will stretch out my hand and lay it upon the stone. It will probably feel as cold as ice, but only for a moment; then suddenly it will split down the middle from top to bottom, and fall away from me like the double leaves of a folding-door. I will pass through the opening, the ripple of music will ring a welcome, and the doors will fall together behind me."

"For a moment I will pause with the weight of a question in my heart; and as I stand thus, a woman-form, clothed in white, will step out from among a company of people surrounding a radiant Figure which I shall at once recognize, and her glad welcome will answer the question at my heart."

"We will meet, and wind our arms around each other's necks, as in old times; and walking thus through the flower-be-starred meadows we shall approach the verge of the fathomless gulf."

"Infinite space above and infinite space below—and from the heights above and from the depths below will come the sound of a mighty music."

"And my companion-soul and I shall look into each other's eyes and say:

"It shall yet be Perfect Praise."

"And, perhaps, while we stand and listen, a harsh and jarring note—a hideous discord—will rush upward and shatter the celestial harmony."

"At the sound, we shall feel the power of motion growing within us, and we shall say: 'Shall we go and teach them how to sing that note of the Praise God?"

"And we shall say again together: 'Love is the song of the Christ, and Faith is the harmony of the Creator.'"

"And together we shall pass, side by side, to the sorrowful world, and invisible yet powerful we shall teach the Eternal Truths."

David turned his shining eyes on mine, and a thrill of happiness was in his voice as he said:

"I am quite content now, Esther. I shall remember very soon now."

The Dr. Hodgson Compact.

I have read with great interest the numerous articles that have appeared recently in Spiritualistic and other papers concerning the promise made by Dr. Hodgson to Mrs. Piper and am of the humble opinion that the genuine work intended by the control of Dr. Hodgson at the time he made that compact, which commenced the moment his spirit passed beyond the veil, is being carried on in just the manner that was intended and the results will be countless thousands of times more beneficial than they would have been had his spirit returned to Mrs. Piper immediately.

First, we must consider that Dr. Hodgson, a spirit, and Dr. Hodgson, a spirit clothed with a mortal body, are while really the same individual, greatly different. What looked to the great man an easy contract to fulfill looks different to him now.

Had the spirit of Dr. Hodgson returned immediately and conversed with Mrs. Piper it might have had a discouraging effect on thousands of honest students and investigators of Spiritualism and would have certainly filled the editorial columns of our enemies with all kinds of slurs on the possibility of the return and the authenticity of the communication, and the thousands of others who are eagerly hoping for some little word from a dear departed friend might have been influenced by these same newspaper articles, much to the detriment of Spiritualism, and have caused many a heartache in more than one quarter of the globe.

The entire world is awaiting development in the Hodgson-Piper affair, and Dr. Hodgson today has a clearer insight into good or evil to result from the keeping of the contract, and we may all rest assured that in good time the result will be satisfactory to all true Spiritualists.

Again, it is possible that Dr. Hodgson found conditions much different than he expected to and his return at this time may be an utter impossibility for reasons that he without a doubt will in due time explain.

Again, it may be that Dr. Hodgson has taken too much for granted concerning his power to communicate with a certain person, and that certain person's power to receive that communication.

I can quote from personal experience on matters of this kind, and while my personal affairs are not of such world-wide importance as Dr. Hodgson's and Mrs. Piper's, they do in my mind prove the one great fact that promises made by people on the earth plane are not always kept by those who have passed beyond.

I was brought up to attend a "hard shell" Baptist church and Sunday school, and from my earliest childhood have greatly enjoyed reading my Bible. I now find that no one denomination that I had ever heard about knew it all, and finally became completely carried away with the Second Adventist doctrine, as so ably proven by a

good old neighbor of mine from his Bible. There was one Spiritualist in our neighborhood and the dear old Advent and I thought him crazy. I myself was fast becoming a firm believer in the full doctrine of the most rabid atheist which the Advent doctrine of the annihilation of the soul of the wicked made considerable of a comfort as compared with the Baptist theory of hell fire.

This old friend of mine promised to come back immediately if he could and prove Spiritualism true and our belief false, and I went so far as to go to his grave in the cemetery at all times of night looking for his return, or I might more truthfully say, proving to my Spiritualist friend that he was wrong in his belief.

Mr. W.—his spirit never returned. I became an unbeliever as far as immortality is concerned and drifted about on the tide of unbelief conscious that there was a something lacking.

Years after (in 1897) I happened to be on the Cuban filibustering ship Commodore wrecked off the coast of Florida, all hands being lost except myself, Stephen Crane, the novelist, and Captain Murphy. I was in the last life boat that left the wreck. As we pushed away it appeared to me I was being lifted back on the wreck. I hastily obeyed this powerful influence that seemed to fill my mind with my old friend W.—and one of my grand parents. I can see it all now. I returned to the wreck and Crane went with me.

In his story, "The Open Boat" (dedicated to me), he tells in his own peculiar way the story of the death of all of those that were in that life boat. I was saved by spiritual assistance and after being adrift twenty-seven hours, washed upon the coast of Florida, almost into the arms of that much persecuted lady, "Helen Wilmans," who, with her husband, C. C. Post, one of God's noblemen, clothed and nursed Crane and me back to life.

Not yet did I see the truth. My first message from W.—was received in a most peculiar way nearly 1,500 miles from my home.

I had become broken down in health and was told that I must give up work and rest a few months. My financial condition would not allow a complete rest so I went from city to city up through Kentucky, Ohio and West Virginia, working a few days at a time as substitute on different papers and moving on to some other town.

While thus engaged Editor Roy Naylor, of the Wheeling, West Virginia, Telegraph, assigned me to report a large Spiritualist gathering in the city. I made some slurring remark about ghost dances, etc., and with my intelligent (?) nose in a curve of scorn hid me to the meeting. It happened that the only place I could get a seat was in the extreme rear of the hall and as I went to seat myself the medium, Mr. Way, shouted out my full name and the long looked for message, not only from W.—but my dearest little cousin, Ida, had arrived.

Is it any wonder that I became an investigator and subsequent believer in Spiritualism? No living person in that city or within a thousand miles of it, knew either me, W.—, or little Ida.

I have wasted too much valuable space of the "Banner" in my own personal experience, but it is not possible that Dr. Hodgson's message will be received in just such an unlooked for manner as my messages?

I have since learned the full particulars of the Commodore wreck and my salvation by one of those who was drowned. He came to me at a trumpet séance in Jacksonville, Florida, and not only explained full particulars of the wreck, but also told me of private conversation we had while afloat in a ten foot dingy after his spirit had taken its flight.

True Spiritualists should take courage by the criticisms of septs on the Hodgson-Piper affair, for it will all result in good to the Cause we love. Spiritualism is not a belief like a church creed, but a knowledge. C. B. Montgomery.

Were we to believe nothing but what we could perfectly comprehend, not only our stock of knowledge in all the branches of learning would be shrunk to nothing, but even the affairs of common life could not be carried on.—Ex.

"Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the golden rule: 'Do unto others as you would be done by.'—Ex.

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and most delicate ways, also improve yourself.—Ex.

Every act we do is full of the power of reproduction; we are tracked and hunted by our own deeds; and after we have lost them, from view and from memory they reappear and claim as a right the mastery over our fate.—Selected.

People grow old by thinking themselves old. When they reach the age of forty, fifty or sixty they imagine they look like others of the same age, and that they soon will be useless, unfit for work, and unable to perform their duties. As surely as they think this it will come true, for thought is creative.—Ex.

Let us surround our souls with all good things, good companionship, good books, good work, for these strengthen and encourage the good side of our life.—Selected.

Make a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow,
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

Mary Frances Butts.

The Upward Rising of a Noted Man.

J. M. Peebles, M.D.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

Such Spiritualists as have spent much time in New Orleans, the Indian Territory, Montana and other portions of the middle west, must have known Gen. John S. Harris, recently of Butte.

He was born in Truxton, Cortland Co., N. Y., and on both his father's and mother's side was connected with Massachusetts families strongly represented in the Colonial army of the American Revolution. In 1863 he moved to Concordia parish, La., where he purchased a plantation and devoted his attention to cotton raising. Although located in a centre of the Confederacy, he bravely, unequivocally, supported the Union. This caused him much persecution, but he never flinched from his loyalty to the American flag. A little later he was made a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1867. The following year he was elected to the State Senate, and that Legislature chose him as U. S. Senator from Louisiana for the term ending 1873. During these years he often and stoutly defended his convictions relating to the truth of Spiritualism. All too often politicians and statesmen are moral cowards. This charge never lay at the door of Gen. Harris.

In 1881 he left Louisiana and settled in San Diego, Cal., where for many years he served on the directorate of the Texas and Pacific Railway. A few years later, President Arthur appointed him Surveyor-General of Montana. He served with Senator Clark as Representative of Montana at the World's Cotton Exposition, 1885, in New Orleans. Here he attended the Spiritualist meetings and contributed largely to their support. It was here that I first had the pleasure and honor of meeting him. In 1890, Gen. Harris was appointed by Judge Knowles of the U. S. Court to the receivership of the Shohomish & Tramway mines, and took up his residence in Butte to personally supervise these valuable mines, where he resided until his departure for the higher life.

Gen. Harris was, in the best sense of that word, a manly man, a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and connected with several benevolent institutions. He was exceptionally companionable, and though 81 years of age, these years seemed to ripen his keen humor, deepen the kindness of his manner, and widen and clarify his business foresight. His friendship for his friends grew stronger with his increasing years. His strong personality and unabated enthusiasm in the line of human advancement and uplift seemed to keep him young and vigorous.

Upon reaching Butte on my way home from California last year by the way of Portland, Seattle and Spokane, he met me (Dr. Thurber and myself) at the railway station in Butte at 2 o'clock in the morning, and such a handshaking would do any mortal good. He attended our Spiritualist meetings in Butte, contributed liberally, and jokingly said: "Doctor, I have all of your books in my library, and I think upon the whole you are a better writer than you are a speaker," and laughingly I agreed with him. The truth is, I am tired of platform-talking, because for sixty-five years I have been before the public in pulpits, halls, at graves, and upon platforms carpeted and uncarpeted, wriggling and squeaky, telling the story of evolution and immortality. The body seeks rest.

