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BOMETIME.

Sometime you'll think of these summer days Dreamingly fading in purple haze. Sometime, with a thrill of passionate pain, You'll long for this sweetness over again, Sometime when the moonlight is allvering all, And the pansies sleep by the garden wall. In the deepening twilight's odorous dusk, Weighted with clustering rose-bloom's musk—

musk—
You will watch for a gleaming figure fair,
White-robed and noiseless, with falling hair;
And gazing deep in the luminous eyes
That made for your life its paradise—
The light, by music, and odorous calm
Of this golden-crowned summer will linger
like balm,
Till, starting, you waken to clasp but air
And list to a flitting footfall there.
Semetime you'd give all the wide world's
praise

prais

For one of those vanishing summer days; For only one leaf from the swaying bough— Sometime you'd clasp it,—Oh, why not now -Lilian Whiting.

A Sombre Inheritance.

Suste C. Clark.

It is perhaps not generally known that an early custom of our Puritan ancestors rigidly excluded a widow from the social world, after the death of her husband, consigning her to a erpetual solitude, only a little less merciful than the fate of the Hindu Suttee, who mounts the funeral pyre as a living sacrifice to the flames which cremate the deserted body of her lord. The more festive widow of the present day, with an eye not unmindful of future prospects in life's perspective, not oblivious of a possible "cloud in the horizon the size of a man's hand," was then unknown.

A notable instance of this deplorable selfimmolation was that of the mother of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose husband died in 1808, when she was but twenty-seven years eld, and who henceforth withdrew from the family circle, remaining a self-imposed prisouer in her room until her decease, forty years later. Her meals were always partaken in the unbroken solitude of her living tomb, and one can imagine the effect of this unburied ghost upon the minds of her children, the sombre coloring which tinged their entire lives, thus robbed of maternal companionship and the guidance of a watchful love. wonder that sadness and melancholy were the temperamental features of the great romancer? Was there not need, in that dark severe age, of more enlightened ideas regarding Death? Would it not be natural to supmercifully endeavor to send messengers earthward to illumine its dense shadows with knowledge of a brighter sphere, of Life unending, which Death can never affect or destroy? But mortal ignorance was then too blind to receive spiritual truth, and so it persecuted and hung its heaven-sent mediums who would have blessed them, even as a cruder age crucified its Diviner Messenger; and therefore this educative attempt of the first home, and a friend now recalls the Wisdom spirits had to be abandoned for familiar sight, as she passed their gateway

was the fangued judge and chief magistrate in those witchcraft days-John Hathorne (which is the correct spelling of the family name, Hawthorne changing the orthography to please his own choice, on his retirement from college). This stern, relentless Puritan sentenced many innocent lives to death, and for his inhumanity, the husband of one of his victims cursed him violently in the courtreom, his maledictions descending to the dildren's children of this uninst indee which left so deep an impression that any ill luck in the family thereafter, of which there was plenty, was thus explained.

Naturally the habit of solltude, following the example of its silent recluse, gradually grew upon the other members of Hawthorne's family, his elder sister. Elizabeth, and later. the younger, Louisa, isolated themselves in rooms, in morbid retirement. No family table was ever set. Hawthorne once exdaimed, "We do not even live, at our house, Such was the stultifying atmosphere to which this man of refined genius returned from his academic life; and for twelve years. he likewise occupied his little chamber alone, writing here many brief tales and sketches for children, always anonymously, but which gave slight promise then of his future fame. His youth was not one of brilliant precocity, or productiveness. No plant nurtured in a cellar can ever gain a perfect unfoldment. He once wrote to his sister: "I have finally come to the conclusion that I shall never make a distinguished figure in the world, and all I hope or wish is to plod along with the multitude." Again, in referring to his methods of composition, he said: "Sometimes my ideas are like precious stones under the earth, requiring toil to dig them up and care to polish and brighten them; but often a deus stream of thought will gush out upon the page at once, like water sparkling up suddealy in the desert." His great enemy was saif distrust, and his college friends, as well as the editors whose acquaintance he made,

found it necessary to constantly supply encouragement and incentive to his lagging confidence, as also occasional relief to his empty The rare flower of his genius had certainly nothing to foster its unfoldment in his dreary, barren existence, but, at last, the potent magician, Love, pierced the fogs that enshrouded him, and kissed each bud of promise into new life and fruitage.

The Peabody family, with its three notable daughters, Elizabeth, so well known in the educational and reformatory annals of Boston, Mary, who became Mrs. Horace Mann, and Sophia-the fairy with the magic wandhad been near neighbors of the Hawthornes when all were children, but had removed from Salem for many years. On their return, it was clearly Hawthorne's duty to call and renew their old acquaintance, and this led eventually to that marital union which became, through all the vicissitudes of their lot, and thorough acquaintance with poverty. a rare idyl of love and devotion. It was During indeed a union of congenial souls. one of Hawthorne's early calls, Sophia, it is said, bitterly regretted that she must take time to dress "while he was being wasted downstairs." Ten years later, she writes, "I

am ten years happier in time and an uncounted degree happier in kind. . I know my husband ten years better, and I have not arrived at the end: for he is still an enchanting mystery, beyond the region I have discovered and made my own. I cannot possibly conceive of my happiness, but in a blissful kind of confusion, live on. If I can only be so great, so high, so noble, so sweet as he is, any plane of my being, I shall be glad." After his death, she wrote, "God gave me the rose of time, the blossom of the ages, to call my own for twenty-five years of human life. As the dewdrop holds the day, so my heart holds the presence of the glorified, freed spirit. We are not and never can be divided."

It is interesting to recall, parenthetically, a paragraph written by this same transparent soul, regarding a call the sisters once received from Emerson, when a young man and a tutor in Greek to Elizabeth, no hint of his future greatness then being revealed. Sophia says of him: "We had an exquisite visit from Waldo. It was the warbling of the Attic bird. The gleam of his diffused smile; the musical thunder of his voice; his repose, so full of the essence of life; his simplicity, just think of all these and of my privilege in seeing and hearing him. . . . I vainly imagined I was very quiet all the while, preserving a very demure exterior, and supposed I was sharing his oceanic calm. But the next day, I was aware I had been in a very intense state. . . . He made me feel as Eliza Dwight did once, when she looked uncommonly beautiful and animated. I felt as if her beauty was all about the room and I was in it and therefore beautiful too. It seemed just so with Waldo's soul-beauty."

This transcendent pair, Nathaniel Hawthorne and his bride, went to the Old Manse for their honeymoon Paradise; this was their many years, until with the Dawning Light, on her way to school, a little before nine, the hour was found more fully ripe for its each morning, of this happy couple taking heir constitutional fter the One of Hawthorne's immediate ancestors tinal meal, which they did by running rapidly with clasped hands, from the front door of the Manse down its curving driveway to the street. In this charming and historical spot, two years later, little Una was born, and it was on the occasion of the visit of this first grandchild to the Salem home-roof, that the elder Mrs. Hawthorne emerged from the seclusion of her room and sat at the table during supper, holding the little Una on her lap. an exceptional event, which was never repeated.

On Hawthorne's return, years later, to his dismal chamber, and realizing as he could not but by contrast, the lonely life he had known there, when it seemed, he writes, "as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. Now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned here so many years, for if I had ooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. But living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think I could imagine all passions, all feelings and states of the heart and mind, but how little did I know. Indeed, we are but shadows; we are not en-dowed with real life till the heart is touched. That touch creates us, then we begin to be, thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity."

Yet, although this great creator in the field of romance wrote his master-piece, "The Scarlet Letter," after domestic happiness and peloved companionship were fully his own, it still had to be urgently coaxed into birth by the strong insistence of that helpful friend of all authors, James T. Fields, and although this work occupies a most unique position in the realm of fiction, it abundantly displays throughout his former habits of life thought. A severe Puritan background is its scene of action, its three characters each live

out their tragic careers in profound isolation, each inhabits a world of his own whose threshold no other can cross, and this sad solitude is in each case unrelieved by a touch of hope, or the eventual sovereignty of Good. The book is one of gloom, of revenge and despair (Emerson pronounced it "ghastly"), and while strong in psychological power, it lacks that spiritual interpretation which a more optimistic writer would have portrayed Hester Prynne's expiation bears no fruit. she does not pass from night to light; Arthur Dimmesdale's pastoral service atones no error, Roger Chillingworth's vengeance gains no touch of mercy with the softening influence of time. The author is as severe, unflinching as was his judicial ancestor. He paints the shadow (his native air) masterfully, but Light and Love, which at last ilumined his own life, have not yet become ransmuted into expression.

His later literature also, while a shade less gruesome, with an occasional gleam of sunshine, remains tinged by the morbid blas of his youth, the blight of solitude, the melancholy pessimism of old theological dogma, of which he was a victim. Although his home life was one of great beauty and sweetness his relation to his children that of a devoted companion and even merry playfellow, to the world he was always unsocial and reserved, even sitting at the Saturday Club, which he occasionally visited, silent and taciturn, although some of its members were among his dearest friends, including Longfellow, his classmate at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Me., and his near neighbor, Emerson, although Hawthorne and Emerson were not congenial minds, the latter, perhaps because of his dominant optimism, confessing he never could read Hawthorne's romances During his residence in London, as British consul, Hawthorne maintained his exclusive reserve, not seeking or desiring the literary friendships of any of his noted confreres of that epoch. A rich legacy he has left to the world, the example of a pure life, a gifted personality, but how much more helpful his message could have been, how much richer, more prolific the fruitage of his teeming fancy, had he gained the freedom and victory of the conscious life of the spirit, had he thown the clearer light and the fairer day of

the present time. We have not yet reached, in our spiritual outlook, the light of cloudless noon, but sufficient glory is ours, in contrast to that blue mold of colonial days, to annul the dark shadows which eclipse Truth, to encourage the unfoldment of all spiritual gifts, the possession of spiritual freedom from pessimistic gloom, revealing thus the possibility of endless progression for every soul, each and all striving together toward a common goal, in one broad united brotherhood.

Is the Conscious Medium an Improvement Over the Unconscious One?

"Is the conscious medium an improvement over the unconscious one?" is the question often asked and one which I cannot definitely answer; but the result of my observations answer; but the result of my observations and experiences I freely give, hoping it may help you to come to some conclusion. Mediumship serves three masters, the possessor of the gift, the "stranger at the gates" and the spirit-operator or communicator; and we cannot place higher values on it because it serves either one or the other in a greater or less degree. but must make our estimate from serves either one or the other man a less degree, but must make our estimate from less degree, but must make our estimate its influence toward and over all three. person who pleads against a conscious medium insists, first, that the spirit message is better given through an unconscious medium, being uncolored and unprejudice by the mind of the medium and, therefore more-like the freely expressed thought of the communicating spirit; second, that the interviews between mortal and spirit are of so sacred a nature that many matters of im-portance can be discussed and many terms of ndearment and expressions of tenderne freely given, which could not be done before a third party, which the conscious medium would be. The medium who desires to be unconscious will almost always give as a reason, first, a belief that the messages would be better because she feels her individual thought. a reason, first, a belief that the messages would be better because she feels her individual thought asserting itself at various times and sometimes at a most critical point; second, that many times during a seance she feels exactly like herself and thinks she could at any time regain her hold on her brain and express her own sentiments and opinions and because of this she feels dishonest and much as if she were playing a part. The controlling spirit in some instances has given expression to a desire for a purely mechanical instrument through which he might operate, that there might be a more independent expression; but this seems to be little more than a passing thought expressed in a moment of distress over inability to control and in itself it gives evidence that an understanding of the law of control of one's own thought in the midst of unsympathetic and contrary minded people squite as important to the spirit disembodied as to the spirit still in the fiesh. The pleader for the conscious medium will argue, first that the giving up of the brain for the constant use of another's thought and expression and the consequent dormant condition of all the natural powers brings loss of natural power to think and act for one's self; second, that no growth intellectual or moral can come to a person constantly under the influence of another with no power of individual expression; third, that the message while it may be at times magnified by the

will-power of the medium, will as often recive an added strength in its hour of weakness from the sympathetic aid on the part of the medium, through her desire to have messages perfect and complete. The medium who desires to retain consciousness will say, first, that her very consciousness will say, first, that her very consciousness is her protection in many ways; second, that matters of a private or sacred nature would be as safe with her as if entrusted to the confidence of a lawyer, a physician or a priest or clergyman and are treated as professional secrets; third, that the spirit controlling must prove itself worthy of its high calling by being able to give definite and conclusive evidence that it can overcome conditions sufficiently to get into communication with other spirits while it is in control.

The spirit who believes that conscious mediumship—is best will give as his reason, first (and perhaps the only important one), that the growth and unfoldment of his medium must be his chief consideration.

These are the most common arguments for and against the conacious medium. In my short experience I find a growing tendency to consciousness in mediumship. Many times I have been appealed to by those desiring to unfold their mediumstic power and when I ask "Have you ever been controlled?" receive the naswer, "Oh, yes, but I'm so conscious;" as if unconsciousness were a necessity in mediumship. I always try to impress on such a one the importance of how the work is done, dwelling rather on the quality of the work accomplished. A child whose parents I knew, and whose career I have watched with interest, was controlled when elven years of age and while in an unconscious state gave lectures which were marvelous and in subject matter and presentation were of interest to schoars. Strangely enough, however, there would be lapses in the middle of a lecture when words, phrases, tones, and gestures were peculiarly like the medium and evidently belonged to her and not to the controlling spirit; which proves that the will be misquoted and misrepresented and the medium has no alternative but to take the blame heaped upon her for having un-trustworthy guides. I am acquainted with an honest, truth-loving and good woman who begged her guides to make her unconscious because the people who came to her, asked questions on matters so material that it shocked her. In this case her consciousness, if confessed, would have freed her from the trouble; for the freedom with which such questions were asked when the medium was supposed to be asleep, would have yanished with a knowledge of her consciousness. I might go on giving instances of this kind but my idea is simply to help the conscious medium to understand that her power is as important, as useful to the world and much more beneficial to herself than if the trance were deep and unconscious. The very comclous because the people who came were deep and unconscious. The very com-monness of conscious mediums and the rarity of the unconscious one seems proof that the spirits who control have a preference and that it lies with consciousness.

Minnie M. Soule.

The Gospel of Mr. W. F. H. Myers.

Such is the title under which Mr. W. H. Mallock criticises Mr. Myers's work on "Human Personality" in the Nineteenth Century for April, 1903. The title is a piece of sarcasm and the critique abounds in sneers more or less veiled. Sneers are expected by Spiritualists, whenever a mind of a certain class approaches their faith. It is to be regretted (for Mr. Mallock's sake, not for the Spiritualists. Their faith teaches that this attitude, which keeps the mind closed to truth, harms most its possessor, little the criticised), that Mr. Mallock could not successfully and completely conceal his contempt. Had he done so, we might have given his arguments the credit, at least, of honesty and candor, neither of which we now see does it possess. Mr. Vallock is principally known to us as an Englishman and publicist. He was first broughf to the attention of the American public in a striking way by his book "Is Life Worth Living?" in which he demonstrated that, to him at least, it was scarcely worth while. Later he became, if we remember correctly, that anomaly in religion, an English Roman Catholic. He is domnite in thought and is always cock-sure of every Such is the title under which Mr. W. H.

position he takes. This makes a fine advocate but a poor judge.

He does not believe in the freedom of the will, but he does believe that Spiritualism and all its advocates ought to be anathema. Lis lack of fairness and the spirit of his approach to the subject are cridenced by such expressions as these, which we select from his article: "Germs of Spiritualism"; "He takes his facts not from spiritualismic sympathizers, but from well attested records, etc." "Best examples to be found in Mr. Myers' repertory." "Innumerable alleged occurrences on which Mr. Myers builds up his theory." "I say all this on the assumption that the majority of Mr. Myers's Anacdotes are examples of phenomena which do really occur."

After these exhibitions of petty malice, we are not surprised at any unfairness in his treatment of Mr. Myers's book. Indeed, I doubt if Mr. Mallock would himself care to claim that his review was judicial. Rather he intended it as an argument of an advocate, hired to smash the book, to a particular audience, an andience that wanted to see it smashed, the readers of the "Nincteanth Century" magazine. Had Mr. Mallock there can be no doubt of this—been an advocate of Spiritualism and with the same chility as that which he now possesses, the management of the magazine would have natited

Century" magazine. Had Mr. Mallack—there can be no doubt of this—been an adjocate of Spiritualism and with the same chility as that which he now possesses, the management of the magazine would have nather solicited nor accepted an article from his pen. Mr. Myers' book, as a scientific demonstration of life beyond death is irrefutable, but all the more the audience thus addressed needed a Devil's advocate to refute what they could not; Mallock was invoked and this is his effort at refutation. Of course he dails the edge of his sword. Of course he dails the edge of his sword. Of course he dails the edge of his sword. Of course he dails the could against Myers. Of course every scientist smiles a pitying smile at the abundant of the contest and the futility of the cargument. But never mind, the andmark does not see the smile of pity, it only sees Mallock. He has the stage and, in a magazine article, the attention cannot be disabled from the star. Neither is his audience disturbed by the ignorance he displays of the matter he criticises. The duality of consciences he scouts, a strange stand to be taken at this end of the year of grace 1903, by one engaged in a psychological discussion. The phenomena of hypnotism he is worthly ignorant of. Telepathy, atrois, a quatre, etc., he never heard of apparently; for it is perfectly certain he would have made use of that ingenious device to avoid the spirit explanation of otherwise inexplicable phenomena. He quarrels with Myers's designation of the sabiliminal consciousness because it can be, as he says, called correctly nothing but consciousness from the celling instead of the with threshold, and yet within two pages he designates it in derision as a "sub-cellas" conciousness. The facts of materialisation, as recorded by Prof. Crookes with a care almost superhuman, he leaves untouched and even unmentioned. The testimony of the evidence given by Rev. Wm. Stainton Meses, he refers only to some triding experiments by quoting the interview published in the "New York Journal," lon

fake story of an unusually "enterprising" reporter.

How does he explain even the few feehle phenomena he is willing to quote? He does not He admits he cannot. His argument in brief is, "It is not spirits, for spirits are not shown to exist. What it is I do not know, but it is not spirits." Had Mr. Mallock been in the place of the woman in the story who would not desist saying "scissors." like her when she was held under water so she could not speak, he would have still put up his fingers and made them act the expensers he could not speak, and his audience would have undoubtedly applauded.

No, F. W. H. Myers, though dead, still

No. F. W. H. Myers, though dead. speaketh through the pages of the most work derful psychological and yet published work from the scientist's point of view. It is not as the futile Mallock declares in his opening serthe futile Mailock declares in his opening tence, "An astounding monument of miplied talents and speculation." It is not what Gladstone declared of the work of British Society for Psychical Research, "greatest work which the present age so undertake." It is the result of Mr. Hyllife study, the monument by which he with the world to judge him. It is scientific irrefutable. That it is no is evidenced by fact that no true scientist of eminence leven made the attempt.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

'Tis but a sounder sleep, a sweeter waking.
Passing through dreamland to a better
sphere;
Home full of soul rest, with no more heart
breaking.
Where, spite of earth mists, shines the way
most clear. most clear.

Then we shall smile at what we now de

rouble;
E'en as a baby, at the breast the while
Feeleth no sadness, all his joy is double,
E'en reaches up to grasp his mod

So we shall find it. Grief will be forgotten, Happiness more happy in that quiet hand. Yet the reaching upward, in our seuls be For the very highest, our best joy shall stand,

So we step still higher in that life imm Gaining new outlook o'er life's problems So God opens wider ever wisdom's por So shows his smile through all our tro

"There is a principle, proof againgument, a ber against all prog which, if persisted in, cannot but



HINDOO MAGIC AND INDIAN OCCULTISM.

could Assist of ladis and the Western Student of Courties, has been granted the Secret United Discounties of the Student of Courties, has been granted the Secret High to place in the Sands of all sincere and interested Court Englants Illustrated and Valantia Ulterature which contains accurate and Secret Kauviess of the Inser Circle of the Misses Adopts and Sates Lanes. This instructive and intensely interesting literature also pertains to Hindoo Magic, Adoptship, Witcherst, Parsonal and Vital Magnetism, Prychic Diagnosts, Black Art, Magic and Gorery, Necromanny, Passumstology Carria Insurance), Diabolical and Coremonical Magic, Invocations, Conjunctions of the Spirits of the Astral Plane, Medicare, 18 Magical Art, Demonology and Witcherst, Mundans And Plane, Magical Body, Occasi Insurance, Mediumship and Occult or The unsaturgic Powers, To Bind, to Constrain, to Appear and Discharge Swil Spirits, The Antra-Roushilities and Dangers of Spiritism, Magical Art, Demonology and Witcherst, Mundans and Sub-Mundans Spirits, Methods Used by Magic and Neuromanoerv to Call by the Souls of the Dead, Experiment, Astral Auras, Clairvoyance in Dreams, Magical Powers, Evil Desires, Astral Buttites, Black Magic, Cosmos, Cure of Obsession, Curses, Chaos, Hermanians and Suicides, Magnus Limbus, Karma, Images, Love Charms, Lying Spirits, Prophecy, Psychometry, Remedies Against Witcherst, Vampires and Witcherstr, Stumis Of Criminals and India Occultion. Dr. DeLaurence will send this literature while the state to Interested Student of Hieses Rajos of Colleges and High Caste Yoghi, 344 Michigan Are., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.



VISION.

It isn't raining rain to me; It's raining daffodlis. In every dimpled drop, I see Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of grey engulf the day, And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me, But fields of clover bloom, Where any buccaneering bee May find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

The Painter and the Paint.

The Painter and the Paint.

As few years since in a convention of master painters, one of the most successful pailiters from a large city, to illustrate the great importance of getting the paint into the wood, fold how he had had his own hords painted by this best workman with the best lead and oil. A German who lived next door to this master painter, finding that the next door to this master painter, finding that the next door to this master painter, finding that the next door to this master painter, may house decidedly needs repainting, while the cheap stuff on my German friend's house still looks very well. It you could see the two jobs you wished realize that the laugh is on me. It accounting for this difference, he thought it might he due to one or all of three facts: the German used a small brush and "plenty of elbow grease;" he worked slowly and at intervals, thus giving plenty of time for drying between coats; and the ready mixed paint was probably "loaded up with zinc."

Now, in relating this instance, there is no intention to belittle painters. The man whis a ccustomed to doing any particular thing, knows better than any novice how to do that thing. But painters are not always so conditioned that they can do their best. At times, when everybody is crying for their services, no one gets well served. It is arbetter to walt until the rush is over, give the workman all the time he wants, and in six that he shall do his best. Such a course will insure the avoidance of damp weather, which spoils about half the paint used in the world; careful brushing out of the paint, and ample time for drying between coats. The painter, if he wants to do it and is given the workman all the time he wants, and in six that he shall do his best. Such a course will insure the avoidance of damp weather. While spoils about half the paint used in the world; careful brushing out of the paint, and ample time for drying between coats. The painter, if he wants to do it and is given the time, can do better work than any anateur. Germa

German or other, that ever daubed himself with paint.

