

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 90

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 12

DUTIES.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

Duties are pressing on me,
And the time for work is brief;
What if with purblind vision
I neglect the very chief?

What if I do with ardor
What a thousand could, may be,
And leave undone forever,
That was meant for only me?

From that, O Master, save me;
Move my hand, thought, voice, and pen,
To their peculiar service
In this world of needy men!

And oh! whatever labors
Are not fitted with my day,
Let them be for self—others
Grant the doing, Lord, I pray!

The Way to Do Good is to Be Good and Go Quietly About Your Own Business.

BY C. S. GARR, M. D. COLUMBUS, OHIO. (DR. TALKWELL.)

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

This statement made by Jesus is to be found at the close of the 6th chapter of Matthew, and belongs to the sayings of Jesus, known as the Sermon on the Mount. He has been telling his disciples that they need not worry about what they shall eat or drink; that by taking thought they could not add anything to the future, but that they would only distract their own energies from giving heed to the things of the present. He warned them against spending their strength, or thought about tomorrow; that the morrow would take care of itself if they would only seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness. He admitted that they had need of things to eat and things to wear. He did not presume to deny them the good things of this world. He only wished to convey to their minds that the way to get these good things is to cease worrying about them, giving heed only to the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

What did he mean by the kingdom of God? He said on another occasion, "the kingdom of God is within you." Right here a great deal of false thinking and false teaching have been done. People talk of the kingdom of God as if it were something external to themselves. Men think they are working in God's kingdom when they are attending to the things of the external world. This is not what Jesus meant. He located the kingdom of God within. Here is where he told his followers to work, within themselves. He told them in this text that if they would attend to that kingdom that God had placed within them, God himself would attend to everything else. The vineyard in which he called his followers to work was the vineyard of their own hearts.

In the garden of every man's heart there are weeds trying to spring up. The weeds of ambition and hatred, the weeds of distrust and envy, the weeds of pretense and insincerity, the weeds of rivalry and arrogance, the weeds of pharisaism, the weeds of egotism—all these are seeking to take root within the inner life of every person. These are to be uprooted.

These weeds are not indigenous to human nature as so many think, but they are wild weeds, the seeds of which have been sown there by human busybodies and mischief makers. Most of the people who sow these seeds think they are doing God's work. They teach men to be ambitious. They set before boys and girls in the secular school and in the Sunday-school, they hold up before men and women in sermon and song, the kingdoms of this earth, appealing to the ambition of men to become rich, to become famous, pointing to the warrior, the statesman and the financier as ideals.

When men teach these things many of them pretend they are teaching the words of Jesus. Those men and women are praised who have made themselves famous by amassing large fortunes or leading victorious armies or governing great nations. The children are diligently taught that success in this world consists largely, if not wholly, in copying the methods and purposes of these famous men. The weeds of pharisaism are carefully planted in the hearts of children by teaching them that their manner of life, their method of speech and their ceremonial observances have made them better and higher than others.

Thus it is that the weeds of egotism and rivalry, insincerity and pretension, arrogance and distrust, are sown in the hearts of our children and carefully cultivated by those who would be their leaders and teachers. But in the same hearts in which these weeds are growing are those good and useful plants that God has planted there. These plants are capable of bringing forth fruit essential to happiness and right living. These fruits are faith, contentment and love. By faith is meant, not faith in churches or creeds or

books, but faith in each other, faith in one's self, faith that God has so created and fixed things that we need not worry or concern ourselves about the final results. To cultivate these good plants, to uproot the weeds—this is the work to which every one of us is called. This is the kingdom of God and His righteousness which we are to seek. If we seek this kingdom, if we but obtain this sort of righteousness, then we have the promise of Jesus that all other good things shall be added unto us.

This is the work that one man can do just as easy as any other man. The rich man who is able to surround himself by chanting priests, indulge in splendid and expensive ceremonies and liturgies, the man who is able to build cathedrals and found asylums, is no better able to cultivate the kingdom of God than the poorest man in the land. Neither does a college education assist any one in uprooting ambition or arrogance within him and cultivating instead a childlike faith in Providence and nature and in mankind.

The ignorant and the weak, the down-trodden and the broken-hearted, are even more liable to seek the kingdom and His righteousness than those who through riches or fame or much learning are raised above the common level. Jesus said it himself, what was hidden from the wise had been revealed to babes. He said at another time, "How hardly can the rich man enter the kingdom of heaven."

According to Jesus there is just one thing that God wants me to do and that is to make a kind, contented, hopeful man of myself. A man who believes in himself and believes in others. A man who believes that righteousness will finally triumph over all evil and also believes that all unrighteousness will finally pass away. This is all that Jesus has called me to do.

But in doing this, of course, many other things will incidentally be done. Every contact that I have with my fellow beings, every activity of mine that touches other people, cannot fail to partake of the same character that pervades the kingdom of God within me. If within me weeds of distrust and pharisaism are allowed to grow, then every contact I have with people about me spreads the contagion of my own moral disease. This will be true whether I wish it or not. No man can prevent spreading the evil that is within him. Neither can any man prevent the beneficent influence of the good that is within him. The kingdom of God is not spread from heart to heart by striving or trying, by preaching or writing, but unintentionally and unconsciously when we least intend it.

Religion is not propagated in this world by striving or trying. The only way one can either be religious himself or assist any one else to be religious is by living a natural life, going about his own affairs in a kind and sympathetic manner, wasting no time or strength in anxiety about consequences. The only thing for which any man is responsible is the condition of his own heart. He should aim to do the right thing as it appears to himself. Having done what he believes to be the right thing he should leave the consequences with God without any fear or misgiving.

That man that goes aside from ordinary business relations to try to make other people religious, is the man that Jesus described when he said, "Ye compass sea and earth to make one proselyte and when you have made him he is two-fold more the child of hell than yourself." All the hurry-scurry of missionary enterprise, are from beginning to end opposed to the teachings of Jesus. Jesus not only did not recommend such things but did all he could to warn the people against them.

There are a great many people who think they are religious only when through some organization they are trying to propagate some theological notion or church idea. They worry themselves about the wicked world; they trouble themselves over the evil which others are committing; they talk themselves hoarse and make other people weary with their senseless prattle about this and that preconceived enterprise which they insist upon calling the work of the Master. They organize societies, make constitutions and by-laws, elect presidents and secretaries, make pledges and promises; they race from city to city to attend meetings public and meetings private; they keep up a jangle and clatter about nothing; all of which they call working in the vineyard of the Lord.

What these people are really doing is stirring up dissension, creating schisms, estranging class from class, preventing the normal working of social forces and making themselves discontented with life, filling themselves with distrust of all others who do not belong to their own little clique. Against all this Jesus warned those who listened to his teachings. He came to bring peace to the troubled souls. He invited all those who are weary to find the rest which he had found.

Some one may ask, "What, then, are we to do?" "Are we to give up trying to save the

world?" My reply is "No." God needs every man and woman in this world to help bring in the kingdom. The kingdom of God will be brought to this world only when it is brought to the heart of every individual. All any man can do to assist God is to make himself what he should be. If he has done this, he has become a leaven in the community which will help to leaven the whole lump. He will become a savior to others, not by talking about it, not by pious pretensions, or public prayer, but by going forth sincerely and faithfully to do the things which Providence has assigned to him. What he does other people will see. The spirit in which he deals with other men will leave its effect day by day, here a little and there a little. This is all we can do to assist God. This is God's work; this is the work that the Master assigned to all men.

But that man who lays down the ordinary duties of life, turns aside from the usual avocations of men, and thinks he is religious by giving his life to oppose men of other faith—that man is not working for Jesus, is not working for God. He is one of the most mischievous busybodies in the community. He is the fellow against whom Jesus warned the people as a proselyter. He is the fellow whom Jesus described when he said, "The blind lead the blind and they both fall into the ditch." It is this class of people who constitute the greatest enemies to the progress of the world.

But those people who go forth quietly without making pretensions or professions, doing the duties that devolve upon them in an honest, faithful way, actuated only by motives of kindness, making friends without respect of persons, these are the truly religious men. These are they who constitute the leaven that will finally leaven the whole lump. These are the ones who are really seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and to these all things shall be added. This is the message that Jesus brought to the whole world.

In addition to this message, Jesus called apart a few men to be his disciples. From the masses of men which he taught, from the great multitude that followed him and heard him, he chose only twelve to be his disciples. To these men he gave special directions, assigned a special work.

He sent them to preach the Gospel to the poor, bind up the broken-hearted. He told them to go without purse or scrip, not to prepare themselves by college education, or written documents. They were simply to say the words that the Spirit would give them. As they went, they were to cut themselves absolutely free from the commercial world, to become poorer than the poorest, throw themselves wholly upon the care of Providence, and He promised them that He would be with them always even unto the end. He told them not to defend themselves against their oppressors; if men sought to injure them, to do good in return. He showed them that in order to reach the outcast, they must take upon themselves voluntarily all of the discomforts and outrages which the down-trodden are obliged to suffer. He showed them that in this way only could they really reach the lost sheep. He showed his disciples exactly what he wanted them to do by doing it himself. He told them that if they did these things, they might expect the same things to befall them that He Himself suffered.

He started out a few men on this mission. They suffered practically the same persecutions that the Master did. Other disciples followed the first ones, and little by little the Gospel found its way into various parts of the earth.

But very soon an ecclesiastical system arose which undertook to organize the Gospel of ministry, and to convert the propagation of the Gospel into a vast commercial enterprise. Then arose the doctrine that a Gospel minister might provide himself with purse and scrip; that he need not be poor; that he might dress in the finest clothes, fare sumptuously and indulge himself in all the luxuries of the rich, and yet be a disciple of Jesus. This terrible heresy soon perverted the Gospel until the message of Jesus originally given his disciples to govern their conduct was absolutely forgotten or distorted.

But in spite of all ecclesiastical enemies to the Gospel of Jesus, a few men, here and there, in all generations have arisen to follow in the footsteps of the Master. About the same things have happened these men that happened to the Master. They have all been persecuted, some of them have been executed, all of them have been treated with silent contempt by the church, or else have been openly opposed.

Once more, however, the true Gospel of Jesus is beginning to make its real self felt. Once more the world is beginning to realize that the simple teachings of Jesus are worth more to the world than all the ecclesiastical hierarchies invented by man. Even the church is coming dimly to understand that if it is to carry the Gospel to men, it must, in some measure at least, adopt the methods which Jesus prescribed for his disciples.

Lillian Whitting on Mrs. Piper's Mediumistic Seances.