OUR CONVERSATION UPON SPIRITUALISM AND DEATH.

During our stay in Butte, the guests of Gen. Harris, we had frequent conversations upon the signs of the times, the march of progressive thought, the nature of death, and the upward unfoldings beyond this inevitable event. During one of these social sittings, Dr. Thurber was entranced by a very logical intelligence, greatly adding to the interest of the occasion. Upon our departure, the General, clasping and holding my hand, said: "Well, well, Doctor, we've enjoyed this meeting, and if we should meet again in the flesh, we shall meet over there." There was silence for a few moments. The eyes of both were brimming with tears—emotions—with an unspoken premonition. Another hand-clasp and we parted. He being several years the younger, strong and vigorous, little did I dream that he would pass the crystal river before me.

His faith in the future, and his view of death were cheery and literally entrancing. I distinctly remember this remark of his: "When I came into this world, things had been prepared for me, and I've enjoyed the sunshine of more than three-score years, and so when I go over into the beyond, there will be friends awaiting my coming."

Our last conversation upon death reminded me of these words of several distinguished writers: "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said Sir William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."

"Children, as soon as I am released," said the good mother of John Wesley, "sing a psalm of praise to God."

"Do you not hear that great and wonderful music which is in Heaven?" exclaimed Survilus. "Do you not perceive the passing fragrance of the odors from Heaven filling all the air?"

"I see," said the dying Bertine, "a brightness so great that the sun pales before it. I see the heavens opened, and a glory above the noonday sun."

Is death the final sleep? "No," said Sir Walter Scott; "it is the last final awakening. And an Indian chief, simple child of nature, said: 'Death does not kill; it only makes our brave invisible till we meet them in the happy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit.'"

Victor Hugo said, in writing of death: "Oh, whoever it may be who has seen a beloved being sinking into the tomb, do not think it has left you. The beauty of death is its presence—inexpressible presence of a soul which smiles upon our tearful eyes. The being that we mourn has disappeared, but has not departed."

If you don't like tobacco smoke, don't select a seat in the "smoker."

What of the Hour?

Arthur F. Milton

Man is a being of eternity—yet the eternal present is his harvest time—always reaping the fruits of yesterday, be they good or ill. We naturally take "thought for the morrow" in household and commercial affairs, but they belong to the present—are a part of the present. Absolutely speaking, they do not belong to the future. We may peer into the future longingly when disaffected with the present—hoping to see something pleasing or soothing to a suffering consciousness. But it would not benefit us, for we would immediately change our present course, and lay the foundation for new effects; for the future depends on the use we make of the present.

Good seed or good tilling brings forth a good harvest. The "cause upon us" today carried out to a finish—properly adjusted to present conditions or conscientiously fitted to circumstances—rewards itself by contentment. Contentment is the ripened fruit of our actions. The reverse always proves dereliction of duty somewhere.

The considerate mother or housewife is never discontent, unless she is by nature discontent or seeks misery. But even then she has a self-satisfied sensation or interior conviction that all is well with her. A guilty conscience does not follow right action. It cannot, for it is not the legitimate fruit of righteousness. Discontent is therefore always due to mistakes of the past. We see it in ourselves; we see it in others; we see it in whole nations—morally, socially and politically.

The question then becomes: What of the Hour? Reversals or corrections are in order. In our own cult we frequently see the need of corrections. But what organization of God's children is free from present heartaches or discontent for some error of the past?

The present is therefore the time to build. It is the only time we can acknowledge. The past is always dead and gone. There is no future, for when tomorrow comes it is the present again. Tomorrow will be today; and today is the joy or regret of yesterday. Make today good with deeds worthy of record, and tomorrow will be sunshine in spirit, whatever the prognostications of the weather prophet.

Even death or disaster does not affect the absolutely contented soul. It is not accustomed to remorse or regret; therefore is not readily bowed down by sorrow or grief. The most selfish are the worst affected by grief—it being darkness added to gloom. The heart that will not be consoled is one without sunshine. Spiritual comfort is not accustomed to circulate in it—either for receiving or giving. The sweet influence of a spiritual love has never vibrated in the breast of its owner. The exalted perception of an unselfish love is not there to uplift and make strong in time of need. Ill use has been made of the hour and the future has prophesied a sorrowful present.

We may be children of destiny, but we can pre-destine ourselves to happiness or misery by the way we conduct ourselves on the road thither. There is no prophecy in this, nor an inspiration of our special religious code. Spiritualism does not prophesy further than to say that, "As we sow we shall reap," and which simple proposition is manifest to every rational mind without exhortation or promise of reward or punishment.

Reason is our adjudicator; and with a little heart in the conference, the aspirant for tomorrow's good effects will not fail of reaping his share of contentment. And what of the hour? Why, let simple righteousness be the father confessor.

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Rights of Vaccination.

Father and Mother, you need not have your child vaccinated unless you wish to do so. Here is the Law of Exemption: "Any child who presents a certificate, signed by a registered physician, designated by the parent or guardian, that the physician has, at the time of giving the certificate personally examined the child, and that he is of the opinion that the physical condition of the child is such that his health will be endangered by vaccination, shall not while such condition continues, be subject to the provisions of Section Six of chapter forty-four of the revised Laws of the three Preceding sections of this chapter."

You want to know just what this law means. It says Any Child. That means your child and it means all your children. Who presents a Certificate; that it has a certificate to show. Signed by a Registered Physician. This means any physician who is registered anywhere in Massachusetts or any other place. It does not mean a physician on the Board of Health only, or one appointed by the Board of Health or by the School Board.

Designated by the Parent or Guardian. This means that you choose the doctor your own self. No one else can choose for you. The physician must examine the child at the time he gives the certificate. The physician must write on the certificate that the child's condition is such that his health will be endangered by vaccination. The doctor knows very well that your child's health will be in danger if he is vaccinated and you know it too.

The law says further that so long as this condition continues in your child he shall not be vaccinated. Mind that. This condition may be inherited and continue all his life and that one certificate is good just as long as the condition continues. Some School Boards have been known to send word to parents that the certificate of exemption was not good after a certain time. The Law does not give them the right to say this. The Law says nothing at all about the School Board or the Health Board having anything to do about these certificates. It is only the parent and the doctor chosen by the parent.

The Compulsory School Law was made before the Compulsory Vaccination Law,

so the child has a right to go to school anyway without vaccination. In fact the Compulsory School Law acts upon the child first of all. The Compulsory Vaccination Law must give way before it, as it conflicts with it.

Some School Boards and Health Boards have said that Certificates of Exemption were not good unless signed or approved by the school doctor or the health doctor. This is not so. They have nothing to say about it. Also the law does not say that your child must be sickly. Also no teacher or master or doctor or anyone (else is allowed to ask what is the matter with the child that it cannot be vaccinated, or how long will it be before it can be vaccinated. These things are private between parents and the doctor they choose.

For further information address the Secretary of the Massachusetts Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society, 359 Massachusetts Ave., Boston.—Issued by the Mass. Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society.

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Not Difficult for the Little Girl.

Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott tells of a conversation that once took place in a friend's house in Boston in which there were discussed certain phenomena of the mind. Some one observed that it was a curious fact that no man could do one thing and think of another.

During the discussion a little girl of ten, the daughter of the host, was listening attentively.

"I can do one thing and think of another," she said. "What is it?" asked her father. "Well," she said, "it is very easy for me to say the Lord's Prayer and think of almost anything else I want to. I do it every night."—Harper's Weekly.

THE WHISTLING BOY.

When the curtains of night, 'tween the dark and the light,
Drop down at the set of the sun,
And the tollers who roam to the loved ones come home,
As they pass by my window is one
Whose coming I mark, for the song of the lark
As it joyously soars in the sky
Is no dearer to me than the notes, glad and free,
Of the boy who goes whistling by.

If a sense of unrest settles over my breast,
And my spirit is clouded with care,
It all flies away if it happens to stray
Past my window a-whistling an air,
And I never shall know how much gladness I owe
To this joy of the ear and the eye,
But I'm sure I'm in debt for much pleasure I get
To the boy who goes whistling by.

And this music of his, how much better it is
Than to burden his life with a frown,
For the toiler who sings to his purpose brings
A hope his endeavor to crown,
And whenever I hear his glad notes, full and clear,
I say to myself I will try
To make all of life with a joy to be rife,
Like the boy who goes whistling by.

Nixon Waterman.

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The Grand Jubilee
Dear Heart come Home
Come in come Beautiful Dream
When the Roses never Fade
In Heaven we'll know our Own
My Mother's tender eyes
I sing my sweetest Song
All hail the dawning Light
The Home that's waiting for you
If you love me, tell me so
Beautiful Home of the Angels
Home of my Childhood days
If you should die to-night
Only a sweet and faded Flower
The songs I sang for you
Just as the Sun went down
When there's no home
Something sweet to sing
Faithful unto death
Freedom's grand triumph
Across the Stream
Dear wandering Boy come home
Sergeant I fold my hands
The Ring my Mother wore
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Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1906.

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

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

The man who is perplexed by ques-
tions about his own fitness to discharge a
duty or perform a task cannot solve it by
thinking about it; let him set his hand to
the work, put his strength in it, and he
will soon discover whether he has blun-
dered or not. And a multitude of people
who are allowing their thoughts to brood
continuously over their own misfortunes
would find a great lifting of the weight if
they would get out of themselves. The
quickest and most effective way of helping
one's self is to help somebody else. When
the invisible house in which every man
lives begins to darken, open the windows,
set the doors wide, and escape at once into
the great world. The remedy for egoism is
a greater interest in the affairs, fortunes
and happiness of some one else. The world
is full of opportunities for getting out-of-
doors and escaping from the prison-house
of our own experience; to take the sting
out of your personal misfortunes, share the
misfortunes of others—The Outlook

"An amazing and fascinating narrative,"
is the estimate by the literary critic of N. Y.
Tribune in noting Dr. Morton Prince's im-
pressive work on multiple personality, re-
viewed by the "Banner" in February. So
kind to notice it!