Most painters assume—and knowing nothing about it, the public concedes the assumitation—that because they know how to use paint, they naturally know how to select it. The deduction is not sound; some painters know all about paint, but far more know little about it, and that little wrong. The men that know most about paint are the paint manufacturers, whose bread and butter depends on the knowledge; and the engineer-architects, who are continually running up against vital paint problems. Painters, as a class, don't like ready-mixed paints. They think it is because these paints are inferior; but behind the entire objection lies the helief that it pays them to do their own mixing. It doesn't, and he begins to try ready-mixed of the capitol at Washington has just been dainted throughwhile as a painter is longinged of this, he begins to try ready-mixed paint, and the politics is profuse in his expression of satisfention with the goods.

Nothing better or more satisfactory for allround use has ever been produced than the lifetter grades of ready-mixed paints, and the sainter who can get rid of his prejudice long enough to test them fairly, will never go hack to his paint bucket and mixing paddle. The man who is reaping the results, good or had to held of a job of nainting abould know

enough to test them fairly, will never go back to his paint bucket and mixing paddle. The man who is reaping the results, good or bad, of a job of painting, should know what is used and why. The painter's skill and judgment he needs to produce the right effects and to give the best results obtainable from the materials; but he should know what the materials are and why selected. If he has looked into the question as an interested outsider, he will know that the whole world, after fifty years of experiment and hesitation, is coming to zinc, because it looks well, wears well and is economical; and whatever the painter may think about it, will demand a liberal proportion of zinc in his paint, and so be in line with the great majority.

Stanton Dudley.

Worcester News.

Worcester Association of Spiritualists, G. A. R. Hall, No. 35 Pearl St. Miss Blanche H. Brainard of Lowell served the society the first three Sundays in November. Her lectures were well received by the large audiences that greeted her at each service. Her communications were ac-

curate and readily recognized, bringing com-fort, and knowledge to all who received

to a critical investigation of the phenomena before accepting it, and the Spiritualists as a body do their own thinking and do not pay any one for doing it for them. Is the testimony of thousands of intelligent people all over our land today to pass as nought? Our evidence piles mountain high in comparison with the evidence received by the other Isms of the world.

"Dr. Buckley also speaks of The excrescence of free love which followed the movement in its earlier years."

"We cannot deny this charge, but thank God we are free from it today; and in this respect we are no different from other denominations. The excrescence of free love has attached itself to every religion that has been given to the world. And we, as Spiritualists, are in a goodly company, when such men as Robert Ingersoll, Henry C. Wright, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, were termed fanatics; we should be proud of the name. Methinks when I pass to that 'Higher Life,' I shall not spend much time in looking around for such men as Dr. Watts or John Calvin, but I shall be glad to meet and clasp hands with such men as these. And when the name of Dr. Buckley shall be forgotten by the world, these names shall stand out on History's pages never to be forgotten through the coming years."

For the month of December Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding and Miss Susic C. Clark will be our speakers.

then the spiritual; the first man being out of the earth, earthy; the second man out of heaven."

The Greek adjective "psuchikos," from "psuche", (soul), occurs but four times elsewhere in the New Testament. In the second chapter, 14th verse, the same epistle is the passare; "But the psychic man received the passare; "I see the passare; "But the psychic man received the passare; "I see the passare; "But the psychic man received the passare; "I see t

separate themselves into factions, psychic, not spiritual." In the epistle of James the remaining example occurs: "This is not the wisdom from above but (a wisdom) of the earth, psychic, demonian."

Doubtless the translators in these two in-

is tances gaye the term "sensual" as the Eng-lish equivalent of "psuchikos," from regard-ing the soul as the subject of sensation, the entity which sees, hears and touches. The wisdom which James denounced was the out-

wisdom which James denounced was the outcome of sense-perception, such as demons
were believed to possess, as distinguished
from the higher wisdom of angels.

It has come in my way several times to
correct individuals who were constructing
their arguments upon this erroneous rendering of the passage, "a psychic body." Hence
it need not be considered remarkable if I am
restive when an utterance of my own is
made to reiterate the same blunder. I have
been a pretty diligent student of the Bible
and am generally careful to quote it corand am generally careful to quote it correctly, and so far as I am able to judge, with the meaning which the writers sought to convey rather than one which has been read into it. And in the case in question, the correctness of the language is a matter really important.

Be Faithful to Ideals.

The power is here. That power is in every

The power is here. That power is in every way adequate.

3. The soul exists. It is working out a divine ideal through a mind of progressive experiences. The meaning of experience is education, character, beauty, productivity.

4. The present life is in part a dream existence. But the soul's real life is continuous, and there will be a passing to the more spiritual world, without a break. It is economy, wisdom, righteousness, to adjust one's self to this rhythm of progressive spiritual experience, approaching each new day as a new opportunity. Thus shall freedom-come, and happiness; and wisdom shall increase from more to more.

increase from more to more.

All is implied in the above. It all unfolds through the opportunities which come day by day. Therefore cease striving. Therefore cease to be a follower, a seeker for exfore cease to ternal truth.

ternal truth.

Know that truth is revealed from within, to the individual soul. Therefore listen at home. Be wise, poised and thoughtful.

Life is an unceasing revelation unfolding from the being of God. Listen to and keep that revelation. Obey the voice within thy breast. Find this and all else shall be added. For this is the law of existence.—Horatio Dresser.

Children's Mook.

SNOWFLAKE.

"Pretty little snowflake, Floating softly by, Bringest thou a message From the fleecy sky?

"Yes, ah yes, a lesson Beautiful as true; Silent be, but busy, When you've work to do.

Avalanche and snow-drift Grow from single flakes; Every crystal helping,

—H, Е. В.

There is a pretty, curious old town in Germany. The streets are narrow and the houses, very quaint, with their pointed gable-ends toward the street. One house stands somewhat isolated from the rest. It is at an angle where two streets meet, and is built with so many projections and jutting windows and carved friezes that it is quite a study.

A Wall of Snow.

a study.
One cold, cold afternoon in midwinter. One cold, cold afternoon in midwinter, when the silent frost was penetrating everywhere, and men moved quickly, muffled up in furs—a time for people to close their doors and gather round their firesides—all the quiet inhabitants were astir. There was a bustle of preparation in parlor and kitchen; and young and old, wrapping their garments about them, were ready to go out in the cold. There were dismay and confusion in all the streets. Why?

They had heard that the French regiment, called the Pitiless, on its retreat from Moscow, was only three lengues off and was to quarter in their village that night. There was everything to fear from these soldiers, who acknowledged no right but that of the strongest.

In the queer old house of which we have In the queer old house of which we have spoken there was no bustle of preparation. By the fire, in a large old room, sat an aged woman and her two grandchildren. Unable from her lameness to leave home, her grandchildren would not forsake her. Her faith in God enabled her to feel that they might be safer there than when fleeing from danger.

"O God, till darkness goeth hence, Be thou our stay and our defense: A wall, when foes oppress us sore, To save and guard us evermore!"

These, the last notes of their evening hymn, died way amid the rafters of the simdowy room.

"Alas!" said the boy, mournfully, "we have no wall about us tonight to protect us from our enemies."

"God will be our wall Himself," said the aged woman, reverently. "Think you His arm is shortened?"

"No, grandmother; but the thing is impossible without a miracle."

"Take care, my boy; nothing is impossible

"No. grandmother; but the thing is impossible without a miracle."

"Take care, my boy; nothing is impossible with God. Hath He not said He will be a wall of fire unto His people? We must trust Him, and He will be our wall of defense."

They sat quietly by the fireside. The wind moaned down the large open chimney, and the snow fell softly against the window-pane. Steadily it fell all night, and the wind drifted it in high banks, covering the shed, streets, walls, and paths of the silent and deserted town. And yet there was peace by that quiet fireside—the peace that can only be felt by the mind that is stayed on God. Few words were spoken. They held one another's hands, and looked into the fire, and listened, in the pauses of the storm, to catch the blast of the French trumpets, At nine o'clock the sound was faintly borne to them on the breeze; a few hurried blasts swept past them, intermingled with sounds of trampling feet and loud voices—and all was still.

Their hearts beat almost audibly; and they

Be Faithful to Ideals.

The last two Sundays of November, Dr. George A. Fuller, of Onset, occupied the platform. In his closing lecture he announced as his subject, "In Splritualism a Fanaticism?"—a reply to an article recently published in the December number of the Century magazine, by James M. Buckley.

Dr. Fuller said in part: "We are not called upon today to enter into any controversy relating to the phenomena of modern Splritualism. Science has demonstrated the fact, and no further evidence is required. But in this article I refer to, Dr. Buckley includes The so-called phenomena of modern Splritualism. Science head of Fanaticism. I do not like the word so-called applied to the phenomena of modern Splritualism, as it always implies a doubt, and that fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and that fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and that fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and that fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and that fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and that fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and the fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and that fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and the fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and the fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and the fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and the fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and the fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and the fact is demonstrated beyond the shy of the divine nature; it is through and the fact is dem

daylight they had left the town.

Wind and storm had fulfilled God's word, and encircled those that put their trust in Him with a wall that protected them from their enemies—a wall, not of fire, but of snow.—Mind.

A Boy's Reading.

The great treasure of English literature is the birthright of our boys and girls. So much of the store as each one can, by reading and understanding, make his own is freely his, and forms a large part of his intellectual capital for pleasure and profit throughout life. But much the possession of which will be most greatly to his pleasure and profit is beyond his reach after the

"Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the growing boy."

Careful fathers give thought and sharp en-deavor to equip their sons with that material capital which is supposed to ease their struggle in the business world; but too many fathers neglect to help their sons to gain that intellectual capital which saves their lives from mental poverty and from starved

lives from mental poverty and from starved imagination.

Let us at the outset take an example: every boy of seventeen should have had an opportunity to read Robert Louis Stevenson's essay on "Gentlemen." The boy has been taught to read; the book is in his father's library, or at least he has access to the public library, but still he lacks something to complete the opportunity which is meant in the title of this article. The boy is entitled to a personal introduction to the essay, which will make him eager to know it. It is usually idle, not to say foolish, casually to recommend any healthy boy to read "an essay" on any subject, and especially one on "Gentlemen,"—a subject about which he probably supposes he has heard quite enough already. Moreover, this particular essay is ladden away in the "Thistle Edition" of "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," which, as a whole, has little or nothing else specially appropriate to the boy.

The boy's natural affinity for specially appropriate to the boy. The boy's natural affinity for

"Schooners, islands, and maroons, And buccaneers and buried gold."

will probably have drawn him to acquaint-ance with "Treasure Island" without any particular introduction further than the ver-

ance with "Trensure Island" without any particular introduction further than the verdict of some other small boy.

The first time that the boy comes to the study of the Civil War and its dramatic close Appointatox Court House, his heart will be warm with enthusiasm for Grant and with sympathy for Lee. Then is the time to tell the boy what his friend, the author of "Treasure Island," has said about the one sentence that Grant added with his own pen to the articles of capitulation before he signed them, and how in that one sentence, "All officers to retain their side arms," the "Silent Man" wrote himself down to all the world as a great gentleman, if not a fine one.

The chances are good that, under such circumstances, the boy will read the essay; but whether he reads it or not, he has had the opportunity, which is our point in question.—From "Some Things a Boy of Seventeen Should Have Had an Opportunity to Read," by H. L. Elmendorf, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for December.

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

Professors of literature in the University of Chicago counting up the ten great books that recently gave them the most profit placed "The Wisdom of Passion" among the first on the list.

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Here is a man who sees and says things for himself. He not retailing conventionalities. The book fairl bristle. is not retailing conventionalities. The book fairt bristles with wise sayings. I believe the the is is reasinable and the the sum of the sum of

The fundamental thought of the author is sound . . . al sen are ruled by feelirs. The worth of the man is wha is worth of feeling is.—The Outlook, N.Y.

I am somewhat familier with the tendency in modern thought to give I rimary place to feeling—with James "William Bellever, with Ward's social philosophy, with "William Bellever, and the work of the Wilder of Pasion" his new'll their contributions. The main their of the book—that the Bent forms its own forms by the choice—I man search to to.—Frof. Occar Loyal Triggs, University

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No. 17

SOMETIME.

Sometime you'll think of these summer days Dreamingly fading in purple haze. Sometime, with a thrill of passionate pain, You'll long for this sweetness over again, Sometime when the moonlight is silvering all, And the pansies sleep by the garden wall, In the deepening twilight's odorous dusk, Weighted with clustering rose-bloom's musk—

with with clustering rose-toom's musk—
You will watch for a gleaming figure fair,
White-robed and noiseless, with falling hair;
And garing deep in the luminous eyes
That made for your life its paradise—
The light, by music, and odorous calm
Of this golden-crowned summer will linger
like balm,

Till, starting, you waken to clasp but air
And list to a flitting footfall there.
Semetime you'd give all the wide world's
praise
For one of the

For one of those vanishing summer days; For only one leaf from the swaying bough— Sometime you'd clasp it,—Oh, why not now: -Lilian Whiting.

A Sombre Inheritance.

Susta C. Clark.

It is perhaps not generally known that an early custom of our Puritan ancestors rigidly excluded a widow from the social world, after the death of her husband, consigning her to a perpetual solitude, only a little less merciful than the fate of the Hindu Suttee, who mounts the funeral pyre as a living sacrifice to the flames which cremate the deserted body of her lord. The more festive widow of the present day, with an eye not unmindful of future prospects in life's perspective, not oblivious of a possible "cloud in the horizon the size of a man's hand," was then unknown.

A notable instance of this deplorable selfimmolation was that of the mother of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose husband died in 1808, when she was but twenty-seven years eld, and who henceforth withdrew from the family circle, remaining a self-imposed prisoner in her room until her decease, forty years later. Her meals were always partaken in the unbroken solitude of her living tomb, and one can imagine the effect of this unburied ghost upon the minds of her children, the sombre coloring which tinged their enlives, thus robbed of maternal companionship and the guidance of a watchful love. What wonder that sadness and melancholy were the temperamental features of the great romancer? Was there not need, in that dark severe age, of more enlightened ideas regarding Death? Would it not be natural to suppose that the spirit world, at this time, should mercifully endeavor to send messengers earthward to illumine. its dense shadows with knowledge of a brighter sphere, of Life unending, which Death can never affect or destroy? But mortal ignorance was then too in it and therefore beautiful too. It seemed blind to receive spiritual truth, and so it just so with Waldo's soul-beauty." persecuted and hung its heaven-sent mediums who would have blessed them, even as a cruder age crucified its Diviner Messenger; and therefore this educative attempt of the Wisdom spirits had to be abandoned for familiar sight, as she passed their gateway many years, until with the Dawning Light, on her way to school, a little before nine. the hour was found more fully ripe for-its each morning, of this happy couple taking

was the fanatical judge and chief magistrate in those witchcraft days-John Hathorne (which is the correct spelling of the family name. Hawthorne changing the orthography to please his own choice, on his retiremen m college). This stern, relentless Puritan sentenced many innocent lives to death, and for his inhumanity, the husband of one of his victims cursed him violently in the courtroom, his maledictions descending to the children's children of this unjust judge, which left so deep an impression that any ill luck in the family thereafter, of which there was plenty, was thus explained.

Naturally the habit of solitude, following the example of its silent recluse, gradually grew upon the other members of Hawthorne's family, his elder sister, Elizabeth, and later, the younger, Louisa, isolated themselves in their rooms, in morbid retirement. No family table was ever set. Hawthorne once exdaimed, "We do not even live, at our house." Such was the stultifying atmosphere to which this man of refined genius returned from his academic life; and for twelve years, he likewise occupied his little chamber alone writing here many brief tales and sketches for children, always anonymously, but which gave slight promise then of his future fame. His youth was not one of brilliant precocity, or productiveness. No plant nurtured in a cellar can ever gain a perfect unfoldment He once wrote to his sister: "I have finally come to the conclusion that I shall never make a distinguished figure in the world, and all I hope or wish is to plod along with the multitude." Again, in referring to his methods of composition, he said: "Sometimes my ideas are like precious stones under the earth, requiring toll to dig them up and care to polish and brighten them; but often a delicious stream of thought will gush out upon the page at once, like water sparkling up sudin the desert." His great enemy was

found it necessary to constantly supply encouragement and incentive to his lagging confidence, as also occasional relief to his empty purse. The rare flower of his genlus had certainly nothing to foster its unfoldment in his dreary, barren existence, but, at last, the potent magician, Love, pierced the fogs that enshrouded him, and kissed each bud of promise into new life and fruitage.

The Peabody family, with its three notable daughters, Elizabeth, so well known in the educational and reformatory annals of Boston, Mary, who became Mrs. Horace Mann. and Sophia-the fairy with the magic wandhad been near neighbors of the Hawthornes when all were children, but had removed from Salem for many years. On their return, it was clearly Hawthorne's duty to call and renew their old acquaintance, and this led eventually to that marital union which became, through all the vicissitudes of their lot, and thorough acquaintance with poverty, a rare idyl of love and devotion. It was indeed a union of congenial souls. During one of Hawthorne's early calls, Sophia, it is said, bitterly regretted that she must take time to dress "while he was being wasted downstairs." Ten years later, she writes, "I am ten years happier in time and an uncounted degree happier in kind ... I know my husband ten years better, and I have not arrived at the end; for he is still an enchanting mystery, beyond the region I have discovered and made my own. I cannot possibly conceive of my happiness, but in a blissful kind of confusion, live on. If I can only be so great, so high, so noble, so sweet as he is, in any plane of my being, I shall be glad.' After his death, she wrote, "God gave me the rose of time, the blossom of the ages, to call my own for twenty-five years of human As the dewdrop holds the day, so my heart holds the presence of the glorified, freed spirit. We are not and never can be divided."

It is interesting to recall, parenthetically, a paragraph written by this same transparent soul, regarding a call the sisters once received from Emerson, when a young man and a tutor in Greek to Elizabeth, no hint of his future greatness then being revealed. Sophia says of him: "We had an exquisite visit from Waldo. It was the warbling of the Attic bird. The gleam of his diffused smile; the musical thunder-of his voice; his repose so full of the essence of life; his simplicity, just think of all these and of my privilege in seeing and hearing him. . . . I vainly imag-ined I was very quiet all the while, preserving a very demure exterior, and supposed I was sharing his oceanic calm. But the next day, I was aware I had been in a very intense state. . . . He made me feel as Eliza Dwight did once, when she looked uncom-monly beautiful and animated. I felt as if her beauty was all about the room and I was

This transcendent pair, Nathaniel Hawthorne and his bride, went to the Old Manse for their honeymoon Paradise; this was their first home, and a friend now recalls the on her way to school, a little before nine their constitutional exercise after the matu-One of Hawthorne's immediate ancestors tinal meal, which they did by running rapidly with clasped hands, from the front door of the Manse down its curving driveway to the street. In this charming and historical spot, two years later, little Una was born, and it was on the occasion of the visit of this first grandchild to the Salem home-roof, that the elder Mrs. Hawthorne emerged from the se clusion of her room and sat at the table during supper, holding the little Una on her lap. an exceptional event, which was never repeated.

On Hawthorne's return, years later, to his dismal chamber, and realizing as he could not but by contrast, the lonely life he had known there, when it seemed, he writes, "as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. Now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned here so many years, for if I had sooner made my escape into the world I should have grown hard and rough and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. But living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart. . . . I used to think I could imagine all passions, all feelings and states of the heart and mind, but how little did I know. Indeed, we are but shadows; we are not en dowed with real life till the heart is touched. That touch creates us, then we begin to be thereby we are beings of reality and ineritors of etermity."

Yet, although this great creator in the field of romance wrote his master-piece, "The Scarlet Letter," after domestic happiness and beloved companionship were fully his own it still had to be urgently coaxed into birth by the strong insistence of that helpful friend of all authors, James T. Fields, and although this work occupies a most unique position in the realm of fiction, it abundantly displays throughout his former habits of life and self distrust, and his college friends, as well thought. A severe Puritan background is its as the editors whose acquaintance he made, scene of action, its three characters each live

out their tragic careers in profound isolation, each inhabits a world of his own whose threshold no other can cross, and this sad solitude is in each case unrelieved by a touch of hope, or the eventual sovereignty of Good. The book is one of gloom, of revenge and despair (Emerson pronounced it "ghastly"), and while strong in psychological power, it lacks that spiritual interpretation which a more optimistic writer would have portrayed. Hester Prynne's expiation bears no fruit, she does not pass from night to light; Arthur Dimmesdale's pastoral service atones no error, Roger Chillingworth's vengeance gains no touch of mercy with the softening influence of time. The author is as severe, unflinching as was his judicial ancestor. He paints the shadow (his native air) masterfully, but Light and Love, which at last illumined his own life, have not yet become transmuted into expression.

His later literature also, while a shade less gruesome, with an occasional gleam of sunshine, remains tinged by the morbid bias of his youth, the blight of solitude, the melancholy pessimism of old theological dogma, of which he was a victim. Although his home life was one of great beauty and sweetness, his relation to his children that of a devoted companion and even merry playfellow, to the world he was always unsocial and reserved, even sitting at the Saturday Club, which he occasionally visited, silent and taciturn, although some of its members were among his dearest friends, including Longfellow, his classmate at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Me., and his near neighbor, Emerson, although Hawthorne and Emerson were not congenial minds, the latter, perhaps because of his dominant optimism, confessing he never could read Hawthorne's romances During his residence in London, as British consul, Hawthorne maintained his exclusive reserve, not seeking or desiring the literary friendships of any of his noted confreres of that epoch. A rich legacy he has left to the world, the example of a pure life, a gifted personality, but how much more helpful his message could have been, how much richer, more prolific the fruitage of his teeming fancy, had he gained the freedom and victory of the conscious life of the spirit, had he known the clearer light and the fairer day of the present time.

We have not yet reached, in our spiritua outlook, the light of cloudless noon, but sufficient glory is ours, in contrast to that blue mold of colonial days, to annul the dark shadows which eclipse Truth, to encourage the unfoldment of all spiritual gifts, the possession of spiritual freedom from pessimistic gloom, revealing thus the possibility of endless progression for every soul, each and all striving together toward a common goal, in one broad united brotherhood.

Is the Conscious Medium an Improvement Over the Unconscious One?

"Is the conscious medium an improvement over the unconscious one?" is the question often asked and one which I cannot definitely answer; but the result of my observations and experiences I freely give, hoping it may help you to come to some conclusion. Meand experiences I freely give, hoping it may help you to come to some conclusion. Mediumship serves three masters, the possessor of the gift, the "stranger at the gates" and the spirit-operator or communicator; and we cannot place higher values on it because it serves either one or the other in a greater or less degree, but must make our estimate from its influence toward and over all three. The person who pleads against a conscious medium insists, first, that the spirit message is better given through an unconscious medium, being uncolored and unprejudiced by the mind of the medium and, therefore, more like the freely expressed thought of the communicating spirit; second, that the interviews between mortal and spirit are of so sacred a nature that many matters of importance can be discussed and many terms of endearment and expressions of tenderness freely given, which could not be done before a third party, which the conscious medium would be. The medium who desires to be unconscious will almost always give as a reason, first, a belief that the messages would be better because she feels her individual thought asserting itself at various times and sometimes at a most critical point; second, that many times during a seance she feels exactly like herself and thinks she could at any time regain her hold on her brain and express her own sentiments

will-power of the medium, will as often re-ceive an added strength in its hour of weak-ness from the sympathetic aid on the part of the medium, through her desire to have messages perfect and complete. The medium messages perfect and complete. The medium who desires to retain consciousness will say, first, that her very consciousness is her protection in many ways; second, that matters of a private or sacred nature would be as safe with her as if entrusted to the confidence of a lawyer, a physician or a priest or clergyman and are treated as professional secrets; third, that the spirit controlling must prove itself worthy of its high calling by being able to give definite and conclusive evidence that it can overcome conditions sufficiently to get into communication with other spirits while it is in control. it is in control.