The Boston branch of the Society for Psychical Research is not losing any sleep, so far as I am informed, regarding the recent "revelations" of Mrs. Piper, as exploited in the extremely up-to-date New York Herald, and it would be indeed difficult to find a "revelation" filling nearly two pages that reveals less than this Orphic utterance. Apparently Mrs. Piper agrees perfectly with Talleyrand in his theories regarding the use of language, for an attentive perusal of these Sibylline leaves only conveys to the reader the fact that, in Mrs. Piper's opinion, all the matter communicated through her while in trance is due to hypnotism and to telepathy from "the living"—although just why we should limit the term "living" merely to those still in the physical environment is not quite clear; and if the divine revelation through Christ is accepted, those who have passed through death and have "shed" the physical body, as Stephen Phillips expresses it, are more intensely and vitally alive than we are. However, to waive that speculative truth and limit its meaning to just what Mrs. Piper intends to convey—the people still on earth—let us examine it from that standpoint. To begin with, let me say, first, that, although both the Herald in its headlines and Mrs. Piper in the text speaks of herself as "being liberated" from the Society for Psychical Research, the society itself has had no intimation of any severance of connection, and no longer ago than yesterday—the day after the Herald's publication—Dr. Hodgson resumed his "sittings" with this famous medium.

THE COMMUNION OF SPIRITS

Again, regarding the phenomena that has inspired an almost world-wide interest, Mrs. Piper has the same right to an opinion that any one else has, of course, but that she herself can be as good a judge of it as can her "sitters," and especially trained and able scientific men, is not true. Being the instrument she cannot study the process. During these communications her senses are locked in trance and her opinions regarding it are relatively to Dr. Hodgson's say, the same as the opinions of a hospital patient under an anaesthetic would be to those of the surgeon in charge of the case. Naturally, the surgeon would know much more about the experience undergone than the patient himself. But the larger and generally inclusive truth regarding all psychic phenomena is this: That there are many and varied causes for the results under consideration. Hypnotism, mind-reading, telepathy between those still in the physical world, the wonderful and the yet unmastered powers of the "subliminal" all these contribute to the sum of the phenomena. Accepting this scientific fact, there still remains a portion of the phenomena that is undoubtedly, unquestionably, due to telepathic messages from those who have died. And once accepting and assuming the fact of immortality as the entire Christian world does assume it, what, then, more natural, more simple even, than that those in the "life more abundant" speak to friends here? If the next stage of existence is in evolutionary relation to our own, as both science and psychical research increasingly testify, as a thoughtful, scholarly man like Dr. John Fiske, for instance (who did not accept the possibility of communication between those in the ethereal and in the physical worlds), but whose scientific and philosophic learning led him into the conviction of the unbroken evolutionary sequence of life here and hereafter; if this conviction be true, then what more natural than that spirit to spirit, irrespective of the physical body, should flash its thought and expression?

WHERE INVESTIGATIONS ARE BAFFLED.

Now, of course, there is a very wide difference between the assertion that a certain result is natural and even logical and the assertion that it actually exists. All great inventors, all workers in a chemical laboratory, all experimental students in physics in all directions meet the experience of working up to a certain point where—seemingly as a logical sequence—a certain result must follow, and it does not follow. A distinguished professor of biology related to me one evening not long since several such instances in his own experience. Why did not the (apparently) logical result follow? Where was the missing link? And this gentleman who knows as much about his specialty, I dare say, as there is, perhaps, to be known, at date, could only say: Here we are for the moment baffled; science has not yet penetrated this barrier. That it will penetrate it—that it may be penetrated and revealed any day by any biological worker in any country—is of course quite on the cards. Some fine morning it will confront him, either by his own efforts in his laboratory or flashed over the wires or cable from some other region. Science is always pushing her onward way and advancing more and more wonderfully

into the very heart of the unseen forces, conquering mystery, which, just as fast as it is conquered, becomes the natural and the simple, and is no more in the region of the mysterious. So, to assert that the actually demonstrated evolutionary sequences of the process of life lead up to the logical inference of communication across the change of death, is by no means in and of itself an absolute guaranty that such communication exists. To prove this—if it can be proved—we must penetrate still farther.

The great stumbling block is the phenomenon of mediumship. Regarding this it must be conceded at once that there is a vast amount of absolute fraud that has no more claim to attention than has the quack in medicine or the "shyster" in law. That may be conceded and swept off at once. Again, there is a vast amount of this phenomena that, while genuine of its kind, is totally inconsequential and thereby demoralizing. As all kinds of people live, so all kinds of people die, and the mere fact of death is not a transforming process, spiritually. He who has not developed the spiritual faculties while here, who has lived the mere life of the senses, with the mere ordinary intelligence, or without it, but never rising to the nobler intellectual and moral life, is no more desirable as a companion because he has died than he was before he died. And the objection to any of the ordinary seance phenomena is that whatever manifestations are genuine proceed very largely, if not entirely, from this strata of the crude and inconsequential, if not the vicious, with whom the high-minded man or woman would not have associated in life, and after death their presence would be quite as much to be deplored. Granted all these exceptions. One may sweep them off and clear the decks. Then what remains? There remains the truth of the unity of the spiritual universe, of the truth that the mere change of death is not a revolutionary one, transforming the individual into some inconceivable state of being, and removing him, in a geographical sense, into some unrevealed region in space; there remains the truth that life is evolutionary in its processes; that there is no more violent and arbitrary and instantaneous change by the event of death than there is in the change from infancy into childhood, from childhood into manhood. There remains the truth that the ethereal and the physical worlds are interrelated, interblended; that man, now and here, lives partially in each, and that the more closely he can relate himself to the diviner forces by prayer, by aspiration, by every thought and deed that is noble and generous and true, and inspired by love, the more he dwells in this ethereal atmosphere and is in touch with its forces, and is in companionship with his chosen friends who have gone on into that world. There is nothing in this theory that is incompatible with the teachings of the church, with all that makes up for us the religious life. On the contrary, it vitalizes and re-enforces that life. This life of the spirit must be in God. Let one, indeed, on his first waking each day place his entire life, all his heart, mind, and faculties in God's hands, asking him "to take entire possession, to be the guide of the soul." Thus shall one dwell hourly, daily, in the divine atmosphere, and spirit to spirit may enjoy its communion and companionship.

HOW TO ATTAIN RESULTS.

Within the past few years, since the publication of certain little books of my own, it has been in my way to receive hundreds of letters from inquirers into this phase of phenomena, coming not only from all parts of our country, but even from Russia, Germany, France, and Australia, while from England, especially, they have been very numerous. The special point in all of these was as to the general possibility of receiving communication here from those in the life beyond. In each and all of these I have invariably replied that while I had good reason to believe in the actuality of certain communications that I had myself received through the instrumentality of two remarkable psychics, Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Maudie M. Soule (both in the immediate neighborhood of Boston), yet, this great matter, if true, if it be a divine law in the order of the spiritual universe, must depend, not on any individual psychic, but on the development of our own spiritual faculties; that it rests simply on so purifying and exalting and refining the individual life as to make this spirit telepathy an experience as universal as that of ordinary sight or hearing, or observation. This is to say, if it be a manifestation of a divine law, established by God, in the order of the spiritual universe, then it must take its place in the ethics of life, in organized religion; in all that belongs to the higher life of man, and by this test, by this test alone, must it stand or fall. How shall one hold communion with his friend who has gone on into the higher life himself? How is a spiritual being already. Let him live the life of the spirit—which is essentially the life of love—for love conquers all of kind-
(Continued on page four.)

WORRY.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

Why do we worry about the best? We only say for a day, Or a month or a year at the Lord's behest In this habit of day.

Why do we worry about the road? With its hill or deep ravine? In a dismal path or a heavy load We are helped by hands unseen.

Why do we worry about the years? That our feet have not yet trod? Who labors with courage and trust, not fears, Has fellowship with God.

The best will come in the great "To be" It is ours to serve and wait; And the wonderful future we soon shall see For death is but the gate.

Who Are the Sensitive?

BY ANTHONY F. MILTON.

Men and women who are governed by environments—the influence of others, their opinions and views, conventionalities or social customs, fashion, religious or political enthusiasm, suggestion, etc., are all more or less sensitive, even if not accepted as such in the strictest sense of the term or meaning. Many are called "touchy," without giving them credit for being sensitive, but they are, nevertheless, only they are what the spirit of the term implies, that is, touched discreetly, not positively or for an effect that leads to positive reasoning.

Simply feeling hurt or injured and brooding over it, or invoking resentment is negative reasoning. It inherits no good; invites no understanding of the cause for being touchy or sensitive and only leads to more misery.

The true sensitive is he or she who reasons positively on that which touches him, whether pleasantly or unpleasantly, and turns it to account—makes practical use of it for his own as well as for the good of others.

Because someone thinks us haughty or jealous, or because we are the cause of their anger, or even becoming angry, thereby manifesting a worse defect than credited for or committing a graver crime against our critic than he has committed against us. The first query to self should be: "Is it true?"

If not, we might in turn think him mistaken, giving him the benefit of the charity of not believing in his own reasoning, that is, in itself a denial more effectual than argument or proof.

If true it is perhaps well to know it; for we do not always see ourselves as others see us, and self-study is in order.

"Touchiness" is often due to a lack of self-control, or even to a lack of reasoning that form which only considers self in such matters; never argues beyond its own sense of feeling, and only sees the dark side of a subject—the negative or the direction in which its consciousness is turned.

Love is positive. Uncharity, hatred, jealousy, resentment, its negative impulses, are negatively applied. Or we may say love actuated for a positive or a negative effect, being the same impulse. Charity, forgiveness, sympathy, etc., are its positive manifestations. Thus reason can be exercised positively and negatively. Acquiring knowledge, analyzing

thought, studying self, inviting opinion, fostering truth, reserving judgment, deliberation, etc., are the effects or manifestations of positive reasoning. Self-love or conceit, self-sufficiency, vanity, self-righteousness, false pride and often jealousy—though the latter is more of a selfish impulse, but it leads to selfish or negative reasoning—are reverse effects. But all come under the head of selfishness, whether it be self-love of the mind or heart—the soul-center—and self-love is therefore the cause of "touchiness" or discordant sensitiveness—yes, false sensitiveness.

It may be argued that self-love is a necessary acquisition. Yes, when exercised for acquiring knowledge, seeking truth or understanding, making one's self respected by the world through such knowledge or understanding, manifesting true dignity when criticized instead of sacrificing it by illogical conclusions, uncharity or combativeness, which a discordant or false sensitiveness frequently occasions. Wars, duels and personal encounters are largely effects of this evil.

True sensitiveness is that governed by reason or love—a positive effect, whether touched by an influence that affects us agreeably or disagreeably, harmoniously or discordantly, and is analyzed for the truth it conveys, whether it concerns ourselves or others. In accordance with this principle, we can adjudge sensitiveness as a superior quality of the human race, and give it credit for its own study and consideration.

But we can best understand them by that which affects them and thereby enlightens others, who are sensitive, but a puzzle to themselves—those who do not understand the influences felt—are undisciplined in the gift they possess—though there might be some among them not yet standing on a firm foundation. But we can best understand them by that which affects them and thereby enlightens others, who are sensitive, but a puzzle to themselves—those who do not understand the influences felt—are undisciplined in the gift they possess—though there might be some among them not yet standing on a firm foundation.

