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NO. 17

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

I saw a vast Cathedral softly rise
From out the amber dawn-mist of a Land,
That seemed in truth a very Paradise,
Whose mystic glories few minds understand.
High opalescent entrance gateways stood
Open from early dawn till close of day;
And, hushed by some approaching angelhood,
I bowed my head and entered in to pray.
The angel "Hope" with glittering wings outspread
Smiled down a blessing as I passed within;
And by a Child my feet were gently led
Towards a high altar to be purged of sin.
"My Name is Faith," the silvery treble sang,
With musical sweetness through the Holy Place;
"His Name is Faith," the Unseen Child sang,
"Follow Him close, and thou shalt see His face."
Before the altar hung a thin white veil
Through which the Child-gods passed; I humbly
Kneel,
Praying my strength and courage might not fail,
When lo! an inward holiness I felt.
What calm and joy crowned that sweet hour of
prayer!
Conitrite and happy I, with thoughts of heaven,
Beheld my life-long load of pain and care
Change into peace and song for which I'd striven.
I saw the altar veil then slowly part,
Revealing clear the Child crowned with the crown
Of Knowledge, with a message to my heart
From Love, the altar-angel, floating down.
Dazzling shekinah-glory filled the Place,
Triumphant music with glad voices rolled;
While I, regenerate, cleansed by childlike grace,
Felt the Child crown me with His crown of gold.
Then Knowledge kissed my brow—I knew I stood
Within the Soul's Cathedral, where the face
Of the sweet Christ-child touches us with good,
And beautifies our lives with spiritual grace.
So, friends, wherever our poor feet may tread
The Christ-child's pitying love is yours and mine;
For in each soul's Cathedral God hath shed
Undying love, with faith and peace divine.
Devotion.
Sydney, Australia, 1901.

On Earth Peace and Good Will.

BY E. W. WALLIS.

It has been in my mind to write to the "dear old Banner" for some weeks, but the opportunity has not presented itself until now and this must be a Christmas and New Year greeting of fraternal good will from both Mrs. Wallis and myself to all your readers in general and to our personal friends in particular.
Once more the sun's decline warns us that the years behind us are lengthening out, and, although we shall greet his rebirth on Christmas day as cordially as the rest, and think of the song the angels are reported to have sung so many years ago of "Peace and good will," and shall echo the sentiments with all our hearts, yet we are reminded that we are stepping onward, near and more near, towards the "great divide." That fact need not occasion us any pang, nor arouse any feeling of fear, but it may set us thinking. It will be profitable to ask: What am I doing with my life? What am I becoming?
Only three years ago we were at Norwich, Conn., and enjoyed the cordial hospitality and fraternal service of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman. We had fondly hoped that it might be permitted to us to meet them again "some day"—but they have preceded us on the journey and we have lost sight of them as they passed "through the mists." Others, too, on this side the ocean, have reared the veil asunder and entered into life, and one's thoughts inevitably turn to the beyond as the milestones come into view. "What is the good of it?" What is the use of all the fret and hurry, the fume and conflict, the clash and heart-ache, the misunderstanding and division and isolation? Surely, as we look back and think of the exaggerated importance that we attached to many things which we now realize were trivial, personal, and non-essential—or that, although we dreaded, and complained because of them, have proved to be beneficial—surely we shall feel the wisdom of making haste slowly, of possessing our souls in patience and peace, and of recognizing that "all is well." We may realize it if we can, only be calm and strong and true. [We must be, and not seem: do and not dream.]
Spirit people tell us that the real man is the spirit self and that that man is in the process of evolution—of becoming. ["To be and to do" constitute, and include, the largest and most important part of one's vocabulary."] [The greatest business of life is living: not talking or doing so much as being.] [When one is alive through and through, the sense of being-of power-of realization and enjoyment—deepens and strengthens, and life grows rounder, calmer and fuller in consequence. So that the question, really, is not so much "what am I living for?—but—what am I?" It represents the difference between desire and possession. Between endeavor and attainment. Between the ideal happiness which is always just ahead and the real happiness which appreciates and enjoys the good things of life all the time and makes the best of the now. In that spirit