It is in control.

The spirit who believes that conscious mediumship is best will give as his reason first (and perhaps the only important one), that the growth and unfoldment of his medium must be his chief consideration.

that the growth and unfoldment of his medium must be his chief consideration.

These are the most common arguments for and against the conscious medium. In my short experience I find a growing tendency to consciousness in mediumship. Many times I have been appealed to by those desiring to unfold their mediumistic power and when I ask "Have you ever been controlled?" receive the answer, "Oh, yes, but I'm so conscious;" as if unconsciousness were a necessity in mediumship. I always try to impress on such a one the importance of how the work is done, dwelling rather on the quality of the work accomplished. A child whose parents I knew, and whose career I have watched with interest, was controlled when eleven years of age and while in an unconscious state gave lectures which were marvelous and in subject matter and presentation were of interest to schomrs. Strangely enough, however, there would be lapses in the middle of a lecture when words, phrases, tones, and gestures were peculiarly like the medium and evidently belonged to her and not to the controlling spirit; which proves that the medium does not have to be conscious to supply from her own storehouse, but what the spirit, in hunting for a word or expression for his use, borrows from the shelves of a medium's brain, without leave or license and with or without her knowledge as the case may be. This child confessed to me her distaste for the work saying, "I might as well come to your home and lie down on your couch and go to sleep as far as anything I get out of it." As might be expected, the work was dropped whereas if this little girl could have felt the co-operative power instead of usurpation, I believe she would today be a worker in our go to sleep as far as anything I get out of it." As night be expected, the work was dropped whereas if this little girl could have felt the co-operative power instead of usurpation, I believe she would today be a worker in our midst. A man of uncouth manners, uneducated and knowing absolutely nothing of medicine, was controlled by a physician of repute and while in an unconscious state, effected wonderful cures; but when he died, after years of service, he was the same uncducated, illiterate man as when his guides took him and went into the next life as much undeveloped as if he had never known and associated with spirits of superior intelligency. The world was better for his having lives, but he was a "living sacrifice" for his neighbors and friends and the few paltry dollars which he had gathered through the efforts of his guides could not buy him spiritual growth. Stainton Moses, in his normal conscious state, was controlled and gave, through automatic writing, most wonderful teachings which were as foreign to him as Greek to the infant; and because of his consciousness and ability to receive, he grew and expanded under actual control. Instances are very common where mediums have been educated by guides who worked through them and yet left them a free brain to receive. In giving sittings for business purposes one would think the unconscious state preferable because of the tediousness of the details of the life of one in whom the medium could have nothing but a general interest; but even here consciousness has its advantages, for again and again the advice of the spirit will be misquoted and misrepresented and the medium has no alternative but to take the blame heaped upon her for having untrustworthy guides. I am acquainted with an honest, truth-loving and good woman who begged her guides to make her unconscious because the neonle who came to her the blame heaped upon her for having untrustworthy guides. I am acquainted with an honest, truth-loving and good woman who begged her guides to make her unconscious because the people who came to her, asked questions on matters so material that it shocked her. In this case her consciousness, if confessed, would have freed her from the trouble; for the freedom with which such questions were asked when the medium was supposed to be asleep, would have vanished with a knowledge of her consciousness. I might go on giving instances of this kind but my idea is simply to help the conscious medium to understand that her power is as important, as useful to the world and much more beneficial to herself than if the trance beneficial to herself than if the trans more benencial to herself than if the trance were deep and unconscious. The very com-monness of conscious mediums and the rarity of the unconscious one seems proof that the spirits who control have a preference and that it lies with consciousness.

Minnie M. Soule.

The Gospel of Mr. W. F. H. Myers.

point; second, that many times during a seance she feels exactly like herself and thinks she could at any time regain her hold on her brain and express her own sentiments and opinions and because of this she feels dishonest and much as if she were playing a part. The controlling spirit in some instances has given expression to a desire for a pureiy mechanical instrument through which he might operate, that there might be a more independent expression; but this seems to be little more than a passing thought expressed in a moment of distress over inability to control and in itself it gives evidence that an understanding of the law of control of one's own thought in the midst of unsympathetic and contrary minded people is quite as important to the spirit disembodied as to the spirit still in the flesh. The pleader for the consequent dormant condition and the consequent dormant condition of all the natural powers brings loss of natural power to think and act for one's self; second, that no growth intellectual or moral can come to a person constantly under the influence of another with no power of individual expression; third, that the message while it may be at times magnified by the

position he takes. This makes a fine advocate but a poor judge.

He does not believe in the freedom of the will, but he does believe that Spiritualism and all its advocates ought to be anathema. It is lack of fairness and the spirit of his approach to the subject are evidenced by such expressions as these, which we select from his article: "Germs of Spiritualism"; "He takes his facts not from spiritualism"; "He takes his facts not from spiritualism; "He takes a leged occurrences on which Mr. Myers builds up his theory," "I say all this on the assumption that the majority of Mr. Myers's Anecdotes are examples of phenomem which do really occur."

After these exhibitions of petry malice.

really occur."

After these exhibitions of petty malice, we are not surprised at any unfairness in als treatment of Mr. Myers's book. Indeed, doubt if Mr. Mallock would himself care o claim that his review was judicial. Rether I doubt if Mr. Mallock would himself care to claim that his review was judicial. Bather he intended it as an argument of an advocate, hired to smash the book, to a particular audience, an audience that wanted to see it smashed, the readers of the "Nineteanth Century" magazine. Had Mr. Mallock—there can be no doubt of this—been an advocate of Spiritualism and with the same ability as that which he now possesses, the management of the magazine would have natible solicited nor accepted an article from his pen. Mr. Myers' book, as a scientific demonstration of life beyond death is irretuible, but all the more the audience thus addressed needed a Devil's advocate to refute what they could not; Mallock was invoked and this is his effort at refutation. Of course he dails the edge of his sword. Of course he dails the edge of his sword. Of course he is ever-matched against Myers. Of course every scientist smiles a pitring smile at the absorbity of the contest and the fullity of the argument. But never mind, the another does not see the smile of pitr, it only need Mallock. He has the stage and, in a magazine article, the attention cannot be discovered. does not see the smile of pity, it only sees Mallock. He has the stage and, in a marrine article, the attention cannot be discarded from the star. Neither is his audience disturbed by the ignorance he displays of his matter he criticises. The duality of consciereness he scouts, a strange stand to be taken at this end of the year of grace 1963, by one engaged in a psychological discussion. The phenomena of hypnotism he is woefully ignorant of. Telepathy, atrois, a quatre, etc., he never heard of apparently; for it is perfectly certain he would have made use of that ingenious device to avoid the spirit explanation of otherwise inexplicable phenomena. He quarrels with Myers's designation of the sub-liminal consciousness because it can be, as he says, called correctly nothing but consciousness from the ceiling instead of below the threshold, and yet within two pages he designates it in derision as a "sub-cellat" conciousness. The facts of materialization, as recorded by Prof. Crookes with a care almost superhuman, he leaves untouched and even unmentioned. The testimony of the Camera, attested by thousands of experiments, is also unnoticed. In speaking of the evidence given by Rev. Wm Stainton Meets, he refers only to some trifling experiments when a baby spirit spoke, and apparently has never read the tests given Moses by the seculed Book Tests. Mrs. Piper he dismisses by quoting the interview published in the "New York Journal," long since proves a fake story of an unusually "enterprising" reporter.

How does he explain even the few feeble

fake story of an unusually "enterprising" reporter.

How does he explain even the few feehle phenomena he is willing to quote? He does not. He admits he cannot. His argument in brief is, "It is not spirits, for spirits are not shown to exist. What it is I do not know, but it is not spirits." Had Mr. Mallock been in the place of the woman in the story who would not desist saying "scissors." like her when she was held under water so she could not speak, he would have still put up his fingers and made them act the selssors he could not speak, and his audience would have undoubtedly applauded.

No, F. W. H. Myers, though dead, still speaketh through the pages of the most work from the scientist's point of view. It is not as

derful psychological and yet published work from the scientist's point of view. It is negles the futile Mallock declares in his opening sen-tence, "An astounding monument of many." the futile Mallock declares in his opening settence, "An astounding monument of mapplied talents and speculation." It is rill what Gladstone declared of the work of a British Society for Psychical Research, "greatest work which the present age set undertake." It is the result of Mr. his the world to judge him. It is scientific irrefutable. That it is so is evidenced by fact that no true scientist of emineuce a even made the attempt.

THE LIFE REYOND.

'Tis but a sounder sleep, a sweeter waking. Passing through dreamland to a best

sphere: Home full of soul rest, with no more heart breaking, Where, spite of earth mists, shines the way most clear.

Then we shall smile at what we now de trouble; E'en as a baby, at the breast the while,

celeth no sadness, all his joy is double. E'en reaches up to grasp his mother's smile.

So we shall find it. Grief will be forgotten, Happiness more happy in that quiet hind. Yet the reaching upward, in our seuls be-

gotten,
For the very highest, our best joy shall stand.

So we step still higher in that life immertal, Gaining new outlook o'er life's problems varies Go God opens wider ever wisdom's portal; So shows his smile through all our trouble past.

"There is a principle, proof againgument, a ber against all prog which, if persisted in, cannot but mind in everlasting incorance, an contempt prior to examination."—P

UNPINIONED TASKS

Elisabeth W. F. Jarkson.

Life at its best is incomplete: a seedtime, and a time of growing,. Bright summer days, with many a glowing

When nature's child looks forward to its full fruition,
And then, when all looks brightest, comes
the night, too soon.

Try as we may, our tasks will ne'er be ended, For God, who rules the harvest, knows that we Are better so to have unsatisfied some heart-felt longing.
Some finished picture that we may not see.

Hold steadfast to thy purpose: move not on

hairs breadth
From the path thou hast chosen.
The cross thou bearest cannot crush thee down,
If thou wilt raise thy head, and lift thine eyes to Hoaven.

Here and Hereafter.

Charles Dawbarn.

ENERGY.

Chapter II.

Chapter II.

We must not lose sight of the important fact that energy is never latent. It may be a trifie less demonstrative at one time than another, but the essence of the unit is motion. So units come, and units go in their eternal play, their unions and disunions becoming what we call experiences. But about this time our dear friend the scientist begins to get into trouble. He has learned his lesson of motion. He has followed it with his five senses. He has then invented senses that can follow that movement after he himself grows blind. The motion of the units in the flame of a candle, posing as heat, his manufactured sense will record at a distance of a mile and a half. That is the true fairy tale told by Langley's wonderful bolometer. He thus learns that at least up to that point the heat movement of the units is going on in precisely the same manner as when he sensed them with his eye a few inches away, or with his thermometer at the distance of a foot or two. He assumes he guesses that it thus his thermometer at the distance of a foot or two. He assumes, he guesses that it thus goes on forever. But his own recorded experiences are against him, for Nature every now and then changes her molecular group-

The scientist counts her heart beats, takes

now and then changes her molecular groupings.

The scientist counts her heart beats, takes her temperature, and gives the form a name. He catches and bottles hydrogen and oxygen, and grows very learned about the size and movement of their units. But in a moment, when he just happens to mix two to one of those gases, he has discovered SOMETHING with not the slightest resemblance to a gas, so he calls it "water." He has not the shadow of an idea why certain proportions of hydrogen and oxygen make water, but as they always do it, he prefers to call it Law, instead of Intelligence, and lets it go at that. He now settles down to study water, and gets along swimmingly. He puts in heat, and he takes it out again, when he discovers that his progress is blocked at both ends. He has lost his water at a certain temperature either way. He calls this a "critical point," meaning that he does not understand anything about it. All he knows is that he has got ice at one end of his scale, and steam at the other. His water has vanished from sight and touch. Once again he declares it LAW in big capitals, and, of course, Intelligence has nothing to do with it.

The ice is his master. The more he shivers with cold the harder it gets. But he is lord and master of the steam, and reduces it to slavery. Presently he finds that at another of those "critical points" it, too, vanishes. He tells us it has become gaseous, perhaps electricity. He sadly acknowledges that he cannot follow it further, either with or without his instruments. Surely this should be a lesson in humility. But it isn't.

We have been taking a simple illustration of just two gases, and their behavior under changing conditions. Now we will return to our little red hot planet, with its surrounding steam, gases and ether, each and all composed of units, or corpuscles if the student prefers the new name. Let us once again recall that Intelligence rules so clearly and unmistakably that the scientist calls it Law. There are certain conditions of energy, and myrinds of "criti

We are not going to follow the planet's history step by step. Intelligence is perpetually adapting herself to changes, and every form discovers what that means. But now we begin to enter the region which is a desert to the scientist and his instruments.

The artllest molecular gatherines evidently

The earliest molecular gatherings evidently evolute either backwards or forwards with evolute either backwards or forwards with equal facility. It is just oxygen and hydrogen into water, and back again. Quite simple so far, and nothing to make a fuss about. But when the gathering units, inspired by energy, give intelligence a little more play, what we call "elements" appear. The units have blended into known and unknown gases, and at "critical points" have solidified into forms the scientist can't take to pieces and analyze. He finds, however, that he can imitate Nature to a certain extent. He can send those forms back into gases, or put them to use as they are, and blend them to suit his whims. But presently Nature reaches another of her "critical points," and these blended units take another step forward, instead of backward. stead of backward.

The scientist has to accept a critical point without explanation. He can straddle it, but he can't go through it. So when a speck appears on the rock or in the water, and, as it were, beckons other units to come and be eaten, he shouts, "behold LIFE," and assumes that Life was evolved out of the gas and water blends that were there before. But at that "critical point" Intelligence has got a new hold, and comes a little more to the front. Her rule is Law as much as ever, but in sunshine and shadow, heat and cold, liquid and solid, within limits, she is feeling her way upward and onward, and at every step getting further from her last "critical" The scientist has to accept a critical point

liquid and solid, within limits, she is feeling her way upward and onward, and at every step getting further from her last "critical point."

We now begin to see something of what this last change means. We always had energy expressing itself by movement of the unit. In the crystal that energy manifests in the molecule by inviting visitors to come and build upon it. But in this new speck the unit passes right on and into the citadel itself, before it goes to work. The attraction is called "uninger" and the effect is labeled "assimilation." It is noted as a "life process," but not even guessed by the scientist as the work of the Intelligence which we have traced at every step doing its work in its own way as conditions have permitted. It is now we perceive the tremendous progress that has been gained in, or by, this last step. The new born speck, instead of waiting for something to turn up, moves on its slow way, and the friendly attraction of the past has become now captured by force or stratagem. We recognize "will" at present, but we remember that it was always there, for intelligence without will is an impossibility. There is, of course, an evoluted capability of expression, but the same eternal Intelligence.

Something more has happened. Creation is further from its base. At first combine your gases and you have water. Decompose your water and you are back to your gases. With rock and crystal a step forward and a step back would seem to complete the round. But now a new factor has appeared, and must be taken into account. The blended molecules have evolved a will, that is to say, Intelligence, hidden before, can now be seen and felt, and must be taken into account in any and every change. When you would go back to first principles you have to decompose not merely solidified gases, but their evolved will. It may be possible, but most assuredly it has become difficult. The decomposer is dealing not only with substance and energy, but with intelligence so active that it has become "will." It is true there is no brain in sight, nor likely to be for evolutionary cons, but "will" is there, and it is absurd to attempt to explain it as polar attractions and repulsions. These attractions and repulsions. These attractions and repulsions. These attractions and repulsions are themselves but tools for the use of intelligence. Evolution is itself but an increased manifestation of intelligence, just as retrogression is a lessened manifestation of intelligence. So what we will venture to call the "creative base" is further away at each step of evolution.

We here come in contact with a remarkable habit of the Creative Intelligence. Like the bowler of today, it throws its ball from the base every time, although the discharge becomes more powerful, and the distance covered is much further as the game proceeds. The individual life, and its potencies are all included when it leaves the hand of the Creative Bowler as, say, a fertilized egg. The one outside condition is the vibratory expression of units we'call heat. And what we call

included when it leaves the hand of the Creative Bowler as, say, a fertilized egg. The one outside condition is the vibratory expression of units we call heat. And what we call "evolutionary steps" are but inches the ball passes over on its way to the goal. So we take careful note that, as a whole, evolution is a growth of the expression of intelligence, almost every step taking place within limits unmarked by a critical print. The change we mark from amoeba to man has been so gradual that even the scientist can't place his finger or his instrument on any spot where Intelligence changed her base, under different conditions and rules. Yet a very different game has been evolved by Intelligence and his co-workers.

We marked the "critical point" where form first becomes a psychological expression of

different conditions and rilles. Let a very different game has been evolved by Intelligence and his co-workers.

We marked the "critical point" where form first becomes a psychological expression of Intelligence. It was as tremendous a change as that from gas to water, save that the form remained the same, to mortal eye. This time it was an invisible SOMETHING we call "will" calming and exhibiting a limited control of form—very limited at first—but with growing power, for it was Intelligence wielding evolution. She was playing a higher game though the players remained the same old Cosmic companions.

Here we stop to take issue with the Science of today, at least as represented by Carl Snyder and his ilk. They have marked and recorded certain processes, and left Intelligence out of their study, at least as a factor in the game. To them substance and energy can be either weighed, measured or recorded, and sometimes analyzed. When they suddenly discover an intelligence present which is not capable of being expressed by polarization or chemical attraction they proceed to assume and teach that substance and energy have not only married, but become parents of a child, which they are willing to call Intelligence. So there was a time—a moment if you please—when with Nature for nurse, the baby was born. Of course it was a "critical point," a very critical point indeed, but a little different to the former critical points, for the new was blended with the old, and Nature was continuing her little game with the same shaped ball, and even the same raw materials. Something was changed and something was added, so the scientist enrolled the change under the heading of Psychology. Once again we assert nothing had come into existence, or even into expression, that was not there from the beginning. She just pitches her psychological ball an inch or two further than before. Of course he recognizes the fact, and proceeds both to study and teach it, but he declares the game is ended. His own senses and his invented senses have foll

Intuition.

Only people whose mystical or soul sense "Only people whose mystical or soul sense is open sees things as they are," says Dr. Miller, and truer words were never written. Soul'sense and mortal sense are ever in direct contradiction. Our eyes are simply lights to be turned by the spirit upon the right path, the road of righteousness. If these eyes are focused entirely, or in great entirely, or in great

right path, the road of righteouses. It these eyes are focused entirely, or in greatpart by mortal sense, then are we aliens and strangers in a world that is ours by divine right. If our ears hear only the sounds of human voices and the discord of material things, then are we of all creatures most miserable. When we allow the spirit to use our ears, we are able to discriminate between that which seems and that which is.

If our lives are not ruled by intuition they are at the mercy of all the elemental forces inside and outside of us. Experiences are all good. Everything that teaches man to find the guide to knowledge in himself is benign, even if he go through hell in the quest. There is no hatred, envy, or selfishness in pure intuition. It is the spirit of God in man, and is not concerned with material strivings. Hence the contradictions that daily confront us.—Eleanor Kirk, in Idea.

Psychical Experiences of an Evangelist.

The following Psychical Experiences are thus commented upon by Dr. J. M. Peebles and Mr. C. W. Rush:—

Dunnellon, Fla., Jan. 29, 1903.

Mr. Donald W. McDonald,
South Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sir and Brother: Yours with proof to hand, and read with great pleasure. I see nothing that I could add to it that would make any improvement on it, as I think it complete with my approval, which I do with pleasure.

With best wishes, I remain.

As ever, your friend.

As ever, your friend, Chas. W. Rush.

Chas. W. Rush.

Battle Creek, Mich., May 11, 1903.

Mr. Donald W. McDonald,
South Jacksonville, Fla.

My dear Brother: Your letter, with the enclosed psychical experiences, reached me by due course of mail. I read your experiences with a very great degree of pleasure, and I trust spiritual profit. They temporarily lifted me above the world's confusion and competition on to a higher and purer plane of life. Your experiences in leaving your body and traveling in the heavenly spheres are very much like some of Dr. Dunn's experiences. He was a medium, or a psychic sensitive, living with me much of the time for 14 years. He would frequently, after retiring at night, become at first spasmodic, then almost rigid, his pulse beating very faintly

and heart also, and his body would remain in this state for sometimes a full hour. It frightened me at first, but soon became a common thing. When out of his body he traveled in the different spheres, some higher and some lower, and would describe to me what he saw. I remember of his traveling in one of the heavenly spheres or zones, so ethereal that even the flowers and the plants seemed to him to be translucent, and they would seemingly bow to him as he passed by them. They were flowers that he had never seen on earth. All these experiences go to demonstrate the great truth of the soul's immortality, and the necessity of living the upright, conscientious, Christ-like life in order to attain the altitude of peace in the promised kingdom of glory.

ised kingdom of glory.

I am pleased that you were delighted with my articles in the Magazine of Mysteries. I write for that, for the Banner of Light, Progressive Thinker, the Arena of New York, gressive Thinker, the Arena of New 10rk, etc. I am in my 82d year, and am yet working as earnestly as ever to be the man. I am a vegetarian, avoiding also to bacco and liquors of all kinds, and am in favor of peace and arbitration instead of

war.

I carnestly hope that you will publish these experiences of yours in pamphlet form. They are not only valuable in themselves, but they will help to enlighten those of the old Calvinistic, orthodox school who believe many erroneous and soul-chilling doctrines.

I take pleasure today in sending you two or three of my lectures, which may interest you.

Hoping that I may some time meet you in the flesh, I remain,

sh, I remain,
Sincerely and cordially yours,
J. M. Pecbles. J. M. Peebles.
P. S.—Should you have further experiences,
before publishing them, please let me see

37 Beach St., Battle Creek, Mich.

What we are? and, What we will be? should be the first question of interest to all mankind. John xi, 26. "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

The author is fifty-five years old, and has preached the Gospel, through Grace, many years for the love of souls, free of charge to all men.

years for the love of souls, free of charge to all men.

Science today proves clearly that man is composed of three substances—Spirit, Soul and Matter. (See Paul Giber, "Analysis of Things Existing.") That the Living Soul is an individual identity and exists after death. Camille Flammarion proves by the rule of eight million to one. Frederick W. H. Myers, Prof. Lodge, Dr. Hodgson and Prof. Hyslop scientifically prove that those we call dead are alive and live a life, to which ours here can only be compared as death; that other worlds exist inorganic,—where life is life indeed,—yet as real as this one we inhabit. See Jevons' "Principles of Science," and Young, who has proved to the world that the sun is 250 degrees below zero, and is a dynamo, jarring and vibrating the particles and atoms of our atmosphere, producing heat, light, sound, electricity and X-rays, etc., are produced by vibration and between these are millions of rays that we do not see nor perceive. In fact, the unseen while in the flesh is more than the visible, and is eternal. Hypnotism, clairaudience, clairvoyance, telepathy and dissociation of the principles composing our bodies, are now established.

