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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,
What 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 snatched with my day,
Let them be for self—for 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. CARR, 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 easily as any other man. The rich man who is able to surround himself by chanting priests, indulgence 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 evangelistic zeal, all the haggard anxiety 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 Whiting 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 philosophical 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 "hyster" 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 conversation. 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. Here shall one hold communion with his friend who has gone on into the higher life himself; life is a spiritual being already. Let him live the life of the spirit—which is essentially the life of love—for love comprises all of kind-

(Continued on page four.)

WORRY.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

Why do we worry about the past?
We only stay for a day,
Or a month or a year at the Lord's behest
In this habitation of clay.

Why do we worry about the road?
With its hills 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 ARTHUR F. MILTON.

Men and women who are governed by environments—the influences of others, their opinions and views, conventionalities or society 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 charity termed, negatively, that is, touched disconcertedly, 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 is no reason for conjuring up the spirit of revenge, 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 his should be: "Is it true?"

If not, we might in turn think him mistaken, giving him the benefit of the charity, a positive impulse or act of 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-knowledge, and induces negative 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. Uncertainty, hatred, jealousy, resentments, its negative impulses, have 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, vainglory, selfishness, whether 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 adjust sensitiveness as a superior quality of the human race, and give it value or beauty of 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 so advanced as to be able to grasp or meaning or to accept that which they cannot understand. But a little observation and self-study will not be amiss, and the results will prove gratifying. This is not a theory, but a philosophy of facts—a science of influences or vibrations that touch the human soul primarily to the exterior senses or feelings.

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 resigned to the influence, the next manifestation will most probably be a mental conflict 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 cause is followed or accompanied by pleasant feelings 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, in this thought-exchange and remain passive, we not only gain a victory over ourselves, but may play the detective on his or her outpourings; for positive reasoning on such occasions makes the soul receptive to truth, while the reverse shuts it out.

Ill-feeling makes us 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 outshine the individual.

The next thing to know is his specific intentions. These 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 overcome with fear, there is baseness or malice in the vibration.

If love-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 baseness 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 baseness or "rough" 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 gladness, contentment and truth.

Now, this same philosophy obtains by voluntary rapport or analyzing one's feelings while sitting alone, 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 the living principle unless we have the human soul without engaging them 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.

"Touchiness" 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 gladness, 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, but since free 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. Etherial 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 celestial magnificence.

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 remain in the material or materialize, or accept 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 consumed by 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 subject loses consciousness, a sensation 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

slate; 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 into 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 subtle or coarse, the auras attract 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 unifying 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 to them. 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 shall cum ter Jane. Jane shall be my darter as well as yourn. We'll betide ther man that looks at her with a hawk's eye. I'll bring him low, I'll bring him low! I bain't got no larnin', but I her got 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 where 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 set 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 whether ther yung millonier wants ter marry Jane or no. Not but what Jane's good enuf fer any man, whether or no he has a mill or a million, but maybe ther yung man has 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 tew hev a reckonin' with you."

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

"Yer, yer dew—yer sartainly dew."

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

"But a man as hes deals's with another man's wife an' darter, hes deals's with ther man himself."

"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 heft; an' I know it kin be, an' yer know it kin be, ef ef ther justice can't be ther knot one o' ther ministers kin."

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

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

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

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

"Blasted, am I? I jest, am I? What is it all wew now? Well, it ought ter be a great deal ter yer. Well, now, I am er Yankee, wut cum frum Yarmuth, in old Massachusetts, an' I'll answer yer question by axin' another: What is that thar gal, by yer side, tew you—that thar gal as yer hev ben a walkin' with on this er lonely beach—that thar gal as yer hev a ben a kissin' on in ther darkness—what is ther 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 blasted idiot, but blasted idiot as I am, I know right from 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 yes or no. If yer 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 idiot, 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 whether 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 yer 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 is a settin' thar, in ther thar great arm chair, a waitin' 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 are fianced me an' her as is a settin' thar a waitin' 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 prickin' up by ther thar needle any more; nor them bright eyes spiled a sewin' on shirts. I wud like ter hev my little gal—my little darter—made comfortable air' 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 ther thar pardner o' mine, ter stay by Molly 'till I cum. Guess he's 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—a I meant ter be; an' I guess as how yer may take Molly an' go out alone tomorrow. Yer kin hev all yer make tomorrow, lad, fur yer old dad is a goin' ter git spliced. Guess as how yer 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 theselves, 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 shall hev a darter tomorrow. Frum a lonely old man, as hes no body belongin' ter him, I shall soon hev a family—but ther thar eaglet—it's hard ter tame one o' ther birds."

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

"Yes; ther thar gal—the 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 ailed 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 horse, 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, that 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 millonier, 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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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. She was sentenced to a term of not more than nine, nor less than six years in prison, which means, of course, that she will get off with six years. Her crime was the most heinous of which woman can be guilty. Through her rascally agent, young girls from the ages of ten to fifteen years were lured to her abode to have their fortunes told. She would pretend to read their palms, consult the stars, and forecast their futures, and would then say, "Go into that room for a while and see if you can't find some of the things of which I have told you." Her innocent victims would go into the room only to find themselves alone with a being in the form of a man, who would at once lock the door, then force the child who was at his mercy to submit to his desires. If the victim made too much noise, she was let off with a warning to keep still with regard to her experience.

