



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—
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 a balm,
Till, starting, you waken to clasp but air
And list to a fitting footfall there.
Sometime you'd give all the wide world's
prize
For one of those vanishing summer days;
For only one leaf from the swaying bough—
Sometime you'd clasp it—Oh, why not now?
—Lillian Whiting.

A Sombre Inheritance.

Susie 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 Suttie, 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 unkind 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 self-immolation was that of the mother of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose husband died in 1808, when she was but twenty-seven years old, 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 entire lives, 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 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 Wisdom spirits had to be abandoned for many years, until with the Dawning Light, the hour was found more fully ripe for its reception.

One of Hawthorne's immediate ancestors was the famous 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 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 his silent recluses, 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 exclaimed, "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 suddenly in the desert." His great enemy was self-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 purse. 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 wand—had 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 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 first home, and a friend now recalls the familiar sight, as she passed their gateway on her way to school, a little before nine, each morning, of this happy couple taking their constitutional exercise after the maternal 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 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 endowed 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 is quite as important to the spirit disembodied as to the spirit still in the flesh. 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 receive 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 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 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 scholars. 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 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 uneducated, 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 intelligence. The world is better for his having lived; 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. Stanton 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 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 were deep and unconscious. The very commonness 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. F. H. Mallock criticizes Mr. Myers' 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, hampers most its possessor. Little the criticized, 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. Mallock is principally known to us as an Englishman and publicist. He was first brought to the attention of the American public in a striking way by his book "The 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 dogmatic in thought and is always cock-sure of every

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. His 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 spiritualistic 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' anecdotes 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' 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 audience that wanted to see it smashed, the readers of the "Nineteenth 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 neither solicited nor accepted an article from his pen. Mr. Myers' book, as a scientific demonstration of life beyond death is irrefragable. Not 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 dares the edge of his sword. Of course he is evaded against Myers. Of course every scientist smiles a pitying smile at the absurdity of the contest and the futility of the argument. But never mind, the audience does not see the smile of pity, it only sees Mallock. He has the stage and, in a magazine article, the attention cannot be shifted from the star. Neither is his audience disturbed by the ignorance he displays of the matter he criticizes. The quality of consciousness 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 woefully ignorant of. Telepathy, atrophy, a quare, 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' designation of the subliminal 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-cellar" consciousness. 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 Moses when a baby spirit spoke, and apparently has never read the tests given Moses by the so-called Book Tests. Mrs. Piper he dismisses by quoting the interview published in the "New York Journal," long since proven a fake story of an unusually "enterprising" reporter.

How does he explain even the few feeble 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 "seances," like her when she was held under water so she could not speak, he would have still sat up his fingers and made them act the seances 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 wonderful psychological and yet published work from the scientist's point of view. It is not the futile Mallock declares in his opening sentence, "An astounding monument of unapplied talents and speculation." It is rather what Gladstone declared of the work of the British Society for Psychical Research, "The greatest work which the present age could undertake." It is the result of Mr. Myers' life study, the monument by which he would the world to judge him. It is scientific in its nature, that it is so is evidenced by the fact that no true scientist of eminence has even 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.

Then we shall smile at what we now deem
trouble;
Even as a baby, at the breast the while,
Feeble no sadness, all his joy is double,
Even reaches up to grasp his mother's
smile.

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

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

"There is a principle, proof against all
argument, a bar against all progress, and
which, if persisted in, cannot but keep the
mind in everlasting ignorance, and that is,
contempt prior to examination."—Felix.

"Accept nothing that is unreasonable; dis-
card nothing as unreasonable without proper
examination."—Radical.

HINDOO MAGIC AND INDIAN OCCULTISM.

DR. L. W. DE LAURENCE, Adept, High Caste Yogi and Master of the Temple of Hades, India, who is the Initiator and Westernizing Medium between the East and West, has been granted the Sacred Right to place in the hands of all sincere and interested Occult Students the most complete and valuable treatise on the occult sciences and the inner life of the Hindu. This treatise is a masterpiece of occult knowledge and is a masterpiece of occult knowledge and is a masterpiece of occult knowledge.

VISION.

It isn't raining rain to me;
It's raining daffodils.
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.