Alfred Russell Wallace, the most famous scientific man in the world, has succeeded in

lished.

Alfred Russell Wallace, the most famous scientific man in the world, has succeeded in taking a photograph of a Living Soul, which is composed, first, of the spirit,—being a white gastraea substance, the form of the person, having even the features exact, and is the guiding and intelligent part, being subject to the Holy Spirit, or the Spirit of Satan, whichever we will second of the soul—

the lash, clad in raiment of dark grayish color. So dreary, not even a blade of grass; roads that looked broad, but when in them were nothing but paths running irregularly; wretched hovels about eight or ten feet high, they had no windows and quite a number had pickets set close around them and extending two feet above the eaves, doors all-bolted and barred. The material of which these hovels were built was like adamant, of a dark grayish color.

I was seized with fear and terror and ran around trying to hide myself. How I suffered. Finally I came to a hovel the door of which was open—it was about nine feet high,—and when I entered I found it had three rooms, the first about twelve by sixteen feet, nothing in it, and looked as though it had just been vacated; the second room, to the right, was about eight by ten and had a bench in it; the third room had nothing in it, and all looked very desolate, dreary, and filthy. As I started from the door of the third room, intending to leave the hovel, having found no place to hide, a creature came in at the only opening, preventing my escape. It had the form of a man, but how hideous, the face was bloated and demoniac, eyes piercing and fierce, and was -clothed in a dirty dark grayish garment, and armed with a weapon like a javelin, about six feet long. He started towards me in the first and second position of charge bayonet. I just stood trembling with fear and terror when something unseen by me placed in my left hand a weapon, and as I grasped it a sudden change of feeling came over me. Coolly and calmly, the fear having left me, I awaited his assault. I parried his thrust, and then thrust in quarte, a perfect sword of fire shot out of the weapon in my hand, just like a beautiful Damascus blade, only straight; it pierced his left side and he fell. (I am a perfect left and right hand swordsman, having served in the Cavalry in our Civil War, and made it a special study and practice.) Being somewhat curious, I stepped over the creature and examined him;, he was about five

ing your eyes and then opening them just enough to catch the line of the rays between the arc and your eyes; only the light and the colors were much more beautiful. The road that I came from into this straight road

toad that I came from into this straight road is a left hand fork from the straight road, and it looked like a shady road to a cloudy valley, a pleasant place to rest in.

I turned and looked up this beautiful straight highway and saw in the distance a light; it looked like an are light—only larger and ethereal, in a field of Glory. I started towards it immediately, drifting the same as before; as I approached it, it increased in size and splendor, and at about one-half distance it looked like the sun rising in a fog, only a thousand times more beautiful. The surrounding country was like the suburbs to only a thousand times more beautiful. The surrounding country was like the suburbs to a large city, with trees, verdure, and buildings; these all were similar to, but more magnificent than those on earth.

When about an eighth of a mile from the

alfred Russell Wallace, the most famous scientific man in the world, has succeeded in taking a photoruph or a Living Soul, which with gastraous substance, the form of the person, having even the feature search, and the gastraous substance, the form of the person, having even the feature search, and jet to the Holy Spirit, or the Spirit of Satan, which from from the effect of the Holy Spirit, or the Spirit of Satan, which from from the effect of the Holy Spirit, or the Spirit of Satan, which from from the effect of the Holy Spirit, or the Spirit of Satan, which from from the effect of the Holy Spirit, or the same as the flesh to our bones, forming a complete body search body, and is energy or motion, even diving the blood through our bodies. Now, if this invart body, and is energy or motion, even diving the blood through our bodies. Now, if this invart body, and is energy or motion, even diving the blood through our bodies. Now, if this invart body, and is energy or motion, even diving the blood through our bodies. Now, if this invart body, and is energy or motion, even diving the blood through our bodies. Now, if this invart body, and is energy or motion, even diving the blood through our bodies. Now, if this invariable the same as the first the same as the flesh to our bones, forming a complete body start of the same and the same and

I noticed nothing but the beauties of this park and its lovely occupants, they were so fascinating to me, until we are crossing the third street up this straight street, when my attention was called to the procession. We approached to within twenty feet of it, the horses were grand in form and perfect in grace and motion, with golden lace over a portion of their necks and shoulders, reaching back and attaching to the chariots, some of which had two wheels, and some four wheels, with five spokes to each wheel, and spokes were larger at the felloe than at the hub, some golden and some other colors. There were also spirits of just ones made perfect, men and women, walking on each side of the chariots, eight and twelve abreast, playing on different kinds of instruments and singing a glorious song; such beautiful music, I tried to understand it. They were all clothed in raiment, white, or white with a golden tinge; and there were some angels among them. It is so difficult to tell an angel from a living soul, especially when the spirit made perfect is clothed with those beautiful white raiments, and their faces are turned away from you. Up there the living soul has the same dear features it had on earth, only glorified and radiant, also that heavenly love pouring from their eyes, while the angel's face is chaseled so perfect, so beautiful, radiant, with eyes so large and powerful, filled to overflowing with such divine love, their movements were so grand, not fast nor slow, just perfect, kingly, divine love, their movements were so grand, not fast nor slow, just perfect, kingly, queenly, graceful and elegant.

My attention was now called to a four-wheeled chariot drawn by a span of beauti-

My attention was now called to a four-wheeled chariot drawn by a span of beautiful bay horses. The frame was something like a large platter or shell, of a lovely golden color, with seats all around inside, and filled with little children, also three living souls or angels, one in front, the other two sitting in the rear. When they were nearly opposite me two little boys turned around, they were sitting on the side nearest me, waving their little hands and calling, evidently they knew me. They were my two boys, I had buried their carnal bodies in Kansas twenty years ago. I could not hear what they said by reason of the immense volume of music. Their faces were plump, joyous, and radiant, and eyes so filled with love and glory,—I would not bring them back if I could.

We now turned around and went back to the third street, crossed the straight street, and went down the right side of this third street from the arch or gate. When we turned around my attention was called to the mansions, they were very high, column and balcony, olumn and balcony, alternately, one above the other, about four hundred feet front, each one of some pure precious stone, smooth and polished white columns and white

front, each one of some pure precious stone, smooth and polished white columns and white

front, each one of some pure precious stone, smooth and polished white columns and white steps, each mansion its own individual color. looking along the fronts the colors blend more beautifully than the rainbow; and each one is of a different style, I should say inclined towards the Jewish architecture. After passing down the right side of the third street about five blocks or mansions, my attention was called to a mansion of a reddish color with a purple tinge. The entrance was about fifteen feet high and ten feet broad, white columns on each side of the entrance, with a half circle of white marble over the top, pure, beautiful, white steps extending out to the street, five or six in number. When about forty feet from the steps I saw a woman dressed in dark, just as I had often seen her on earth, in the act of going up into this mansion. She halted with her right foot on the second step and her left foot on the third. When within twenty feet of her I called. She turned around and ran towards me, with arms extended, shouting loud and clear, "Home at last." I met her with outstretched arms, took her in my arms, and pressed her to my bosom. Her raiment was fine and beautiful, her form perfect, and I could feel at last." I met her with outstretched arms, took her in my arms, and pressed her to my bosom. Her raiment was fine and beautiful, her form perfect, and I could feel her just as well'as when on carth. I kissed her and she kissed me. Oh, the reality and purity of love, in that land of love, ever blessed land! It is my wife that passed over from this earth over thirty years ago in New York City, just as young, but more lovely and radiant, her eyes so filled with love and joy. We stood with our arms around each other and talked on different things; at last I said that I would like to settle up my Virginia Estate. Instantly she stepped back, with eyes so filled with heavenly love and satisfaction, but as her glance passed down towards my knees I saw sadness in her face. I looked down and saw that I whs clothed in the same white raiment which I had on in the anteroom with the tinge of gold in the color, with which I had seen so many other spirits of just ones made perfect, clad in this land of Glory, very fine and beautiful, and while all theirs were clean and perfect, mine, I now perceived, had spots on it like grease spots. We left limb was to the front and over the Glorr, very fine and beautiful, and while all theirs were clean and perfect, mine, I now perceived, had spots on it like grease spots. My left limb was to the front and over the knee was a spot as large as my hand. I reached forward and caught her in my arms again and kissed her, but it was like kissing a corpse. The angel left me here, at least I did not see him any more.

(To be concluded.)

I KNOW.

know, no matter how events may run, Nothing can part me from the Eternal One.

Upon the Father's bosom I still lie I know, though every friend may turn away, Within the Sacred Presence I shall stay.

I know, though eons over me may roll, I shall live on, a never-dying soul.

I know, whether on earth I live or die.

I know, when lashed by sore affliction's rod, 'Tis but the sweet caressing of my God.

I know, when joys come, borne on angel's

wing, That I with angel's Glorias must sing.

I know, the knowledge bringing perfect rest, That what God wills eternally is best. E. J. Bowtell.

Briefs.

Dr. C. Wyman was the speaker for the Society of Spiritual Truth, Crosby Hall, 423 Classon Ave., Sunday, Dec. 6. His subject was Ancient Spiritualism, which was well presented. Mr. Rassmussen gave a number of spirit messages which held the closest attention of all present. Aug. Recht., sec., 21 Conselves St.

Conselyea St.
Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall,
Alex Caird, M. D., pres. Services 2.30 and
7.30. Sunday, Dec. 20, Mr. Thomas Cross will
be the speaker. The usual circles will be held
folowed by song service and concert by
Chase's orchestra. Children's Lyceum meets
at 12.30.

There lives no sinner? How? Is not this man a sinner? sinner he may be but lives not as a sinner.

sinner.

The rose knows of no why, it blows because it bloweth,
And careless of itself to all its beauties show-

The nobler is a thing the commoner it will The sun, the heavens, and God, what com-moner than these three?

AS A MAN THINKETH

There is no such thing as Fate. I build my

As men may build a castle, stone on stone, Whether I know or not, 'tis I alone Who fill my days with peacefulness or strife. I have the power to think, to choose my

thought,
And as I think and plan, so must I act;
Then dorn the imaged thing become the fact,
The phantom breathes, a miracle is wrought.

So if I choose a life as pure and true
As any saint's of all the ages past,
I need but think fair thoughts and hold
them fast;
I need but will and hope and plan and do.

I am the sum of days that are no more, if one be darkened by an evil deed, I may not change it now, but I may heed And learn a lesson by the pain I bore.

I build my life, for failure or success,
Just as I will. It rests with me to choose.
God give me noble thoughts, help me to use
Only the stones which make for perfectness. -Isabel Richey.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Last Sunday the Rev. Frederick A. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, New Century Building, 177 Huntington Ave., spoke from the text, Psalms xeviil, 8: "Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together," and said:

"There is no person so sustaining to the strong, and so uplifting to the weak as one who is constantly bristling and boiling over with genuine optimism. Such a one believes that everything in Nature is ordered for the best and helps others to believe so, too.

"Nature, in whatever mood she expresses herself, is ever optimistic, even in her seeming mad rush of destruction, when human wreckage marks all her course, but her thundering is always gleeful, not for the victories over physical expressions, but because she has given a crown studded with jewels immortal, whose lustre is never dimmed, when laurel wreaths at best must fade with time. "It has been so frequently demonstrated that all goes well with those who conform strictly to God's laws, and further argument in favor of such conformity is unnecessary. God is never disobeyed when natural law is accepted as a constant companion of life.

"The so-called tumults and jars of life are but the floods clapping their hands; the hills being joyful together. If mankind claps its hands in joy when Nature creates her tumults with her applause, it invariably gains renewed strength from Nature's exhibition of power. If man finds companionship with low fenland states, he hinders all Nature's driving processes, and joins forces with the pessimist, whose sky is ever cloudy, to whom the wind is but the moaning of distress, the rain but tears of sorrow, the hills but hard and toilsome journeys. With the optimist it is not so, his sky is ever bright; if there are clouds in his sky he thinks only of the sun which is ever back of them; from the wind he borrows strength; from the snow courage, he views the hills of life as delighiful journeys because of his anticipation of the grand and entrancing scenes which will dawn upon his horizon from

as temporal.
"Mankind fails to co-operate with God "Mankind fails to co-operate with God when it forgets the importance of spiritual achievement. Earthly riches never did and never will constitute true and real wealth. In fact it has been repeatedly demonstrated that the possession of money is the result of a wornout body, as well as an association which exacts that worry and discontent shall be taken in as life's companions.

"There can be no such thing as an optimist when the demands of natural law in any of its departments are ignored.

when the demands of natural law in any of its departments are ignored.

"If one would be a light and a constant blessing to others, they must be optimistic; if they would be optimists the laws of Nature must be regarded with proper deference to their every demand and such a regard is impossible when the spiritual is neglected.

"Since we are in a world of cause and consequence, every act of life, when viewed in the light of its final analysis, gains a far more important sense than any temporary conception can give. Every act is related to the eternalities, and the consummation of all is in the spiritual.

"With such a conception, every movement

is in the spiritual.

"With such a conception, every movement
and every thought takes on a sacred aspect;
secularism is forever destroyed; brute force
surrenders to beautiful acts; conduct upon
Monday is no less important than that of Sunday; all labor becomes a cheerful pas-time instead of drudgery because every part of life is revealed with relation to its finality which is to be determined as the balancesheet is seen in the great counting-room of spiritual consciousness.

"The darker the night, the brighter the

"For the optimist, one star, at least, forever shines brightly in the firmament of his
world. That is the Star of Hope. By this
star the vessel of Life may be safely sailed.
This star will never grow dim if pessimistic
elouds are not created.
"Spiritualism is an optimistic religion. It
is not only the Star of Hope, it is the Sun
of Assurance, and if understood it guarantees
be hypothy and eternal day."

to humanity one bright and eternal day."

The Passing of Madame.

Blisabeth W. F. Jackson

"I am afraid I'm not destined to find, what I want in this neighborhood," said I to myself as I turned the corner. "There seems to be almost everything that I don't want." Slowly, half resolved to go back, I walked along. It was one of those places, such as one sometimes sees in cities, where a business district, gradually increasing, had encoached upon a residence street of some pretentions. Number 484. Yes, that was the number: set a very prepossessing looking place, that relic of former comfort and opulence. Through the grime and soot of many years the color of the house was barely discernible. A sign which read "Furnished Rooms" hung conspicuously upon the front door.

"I can hardly expect to find a teacher of mental science worth listening to in such quarriers, but I'll see what manner of person she is, now that I'm here," thought I, as I mounted the worn stone steps and rang the bell. A young girl answered my ring. "Yes, Madame G. is at home; just step in and knock; the first door at your right." I entered and knocked. The door opened, and I saw a woman about sixty years of age, tall, sender, refined, with the most peaceful, exalted look that I sver saw upon a human face. "Will you come in?" she saked in a low, sweet voice. "It was Madame G., the backer of mental science, whom I wished to

see," I faitered. "I am Madame G.," she said, smiling. Greatly surprised, I entered. She was all that her countsnance had bespoken for her: a thorough lady, well educated, scholarly, and, added to these qualities, a sincere Christian. The science which she taught was both mental and spiritual, and very practical. I spent two long hours in Madame's cozy little room, taking my first lesson. The rest I should be obliged to take by mail, for I was to leave the city the next day.

by mail, for I was to leave the city the next day.

My lessons came regularly for some time. Through them I grew to be very fond of Madame. If ever a person's teachings reflected a heart that was kind and a soul that was pure, hers did: and I felt, each time a new lesson came, as if I had received word from one who held Heaven within herself.

One week my lesson did not arrive at the appointed time. Days and weeks I waited; still no word from Madame. "She must be ill." I thought. Feeling anxious, I sat down and wrote her. I received no answer.

I had obtained much useful information from the lessons I had already learned; still I was surprised at the way in which knowledge began to come to me—intuitively, as it were. It seemed, sometimes, as if my mind, taking the lessons I had had from Madame as a starting point, had gone on of itself and completed the course, for I had never heard or read of the things which seemed to be suggested to me, day after day.

One morning, as I was opening my mail, I

or read of the things which seemed to be suggested to me, day after day.

One morning, as I was opening my mail, I found a letter which had been returned to me unopened. It was my last letter to Madame, and "Party Deceased" was stamped in large blue letters across the address. Tears came to my eyes as I looked at it, though I was not surprised, for I had known, days before, that the soul of dear old Madame had passed on.

A Card from Moses Hull.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Please allow me through your valuable paper to thank you and all the friends for

E-Riense allow me through your valuable paper to thank you and all the friends for what has been done for me. It was entirely unexpected, and therefore the more joyfully received.

I am now in Madison, Wis., receiving special treatments from Dr. Vance, who is a specialist in such cases as mine. I have already taken three treatments with greatly beneficial results. The Doctor promises to bring me out all right, and that within thirty days, and that without any other surgical operation than the opening of about eight internal ulcers. Of course he injects healing medicine into them. They are of such a nature that he can only puncture one each day.

Three of the worst and most malignant have already been punctured. The operation, especially on the first one was severe, but I soon felt a soothing relief. The Doctor claims that many of these ulcers have been of long standing, and have been the cause of much of my other physical suffering.

I am happy in the belief that I am to be able to report for duty before the year is out, and that, perhaps, my best work is in the future. It costs money to patronize these specialists, but I believe it is money well invested. I am obliged to board at a hotel, the Avenue Hotel, near the Doctor's office, but if sound health is gained as a result I shall be happy.

sound health is gained as a result I shall be

Avenue Hotel, near the Doctor's office, but if sound health is guined as a result I shall be happy.

I now have the promise that I can go home next Saturday, the 12th and speak to our little church on Sunday night. After that the Doctor says if I visit him twice a week, for a short time that will be sufficient.

I took my pen more to thank the friends for what has been done for me than anything else. I have received many kind and sympathetic letters, several of which contained from one to five dollars, two of them had ten dollars and one signed Santa Claus contained to come here at an expense of about \$100.00. I have received, in all, just about that much. I thank all for their kind words and for their donations. I am not, and never have been a beggar. I propose to pay this all back, perhaps not to the generous friends who donated it, but to those who need it more. "The poor you always have with you."

Again thanking all my good friends I am as ever,

Moses Hull.

Moses Hull. Avenue Hotel, Madison, Wis., Dec. 8, 1903.

Shelly, 1792-1822.

Shelley, the prophet-poet, was in sympa-thetic relation with the lower animals, and was a rational and eloquent advocate of non-

was a rational and eloquent advocate of non-flesh-enting habits.

In Hogg's life of Shelley we read: "As his love of intellectual pursuits was vehement, and the vigor of his genius almost celestial, so were the purity and sanctity of his life most conspicuous. I have had the happiness to associate with some of the best specimens of gentleness, but (my candor and preference be pardoned) I can affirm that Shelley was almost the only example I have yet found that was never wanting, even in the most minute particular, of the infinite and various observances of pure, entire and perfect gentility."

His cosmopolitan breadth of view is particularly evidenced in his Address to the Irish People":

People":

"Do not inquire if a man be a heretic, if he be a Virtuous man, if he love liberty and truth, if he wish the happiness and peace of humankind. If a man be ever so much a believer, and love not these things, he is a heartless hypocrite and knave. It is not a merit to tolerate, but it is a crime to be intolerant. Be calm, mild, deliberate, patient. Think and talk and discuss. Be free and be happy, but first be wise and good. Habits of sobriety, regularity and thought must be entered into and be firmly resolved upon."

At the early age of thirty, before he had reached the high meridian toward which his splendid genius pointed, his career was suddely terminated by drowning. While engaged in his most coveted recreation of boating his small craft was overtaken by a equall in the bay of Spezia, to the northwest of Naples. He was surely climbing toward the high altitude occupied by Shakespeare in English verse. "Do not inquire if a man be a heretic, if he

rerse.
This prophet-poet writes his vision of the

Concerning Auras.

In Bibby's Quarterly, Vol. V, No. 3, is a series of twelve fine colored illustrations which I wish every one could study. They are illustrations of "Man; Visible and Invisible," taken from C. W. Leadbeater's new book of that name, and showing in colors the auras of people in different states of development.

According to Leadbeater and all other clear seers, the human body exists at the centre of a sort of atmosphere, much as a yolk is suspended at the centre of the white of an egg. The aura being intangible to the ordinary senses, the ordinary man is unaware of it.

yolk is suspended at the centre of the white of an egg. The aura being intangible to the ordinary senses, the ordinary man is unaware of it.

According to Leadbeater and others this atmosphere about man consists of three distinct sublimated bodies, the astral or emotional body, the mental body and the causal body; the three interpenetrating and interacting, and all three penetrating and acting in and through the physical body, much as the muscular, veinous, arterial, lymplatic and nerve systems of the body interpenetrate, interact and co-exist.

The astral or emotional body of man is next in degree finer than the physical body. It is directly influenced by the body, and in turn directly influenced by the body, and in turn directly influences the body.

The aura of a man in intense anger shows dark coils and waves, and sharp lightning flashes. The central physical body is completely enveloped in these dark coils and flashes. A glance-at this picture fills one with horror af the evil possibilities of anger. No wonder the man who indulges habitually in fits of anger has a sick body and mindand few friends.

And no wonder he feels deep depression afterward. Those dark coils generated by anger discolor his aura a muddy gray which gradually settles in loose layers; so that the picture of the astral body of a man in deep depression looks exactly like an ovid prison cell with transverse bars of dull steel color and a cloudy inner atmosphere of fetid red and brown and dark green. No wonder people write me that they feel "tied down," or "bound with cords," or "imprisoned." They feel the literal truth. By uncontrolled emotions they have created for themselves these bonds, which may be dissipated only by generating gentle and pleasurable emotions.

According to these plates it is well to be in love; but it is not well to backslide from that state; and there is present always a tendency toward those flashes and dark coils of anger. Looking at this aura of a man in love reminds me that a man in love needs to cultivate affect

The astral, mental and causal bodies of developed man show, beginning at the bottom, the clear, bright, soft green of real sympathy and compassion; the clear rose color of strong, pure, universal love; the clear blue of wisdom and religious feeling; the clear yellow of a high type of intellect; and at the top pure violet, the color of devotion to high ideals. And from this developed aura, which grows in size and influence as the man develops, there radiates life, as from a sun.

The undeveloped man shows no causal body and very little mental body. Apparently with the conquest of the astral or mental body there develops the mental body; and out of the mental body there grows the causal body, which appears to be the body which influences people and things outside the self.

Without the causal body Jesus could not still the waves.

A developed woman was living in a very The astral, mental and causal bodies of de-

influences people and things outside the self. Without the causal body Jesus could not still the waves.

A developed woman was living in a very finislly built house on a hill. A terrible wind arose and the place seemed doomed. This woman stood before a window and bade the winds be still. They continued to roar with increased violence; but a strange calm came over her, and she FELT the winds part about 100 feet from the house, and sweep by on either side. She heard trees crash before the wind, and she saw a distant chimney fall; but though the storm continued for half an hour or more afterward there was not another tremor of the house she was in; nor did that strange calm leave her. Her causal body, at the word of command, must have cleaved the wind as a ship's prow cleaves the water.

water.