The majority of the girls thus procured were not able to escape from their destroyers. No doubt the woman who sent them to their ruin was well paid for her fiendish work. In any event she and her agent prospered, and were seemingly doing a thriving business. How long it was carried on, no one seems to know, but a few months since, the authorities took action and secured twelve of this woman's victims. They were all under fifteen years of age, and told stories of debauchery that cannot be put into words, when called to the stand as witnesses in the case. So completely had she debauched them, that they were possessed of knowledge that should only come with the experiences of maturity, and were taught only the most vulgar and debasing sides of the question. These facts were all clearly proved in court; the jury returned a verdict of guilty, yet this fiend in human form gets off with a possible six years' term in prison! Is it right that such should be the case? Her agent, the man in the case, received a sentence that will let him out of prison in three years, possibly less! Again we ask, is this right?

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 hint of a six years' sentence had he really wanted the harlotage 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 procurer and her agent. In heaven's name, what could they be? Is it possible that there can be any extenuation of the crime of luring children of tender years into dens of infamy to be destroyed forever? It was alleged by a former district attorney in Massachusetts that the debauchery of young boys by male pervers was a luxury of the wealthy villains who did it. Perhaps there are attorneys holding office, or policemen, or officials in higher stations, who feel that the ruin of a young girl of ten or twelve years of age is a "luxury" of which a wealthy man should not be deprived! What do you say to this idea, fathers and mothers of our land? Can you view the outrage of your little daughter as a "luxury" that you can afford to grant to any man, rich or poor? Can you smile complacently upon the man and woman who lured her on until she was in the clutches of a rapist?

If the sentences were all the law would permit, would it not be wise to have the law amended so that justice might be at least hinted at? What are you doing to prevent such outrages as the above, readers of the Banner? Are you complacently voting the Republican and Democratic tickets, then trusting to the "dear spirits" to do the rest? Have you no moral responsibility in these cases, and all others like them? Supposing your daughter were to be lured into a den of destruction, and deprived of her honor—would you have no conscience in the case? The children destroyed were the daughters of some fathers and mothers; they were the pets in some households, and should you be the guardians of the peace and honor of your neighbors' homes? If not, what right have you to complain when you are brought under the harrow? God only knows what your soul nature can be, if you can remain unmoved by the wrongs of the children to whom we are referring. You will ask, "What can we do about it?" Boss Tweed asked that question when his villainies were retailed in his presence. The people replied to his insolence by driving him from power, and imprisoning him for a long term of years.

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. If you will to do it, you can bring about the very reform needed. It is not right and will not be right for you to refuse your aid in cases like the foregoing. We contend that the sentences imposed in the two cases under discussion were far from being just or right. Both offenders should have been sent to prison, at hard labor for life, without the possibility of a pardon. Now, in a few years, they will be free again, and it is quite possible that a gubernatorial pardon may be invoked a few months hence to give them their liberty at an early date. Again we ask what is right in such cases?

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. But the men who murder the honor of young girls—and boys—are guiltier by far than those who lynch the rapist. Those who acquit the peddler, and excuse the assaults upon girlish virtue, are the real lynchers, for they destroy honor, while the others only kill the body. We have no sympathy with lynching, and we condemn all forms of murder as utterly unwarrantable, wholly inexcusable, and absolutely unnecessary. Still there is within us the feeling that the sense of right is vindicated in a crude way, whenever lynch law punishes where civil law fails to act. Such cases as the ones we have named are incentives to other procurers to ply their horrible trade, and are inducements to the men who deal in the virtue of girls and women to be more and more bold in their diabolical plots. What is right in these premises? If there is a way out of the difficulty, who will lead the people through it to the land of Justice and Love? What say you, Spiritualists of the world—will you take the lead and work until reform really comes?

A Case of Idiocy.

A recent cartoon in Judge is indicative that the would-be funny man of its 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. Upon being informed that he would reach his sulphurous domain on Tuesday, Oct. 22, Satan is hot to say that he has an exceptionally hot corner for the villain. This cartoon may indicate wit, but if it does, it is wit of a kind that betokens a very low moral and spiritual nature on the part of its originator. In fact, to sensible minds, the absence of wit is apparent in every detail. A mind that could conceive and publish a thing of that character is certainly depraved and insults decent journalism by doing so.

The murderer of the beloved President has paid the extreme penalty for his horrible crime. Every American patriot desired that

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 heinous gloating of Judge over the coming agonies of the assassin is horrible in the extreme. If such a place as "Hades" existed in fact, there is little doubt as to the one who would be elected to take the first or hottest place therein—the one who executed that abominable cartoon would receive every vote. This action of Judge in publishing it sinks the proprietor of that periodical below the level of the worst yellow journalism known in America today. They and their artist have earned the pitying contempt of all fair-minded people. The fate of the assassin, as well as his crime, was had enough in itself without this wanton insult of Judge being added thereto.