The only serious attempt at argument
against the Bill for the Abolition of the
Death Penalty was made by Charles R.
Saunders, lawyer.

When he was asked by the Chairman of
the Committee what weight he placed on
the possibility of innocent men being exe-
cuted, he replied in the following words:

"It is better that occasionally an innocent
man should be executed by law, than that
other innocent people should be murdered
because there is no capital punishment to
act as a deterrent to the crime. It is
merely a matter of mathematics."

Samuel W. Capen, speaking to the Y. M.
C. A. "When the prayer meeting and
caucus occur on the same night, attend the
caucus."

It may interest our New York readers, as
they debate the question of opening their
public libraries on Sunday, to know that
Boston settled this Sabbath problem in the
affirmative and has so acted for more than
a quarter of a century.

Anna Eva Fay is still a long way from
the "legit"—she is only billed as Keith's
"headliner."

W. S. Evans, of Culbertson, Montana,
writes:

"We think if we could have a good
medium here, we could form a good or-
ganization for Spiritualism."

He adds that if we know of any who
would like to go West to send one to Cul-
bertson.

Our Anniversary.

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

Modern Spiritualism has entered on the
second half of its century and as a great
organic force is arresting the attention of
the world as never before. While scientists
are just awakening to the consciousness
that it has a meaning and is worthy of their
consideration, its supporters have formulat-
ed a philosophy and a religion of life, and
are uniting in an Association to present its
claims as the fundamental science of spirit.

All great movements have their land-
marks; milestones along the pathway of
their achievements; great victories over
past wrongs, their monuments; in memory
of these triumphs they have special days
consecrated by succeeding generations.

Modern Spiritualism cannot correctly be
said to have had its advent with the mani-
festations at Hydeville. As remarkable
manifestations occurred years before
among the Shaker Communities and
from time to time there was a recurrence.
Yet the time had not come for the
recognition of the fact that a continu-
ous communion with the world of spirit
was possible, until that time, when a wide-
spread attention was awakened. Ghosts
came like shadows, but no one questioned
them; their silence was proverbial; belief
in the supernatural was pityingly smiled on
as ignorant imbecility. It was on the 31st
of March, 1848, that the happy thought of
receiving answers by a code of sounds,
proved that there was an intelligent force
back of the manifestations.

At this time it may be of interest to re-
vive the memory of the facts connected
with the choice of this day for an anniver-
sary. In justice to the memory of the noble
veteran, James Lawrence, of Cleveland,
Ohio, the details should be preserved in the
history of the movement. I well remember
the occasion when he came to me saying
that he had received a communication from
the spirit world recommending the observ-
ance of the day, and requesting my
opinion as to the best method of bringing
the matter before the Spiritualists.

There could be only one opinion, and it
appeared strange that the suggestion had
not been made before. Mr. Lawrence had
already passed the term of years allotted to
man. His snow-white hair and beard; his
singularly tall and erect form; his digni-
fied bearing, made him a conspicuous figure
in the assemblies of his native city. Widely
and honorably known, with wealth that
gave him opportunity and leisure, the most
bigoted opposer dared not accuse him of
knowing imposture. He had constructed a
dial after the design of that employed by
Professor Hare in his early investigations
and by its means received messages
through his own mediumistic power.

When in 1871, Doctor Peebles and the
writer joined in the labor of bringing out
the first "Year-Book of Spiritualism," with
the purpose of presenting as far as possible,
the status of the Cause for the year, we re-
quested Mr. Lawrence to give the facts that
they might be duly recorded. In reply he
wrote as follows:

"The suggestion for a public celebration
commemorative of the advent of Modern
Spiritualism through the rappings at Hyde-
ville, emanated from myself. The particu-
lars, in brief, are these: On the 12th day
of November I was using the dial, known
as Hare's dial. I received a communica-
tion of which I had given no previous
thought.—consequently it could not be
deemed a design of my own, and hence
must be recognized as an emanation from
those who are freed from earth's encum-
brances.

"At the National Convention the follow-
ing year, by the advice of my spirit friends
and my own convictions, I brought it be-
fore the delegates as a resolution, which
was accepted, not as mine, but under angel
guidance,—as coming from the higher
realm, to keep alive the gratitude of those
who comprehend and accept the glorious
boon—the assurance of immortality—fur-
nished by Spiritualism. To that God whose
ways are inscrutable, and beyond the ken
of mortal minds, would I express my grate-
ful for being the humble instrument,
through angel promptings, to impart the
thought that millions now existing, and
millions yet unborn, may hail with gratitude,
unbounded, the opportunity to celebrate an
event more joyous in its character than
mortal eyes have ever witnessed."

The following is a part of the communi-
cation received by Mr. Lawrence through the
dial:

"Some acknowledgment should be made
for this most glorious change, the advent of
which has never been celebrated as a mat-
ter of public rejoicing by the assembled
multitude of Spiritualists throughout the
land. Shall all the minor circumstances of
earth life have days of commemoration, and
this glorious, new and holy dispensation be
neglected? It is time some such tribute
should be paid to those who have presented
to the world a means of emancipation from
error, such as will meet the requirements of
all—a day of universal jubilee, to be ob-
served through all coming time."

The resolution was enthusiastically re-
ceived by the delegates of the Convention,
then a promising organization composed of
delegates from more than twenty states,

and the day was observed by all local socie-
ties.

The anniversary should be consecrated to
our departed friends. Always near us, they
at this time seem to come especially near.
We can "clasp hands across the seas" with
them, and renew our vows to become
worthy the sublime destiny of immortal
beings.

Spiritualism has a brilliant roll of vet-
erans who fought the good fight and now
encourage us from the shining shore. To
many of us the day of this life is nearing its
close. The low sun is robing in the clouds
of this life's horizon. There is a great
army fresh, eager and strong. At all our
gatherings, the two worlds will meet and
blend. The consciousness of the presence
of our arisen ones not only consecrates the
day, but impresses us with the desire to
consecrate our lives to the high purposes
of spiritual righteousness.

The significance of this spiritual knowl-
edge inspires us. Not only are we to bring
the spirit world to us, but we are to elevate
our desires and actions to its high standard
of excellence.

We are not to ask our spirit friends to
have charity for our failings, we are to com-
mand their loving care by conduct we know
will meet their approval. It should be a
day without a cloud or a shadow, and they
who have suffered greatest loss by the
departure of loved ones should feel that
they have greatest gain, for only a little
time have they gone before and become our
heavenly treasures.

Fortunate are those who are able to meet
in assemblies, and clasp hands with friends
in mutual interchange of sympathy. Yet
being deprived this pleasure, we should not
feel alone, for, in the most secluded retreat,
we may be surrounded by angel friends and
become conscious of the presence of these
unseen visitors.

Susan B. Anthony.

Alexander H. Fisher, M. D.

Susan B. Anthony by her earnestness of
purpose, her steady persistence, and her
downright unselfish devotion made for her-
self a distinction among the most worthy
and leading women of America. Those
who carped, who sneered, who railed at her
with scorn, have passed into oblivion and
now we have almost forgotten that she
was ever much maligned or very fiercely
opposed. She lacked many of the attrac-
tions that we like to praise and compliment
in women. Her education in a Quaker
family notably aided her to disregard that
fact, and to cultivate the qualities which
transcend these feminine trivialities. She
certainly exhibited sincerity, kindly dispo-
sition and other virtues which excel them
all.

In the autumn of 1852, a National Wo-
men's Rights convention was held for three
days at Syracuse, N. Y. Lucretia Knott,
peerless in womanly dignity, presided with
an ability and tact which I have rarely seen
equalled. There was a constellation of
representative women on the platform more
brilliant than had ever illumined Market
Hall. I remember them: the presiding of-
ficer, Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Paulina
Wright Davis, Ernestine L. Rose, Martha
Dickinson, Clara I. Nichols, Lucy Stone,
Antoinette L. Brown, Susan B. Anthony.

Acting as reporter for the Associated
Press, and for a local paper, it behooved
me to watch everything carefully.
James Mott was present to support his
wife; and both Samuel J. May and Gerrit
Smith were in the convention.

Miss Anthony had barely spread her
wings and come into the open. She was
diffident, only taking active part as occa-
sion seemed to demand. Lucy Stone with
her captivating eloquence, and Ernestine
Rose with her outspoken positiveness were
the admired ones in that assemblage.

One weak spot was exhibited. A com-
mittee on resolutions was appointed, and
made up entirely of women, with Mrs.
Smith at the head. It retired, but soon
came back and asked that Gerrit Smith
and Mr. May be added to their number.
As both Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Davis had
written books, it would seem that they
could have prepared resolutions. But Ger-
rit Smith did that.

Mrs. Nichols was an editor from Ver-
mont, but these two ladies exhibited a
strong wish to discredit her for her plain-
ness of dress, language and appearance,
but she made a future afterward in Kansas.

A fledgling minister on the second day
began a speech from the back row of seats.
Mrs. Mott required him, despite his pro-
testations, to come forward and speak from
the platform. He began by giving scurri-
lous expressions that he had heard.

"Will thee speak to the subject," asked
the president, "and not repeat the rowdy
talk at thy end of the room?"

He replied by remarking that if the wo-
men contended with horses they must con-
sent to be bet upon. He went on in that
strain, becoming more vulgar as he con-
tinued, when the president brought him up
short, remarking that he had talked
enough.

Of course the insulted women were an-
gered. Miss Anthony remarked, "This

man is one of those preachers that can
never get a church or keep one."

It was true, and also spiteful, but there
was provocation.

After that, I read of Susan Anthony here
and there addressing meetings. The rough
work seemed always to fall on her. If
anything unpleasant was to be done, she
had to do it.

For two years I was connected with the
State Department of Public Instruction at
Albany. It fell to me to attend teachers'
meetings, and I repeatedly saw Miss An-
thony there. She had been a teacher her-
self and a sister was a teacher at Roches-
ter. She appeared in the character of an
agitator, always bringing in some subject
in regard to fair play for the female teach-
ers.