Do you wish to develop a pure, powerful Do you wish to develop a pure, powerful aura? You can. The secret is simple; the practice easy; only persistence is necessary. The secret is this: Be still. Keep your emotional body still and gently warm toward all mankind and toward whatsoever surrounds you or requires your attention or effort. Thus will your emotional self become an incubator for the steady and strong development of

Your emotional self become an incubator for the steady and strong development of your mental and causal bodies.

Your emotional self is the key to all the riches you can desire; and you hold the key.

Use it NOW.

These are but a few of these weederful columbia.

within me at sight of these wonderful col want to reprint for your pleasure and profit a few of Joseph Bibby's own thoughts on the subject. The following is elipped from his Quarterly:

now close these cursory com-"We may now close these cursory com-ments by briefly summing up some of the thoughts suggested.
"(1) The pictures indicate that men are in

thoughts suggested.

"(1) The pictures indicate that men are in different stages of evolution, and it is, therefore, unwise to expect all to manifest the same level of perfectness; it is quite clear, also, that each person is doing the best possible missionary work when he is seeking to improve the healthfulness and purity of his own bodies; as by this means he is not only preparing the way for further development, but is meantime exerting an ever increasing influence upon others, more potent for good than spoken words.

"(2) If we would set about the improvement of say our astral body, it is well to

than spoken words.

"(2) If we would set about the improvement of say our astral body, it is well to remember that it is the vehicle of passion. Comotion and desire, and it is directly affected by the particular emotions and desires which we allow ourselves; any form of self-seeking, say of anger or of self-pity in sorrow which has self as its centre, immediately diffuses its own ills; whilst unselfish emotions and desires operate in the opposite direction and result in an increase of joy, hope and courage. This body is also greatly influenced from above by the condition of the mental body, and from below by the cleanliness and purity of the physical life, and still more remotely by the food we eat and drink; exactly the same law operates in the well-being of the mental body, the thoughts which find a lodgment in the mind affect the vibrations of the mind body; if the thought be pure and lofty, finer material and a higher rate of vibration are required to express it, and as this body interpenetrates and influences directly and indirectly the other bodies, the whole character is uplifted, and the physical body itself shares in this improvement; an exactly opposite result takes place when coarse and sordid thoughts are held in the mind; the mind-body is also influenced indirectly from above or below, as in the case of the astral body.

"(3) This again offers a scientific explanation of what ought to be done when the character is sought to be reformed; take the case of a drunkard; he may be able by a strong effort of will to suppress his desires; but if that is all he does he is liable to be

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDI TROUBLE AND DON'T

To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will 'Do For YOU, Every Reader of the Banner of Light May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Roct, the great kidney, liver and bladder remety, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anvone.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and blad der remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wenderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swam'p-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

is a triel.

14 EAST 120TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR SIRS:

"I had been suffering severely from kidney trouble.
All symptoms were on hand; my former strength and ower had left me; I c. uld hardly drag myself along.

Even my mental capacity was giving out, and often I wished to die. It was then I saw all adaptitis ment of yours in a New York paper, but would but have paid any attention to it, had it not promised a sworm guarantee with every bottle of your medicine assetting that your Swamp-R ot is purely repetable, and does not contain any harmful crugs. I am sevenly years and four months old, and with a good conscience I can recomment Swamp Root to all sufferers from kit ney troubles. Four members of my family have been using Swamp Root for four different kidney diseases with it e same good results."

With many thanks to you, I remain, Very truly yours,

ROBERT BERNER.

You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test its virtues for such disorders as kidney, bladder and urio acid diseases, poor digestion, when obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smart

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more slokness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and

If your water, when allowed to remain un-disturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a



cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recom-mend it to their patients and use it in their own is milies, because they recognize in Swamp-

Root the greatest and most successful remedy. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale the world over at druggists in bottles of two sizes and two prices-fifty-cent and onedollar. Don't make any mistake, but rememyour water frequently night and day, smart ber the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's ing or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sedi-Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, ment in the urine, headache, backache, lame

EDITORIAL NOTICE-If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light.

overtaken again, for he is still a drunkard at heart, so long as he desires drink; but if he sets about at the same time to cut off his thoughts from sensuous indulgence, and builds into his mind body, better materials thoughts from sensuous indulgence, and builds into his mind body, better materials by meditation and strenuous aspiration after a better and purer life, he will gradually throw out of his mind body, then out of the astral, and lastly out of the physical body the coarse atoms which demand this kind of indulgences; and if he goes on replacing these with finer and less dense material, the impact of the temptation from without will by and by find no answering response within; until this point is reached—and it requires time to change the molecules of the physical body—the man is not in reality a sober man; and the same law applies in dealing with other faults of character.

"(4) The author also affirms that everything which exists in the Divine mind is present potentially in every man, and that radiations from this source are always being poured down upon all men; and only in proportion as they become less engrossed in the life of the physical body, and develop and put fy their higher bodies by aspiration and meditation, do they become able to profit by the helpful stimulation which comes from these higher spheres.

"(5) And lastly, when we come to compare

the helpful stimulation which comes from these higher spheres.

"(5) And lastly, when we come to compare the causal body of the ordinary man with the highly evolved higher nature of the more developed personality shown on the last picture, and come to realize the immense value of the latter acquisition, as compared with the accumulation say of material wealth, and realize that one has a temporary value only, whilst the other forms a permanent possession of the soul for all time, we obtain a sort of object lesson as to the wrong relative values we, in our blindness, are apt to set upon different forms of wealth.

"It will be seen from this brief summary that the pictures are very suggestive in many directions, and quite irrespective of the conclusions at which we may arrive, as to whether they represent facts in nature, or

whether they represent facts in nature or not—and this is a point which each reader must settle for himself—they are none the less interesting and instructive."—Elizabeth Towne, in November Nautilus.

Self-Help the Only Teacher.

We often find that boys who have educated themselves in the country, almost withous schooling or teachers, make the most vigorou schooling or teachers, make the most vigorous thinkers. They may not be quite as polished or cultivated, in some ways, but they have something better than polish, and that is mental vigor, originality of method, and independence. They do not lean upon their schooling, or depend upon their diplomas; necessity has been their teacher, and they have been forced to act for themselves and be practical; they know little of theories, but they know what will work. They have gained power by solving their own problems. Such self-educated, self-made men carry weight in their communities because they are men of power and think vigorously and strongly; they have learned to concentrate the mind.

Self-help is the only help that will make strong, vigorous lives. Self-reliance is a great educator and early poverty a good teacher.

educator and early poverty a good teacher. Necessity has ever been the priceless spur which has called man out of himself and spurred him on to his goal.

Grit is more than a match for almost any teachers the spurred him on the spurred him of the spurred him o

handicap. It overcomes obstacles and abolishes difficulties. It is the man who makes an opportunity and does not wait for it—the man who helps himself and does not wait to be helped—that makes the strong thinker and wincome according.

rigorous operator.

It is he who dares to be himself and to work by his own program, without imitating others, who wins.—Orison Swett Marden, in

It is the mynd that maketh good or ill, That maketh wretch or harple, rich or poore; For some, that hath abundance at his will, Hath not enough, but wants in greatest

store,
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches: fooles therefore
They are which fortunes doe by vowes devise
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunise.
Spenser, in "The Faerie Queene."

Anto-Suggestions.

I am in thought prosperous in all my undertakings. Thought is creative and thus I organize success.

Without taking from any one, there is chough for me to enjoy life in all ways.

My body is not me.

All of my thoughts are subject to me and must obey me.

I master all conditions in life by the power of God in me, and by my will, guided by His spirit.

Day by day is my true life being fashioned

and made manifest.

Day by day I increase in wisdom, knowledge, love and power.

Turth alone frees me, body, soul and spirit.

I make every day contribute to the good of

ome one.

What Love prompts, I do.

All my thoughts and acts are prompted by

Love is pure and free. Love is liberty. Love is the energizing and stimulating influence that instills new life and action. Therefore, I cultivate Love. Let it expand and be the controlling influence that governs me to action.

and be the controlling influence that governs me to action.

Love is purifying, ennobling, stimulating—a stimulating and health-giving power.

Apart from Love, all thought and action become cold and unsympathetic—hard and unfeeling.

Love softens the feelings, develops the finer sensibilities, and gives tone to life-expression.—Thoughts New and Old.

THE MELODIES OF LIFE.

A new collection of Words and Music for the Choir, Congregation, and Social Circle. Combining "Golden Melodies and "Spiritual Echees," with the addition of thirty pages New Music. By S. W. TUUKER.

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ntiful City. etiful Land.

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Angel Friends.
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When shall we meet againg'
We welcome them have.
We man to be t king beyond,
ging for home.
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arbor of love,
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ing homeward,
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puardian angel. ty guardian ange ot yet. o weeping there o death.

aiting on this shore.
o're journeying on.
hat must it be to be there
here we'll weary naves ot yet for me. lever lost. buy waiting. over there. one woe is past. Over the river I'm going. Oh, bear me away. One by one. Passed on. CHANTS.

In this book are combined "Golden Malodies" and itself Rehout, "with the addition of about WHINTS OF ANY TOTAL TOTAL OF ANY TOTAL TOTAL OF ANY TOTAL

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTURE.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1903.

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eac a insertion.

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The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertakely rouch for the honesty of the many advertisers. Advertisements which or pass fate can howevable upon these face are not advertised to the subsequent to the subsequent

Explanatory.

The management finding it necessary, in the interests of the Banner, to change the editorial staff, and to remove certain persons closely connected with the mechanical work of the paper, and in the midst of the preparations of this issue, we must ask the subscriber's forbearance if he falls to find the usual distribution of the contents.

We feel we should also explain that the Message Department was ready and the matter in the forms for the issue of December 5, as promised, but the publication was unwarrantably withheld by the persons in charge. And, should any matter designed for this issue fail to appear, the contributor should know that an attempt has been made to interfere with the Banner mail and may result in a temporary suspension of its delivery until the matter can be considered by a proper tribunal, when we have no doubt that it will be freed at once. In the meantime vexatious delays may be avoided by sending all matter intended for publication, or for any consideration by this company, to Irving F. Symonds, Back Bay P. O., Boston, when it will be placed where it belongs. There shall be no interference by the present management with the interests of the Banner for

We believe our patrons will be happy to know that we have secured, through the kind offices of the dean of Modern Spiritualism, Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the services of that trained newspaper man and thorough worker, J. J. Morse, which is sufficient guar intee that we will not be obliged to come before the public again with apologies. The management would take this opportunity to again thank the friends who have so promptly met the request in a former issue for remittances. And forgive us if we urge those who have neglected the matter to take our claims into prompt consideration. The opposition of those from whom we expected hearty co-operation makes the demand on our treasury even more exacting, and we feel we have a right to this assistance from our subscribers Cordial Christmas greetings!

The N. S. A. Declaration of Princi-

The following represents the principles indeed by the 1839 national convention of the paritualists of America, and reasured at

the national convention held at Washington,

the national convention held at Washington, D. C., October, 1962.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.

2. We believe that the pienomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.

3. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expressions, and living in accordance therewith, constitutes the true religion.

4. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continues after the change called death.

5. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

6. We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Herbert Spencer.

Within the week in England there passed from this life, at the age of 83, Herbert Spencer. He bore no title of nobility, he was a graduate of no university, his wealth was given to the object which claimed his whole mind and heart and life, the creation of his system of synthetic philosophy. In early life a civil engineer, when once his plan of life work was formed, nothing was permitted to interfere with it. For the sake of his philosophy he never married, for family ties might interrupt his cherished hopes. For twenty-five years his books gave no income, but were a source of constant expense. He did not falter. His huge task did not by its mighty proportions for a moment daunt him, and when ill health came with increasing years and found his task still incomplete, yet he pressed on. He lived to see his ambition fully realized and his life work done. No man of the Victorian age has left such a mark upon his time as Herbert Spencer. It was from America that his first substantial recognition came and we may well be proud that we saw his greatness here before it was recognized at home. He felt the truth of the saying that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," and he lived to see it in his case proven false.

Religious Journalism.

At the second day's conference of the New England Methodist Presiding Elders Confer-ence held in Boston last week, Dr. Park-hurst, editor of "Zion's Herald," announced a great falling off in the interest and subscrip-tions to Zion's Herald. His explanation of it was that the constituency was limited and constantly changing and, in the case of that particular paper, the competition of two other denominational papers. He cited the "Christian Register," which is said to have sunk \$46,000 during the past five years, over \$9,000

a year.

The improvement in the daily newspaper and the magazines has kept pace with the changes time works in every line of thought, and the old time religious paper has gone. The only religious journal that can live is that one which keeps pace with the times. Our Methodist brethren are almost always to be reckoned on as having some one in the be reckoged on as having some one in the conference whose religious fervor has not made away with their business shrewdness and Mr. Parkhurst has struck Truth's keynote in his admonition to keep up with the times.

made away with their business shrewdness and Mr. Parklurst has struck Truth's keynote in his admonition to keep up with the times.

The necessity for constant study of the changes needed to keep one's place in the procession is shown so distinctly in secular affairs that but little keenness is needed to discover it. In the law, in farming, in manufacturing, he who does as his father did (a Chinese policy), is foredoomed to defeat. No enlargement on this theme need be made to make its truth more certain. In the management of a newspaper, the official organ of any faith, secular rules must apply, as this part of religious work is so clearly secular. The newspaper studies to give its patrons something they need which its competitors do not have. The magazine which reaches the greatest success is that one which gets farthest ahead of the crowd and keeps most closely in touch with the needs of its readers and the demands of the hour. Why should religious journals fear this spirit? Is there anything sacrilegious in being advanced? Does not the devil take the hindmost in religious journalism as in other departments of human activity? That was a wise old clergy-man who did not propose to let the devil have all the good tunes, and it is a wise editor who doesn't permit the devil to get his sheet in his claws and so imitates the secular brother and keeps at the head of the van.

This is the lesson for Spiritualists today. They are now almost old enough to feel as a religious body the approaching symptoms of middle life. That is just the psychical moment when the youth just passed must be renewed. We must not permit our old Banner to get into ruts and acquire the feeling that the ruts are the only place where safety lies. Ruts are useful only as guides, not chains. Use them to direct our course, but not to impede our progress. Keep the life which we believe is ever renewed direct from the spirit by those who rightly ask it, as fresh and young and strong as when the first sheet of Volume 1, No. 1, was issued from the press

A Beautiful Work.

For several years the devoted medium and true woman who is pastor of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, has gathered from the alums of the city each Christmas day from fifty to a hundred or more waifs of the streets and fed their bodies and filled their hearts and sent every one of them home with some useful little present. No attempt at selecting children of any one sect has been made. The only requirement was that the child must be poor, and the poorer and more neglected he was the more certain was he of a warm welcome. Catholics and Protestants, Jew and Gentile, were gathered in by this devoted woman and the one fact they always carried away with them was the fact of her love for them all.

This work requires money, and money does not grow in the pockets of all. To raise money, therefore, her sweet hearted little guide, Sunbeam, caused Christmas boxes to be kept in the homes of the parishloners for the pennies and dimes which the household might save for Sunbeam's box. Each year, just before Christmas, Sunbeam holds a party at her medium's home, No. 79 Prospect street, Somerville, for the opening of these boxes.

This year her medium's long and dangerous illness threatened to cause a break in the chain of Christmas events; but those who feared this break did not know the true-hearted devotion of Mrs. Soule's parishioners to their pastor. Of their own voiltion, without an intimation even from Mrs. Soule, the ladies took up the work and are carrying it to completion, only stipulating that their slowly recovering pastor should do nothing but advise. And so it happened that on For several years the devoted medium

Thursday night, Sunbeam's medium, with a heart overflowing at the thoughtfulness and devotion of her people, held a party for the opening of Sunbeam's Christmas boxes. A goodly sum was realized from the little gathering, and this insures once more a lot of rejoicing, little hearts on Christmas night in 1903.

"Steps Toward the Kingdom," with Biblical Correspondences.

Agree with thine adversary, quickly.
 Avoid useless talking.
 Be faithful in the marital relation, if it is your good fortune to be married. Be faithful to the Unseen Bride if it is your good fortune to be single. (..e true to your environment.)

is your good fortune to be married. Be faithful to the Unseen Bride if it is your good fortune to be single. (..e true to your environment)

4. Resist not evil (i. e., do not seek its enmity). (Overcome evil with good)

5. Conquer lust. (Mortify these members which are of the flesh.)

6. Give generously, secretly, humbly. (Let not thy left hand know what thy right doeth.)

7. Do (secret) good to enemies.

8. Do not accept temporal power at the expense of your soul growth. (Resist the tempter and angels will come.)

9. Pray secretly, briefly; in thankfulness. (The true worshiper shall worship in Spirit and in Truth.)

10. Forbear; Forgive; Forget.

11. Do penance in humility and secrecy; if you need penance.

12. Collect the substance; not the shadow.

13. Be faithful to the Present. Live not in Tomorrow. (Sufficient unto the day is the soil thereof.)

14. Judge no man. (For in the measure that we indee it shall be meted unto your that ye indee it shall be meted unto your that ye indee it shall be meted unto you

14. Judge no man. (For in the measure that ye judge it shall be meted unto you again.) 15. Clear your vision before seeking to guide another. (Cast the beam out of thine

16. Teach those alone who can receive.
(Give not that which is holy to dogs.)

17. Drive out Error, and Truth and Right-

17. Drive out Error, and Truth and Righteousness will seek entrance before you ask.

18. Repose faith in the Father, (Thy rod and staff shall comfort me.)

19. Keep in the Straight Way. Few there be that find it.

20. Beware of false prophets. Behold their fruits. (Weigh all things, holding fast that which is good.)

21. Be Ye Perfect.—The Teacher on the Mount.

The Invisible's Word to a Circle of Inquiring Mortals.

You must know our mission. We come to demonstrate to man that he is immortal, that he is a soul, a spark from the Divine Flame. If we stoop to use the power over gross matter it is because we find it necessary, not

because we think it desirable, save always as a means to an end.

We desire to warn you against seeking after these physical marvels and against resting in them as the end and aim of inter-

Look upon them as merely the material foundation on which the spiritual temple may

foundation on which the spiritual temple may be built.

Seek to know how much those from "beyond the grave," can tell as to your soul's destiny and how you may best fit yourself for the change called death.

If we cannot tell you of your own immortality, what matters it if we prove our continued existence?

When you can reach out to actual investigation of Truth for its own sake, we can open to you a realm of which you are as yet ignorant.

It is useless to feign interest which you do not feel, we read the Spirit.

We wish to lead you to rise above the material plane.

Receptivity must precede higher develop-Have singleness of purpose. Break away

Have singleness of purpose. Break away from the bondage of human opinion. Disassociate yourselves from the material in so far as one on the earth may do so. Eternal Father! Thou in whose Name we work, enable us to elevate and purify the hearts of those to whom we speak, and offen their spiritual perception to discern the things which we reveal. May they aspire to the Truth; and, leaving earthly interests behind, press on to learn the Revelation of the Spirit.

Gleanings from Many Fields.

The "wages of sin is death" (spiritual death), yet the wages are justly in proportion to the merit; for as the Master said, "That servant who knew his lord's will, yet made not ready nor did according to his will, shall be ready nor the servant was the servant who knew his proposed to the servant was to servant was the servant was t

To keep your health! To do your work! To To see to it you grow and gain and give! Never to look behind you for an hour! To wait in weakness and to walk in power; But always fronting onward to the light, Always and always facing towards the

starved, defeated, fallen wide astray-On, with what strength you have! Back to

the way!" Intellectual comprehension is not neces-sarily spiritual realization; to know is not to

"Is it too late? Ah, nothing is too late, Till the tired heart has ceased to palpitate. Being all fashioned of the self-same dust Let us be merciful as well as just."

An easy task through postponement be-comes hard to accomplish; a hard one be-comes impossible. The Four Truths:— Sorrow; Sorrow's Cause; Sorrow's Ceasing; and The Way.

From Westgate Philosophy.

Do not allow your environment to trouble you for a moment. Meet the duty of now, and take no thought of that which is in waiting, for it will never come in exactly the same form which you anticipate, and you can do nothing to prepare for it except to execute the present commissions faithfully. The only thing which need trouble you is dearth of opportunity. Up to a certain point in your growth you are fortunate indeed if you have constant trials and adversities and have strength to overcome and understand. Have we now made the full resolve? Are we all determined to properly instruct our "child" the physical? Have we strength of purpose to become master, as we now understand that term? Watch carefully and note with what persistence the child tries to have lits "way."

Look, listens and be sympathetic in your

deration of this point, for it is of vital

consideration of this point, for it is of vital importance.

Either the body will rule you or you must guide and direct the body. It is the old pussle of God and Mammon. The child has had its way twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years since you have known it, and ages in the care of your parents, grandparents, etc., and you must needs find it a very weighty responsibility to commence its correct education at this late day. It is, however, wholly within your ability to do, and remember that the greater the struggle and the longer the warfare, the more valuable your mastership will be to the Father who is lovingly waiting to receive you as a conscious coworker in the vineyard.

A pure spirit can only impart to you as you render yourself receptive thereto; and even then only give the crumbs that fall from its table.

The Higher are fast anchored to the Lower and there can be no perfect bliss as long as one poor soul suffers, for a chain is no stronger than its weakest link.

A perfect life here is as much immortal as life in any world: and the perfect life of today admits no doubt nor fear of tomorrow. The future never comes; so live in the present.

Anti-Vaccination. A Query.

Please give Hon. George Fred Williams' address (209 Washington St., Boston) in your paper or address of Anti-Vaccination Society. Such a society should have a representative in every large city of the United States. New York City is under the absolute and despotic rule of the Board of Health.

The children are excluded from school and the teachers are forced out of their positions unless they submit to the indignity of vaccination.

unless they submit to the indignity of vaccination.

We in New York City pay out hundreds of thousands of dollars to these, our masters—the doctors—to terrorize and tyrannize over us. If they murder us, as has been the case, the courts uphold them.

Where is Boston now who 125 years ago repudiated the (Mutiny Act) chartering of British soldiers upon them? Has the spirit of liberty and justice departed from our land? If Mr. Williams can get the justice in this matter he will be a hero and earn the respect and praise of every liberty loving citizen and the money will be forthcoming.

Let the society canvass the cities.

Note: The address our correspondent de-sires is 209 Washington St., Boston.

Brief Notices.

Brief Notices.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held one of the most interesting meetings in ta history in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton Street, Boston, on Friday, Dec. 11, 1903. The afternoon, as usual, was devoted to the business interests of the society, under the direction of the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allbe. During the past year the society has assisted 67 worthy persons with money, clothing or food, and has expended over \$100 for the relief of Miss Amanda Bailey, whose splendid singing was well received at our spiritualistic meetings for nearly half a century, but unless some of the well-to-do Spiritualists come to our aid we will be unable to do much more for her, as our funds are nearly exhausted. The afternoon session was the most largely attended of any held this season, and a bountiful supper was served from six to seven o'clock. Each week finds us with more members and an increased attendance. The evening session opened with a crowded hall, and Mr. J. J. Morse, who was the speaker, received a most cordial welcome. Mr. Morse is too well known in both Great Britain and America to need any eulogy from my pen as to his ability as a speaker, or his appreciation by American audiences, but, when I say that Mr. Morse has lost none of his magnetic personality, nor forceful vigor, which endeared him to us when he first visited our shores over a quarter of a century ago, those who have enjoyed his ministrations will realize that we had an intellectual feast. Mr. Morse spoke upon his journeyings and experiences in Australia and his witty reminiscences and picturesque descriptions were a constant fund of amusejourneyings and experiences in Australia and his witty reminiscences and picturesque descriptions were a constant fund of amusement, enjoyment and instruction. He is to be with us again the second Friday evening in January to continue the subject. Mr. Albert P. Blinn, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mr. Foss, the well known author of "The Gentleman from Everywhere," and Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse were called upon and responded by attesting their appreciation of Mr. Morse's work. Miss Florence Morse rendered two vocal solos very effectively, and Mr. George Cleavland led the congregational singing, with Miss Sloan at the plano. Next Friday will be Mediums' Day. Public circle in the afternoon at four o'clock, supper from six to seven, and the evening service, which comknew not and did things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few."