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 minority. 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. The publication of the cartoon in question leads many law abiding people to inquire if, in the defiance it gives to the highest impulses of life, there is not something of a lawless nature, not to say anarchistic? Anarchy means the overthrow of the government, good and bad alike, and in the overthrow of the lofty ideals of progressive minds, there is certainly an anarchistic tendency. The act of the assassin was outrageous, cruel, base—everything that is bad—but the action of Judge, in its efforts to be humorous, is less objectionable only because it murders spiritual ideals, rather than a spiritual man, such as President McKinley typified in his daily life. If there are people in the form who believe in a literal hell of fire and brimstone, they cannot fail to be outraged by the Judge's caricature of one of the tenets of their religious faith. Orthodox and Liberals alike owe it to themselves to place the seal of their disapproval upon this most reprehensible action of Judge.

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. Since 1895, the hours for labor had been reduced to eight, and many there were who earned from five to eight dollars per day as wages. Proprietor Patterson provided libraries, reading rooms, free baths, free towels, etc., etc., striving to give his people every possible advantage. An ideal business grew up at Dayton, and both the capitalists and laborers worked together in harmony and prosperity.

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 laundered 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. Soon after a formal demand was made, on the penalty of a strike, that the wages of all employees should be four dollars fifty cents per day. This was granted, thereby striking a severe blow at the men who earned five dollars and over per day. Next, four men were discharged for drunkenness and incompetency. The Union demanded their reinstatement, a strike being the alternative. We understand that the Register Company put them upon the pay roll at their old rating, but refused to permit them to return to their work.

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. It is said that Mr. Patterson has decided to make the shut-down permanent rather than be subjected to such petty tyranny. The walking delegate, with a good salary behind him, who does no work himself, has ruined the foremost industrial combination of our country. The Cash Register Company was one that was governed by the law of right and justice. It was humanitarian in every respect, and was perhaps the truest friend of the laboring man among all of the employers of labor throughout the nation. That this industry of all others should perish because of the attitude of the Union is a sad commentary upon the cause of Labor. It means a serious setback to all of the worthy laboring people in America, because of its flagrant injustice, and base ignoring of the principles of right.

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. The interests of the

two classes are identical, and there should be a recognition of this 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. We consider the action of the Union in Dayton an act of flagrant injustice, both to the Register Company and to the thousands whom it threw out of employment by its tyrannical action. A few more cases of this kind and Labor will appeal to deaf ears, even when Right is wholly upon its side. Let Capital and Labor each receive that which is rightfully theirs, and no trouble will ever be known. In order to accomplish this, set the "walking delegate" and all of his class, to work. Keep him busy, and he will have no time to plot mischief. Compulsory arbitration is the panacea for Labor troubles and should be the same for the disputes of nations.

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. She was a home-keeper, sympathizer, comforter, mother and companion all in one. The funeral services were held Oct. 23 at the residence of her son, and were conducted by Mrs. M. T. Longley, who gave an uplifting invocation and comforting discourse at the house, and a beautiful inspirational poem at the grave. A quartet of mixed voices rendered excellent vocal music. A good woman has gone to her rest. We greet her in spirit as she enters upon her new life in the world of souls. Our sincere sympathy goes out to our good brother Altemus, who is called upon to part with one so truly and tenderly loved. Through his mediumship she will greet him, and bid him be of good cheer. Spiritualism is the comforter of all comforters in all homes when sorrow comes.

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. These of our readers who feel so inclined are respectfully requested to send their contributions to this fund to our worthy Treasurer, Mr. Fred G. Tuttle, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass. Please mark your letters "For God's Poor Fund," and it will be so credited. Mr. Tuttle will promptly receipt for all moneys received, and every dollar expended will go for some worthy purpose. We hope to hear from a goodly number who have something to spare for the unfortunate ones in our ranks.

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. In this transition period, all Spiritualists who are thinking of where we shall plant our feet in these crucial hours, should read and ponder well its real meaning for them.

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 lines 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 months 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 sittings 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.

SPIRIT 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. The messages are reported stenographically by a social representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of the Banner staff.

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.
We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the Banner of Light as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight wherever it is made known to the world.

As in the case of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality.

Report of Seances 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. He has a full beard, and that is gray, too. He is short, with square shoulders; he has an independent way, as though when he said a thing he meant it, and that he came with all the strength he had in earth life. I am sure he was thought obstinate by some people, because he had a way when he believed a thing of just pushing right straight through to the end, regardless of what people said or what they thought. He comes close to me now and I find that he is a little deaf because he listens intently to hear what I say, then he speaks to me, saying: "My name is Ephraim Burgess; I used to live in New Bedford, Mass. I have many friends there. I have the greatest desire now and then to get back and tell them how things are going with me. Somehow life over here doesn't seem very much different from what it did in earth life. To be sure I am free. I don't seem quite so bound to the body, but I find when I want to go anywhere or see anything I have to make a little effort to do it and I don't know but what it is best that it is so, because if I didn't I might be waited every which way by one desire and then another, and as it is the desire that is strongest is the one that takes me to the place where I go. I want to send this word to Ellen; I also desire to tell her that I have seen Fanny; I know what has been done with the things I left. I am not troubled over it. I only want to let them know that I know, because I believe if they had thought I knew they would not have done just as they have. I used to have an old chest or trunk with a lot of things in it that were of no value to anybody but me, and that is still in existence. Sometimes when I have been looking over the things, drawn to them, I found myself, almost unconsciously, making some noises, and this has attracted the attention of some of the people in the house where it is kept. It doesn't mean much to them, but it means a great deal to me. I would like to have them try to understand what the noise is they have heard. I don't know that I have anything more that is very important to say. I had a lot of things to say when I started. I was going to tell everything I knew, but somehow I lose my strength and my hold on conditions so I can't speak all I thought I was going to."