The first consciousness that many sensitive have of an extraneous influence is nervousness—a tremulous emotion not attributable to any material or physical agency, often followed by a forgetfulness of that intended or doing. If resisted to the influence, the next manifestation will most probably be a mental combat with an acquaintance—the effect of one mind acting on another, and first sensed as a disturbance, followed by absent-mindedness, then a recognition of the person causing the disturbance. That is sensitiveness per se. Now for the denouement.

If the combat is followed or accompanied by ill-feeling, the thoughts sent are of the same order, even if not interpreted. But if the reverse, we may judge them accordingly, though our repartee generally indicates their nature very accurately—the vibration of the thoughts propelled generating their like through the feelings which accompany them. If we control the thoughts sent are of the same order, even if not interpreted. But if the reverse, we may judge them accordingly, though our repartee generally indicates their nature very accurately—the vibration of the thoughts propelled generating their like through the feelings which accompany them.

Ill-feeling conveys the negative, and we only sense his negative impulses—like attracting like. Charity or forgiveness makes us positive, and we catch the intentions of the thinker, which is worth more than merely to know that he dislikes us. By knowing his

intentions we can better protect ourselves or outshame the individual.

The next thing to know is his specific intentions. Those may be also analyzed by our sensations or emotions during the rapport.

If simply irritated by the connection it is jealousy that incites to ill-feeling by the one in question.

If provoked or angered, there is selfishness in the motive.

If uneasy or overcast with fear, there is a vibration or malice in the vibration.

If low spirited, sorrow.

On the other hand, if joyous, there is good in the vibration, either good intentions or good news to be imparted.

If sympathetic or loving its similitude is on the wing.

If becalmed or tranquillized by the influence it bespeaks of a general good nature—a positive character—a strong mind or one whose negative impulses are under self-control—one who is trustworthy, reliable, truthful.

If cheering or light-hearted, it tells of good health or purity of mind. If the reverse, of halitosis or emotions during the rapport.

If inspired by the rapport, it conveys a like condition—intellectuality or genius. But if inspired or put into a "brown study," together with a weariness, it indicates genius dominated by self-love; if drowsy, by some passion, "touchy" is not consonant to wisdom.

And if repulsed by the rapport it betrays uncleanliness or deceit—with criminal tendencies when followed by an involuntary feeling of disgust or contempt.

Now, this same philosophy obtains by voluntary rapport or analyzing one's feelings while casting about, subject to dissection, or while in the presence of persons by accident or design. And furthermore, it must not be forgotten, what we can do others can, and we need to guard ourselves against their adverse opinions by practices consistent with positive reasoning and love.

We cannot enjoy the fruits of these two living principles until we have made them our own in our work. It is they which make us sensitive, but the accuracy of understanding its effects depend on the positive bearing it takes. Like any other talent or gift, sensitiveness improves in quality according to improvement of the possessor.

It is a good indicator of its active presence, but it is also an index to the need of self-culture; and as the latter is taken up, the gift unfolds itself with gratifying results to the owner—the reward being a higher guidance, contentment and truth.

The Fundamental Principles of Spiritualism.

Theosophy is the occultism of belief, and Spiritualism, of fact. While the Theosophist dwells on the relation of a septenary man to a septenary universe, and labors to understand the abstract, explain the difficult and reconcile the contradictory speculations of his occultism, the Spiritualist confidently throws open the doors of the seance room, and invites an investigation of its phenomena, which to him are facts, that prove the immortality of the soul, and forever remove from the human heart the restraining fear of eternal damnation.

The elective philosophy of Spiritualism, like that of all occultism, seeks to reform mankind through obedience to occult law. Matter and spirit are eternal and subject

to eternal and immutable laws. Out of the laws of spirit, which are demonstrated in the spirit manifestations and communications produced and received through mediums, is woven the entire philosophic fabric of Spiritualism. Theosophy is the thought is opposed to authority over reason, it is difficult to find even a principle upon which all Spiritualists agree.

The human soul after death possesses a psychic body, which retains the form and general appearance, the appetites and sensations of the former physical body, and consequently, being still subject to the temptations of passion, must continue to exercise itself in the practice of virtue until perfection is attained by a process of evolution through seven graduated spheres.

These spheres are seven spiritual worlds. They encompass the earth, one above the other, and float upon its atmosphere. Magnetic rays bind them together in every direction. Etheral particles are, continually drawn from the earth to form, according to their degree of refinement, the various strata of which these worlds are composed. The lowest of the seven is an exact counterpart of the present physical geography of the earth, and the other six, in their order upward, resemble the various geographic formations during six successive periods in past ages. The continents of spirit land are bounded by oceans, irrigated by streams, diversified by vegetation and dotted with cities of the most magnificent edifices.

The inhabitants of the world below are attracted by law to the invisible world above as they progress in their development. They continue in the habits, follow the ideas and practice the faith of mortal life, and impede or expedite spiritual development as they await the coming of a more advanced condition, or the teachings of more highly developed instructors. The orphan spirits of children are cared for by their kindred.

Since death, then, is a change in form only, it follows that the worlds beyond are inhabited by good and evil spirits. The latter called earthbound spirits, are those whose spiritual bodies have been transmuted before death in the gratification of desire or lost in the death of Christian superstition. As a consequence, they continue to frequent the bar room that they may inhale the fumes of its intoxicants, still prefer the society of the prostitute and delight in tempting man to the commission of evil.

Granting the existence of such spiritual worlds, it is not difficult to conceive the possibility of a communication between the living and the dead, for the state of a medium is a degree of spiritual development begun in mortal life. Many Spiritualists sit daily, sometimes for years, during certain hours, alone in the family circle or with a favorite medium to develop occult powers. In time, a tingling sensation, felt first at the finger tips and about the forehead, is accompanied by a drowsiness, and, according to appearances, at least, some fluid or vital substance is drawn from the body by foreign agencies. As the spirit is drawn from the body, the medium grows in force and extent. Songs are sung and the Lord's prayer recited aloud to produce, like the theosophical word, certain vibrations by means of which spirits are said to manifest themselves. The features and forms of deceased acquaintances are often, too, pictured to the mind.

These mental pictures, sooner or later, become objectively real; voices become audible to the subject and, when a trumpet has been used, to those about him; messages, written by unseen hands, may appear on a nearby

plate; sometimes, materialized forms, visible to any one, move about the room. A pungent odor always precedes and accompanies materialization.

As the law of attraction rules the spiritual so mediums, according to physical and moral health, taste and education, attract to themselves inferior or superior, malevolent or beneficent spirits. This development and practice, however, often brings about neurotic complications, and, in consequence, many mediums possess impaired faculties of reason, are sometimes prone to dissipation and always unfitted for the active duties of life. Professional mediums, who really have the power to produce phenomena, often have recourse to fraud in order to spare their health or to serve some other purpose.

All material bodies, whether animate or inanimate, yield a cloud like magnetic emanation, called aura, which is visible to clairvoyants only. The aura of a person is controlled by his own and the thoughts of others, and as auras vibrate in sympathy or not, they attract or repel one another, so that, when two persons meet, especially for the first time, the feeling of aversion or prepossession, which generally creeps over both, is the result of a blending or clash of auras. Inanimate objects, too, become individualized by the interblending of their own and some person's aura. It is for that reason, clairvoyants, when requested to give certain information about an absent person, require something that belonged to him. Indeed, the aura is the nerve system of the soul.

Now, to a clairvoyant, spirits appear transparent, rarely transparent, and their approach is accompanied by a magnetic vibration felt through his entire system. The conclusion follows, therefore, that the psychic body is magnetic, and is attracted to the aura of a person by the laws of magnetism. Through the aura, then, spirits manifest their presence, and influence the lives of mortals. As the thoughts are noble or base, the aura attracts good or evil spirits. The repellent radiations of the aura, also, drive away all spirits, consequently, a skeptic in a seance not only receives hardly any communications himself, but also makes the production of any phenomena almost impossible. Since thoughts are the uniting influences, for good or evil, between the physical and spiritual world, the faithful are exhorted from the rostrum to elevate and ennoble the mind by vanishing selfish thoughts, for Spiritualists, like Theosophists, who are sometimes spoken of by the former as "our separated brethren," compare selfishness to a vampire on the breast of mankind. Until all men have been taught to prefer the common to the individual good, their neighbor's welfare to their own, the brotherhood of mankind will be an impossibility; but, should brotherhood ever be a reality, the inhabitants of the earth, instead of Theosophists, will, of course, be Spiritualists; all will have developed such powers, and, by sympathy with the universal thought system, will have created such conditions, that the living and the dead will converse and dwell together as one in peace and in love.

Spiritualists have a national organization. States boards, too, are empowered to examine mediums and to issue certificates of their thought system, will have created such conditions, that the living and the dead will converse and dwell together as one in peace and in love.

Every precaution is exercised against the imposition of fraud, and all, whether mediums or not, who are responsible for such impositions, are promptly ostracized. Although no inner and secret circle, which is a part of the national organization, is known to Spiritualists, yet some emblems like the

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"Make yourself easy, my purty dear, no harm shell cum ter Jane. Jane shell be my darter as well as yourn, an' we betide ther man that looks at her with a hawk's eye. I'll bring him low, I'll bring him low! I haint got no larnin', but I hev 'ot a mighty powerful fist, an' ther man es wrongs my darter 'I feel it."

"O, Nathan, dear Nathan; it is nine o'clock and she is not here yet; what ought we to do?"

Nathan arose. He gently placed Mrs. Erie in the large arm chair wherina he had been sitting.

"Now set thar, an' jest be quiet an' easy like, an' don't fret nor nothin'. I'll look arter that thar gal an' ther thar yung millonier."

Mr. Kester went into the kitchen, took down his hat and coat and put them on, then returning to where Mrs. Erie sat, he took her in his powerful arms, somewhat as a father does his little child, kissed her fondly a half dozen times or more, then replaced her, stroked her hair softly with his great rough hand.

"Now set thar quiet, while I go ter see ter things. I hev ther right now, but until yer sed yer'd be my wife, I cud not very well, interfere twixt a man an' a gal as was nothin' ter me; but now yer've gin me ther right—ther right o' a father, I'll see wherther that yung millonier wants ter marry Jane or no. Not but what Jane's good enuf for any man, whuther or no he es a mill or a million, but maybe that yung man hes a different mind, which I'll soon find out. I'll cum back ter yer purty soon, turkie-dove, an' bring yer eaglet ter yer. Strange," he muttered to himself as he closed the door, "ther-such a dove shud nest a eaglet."

The old fisherman strode forth, with swinging steps, into the darkness. Jane Erie and Marcus Chesterfield had returned to the bench and just as he beat down to press one more passionate kiss on her lips, a tall form loomed over him in the blackness of the dark night. Marcus and Jane both started to their feet.