She encountered ridicule, coarse and
even insulting remarks and was always
voted down; but her arguments were
evaded and never answered. She, however,
was successful in helping several women to
assert themselves, who otherwise lacked
courage.

After this she attended meetings of the
Labor Organizations and spoke against
their regulations to exclude women from
departments of remunerative industry. She
had one great merit; no matter how hotly
she was opposed, she bore it calmly and
did not indulge in resentment afterward.

With her Quaker rearing, and intoler-
ance of oppression she was, of course, an
abolitionist. Her brother, the late Daniel
Anthony, it will be remembered was active
in Kansas to rescue the territory from
slavery.

In 1861 at the beginning of the war, Miss
Anthony took the lead with others in or-
ganizing the Women's Hospital Associa-
tion of Relief. It began at Cooper Union,
and the purpose was to furnish hospital
supplies for soldiers sick and wounded.
Dr. Francis was the chief speaker on that
occasion. He praised the patriotism and
devotedness of the women, but assured
them that he was in familiar communica-
tion with leading persons at Washington
and could assure them that there would be
little occasion for their lint and other
hospital supplies. History tells a story
somewhat different.

I think that during the Civil War her
diligence to do service was indefatigable.
She was truly "Instant in season and out
of season." She had become intimate with
Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a woman of
deep, not to say masculine understanding,
and motherly nature. The two were well
calculated to balance one another. What
they accomplished is worth an account by
itself. I was at this time a legislative cor-
respondent, and saw them often at meet-
ings of the committees of the Legislature
of New York.

After the war, Miss Anthony became
editor of a weekly paper in New York. It
was styled "The Revolution." As usual,
she exhibited force, character, and the ut-
terances were not declamatory, but argu-
mentative. But political conditions were
adverse. The Republicans were too ready
to take advantage of the fact that slavery
had been abolished to do any further ser-
vice for freedom, especially in the line of
enfranchising women. The Democrats had
gone to the wall as a result of the civil
strife and had not aroused to perception of
the new situation.

In 1867 a Constitutional Convention was
elected at New York. Mrs. Stanton, Miss
Anthony and others came to Albany to ap-
peal for an extension of the suffrage.
George William Curtis, was a member of
the Convention and delivered an eloquent
address in favor of giving the ballot to
women. To me it seemed however that he
was a somewhat impractical man and that
"one argument was in a great degree fal-
lacious. He urged that the extension of
the suffrage to women would operate to
secure purity of the ballot-box and legisla-
tion. It is hardly probable that human
nature is less faulty in women than in men.
They are equally weak in liability to
wrong-doing, and much of the superior
morality imputed to them is due rather to
being shut away from the temptations and
opportunities which beset men. Under
like conditions men and women will act
pretty much alike." But back of all this is
the profounder principle of justice. Com-
mon fairness dictates an equal right and
favor for both sexes. Women are entitled
to as much voice in government and social
matters as men. They are not angels, and
men are not saints; but they are human be-
ings alike with similar wants, obligations,
and rights. That ought to be enough.

After Mr. Curtis had concluded his ad-
dress to the committee of the whole Con-
vention, a vote was taken, and if I remem-
ber was largely Republican. Mr. Gideon
J. Tucker, Surrogate, of New York
County, "Hunker" and "Copperhead,"
voted aye. The leading members of both
political parties were represented there.
The president, Rev. William A. Wheeler,
was among the noes. That list of votes
would be interesting reading now.

Miss Anthony was never deterred by the
opposition which she encountered. How
sensitive she was to the treatment which
she received is for her friends to tell. She
was certainly kind and assiduous when she
was needed. I thought her not always

fair, but she had the crowning merit of be-
ing sincere.

One year she voted at the election. She
was promptly indicted. Ex-Judge Henry
R. Seldon was her counsel. She was con-
victed, and sentence imposed. Whether
she would have paid a fine, I cannot guess;
I think she would have suffered imprison-
ment. But no more was heard of it. The
conviction and sentence were enough.

From this time she was recognized as
the leader in the cause of enfranchisement
of women. Mrs. Stanton, more judicial in
temperament stood with her bravely till
the feebleness of age disabled her. It be-
came necessary also for Susan B. Anthony
herself to relax in labor and let the work
go into younger hands. But she found it
hard to let go. She attended meetings as
she was able and her influence continued
till the last.

A tribute was paid to her at her death
which is worthy of note. Mr. Cutler, the
Mayor of Rochester, recognizing her as
the First Citizen, requested the flags over
the city to be lowered to half mast on the
day of her funeral.

It was significant that William Lloyd
Garrison, mobbed and vilified in Boston
and New York, was yet honored by his
body lying in state after death; that like
respect was paid to the remains of Gerrit
Smith; and that Wendell Phillips received
also the meed of credit. But more notable
still were the tokens of regard and honor
which were rendered to the coffin of Susan
Brownell Anthony, the heroine of the
Cause of Woman in America.

Don't Be a Sponge.

A wise word dropped from a wise man
carries a long way, and a wise word from
anybody may be a motto of help and in-
vigor. Young Mr. Rockefeller has a
Bible class that he gives attention to Sun-
day after Sunday, and to which he says
some excellent things. We commend him
for his devotion, and we think he said a
good thing when he lately told his class
not to be a sponge. It is a live word, brac-
ing, and manly, if we like to make it such.

It has received the commendation of
Christian papers as most excellent counsel.
Let us so take it. The author of it doubt-
less has an interpretation that allows his
dear father, the multi-millionaire, to escape
from the charge of absorbing everything in
sight—as being the act of a sponge. The
difference may not be clear to an outsider
—for such dealing seems very like a sponge
—and unfortunately the benighted public
will have it that he sponges with his privi-
leges as the tramp does with his poverty.

But to the matter, which is advice of the
right sort, the phrase means, don't absorb,
but give. Give rather than take. Don't be
on the lookout for what you can get; be
willing to give and find the blessing on that
side.

Sponging is what makes graft in civic
affairs. A man because he has done his
duty at the polls in voting for those who
ought to be the best for the places, as soon
as the men come into office, acts as a
sponge and wants to soak up the dewdrops
of favor all round. He does this in the
name of patriotism, and has smirched one
of the fairest words our language knows.

Sponging is in society where money is
spent lavishly in giving parties, and all for
the pleasure of the very dear friends of this
golden circle. All the same favors are ex-
pected in return, and when requests come
from my lady or her husband, why of course
the water is taken up by the sponge.

Sponging is in religion, perhaps as much
here as elsewhere, if not a little more so.
The city churches have had to fight it in
order to keep on their feet. It was said
when Minot J. Savage left Boston to go to
New York, that if his congregation had
averaged a dime in their giving when the
contribution plate came round, the church,
with the subscriptions of the members,
could have been self supporting. Men went
and listened to this brave, progressive
preacher, and never gave a cent for the
clear, persuasive word he had spoken. They
knew the consequence, that he would have
to leave, that Boston would lose him, but
the sponge does not mind such a little thing
as that. It gets what it wants, and being a
sponge does not go any further.

Now it is a crying shame to be mean
and penurious with your religion. It is the
limit of meanness. And men will be indul-
gent, extravagant even in other things and
make their religion go away hungry and
shame-faced because they have treated it
with such disrespect and scorn.

We understand it takes money to advo-
cate a cause, to run a paper, to hold meet-
ings, to let mediums and speakers live.
Spiritualists have to waken up to this fact,
and not expect the riches of the angel
world are coming to them unless they do
something generous for the spread of the
gospel. The light has to shine, the word to
be uttered, and those who have a dollar or
a thousand they could properly spare ought
to come forward like men and give it, and
so revive the work and help to make it the
transcendent glory it is. Heed the advice
—don't be a sponge.

"Love unites spirits at whatever dis-
tance."

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY
MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

In Memoriam.

MANOUEITE EMILIA RUST.

1891-1905.

Rosebrook.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

Dear, patient little soul! The end has come.

The weariness, the pain, at last are o'er,
And through the gates of Heaven open wide,
Thou hast gone on, to suffer now no more.

Long were the years of anguish that were borne,
And long the nights of pain and wild unrest,

Sad were thy days of youth, so circumscribed—
Of all of childhood's joys thou wert bereft.

Now all is o'er. Thy little form lies still,
With eyes fast closed and meekly folded hands;
So quiet and so peaceful does it lie,
We know thou hearest with joy the Lord's commands.

Sweet ever was thy soul, my gentle niece,
Unselfishness and patience, tender love,
Marked every day of thy brief earthly life
And showed thy fitness for the life above.

Dear Lord, oh! help us shape our lives as sweet

And faithful and as loving as did she
Live out her little span of earth life here—
Fit preparation for the life to be.

And when at last the gates shall open wide,
And our tired spirits pass unto our rest,
We know that in the band that greets us there,
We'll clasp again this dear child to our breast.

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

RADIATE SUNSHINE AND PEACE!

There is an hour of keenest pain when one returns to the familiar scenes of life and labor after a loved companion in service has slipped out of sight and entered into the fulness of the spiritual life.

Such an hour was ours to bear when we stepped into the office the first time after the passing of our friend, that sunny philosopher and embodiment of sunshine, that sweet singer of spiritual harmonies, Mr. William Brunton.

It was not his absence but his presence that overwhelmed us; not the silence but the speaking reality of him as an unseen but nevertheless tangible influence in the air about us.

Everything whispered his name. A noise outside our room was his footstep on the stair; a bird fluttering down to our window was his shadow at our desk and a voice below was surely his cheery greeting as he came merrily up to our room.

Yes, yes, he was here, there and everywhere, just out of sight, somewhere, and presently he would stand before us in the old familiar way and laugh at our discomfort and our pain.

In a pigeon-hole of our desk were some contributions of his, which from time to time he had brought to us with the happy suggestion that they were to be used sometime when we were short of material.

In a sort of endeavor to somehow catch the elusive spirit which was so real and so near, we picked up one of the folded manuscripts and there on the pure white paper written by the hand now cold and still in death, was this message from his sweet spirit:

LIKE TIRED CHILD.

Like tired child, who all the day,
Has nothing done but play and play;
Now at the slanting rays of sun,
I feel weary of the fun,
And all I ask is boon of rest;
To fall asleep in slumber blest;
Then wake at morn in golden light,
With strength renewed and spirit bright!