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, says: "Please don't keep me waiting any longer. I have waited and waited; it seemed to me I never would get a chance to get here and give the word that is burning in my heart. You have no idea what it is to come here with so many spirits each one eagerly anxious to get to his own people, and then to find that so few after all are able to send the message. I don't know what I can say that will be the best proof of my identity, but I first want to say this: My name is William Hamilton; I used to live at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; I was interested in everything that was of benefit to the people there. I still have many friends among the living. In fact, I think I have as many who are alive as I have over here with me, but I have Ada with me and it is such a comfort to me to have her, and still she and I are both more anxious than I can tell you to get back to those dear to us both. I mean to Mary. She weeps and sobs and misses us so that we felt if we could we would send this message and tell her that we know how she suffers and how lonely she is, and that we are anxious to come into daily communion with her. She is so alone because she was so dependent on me, so if I can only make her comprehend that I am there, that never am I far away from her, but always my thought is going out to her, if I can only make her to know that, then I shall feel that we are both much better off. No one has been able to give her any word of comfort as yet. Even the old Bible which meant so much to her has not filled her heart with any special hope or courage, and I believe that nothing but this direct word will give her anything like the peace of mind which she ought to have. It is very hard to separate two people who are as fond of each other as we are. I wish we had known about this spirit return before I came over, because then she would not have been afraid to have looked after me to see if it were not possible

to get some word from me. As it is now, she is half afraid it would displease me if she made any investigation. Go on, brave heart; do see what you can do, try to open the door as quickly as you can for me and I will come with all my love, all my strength, and give you every possible word that will give you comfort. I thank you for this opportunity."

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 it is so light. She seems weak and bewildered, almost as though when she went to the spirit it was rather sudden and she hardly knew what had happened; as she comes back again she takes on that same bewildered condition, but she steps up to me quickly and says: "Can you possibly send this word to my mother? Her name is Nellie Goddard. Tell her that Edith, for that is my name, is able to speak to her and is only waiting for the time when she will listen, and can you tell her, too, that I have Aunt Addie with me and that Aunt Addie says it is not a bit of use for me to try, that she has tried before and that it made no impression. Still I feel I must come because it seems to me that if a word came from me she would listen to me and would give me a chance to tell her how much I love her and how much I long to come to her. I am not unhappy; there are so many beautiful things over here and so many beautiful people that I find myself looking about and enjoying them, but oh, sometimes it comes over me and my heart aches I want to get to mama so much. It seemed to me this morning if I could only send a word direct to her and tell her that I am lonely sometimes, just as she is, and long to creep up into her arms and put my arms about her neck and tell her how much I want to help her, I used to do that when I lived with her and tell her that when I grew up I would do so many things for her and she would not have to work so hard, but somehow I couldn't stay, I had to come away and she has to work all the harder and I want to tell her that I know about it and I want Franky to know that I often go to him. My mother lives in Albany, N. Y., and I thank you so much if you can only get this to her."

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. It is really her spirit shining through that makes her so beautiful. She is just radiant with the light of it and as she comes over to me she stoops down and says: "I won't keep you very long because I have only a few words, and if those few words do the work, I think they will, I shall have plenty of opportunity to say all I want to in a private way. It is rather hard to come and know that the sweetest message of your heart is to be printed in a paper and sent broadcast through the land, and yet that is one of the things that happens because we don't understand the truth before we come over and have to come back and do it in order to give comfort to our own. Well, first then, my name is Georgia Allen, and next, I lived in Manchester, N. H. I have very many of my people there now, but particularly I want to go to Will. I want Will to understand that he could not have done what he has if he had not had direct help from the spirit. It was not I but his father who was able to give him the inspiration to do what he has just done, which has brought better conditions to him and made his life much happier. I saw how it was going, but I was not able to lend a hand. Will will know that both he and I were interested in a very different line of thought from this and yet I suppose our hearts were open to receive the truth if it had been presented to us, but we didn't seem to know that such a thing could possibly exist. I was some troubled about the pictures. I didn't want them disposed of just as they were, but I suppose it is no use to talk about it now and it is only because I want him to know that I know what has been going on that I say it. I also saw what they carried over to the other house and was rather surprised that they did it. It didn't seem to me that it was just the right thing to do, but perhaps good may come out of that even. Don't fail to let me come as close as you can, because although I can't do everything you might ask me, I can give you some idea of things that are going on and save you from further trouble. Thank you."