"Spy!" muttered the young man through his clenched teeth. "Move on, sir; whoever you may be."

"It is Kester; that mean old fisherman," whispered Jane.

"What is your business here?" thundered Marcus. "Are you deaf and dumb, that you cannot speak? Get out of my path, sir! Let us pass. This young lady is anxious to get home."

"Yer axed me wut my business was here, yung man; an' I'll answer ther thar question. Fust; my business here is ter hev a reckonin' with you."

"A reckoning with me?" sneered young Chesterfield. "Do I owe you anything, sir?"

"Yer, yer dew-fer sartly dew."

"It is false, sir; I never had any dealings with you in my life."

"Bot a man as hes deals'n with another man's wife an' darter, hes deals'n with ther man hisself."

"You have no wife or daughter, you falsifier—you out-cast of a fisherman! Is it not well known to everyone in this town, that you were never married?"

"But I will be married before ther sun sets tomorrow night, ef thar is a justice in this town as he's a right ter perform ther ceremony, an' a license can be had; an' I know it kin be, an' yer know it kin be, ef ther justice can't be ther knot one o' ther ministers, kin."

"Well, what hes that to do with me, either pro or con?"

"Pro means, I take it, before; an' con, after; that is, I hev heard so; but I'm not a larned man, an' the it don't

hev any sich meann', but whuther it or it don't, we'll jest understand it thar way. Pro is now, I take it; an' con is tomorrow night at this time—an' tomorrow night at this time I shell hev a wife an' a darter."

"But what is all this to me? you blasted idiot!"

"Blarsted, am I? I jest, am I? What is it all tew you? Wall, it ought ter be a great deal ter yer. Wall, now, I am er Yankee, wut cum frum Yarmuth, in old Massachusetts, an' I'll answer yer question by axin' another: What is thar thar gal, by yer side, tew you—ther thar gal as yer hev ben a walkin' with on this er lonely beach—ther thar gal as yer hev ben a kissin' on in ther darkness—what is thar thar gal tew you?" and Mr. Nathaniel Kester's voice took on the sound of a sea-lion's—a sea-lion being robbed of its whelps.

"What is this yung lady to me? Have I not a right to walk on the beach with any yung lady I choose, providing she is willing to walk with me?"

"No!" thundered Kester. "Yer hev no sich right. I am a blarsted Ijeot, but blarsted Ijeot as I am, I know right frum wrong, which is mor'n yer pear ter understand; answer me, now, another question. Hes a man a right ter dew wrong? No circumvolatin' about, answer yer or no. Hev yer, or any other man a right ter dew wrong?"

"I contend that I am doing no wrong," replied Marcus. "I have a right to walk with any yung lady I choose, providing she is willing. I also have a right to kiss her, if I choose, providing she is willing; and there is nothing wrong about that."

"I am a old Ijeot, as yer say; but ther law says it is wrong fer a man ter hev tew wives at ther same time, in course, we leave ther mornens out o' ther question; perhaps yer a mornen then? I never axed whuther yer ware or no; air ye a mornen?"

"No, sir; I am not."

"Ye air a American citizen, an' not a mornen; then yer hev no right ter marry tew women. Now ther question I want ter ax yer, is this: which one o' them tew women air ye a goin' ter marry, Isabel Morton, or Jane Erie?"

"It is none of your business, old man."

"Then I'll make it my business, and arter this night I'll make it ther business o' my life. Yer'll ruin no darter o' mine ef her father kin help it. I'll lay ye low, yer scoundrel, ef this strong right arm hes ther power ter dew it! Come, Jane; take my arm an' let's go home ter yer mother—ter ther purty turkie-dove as a waltin' fur her husband an' her darter."

"What are you talking of, you abominable old man!" exclaimed Jane. "My mother has no husband. By what right do you call me Jane? you vulgar creature! Take your arm? No, indeed, not I. Are you crazy, to talk about marrying my mother? How dare you? My mother, who was once a lady, marry an old, ignorant fisherman like yourself? I would much rather see her in her coffin—moreover, how dare you meddle with me or my affairs? Do you think yourself more capable of looking after me than I am of taking care of myself? Begone! and leave us. This yung man is my promised husband. We are affianced. I have a right to be here with him, if I choose. He has a right to kiss me, if he pleases. Take yourself out of my path, sir. What right have you to interfere between me and my future husband?"

"Hes he broken troth with Isabel Morton, then?" asked the old man.

"What business is that of yours, old man? Go and ask her if you want to know."

"Jane," said the old fisherman, "I ask yer pardin, ef I hev offended yer; but yer marm is promised ter me, we es fianced me an' her as is a settin' thar a waltin'

fur me now; an' as yer will be my darter tomorrow, I wants ter perfect yer, an' pervide fur yer, like as if yer ware my own child. I don't want ter see them purty little fingers a pricked up by thar needle any more; nor them bright eyes spilled a sewin' on shirts. I wud like ter hev my little gal—my little darter—made comfortable an' happy; but ef as yer say, ye air ther promised wife o' ther air millonier, then I hev no more ter say, ef he's broke with tother gal, an' ef he means ter keep his promise ter yer; but I will see ther tother gal an' find out fur sartin, or my name's not Nathaniel Kester. But come, now; come this time, Jane, ther's a good little gal, come home ter yer marm. I sed as how I'd bring yer. She's grieved like, an' frightened, ter hev yer out so late."

Jane's haughty face softened somewhat at the mention of her mother's grief and fright.

"Marcus," she said, quite gently, "I think I must go in now. It really is late. You need not wait to accompany me old man," she continued, turning to the fisherman; "I am fully able to walk alone, and need none of your assistance. Good night, dear Marcus. Kiss me, my betrothed," and she turned her face upward toward his. He kissed her in a perfunctory manner and she skipped rapidly away into the darkness.

"Now go about your business, you spying old rascal!" exclaimed Marcus; "and if I ever catch you at it again, I will have you arrested as a midnight assassin—one of the fraternity of sand-baggers," and the young man turned on his heel and walked away.

Nathan clenched his powerful fist and looked at it in the darkness.

"Ef I was ter strike him with ther thar," he muttered to himself, "he wud be a layin' here at my feet, dead! I must be keerful ther this hand commits no murder. Hold yer rowers, Nathan—hold yer rowers, an' don't yer strike," then turning, he walked down toward the boat.

CHAPTER XXI.

MORTON HOUSE.

"I axed thar pardner o' mine, ter stay by Molly 'till I cum. Guess hes es enamored tired out by this time. Bless me, ther town clock is a strikin' ten a ready."

He found Mark awaiting his return. "Thar, boy," said Nathan, "yer kin go now. I was gone longer-an' I meant ter be; an' I guess as how yer may take Molly an' go out alone tomorrow. Ye kin hev all yer make tomorrow, lad, fur yer old dad is a gola' ter git spilled. Guess as how ye kin take ther boat fur ther rest o' ther week, fur when tew turkie doves begins a coolin' ter each other, they must hev a little time to therselves, yer see."

"Why, Uncle Kester; are you really in earnest? Is it possible you are to marry? You have not intimated it to me before now. Who is to be the happy bride?"

"Ther bestest little woman in all this wide world—the little turkie dove up thar, as hes a eaglet fur a darter—a black-eyed, soarin' eagle, as picks a man's eyes out quicker 'n a wink."

"Do you mean Mrs. Erie?" asked Mark.

"Yes, I dew—ther sweet, purty dove!"

Mark shook the old fisherman's hand with a beaming face. "I am very glad," he said. "You will both be a great deal happier and more comfortable. She needs a husband and you need a wife. Nothing could be better. Dad, dear old dad! I wish you joy!"

"Wall," said Nathan, pensively; "I hev got a son-ther bestest yung feller as ever lived—an' I shell hev a darter tomorrow. Frum a lonely old man, as hes no body belongin' ter him, I shell soon hev a family—but ther thar eaglet—it's hard ter tame one o' them birds."

"You refer to Miss Erie, do you not, Uncle Kester?"

"Yes; ther thar gal—ther thar yung eaglet wata's

jest a bergin' ter fly. Ther nest o' ther turkie dove won't hold her much longer I'm a thinkin'. Pray God her half fledged wings may not be siled or broken; and the old man wiped a tear from his eye with the sleeve of his coat. "Good night, lad, I telled my turkie dove as how I shud cum back ter her for a little. No one will molest Molly here, arter this time o' night; and the tew men parted, Mark going to the hotel, and Nathan toward the little, lonely, black cottage, not far away.

Jane had reached the house some time since, and entered her room as she had left it, without passing through the living room where her mother was still sitting in the arm chair as Mr. Kester had left her. The mother's quick ear caught the sounds as her daughter moved about. Peace and love were in her heart. She would not risk a scene with Jane, just now.

Presently the latch lifted and the tall form of the old fisherman filled the doorway. He hung his hat and coat up as formerly, then taking his eye, who would be his wife tomorrow, in his arms, he kissed her fondly.

"Is it all right with Jane?" she asked.

At that moment the young lady herself opened the door and stood with flashing eyes, confronting them.

"Mother," said she, "I wish to inform you that I am the promised wife of Marcus Chesterfield, who I have pledged our troth to each other." She held up her hand and a very beautiful, valuable, diamond ring sparkled on one of the fingers of that hand. "He gave me this ring wherewith to seal our betrothal this night. I thought there were to be no witnesses but the senseless and shifting sands, but I was mistaken. That man witnessed the betrothal kiss. You, my mother, behold the ring. It is enough. A kiss is a small thing to exchange for a ring of betrothment with a millionaire, especially to a girl who has never known anything but poverty and distress. Never fear for me, mother. It is not an easy matter to bring down an eagle. Remember, mother, an eagle is a bird of prey. I have been called an eagle so many times that I rather like the comparison."

When she had delivered this speech, she closed her door and locked it. The mother gave a sigh of relief, but Nathaniel Kester clenched his fist; and then gave himself up to his present enjoyment with the woman who would be his wife on the morrow; and it was midnight before he returned to Molly and sleep.

Midnight found Marcus Chesterfield, together with his friends, luxuriously eating, drinking and gambling, and Jane Erie was to him almost as though she did not exist. As on former occasions, he staggered to bed at daylight; and did not rise until two or three o'clock in the afternoon. This night he had lost ten dollars at cards. Not much to speak of, to be sure, but Alstain had ten dollars more in his pocket.

(To be continued.)

Knowledge always desires increase; it is like fire which must be kindled by some eternal agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself.—Johnson.

Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their face or fancies, for that is but facility or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner.—Bacon.

"The mind and body are too closely allied for one to be able to function properly without the other,—or in dissonance one with the other, so that we reach a stage in medical history when the line of demarcation between mind and body with soul or spirit is getting less and less obvious every day. The physician of the future is undoubtedly the man who in visiting the sick can be doctor and soul regenerator at the same time."

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Banner of Light.