Whether you laugh, believe or doubt; whether you threaten or are afraid, what matters it to Truth?

The first inquiry of a rational being should be, Who made me? The second, Why was I made, and what is the will of my Creator?

Resolve:—

All mediums are cordially invited. This society will not hold any meeting on Christmas, Friday, Dec. 25th. The annual meeting will be held on the first of January, 1904.—Esther H. Blinn, sec'y.

This lyceum met as usual on Sunday last at Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, this city. The lesson of the day was well handled by several present, the subject being, "What Should Be Our Ambition in Life?" The literary exercises were sustained by Merrill Bill, reading: Charles Hatch, violin solo; Mr. Howard, pisno solo; Mr. Packard, remarks and reading; Marion and Hazel Orms, recitation. Subject for next Sunday, at same place and time, What is Our Idea of the Spirit World?

E. B. Packard,

Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, Boston, Mass.

The regular session of the above lyceum was held on Sunday morning last, Dec. 13th, in Red Men's Hall, Tremont St., this city. In spite of a severe rainstorm there was a large attendance of members and visitors. The lyceum was conducted by Dr. Wm. A. Hale, Mrs. M. J. Butler acting as Guardian. The proceedings comprised the usual opening exercises, vocal and oral. The Group Lesson of the day was the question "What is Human Life?" The Word for the day was "Duty," and the children dealt most creditably with each topic. The program of song, music, and recitation, was contributed to by Mamie Williams, Little Becky, Amelia Jackson, Lottle Western and Mr. Taylor. Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, was present and greatly interested the lyceum with a breezy and inspiring little speech. Mrs. Mabel Witham contributed messages. Previous to the messages, Mrs. Stillings and the Conductor contributed a duet. The subject for consideration next Sunday is "The Band of Mercy." Session opens at 11.45. The regular session of the above lyceum

The Maker of all things and all persons stands behind us, and casts his dread omniscience through us over things. . . Behold, it saith, I am born into the great, the Universal Mind. I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am somehow receptive of the Great Soul.—Emerson.

Massrehusetts State Association of Spiritualists.

The annual meeting of the Mass. State Association will be held in Berkeley Hall Tuesday, January 5th. Three sessions will be held.

The business session will convene at 10.30 a.m. Conference in the afternoon and short address and tests by different speakers and mediums in the evening. The evening session will commence at 7.45.

Members of the association should make an effort to be on hand at the opening of the business meeting, as business of vital importance is to come before the meeting. List of speakers will be published in next issue. All are invited. The meetings are free, and we take this opportunity to invite all the workers to be present and take part at the conference. Remember the day, January 5,

conference. Remember the day, January 5, 1904. Berkeley Hall, Berkeley street.—Carrie L. Hatch, sec.

AMENDMENT.

Amendment offered to Section 2, objects of the Mass. State Association, so that it will read as follows:

read as follows:
Second: To provide for the ordination and
maintenance of a ministry qualined to exemplify the principles of the religion of Spiritualism. Offered by Geo. A. Fuller.

Report of "Ladies' Lyceum Union."

The regular weekly meeting of the Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall Wednesday, Dec. 9, as usual. Whist in the afternoon. Business meeting at 5 o'clock. Supper served to a large number at 6.15 p. m. Evening session opened at 8 o'clock by the president, Mrs. M. J. Butler, who introduced Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse for remarks, who was followed by remarks from Mr. J. J. Morse and Miss Florence Morse of England. Solos by Mrs. Wm. Barker and Miss Cushing. Messages by Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Butler. Wednesday evening, Dec. 16, a reception will be tendered Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Morse in Red Men's Hall at 8 o'clock. Friends invited. The usual whist party in afternoon at 2.30. Supper served at 6.30. Laura V. Sloan, cor. sec.

Rochester, N. Y.

Thinking that a report from the Flower City might prove interesting to your readers, I send you a few jottings from this part of the vineyard. In opening our season under the auspices of the First Spiritualist Church we had with us Messrs. Smith and Grepamyer, who came later; each of these mediums did good work. Since the first Sunday in November we have been ministered to by Mrs. Mary C. von Kanzler each Sunday. We find there is an increase in our attendance and a growing interest in every way is being manifested. Mr. Nichols, the well known materializing medium, is with us, and is doing good work in bringing home the fact known materializing medium, is with us, and is doing good work in bringing home the fact of spirit return to all who, as yet, must have material proof given to them to impress them with the reality of a continued existence. Mrs. von Kanzler's lectures are brim full of good and logical reasoning. Her descriptions of spirit friends, and the messages, bring proof that is highly acceptable to all seeking proof of the love and watchfulness of our dear ones from the life beyond. She will be with us for an indefinite period.—Mrs. Jessie Bailey, Secretary First Spiritualist Church, Rochester.

Obituary.

The transition of Mrs. Dr. Mary Park-hurst, aged 71 years and 9 months, occurred at her late residence on the morning of De-cember 5th, 1903. The interment was at Mount Hope Cemetery the following Mon-day, at 2 p. m., Mrs. Mary C. von Kanzler officiating most appropriately for the occa-

Sister Parkhurst has for forty years been one of our most earnest workers. As a practicing healing medium she cugaged first for 10 years in Coldwater, Michigan, in healing the sick, since when she has been located in this city for thirty years, building up an extensive practice.

this city for thirty feath, work for the promulgation of Spiritualism and was highly esteemed for her practical common sense ideas in all matters of life.

sense ideas in all matters of life.

She leaves an aged companion and one son, with her grandchildren, all of whom have the sympathy of many friends in their loss of the mortal of this loved one. But they all have been led to walk in the true light of a demonstrated immortality, as presented by angel teachers and loved spirit friends.

Rochester, N. Y.

On Sunday, Dec. 6, 1903, very interesting meetings were held by Mrs. C. E. Strong at 67 Warren St., Armory Hall. The graphophone concerts held before the afternoon and evening services were highly appreciated. Pleasing solos were rendered by Mrs. Morgan and Miss Seiffert and the Spirit Control, Butterfly. A very entertaining and helpful lesson was held during the Sunday school hour, the subject being, "What Our Religion Profiteth Us." Mediums assisting during the day were Mrs. R. G. Edmonds, Mr. Rollins, Dr. Hnot, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Randlet, Mr. Litchfield, Miss Strong and Mr. Mason.—A. M. S., Sec.

M. S., Sec. Clara E. Strong, president Sunshine Club,

M. S., Sec.
Clara E. Strong, president Sunshine Club, holds public services every Sunday at Armory Hall, 67 Warren St., Roxbury, as follows: Morning Circle at 11 a. m. Sunday school, at 12.30. Afternoon and evening services at 3 and 7.30 p. m. Good talent expected. All mediums are cordially invited. Mr. Murray, solos; graphophone concert before afternoon and evening services. Home circles, 20 Huntington Ave., Hoom 420, every Tuesday and Friday evening at 7.30 p. m. Banner of Light for sale at all meetings.—A. M. S., Sec.
Mrs. Clara E. Strong, president of the Sunshine Club, desires to notify her friends that beginning Dec. 20, 1903, she will hold her Sunday services at America Hall, 724 Washington St., up two flights. Morning circle, 11 a. m. Sunday school, 12.30. Afternoon service at 3 p. m. and evening service at 7.30 p. m. Graphophone concert before afternoon and evening services. All mediums invited. C. Chapman, planist. Solos expected by Mr. Murray and Mrs. Morgan. Home circles Tuesday and Friday evenings at 30 Huntington Ave., Room 420. Banner for sale at all these meetings.—A. M. S. Sec.

Sec.

Emrson Union. Friday evening, Dec. 18th, at 7.45, Mrs. Abby Morton Dias will address the Union on "Socialism—What Do We Mean by It?" We are sure to hear a profound exposition of principles at this lecture, and it is hoped many will come to learn something foundational regarding this much misunderstood subject. Sunday, at 4, Dec. 20, Mr. Chas. Malloy will speak on "Inspiration," and Emerson's poem, "Bacchus."

A finished life, a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern cleaned or clouded, can now be traced the hand of the great Designer—surely that its worth living for.—Miss Mulock.

"Honor to Whom Honor is Due."

Rev. George W. Bicknell, D. D., paster of Cambridge, Mass., Universalist church, writes the author as follows: "A real contribution to the literature of the day is Mr. Foss The Gentleman from Everywhere." It is one of the most unique, interesting and readable books that I have read for a long time. If you have the 'blues' take an hour and read this fascinating book. If you wish real dry humor, genuine wit and fun, you will find it in this volume. Underneath the whole are grand truths so attractively expressed that they appeal to all. Mr. Fossibook is decidedly original. No fossilized matter in it. No matter whether one endorses all the author writes or not, he will be benefited, uplifted and made happier by an acquaintance with "The Gentleman from Everywhere."

The book is for sale at this office. Price \$1.50 mailed postpaid.

The book is for sale at this office. Price \$1.50 mailed postpaid.

It is a handsome and valued holiday or highly a cife.

Rescued.

A Vermont clergyman was arrested a few days ago for extreme cruelty to a three years' old baby that had been entrusted to his The child is now in charge of friends in Massachusetts, by whom it will be adopted. The baby's father bore the same name as the clergyman, but may not have been a relative. The mother was a Boston woman. The parents were married just before the baby was born, hence the clergyman thought he had a "divine right" to visit the sins (?) of the parents upon the helpless infant entrusted to his care. He will probably escape punishment, now that the baby is safe and happily housed, but the rescue of the child from his inhumanity is none the less a matter of rejoicing for all who love justice and believe in the law of kindness.

Special officer B. J. Loring rescued a fouryear-old boy from an inhuman mother last week. The boy's father is now eighty years old, and too infirm to work, hence earns nothing for the support of his family. The mother is twenty-eight years old and in good health. It was her custom, in punishing the child, to press a hot iron against his bare back. The cars on the little one's nesh showed that he had frequently been scourged in this manner,-Officer Loring declared that the boy's surroundings were far from being conducive to his needs, outside of his mother's cruelty, hence asked that the child be given to the Board of Charities. The Court ruled accordingly, and the boy is now safe. His parents had been married ten years, and the father is now cared for by public charity. Such cases as the above lead thoughtful persons to ask "why?" with unusual emphasis. He or she who is cruel to an innocent babe is endangering the future of his own Soul. The Soul-Self is outraged whenever injustice and cruelty are indulged in by its child. He who is kind to a helpless little one lifts himself Godward over many, many sins.

Mr. J. J. Morse in Boston.

On Sunday evening next, the 20th inst., Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, England, will deliver an address at Red Men's Hall, Tremont St., this city, at 7.30. This is Mr. Morse's first lecture in Boston for a number of years, and it is to be hoped a large attendance will greet him. For full details see the city papers on Saturday.

"A Spirit Interviewed."

The above is the title of an interesting little book in which is contained a full account of the life history of Mr. J. J. Morse, who is at present in this country. It also contains reports of interviews with his two noted spirit controls, and two fine portraits, one of Mr. Morse, the other of "Tien," the lecture control. Cloth bound, printed on good paper, it can be obtained at the "Banner" office, price, 25 cents, postage four cents.

The New Thought Simplified.

HENBY WOOD'S LATEST BOOK REVIEWED BY W. J COLVILLE.

Among the numerous books and pamphlets which are continually produced to emphasize and, if possible, to elucidate some special aspect of spiritualizing philosophy, we have scarcely met with one which has more to commend it to the general reader than this latest volume from the fertile mind of Henry Wood. Most readers have become familiar with the outlying technicalities of what is now very generally designated New Thought, but usually there is in the thought of an enquirer some element of vague uncertainty as to precisely how to set to work to practically apply a body of teaching which is certainly attractive as an idealistic theory.

The several books which Henry Wood has produced have all proven highly instructive and extremely helpful; but the time has now arrived when he, in common with many other authors, feels that even elementary principlies may sometimes need restating and with each restatement, they may be rendered more readily comprehensible to the average intellect.

The public mind today is demanding, as

Thought Habit, in the course of which easy the author my, among many other good sayings "Be your real self and you will be original."

"Originality draws the world together in love and mutual appreciation. Each then finds outside just what he lacks in himself. Truth follows no real. It is better to search for it than to walk in the groove of any leader's estimate of it. New Thought exponents are no exception. You must have your own New Thought, rather than that which belongs to some one else."

"Other opinions and standpoints are good as alds or suggestions but final authority should be within." These are bracing words and well indeed is it when such counsel is duly heeded by all to whom it is addressed, for nothing can be more pliftful than absurd following of persons as though they were infallible on the part of professors of a doctrine which aims to emancipate every human being from bondage to external authority by referring each to the centre of authority within.

"Thought Selection" is the title of another splendid chapter which opens with the familiar example of going to market and deliberately selecting such provisions as one chooses to select instead of taking home anything which happens to be exposed for sale or recommended by a tradesman.

Our thoughts are surely as important as our material nourishment and if we are rightfully careful in the choice of food for the body we need to be at least equally deliberative in choosing what we permit to be digested in our minds.

The only justification for entertaining a thought or an idea is the conviction that by giving it houseroom it will serve to enrich our lives.

In the course of another essay "How to Get into the New Thought" we read the following strong words: "Ston a moment, leek within

giving it houseroom it will serve to enrich our lives.

In the course of another essay "How to Get into the New Thought" we read the following strong words: "Stop a moment, look within and listen. The whole creation works through and in thee! Thou art one with the life, essence, and cause of things. Thou art a part of the Primal Force in whom and by whom all things consist."

"Agree with Thine Adversary Quickly" is a particularly useful chapter serving to put a wise interpretation upon many teachings from "The Sermon on the Mount" which are not generally applied in practice.

Before we can love our enemies, we must know what they are, in what sense they are lovable, and to find this out it is necessary to remember that rain, east wind and much else that is necessary to the welfare of us all is frequently regarded by us as inimical to health and happines. Then we are very apt to take dislikes to certain people and believe that they are our foes and working against us, whereas it is we, not they, who take the false attitude and make ourselves suffer because we are at variance with our environment.

In "The Right Idea of God," Henry Wood

In "The Right Idea of God," Henry Wood In "The Right Idea of God," Henry Wood gives us some extremely noble teaching which needs the widest possible circulation. Among other superb sentences we find these: "The simplest and most concise definition of God is a Biblical one, God is Love. It is not God has love but God is love."

As to where God may be found, we are told that he is omnipresent. Think what this means, love everywhere.

It is helpful to apply this even in terms of space. To illustrate: We think of gravity or attraction as, a cosmical force everywhere active. The higher power of love is no less so. "We cannot get out of or away from love, Omnipresent."

It would be a delightful task to reproduce the major portion of this essay, but such is

Omnipresent."

It would be a delightful task to reproduce the major portion of this essay, but such is not legitipate work for a reviewer while engaged in the pleasant duty of-calling public attention to a volume which deserves the widest reading, and should be industriously introduced by lovers of noble literature into every library and home.

No finer passage can well be selected than "as the glorious sunlight dissipates fogs, clouds and dampness, so God in our human consciousness will displace evils, disorders, ills and depressions, mental and physical.

The author sums all up in one phrase, concentrate upon the highest.

"Do Ydars Count" and "Fear" are two other excellent chapters embodying some very exalted and intensely useful practical philosophy.

The chapter entitled "The New Theoret.

exaited and intensely useful practical philosophy.

The chapter entitled "The New Thought and Hygiene" should be faithfully perused by all who are inclined to attach supreme importance to dietetics which should never be permitted to outshine in seeming value the far more momentous question of how we feed our minds which regulate our bodies.

The author says: "General rules are well, but they must be kept subordinate and made servants instead of masters. As an instance, many who professedly are in New Thought differ as to the advisability of using flesh for food. It is right to think differently, but is unwise to become dogmatic either for or against."

"The New Thought and the Church" and the "New Thought and the Bille" are two

against."

"The New Thought and the Church" and the "New Thought and the Bible" are two very valuable and temperate essays completely free from religious or anti-religious intolerance.

We commend them most respectfully to all who find it difficult to discriminate between unit and letter and essecially to all who

mend it the the ment level has most to common the the ment level has most to common the the ment level has most to common the the ment level has been considerable to the very mentally designated New Thought, but usually there is in the thought of an enquirer some element of vague uncertailary as to precisely how to set to work to practically apply a body of teaching which is certainly attractive as an idealistic theory.

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In the work now under consideration the author has sought to bring differing schools of thinkers and, practitioners together by proving that there is very much in harmony and the helps no health and halting through the higher have in the health has no health and halting through the higher have in the health has no health had had th

An appendix which is both valuable and interesting consists of "Mental and Spiritual Gymnastic Exercises" intended for self development through auto suggestion. Those will be found especially helpful by the many who are now endeavoring to begin to help themselves and others by reducing theory to practice in the actual employment of suggestion as a therapeutic agent.

A set of twelve "Suggestive Lessons" completes the volume. These are very brief and evidently intended chiefly as skeletons which teachers and practitioners can clothe at their own discretion with sufficiently ample verbiage. The final sentence in the book (printed in large capituls) reads: Under the Divine Law the Higher Prayer Provides for Its Own Answer.

The outward appearance of this noble volume is worthy of its excellent contents. It is published by Lee and Shepard of Boston at the reasonable price of 80 cents, postpaid 88 cents. It can be obtained at the office of the Banner of Light.

Roman Bricks.

The rebuilding of the campanile in Venice has begun. It is expected that the structure will be finished by 1906. Although the fall of the tower was a deplorable loss, some good attended it in the opportunity it gave archaeologists to examine the bricks.

It was found that the bricks had been used in arches, fortifications, the tops of walls and in other ways before they were built into the campanile, and that they are not Venetian, but Roman bricks.

The ancient bricks were made in slices, for in many the layers could be seen undisturbed.

The ancient bricks were made in slices, for in many the layers could be seen undisturbed. It is said that bricks made this way can bear a greater weight than modern bricks.

The bricks examined were of the first century. One of them bore the imprint of a horseshoe, which may prove that the Romans used a horseshoe like ours, although it is generally believed that their horseshoes were strapped on, not nailed.

Prof. Solomon Schechter tells of an occurrence at the British National Museum in London. A countryman visited it on cleaning day and found it closed. He was told that the staff of the Museum was absent, but he stormed and would not accept it as an excuse. The official in despair explained:

"One of the mummies in the Museum is dead and as a mark of respect the Curators have gone to the funeral."

The man left, satisfied with the explanation.

"Johnny," said his mother, "you said you'd been to Sunday school."

"Yessum," he replied.

"How then," she asked, "how does it happen that your hands smell fishy?"

Johnny volunteered the explanation: "I carried home the Sunday school paper, and the ortside page was all about Jonah and the whale."

Free Christmas Dinners.



Free Christmas dinners for 15,000 of Boston's poor will be supplied by the Salvation Army. Will you help by sending a donation, no matter how small, to the Salvation Army Headquarters, 850 Washington St., Boston, Mass.?

Violence is transient. Hate, wrath, ven-geance are all forms of fear, and do not en-dure. Silent, persistent effort will dissipate them all. Be strong!

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"Let there be light." Thus Chaor was dispelled;
And thus, in spring time, goes the mandate forth,
Drawing dark winter to his icebound north,
When Phoebus with the sun to higher course is held;
Or ripening leaflets' fall in Autumn is compelled,
And Maples redden, at departure wroth;
Or breath of winter blows its snowy broth
O'er drifting prospect, newly hilled and delled.
"Let there be light." As God to Nature calls,

calls,
So to the soul of man comes the command,
"Let there be light." Down tumble darkness' walls
And righteousness triumphant e'er shall

Let evil tremble. Stand thou on the right.
For nature and the soul, "Let there be light." November 8, 1903.

BE NOT A BLAVE.

Be not a slave! No thongs are necessary
To bind thy free and soaring soul in chains.
The silken softness of a thought may bind

From that be free, e'en though it cost thee

Be not a slave; for freedom is thy birthright.
Art thou a bondman? Even then, be free!
No shackles rusty can enchain thy spirit.
"Tis not thy body, 'tis thy soul makes thee.

Be not a slave; e'en God, thy great Creator, Demands not that to Him thou shalt be thrall. He made thee free; His son, thou dost inherit His freedom, greatest legacy of all.

The Discovery A LOST TRAIL.

BY MR. CHARLES B. NEWCOMB.

Mr. Newcomb's great ability as a writer upon subjects o spiritual truth is bro well known to require further refer ence at this time. It is sufficient to say hast as is a sacher of teachers a mp of high idea's, endowed with the happy faculty of being able to impart them to others. It is a raw book, and its merity-hould command for it a large sale. A writer says:

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will welcome another book by this wise teacher whose
words of help are doing so much to make it eworth belter

by maki g men and women better able to understand and

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that trange and beau if ni thing that we call life, but grand
in its acholarly simplicity. In the words of the author

Plain suggrations of confidence, patience, gladness and
fectisies often bring us back to the trail we have lost
through the uncertainty of our own power and freedom."

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Five volumes in one substantial cover. A grand book of songs with music for the home, or meetings of any kind. This new edition of Longley's beautiful songs contains the contents of his four volumes hitherto published in a series, with the addition of another—Vol. V.—of choice compositions; nearly all the songs of this later part have never been published; only two or three of the old established favorites of the author's productions are added to them, to satisfy the popular demand for these songs in a form that is convenient for congregation, as well as for home use. This entire book contains seventy-six beautiful songs, with music. Every one is a gem. They are bound in boards, also in cloth, and are neat and substantial. All who know Longley's songs will wish a copy of this sightly and convenient work. All who have yet to become acquainted with them, will find their money well invested in purchasing a copy, and in singing or listening to these rare melodies with their sweet and uplifting words. Longley's beautiful songs were publicly indorsed by the N. S. A. Convention of 1902 and delegates from different sections stated that these compositions were entirely used in the meetings of their respective socicties. The Convention in Cleveland of 1900 had no other songs than Mr. Longley's compositions on its program for evening meetings. For sale retail, and to the trade, at this office. Price. boards, 40 cents per copy. 60 cents in cloth covers. In cloth covers per doz. \$5.00, and in hoard covers \$3.50. Special prices made to societies or agents for large orders.