William Brunton.

Then all our murmurings and wonderings ceased and with a great sob we sat down in the silence and questioned no more.

Like a child he had been playing with the shadow of things and he yearned for the full and sincere expression of the spiritual life, where men and women spoke and worked as immortal beings.

The good, the true, the real had been singing itself into his soul and the melody was so sweet and alluring that the yearnings of his heart were awakened to live forever in that heroic and God-like atmosphere.

Yet he never faltered. When men hid in the shadow and bade him seek them there, like a rift of sunshine he followed on and his spirit illumined the path for them, and they walked no more in the darkness.

When despair piled mountains of agony between frail women and the blessed light of heaven, his pure faith removed them and the stars of hope shone in.

When the dark cross of crucifixion hung in inky blackness on the mounts of Truth, the lightning of his undimmed and resplendent honor, brought dismay to those who reared its hideous beams.

The unquenchable fire of the spiritual purpose he kept burning on his altar, and the radiance and blessedness of it fell across the hearts of men and women, and gave them new life and energy their duties to perform.

Ah, he will play hide-and-seek no more with the phantoms of men and women, and the shadowy forms of the unreal and untrue will no more tantalize his truth loving spirit.

Now, "with strength renewed and spirit bright," he will send the sunshine of his spirit right down to the very roots of the souls of men and women and set them growing into beauty and strength.

They will stand revealed to his larger vision and his splendid energies will waste

themselves no more on the seeming and the unreal.

Tired of the play! Yes, but even as the words are dropped in rhythmic measure for the comfort to our aching hearts the earnest and ardent disciple breathes a prayer for strength and brightness as an assurance that his services shall not cease.

We miss him so, and yet we know so well that all that made him dear and true and brave and helpful is ours today as yesterday.

The love we feel must breathe itself out in a prayer that we may always be attuned to the melodies of his new life and sing no song but his, a song of triumphant faith over doubt, of love over hate, of light over darkness, of right over wrong, of goodness over evil and of life over death.

M. M. S.

A Dream.

Mrs. Nicholas Williams.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

The sultry summer day hung like a spell o'er every mortal sense, and in my easy chair reclining near the window, I heard each country sound pulse with the heat through the closed casement, while a sunbeam sharp and bright glinted through a crevice in the shutter, and lay across my bosom. Watching its tremulous shimmer, sleep o'ercame me, and I dreamed a heavenly dream. A little child with winged feet and the dew of heaven in her eyes, floated on the sunbeam down from Paradise, and laid her golden head upon my breast. Her voice, attuned to sweetest melody trembled on my ear. "O, lonely hearted mother, deeply loved, be comforted, thy little one, though lost to earth, has gained eternity. I come from the Ambrosial vales of the Celestial Country, to pour a balm into thy heart, and sweeten bitter sorrow. I come to be a flower in thy path, a star upon thy sky. A strain of sweetest music in thy life, a joy to thee forever. The ills of life lie with my empty garments, and by pellucid streams and sunny slopes, I sport the hours away. Immortal flowers bloom beneath my footsteps, and fragrance, love, and life, are mine forevermore. I live for thee in every lovely thing, the fleecy cloud above thy head, the trembling stars, the splendor of the morning all speak to thee of me, and when thou, too, shall lay thee down to rest, I will whisper thee the way that I have gone, and thou and I shall sing above the stars."

I awoke, but my heavenly guest had vanished, taking the sunbeam with her. I felt with speechless awe that I had entertained an "Angel unawares" and I know for a truth, when I shall enter the heavenly portals, "a little child will lead me in."

An Evidence from the Beyond.

J. H. Lewis.

Out of the many incidents that have arrested my attention, while investigating the truths of Spiritualism, I will relate one that happened during a public service held on the lawn of the Home in Waverley. It may assist some in determining the vexed question, "Can we manifest ourselves to our friends after the change termed death?"

One Sunday last July, 1905, while seated on the lawn at the Home, in company with nearly a hundred others, a medium walked across the lawn to me, and said, "There is a boy in the spirit who comes to me, and wishes to make himself known to you. He is twelve or fourteen years old, his hair is reddish or brick color, eyes are blue. He is very much freckled; he now shows me his hands. In one of them he holds a baseball, in the other he shows me a jack-knife and what appears to be a harmonica, and now I think I hear him say Sammy. I think he must have been drowned," said the medium, "for I feel as though I was drowning. I see him now, his hair all dripping with water. Yes, he must have been drowned, his body is so wet and cold. Do you recognize this little boy?" said the medium to me, "he tells me now that his full name is Samuel Taylor." Ah, yes, I well remembered poor dear little Sammy Taylor, and until this evidence we never knew the manner of his death, nor have we seen or heard from Sammy since he went away from us many years ago. The description given to me of little Sammy Taylor, by the medium, made a very deep impression upon my mind for the following reasons, which I will briefly relate.

In the fall of the year '02, we became acquainted with the family of Mr. Taylor while on a visit to some friends in Gloucester, Mass. While there Sammy Taylor and I became great friends. He was sprightly, good natured, and obliging. He took pleasure in showing me all the noted places in and about the city of Gloucester; so in some way to reward him for his kindness to us, I thought that I would buy him what, in my judgment, his little heart would love the most. I invited Sammy to take a walk with me down among the stores. We came to one store that displayed a large variety of sporting goods. Sammy stopped there, his eye caught the glint of fancy jackknives, base balls, bats, etc. I knew then that Sammy had discovered his affinities and I said to him, "Would you like a bat and ball?" "O my, yes." "What else, Sammy?" "Could I have a jackknife, too?" "Yes." Just as I was buying these things for Sammy, a boy came into the store and wanted to buy a harmonica. At the sight of them, Sammy looked longingly up in my face and I said, "Yes, Sammy, pick out a harmonica, too." And now, with these boys' treasures in his possession, Sammy's cup of joy was full. That day I bade Sammy goodbye and started for home in Boston, with a promise from him that he would pay me a visit the following summer, during vacation time of his school, which would be in the summer of 1873.

But we never met again and no tidings as to the manner of the going out of his dear little life had ever reached us, save what the medium told and described to us on the lawn at the Waverley Home last summer, 1905. All the facts in the case that any one could tell us were that Captain Taylor took his son, Sammy Taylor, with him on a fishing trip to the Georges Banks in the summer of 1873 and that no tidings of the vessel or crew have ever been heard. And so after these thirty-two years, Sammy comes from the world of spirit, and pre-

sents himself before the vision of the medium for identification. I believe that he thought I could more readily recognize him if he presented the playthings that I bought him. I am now content to believe that it was indeed little Sammy Taylor that presented himself before the psychic vision of the medium for recognition. I believe, also, that he knew I was present in the circle and took advantage of the opportunity to make his presence known to me; and I am indeed grateful to him for confirming me in my own belief that we retain our recollection of things done in earth life after we pass over the "Great Divide." For more than thirty years has Sammy remembered the circumstance of my presenting to him the bat and ball, the jackknife and harmonica, for the sole purpose of recalling to my own mind the happy incident of the long ago. And somehow, this brief visit to me of the little boy from the skies has given me more help and more light to understand the persistence and continuity of conscious life after death than all the labored technical phraseology of psychical scientists, for little Sammy Taylor, whose young life went out through the troubled seas in long ago, has come back to my presence through the agency of the medium of his own volition, unsolicited, and almost forgotten by me. And the same law that governs and preserves the self consciousness of my little friend is the same law under whose influence all mankind shall pass at the change called death.

Verily, verily, God is all Good.

J. H. Lewis.

V. S. U., Waverley Home.

Why Women Should Vote.

To the Editor of The American:

1. Because nature has endowed woman with mental faculties equal, if not superior, to those of man.
2. Because man's injustice has deprived woman of her natural right ever since primitive man subjected her to his will by sheer physical force.
3. Because man has taken advantage of woman's defenseless position in framing unjust, iniquitous and degrading laws that uphold man and degrade woman.
4. Because man has demonstrated his utter failure in running a federal or municipal government upon high moral principles.
5. Because wars will never cease until woman's voice shall usher in the reign of peace.
6. Because divine justice demands equal rights for all without discrimination of sex.
7. Because the law of regeneration demands woman's sphere to be enlarged to direct the moral and intellectual forces of the coming race.

Henry Scharffetter.

Baltimore, Md.

No Danger for the Girls.

In the spring term of the current year the athletic young women of Smith College developed a passion for baseball. In conversation with a distinguished visitor at the college, President L. Clarke Seelye spoke of the fresh enthusiasm which the students were manifesting in the national game.

The visitor, having his own ideals on intelligent gentlemen, looked somewhat distressed at this announcement.

"Aren't you afraid," he asked, "that baseball will have a tendency to make the girls masculine?"

A humorous expression stole over President Seelye's face. "Masculine?" he echoed. "My dear friend, if you could only watch the girls pitching the ball you would never have any further fears on that score." —Ex.

Like Daddy.

(Soliloquy of Robert Payson Fugitt, interpreted by his mother, Agnes Wink Fugitt.)

I'm a little baby boy,
Only came one month ago
To this world of doubtful joy
Filled with strange things I don't know.
But I think I'll stay awhile,
Nothing seems so very bad,
Everyone gives me a smile,
And they say I look like Dad.

Daddy's eyes are very blue,
Mine are just as blue 'tis said,
Daddy's hairs are very few
On the front part of his head—
So are mine—as scarce can be—
But for that, of course I'm glad,
What's the use of hair on me
If I'm going to look like Dad?

Mother wanted me with curls,
But that wasn't in the plan,
Curls are only made for girls
And I want to be a man
Just like Daddy—big and strong,
So from him I pattern took,
Fast I'll grow,—it won't take long
Since like Daddy now I look.

Pink and white is Daddy's skin,
Mine is pinker, whiter too,—
And the dimple in his chin?
Well, I've got one right in view;
Then, like him, I'm always good,
Never cross, and never bad,
Sleep and smile as babies should,
Just because I look like Dad.