A few years since in a convention of master painters, one of the most successful painters from a large city, to illustrate the great importance of getting the paint into the wood, told how he had had his own house painted by his best workman with the best lead and oil. A German who lived next door to this master painter, finding that the new dress on his neighbor's house made his house look shabby, bought a few cans of cheap, ready-mixed paint and a small brush and in his leisure moments put his own house into fresh apparel. At the end of two years," said this master painter, "my house decidedly needs repainting, while the cheap stuff on my German friend's house still looks very well. If you could see the two jobs you would realize that the laugh is on me." In accounting for this difference, he thought it might be 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 who is accustomed 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, one gets well served. It is far better to wait until the rush is over, give the workman all the time he wants, and insist 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 time, can do better work than any amateur, German or other, that ever daubed himself with paint.

Most painters assume—and knowing nothing about it, the public concedes the assumption—that because they know how to get 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 belief that it pays them to do their own mixing. It doesn't, and they know it. A painter who mixes his own paint, to try ready-mixed paint, the capitol at Washington has just been painted through-out with a ready-mixed paint, and the painter is profuse in his expression of satisfaction with the goods.

Nothing better or more satisfactory for all-round use has ever been produced than the better grades of ready-mixed paints, and the painter who can get rid of his prejudice long enough to test them fairly, will never go back to his paint bucket and mixing paddle. The man who is painting the result, 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 liberal proportion of zinc in his paint, and so be in line with the great majority.

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 audience that greeted her at each service. Her communications were accurate and readily recognized, bringing comfort and knowledge to all who received them.

The last two Sundays of November, Dr. George A. Fuller, of Onset, occupied the platform. In his closing lecture he announced his subject, "Is Spiritualism 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 Spiritualism. Science has demonstrated the fact, and no further evidence is required. But in this article I refer to Dr. Buckley's inclusion of the so-called phenomena of modern Spiritualism under the head of Fanaticism. I do not like the word so-called applied to the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, as it always implies a doubt, and that fact is demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt for all time.

"He also states: 'Its votaries accept the most meagre evidence, which is sufficient proof to their credulous minds.'"

"I emphatically deny the charge. Meagre evidence, indeed! I will say that I believe there is not a Spiritualist present in this hall tonight who has not given years of his life

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 exorcism 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 exorcism of free love has been 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 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 Susie C. Clark will be our speakers.

M. Lizzie Beals, cor. sec.
292 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

A Correction Corrected.

Alexander Wilder, M. D.

In the Banner of November 28, I find my paper "A Wisdom from Everlasting," with an important alteration. I had quoted a phrase from Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians (xv:44), correcting the common version so as to read "a spiritual body." This alteration makes it read "a physical and a spiritual body." It is a sad mistake. Let me quote the text with the context: "It is sown a (natural) psychic body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a body psychic (psuchikon) and a body spiritual (pneumatikon). So also it is written 'The first man, Adam, became in a living soul (psuchen); the last Adam in a spirit (pneuma) which makes alive. But not first the spiritual, but the psychic, then the spiritual; the first man being out of the earth, earthly; 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 passage: "But the psychic man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; for to him they are folly (or fatuity), and he is not able to know (or form a judgment) because they are to be spiritually determined."

As the evident purpose in all these passages is to contrast the soul and the spirit, the two distinct entities. He never uses one term for the other. In another place he is more emphatic, describing the whole or entirety as "the spirit and the soul and the body."—I Thessalonians, v:23.

Undoubtedly these are distinctions with differences worthy of careful noting. The non-classical reader by comparing Matthew xvi:26, with Luke ix:25, will readily perceive that the soul is the self. Indeed if we read the term wherever it occurs in the common version of the Bible, changing it to "self," it will generally make sense. I do not have a soul as a possession, but am myself a soul. The spirit is the superior principle, the "rational soul" as some writers prefer to express it.

The adjective "psuchikos," about which I am so insistent, occurs only twice more in the Greek text of the New Testament; in both of which instances it is rendered "sensual," which cannot be quite correct. I will quote them, venturing somewhat egotistically to take the liberty to give my own version. In Jude 19 we read: "These are the ones who 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, demoniac."

Doubtless the translators in these two instances gave the term "sensual" as the English equivalent of "psuchikos," from regarding the soul as the subject of sensation, the entity which sees, hears and touches. The 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 correctly, and so 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 great fault with human beings is that they are not faithful to their ideals, to their knowledge. We know enough for ages to come. Then no need to go in search of new doctrines or ideas. What is needed is practice, experiment, patience in application. Pause for a moment to consider how we know what vast possibilities are involved in modern science, philosophy, and religion.

We really possess the truth about life, but do not pause long enough to realize it. This truth may be summarized as follows.