what matters it how many mile-stones are passed? [Life is an eternal now. Yesterday is gone beyond recall, tomorrow never comes; today and today alone is our own. Let us then be strong, wise, happy and joyous today!] [If we think the glad and cheerful thought, sing the song of triumph and win serene confidence, life wears its sunniest aspect and affords us showers of blessing!] [We can cultivate thoughts and grow wisdom as truly as we can express ideas and conceive purposes.] [I am today what I think I am and the world is mine to employ and enjoy.] [All experiences serve me, but I must not let them master me. I am on the "look out" and I learn to see the inner meaning. I listen, and the "still, small voice" proclaims the gospel of Life and Immortality—for spirit cannot die.] [To me, as Interpreter, the whole world speaks and I make it my own as I understand and profit by its teaching.] [What have I, the spirit, to dread—I know the worst already—I am marching out to take possession of my "promised land"—it is mine already—no one can pre-empt it, but all who will may share it with me. I am no churl—my delight is in the joy of others; neither am I slave to time nor bound by space—my only fetters are ignorance and self-consciousness and fear.]
Some time back a copy of "Wisdom of the Ages," automatically written by my friend, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, came to my table. I have dipped into its pages as a bee dips into the flowers and I have found both sweet perfume and honey there. The mind must be ready to appropriate and the spirit to assimilate the thoughts which constitute the pabulum of the soul, otherwise the words are but words. The spirit must be attuned to see behind the phrase the beautiful thought-form that is hiding there. Only the true Lover can see the Goddess and worship her; then Love and Wisdom unite and Life is golden with glory. To souls attuned to meditation, soul harmonies and clear-sounding realization, this book will be a revelation and a stimulation and I confidently commend it to the seeker who would understand and enjoy such illumination.

I have read with much interest and pleasure the record of the Annual Convention at Washington. The machinery for work is necessary, but it should be as simple as possible. I am sick of paper "constitutions," which too frequently are a source of contention and hamper the willing worker. But, so long as things are as they are, such external symbols of unity are needed. Better, far better, the broad spirit of sympathy and concord and it rejoiced my heart to read how in the main—the people had gathered "of one accord in one place" and the spirit blessed them. And that they did serve the Lord, and the power of the spirit of Love did move mightily in their hearts so that peace, harmony and good will prevailed, and that the weary were encouraged and the apostles of the spirit went forth with power to preach the glad tidings to all the people; to heal the sick; comfort the bereaved; strengthen the weak and guide the blinded ones so that "the Way, the Truth and the Life" might be made manifest among men.
The "Piper Confession," so-called, has been noised abroad throughout the land here and once again, according to some people, Spiritualism has received its "death blow!" But, as was said of old, "the Lord maketh even his enemies to praise him," and so the "rumor" created by this alleged "confession" only tends to promote inquiry and, reactively, the Truth is served. But of course that does not justify the "smartness" which worked up the alleged "confession" and attributed to Mrs. Piper sentences and sentiments which she denies having employed or entertained.

The stand which you and others have taken for Altruism is right and wise, but it requires considerable enlightenment and elevation to carry it into effect in daily life and to avoid excess. Everything is in the Spirit (motive). One must know to teach; must be to exert an exemplary influence; and must suffer to sympathize. It cuts both ways—aye, all ways! There cannot be any real self-sacrifice in doing the highest and the best. There is no sacrifice in eschewing the wrong and doing the right. As it is right to serve others by example, influence, sympathy and love there is delight and joy in it, not sacrifice or loss!

The question of the hour seems to be whether Spiritualists can realize that it is their privilege (and should be their delight) to co-operate (in the Spirit of Love to Humanity and devotion to Truth) for the exercise of every legitimate form of propaganda—and by the influence of example—the example of harmony, unity, liberty, and fraternity—serve, teach, and strengthen others by being strong, wise, and pure themselves! [In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty—in all things Love] enshrines the ideal—are we ready for it? can we let go the old combative, contentious spirit and turn our attention to affirmative, constructive, educational service and prove that "the spirit of religion and the religion of the spirit" are

one and the same, viz: love, sympathy and service? It seems to me that every spirit who returns to minister to us sets us a worthy example—for, as it is love and sympathy which prompt him to try to comfort us, so that we may be free from fear, and happy in Love—so should we in turn serve others that they may share in the blessing! Then, aye then we shall have peace and good will among men.

Biography of a Spirit Guide.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

I.