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E. A. BRACKETT

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

The well known author, E. A. Brackett, who some few years are leaved as attract ve work entitle d'Materialized Appari lons." ha vi e ntly brought out through B more of Leg.; I Publishing Oo, anotier vol me vi th the above named title. The value of a book is often enhanced if we keep working of the writer an as a roo photograph rev als much to all who how something of phremology and physiotenomy, the frost lisple ce or rait server as a grood introduction in the volume which it prefaces. We are told that the book was writer at the close of the author? Mithy ar, and the mann of the experiments were made is company with Wm. If Chamber, Investor of the ling character of his thought. Wr. Brackett was led to rarry appel ments from humanity. He rich many remarkable directions. During those experiments. Mr. Brackett discovered the 1 timate red ion between profound memoric above and deatt, and led to important discourses concerning north life. This anther visit as immense antiquity for many modern theories including popular views of evolution, and combines therewith a consider also early and and and the control of the volume is reflected "The Unknown". The chapter contains one of the most thrilling ascounts of a virange pupolish advanture we have yet read. Lovers of the merculous, as well as simple permission of the work of Life in which is substantially bound in dark green close, gits events in substantially bound in dark green close, gits events as mandeepty spiritual type, will be well repaid for a study.

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ought to read.
Absorbingly interesting, and should be in the avery thoughtful man and woman. No one on press without being one vinces of the scristenes of life. The book is of great value, not only to fight but to those interested in the problem of man of it as well as to those interested in phenomenal research. not only to Spiritua blem of man's future

PRESS REVIEWS.

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Bener of Light, Reston.

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Australia.

DRAR Mr. EVANS—I thank you very much for sending
me your extraordinary book of "Psychography." I look alit with great interest, and will be glad to mention it in the
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JIM

Angel Mother.

BY CARRIE E. S. TWING.

In her preface, Mrs. Twing savs:
I trust that the readers of "Jia." will deal with him as
tenderly as they have with "Lisbeth."
He is by no means a perfect boy, nor would I desire any
boy to be perfect; but he is a type of what may come to
the lowliest children of earth If they will recognise the
with earth's conditions understand that true living will
bring to them the echo of "Angels' Souga."

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sorret which he make with the control of the rest of the control o

Message Department.

Oh, Infinite Spirit of love and tenderness, to thee we lift our hearts, to thee we call and in the midst of care, of temptation in the midst of triumph or loss, we would feel the spirit of tenderness and love surrounding us, keeping, guiding and strengthening us until we are pure and triumphant in spirit. Not with hesitation, not with doubt, not with fear, would we come here to this little circle, but with assurance, with all possible faith that those who have loved and have passed on into another condition of life may be able to prove that they still love, still live, and are still willing to speak the word that shall give peace and comfort and joy. We ask that the spirits who come may be as assured of their strength as we are here, and as clearly speak as we would have them, that the message may be a revelation, that it may stand as an evidence of the great truth we know and love. Not only that we may be able to speak of continued life, but that the great shadow that rests on the world may be dissipated and cleared away through the sunshine of truth and love. Oh bless us in our undertaking. Oh spirit of love and truth, bless us in our effort to carry the good news to humanity's heart. On whichever side of life the loved ones may be, may they find and know each other and may all past mistakes and misunderstandings be swallowed up in know each other and may all past mistakes and misunderstandings be swallowed up in the joy expressed and understood today. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Joseph Emery, Beverly, Mass.

The first spirit I see is a man between fifty and sixty years old. He is above medium height and rather stout, with square shoulders and a strong face. His eyes are very dark blue; his hair is almost black with just here and there a suggestion of gray. He is clear spoken and seems to be so sure of himself and his purpose that he is allowed to speak first. He says, "My name is Joseph Emery and I am from Beverly, Mass. I was a merchant—dry-goods. This is not a new subject to me. I was interested more than anyone knew in this matter of spirit return and made some investigations that were clear enough to make a declaration of my knowledge when I was taken to this side of life. I died suddenly and while I was able to see distinctly what was done and what was needed, I seemed to have no will to act to control conditions and people that I had left behind. It was a strange sensation to be able to see and yet unable to make any difference in the acts of those who were managing my affairs. I passed away from that condition into one of less interest in affairs that had kept me so long and as I grew away from them I gained more strength so when I came back today I find a will and a purpose in everything I do and am sometimes surprised at the influence I am able to exert over people that I see. I have been of late very often with William and have tried to look clearly into his future so that whatever I could do might be for his best interest. I have no into his future so that whatever I could do might be for his best interest. I have no fear of what is coming. It is only a little while of uncertainty and then life takes a color of more importance and he will be able to set himself in the position that he has been seeking. I have seen Alice and we have talked it over. Alice is with me over here and she says to give her love and her assurance of interest and help. Don't let Ralphenter into the compact which has been discussed. I thank you very much for this opportunity."

Arthur Kellogg, Bloomington, Ill.

Arthur Hellogg. Bloomington, III.

There is a young man who comes to me now and he looks so funny because he has a bicycle with him. I see him looking at it as carefully and critically as though he were very much interested in it before he went away. He says a bicycle caused his death. His name is Arthur Kellogg and he lived in Bloomington, Ill. He is anxious to say that the accident was not due to carelessness; it was not his fault as far as he can see. It looks to me as though the man was riding along and a horse was scared by him on his wheel and in trying to escape from the horse he was thrown and killed. Nobody ever knew just how it happened. His face is very much disfigured, through this accident. He says: "It took me some little time to realize that I had gone away. It was so different from what I expected. I saw people and heard sounds and was able to walk and talk and I couldn't see what difference that was from heing alive as I always had been. To be what I expected. I saw people and heard sounds and was able to walk and talk and I couldn't see what difference that was from being alive as I always had been. To be sure, they were not the same people and it was not in the same place that I lived, but it seemed more like a case of nightmare than like anything else I could describe. At last my Grandfather Stevens whom I had known as a small child came to me and I learned from him what had happened. My sister Ella is alive. She used to ride, too, and she never cared to ride after that. I felt as sorry about that as anything and yet it seemed a little thing to have any concern over when such a matter of large importance would naturally be on my mind. It shows that sometimes the little things of life make more impression than weighty matters. My mother and father are alive and my mother grieves apparently much more than my father. I want to say that if she could know hat it is not just because I have strugfed with it and have overcome it until I can say to him I am not as quick tempered as leady and I would rather he would know that it is not just because I have strugfed with it and have overcome it until I can say to him I am not as quick tempered as I was down now near I am to her she would never feel with the and have overcome it until I can say to him I am not as quick tempered as I was down near I am to ber she would never feel with it and have overcome it until I can say to him I am not as quick tempered as I was down near I am to ber she would never feel with it and have overcome it until I can say to him I am not as quick tempered as I was down near I am to ber she would never feel with it and have overcome it until I can say to him I am not as quick tempered as I was down near I am to be she would never feel with it and have overcome it until I can she with the she will an not as quick tempered as I was down near I am to as quick tempered as I was down near I am to as quick tempered as I was down near I am to as quick tempered as I was down near I am to a how near I am to her she would never feel as she does now and if she could only know how it drives grief into my father's heart to see her grieving so she would strive to forget what had happened and look forward to our what had happened and look forward to our meeting. I really haven't very much hope that I can get them interested in this fact of my continued life, but at least I wanted to do my part and I thought I would feel easier if I made the effort. It is a wonderful thing to have an opportunity to speak in this way and I wonder whose good thought it is to have it done when I certainly have done so little to warrant it, but to the one who is planning this work, I give my grateful thanks."

Elizabeth Cook, Lawrence, Mass

Elizabeth Cook, Lawrence, Mass.

I see a lady. I think she is about forty-three or four years old. Her name is Cook and she writes before the name Cook 'Elizabeth,'' and as she does it the sweetest smile plays about her mouth and her face lights up like a spring morning. She isn't so beautiful to look at until she smiles and then it is a pretty sight to see the spirit shining through her. She says, 'I am so happy to come. I have been waiting a long time. I lived in Lawrence, Mass. My husband's name is Wilbur. He is alive now and is somewhat interested in these matters. He is what you would call a keen, business man and would look at this perhaps more from a practical business point of view than from the standpoint of you people who understand so little about spirit return. He isn't very well and while I would be glad to have him come over to me, I see that his life work would be incomplete if he came now and I would like to have him know I am interested to keep him in the body and at his work a while longer. He doesn't need to do anything except resease the tension. Medicine or long vacations are not necessary, but a little less presume on each day of his life will give him added years and they ought to be years of seculoses. I have a little boy with me—my

own. I found him partly grown when I came over and I think it was a greater loy to clasp him in my arms over here than it was to clasp him in my arms when first he came into my life. Oh it was a happiness unspeakable and now each day I talk to him about his father and we are both looking forward to the day when there will be no separation and when we shall be as a family together. My mother is with me and sends her love as of course I do."

Edward T. Clark, Baldwinville.

Edward T. Clark, Baldwinville.

I hear a spirit say: "Oh I want to get to my wife. I am from Baldwinville." He puts his hands right up to his head. He is pale, dark, thin and doesn't seem to be over thirty years old. He looks as though he had suffered so much that it was all he could do to bear the pain. His name is Edward T. Clark and he says, "My name isn't uncommon, I know, but I couple it with the name of my wife. hoping that will help her to understand. Helen is hers. Tell Helen that I miss her so. I try to be happy without her. I try to get along and think that some day it will be made clear to me why I had to go, but I am so lonely and I do want to see her so much. She is unhappy too. I think I could bear it better if she were a little happier. I knew I had to go, but I didn't think it would bear it better if she would only write her a letter or if she would write one to me, I would feel as though I was in communication with her. I was brought here today by her father and I want her to know that he is with me and is helping me and I know she has seen me several times, but she is so afraid that I have tried to keep away. She needn't keep the light because she is afraid of seeing me in the dark, for I will try to keep away until she gets over this nervousness. The picture of hers with the hat on that is near mine is the one I like. She will know what I mean and when she looks at that and thinks of what I used to say, I wish she could feel I would say the same today if she could hear me. You are so young, Helen, that I am afraid there will be long years of life without me and I would like to have our spirits get into communication to make the length of time seem less, so do try, dear, as soon as you can, to help me to come to you and I will try to give you a message that will mean something definite to you."

Isane McNutt, East Boston, Mass.

There is a man. Oh he is short, stout, ac tive, very nervous, seems to be one of those people that just want to go in and turn everything upside down till they get what they want. His name is Isaac McNutt. He has a held head black over the second to be a second to the want. His name is Isaac McNutt. He has a bald head, black eyes and a sharp, almost defiant air. He says, "I am an East Boston man. I can't find any rest or peace. I know my people think I have gone to heaven. They believe when a man's dead, about all one can do is to say good things about him, put a meanmant eyer his grave, trust to the good believe when a man's dead, about all one can do is to say good things about him, put a monument over his grave, trust to the good Lord that his soul is taken care of. The calm way that my personality is disposed of bothers me. Why, I am in the louse and a part of the family life just as much as though I had never gone away. I can get away but I don't want to. There is nothing over here that interests me half so much as where they are going and how they are getting along and I would like it better if they would manage someway to give me a chance to speak. It isn't a week ago that I heard Eliza talking about what I used to say and do and about what I would say if I saw her now, and then saying. 'But there, he is gone. What's the use of talking about him,' and I could have danced up and down to think that she could for one moment believe I was where I could not know what she was saying. The boy will come back. I am not making any false prophecy. I know he will come back and if they will keep still and let matters rest, it will be better for everybody concerned I would like to talk with Margaret. I think she would understand and would help me more than any of the rest. I can get nearer to her than the others, and I don't want them to think it is because I am any more fond of her than the rest, but some way I can see her clearer and I believe I could get to her better and I wish they would make the effort to send her where she can get a manifestation from me. It is rather a critical time and there is need of some word. Much obliged to you."

Gertrude Lovell, Atlanta, Ga.

A lady not over nineteen is here now. She is quite pretty, one of those dainty little bodies that always looks just about right. She has dark eyes, dark brown hair and appears in very stylish apparel. She doesn't seem to look the least bit sickly, but as though she might have passed out from a short illness so that no sign of distress or pain is on her face. Her name is Gertrude Lovell. She says, "I didn't live around here. It is a long way off—Atlanta, Ga. I have both father and mother and two brothers and a sister who are say to him I am not as quick tempered as I was. I always felt sorry for the time I went to pieces and yet I couldn't seem to help it, but I can now and I am sure he will be proud and glad. I like pretty things just the same as ever and I always said that was no sin. If it had been I don't believe God would have divers so many next; things to make no side. If it had been I don't believe God would have given so many pretty things to make us love them and want to adorn ourselves with them. They tell me over here that the love of beautiful things is not a sin, but it is to love them to the exclusion of all other things, so I am learning a little something there too. I like the new summer place; I was there with you all and I would like so much to have you know it. Perhaps I will be able to come again some time. Tell Ruth I send my love and a kiss and tell the rest I haven't changed a bit in my affection for them."

Questions and Answers.

W. J. Colville.

Questions.—I am desirous of learning your views as to the immaculate conception. Do you think there is any possibility-that Christ could have appeared on this earth except through the agency of an earthly father?

If there is no such actuality as the beginning of a soul, but the soul is always existent, how can we account for the fact that souls seem to differ so widely in the stage of growth to which they have attained?

Grace D. Watson.

344 S. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Answer 1.—In reply to the first of these enquiries read article in this issue entitled "The Birth of Christ" (which I have now carefully revised) which appeared something less than a year ago in "Mind" of New York and then in a paper issued in Lahore, India, an English Weekly Organ of the Arya Pratinidhi Sabha, Punjab. Christian missionaries of various bigoted and aggressive

schools have stirred up much strife in Hindustan, and this periodical, which represents and ably advocates a very useful progressive movement among the native populations of the Indian Peninsula away from degrading superactical, universal, spiritual religion, embraces every opportunity for placing before its readers articles written by European and American authors which serve to illustrate the advancing trend of religious opinion in Christendom. "Ram Deva" has no doubt had good reason many a time to rejoice when he has been able to let his public know that England and America Joday are not bowing the mental knee as submissively as formerly to dogmas, which are utterly undemonstrable and calculated to enforce no ethical precept of any value to humanity, while like the notorious Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, they constantly serve as pitiable excuses for venting of personal and tribal Jerusalem, they constantly serve as pitiable excuses for venting of personal and tribal spleen under cover of fiery zeal for some great doctrine of theology. Of course it would be absurd for any one to deny the possibility of a child being born without an anothly other way constant and the constant of would be absurd for any one to deny the possibility of a child being born without an earthly father as we see certain evidences of what is technically designated "partheno genesis" or virgin birth among orders of existence far below the higher mammals, but there is no good to be derived from building a dogma on a possibility when a much sublimer view of the dignity of parenthood can be gained from the view of Immaculate vs. Miraculous conception and birth inculcated by Oriental philosophers and Jewish sages.

Answer 2.—All who advocate the eternal endurance of the soul as a finite spiritual entity as proclaimed by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, to whose teachings Dr. Helen Densmore has recently called the serious attention of renders of the Banner of Light, evidently agree that when the soul embodies on earth or becomes incarnate in matter it begins at the very foot of the ladder of expression and slowly but surely works its way to the summit.

It seems quite easy to conceive of souls who are only finite entities and therefore not omniscient continually adding to their actual knowledge, as possibility to know and schulal knowledge, as possibility to kno

some region of actual expression. The in-herencies of all souls are identical, but in relation to certain definite expressions there is manifest that very difference which marks off those who are now engaged in one particular field of action from those who are working and gaining experience elsewhere in the universal workground.

'Immortality a Rational Faith."

Such is the title of a recent book by a Presbyterian clergyman. Without criticising the mingling of faith and reason in the title, contradictory terms in the Presbyterian creed, it is certainly an encouraging sign of the times to a liberal thinker to find a clergyman of this school striving to convince the world that immortality has a basis in reason. We who are in the van of the column of liberal thought welcome all recruits and hope that the day will come when this thinker will wish to lead rather than be led in the marching column of those who think with freedom. With a naivete which assures us that he has examined but a portion of the field, he remarks, "Of course (note the 'of course') the question of immortality is out of the realm of physical science." Why has not this pilot studied the whole of ms chart? Why does he discard the marvelous evidence discovered and offered by the physicists Crookes and Myers? Is he ignorant of the researches of Prof. Elmer Gates, who studies mind problems in a physical laboratory and literally weighs the emotions?

Oh, ye of little faith; when will ye learn

problems in a 'physical laboratory and literally weighs the emotions?

Oh, ye of little faith; when will ye learn not to be afraid, but to seek all over God's universe for evidence of the everlastingness of His gift of life? Fear killeth. Then why fear the name of Spiritualism, or shrink from studying the phenomena it offers?

When the hope which upholds all men and ever has, which is only an argument and never evidence, never proof, the hope which alone rounds out and makes understandable this earth life, has been succeeded and jus-

atone rounds out and makes understandable this earth life, has been succeeded and justified by the proof which Spiritualism offers in overwhelming abundance, men will no longer grope, and Milton's task will be complete wherein he sought "to justify the ways of God to man."

of God to man."

Is it that Calvanism and its creed fear the pure, sweet revelations of Spiritualism? Out on a faith that is a pretender, a blind guide leading men in the most important problem of their existence, fearing all the while that daylight's full glare will betray the quagmire

dayingn's full glare will betray the quagmire into which-it is surely straying!

But, after all, truth is mighty and will prevail, and tio book however full of error but contains some truth. So here, the importance of this thing which all the world's a-seeking,

contains some truth. So here, the importance of this thing which all the world's a-seeking, which the author strives to prove by argument while the facts which prove his thesis beyond all doubt, lie all around like flowers waiting to be plucked, has never been better depicted than by this half-hearted disputant. It is good enough to quote:

"All that lies paralyzed under the uncertainty of future existence rises and becomes inspiring under the vista of eternity. For both a sufficient motive and an interpretation of life are found. It is worth while striving for nobility of character, for character moves on toward destiny, and is to be taken with us. It is worth while to live self-sacrificingly instead of, selfishly, for we are immortals working among immortals to prepare ourselves and others for eternity. It is worth while cultivating the intellect up to the last,—for artists to paint, poets to sing, authors to write, musicians to compose, scholars to search, noble souls to sow what others must reap,—for all attainment is to be conserved, and the developed talent and the capacity to open up richer treasures in eternity. It is worth while to love deeply, devotedly, passionately, even with 'death shadowing us and ours,' for love is stronger than death, and love will find its complete fulfilment. It is worth while to take up life, with all its sufferings and mysteries, and to be 'steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,' forasmuch as we know that our 'labor is not in valu."

In Memory George Cole, Medium.

I was greatly surprised a few days ago on receiving a newspaper notice from a dear friend (Mrs. Tillie Evans, medium, of Brooklyn, N. Y.) to learn that George Cole had suddenly passed into spirit life.

My dear wife and I had the plensure of his intimate acquaintance for several years during our residence in the City of Brooklyn, and we found him to be an unusually intelligent, truthful, upright man, of a most kindly disposition. He was an honorable graduate of Erasmus Hall Academy, Flatbush, L. L., one of the first colleges established in the State of New York in the year 1786. Many persons of known fame, both male and fomale, were educated at this Academy, among whom was Emma Thursoy, the world-renowned prima donna. He was master of the Latin and French languages, was well read in ancient and modern history, and a fine musician.

As a medium for his phase of manifestations

having scen and read many of the written letters produced through his mediumship, in scaled envelopes, covering pages of letter paper, or foolscap, he favored us with a special scance at our own home, in broad daylight, when only three persons were present, and we each received a message from spirit friends that was recognized at once; and in my own case, in addition to the written message, which was in the handwriting of my friend, and entirely characteristic of him, I received a staff of music, as artistic and beautiful as though it had been engraved, and it was mathematically correct in its lines and notes and proportions. In less than ten minutes after placing the blank paper in a box, with our own hands, and putting down the cover, we had the result, and the medium himself was at least twelve feet away from the box the entire time.

But what follows may appear more wonderful still, and I solemply vouch for the truth of it. My dear wife passed into spirit life some nineteen months ago, after intense physical suffering. Five days after her passing out, while I was hurriedly walking along the streets of Brooklyn, I suddenly heard her affectionate voice singing to me "Beulah Land," which sent a thrill of delight to my very inmost soul. Later she sang, "Write me a Letter from Home." I at once responded audibly, "I will write you a letter from home, my dear one, and I know you will answer it." I then wrote a long letter to her, asking many questions and enclosed four pages of blank paper for her reply, put all in a securely scaled envelope, which I addressed back to myself, wrote a few lines to George Cole requesting him to sit for a reply, without informing him to whom I had written. Up to the time of receiving my letter, he was not aware that my wife had passed into spirit life.

On receiving my sealed letter, he took it into his seance chamber, and as he placed it

life.
On receiving my sealed letter, he took it into his seance chamber, and as he placed it on his table, to his amazement he saw the spirit of my dear wife standing by the table. It shocked him. He said to her:
"Why, Mrs. Jackson, is it possible that you have passed into spirit life?"
"Yes," she replied, "and there is a letter on your table from my dear husband that I am here to answer."

on your table from my dear husband that I am here to answer."

And she did answer it fully. The following day I received the envelope as I had sent it, the seals undisturbed. On breaking the seals, I found my letter to her, and her reply In Her Own Hand-Writing, written by her spirit hand. In her reply, she assured me that she was constantly with me, heard every word I said, saw all I did, knew what I wrote, and went with me wherever I went, saw everything I saw, and that when I talked to her she would impress me with her answers, all of which I have verified. She has been with me ever since, up to the pres-

answers, all of which I have verified. She has been with me ever since, up to the present moment, and I am fully conscious of her loving presence.

Our correspondence, through the mediumship of George Cole, continued for some eight or nine months. As we came into closer rapport, the necessity for further correspondence ceased, and in her last letter she informed me that she would write no more, but would remain with me in sweet soul-communion, which she has done.

George Cole was kept busy answering sealed letters from all parts of the world, and in all languages. I should have written to the "Banner" during our earlier experiences with him, but he was opposed to publicity. His phase of mediumship did more to convince skepties than any other manifestalicity. His phase of mediumship did more to convince skeptics than any other manifestations I ever witnessed. He will be greatly missed by multitudes unknown to Spiritualists generally. May God bless him and his dear wife and children who are left behind him, is the heartfelt wish of Joseph E. Jackson, Elks' National Home. Bedford City, Va., Dec. 4, 1903.

Lake Helen Beautiful.

Again I take up my pen to write a word for the Florida Campmeeting. Recent word from there tells me that already about fifty people are there located for the winter, and new arrivals almost every day, through correspondence of inquiry we are already assured that the attendance this year will be much larger than any previous year. This camp has had a steady growth since its beginning. No wonder. Our people are fast finding out that there is no place they can go in mid-winter so conducive to health, comfort, and happiness as Lake Helen. All humanity yearns for a sweeter existence. The Tort, and happiness as Lake Helen. All humanity yearns for a sweeter existence. The environments in this camp places its par excellence above all the camps, in the furnishing of that spiritual good which we expect to derive from spiritual camps. Spiritualists, above all other cults, should cease singing of the "Sweet Summer Land" and the "Sweet above all other cults, should cease singing of the "Sweet Summer Land" and the "Sweet Bye and Bye," when our grand philosophy teaches us that we can have them now. It this is your ideal thought and the good to which you aspire, go where you can realize it on this earth. Your conceptions can be made real through the mastership and supremacy of your mind. All things become real to the soul by and through the environments that surround it. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," said the Master to his Disciples. This was the secret of the wonderful_life of Jesus. He simply opened His heart and let in the sunlight. All His teachings go to show that He was a student of Nature. What would this material world be without sunshine? What would life be without sunshine in the soul, as the solar rays infold, and beautifies all forms of physical expression; so do our thoughts and acts give coloring and influence to the spirit, more especially our thoughts; for a silent influence is more powerful than active visible expression. As evidence of this contemplate

acts give coloring and influence to the spirit, more especially our thoughts; for a silent influence is more powerful than active visible expression. As evidence of this contemplate the power and correctness of Infinite Spirit, that is revealed in all forms of physical manifestation for, let philosophers reason as they will, and rationalism draw its conclusions, there is a power unexplained by either that holds in its mighty grasp the destinies of men and things.