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. She is quick like a little butterfly going from flower to flower, and she has a nice little way. She says: "I want to say that I want to get to Edward Mariner; my name is Susie Mariner and I lived in Boston. I have been over here quite a while, but have felt always that if I could only get back and give some definite word to my people they would be sure to feel better for it, and so I am making this effort for that purpose. I know Nellie, who is still in the body, and I know that I can do much for her. I know, too, that some other spirits are close to her to help her physically. There doesn't seem to be the least need for her to be in the condition she is in today, only that she is sensitive and mediumistic and is getting the influence of everybody about her instead of a sweet strong influence from the spirit. I don't need to send my love. The very fact that I have come will prove to them that I do love them. I have my mother over here; she sends her love, too, but she says, 'Never mind talking much about me, say most about yourself, dear, because they will be more anxious to hear from you than from me,' and so I leave it that way. That I still have the same interest and love and still the same desire to express myself that I did when I went away. I didn't want to die, everything in life looked

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 and it is only since mama has come that I have grown better contented with conditions."

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. He is slim and dark, but he has gray hair and a short gray beard, and is quite a little taller than she is. She says: "My name is Cordelia Campbell and his is Henry Campbell," and as they stand together they look like an old-fashioned picture. I am sure that these two people had their picture taken together in that position sometime in life, though it was when they were younger than they are today, and they say, "We come from Ohio and we are so much interested in everything that pertains to Spiritualism. We were more or less interested in it before we came away, but somehow now we find a growing desire to get among people and give them any word that is possible from our side of life. We have children alive and we desire to express to them not only our love but that we are walking with them in whatever they are doing, because they, too, are interested in this phenomena. Perhaps this will be enough. This is just to give them evidence of our power to speak. Thank you."

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. He has iron gray hair, dark blue eyes, and a quick, nervous way. He comes up to me as though it was the most important step of his life that he was taking at this moment, and says: "My name is John W. Beard, and I am from Piedmont. I was interested in horses before I came over here. I hadn't much to do with philosophy or religion or science. I worked among horses, loved them, and said many a time that they knew a good lot more than many of the men I knew, and of course about the first thing I wanted to see when I got over here was if there were any horses in heaven. I found them all right. I want to say this back to the people that I loved, that if there had not been any horses I would not have wanted to stay. I would have tried every way to get back where there were some. Of course I haven't forgotten my friends. I know Bill. He is still alive. He is still in the same kind of work that I was and it is to him that I send this message and to him that I would give my word that I have been around that stable and watched things and seen how they were going. I have done so every day since I came over here. He feels me. He often says that if I was there I would say this or I would say that, and I chuckle to myself and say, well he hardly knows that I am right beside him, and I just long to whistle in his ear and make him turn quickly and see me, but I haven't been able to do that. I am sorry they sold the horse I used to like so much. It is a pity it had to go. If I had lived I would have shot it before I would have let it go out of my hands, but then, I suppose when a fellow dies he has to let the fellow that is left take care of the things as he wants to, and that is what I did. If Bill sees Jennie I want him to tell her that I am pleased to know how she is getting along. She has been as brave as a pony and I am glad to see her keep on in that way. Thank you."

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. She comes up to me wringing her hands as though in the greatest distress; the first thing she says I can't quite understand. She seems more like a foreigner, as though she were a Swedish woman, but she gives me a name that sounds like Johnson and the first name is Lucy. She says: "Oh, I want my children, I want my children. I can never stay here without them. I can't stay, I know I can't. If I could only get to them and help them." There is somebody with her who is trying to comfort her and who has brought her here because she believes that if the woman can be once understood that she can send a message to them that she will be better and the woman with her is like a medium and comes to another medium. The one they want to go to is called Annie Gross, and Annie Gross has a medium friend of hers gone into spirit land lately and she is the one who is keeping up the same good work by hunting up spirits on the other side who are in distress and trying to bring them to a better understanding of their new life and the life of their loved ones. It seems that this message they want to send West and it looks like Dayton, Ohio. I think that is the place. Anyway, the spirits were more or less familiar with that place, and the person they want to go to is either there or near there. The Swedish woman seems already a little relieved, thinking that she is going to get into communication through this woman with her children.

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. It would seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life.—Charles Dickens, English novelist.

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, and I feel that it is due to my friends to give the reason.

Owing to the thickness of the membrane and to the constant inflammation caused by the unfortunate treatment it 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. Of course a wound has to be made in order to extract the catarrhus lens. In the case of this eye, the wound broke open four days after the lens was extracted. Instead of being adjusted at once, it was left untouched for four days, and healed wrongly. A cystoid scar was formed, and the iris was bound to it. This curious scar has been shown to a great many surgeons by Dr. Weeks.

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. And the iris was imprisoned so that it could not contract or dilate, according to the light.

The day after I completed Number 199, great pain came on, and after awhile the wound in the left eye reopened and the aqueous humor flowed over the cheek. The pain increased in intensity, as the iris became more inflamed. Strange that an organ so tiny can produce such pain.