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Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to touch for the honesty of its advertisements. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued.

What is Right?

This question may well be asked by every moralist on earth when the sentences recently given two notorious parties by one of the judges of a Massachusetts Court are carefully studied. A prosecutor, who for years had plied her horrible trade in innocent young girls to supply the market furnished by wealthy libertines, was recently arrested and confronted by fourteen of her victims, who had been lured to her den of infamy by her agent, the man who was tried with her, and upon their testimony was convicted.

It may be urged that the Judge imposed the full limit of the law in both these cases. Perhaps he did, yet he would not have thrown in the lot of a six years' sentence had he really wanted the harbinger to serve nine years. The very fact that a nine years' term was hinted at, shows that the full limit of the law was not given. It is alleged that there were extenuating circumstances in favor of both the prosecutor and her agent.

The same thing, relatively speaking, can be done in cases like the above. The prosecuting attorneys, the judges, the juries, and all others who fail to do their duty can be by you held accountable for their actions and made to face the consequences of the same. You can vote for decent men to make your laws; you can elect pure minded and whole-souled judges; you can interest your neighbors in the same work by laying such facts as the above before them.

Such miscarriages of justice pave the way for lynchings and homicides galore, which always are a reproach to civilization. Where the law fails, or is likely to fail, the wild, untrained sense of justice in the souls of men speaks, and they are eager on to the lynchings that stain the history of our nations for these many years past.

A recent cartoon in Judge is indicative that the would-be funny man of his staff is either suffering from paresis, or has become an imbecile. In a recent issue of that stanch supporter of war, strife and trouble, one entire page was taken up with a picture of his Satanic Majesty seated at a telephone, talking with Auburn Prison officials, asking them how soon he could reasonably expect the assassin of President McKinley to enter his abode.

A Case of Idiocy.

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he should be punished for his terrible deed, but in the minds of the most enlightened citizens, there was a feeling that that punishment should be made imprisonment for life, with no possibility of pardon, and not death. To assume that there is a region where fire and brimstone hold sway, is to insult the most intelligent citizens of the United States, and the British gloating of Judge over the coming agonies of the assassin is horrible in the extreme.

The right of individual opinion is considered sacred in America, and it must not be forgotten that the great majority of the citizens of the United States are not believers in the doctrine of hell fire. They outnumber the fire-eating Calvinists five to one, and are entitled to respectful consideration at the hands of the majority. They do not flaunt their opinions arrogantly in the faces of their opponents, but always treat them with courtesy and award them their respectful hearings at all times.

Trades Unionism.

An extreme example of what Labor Unions can do in the way of destroying a splendid industry is instanced by the fate of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, O. Here was a plant set in the most ideal surroundings. Splendid foliage, fine roads, healthful location, the best of wages to its employees, and everything in the way of sanitation to make it an attractive place, had been provided, and were there for the working people to enjoy.

Unionism appeared. The walking delegate came, with all of his pugnacious officiousness. He discovered that the towels that were furnished free in the bath rooms were laundried by women who did not belong to the "Union." A demand was made for a change, whereupon Mr. Patterson refused to furnish these necessary articles any longer.

This was not enough. The men must be taken back, even if their work was poor, and their conduct reprehensible. This Mr. Patterson naturally refused to do. The ubiquitous walking delegate then went to extreme measures. The case was reported, a strike ordered, and two thousand three hundred persons were out of employment. This action paralyzed the works, and the result was the destruction of the industry, so far as the employment of labor was concerned.

The Banner of Light has long been known as an earnest advocate of the rights of Labor, and today stands for every principle that will serve to advance the workmen of the nation to the position that is rightfully theirs. But tyranny and slavery are no parts of Labor's prerogatives; the Union has enslaved its members, and endeavored to tyrannize over Capital. Labor combinations for protection and defense are right; but as Capital has no right to combine to crush Labor, so likewise Labor has no right to combine to tyrannize over Capital.

two classes are identical, and there should be a recognition of the truth on the part of the leaders of both divisions in this age of reason and enlightenment. Force never yet won a moral victory, and it never will. Force of arms has been the instrument of Capital to gain the ascendancy over Labor in many instances, but to oppose force with force in bloody contests, is far from being the true policy. Let Labor combine to protect itself—to defend its rights by the ballot, and by arbitration, but not for predatory efforts, nor yet for the purpose of destroying its own means of securing its livelihood.

Mrs. A. Altemus,

of Washington, D. C., took leave of earth Oct. 25, 1901, at the advanced age of 87 years. She was tenderly cared for in her old age by her devoted stepson, J. Homer Altemus, the gifted medium, who is well and favorably known to all Spiritualists. She was a noble-hearted woman, and her kindness to her stepson in his early life has borne rich fruitage in her old age.

God's Poor Fund.

Winter is approaching, and already the worthy, deserving poor are making their wants known. The Banner of Light is always willing to do its part in the work of aiding those in need, but the burden is too great to be borne alone. To our liberal-minded patrons, we therefore suggest that they place their donations in the above named fund that is sacredly used for the poor and needy. It is a practical charity, for not one penny is wasted in any useless expenditure, but every dollar is consecrated to the good of those who are unfortunate.

Will You Do It, Spiritualists?

Running for a few weeks in this paper is a notice from Mr. James B. Townsend, of Lima, Ohio, in which he proposes to give away copies of his Washington address, to be handed around to Liberalists and members of churches. Any Spiritualist who will sit down and read the address two or three times will soon have dawning upon him that the whole purport of the message is directed to Spiritualists.

When you write him for the address, ask him for a sufficient number to enable you to pass them to your Spiritualist acquaintances, as the vast majority of them are not reading the spiritualist press.

Miss Anita Trueman of the wide, wide world was a welcome guest at the Banner of Light office last week. She was en route from Maine to Buffalo, N. Y., where she is soon to open a class in occult science. Miss Trueman addressed a select audience at 102 West Newton St., Boston, Nov. 10, upon her favorite theme. She is possessed of talent of a high order of merit, and certainly has a brilliant future before her, if she holds to the spiritual laws by which she has hitherto been guided.

In the transition of Mrs. Lucy Woods of Kelloggsville, Ohio, Spiritualism has lost one of its most devoted friends and exemplary representatives. She was always ready and willing to serve the Cause she loved, and gave freely of her store to establish its truth before the world. She was and is our true friend, and we deeply regret her untimely departure from earth. She has lived to a good and noble purpose, and Spiritualism is honored in having had such a noble exponent.

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society gave a grand exhibition of chrysanthemums, plants, and flowers, in Horticultural Hall, Nov. 7, 8, 9, 10. The Banner was remembered kindly by the management, and we found the exhibit all that was claimed for it, and even more. It was well worth seeing, and the society is to be congratulated upon its success, as well as for the energy and enterprise displayed in making up the exhibition.

(Continued from page one.)

ness, generosity, sympathy, courtesy, as well as the specific moral virtues of truth, justice, honesty, and honor. So far as one may constantly live the life that is the expression of his highest and best, so far may he, even while in this world, live the life of the spirit. Life here and now is full of the richest opportunities, of noble dignity, of the deepest significance.

EXPERIENCE WITH MRS. PIPER.

To return for one moment to Mrs. Piper's expressed belief that all communications through her instrumentality are due to hypnotism and telepathy among the living, I will venture to record one or two personal experiences:

In the latest "sitting" that I have had with Mrs. Piper, early in last April, a man who had been dead for more than twenty years, whom I had never known, nor even known of until within less than a year previous to this date, and one who was not, at the time, the least in my own thought (for I was wholly centered on the idea of talking with Kate Field, the conversation being verbal on my part, and written on hers, through the hand of Mrs. Piper, who was in deep trance), suddenly, to my utter surprise, announced through Miss Field that he wished to speak with me. Circumstances had brought me into a somewhat unusual rapport with members of his family who are living, but whom at the time I had never met. With his daughter and others I had had some little correspondence, and all this panorama of a few previous sittings was taken up, revived, discussed, counsel given, comments made, and certain things in the future predicted, some of which in the unforeseen and undreamed-of manner, have been fulfilled in my experience this past summer. The entire conversation was in the perfectly natural manner of one who, in the ethereal world, saw and realized and sympathized with persons in this world who were the nearest to him, and who, from the spiritual side, saw more clearly, and more widely, than one within the limitations of the physical could see. On the hypothesis that the intelligence communicating with me was the individuality it claimed to be, all that was said was perfectly natural. On the supposition that this was from any member of his family, who are living, and who thus advised me, enlightened me, and accurately predicted certain events of this past summer which were, at that time, totally unrelated to any knowledge or imagination of mine, the matter certainly becomes involved in mystery and in laws as yet totally unrevealed to us. Now, the man to whom I refer had met his death under very tragic and exceptional circumstances. After he ceased talking (writing), Miss Field again resumed, referring to his personality, to several facts and circumstances which were totally unknown to me, and which have since been verified.

CAUSES BEHIND MRS. PIPER.

Again, one particularly impressive experience to me, a communication through Mrs. Piper (one that chances to best lend itself to public narration), has already been recorded under the caption "The Date in the Ring," in the Third Series of my "World Beautiful," and also its later sequence, in the volume entitled "The Spiritual Significance," and that I will not endeavor to reproduce here.

Any attentive reader of Mrs. Piper's assertions, as recorded in the article referred to, will see that there is nothing necessarily conflicting with the possibility of communication from those in the unseen. Mrs. Piper, like every one else, has a perfect right to her own opinion, but that she is as competent to judge of the phenomena of which she is so remarkable an instrumentality as are many of her sitters—including the trained minds of scientific men—can hardly be conceded. For my own part, I entirely coincide with the belief that various causes contribute to the results; that telepathy among the living, hypnotism, subliminal assertion, mind reading, are all among these causes; but after all is said, the preponderance of intelligent evidence is on the side that there is still a proportion that actually comes from those in the ethereal world.

The Society of Psychical Research is concerned in only one thing; there is one exclusive aim—that of discovering the truth. No member of the S. P. R., so far as I am aware, has the slightest desire to substantiate any preconceived theory, to establish any personal conclusion, but merely and only to discover what is true and to assist in placing psychic communication in its true relation to the divine laws of the spiritual universe.—Lillian Whiting in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. W. P. Thaxter,

the gifted medium, in response to the repeated requests of her many friends, has decided to open sances during the present season at her rooms in the Banner of Light Building, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston, on Tuesday evening of each week. Knowing Mrs. Thaxter to be one of the most reliable and thoroughly trustworthy mediums now before the public, it gives us much pleasure to recommend her to the favorable notice of all of our readers. We most heartily commend her new undertaking and wish her every success in her work.

The November number of "Mind" contains a symposium upon the subject of Spiritualism from the pens of Dr. J. M. Peebles, Willard J. Hull, and Harrison D. Barrett. These articles are replies to the attack upon Spiritualism that was made a few months ago by Rev. Dr. Lorimer of Tremont Temple, Boston. All Spiritualists are or should be interested in this symposium. Copies of "Mind" can be obtained at this office for twenty cents each. Send in your orders.