We can place ourselves in apposition with this power by permitting the soul to rule, then all the good things will be added to our store. The true man does not give way to adversity. The supremacy of his spirit enables him to overcome the sorest trials; he holds a reserved force that comes to the fore, just as the opportune time when soul supremacy is needed. To him good is always the normal expression and he sees only the good. As the flowers draw from the world of spirit without interference to each other, so he too can make his life beautiful by imitating their example. I pity the fault finders. I pity the slanderer. Oh! how dark must be their lives. We have too many in our ranks; they belong to that class of Spiritualists who believe the second birth to be the transition called death. Could they realize that the "second birth" is the birth of the soul in the body (quickening, awakening), and that reguleration is the evolution of that soul into mastership and supremacy, by living the Golden Rule, "Doing to all mankind what we would have them do unto us," how different life would appear to them. But I must cease to philosophitz. I started out to write something for Lake Helen and the Beautiful South Land.

Reader, go South one winter and bathe in its Sunshine and see what you will find there! It will soften some of the harder fibres; you will be enabled to lop off some of the brittle edges! Take a lesson or two from the old time planner's simplicity, his honor and his truth. You will feel the better and be the better for doing so. There is something

which everywhere meets the eye; for in the old life there were very few shadows, such as there were gathered themselves about the negro cabins. As it is now, we are brought to a realization of the good that is in the hearts of the people of the South, with the good that is in the people of the North, bringing both to a better comprehension of the truth that we are a homogeneous people. Of all the places in the South that it has been my privilege to visit, the equal of Lake Helen as a pleasant resort is nowhere to be found, especially to the Spiritualists, and in the future it will be much better than it has ever been. A deep well has been drilled, bringing forth a fountain of absolutely pure water. The engine, pump and piping is on the ground; the tank is now being set up; a force of men is laying the piping; and, by the 1st of January, water will be conducted to all the cottages and public buildings. This will make the sanitary conditions absolutely good, so that the people who attend the camp can have every assurance of health and comfort. Our lecture talent is of the best. Mediums will be on the ground to represent all the phases of mediumship. Card parties, theatricals, dancing and boating, fishing, etc., will all be in hand. The regular camp session opens on the 7th of February and continues over seven Sundays. Many new cottages were built last year and four or five more will be built this year. It is the design of the management to encourage the building of cottages at Lake Helen, so as to combine the comfort and happiness of home life with the benefits derived from the climate and the camp, and eventually make of Lake Helen a Southern Chautauqua. My experience teaches me that to go South to spend the winter, one had better go in December and remain until the first of April. At least one should be careful not to return to the North until the rigors of winter are over.

Hoping to meet the old friends and greet many new ones at the camp, this winter, I

many new ones at the camp this winter, I am Yours truly, G. N. Hilligoss.

Missionaries' Monthly Report.

The work in the missionary field continues with the usual results. During the month of November we have visited eight towns and cities and held twenty-four meetings. At all of these meetings great interest was manifest, both in the presentation of Spiritualism and in the movement to organize Spiritualism

ists.

One of the towns we visited was distinguished for being spiritually behind the times, as ours was the first Spiritualist meeting ever held within its borders. Five of these eight towns had organized societies and three had

We organized a fine society in one of the latter towns, viz., Wabash, Ind., which starts out with good prospects for a successful future.

Of the eight towns visited six power.

Of the eight towns visited six now have local societies, and are loyal to the National and State associations.

All societies that we have visited in Indiana are heartily in favor of organizing the Indiana State Spiritualists' Association, and have promised to send delegates to the state convention when it is called.

We have received encouragement in this movement, from all parts of the State.

We are receiving many calls to visit local societies, as well as towns where no organization exists. We will respond to them all as rapidly as possible.

The question now arises, as to where the Indiana State Convention will be held. This question cannot be answered until we hear from parties in different sections of the State who desire the meeting to be held in their towns or cities.

who desire the meeting to towns or cities.

Persons wishing to have the convention held in their vicinity who wish to take an active part in arranging for it, will please write us at once, stating just what facilities write us at once, stating fust what facilities their respective towns offer and what they will do to help make the convention a grand success. Address Rochester, Ind.

E. W. Sprague and Wife.

N. S. A. Missionaries.

Without Excuse.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

I remember a good old couple with whom I remember a good old couple with whom we once boarded. He was a devout man, and conducted family prayers each morning, laying the book-mark very carefully against the last verse read when he had finished. I used to wonder how he would find his place again if some one shook the mark from off that spot. His wife was not quite as punctilious in her religious observances as he was. One morning at breakfast some one commented upon her absence from prayermeeting on the previous evening. She said she had the dishes to do. "Why," said her husband, "I helped you with those!" "Well," she continued, "it was too warm." "Now Sarah," her husband said quietly, "you said after tea that you thought that 'you said after ten that you thought that "you said after tea that you inought that the sir was quite fresh." After fidgeting a little, she finally remarked, "You know a person may give a great many reasons and still not give the real one."

The truth of that statement grows upon

person may give a great many reasons and still not give the real one."

The truth of that statement grows upon me. Sometimes we even delude ourselves into believing these false excuses. In fact, I think there is no one to whom we make so many and such varied excuses as to ourselves. When this troublesome self insimates that perhaps you should have done this, or you ought not to have done that, do not beat about the bush and answer, "Really, I couldn't; you know what Mrs. S. would have thought, and that other day I had company, and then it rained"—but come right out honestly and squarely and say: "That is past, and you might as well stop your nagging. I did what I thought best at the time, and I will do what seems best for this hour, and as for tomorrow, I don't know what I will do, because it isn't here yet. De not waste your breathe in making excuses which will usually degenerate into complaints against Fate." Let your conversation be yea, yea, and nay, nay. It is more simple and direct and so much easier,

This is a long way around, my dear, but perhaps you see now how this attitude makes for a placid life amidst the busy whirl of each day. I love you, I trust you. I make no demands upon you. "My own will come to me." When you have time and want to see me you will come, and we will enter at once into sympathetic relations without any preliminary excusing of each other.

You love me, and though you may be hindered for long from coming to see me, your loving thoughts reach me as you send them out, while you rest assured that I will not, cannot, misunderstand.

Friendship becomes more genuine and love more true and helpful when placed above any necessity for excuses.

Sooner or later we must each stand, stripped of every makeshift, left without excuse, to know onrselves as we truly are, dependent upon no one, answerable to no one, save to the God within us; and when we know the truth, the truth shall make us free.—Evangeline L. Close in Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

God dwells in the great movements of the world, in the great ideas which act in the human race. Find Him there in the interests of man. Find Him by sharing in those interests, by helping all who are striving for truth, for education, for progress, for liberty all over the world.—Stopford A. Brooke.

ALL LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL.

All life is beautiful; the humblest flower That cheers the dusty highway with its smiles, Has something in it of a heavenly power That oft my heart of weariness beguiles.

The blue-eyed violet of the glen and grove,
Spring's sweetest offering, is a thought of
God,—
A tiny poem whispering of His leve,
And making eloquent the soulless clod.

A shining pebble in the river's bed
That scarcely makes a ripple where it lays,
May teach a lesson worthy to be read
By all who murmur at the world's dull

The soft green moss we treat beneath our The waving grass that carpets hill and

plain,
Take to their generous hearts the dew or sleet,
And, uncomplaining, greet the autumnal

They do not question of its use or power, But meekly they receive whate'er is given, Thankful alike for sunshine or for shade, As we should be for all the gifts of heaven.

Tides.

Times change and men change with them't is an old saw, now known to be more accurately expressed in "Ideas change and within the state of the control of the

The Star.

The Star.

If the pedestrians looked they might have seen a little figure in gray shuffle along the illumined thoroughfare; now and again it would hesitate to look with hungry eyes into the shop windows, and the girlish, impulsive lips would part in envy, or she would say:

"Oh, I wisht I owned that doll, an' the little rag cat—no, I'd ruther have the candy, cos you can eat it." Then the pathetic little figure would tuck her dirty hands further into the sleeves of the ragged coat for warmth, and resume her shuffling gait.

Her poverty-pinched face told a story more sad than either battered shoes or ragged stockings could vouch for and the gaunt shoulders were drawn up in touch with the back of her head, so bitter was the cold.

But the throngs of people paid no attention to this unfortunate creature, but rushed here and there, with arms already filled with good things for Bobby and Arthur, or Sis and Jenny, into the refuge of great department stores from the cheeriess cold.

And the poor little waif, hungry and shivering, looked up at the cold dark sky and fixed her orbs upon a faint little star that seemed to struggle vainly with the darkness. As she looked she said to herself:

"That little twinkler must be mummer, and she's lookin' down at me. Poor mummer!" This was all she could say for the tears would stop her voice, and run in thin streams down her cheeks.

stop her voice, and run in this stream the cheeks.

Absently she wandered away from the bright lights, and quick moving throng, not knowing or seeming to care to what point of the city her benumbed feet took her. First she passed the plain dwelling of the working man with the frost upon its panes, and then

to the stately, dignified mansion of wealth, with now and again the voice of a singer, or full, sweet tones of an orchestra or piano coming from within its walls.

At one of these houses a gentleman opened the door and shut it, almost slamming it behind him. He ran quickly down the front door steps, and hastily strode away. The little girl was but a short distance from him and saw a young, handsome face. With a childish curlosity she kept her eyes upon him as his quick strides drew him further away.

Suddenly her foot struck something soft; she stooped and picked it up, it was a large pocket-book. She clutched it with her cold fingers, and a wild desire came upon her. She started in an opposite direction, and then stood listening to the footsteps of the gentleman whom she had seen come from the house. She turned and ran in his direction, but could not see him. At a corner she heslitated, listening. Indistinctly the footfalls on the frosty sidewalk fell upon her ear. Down the side street she ran at a mad gallop. This street took her to the bank of the river, along which a low wooden rall-fence ran.

The child raced madly along until she saw the dim form of a man in the flickering raps of a street lamp. With almost another stride he was at the river's edge looking down into the quiet water.

The child leaped into the street with a bound, and raced along until she crashed into the rail-fence with a violence that sent her tumbling backward to the ground. The man was at the top of the fence climbing over and muttering to himself:

"She's broken her faith with me. I don't care what happens; death is better. I have money, millions of it; what I want is liappiness and I can't find it—"

He heard the rush of footsteps behind him, and turned in fright from the dark waters to behold the piteous eyes of the child upon him.

"What—what is it?" he cried as he stooped over the diminutive form.

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Children's Rook.

"HE'S MY BROTHER."

I met a slender little maid
A rosy burden bearing.

"Isn't he heavy, dear?" I said,
As past me she was faring.
She looked at me with grave, sweet eyes,
This fragile "little mother,"
And answered, as in swift surprise,
"Oh, no! ma'am: he's my brother."

We larger children toil and fret
To help the old world onward;
Our eyes with tears are often wet,
So slowly it moves sunward.
Yet, would we all the secret seek
Of this dear "little mother,"
Unwearying we'd bear up the weak
Because he is "my brother."
—Minnie Leona Upton.

Children's Department.

Friday, Dec. 11, 1903.

Let yourselves be free in your religion, and a utterly unselfish. Claim your freedom in grice.—Phillips Brooks.

HINDOO MAGIC AND INDIAN OCCULTISM. A TO A DE LA VIETA DE LA CALLA DEL CALLA DE LA CALLA DEL CALLA DE LA CALLA DE pages in the hands of all amoure and interested beautiful the hands of the little beautiful the little beautiful the hands of the little beautiful th



Listen to the Children.

We must not only be ready to talk to and advise children, but also to listen while they alk, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. Give the same attention as to your most welcome guest. Often some little incident of the day related starts a conversation quite broad and impersonal, and I am amazed at the grasp and reasoning of the mind of my son, not yet six, on the whys and wherefores and right and wrong of things. Have I not reason to hope that the talks we have now, truly "heart to heart," will help him to consider and decide for the right in after years? The acts and conversation of grown persons seem ofttimes coarse and defective when judged through the eyes and cars of a child. I have to be constantly making excuses to my boy for what he sees and hears. I am trying to develop in him the power to consider the character of people, and right and wrong. Both girls and boys need this equipment.

The Birth of Christ.

W. J. Colville.

Children's Department.

My dear little friends: Now, after a long, long silence I find myself able to write you a letter. How my heart has been filled with love for you through all the weary months, and how many times have I been helped and strengthened by your letters and tender thoughts! I can hardly realize that Christmas is almost here, but in everything I read, and everywhere I look, there is some suggestiom of Christmas, until it really seems out of the question to think or talk of anything else. The city shops are filled with beautiful lights, and glittering, shining things, and one is tempted to wish for money to buy something for everybody in the world. It is such a pleasure to give presents that it is not hard to understand how one may forget the pressing isseds and demands and spend much more money than is right in pretty little gifts.

I once knew a young girl who would not even buy rubbers for herself just before Christmas, because she wanted to help take care of some poor little children. I thought she was just as brave and good as she could be, but I afterward learned that she went out in a heavy storm without the rubbers, which she ought to have had, and wet her feet, and as a result she was sick many weeks and had to be taken care of by a friend who could ill afford the time and strength and money which it took to bring the rubberless girl back to health. You see it was not the girl who wanted to do something for the poor who did it, for although she actually did the work and gave the gifts to the poor childred, her friend was obliged to spend more on her than she had spent on them, and she had no choice in the matter either.

I have very often seen people get things they could not pay for or afford just because they felt they must give just so many presents and they excused the wrong action by saying that they wanted to make a friend happy or Johnnie would cry if he didn't get skates, or Mary had been wishing and praying for a camera or some such foolish reason. There is only one feel with lov Present controvers, which is agitating the religious world and finding its way into secular periodicals, is calling renewed attention to the old query: Have we any valid reason for supposing that there was ever on earth what theologians designate a miraculous birth? Modern scholarship is little disposed to favor what is known as a miraculous theory when applied to any event within the range of human experience; and, though such refutation of long-accepted dogmas comes as a shock to hyper-sensitive nerves in ecclesiastical societies, there is really no cause for apprehension that true religion will suffer even though every theological idol be hurled from its time-honored pedestal. 100

Christianity has two sides: one practical and ethical, the other controversial and dogmatic. With the first of these aspects the modern world at its best and highest is in cordial sympathy, but with the second it is growing to exercise but little patience. "Immaculate conception" is not only a beautiful dream; it is a glorious possibility; but the ideal and the idea embodied in that phrase need never savor of belief in the essentially miraculous. The Church of Rome confirmed the dogma of Immaculate Conception of the Mother of Christ in 1854, and appointed December 3th as the date of its solemn annual celebration; but this dogma states that Mary had Joachim for father and Anne for mother. By a special act of divine grace, theologians tell us, Mary was conceived without original sin.

Stripping this dogma of all embellishment and reducing the idea for which it stands to its simplest elements, it may be stated thus: A perfect mother was necessary to bring forth a perfect child, and, in order to produce that perfect mother, divine grace led her parents to conform to divine order and abstain from all impurity. The miraculous conception of the child born to Mary involves a dogma that may be acepted on authority by all who choose to bow to the church that enunciates it; but there is no helpful lesson for humanity to be learned from its acceptance.

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for which is scarcely stronger when submitted to close analysis than that which can be brought forward for similar tales relating to other heroes.

There is certainly a scientific view of virgin birth that does not contradict any facts that Nature reveals, but it is difficult to see how references to insects, and other forms of animate existence far inferior to the human in the scale of organic development, can build up the credibility of a story that is supposed to each the birth of the world's Redeemer as a fact unique in human history and that it occurred as the result of a miracle that stands alone in human annals.

Christianity loses ground when it takes refuge in the miraculous and loses sight of the moral features of its teaching. To believe that the Savier of the world was conceived miraculously only plunges us into an ocean of profitless speculation, and it, moreover, lends support to the demoralizing theory that all human calidren outside the exceptional one are born-in sin and shapen in iniquity, and that their congenital depravity is such that sinfulness inheres within them to such an extent that without "supernatural" regeneration they are destined to perdition. A significant fact confronts the belief in baptismal regeneration—the self-evidence that baptized children as a whole are no better in their way of life than unbaptized children. The average Christian child is not more moral than the average Jewish child. What becomes, then, of the theory of baptismal regeneration when put to the test of practice?

The ideal of immaculate (not miraculous) conception is ennobling and inspiring beyond compare, because any mother and any father may entertain reasonable hope of becoming so well acquainted with divine law and order may entertain reasonable hope of becoming so well acquainted with divine law and order as to succeed in ushering into the world an infant around whom the dark mantle of inherited deprayity has not been thrown. The very giving up of the miraculous theory will serve as an incentive to put in practice the beautiful lessons inculcated by the simply immaculate theory, and thus may it come to pass that the death of a dogma may herald the birth of a life creed far higher and more elevating than any practise founded upon its predecessor. "Supernatural" is only superphysical, or above the earthly condition in which we have long been groveling. The world has lain prostrate for ages before the shrine of sensuality, and the Church has never taught the masses how to ennoble common life successfully. The monastic idea is founded on the belief that all natural affections and relations are either sinful or less noble than complete abstinence from family relationships. This doctrine must be a mistake, no matter whether it be advocated by Buddhists, Christians, or any other section of humanity, because if carried to its logical ultimate, it forbids race propagation to those very men and women who have attained to extraordinary sauctity and by their very saintliness must be best fitted to become parents of noble children.

ents of noble children.

Hebrew and Greek ideals are much more practical, seeing that they are based on the thought that no one can possibly be too pure or high to be a parent. The multiplication of the "unfit" may be undesirable, but the multiplication of the "most fit" must be a boon to all humanity. If the air is once cleared on this subject, and the question of human generation and regeneration is discussed fearlessly, we may expect that many important improvements will appear in all directions. Once let the dignity, purity, and sacredness of fatherhood as well as motherhood take possession of the consciences of the rank and file of an average population, and it will not be long before we witness an amazing and delightful improvement in public health and morals. The theory of miraculous conception has ostracized fatherhood, placing it completely under the ban, for children are taught that Jesus had no father, though he had a blessed mother. The double standard of morality tolerafed, if not advocated, throughout Christendom, receives great encouragement from this belief. The absurdest inconsistencies of ecclesiastical polity add justification by taking refuge under the wing of this presumption.

It has been for centuries tacitly admitted and often publicly taught that women are holier than men, and at the same time utterly inferior to them. Man, not woman, was created in the Divine image, so has it been declared; yet men are so vile that they can play no part in ushering into the world humanity's Redeemer, while woman, the inferior vessel, is privileged to enjoy the high distinction of becoming "theotokos"—the bringer forth of divinity! It is high time that popular theology were completely reconstructed on a rational and spiritual foundation. The sinful theory of human sinfulness must be relegated to oblivion, and the righteous theory of human righteousness immediately substituted. Generation must be regarded as good in its own day—immaculate, though not miraculous, whenever Law is perfectly obeyed. Regeneration must follow generation in the order of logical sequence; and, while we are justified in calling the former natural and the latter supernatural in a strictly etymological sense, each must be acknowledged very good in its own season. own season.

states, for us, are all conditions higher than those into which we are introduced at birth. Ursula N. Gestefeld uses the phrase, "the natural and the possible," quite frequently in her writings, and that form of expression serves to convey at once an unmistakable meaning. The possibility is immaculate conception, gestation, birth, and subsequent development till maturity is reached. This is "supernatural" from the common standpoint of humanity as at present situated, but it cannot be unnatural. The fulfilling of law is possible, but its non-fulfilment is at present ordinary; and between the ordinary and the possible a long road often stretches.

It is not difficult to believe that the greatest teachers the world has ever seen were conceived immaculately, but the story of their conception is surrounded with so much myth, legend, tradition and allegory that the scholarly intellect is ever prone to discard it as a poetic fable—having a moral no doubt, but a fable nevertheless. Orthodox Christian dogmatists fall foul of impartial students of comparative religion at every turn, because they have all similar narratives in the sacretheouse of the East and in the claralex, while they insirt upon the world's accepting the one story that they choose to credit, the evidence

by the fruits they are bringing forth, and if by the fruits they are bringing form, and it we are obliged to show scant courtesy to some old cumberers of the theologocal orchard it will only be because we seek to give more room for growth and encouragement to fruitage to those varieties which yield the most wholesome products.

SUNBRAMS

Annie Knowlton Hinman.

(Written for the Banner.)
On some fair day I know that I
Shall stand upon the heights where souls
Oft long to be. Above my head
I then shall see some sun-kissed peak
To which I must attain, thus will
It ever be. Meanwhile a slave
To discontent I must not be,
Nor cloud my soul with vain regrets
In this, the dawning of my heaven
To be. How can I know a sweet
Content in that bright Overthere,
Where I must stand struggling to gain
My soul's ascendancy, if now
I feel a vague unrest? How glad
Am I that errors past have led
Me to Divinity, and what
I am was born from what I was—
Through devious paths I trod, with eyes
Tear dimmed, the way has touched within
My soul some hidden spring and set
Outflowing a bright wave of love.
The past this legacy has left
With me, and though I walked neither
By sight nor yet by faith I have
Ben led to "Pastures green" and by
The "Waters still." (Written for the Banner.)

EFAn old farmer had the habit of "experi encing religion" every autumn, and of "hack-sliding" every spring. He was taken to task by his pastor for his numerous lapses, and declared that he would "hold on" for good the next time. Spring came and with it the usual work on the farm. One day, as he was plowing an exceptionally stony field; his best plow broke. Gone were all of his good resolutions, and all of his religion. He swore roundly. A neighbor heard him and said, "Why, I thought you were a Christian!" "Naw!" he snarled with a big oath, "I can't be a Christian when the plow breaks!" How like some pretended Spiritualists! They are Spiritualists in fair weather, but take to the church, as the farmer did to profanity, when an un-expected calamity befalls them.

The Vermont pastor who is accused of cruelty to the little girl confided to his care is filling his pulpit as usual. His flock does not believe him guilty, hence is standing by him. If innocent, he deserves sympathy and support; if guilty, he has no claim for immunity because of his cloth.

If suffering is necessary to enable man to evolve the attributes of the soul, then he will be forced to suffer; but what the soul suffers from the discord of causes and consequences, will be adequately compensated for by the ultimate result when its cycle of purification is over and the past is measured justly.—Selected.

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The fundamental thought of the author is sound . . . all men are raised by feeling. The worth of the man is what his worth of feeling is.—The Outlook, N. Y.

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