My dear Daddy says each day—
"Prettiest boy on earth is he"—
Funny thing for him to say,
Not polite it seems to me;
Now when mamma says it o'er,
I don't mind—it makes me glad,
For I think she loves me more
Just because I look like Dad.

Daddy loves her—so do I,
And she calls us each "Her Boy."
He and I will always try
Just to give her sweetest joy;
Oh, what chums we three shall be;
Always happy, never sad,
And I guess we'll all agree
That it's nice to look like Dad.

March 1st, 1906, Wash. D. C.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

In Explanation.

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

To Our Readers.

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

INVOCATION.

With perfect trust and childlike confidence we come into this circle asking that all we have, all of strength, all of hope or knowledge which we possess may be given to these dear hearts who are seeking to make themselves known and understood by those they love. Something of that joy that comes to reunited souls after a separation which has brought pain and doubt and distrust and despair, we feel as we come here today, and are conscious of the power of the spirit to bridge any seeming gulf of separation, something of that hope which shines on the faces of the angels as they look down into a world struggling with conditions of materiality and yet know that the soul immortal will find its way; something of that hope we have in our hearts at this moment and would pass on to those who doubt this precious, precious gift of ours. Everything fades away into insignificance and inconsequence in the light of the glorious knowledge of the progress of souls,—and so with that bigness of heart and joyousness of spirit, we join the grand march onward and sing our songs and chant our hymns of praise and bid all that are discouraged or uncertain or unhappy to join with us and catch glimpses of the immortal heights. O Spirit of truth and love and tenderness manifesting power in every living thing, make manifest thyself in us now and forevermore. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Alice Emery, Watertown, Mass.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a woman about forty-five years old. She has gray hair and brown eyes and a very strong face, she seems to be persistent and positive and whatever she attempted to do when she was alive on the earth she did with an energy and force that was good to see. Her name is Alice Emery and she says, "I lived in Watertown, Mass., just a little way from the place where this circle is held. There must have been more or less of this Spiritualism going on around me, but I paid no attention to it. I was busy with my own affairs and my life and I didn't seem to have time to do anything else or take up any new studies. I think very many people if they realized the importance of the significance of Spiritualism would study the thing and find out for themselves about it, but it is just like many other things that are really important for the world to know and yet only a few know or understand about them. Very few people understand the laws of health; very few people understand anything about sanitation, and very few people understand anything about idiots or insanity; they go on in their own paths of life blinded to anything beyond the vision of the everyday and do not comprehend the power and the beauty and the significance of the life outside. I don't suppose that my words will bring very many people to a knowledge of the truth, but they may help my friends to understand that there is something beyond this life, and that by effort they can communicate with me. I have a great desire to speak to Fred. Very often I find myself so close to him almost without any specific desire on my part, but as though he drew me by his need and his thought of me, and when I am there I see very plainly what he should do and want to tell him, but the word dies in the air and he never knows what helpful things I might say if he would only snake conditions right for my expression. I have often been with Lizzie through her last long sickness and feel confident myself that she never would have gotten well except for the influence which I, with the rest of the friends, have been able to bring to her. If Freddie would only sit for me or go somewhere where I could speak to him, I am sure it would make him very happy and I am sure I could tell him so many things about our friends, who are here with me, that he would feel that he had not been left behind, but was a part of the family on this side. I guess I have taken all the space that belongs to me and I thank you very much."

Susan Childs, Lawrence, Mass.

Here is a spirit of a woman I should think about the medium height, not very stout and a very fair, beautiful face. Her hair is white and it's combed so carefully and beautifully that you just feel like touching it and almost unconsciously you look at it over and over again. Her name is Susan Childs and she says, "I lived in Lawrence, Mass. I want to send a message to my son, Henry. O, the spirit world is so beautiful, I never dreamed that Heaven would be half so fair, and over and over

again I feel as if I must take all my friends here to see the wonderful beauty and to enjoy the peace of it all. My boy is as good a boy as ever a mother could ask for, and everything that he could do for me he did in tenderness and love. We were very close together, and when I left him it was hard for me to grow accustomed to the independent life that was thrust upon me through my death. I had grown to look to him for assistance, for suggestion, for corroboration in everything I said or did and when the new light dawned for me, I felt for his hand and his influence to help me understand what it was all about. I am so glad for the family that I went away just as I did without a struggle or an effort or distress. It is better for them to think of it in that way. I have been very near Annie and Walter and have sometimes been sure that Annie heard me speak, but she thought it was imagination or that it was some other sound that reminded her of my voice, when in reality it was I. I send this message to them all to have them know that I am happy and that I can come to them and am glad that it is just as it is. Mrs. Wingate, who was my friend so many years ago has been so helpful with her cheery brightness and her devotion to me. I wanted to tell Henry about this. Thank you very much."

Charlotte Brooks, Topeka, Kansas.

Here is a spirit of a woman I should think about fifty years old, she is very stout and very fine and strong looking. She says that her name is Mrs. Charlotte Brooks and she says, "O, I have been trying so long to get a chance to speak here; it seems sometimes as though the places are all taken so quickly by people who know just what they want to say that we mothers who are overcome with the possibility of communicating are taken back and unable to say our little bit that we have prepared. I have two children, Jennie and Arthur, and they are both in need of my influence; they are very sensitive and responsive to any influence from this life and that makes them all the more in need of me. Jennie suffers so from intense headaches that I have been looking into the matter and find that it is the pressure of influence, sometimes from spirits in the body, sometimes out, that comes upon her and that it is brought about by her extreme sensitiveness. I would like to see her make use of the power which I know she possesses. My sister, Lucy, came here before I did and she and my mother and I can form a strong circle or battery for the young people and help them in their development. They know something of this, but in a very unsatisfactory way, so I would like to have you take this message from me as a request that they start in earnestly and faithfully to get into communication direct with me. I thank you very much for taking the message. I lived in Topeka, Kan."

Alfred Callender, Richmond, Va.

Here is a spirit of a man I think about sixty-five or seventy years old. He is very tall and rather slender but strong and vigorous looking. He has long brown hair with just a little of the gray mixed in it and he seems to be so well preserved that you would hardly think him as old as he is. He comes in a strong way and he says, "My name is Alfred Callender," and he says, "I lived in Richmond, Va., and it has been after a good deal of deliberation that I have decided to come and make an effort to send a message to my wife, whose name is Abbie. She is ready to receive any word from me which I may send and I want her to understand that I shall never get so far away from her or, any of my friends, that I will not know when she is coming and be prepared to meet her and give her a greeting. I cannot quite settle down to living without her, I don't want to; I would rather wait until she comes and then we will go on together. I was in business and generally took good care that I found out the whole truth about the people I was trading with before I took their word on anything and that is why I made such delay in finding out about you people who believe in what to me was a strange thing before I came to give my message. I am greatly obliged to you and will now take my departure."

Frank Pillsbury, Worcester, Mass.

There is a spirit of a boy I should think about fifteen. Oh, he is just one of those bright, happy, daring boys. He was drowned. I can see him skating on the ice and going down and while they get his body it is dead, when it is recovered. He says, "Well, my name is Frank Pillsbury. I never lived in Boston. I would never have come here except some of my folks thought I had better come and send a message to my mother. Her name is Emma and she lives in Worcester. I wasn't afraid. I suppose if I had been, I would have lived, for I would never have gone out on the ice, but I don't want to talk about that; I want to talk about my mother. She has had a picture made of me. I am going to walk right up and give it a hit on the glass some day and surprise her. She has heard that dead folks can talk and she wishes she could get a message, but she doesn't know just how to go to work and do it, so I thought I would come and give her a tip. I suppose it is pretty hard for a mother to have her boy die. They generally take it pretty hard anyway, but they wouldn't feel so bad if they knew we were all right and there were lovely things over here. I would like to get hold of some of the boys, I could tell them a lot of things which they don't know, and I do. Give my love to Ma. Tell her to cheer up. There is nothing to cry about and I will come to her whenever I get a chance and try to help her headaches and help her to do anything I can. Goodbye."

Of course it is not what one reads or studies which counts, but what he retains. Therefore when one comes upon anything that is valuable he should do as the carpenter does with a nail which he wishes to hold—clinch it. A few things well pondered and fixed in the memory are worth hundreds of others rapidly passed and soon forgotten.—Our Paper.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1906.

Society News.

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

Topic for the Progressive Lyceum.

Sunday, March 25, '06. Self Reliance. Gem of Thought—Happiness is the one thing for which all are seeking. It comes with peace and peace must come from within. Cultivate self.

"Man know thyself, presume not God to scan. The proper study of mankind is man."

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

Boston and Vicinity.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street, Spiritual Phenomena Society, N. P. Smith, speaker. Sunday, 11 a. m., 2.30 and 7.30 p. m.; Tuesday and Thursday, 3 p. m. Excellent mediums at each session.

On the fifty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, Saturday afternoon and evening, March 31, and Sunday, April 1, an excellent program of speakers will be offered, to be announced later.

The Cambridge Spiritual Industrial Society held its regular meeting Wednesday, March 14. Mrs. N. J. Willis being the speaker. Seldom has there ever been a meeting so full of inspiration and vigor. Mrs. Willis was in her best form and was ably assisted by her daughter, Miss Etta Willis, who read an original poem of much power and later gave "That Old Sweetheart of Mine." The next meeting will be March 28 and Mrs. Mamie Helyett will be the speaker.