Owing to the crowded condition of our columns, the report of the meeting of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association has been unavoidably crowded out of the present issue. It will appear next week.

Letters from the People.

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

I am glad to see signs of a practical movement for the establishment of a permanent system of Spiritual Science...

What would these high examples of wisdom, and scientific consistency, think of a man, or class of men, who undertook to investigate the testimony of Jesus and Paul...

I am not complaining because of this weakness. It is natural, and a fruit of their religious education, and associations.

We have had much random talk, and we have it yet. We have jumbled facts and confused logic, and we do it yet.

The spiritual tide is rising. It throbs along the shores of time from the impulses of an infinite sea.

From Australia.

W. J. Colville's last Sunday lecture in Australia was delivered Oct. 13 in Fothergill's Hall, Sydney, before a very large audience.

The Spiritualists of New South Wales are to be congratulated upon their admirable new paper "The Psychic Journal," published monthly at 8 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

He will leave Auckland for San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 30, and expects to reach the "Golden Gate" Dec. 16.

Cash for REAL ESTATE

Spiritualism and its Prospects in the State of New York.

I am sorry that since my election as President of the New York State Association of Spiritualists I have been able to do so little.

Mrs. Twigg, Mrs. Reynolds and myself did get time to hold one three days' mass meeting at Watertown, in July.

Hearing that the services of Bro. George W. Kates and wife could be obtained for the month of October, with the consent of our treasurer, Mr. Harver W. Richardson...

Knowing that they were well acquainted in the state, and that I would be engaged out of the state, also knowing their ability as managers of meetings...

Besides spending a week in the work of the N. S. A., they held meetings in Rochester, Utica, Home, Auburn, Elmira, Waverly, Troy, and Saratoga.

When they sent in their bill of expenses, instead of Bro. Richardson and myself having to put our hands in our pockets to meet a large deficit, we found they were paid.

At Syracuse a misunderstanding arose, which, for a few weeks, seemed likely to shiver everything to pieces.

At last, the "tempest in a teapot" seemed to subside of its own accord; and now, I presume, that all are working together, as one harmonious whole.

We stopped, while in Syracuse, at the elegant home of Dr. G. C. Beckwith Ewell, and his good wife.

At our last meeting the little hall was crowded; by the time the people began to wake up, and many wanted us to remain and take a larger hall and go to work.

Now, my time for Sundays is all taken. I must either remain at home with the First Spiritual Church, or I must resign so that another can be secured in my place.

It seems to me that much might be done at any place where there are as many as two Spiritualists.

P. S.—Mrs. Hull says she will go either with or without me, anywhere in the state, on the same terms that I propose.

An Easy Way to Make Money. I have made \$500.00 in 80 days selling Dish-washers. I did my housework at the same time.

Announcements.

On Nov. 20 an entertainment will be given by the children of the Progressive Lyceum No. 1 in Dwight Hall, 614 Tremont St.

Don't forget the annual fair of the Ladies' Lyceum Union in Paine Hall, Dec. 16, 17, 18 and 19. Donations solicited.

Mrs. Minnie M. Soule will lecture and give messages for the Cambridge Industrial Society, 631 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport, Friday evening, November 22, at 8 o'clock.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Pres., will hold its usual weekly meetings in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Thursday, Nov. 14th.

Cured by a Slightly Power!

Dr. Peebles, the Eminent Scientist, of Battle Creek, Mich., has originated a Method that Banishes CHRONIC DISEASES.

Write to Him and He Will Cure You.

DR. PEEBLES, the Grand Old Man of Battle Creek, Mich., as well known throughout the world as an authority on Psychic Phenomena and the application of the Psychic Science in Diagnosing and Curing Diseases...

If you are in poor health, no matter if you have suffered for years, and your case has been pronounced incurable, just write the Doctor a plain, truthful letter and he, with his scientific staff of consulting physicians, will carefully consider the case...

Advertisement for Dr. J. M. Peebles' Institute of Health, Battle Creek, Mich. Includes a portrait of the doctor and text describing his methods.

very interesting school for all ages. Subject for Sunday, Nov. 17, "What is the Best Thing to Seek For?" All are welcome.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists will meet in Knights of Honor Hall, Hanover St., Manchester, N. H., Sunday, Nov. 17, at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Mrs. Alice Wilkins, test medium and inspirational singer, has dates open for December and January. Terms reasonable.

On Nov. 17th at 7.30 the Malden Progressive Spiritualists will have for speaker and astronomic medium Mrs. Nellie S. Noyes, Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant St.

Mrs. J. S. Scarlett has filled engagements in Providence, R. I., Oct. 6-12; New Bedford, Oct. 20th; Waltham, Oct. 27th; Salem, Nov. 3, and has open dates March 9th, 16th, 23d, 1902, which he wishes to fill.

Address G. W. Kates and wife, N. S. A. members, at 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C. Mail will be forwarded to them until further notice.

Spiritual Research Society, 53 Washington St., Salem, will be served the last two Sundays of November by that well known speaker, Miss Lizzie Harlow, of Haydensville, Mass.

Mrs. Lizzie Butler of Lynn, test medium, will serve the First Spiritual Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 17.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Alex. Caird M. D., President, Sunday, Nov. 17th, speakers will be Mrs. Hattie Webster and Mrs. M. J. Caird, automatic writer, of Lynn.

Mr. J. S. Scarlett has filled engagements in Newark, N. J. Meetings in The First Church of Spiritual Progression in the hall corner of 2d, 3d and Broad Sts. at 8 p. m.

To Spiritualists. The Banner of Light in its issue of November 2d, very kindly printed the address-delivered by the undersigned at the N. S. A. Annual Convention in Washington.

The Australian Kurwai, who was asked whether he believed that his yambo (spirit) could "go out" while he was asleep, immediately answered: "It must be so, for when I sleep I go to distant places, I see distant people, I even see and speak with those that are dead."

Blindness PREVENTED AND CURED. The only scientific method of curing blindness, by means of the Electric Light Battery.

Most Wonderful Results can be produced through this medicine in respect to restoring the hair to its natural color and its natural growth.

SEND lock of hair, date of birth and ten 20-cent stamps for a complete life reading, setting past and future, leading characteristics and business adaptations.

WISDOM OF THE AGES!!! DR. GEORGE A. FULLER'S GREAT WORK!!!!

Inspiring! Interesting!! Instructive!!! Filled with profound philosophy, fascinating mysticisms, transcendental spiritualism, lofty occultism and supreme idealism!!

The Book of the Season, and of the Present Age! NOTE A PARTIAL LIST OF SUBJECTS WITH WHICH IT DEALS: Angels, Archangels and Spirits. Character, The Flower of the Soul. Causation. Death. Divine Unity. Freedom and Self Government. Healing. Influence of Mental States. Karma. Law. Language of Spirit.

DOCTOR FELLOWS. NEW HEALTH AND STRENGTH IMPARTED. NEW ANAESTHETIC AND VIGOR GIVEN. Persons treated by Dr. Fellows have only words of praise for him.—Banner of Light.

STARNOS: QUOTATIONS FROM THE INSPIRED WRITINGS OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, Secy. of the International Brotherhood of the Holy Spirit.

KARL ANDERSON'S TABLES OF HOUSES For Astrological Studies. Clones, etc., for which they are applicable, brief, concise and plain.

Miss Judson's Books. "Why She Became a Spiritualist." In cloth, 24 pages, 25c.

CROOKED STICKS. An Illustrated Volume of Verses. Descriptive, Philosophical & Sentimental. Full of human interest, musical and cheering.

TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS. An Account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatises of JOHANN CARL FRIEDRICH ZOLLNER.

PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY. Being an Account of Materializing Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, with Remarks on the Relation of Facts to Theology, Morals and Religion.

"I'M A BRICK!" A NEW BOOK. CORRISSA BANISTER.

JUST ISSUED. "I'M A BRICK!" A NEW BOOK. CORRISSA BANISTER. In this book the author tells of the various things that she has seen and done in the spirit world.

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns.

Report of Seance held Oct. 17, 1901, S. E. M.

MESSAGES.

Ephraim Burgess, New Bedford, Mass.

The first spirit who comes to me this morning is an old gentleman. He looks to be about sixty-five years old. His hair is quite gray and rather long; his eyes are jet black.

William Hamilton, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The next spirit that comes is that of a tall man with blue eyes, brown hair and a quiet way. He comes up to me in his unobtrusive fashion, and just as quietly as if he were in the body.

to get some word from me. As it is now, she is half afraid it would displease me if she made any investigation.

Nellie Goddard, Albany, N. Y.

I see the spirit of a girl about fourteen years old. She is very fair and delicate, with blue eyes and hair that is almost gold.

Georgia Allen, Manchester, N. H.

The next spirit that comes is a beautiful lady. She is quite tall, rather dark, with dark hair and such a graceful kind of way.

To Edward Mariner, Boston, from Susie Mariner.

The next spirit that comes to me is a young woman who doesn't seem to be over thirty-five years old. She is very pretty and sweet and her eyes are dark.

so sweet to me that it seemed as though I must stay. I had so many things to live for, but it was of no use, I had to go, and when I got here I was not a bit happy at first.

Cordelia Campbell.

I see now an old lady and gentleman together. She is quite stout, with white hair, blue eyes, and her hair is combed down plainly at the side of her face.

John W. Beard, Piedmont.

Now I see a man. He looks to me about fifty years old. He is about the medium height and not very stout.

Lucy Johnson, Dayton, Ohio.

The next one that comes is a woman about thirty-eight or forty years old. She has light blue eyes, brown hair, and she seems like a woman who worked very hard.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly.

Those who wish can secure an excellent photograph of our popular medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, by sending twenty-five cents to the Banner of Light Publishing Company, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: While I know in reason that there are many of your readers who do not care for this series of letters, yet from the numbers who write me of their interest in them, I am sorry not to give the usual article at this time.

Owing to the thickness of the membrane and to the constant inflammation caused by the unfortunate treatment I received in Worcester, Dr. Weeks of New York has told me that the wound in the left eye was likely to re-open at any time.

My constant suffering for four and a half years was caused in three ways. This scar protruded against the upper eyelid and inflamed it. The eyelid also pressed upon the scar giving pain to the iris.

The day after I completed Number 159, great pain came on, and after awhile the wound in the left eye reopened and the aqueous humor flowed over the cheek.

Everything possible was done for me by friends here, and early the next morning, Mrs. Frederic Scrimshaw, the widow of the noble man who was made the subject of Number 114, guided my weak and dim steps to the office of Dr. Weeks in New York.

His treatment and the applications he ordered afforded me great relief. It is now feeling much better, though his sight is far worse than before this event.

I have written this short letter with many pauses, and hope next week to be able to do in the usual manner this blessed work which angel has given me to do.