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. At first, he thought of taking it out, but he now hopes to save it, on the principle that two eyes are better than one, though one may be bad.

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. I waited eagerly to receive the news, and not many persons have rejoiced more than did I that you will continue to hold the office which you have so faithfully and so admirably filled.

Yours for humanity and spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., Nov. 6, 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. The mass of people who have studied the subject are charged with looseness of method and a lack of care in their investigations, which, if true, impairs the value of any conclusions they may have reached.

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. The investigator has no authority to compel anything and in most cases, the moment he attempts to control the seance, he becomes a disturbing element, causing more or less of a failure of the phenomena, leading him to charge the medium with fraud, while the result is really due to his own ignorance of what is required for a successful seance.

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. I soon found it a very interesting subject and for several years devoted my leisure time to it. The difference in the effect on my subjects was as marked as their personality. No two were alike. With some the only effect produced was a suspension of their usual control over their muscular system,—their mentality in no way impaired. In other cases there was a loss of consciousness and a condition resembling what is known as sleep-walking, in which they were subject to suggestions and hallucinations which they pursued with all the earnestness of real life.

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. For this and other reasons, it requires more than a passing notice. It is a condition into which every human being passes during sleep. If not the same, the two conditions are so closely allied that it is difficult to draw the line between them. There is the same lowering of pulse and temperature, the same unconsciousness in regard to external objects and the same liability to suggestions and hallucinations from physical disturbances.

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. Only those that border on the waking condition are recorded on the memory. Like the entranced medium, we awake from sound sleep with no knowledge of what has taken place during our sleep. It is a curious fact that in dreams all personal responsibility for acts is eliminated. (Is that a matter of education, belonging to our material existence?) It is possible that in this magnetic

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. It is upon the truth of one or the other of these theories that what we call telepathy must rest.

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. Under such conditions, it was easy to see that even an honest investigator might be led to charge fraud upon the medium, when none was intended and when, largely through his own ignorance, the seance was a failure.

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. I have been personally and intimately acquainted with many of them and have ever found them as honest and as trustworthy as any other class of people.

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. In their normal state, their opinion on the subject is utterly worthless, as, when they are entranced, they know nothing whatever of the communications that come through them. If all the known mediums should admit that they were frauds, it could not invalidate the facts already received. The intelligent investigator deals only with the phenomena as expressed in the trance condition and not with the physical and moral character of the medium.

"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. In the far east, in India, there is a goddess, much worshiped by the natives, and it is their faith which has called to my mind the old adage to which I have referred. It is this, in the words of a Brahmin priest, or worshiper of the goddess, Kali:

"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. When everything is squared up, he again returns to earth, in the form of another being, the same process is repeated again and again, and he can obtain perfect bliss only after he has reached such a state of development that he can do neither good nor evil deeds, but must lose himself in the contemplation of God until he finally ceases to exist as a human being, and is reunited with God of whom he really constitutes a part."

This is a part of the religious doctrine of the Hindoos, as related by the priest, "Moonish 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. It is not a pretty or pleasing group, and it is a wonder there are any people willing to worship anything so hideous. The idea is revolting to anyone holding the thought of God, as Love, and forgiveness, and gentleness.

The Hindoos are a gentle, mild people, loth to kill even a cockroach, or anything equally objectionable. They have earned the title of the "Mild Hindoos," and usually are spoken of as such.

The Hindoo Bible is called the "Shashtra." It is a common belief among the Hindoos, that Pandits, 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

Children's Spiritualism.

CHADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Close thine eyes and do not weep,
Thy mother's face close watch will keep,
Drop thine eyelids and do not sleep,
Sleep baby sleep, sleep baby sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The flowers are at their best,
When thou from sleep art refreshed,
Then we, for them, will go in quest;
Sleep baby sleep, sleep baby sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thou shalt a wreath receive,
And deck thy daisies with flowers sweet,
So rest and sleep, and do not weep,
Sleep baby sleep, sleep baby sleep.

E. G. G.

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. They were as fresh as though they had been picked that minute from the garden. But instead, they came from away down in Maine, and were sent by little Leona Coy. I will let you read her auntie's letter, then you will know all about it.

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." She has had each blossom before her mama put it into the box and clapped her little hands and smiled sweetly as we talked about Xilla. We all send much love and many good wishes. May each blossom bear to you all a sweet, pure inspiration, and especially bless little Xilla, who holds a warm place in all our hearts. Leona is real well, growing fast, and as busy a little body as you ever saw.

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. So she went for her own box and carried it all the way home in her hands. When I opened it and showed her what was in it, she said: "Posies, posies!" and trotted back and forth between her grandpa and me, making us smell of the flowers over and over again. Every once in a while she would stop and bury her own little nose in the blossoms, drawing a long breath of delight.

We children have been rather crowded out of the Banner lately, because there was so much business that must go in, but we have something so good they last us more than one week. Auntie Perry's poem about the Black Bantam was worth remembering, and little Dorrie, only seven years old, tells us in a poem of angel whisperers.

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.

When I was at the convention at Washington, I saw the mother of Anna Stewart, who told you about her summer vacation. Indeed, we are getting quite a large staff of writers, and we want to hear from all of them often.