1. God exists. God is wisdom, love, beauty, power, goodness.

2. The Universe Exists. It is a progressive manifestation, in order and degree, of the divine nature. It is through and through divine, and reveals the divine in every detail. In all things there is a principle of continuity, harmony, goodness. In accordance with this principle, God is gradually working out all problems, both individual and social. We may safely trust God to bring all things out right. To be anxious, to be impatient to go in search of new doctrines is to distress God. The truth is here.

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, peace, and happiness; and wisdom shall 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 external 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 Book.

SNOWFLAKE.

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

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

Avalanche and snow-drift
Grow from single flakes;
Every crystal helping,
Yet no noise it makes."

—H. E. B.

A Wall of Snow.

There is a pretty, curious old town in Germany. The streets are narrow and the houses, very quaint, with their pointed gables 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.

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 dimmy and confusion in all the streets.

They had heard that the French regiment, called the Pitiless, on its retreat from Moscow, was only three leagues 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 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 away amid the rafters of the dimly lit 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. "Thank you His arm is shortened?"

"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 tramping feet and loud voices—and all was still.

Their hearts beat almost audibly; and they drew closer together as they felt that they were now in the midst of their enemies. Helpless age and defenseless youth! What armor had they wherein to trust? The faith of faith! And safely they rested beneath its shadow.

Every house was a scene of revelry. Great fires were kindled. Altars were ransacked. The soldiers, with their songs and winecups, their oaths and blasphemy, made the streets ring, striving to drown the remembrance of intense cold and terrible privation in those hours of drunken merriment.

Still the little group in the quiet old house sat peacefully through the long, long hours of the night, till morning dawned and showed them the wall of defense that God had built round about them. Exposed as was their house, from its position, to the eddies and currents of the wind, the snow had so drifted about them that the doors and windows were completely blocked up; and the French soldiers had not found it. With the

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.—Mead.

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 endeavor 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 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 hidden 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

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

will probably have drawn him to acquaintance with "Treasure 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 Appomattox 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. Elmsendorf, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for December.

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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 silencing all,
And the pansies sleep by the garden wall,
In the deepening twilight's odorous dusk,
Weighted with clustering rose-bloom's
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 odorously calm
Of this golden-crowned summer will linger
like balm,
Till, starting, you waken to clasp but air
And lie to a fitting footfall there.
Sometime you'd give all the wide world's
praise
For one of those vanishing summer days;
For only one leaf from the swaying bough—
Sometime you'd clasp it—Oh, why not now?
—Lillian Whiting.

A Sombre Inheritance.

Susan 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 Suttie, who mounts the funeral pyre as a living sacrifice to the flames which cremate the deceased body of her lord. The more festive widow of the present day, with an eye not unkind 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 self-immolation was that of the mother of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose husband died in 1698, when she was but twenty-seven years old, 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 entire lives, 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 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 Divine Messenger; and therefore this educative attempt of the Wisdom spirits had to be abandoned for many years, until with the Dawning Light, the hour was found more fully ripe for its reception.

One of Hawthorne's immediate ancestors 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 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 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 his 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 exclaimed, "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 delicious stream of thought will gush out upon the page at once, like water sparkling up suddenly in the desert." His great enemy was self-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 purse. 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 fruition.

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 wand—had 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 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 first home, and a friend now recalls the familiar sight, as she passed their gateway on her way to school, a little before nine, each morning, of this happy couple taking their constitutional exercise after the matutinal 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 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 endowed 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 masterpiece, "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 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 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 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 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 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 mortals 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 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 is quite as important to the spirit disembodied as to the spirit still in the flesh. 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 receive 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 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 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 scholars. 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 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 uneducated, 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 intelligence. The world was better for his having lived, 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. Stanton 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 misinterpreted and misrepresented and the medium has no alternative but to take the blame heaped upon her for having untrustworthily 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 under actual control, 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 were deep and unconscious. The very commonness 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. F. H. Mallock criticizes Mr. Myers' 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 criticized, 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. Mallock is principally known to us as an Englishman and publicist. He was first brought 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 dogmatic in thought and is always cock-sure of every