I cannot close this letter, Mr. Editor, without offering you my heartfelt congratulations on your auspicious re-election to the presidency of the National Spiritualists' Association.

Yours for humanity and spirituality, Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Nov. 5, 1901.

Mediums.

BY E. A. BRACKETT.

A great deal has been said about scientific investigation of the so-called spiritual phenomena. Just what this means, is not easy to determine.

Science demands an accumulation of oft repeated facts before it has any authority to make a positive statement. Considered in this light, there can be no scientific investigation, since no two seances are alike and what seem to be facts obtained through one medium, may be contradicted at a seance with another.

To illustrate, I propose to draw on my own experience. In 1842 I accidentally became interested in "animal magnetism," at that time generally considered a humbug.

Recent investigators, pursuing the same thing under the name of hypnotism, appear to have rested their conclusions mainly on this condition without any serious effort to penetrate beyond it.

Sleep is a natural magnetic condition in which our dreams occur. The extent of dreaming cannot be known. The more profound the sleep, the less we are impressed by them.

sleep, the spirit is so far liberated that it can and does pass one-third of its existence in the atmosphere of another life.

Not until his subject reaches a clairvoyant state, does the magnetizer find anything of a decided psychological character. Here he is confronted with the theory that the spirit of his subject is so far liberated from his body that it can traverse space and is capable of giving correct information of what it has seen, or else that it has come in contact with an unseen intelligence that communicated the desired information.

When mediums first appeared, I sought and obtained hundreds of sittings with them. Leaving out materializations and the moving of inanimate objects, I found but little difference between them and my mesmeric subjects, save that the magnetizer claimed to be an invisible personal intelligence on the other side of life.

No matter how crude or undeveloped the medium might have been, there was ever present evidence of an unseen intelligence striving for recognition against the individuality of the medium and the still more adverse magnetism of the audience, whose suggestions and leading questions led more or less to confused and contradictory communications.

It is doubtful if any one is fully equipped to deal intelligently with this subject who is not practically familiar with the different phases of animal magnetism.

With the greatest care, I have studied hundreds of seances with no other object than to get at the truth. I have also with the same thoroughness investigated many of the charges against mediums, only to find that they originated in prejudice and ignorance or from a malignant vanity seeking notoriety in a vain attempt to expose an unpopular belief.

I have enjoyed exceptional opportunities for studying these phenomena. From the beginning, a majority of the mediums refused to take pay from me and I was at all times a welcome visitor and nothing that could aid me in my efforts to obtain information was withheld.

The controlling intelligence uses the medium as he would a machine and upon his ability to subordinate the personality of the medium and the magnetic influence of the audience, will depend the character of the communication.

The extreme sensitiveness of mediums, subjecting them to every adverse influence, tells heavily on their nervous systems, and if they are not carefully protected, they are liable to break down. I have known several excellent mediums who were so demoralized, physically and mentally, that they repudiated their mediumship.

"If At First You Do Not Succeed, Try, Try Again."

This is an old adage, which we have all been taught, when very small, yet there are many among you, I am sure, who have never heard it applied, as I will tell you of its having been done.

"We believe in heaven and hell, as temporary abodes of reward, or punishment. When a man dies, his good and evil deeds are weighed on the scales; first he goes to heaven and receives his reward, then to hell to suffer in proportion to his sins.

This is a part of the religious doctrine of the Hindoos, as related by the priest, "Moon-jah Chunder, Mokerje."

Kali is the goddess of hate and vengeance, represented as having four arms and hands trampling upon a figure at her feet, two figures at her sides, carrying out her bidding, of merciless vengeance.

The Hindoo Bible is called the "Shashtra." It is a common belief among the Hindoos, that Pundits, or learned men, who for years have lived among the mountains, as hermits, abstaining from food and all sensual pleasures, thereby attain such power of mind over matter, as to be able to separate the mind from the body, and let it, untrammelled by the laws of matter, move from place to place, still retaining the same form and ability to speak and act.

It is to be wondered at that the Hindoos

believe, when a person becomes insane, he is filled with the spirit of God, and hence their tender care of the same? "Never run when you may walk, never walk when you may stand still, never stand when you may sit, never sit when you may lie down," is a Hindu proverb.

Lycium Work.

SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT.

Officers and Members of the N. S. L. A., Delegates of the N. S. L. A., and friends in convention assembled:

It becomes my duty on this occasion as the Secretary of the National Spiritualist Lycium Association, to report the work of the organization I represent.

Had our Association been an active, working body during the past three years, undoubtedly I could give you a report that would be an inspiration to those who are interested in what seems to me the greatest of all work in the field of Spiritualism—that of assisting the young to gain that knowledge which has been a light to our feet and a guidance to our soul through the dark places in this life.

This Association is just entering upon its fourth year, a mere baby yet, and it needs the strong, sheltering arms of its mother, the National Association of Spiritualists. It was born into the ranks as a welcome child, under what we thought were favorable conditions, but it has struggled to prove something of an inspiration to those who are interested in what seems to me the greatest of all work in the field of Spiritualism—that of assisting the young to gain that knowledge which has been a light to our feet and a guidance to our soul through the dark places in this life.

There seemed to be no alternative, as we were given the use of the office and service of the publisher, but it was a mistake on our part which we need not regret. Had there been a sufficient fund so the Secretary or some other officer could have gone to a first-class newspaper publishing house and made a contract for the sheet to come out semi-weekly, if not every week, I could have gone out and made personal appeals for support and it would have been better.

How do I know? I know because during two summer months I received fifty requests to send such literature as I had on hand and during the months of June and October, I mailed upwards of four hundred of the lesson sheets, over two hundred copies of the original files of the papers, and nearly a hundred of Myra Paine's little work which she contributed, and in every instance letters came back expressing thankfulness for the same.

There is no need today to live over the past nor to hold up the mistakes made in our judgment of the past, and now under a new dispensation let us take up the work and hold it continuously before the world.

THREE YEARS OF SERVICE.

I would say that I have acted in capacity of the Secretary of the N. S. L. A. ever since the organization was first formed. I have given my time. It has been given freely. I may be perhaps, in your estimation, a little precipitate when I say I am not willing to take an office the coming year. During the three years of service, my whole soul has been in the work, but I feel the failure of results, and surely will not be pressed into it. I will work first and every line for the Lycium movement. Nearly all of my inspiration lies in that direction. I think I know what might have been accomplished had I not been handicapped and disappointed at every turn. I had intended to have made something of a career for the little paper, but with no certainty as to the time of issue that daily came to me for weeks relative to the matter. I became heart-sick. The postage on letters alone during the past year has amounted to \$7 and a fraction over, which gives a little idea of the amount of letters written. In addition to this, three dozen postal cards have been sent through the mails to correspondents where only a brief message was required. I have written to every chartered N. S. L. A., and received three responses only. Many of my letters have contained pages of closely type-written matter, as requests for more time to time for skeletons of the Object Lessons I introduce in my work.

I have endeavored in every way to do my whole duty by the Association. I have made efforts to get reports from Lyciums, but failed. Fellow workers, we must do something for the auxiliary Lyciums or we can not expect them to do anything for the N. S. L. A. We should have leaflets at our Secretary's headquarters, decorated cards and object lesson instructions, song slips and many other things which the Lyciums need. If they cannot be furnished for the cost of the mailing and expressing the price should be put down at absolute cost.

Above all, some one should be encouraged not only in the name of the National Association, but of its mother, the National Association of Spiritualists, to go wherever there is a desire for Lycium work, and if the N. S. L. A. care for sending work, and should be created in the National for the same just as orthodox churches do, for the Sabbath School Union Associations.

I will not take more of your time, but hoping, praying for success in the united efforts of the two children of the N. S. L. A. I am, first, last and every time for the Lycium Cause.

Respectfully submitted, Mattie E. Hull.

An Astonishing Offer.

Send three two-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, name and the leading symptom, and your disease will be cured. Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, Box 132, San Jose, Cal. Box 132, San Jose, Cal. Box 132, San Jose, Cal.

Advertisement for Gluten Grits and Barley Grits. Includes text: "These trademark grits are on every package. GLUTEN GRITS AND BARLEY GRITS. Perfect Breakfast. Perfect Health Food. PANISY FLOUR. Perfect Cakes and Pastry. Unlike all other flours. Ask Grocers. For book sample, write PARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A."

Advertisement for National Spiritualists' Association. Includes text: "National Spiritualists' Association. THEODORE H. HARRISON, Secretary. 100 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Visiting Washington cordially invited to call. The Association is now publishing a paper, 'The Banner of Light', containing articles of interest to all Spiritualists. Price, 25 cents per copy. Single copies, 10 cents. For a year, \$2.50. For two years, \$4.50. For three years, \$6.50. For four years, \$8.50. For five years, \$10.50. For six years, \$12.50. For seven years, \$14.50. For eight years, \$16.50. For nine years, \$18.50. For ten years, \$20.50. Single copies, 10 cents. For a year, \$2.50. For two years, \$4.50. For three years, \$6.50. For four years, \$8.50. For five years, \$10.50. For six years, \$12.50. For seven years, \$14.50. For eight years, \$16.50. For nine years, \$18.50. For ten years, \$20.50. Single copies, 10 cents. For a year, \$2.50. For two years, \$4.50. For three years, \$6.50. 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Children's Spiritualism.

CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep, Close thine eyes and do not weep, Thy Mother o'er thee close watch will keep...

Posies.

Dear Children: Xilla and I had a real treat yesterday, and I mean to go shares with you. There came in the mail a box addressed Xilla, and when we opened it there were the prettiest white, pink and red flowers you could want.

Monson, Maine, Nov. 3, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Barrett: With this letter a package is mailed to Xilla, sent by baby Leona. They are the flowers that are now blooming in her home on "The Green Hill."

Mary Drake Jenne.

It is a mile and a half to our post office, and Xilla does not go down very often. The sun was shining so brightly yesterday morning that her grandpa said he would wheel her down in her carriage and get the mail.

Alice Hulbert's letters are always a treat, because they are so full of good cheer and good sense too. I don't think we told you that the singing hen, to whom she wrote, must be a spirit ben now, for its body is dead.

M. C. Barrett.

Good for the Mule.

I bought a large iron-gray pack mule to carry my goods across the Sierra Nevada. I christened him Pete. The day after we started we—Pete and I—came to a nice grassy place.

I sprang to my feet, and it was well I did so, for I saved me from the embrace of a very large, hungry, and ferocious grizzly bear, who was standing, preparing to throw his paw around me.

Pete's behavior, much as I had already learned of the remarkable animal, surprised me. When I was safe his alarm disappeared altogether. He dropped his head and began to nibble the grass again.

Pete kept on grazing. The bear was as much astonished as I was. Evidently he considered such conduct without a parallel, for he looked harder than ever at Pete, then scratched his head and tried to think out an answer to the problem.