When I say to Xilla: "I love you," she puts her arms around my neck and replies: "ove 'ou." If she knew I was writing to her dear Banner friends I know she would ask me to write for her: "ove 'ou."

Your friend,

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 tethered Pete to a tree, allowing him about twenty feet range, and taking some ham and crackers out of my haversack sat down on a fallen tree to eat them. While I munched the ham and crackers Pete cropped the fresh grass which grew long and green. Suddenly he reared up and snorted in a manner that very plainly said, "Look out!"

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 paws around me. I rushed for the nearest tree and was up in no time.

I was safe for the time being, but, alas, poor Pete! The bear went about things in a very cool and complacent manner. I could see by the expression of his eyes that he was taking Pete's measure, for he cocked his head over on one side and assumed an appearance of great wisdom, as you have seen critics look at a picture.

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. He went on with his grazing just as if there were no such thing as a grizzly bear in the world. He would nip off the succulent green stems, and chew with great steadiness and regularity, and occasionally I could hear his contented snort as he struck an unusually delicate bunch of grass.

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. But Pete calmly went on with his grazing and looked neither to the right nor to the left, while I sat in my tree and held my breath.

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. But I had none to give him. 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. He appeared satisfied that he was fit to demolish a whole drove of mules.

These things done, the bear gave the signal for action. He opened his mouth and emitted a series of growls which made my flesh creep and my hair rise under my hat.

Pete stopped for a minute. Pete went on grazing. His countenance expressed no proof that he had heard the growling of the grizzly. The latter dropped on all fours, with his

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. The bear, also having the latter in view, rapidly approached until he was in striking distance, and then, rearing up, prepared to disembowel Pete and break his neck with one blow.

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. Up and down went the body and back and forth went the two pile drivers. The bear was struck all over—on his head, on his shoulder, on his side, on his paws. He fell in one direction and then in another. He was kicked into the air, and pounded, and at length lay on the ground a shapeless mass, while Pete quietly returned to his interrupted grazing without a hair injured.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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 William J. Hull—recognized leaders of the movement. In view of the recent "confession" of Mrs. Piper, these articles are both timely and interesting. The subject of the frontispiece portrait this month is Henry Wood, who contributes the opening article: "Are there Fresh Revelations of Truth?" It is a scholarly production, written in this famous author's best style, and is followed by a suggestive biographic sketch of Mr. Wood from the pen of Editor Patterson. A contribution by Karl H. von Wiegand, entitled "Absent Treatments in Healing," calls forth some timely remarks on "Commercialism in Mental Science" by Editor John Emery McLean. There are two excellent poems in this issue, followed by the concluding installment of "Mata the Magician," Isabella Ingalls's fascinating occult story. The Rev. Helen VanAnderson contributes a splendid article on "Character Seeds" to the Family Circle department, which has three other features. The leading paper of the December Mind will be on "The Philosophy of Adjustment," by Horatio W. Dresser, accompanied with a portrait and sketch of the writer. (20 cents, at news stands; \$2.00 a year. The Alliance Pub. Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.)

Artemas Ward, Showman.

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

"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 bore a publication on purpose to own Artemus Ward. Think of it! A time he learned the truth, that there is no happiness and no pleasure in pseudo-showman's butt."

"Brown began to lecture with a panorama, the lecture a farce, the panorama nothing, but he was preceded everywhere by a laugh, as the Jews were preceded by the pillar of fire. He went to London and wrote for Punch and lectured in the hall of Albert Smith. Hollow with consumption, he laughed Death silly, and in his dying moments gravely bequeathed money and properties, of which he was guiltless, to various Englishmen who came to find them with crapes on their hats, and raised the last laugh which shook the British world, like Execlior's going up with a private echo.

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

"We called him 'Charley.' His private life, in George Arnold's language, was 'high-

ly reprehensible and unworthy.' 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. Scattered from ocean to ocean in this and in other lands, the "Sunshiners" are doing a noble work in a novel way, under the direction of Mrs. Cynthia Westcott Alden, the President-General. The object of the society is to scatter happiness. The membership fee is one kind deed. The work already accomplished is worthy of consideration. Thousands of books and periodicals which outlived usefulness in their first homes have been sent to men and women in new-away parts of the country where reading matter is scarce. Clothing and toys and pictures have gone from homes of wealth and plenty to those less favored by fortune. And helpful words of sympathy and encouragement have sunk deep into hearts that craved them. Altogether the Sunshine Society is doing a noble work, and judging from its brief past it surely has a remarkable future.

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." Mr. Hough shows how the course of empire, in the early days, moving ever westward, followed the pathway of the waters. "It was a day of raft and boat, of saddle-horse and pack-horse, of ax and rifle, and little else, for the West is a study in transportation, with full-page and smaller drawings by Remington, printed in tint, and with portraits, maps, etc.