The story I am going to relate is no fancy sketch of fiction; it is connected with our family history. The subject of it was my grandfather's bosom friend; his name is a household word with us. The unselfish love that united their altruistic hearts still binds them, more closely even, for, friends on earth, they are now brothers in spirit. Love that is of the soul is, like the soul, immortal; it grows and unfolds and is a prime factor in that ineffable bliss we mortals so little understand, who know but the shadow of love.

PRIEST, HEALER AND SEER.

About the third quarter of the 15th century, the Villafana—grandees of Spain who kept their hats on in the presence of the king—were in high favor. Juan, a younger son, in accordance with the custom in those days, destined to the Church. He was a remarkable youth, with peculiar ideas about the duties of a priest. A lover of mankind, he believed that they who undertook to save souls should know how to cure the ill flesh is heir to; he argued, also, that to relieve man's material wants was an excellent preventive to the temptation to sin. So, Juan de Villafana, while studying for the priesthood, studied also medicine with no little success. He visited the poor and the sick, bringing to them help, comfort and health; wherever he went, all who suffered, all who mourned and despaired learned to bless his name.

Juan received the minor orders. On this occasion, the king told the old marquis that as soon as the young man was consecrated a priest, he would nominate him for a bishopric. The marquis de Villafana, proud of this signal mark of the royal favor, bade Juan come with him to the next court levee, to thank his majesty. When the two entered the royal presence, the king, suffering with some mysterious ailment, was reclining on a couch. Juan approached and, bending his knee, was about to raise to his lips the hand the king held out to him, when he started, exclaiming in a tone of horror:

"Good Heaven! . . . His majesty has taken poison! . . ."
At this, the king fell back, terrified; all was confusion and uproar, the courtiers crying: "The man is mad! . . . He has frightened the king! . . . Turn him out! . . . Kill him! . . ."

Rough hands were laid on the young man, who struggled to free himself, still asserting: "The king has been poisoned! . . . I see the poison! . . . and I see the hand that prepared it! . . ."

This last remark only made matters worse. The fury of certain courtiers, particularly, increased in violence and the old marquis had no little trouble to drag his son away from the palace.

"Are you indeed mad," he asked Juan, as they hurried homewards, "to cause such a scandal!"
"Father," said the young man, with deep emotion, "I am in the full enjoyment of my senses. I swear to you the king has been poisoned, and more, that the poisoner is Count P., the queen's favorite."

"This is a serious charge, my son; how can you be so positive in making it?"

"I must tell you something that I cannot explain, something I do not understand, a mysterious gift of God to my unworthy self. Father, you know that I visit, both as priest and physician, the poor people stricken by disease; well, for some time past, I have had an unaccountable experience with my patients. The moment I approach their bedside I see the diseased part of their bodies as plainly as if they were on the dissecting table; I see the cause of the disease and I see the remedy. This knowledge is not the result of my medical studies; oftentimes, if I followed the teachings of the schools, I should diagnose, differently, prescribe more according to the pharmacopoeia. My knowledge is intuitive; it is as though my brain were suddenly illumined; I cannot hesitate or argue; I am impelled to act, even against my own sober judgment."

"Wonderful! . . . And, today, when you approached the king? . . ."
"I saw. I traced the poison eating away his vital parts, and, as in a picture, horribly real, I saw the dastard deed done! The effects of this poison are slow, well calculated to deceive even a physician's experienced eyes. But, if I know the poison, I also

know its antidote. Father, you must use your influence with his majesty and persuade him to take a preparation I shall give you. Let him believe it is a soothing potion which will alleviate pains due to a common disorder, for I have alarmed him and his tranquillity must be restored. I have been rash, I spoke out unwisely, perhaps, for P. will be warned, but I could not restrain myself, an irresistible force compelled me to speak the truth."

Old Villafana was much perturbed in mind. He was devoted to his king; he wished to save him; but how should he proceed in this delicate mission? The poisoner and his accomplices would be watchful and suspicious. More than that, they could not rest under such an accusation; they would prosecute Juan, and how could he prove that serious charge? Who would believe this extraordinary story of second-sight, insight or whatever it might be called? But he would do his duty at all risks, he, the old Hidalgo, with whom honor was paramount.