By and by the bear arose, made a grand circuit around the tree in order to watch Pete from every angle and point. Getting no satisfaction out of that mode of procedure he came over to my tree and looked up at me for an answer.

Between the bear and me we began to think that Pete had lost his mind. Perhaps fright at the appearance of the bear had so bereft him of reason that he continued to eat grass through the mere force of habit.

Soon the grizzly's appetite overcame his curiosity, and he prepared for work. He seemed to me to make a critical examination of his destroying apparatus. He stretched his front paws and slapped the muscles of each with the other. Evidently he was satisfied that he was in good trim, for he showed his great teeth with joy.

AN OPEN LETTER

Address to Women by the Treasurer of the W. C. T. U. of Kansas City, Mrs. E. C. Smith.

"MY DEAR SISTERS:—I believe in advocating and upholding everything that will lift up and help women, and but little use appears all knowledge and learning if you have not the health to enjoy it.



MRS. E. C. SMITH.

"Having found by personal experience that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine of rare virtue, and having seen dozens of cures where my suffering sisters have been dragged back to life and usefulness from an untimely grave simply by the use of a few bottles of that Compound, I must proclaim its virtues, or I should not be doing my duty to suffering mothers and dragged-out housekeepers.

Dear Sisters, is your health poor, do you feel worn out and used up, especially do you have any of the troubles which beset our sex, take my advice; let the doctors alone, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it is better than any and all doctors, for it cures and they do not."

Mrs. E. C. Smith, 1213 Oak St., Treasurer W. C. T. U., Kansas City, Mo.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mass.

hungry mouth open and his great teeth disclosed. Still Pete made no sign that he either saw or heard, but confined his attention strictly to the business of finding dinner.

Down came the outstretched paws, and at that moment Pete seemed to become aware for the first time of the presence of the grizzly. He sprang forward, the paws struck only the air, and then I saw a gray form double itself into a ball and bound upward. Out of that ball flew two legs, which shot back and forth with the rapidity of piston rods, going thump, thump upon the body of the grizzly.

Literary Department.

The November "Mind."

Persons interested in the development and teachings of Spiritualism will find in the November issue of the New Thought magazine, Mind, a symposium giving a most luminous outline of the subject. Its religious message, its scientific and moral aspects, and its ethical and economic are discussed respectively by Dr. J. M. Peebles, A. M., Harrison D. Barrett, and Willard J. Hull—recognized leaders of the movement.

Artemas Ward, Showman.

The November Era contains selections from George Alfred Townsend's Manuscript Memoirs of George Arnold and Artemus Ward. We note:

"Before the war, and during the war, those sketches were being published of Artemus Ward, the showman, among the publicans and sinners. He blossomed into a metropolitan humorist. A man named Dr. Carroll began a publication on purpose to own Artemus Ward, and therefore was unconsciously the pseudo-showman's butt.

"And from the sky serene and fair A laugh fell like a falling star— 'A. Ward! ho! ho!'"

ly representative and unwrong.' Arnold used to snipe Whittier's muse with:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, 'It might, could, would, or should, have been.'"

A Hundred Thousand "Sunshiners."

A year ago last month, when The Ladies' Home Journal became the official medium of the International Sunshine Society, it had eleven thousand members, nearly all of whom lived in two Eastern States. Today the membership of this "clearing-house for happiness," as it has been aptly called, is more than a hundred thousand.

The Great West.

The Century's promised series on the Great West will begin in the November number with a paper by E. Hough, author of "The Story of the Cowboy," on "The Settlement of the West: A Study in Transportation."

The November "Arena."

The recrudescence of anarchy in this country has occupied much space in recent issues of our leading magazines but in none of them has the problem been treated more rationally than in "The Gospel of Destruction," the title of the leading symposium of The Arena for November.

Floral Fetes of Japan.

All Japanese boys and girls are born with three good instincts. The first is to love their native country; the second, to reverence their elders; and the third is to take delight in flowers.

A Demand for Novels.

The present remarkable demand for novels and the influence of that demand on the literary product are discussed by Dr. Talcott Williams in the Review of Reviews for November. The number of novel-readers has been enormously increased, while the cost of publication has been cheapened.

Education as a Cure for Evil.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. The heart of man is a universe, With heaven in a blessing, and hell in a curse.

Ignorance is the root of all evil. No man wants to be wicked, selfish, sick or poor. The bad man is always, however highly educated, ignorant of the changeless laws of the universe, the laws of cause and effect.

The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts. By Brother No. 1. [The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts—THE HOLY SEVEN—which mystically works for universal good and the uplifting of mankind in all parts of this planet and the universe, recognize in this Magazine a medium for great and far-reaching good, and have for the first time in thousands of years been willing to appear in a public print of this character.]

IN response to a request from the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES to our Universal Order of Ancient Mystic Adepts (In and out of the body) as to how to attain membership in our order and the benefits of our teachings, we would say that any aspiring soul who has an earnest, intense desire to get into our vibrations, where there is spiritual unfoldment, health, wealth, eternal joy, peace and happiness, should address a letter to BROTHER NO. 1 OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF ANCIENT MYSTIC ADEPTS, care of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

[Editorial in THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.]

[The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts—THE HOLY SEVEN—which mystically works for universal good and the uplifting of mankind in all parts of this planet and the universe, recognize in this Magazine a medium for great and far-reaching good, and have for the first time in thousands of years been willing to appear in a public print of this character. The Magazine feels honored and blessed by this recognition, and our readers who listen to these Great Souls will be helped to reach the Great God—Light, Wisdom and Eternal Bliss.—Editor.]

Selfishness is another form of ignorance. Selfish people seek happiness, but I never saw one who had obtained it. There is forever something else the selfish man wants—something his neighbor has. He is always looking about him—never within himself for happiness, and he is ignorant of the fact that only by giving to it can he be found.

Could knowledge of the real truth once illuminate his mind—how simple would be the solution of the problem how to obtain happiness?

All the diseases of the human race are the result of lack of knowledge. To know first of all how to think, and afterward how to eat, drink, breathe, bathe and exercise, are all necessary to good health.

Therefore, the world is full of alling human beings, "enjoying poor health." Poverty is the child of ignorance. The old argument that "God made some people to be rich, some to be poor, some to be sick, some to be well" has done much harm to the human race.

This ignorance of God, which allows Him to be blasphemed and insulted by those who believe they are His devout followers, is a mountain in the path of progress. God is wealth and health, and He does not want any of His children to be as wretched as paupers. He does not want us to think, talk or act sickness or poverty.

We create conditions by our persistent thought; we create them for ourselves, and for those weaker than ourselves. They are false conditions, but we make them seem real.

Knowledge of God's boundless love, and of our own divine natures, will change poverty into opulence, sickness to health, if we insist upon its application. Education of the mind is a good thing; but education of the whole being through the spirit is the yet greater which humanity needs.—New York Journal.

Recognition in Heaven.

—And this mortal must put on immortality. —I. Corinthians, xv., 52. It has been recently asserted, on authority which attracts some attention, that the desire for immortality is not as nearly universal as has been supposed.

It may be true that a certain number of units in the great aggregate are so constituted mentally that they find it impossible to believe in immortality, but they are conspicuous exceptions. Such persons are not to be envied, because this life can never reach the fruition that is its ideal without the ripening and maturing influence which the belief in another life imparts.

A flower may perhaps blossom in the shade and become a thing of beauty, but it cannot be compared with the neighboring flower which draws its perfume from sunshine and dew as well as from the soil. A perfectly wholesome soul needs the future as well as the present, and the former has as much to do with the conduct of its life as the latter.

And this immortality must jealously protect our personality as the most and divinest bridge protect the castle. It is an insignificant fact that we are to live again unless we are to be as truly ourselves in the hereafter as we are here, or better still, unless we are to be more truly and more largely ourselves there than here.

The thought of Christ was that death is not annihilation in any sense or in any degree. Tomorrow will be like today. The only change that can occur is the loss of the body, or rather the exchange of a physical for a spiritual body, but not even death can alter those qualities which constitute our characters. Death has unquestioned power over muscles and nerves, but no power whatever over memory or affection. These are beyond his province, and he cannot encroach upon them.

Shall we, then, recognize the dear ones when we meet on the other shore? How can it be doubted? Is the faith of ages a mockery? Have we through the longings and yearnings of centuries built up a theory which is to be suddenly extinguished as one blows out a candle and finds himself in the dark?

It is just because men believe others and do not believe themselves that there are different faiths. I also believed others and lost myself in a swamp and I had no hope of finding my way out. There are many faiths, but the split is one, in me, and in you, and in him. So that if every one be himself all will be united and all will be one.—Count Leo Tolstoy, in The Resurrection.

What an Old Gunner Says.

I remember once, some three or four years ago, I stood on a lonely beach, just at sunset. The last of the red rays was setting all the waves on fire, and crimsoning the side of the sand-hills behind me.

I stood resting, looking out over the water to the other side of the bay, where the hills were fast changing from a sober brown to a rich purple. I was completely absorbed in the beauty of the scene, when all at once a tern sailed slowly in range. I raised the gun and fired, and the poor tern, with a broken wing, fell whirling through the air to the water.

Wishing to end its misery, I fire another charge, but that fell short, and then, my ammunition being gone, I shouldered my gun and went slowly back over the sand-hills, leaving the poor tern to float back and forth on the dark water, and utter its mournful cry.

In the morning I went to the beach again, and found the poor creature half alive half dead, dragging itself up the sand, covered with blood, and its poor broken wing hanging from its body. In mercy I wrung its neck. Never shall I forget the look of those deep, shining black eyes, that seemed to ask only for death and relief from suffering; eyes that soon glazed over in death, as its pretty head dropped and the body became limp in my hands. It was murder, and for a moment or two after the sun seemed to lose its brightness, and the fresh beauty of the morning went away.

My comrades in the field, why should we continue this slaughter of innocents? I have learned of late to go into the wood and enjoy the beauty of the life around me, to look at all the living things as a part of the wonders nature has put before our eyes, and not something to be slain.

If you go gunning because you love the woods, and their beauty, why, they are still the same with or without the gun. There is still much of amusement as well as instruction to be gained in studying the birds instead of killing them. I have spent more than one happy half-hour whistling to a quail and hearing his answering call as he came nearer and nearer, until at last discovering the fraud, with a saucy flirt of his wings he sprang into the air, and went buzzing away into the trees. Could I find it in my heart to kill such a beauty?

I am convinced that, whatever the place or season, it is a poor sport for a man to follow which brutalizes and degrades him to such an extent that he is willing—yes, long—to slaughter.—P. R. D., in Rockland Independent.

It is just because men believe others and do not believe themselves that there are different faiths. I also believed others and lost myself in a swamp and I had no hope of finding my way out. There are many faiths, but the split is one, in me, and in you, and in him. So that if every one be himself all will be united and all will be one.—Count Leo Tolstoy, in The Resurrection.