The Brighton Psychic Society, 14 Kenrick Street, D. H. Hall, president. The meeting of Wednesday evening, March 14, was one of great interest and instruction. Solos by Mrs. H. E. Hall. Scripture reading by the president. Poem, Mrs. Ida M. Pye. Descriptive tests, Mrs. C. Dearborn (Pat). Remarks, Mr. J. C. Brown. Communications, Mrs. Ida M. Pye. Wednesday evening, March 28, Mrs. Fannie Marriner of Robury will serve this society.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street. Morning Circle, Dr. Blackden, Mr. Privoe, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Nutter, Dr. Lindsey, James Newhall. Afternoon, speakers, Prof. Matook, Mr. Bakstrom, Prof. Carpenter, Mr. Macurda, Mrs. Millan, Jennie Rhind, Mrs. Reed, Mr. McLellan, Mrs. Belle Robertson, Prof. Clark-Smith, Dr. Combs. Evening, opening exercises conducted by Prof. Clark-Smith. Opening remarks and messages, Mrs. Ietta Sears-Hill, followed by Mrs. Fox, Prof. Clark-Smith, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Gough, Dr. Blackden, Prof. Mohamet, Mr. George Roberts. Music by Prof. Fred P. ak, Mrs. Nellie Carleton Grover.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its weekly meeting Friday, March 16, at 9 Appleton Street. Mrs. Carrie Hatch presided. Speakers and mediums who were present and took part in the exercises were Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Maggie Butler, Mrs. Stiles, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Shaw. Supper served at 6.15.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Mrs. Alice M. Whall, president. There was no circle Thursday evening, March 15, on account of the storm on that date. Sunday, March 18, 2 p. m., Children's Lyceum, E. J. Patch, conductor. Mrs. Andrews, pianist. The Lyceum opened by singing. The Group subjects were all discussed in an elevating manner and the general subject was omitted for lack of time. 3.30 meeting was presided over by the president, with Mrs. Andrews at the piano. The meeting opened with a praise service, after which Rev. F. A. Wiggins of Unity Church of Boston was introduced. He gave an able address and many beautiful messages. 7.30 meeting, Mrs. Whall presided with Mrs. Andrews at the piano. Mr. James S. Scarlett gave an address in his usual able and instructive manner, after which he gave many messages. Mrs. Whall also gave messages.

L. S. I. S., Mrs. Belcher, president, Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street, March 15, had quite a good attendance at the evening exercises notwithstanding the stormy night and certainly had as good a meeting as any this season. Dr. Lindsey gave astrological readings, which were wonderful. Mrs. Dix gave communications and a beautiful poem. The president gave some remarkable tests. Next week, the 22d, will be the monthly dance. A special request is made that all members that can be present at 6.30 to attend the business meeting.

Dwight Hall, March 14. The Ladies' Lyceum Union met for its business meeting at 5.30, supper being served to full tables. On March 21 there will be an entertainment and sale in Dwight Hall, March 28, the union celebrates the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, with a promising outlook. All the societies in Boston and vicinity have been invited, beside many speakers and mediums. Those expected to take part at some time during the day are: Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. Kate Ham, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Abbie Burnham, Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, Mrs. Ruth Swift, Mrs. Alice Whall, Mrs. Ida Whitlock, Mrs. E. D. Butler, Mrs. Annie Jones, Mrs. Carrie Loring, Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. Clara Fagan, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. Knowles, with good music and the children from the Children's Ly-

ceum and some other speakers invited. A successful Anniversary is hoped for.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor. The president, Walter J. Mason, gave the opening address during the day and his words were rich with spirituality. Mr. Newhall followed the first speaker. Dr. Willis gave messages, also Mrs. Bolton, Mr. Fitz-Allen and Mrs. Morgan. "Giving Thanks" was the subject of the president in the afternoon. Mrs. Moore spoke and also gave an inspirational poem. Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Bolton, Mr. Baker, Mrs. Morgan all gave messages. Mr. Peak gave an organ solo. The pastor spoke with power. Before the afternoon and evening services, Matilda Trask Boynton sang many beautiful hymns. "Love Manifest" was the subject of the president in the evening. He was followed by a Russ Gilbert, who gave beautiful thoughts, and some beautiful visions. Messages by Mrs. Morgan.

American Psychical Research Society, Inc., Harvey Redding, president. Meeting opened with song service, succeeded by an invocation by Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Coote gave a musical selection which was very pleasing. An orchestral duet by Mrs. Frank Viskery and Mr. Kelly was followed by a remarkable address by the president on the subject, "We Shall See Strange Things To Do." A song was rendered by Mrs. Kelly, accompanied by Mrs. Vickery and Mr. Kelly, after which Mr. Redding gave delineations. Mrs. Burnham delivered a fine lecture and was listened to with interest.

The midweek meeting was held at 202 Main Street, Everett. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, but few were present. Harvey Redding, president, being absent, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles took charge of the meeting. Next social the last Friday in March at the home of the president.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston held its regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, at 11.30 a. m., with the regular exercises and readings by George Fogg, Robin Carnahan, Florence Cooley and Queenie Knowles. Olive Sharp, Charlotte Turner and Baby Vinto sang. Mrs. Butler spoke briefly, then the circle was formed. There is quite an interest taken in the circle and quite a few strangers join every Sunday.

New England States.

Fall River Spiritualist Society, March 11, had for its speaker Mrs. Hy. Itherwood of New Bedford. The afternoon subject was "Spirit Leaving the Body," which was followed by delineations, all recognized. The evening subject, "Experiences at Eight Years of Age," followed by reading ballots and spirit messages through flowers. Good attendance at each service.

Springfield, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Feb. 4 and 25. Mr. Edgar W. Emerson occupied the platform. His discourses were instructive and his tests convincing. Feb. 11, owing to the illness of Mrs. E. D. Butler, Mrs. Mabel Page of Swampscott filled the vacancy very acceptably. Feb. 18, Mr. Wellman C. Whitney of Springfield was the speaker. His lectures were instructive and his messages brought comfort to many hearts.

Augusta, Me.—Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridge, Mass., has just closed a two weeks' engagement with The Progressive Spiritualists' Society of this city. He held four very interesting meetings. Every meeting was well attended by a goodly number of the very best people well represented in every walk of life.

Providence, R. I.—The Ladies' Progressive Aid Society, Mrs. Brown, president, held its regular circle Tuesday evening, March 13, with large attendance. Communications were given by the president, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Reed, Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Stackpole. All are considered good mediums. The next circle will be held at Mr. Prouty's, 1492 Westminster Street, Tuesday evening, March 27. These circles are public and all are invited to attend.

Portland, Me.—The First Spiritual Society, Dr. William Hale of Boston, Mass., delivered an interesting lecture. It was a carefully considered and eloquent talk on Spiritualism. There was a large attendance both afternoon and evening. March 25 is Anniversary Sunday. Mrs. Elizabeth Butler of Lynn, Mass., will occupy the platform.

Fitchburg, Mass., March 18.—Large and appreciative audiences greeted Mrs. B. W. Belcher of Marlboro, speaker for the First Spiritualist Society, Sunday. The subjects selected were: "Missionary Work," and "Is the World Better for the Coming of Spiritualism?" The addresses were listened to with close attention and were supplemented by evidences of spirit return. The Mediums' Circle and song service were largely attended. The piano selections by Miss Howe were much appreciated. Emma B. Smith of Lawrence, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.

Providence, R. I., March 18, 1906.—The Biblical Spiritual Meeting holds devotional services every Sunday evening, 7.30, Madam Zinn Mosiar, conductress. Next Sunday the fifty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated in Eagle Hall, 767 Westminster Street.

Field at Large.

First Association of Spiritualists, New York, N. Y.—Meetings are held regularly at The Tuxedo, Madison Avenue, corner Fifty-ninth Street, Sundays at 3 and 8 p. m. The audiences are composed of regular attendants and strangers, many of the latter being from a distance. Miss Margaret Gaule, the regular speaker, while avoiding the sensational, gives startling, as well as comforting, tests to many seekers after truth, each Sunday. She has been the regular ministrant for many consecutive years and has won the hearts of her followers; what is more, she holds their entire confidence.

On Sunday, April 1, two services will be held at Lyric Hall on Sixth Avenue, between 42d and 43d Streets, in celebration of

the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Miss Gaule will give spirit messages at both sessions, and Mrs. Roughhead of Brooklyn, a new worker in the field of spirit phenomena, will also act as message bearer at both meetings. The honored and worthy president, Mrs. Henry J. Newton, it is hoped will preside. She has been ill, but may her convalescence be rapid, that she may be in her accustomed place. Mrs. Helen P. Russeque will deliver an address both afternoon and evening. Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham has kindly consented to be present. Short addresses may be given by other well known advocates of our Cause. Excellent musical artists have been secured for both occasions. Those of New York, and adjacent vicinities interested please note the date, April 1, 2.30 and 7.45 p. m., and the place, Lyric Hall.

Within a few months, the "Ladies' Aid" has been revived and reorganized, made auxiliary to the First Association of Spiritualists, and is doing fine work. Mrs. Rose LeVere is the president and is aided by a corps of efficient officers as follows: 1st vice president, Mrs. George Storm; 2d vice president, Mrs. Everitt; secretary, Miss Ethel Main; treasurer, Miss Margaret Gaule.

"With us the Cause is gaining in dignified recognition," writes Mrs. Milton Rathbun.

At Lily Dale, Frank Caldwell, the great Alaska explorer, will present this phenomenal country to Lily Dale visitors by rare stereopticon slides, on the evenings of July 20 and 22. The photographs are the most complete set in existence, some of them taken by the light of the midnight sun, and present scenes but little known among us. The entertainments will be most interesting as well as instructive.

Dr. Stanley L. Krebs will deliver a Physiological Lecture at Lily Dale on Wednesday, July 18, on "Marvels and Mysteries of the Mind." On Friday, July 20, the doctor will speak on "Wonders of the World Within." Dr. Krebs enters the vast realm of mental creaturship as a scholar as well as an orator. Probably no addresses delivered at the Assembly this season will be more entertaining and instructive than the Krebs Lectures. For programs, address Laura G. Fisen, Chicago, Ill.

Billings, Mont., has a good local Society of Spiritualists. Mrs. L. McCormick is president and is also president of the State Spiritualists' Association. She and her husband are untiring workers and the other officers are always at their post. The society is growing, several new members having been added this winter and there is quite an interest taken among those outside the ranks. Three circles a week are held and they are growing in numbers. There is also a Ladies' Aid Society and a Thought Circle, each session adding new comers. In the far West there is plenty of work to be done; the people are ready to investigate this grand truth. Eva McCoy is serving the society for the winter until June, when she will be ready for camp engagements as message medium.

Announcements.

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

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

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter Street. Lecture at 10.45 a. m. and 2.30 p. m., through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis. School at 12 m. Wednesday evening, conference at 8. All are welcome.