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. His 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 spiritualistic 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' Anecdotes 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' 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 audience that wanted to see it smashed, the readers of the "Nineteenth 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 rather 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 dares the edge of his sword. Of course he is ever-matched against Myers. Of course every scientist smiles a pitying smile at the absurdity of the contest and the futility of the argument. But never mind, the audience does not see the smile of pity, it only sees Mallock. He has the stage and, in a manner, the attention cannot be shifted from the star. Neither is his audience disturbed by the ignorance he displays of the matter he criticizes. The quality of consciousness he scorns, 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 hypnosis he is woefully ignorant of. Telepathy, atrosia, a quare, 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' designation of the subliminal 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-cellar" consciousness. 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 Moses, he refers only to some trifling experiments when a baby spirit spoke, and apparently has never read the tests given Moses by the so-called Book Tests. Mrs. Piper he dismisses by quoting the interview published in the "New York Journal," long since proven a fake story of an unusually "enterprising" reporter.

How does he explain even the few feeble phenomena he is willing to quote? He does not. He admits he cannot. His argument is 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 scissors he could not speak, and his audience would have undoubtedly applauded.

No, F. W. H. Myers, though dead, still speaks through the pages of the most wonderful psychological and yet published work from the scientist's point of view. It is not as the futile Mallock declares in his opening sentence, "An astounding monument of unapplied talents and speculation." It is rather what Gladstone declared of the work of the British Society for Psychical Research, "The greatest work which the present age could undertake." It is the result of Mr. Myers' life study, the monument by which he wished the world to judge him. It is a scientific irrefutable. That it is so is evidenced by the fact that no true scientist of eminence has even 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.

Then we shall smile at what we now deem
trouble;
Even as a baby, at the breast the while,
Feeble no sadness, all his joy is double,
Even reaches up to grasp his mother's
smile.

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

So we step still higher in that life immortal,
Gaining new outlook o'er life's problems vast.
So God opens wider ever wisdom's portal,
So shows his smile through all our troubles
past.

"There is a principle, proof against all
argument, a bar against all progress, and
which, if paralysed in, cannot but keep the
mind in everlasting ignorance, and that is
contempt prior to examination."—Paley.

"Accept nothing that is unreasonable; de-
card nothing as unreasonable without proper
examination."—Bradley.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1903.

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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 subscribers' forbearance if he fails 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 any personal reasons.

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 guarantee 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 following represents the principles adopted by the 1899 national convention of the Spiritualists of America, and reaffirmed at

the national convention held at Washington, D. C., October, 1903.

1. We believe in infinite intelligence.

2. We believe that the phenomena 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."

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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.

1. Agree with thine adversary, quickly.
2. Avoid useless talking.
3. 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. (Be true to your environment.)
4. Resist not evil (i. e., do not seek its enemy). (Overcome evil with good.)
5. Conquer lust. (Mortify those 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 ye judge it shall be meted unto you again.)
15. Clear your vision before seeking to guide another. (Cast the beam out of thine own eye.)
16. Teach those alone who can receive. (Give not that which is holy to dogs.)
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 intercourse with us.

Look upon them as merely the material 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 development.

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 open 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 beaten with many stripes; but he who knew not and did things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few."

Whether you laugh, believe or doubt; whether you are content 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:—"To keep your health! To do your work! To live!"

To see it to 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 right!

Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen wide astray—On, with what strength you have! Back to the way!

Intellectual comprehension is not necessarily spiritual realization; to know is not to be.

"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 becomes hard to accomplish; a hard one becomes 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 its "way."

Look, listen and be sympathetic in your

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 puzzle 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 mastery 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.</

10th, 212 Madison Ave. Price \$7.00.
FOR SALE BY MANAGER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held November 23, 1903, S. E. M.

Invocations.

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, let them find and 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 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 and conclusive to me, but I had not gone far 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 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 Ralph enter into the compact which has been discussed. I thank you very much for this opportunity."

Arthur Kellogg, Bloomington, Ill.

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 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 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 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 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.

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 release the tension. Medicine or long vacations are not necessary, but a little less pressure on each day of his life will give him added years and they ought to be years of usefulness. I have a little boy with me—

own. I found him partly grown when I came over and I think it was a greater joy 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.

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 her why I am here, 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 be so hard. If I could 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 needs to 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 picture she will think of what I said, 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."

Isaac McNutt, East Boston, Mass.

There is a man. Oh he is short, stout, active, 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 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 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 house and a part of the family life just as I was now, and 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 somehow 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 she 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 cruel time and there is need of some word. Much obliged to you."