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 first of the leading symposium of The Arena for November. Dr. Felix L. Oswald, A. M., discusses "Its Evolutionary Aspects" and Mrs. E. H. Roberts, the wife of a Congregational minister, presents what she conceives to be its only effective "cure." The Rev. James H. Hatten writes a little pessimistically but instructively on "The Failure of Freedom." Joseph Dana Miller considers the "Futilities of Reformers" in a timely article, and a distinguished educator of New England has a contribution on "The Ethics of the Land Question" that will delight the followers of the late Henry George. "The Office of the Preacher," by Stanton Kirkham Davis, and "Some Ancient New Women," by Ella S. Stewart, are excellent papers. Government ownership of the telegraph and telephone is discussed in a brief interview with Justice Walter Clark, J. L. D., and Will Allen Dromgoole introduces the "action" feature of the magazine with an admirable negro character sketch. Prof. Frank Parsons's series of articles on "Great Movements of the Nineteenth Century" and Miss F. A. Kellor's study of "The Criminal Negro" are both brought to a close in this issue. Editor Flower's comments on timely topics and review of the latest books are interesting, as usual. (25 cents, at news stands. The Alliance Publishing Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.)

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. The love of the Japanese for flowers has seldom been told with the delicacy that marks the article by Sir Edwin Arnold in the December Delineator, entitled "Floral Fetes of Japan." Due is inclined to believe that during Sir Edwin's residence in Japan he absorbed more than the usual share of the national sentiment. The article is illustrated in colors with a delicacy and feeling as rare as they are attractive; from a mechanical standpoint the execution of the work is perfection itself.

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. In short, all the conditions of literary production have been transformed. This fact was pointed out by Dr. Williams a year ago, in the Review of Reviews, and the past twelve months have only confirmed the predictions he then made regarding the prosperity of the American book trade. Following Dr. Williams' review of "Fiction Read and Written in 1901" there is a survey of the American history and biography of the year, by William B. Shaw, together with a brief discussion of some of the recent changes in publishers' methods.

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.
In the thought of a man lies over his fate:
There is life in loving, and death in hate.
He will rise or fall, he will soar or sink
Always and ever as he may think,
And the key to all mysteries here or above,
Aye! the key to the kingdom of God, is LOVE.

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. After he has experimented with vice and crime for a time he learns the truth, that there is no happiness and no pleasure in breaking moral, physical or social laws. Even after he finds this truth oft time he continues in his immoralities because he believes it is too late to begin over. Here again he is ignorant—for there is no such thing as time, and it is never too late to change a bad habit for a good one. If we do not obtain the benefit of the change in this sphere or body, we will in another.

The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts

By Brother No. 1

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 within is it to be found. He finds that the things he seeks for and obtains do not satisfy, and he imagines it is because he has not yet acquired enough of the right possessions.

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. The great majority of people know one or two of these things; few know all, and fewer still practise what they know.

Therefore, the world is full of ailing 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 invalids or 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 nature, 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 real knowledge 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. The statement is startling enough to assume the appearance of a misstatement.

It may be true that a certain number of uninitiated 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 great and dread 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 Oriental philosophy which bids the soul prepare to be absorbed in the infinite at death, as a mountain is absorbed by the ocean, thus losing its little self in the magnificence of the whole, rouses no spiritual response and furnishes but slender motives for right action. We may not be worth much, but what value we have resides in the fact that we are what we are, with indefinite opportunity for self-development.

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 character. 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. Either this is true or immortality is a figment of the imagination, a pleasing delusion, but not a truth. Memory undisturbed and affection unaltered not only render the farewells of those who go as impressive as they are hopeful, but they are the crowning benediction of God on those who remain.

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? Is the door of eternity which has been revealed, not by the Christ only, but by the irrepressible instincts of human nature, to be bolted against us as we approach it, and will the voice of a loving Father, who has asked us to trust Him, change its tone to harshness in the assurance that the hopes He has implanted, which have cheered us as we pushed our way toward heaven, are a deceit and a falsehood? Of all impossibilities this reaches the most monstrous proportions. There is nothing in the infinite length and breadth of the universe so incredible.

On the other side we shall meet again; and, meeting, we shall know each other. Mated souls will continue in another life the journey which was interrupted here. The mutual interest which makes you and your friend one here will know no change there. Undivided hearts will remain undivided, and under the benign influence of eternity they will come even closer together.

Vessels which left port in company may be separated and sail far apart during the storm; but they are bound for a common destination, and when they reach it they will be in company once more. The separation was only an incident, only for a time, and the coming together was accomplished by the compass with which every vessel was provided. Moreover, these vessels can communicate with each other by wireless telegraphy, and souls on earth can equally hold communion with souls in heaven. Patience, resignation, faith, and charity, they make the present endurable, even cheerful; for the other shore is not far distant, and then we shall be with God, Christ and those to whom we have said good night!—George H. Hepworth in N. Y. Herald, Aug. 11.

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. There was hardly a breath of wind to disturb the waters of the bay, and everything had gone on my shoulder spoke only of peace and quiet.

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 fired another charge, but that fell short, and the poor 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 then they were shut; eyes that soon glared 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. I laid the bird on the sands and went back to the house, with a firm resolve never to fire another shot at a living thing.

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 bounding 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, longs—to slaughter.—P. E. 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 spirit 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 Tolstol, in The Resurrection.