First Spiritual Science Church, M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street. Services, Sundays, 11 a. m., 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. Tuesday, 3 p. m. Indian Healing Circle. Thursday, 3 p. m. Psychometry. Indian Peace Council, April 4.

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

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

American Psychical Research Society, Inc., Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden Square, Malden, Mass. Sunday evening, 7.30; Harvey Redding, president. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles, Mrs. Abbie Burnham, speakers. Seats free. Circle, Thursday evening, at the home of the president, 202 Main Street, Everett.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, holds services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington Street, up two flights. Conference, 11 a. m.; services, 3 and 7.30 p. m. President, Walter I. Mason; Carrie D. Chapman, chairman; Matilda Trask Boynton, soloist.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, 138 Pleasant Street, Malden, Mrs. Alice M. Whall, president. Sundays, 2 p. m.; Children's Lyceum, 3.30 p. m.; Circle for Messages and Spiritual Unfoldment, 7.30 p. m. Miss Annie M. Foley of Haverhill will occupy the platform. Circle every Thursday at 7.45 p. m.

Movements of Platform Workers.

Mrs. Ida M. Pye will lecture and give messages at the following societies during the month of March and April: Manchester, N. H., March 25, 26; Haverhill, March 29; Newburyport First Spiritualist Association, April 15; Church of Soul, Newburyport, April 22; Waltham, April 29. Also now open for engagements for 1906 and 1907, campmeetings included. Address 106 Prospect Street, Wakefield, Mass.

"Ah! if you believe it,
'God is ever good!'
Why with trembling spirit
Fear the storm or flood?"

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

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

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

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

Birth No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
March 23-24-25	F	G	M	E	K	B						
25-26	B	F	G	M	E	K						
27-28-29	B	F	G	M	E	K						
30-31	K	B	F	G	M	E						
Apr. 1-2-3	E	K	B	F	G	M						
4-5	E	K	B	F	G	M						
6-7	E	K	B	F	G	M						
8-9	M	E	K	B	F	G						
10-11	M	E	K	B	F	G						
12-13	G	M	E	K	B	F						
14-15	G	M	E	K	B	F						
16-17-18	F	G	M	E	K	B						
19-20	F	G	M	E	K	B						

the different people, according to their Birth Number. A day may be very good for a husband and very bad for his wife, or vice versa. The table should be followed continually for greatest good, and not now and then.

The ruling people of the world during the term of this table are those born under No. 1. In this term of ruling, a large amount of Independence will be displayed. It is the Resurrectional Spirit of the world after having been in the grave of winter. Home bodies will be anxious about what the spring condition of the Homes will be. Lordly people will begin to plan for their

Chats on Wonder Wheel Science.

ABUSE OF THE HOROSCOPE.

I am now going to treat a little upon the horoscope. I have been for several years stating that I am not satisfied with the claims that are made for it in what is termed "Modern Astrology," and when I speak of the horoscope I wish it distinctly understood that I do not in any way detract the claims that are made for true astrology. The horoscope is only a superficial part of astrology, anciently called "horoscopy." When connected with the Nativity, as it may be done advantageously when the minute of birth is known, it was called "Gonethliaci," and was judged by the sign rising on the east at a birth, together with the planet which ruled that sign, called "Lord of the sign," or, the planet under which the physical nature was born into earth. It had nothing whatever to do with the Soul birth, or the birth of the thinking, rational Man. It did not have anything to do even with the animal senses of man. It only related to the earthy, or vegetable structure of man, called "body," and spoken of in Genesis as "earthy and of the earth" or, "dust to return to dust from whence it came." This man was called the "red earth man," by name, "Adam," and formed as an instrument of muscular power with which the Soul man might "dress and keep" the earth. The soul man, attracted more to earthy things than to things of the soul, is said to have "fallen from his high or spiritual estate" and therefore became subject to death before it could get rid of its hallucinations induced by the attractions of earth. Death, in the Astrologic significances, is purely a matter of the horoscope, because death only relates to the body. Long life consists in being Spiritually-Minded. By that I do not mean subject to any creed or ism, but subject to an active intellectuality, either inherited or cultivated.

The first chapter of Genesis teaches the birth of insect, animal and the Soul-man (male and female) from the minutest and chaotic germ, up to the highest expression. To the soul of these things was given a body for muscular display on earth. This body, which is the temple, or house, in which the soul lives, is the thing which the horoscope rules. This house, or body, is represented by the Exact point on the East at the time when the Soul-man takes possession of it, which is the very instant that the child (as we say) becomes independent of the mother. The Soul-man is not born of the mother. Already existing in the ether surrounding the place of birth it is attracted by the conditions of the place, and somewhat by the conditions of the father, at that particular time. The moment the soul-man connects with the body, by "breathing into the nostrils the breath of life," then, by a trinity of forces, the newly born body is termed a "living soul," because the soul and the body, by their union, create the animal or earth life forces, which were anciently termed "the son of man." Thus, the soul man is the son of God; the animal man the son of the fallen Adam, and the body their house or temple in union, and this house is carried around with them just as the crab or lobster carries its house or shell.

Now, no one can possibly understand astrology, or the Bible, until he first understands this trinity of separate and distinct kingdoms of forces. This trinity is not only manifest in himself, but in like manner is manifested in everything else about him, after their kind, in the details of his environments. This is what every body of religionists has been trying to teach ever since the world began. They have, one after another, failed, because of the abuse, the neglect, or the ignorance (ignore) of Astrology, the only science that ever did or ever can throw light upon the mysterious problems of life.

It is not the body that THINKS. It is the Thinker, and this thinker we term the "Intellectual man." This thinker in us has three modes of thinking.

1.—Spiritual Thought, called "Pure Thought."
2.—Animal Thought, called "Ideals," or the passionate gratification of the Five Senses.
3.—Material Thought, of the earth earthy, which we call "Greed," and this thought is

summer enjoyments, and Proud and Opinionated people will begin to consider their next early winter glories. Business and Professional people will be annoyed over the changes from winter to summer occupations and supplies. Mutual Relations will be disturbed by the changes, or will join as one in harmonious efforts for the changes which the new life of the year brings into play. Such is the Real World. The artificial world will "strain at gnats to swallow a camel."

12. In this term of ruling, Secret Enmities will be active, and Self Detriments will be strong in all walks of life. This is the time of the year mythically typified by the Christ buried in the darkness of the tomb, with the frost of winter as his shroud. Thirty days later and the Natural world will resurrect itself once more from the grave winter. Most people are guided by the Artificial world, and look for success to the fads and fancies of their idolatry. They flourish like weeds and thorns about a cesspool, but soon the Reaper appears and mows them down. Their end is not in the store house, but on the dump heap.

Fifteen days, either side of Apr. 6, is the good should reason philosophically for the good of the year before him, and "Be sure he is right before he goes ahead."

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

the kind which the writer of Genesis attempted to portray when he represented Adam as eating of the "tree of the Knowledge of good and evil," and by which he fell below the Soul-man standard, and became of the earth earthy, the effects of which, by the law of cause and effect, would rob him of his Divine bodily powers and return his body to the dust of the earth from which it had taken the soul-man so long to become possessed of a body.

Our future life, then, depends upon the trend of our present thinking. By thinking we can change nothing in the laws of nature, but we cause ourselves to gravitate by our thinking upward towards the estate of the soul or downwards towards the dust of the earth.

The horoscope, then, only denotes how we stand in relation to the things of earthy form about us, materially, but not mentally or soulfully. The horoscope is only a matter of curiosity, for after we learn its significance, it merely gives us what we already know by our present knowledge of our visible environments. The horoscope was only invented to convince sceptics of the wonders of the heavens without realizing that to convince sceptics one is obliged to "strain at a gnat" and run great danger of "swallowing a camel." Sceptics are not worth so much trouble. By nature they are born to be sceptics. Unless there is a planetary time in their lives for conversion, they will remain sceptics till death, even if testimonies came from the throne of God.

No practical benefit in astrology ever came from the Horoscope. The benefits in astrology come from the higher laws which are independent of the horoscope. Except in what is known as purely "Horary Astrology." Even in that, the thumb-rules of horary astrology are so mixed with a lot of contradictions, absurdities and foolish trash, that for astrologers to attempt to maintain the dignity of astrology on any such lines would be nothing but a system of charlatanny, that would soon cause the astrologer to lose his own soul in an attempt to save some other soul. This was what Jesus meant when he said, "If the blind lead the blind they will both fall into the ditch."

Some practicing astrologers have not been pleased with my truthful expressions concerning Horoscopes. They think it has a tendency to injure their business. If they are good astrologers they ought to know that so far as the conditions of their life are concerned in matters of commercial import, they are under the very laws of the heavens which they interpret to others, and that their conditions are ruled by time, and in no way by what I or anybody else says. If a doctor cannot take his own medicine, it must be poor medicine to give to others. From other practicing astrologers, who can readily see that there is a need for the dignifying of astrology, so long dragged in the dirt and despised, I receive the highest of praise. The strong tendency to adhere to horoscopes and thumb rules is the hardest matter to overcome, because the higher laws and the lower laws are so fearfully mixed in the horoscope-formulas that it is hard for many to distinguish the difference between them and separate them.

The Horoscope is the least understood and the most shamefully abused part of Astrology, because it is carelessly and pretentiously mixed up with the Circles of Life and of Soul, and fine horoscopes are pretended to be arrived at through the approximated standard laws of these larger cycles. They will not fit, any more than the details of a minute or second of time will fit the conditions of a day or hour, but if the exact minute of a birth be known then the details of the horoscope will fit, by enlarging their scope, both the Circle of Life and the Circle of the Soul.

The Horoscope represents our own bodily differentiation from the inherited life forces of the mother and the soul forces of the father. It was otherwise known as the Circle of Horus, the earthy child of the animated Moon, impregnated by the rays of the Sun, or Sol, and brought into form through ancestral sequence. The Soul, or Spark of the Sun, is the real, or Spirit Child, having dominion over a whole circle, or one degree on the equinox.

(To be continued.)