Gertude 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 and a very pleasant smile. She is 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 Gertude Lovell. She says, "I didn't live around here. It's a long way off—Atlanta, Ga. I have both father and mother and two brothers and a sister who are in the physical body. I have been over here several years and on my birthday last week I made up my mind that before another year went by I would find some way to reach my people. My father's name is Charles. I would like him not only to know I have come but to realize it. I don't know just what to say to him that will be the most convincing, but one thing, I am not as quick tempered as I used to be. I know what he will say, that I was quick both ways—quick to anger and quick to get over it—but that is the kindness they show to the dead, and I would rather he would know that it is not just because I am dead, as he thinks, but because I have struggled with it and have overcome it until I can 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 don'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 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. 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?

Answers.—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 little less pressure on each day of his life will give him added years and they ought to be years of usefulness. I have a little boy with me—

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 superstitions toward a noble concept of a practical, 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 Dova" 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 today are not bowing the mental knee as submissively as formerly to dogmas, which are utterly undemonstrable and calculated to enforce no ethical precept of 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 spleen under cover of fiery zeal for some great doctrine of theology. Of course it would be absurd for anyone to deny the possibility of a child being born without an earthly father as we see certain evidences of what is technically designated "parthenogenesis" or virgin birth among orders of exalted animals, but I think it is safe to say that 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 proposed by the guides of Mrs. Cora Richmond, to whom I have written, in Helen Denmore has recently called the serious attention of readers 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 or actually adding to their actual knowledge, as possibility to know and actual knowing are not the same. If the soul did not contain ability to do a certain work, it could never unfold, evolve or evolve it, but through all conceivable possibilities of achievement be contained within every soul so soul makes any capability manifest except through the agency of effort put forward in some region of actual expression. The inheritance 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 halcyon that assures us that he has examined part of a portion of the field, he remarks, "Of course, the most important question of immortality is out of the realm of physical science." Why has not this pilot studied the whole of his 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, how little when will we 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 renders any man 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."

Is it that Calvinism and its creed fear the pure, sweet revelations of Spiritualism? Out on a faith that is a pretender, a blind guide to the most important problem of their existence, fearing all the while that daylight's full glare will betray the quagmire into which it is surely straying! But, after all, truth is mighty and will prevail, and no book however full of error but 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, the most important fact which he has 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 nobility of character, for character means 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 their seed, men to 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 fulfillment. 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 vain.'"

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 pleasure 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. I., one of the first colleges established in the State of New York in the year 1788. Many persons of known fame, both male and female, were educated in this Academy, among whom was Emma Thurst, 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, Mr. Cole was remarkable. Besides

having seen and read many of the written letters produced through his mediumship, in sealed envelopes, covering pages of letter paper, or foolscap, he favored us with a special seance 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, an 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 at the end of the time.

But what follows may appear more wonderful still, and I solemnly 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 sealed envelope, which I addressed back to myself, wrote a few lines to George Cole requesting him to sit for a reply, without telling 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 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."

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 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-communication, 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 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 B. 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. The 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 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 Bye and Bye," when our grand philosophy teaches us that we can have them now. If 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 mastery and supremacy of your mind. All things become real to the soul by the through the environment that surround it. "I have meant 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 the sunshine? What would life be without sunshine in the soul, as the solar rays unfold, 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 the power and correctness of Infinite Spirit, which 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 we can make this 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 regeneration is the evolution of that soul into mastery 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 philosophize. I started out to write something for Lake Helen and the Beautiful South Land.

Leader, 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 planter's simplicity, his honor and his truth. You will feel the better and be the better for doing so. There is something truly pathetic in the spectacle of altered fortune

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, and games will all be in vogue. 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 spiritual life of Lake Helen, Southern Chautauquus. 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 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 manifested, both in the presentation of Spiritualism and in the movement to organize Spiritualists.

One of the towns we visited was distinguished for being spiritually behind the times, as ours was the only Spiritualist meeting ever held within its borders. Five of these eight towns had organized societies and three had none.

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 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.

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 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 we once boarded. He was a devout man, and conducted family prayers each morning, and the book-mark very carefully against the last verse of the Bible he had placed. 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 prayer-meeting on the previous evening. She said and she dishes to do. "Why," said her husband, "I helped you with those prayers." "Well," she continued, "it was too warm." "Now Sarah," her husband said quietly, "you said after tea that you thought that the air was quite fresh." After sipping 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 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 insinuates 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. Do not waste your breathe in making excuses which will usually degenerate into complaints against Fate." Let your conversation be yes, you, 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 ourselves 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.

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