Leaving his father to his reflections, Juan had gone to his laboratory to prepare the promised antidote. The day was almost spent when he sallied forth to visit some of his poor patients. Returning home at a late hour, he was waylaid by two assassins. He defended himself. One of the rascals fell; the other fled. Juan bent over his prostrate foe, ready to assist him; the man was dead; a blow from the young man's stick had crushed his temple.

Horried at his deed, though it was done in self-defence, Juan hastened home and sought his father. He related to him the story of this attempt upon his life.

"They were no common bandits bent on robbery," he said. "I recognized the wretch I had the misfortune to slay. They were P.'s hirelings. He thought, no doubt, that once his accuser dead, he was safe. For myself, I fear not his vengeance, but I may be the cause of getting you into trouble. It is better I should go, that I disappear. It will confirm the opinion that I have gone mad. You will be let alone and can the more successfully serve the king. He must be induced to take, secretly, the potion I have compounded; it will neutralize the effects of the slow poison he has taken. Then you and such faithful servants of his majesty in whom you may confide, must watch that another attempt be not made, when the failure of this one is ascertained."

"Oh, my son, my son! Where will you go? What of your future, which was opening so brightly?"

"Father, I have killed a fellow-being; the hands that have been imbued in human blood are unfit to touch the Host. I may not serve God as a priest; I will consecrate myself to the service of humanity, which is still serving Him. Moreover, I am more physician than priest," added Juan, smiling.
"Give me your blessing, father, and, farewell, I leave Spain forever, a voluntary exile."

This narrative will have done with Spain, when I have stated briefly that the king's life was saved, and the discovery of some court intrigue caused P. to be banished from the kingdom.

(To be continued Dec. 23.)

Special Holiday Offer!!!

Commencing with the issue of Dec. 7, 1901, the Banner of Light will be sent to any new subscriber for four months for

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!

During that period Miss Lillian Whiting, under a special engagement, will contribute a series of articles upon topics of interest to all Spiritualists, Liberalists, Metaphysicians, and Occultists. Now is the time to subscribe. Let us hear from all quarters of the globe at once.

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Have I done nobly? Then I must not let Dead yesterday unborn tomorrow shame. Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip Be my reminder in temptation's hour, And keep me silent when I would condemn.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Friendly Reply to Rev. F. A. Wiggin's Lecture on "Healing."

BY SUZIE C. CLARK

The full title of this address (which can be secured entire in pamphlet form at the Banner of Light office), was "Mediunistic, Metaphysical, Christian Science and Material Media Healing," and this wide theme was treated in a spirit of great fairness to each, and with charity for all. Therefore, to take exception to any of its broad statements would seem a most ungracious task, if it were not that experience in the field of practical work is a most excellent teacher, and the ability to speak from this standpoint, Mr. Wiggin, from his busy life in his own widely gifted sphere of spiritual and psychic usefulness, necessarily lacks. In kindly good-fellowship, then, will he allow a few supplementary suggestions from the text: "Behold, I show unto you a more excellent way."

In the first place, Material Media never pretends to "heal." It has never even arisen far enough above the plane of experiment to be classed as a science. Its work (which will be mercifully continued as long as a benighted world needs or demands the same), is always allusive; it temporarily relieves or cures (where it does not murder) until the next attack requires a repetition of the dose; it does not presume to prevent a recurrence of the malady, which true healing includes.

Secondly, metaphysicians do not consider all diseases "imaginary." This error has been explained and refuted many times. They claim, however, that all illness enters the system through two mental gateways—Fear and Belief—a firm conviction that disease can attack the organism, and the constant fear that it will. According to the old cleft:

"The best receipt for health, say what you will, Is never to suppose you can be ill."

The mental healer also notes correspondences of thought action, as, for example, an outbreak of temper can produce a heavy cold quite as quickly as an east wind, and the influenza resultant therefrom should be met in the realm of causation, by the proper attitude of love, peace and good will, rather than on the plane of effect, by hot punch or cough drops. A miserly disposition can and usually does restrict peristaltic action, as surely as it closes the pocket-book when the contribution box comes around. To cultivate and maintain a generous, benevolent spirit would perhaps prove more permanently effectual than a dose of senna. In short, the "New Thought" movement (as it is called), is spiritualized practicalism in daily living. Far from being "purely intellectual," it is an attempt to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the character and expression of its disciples.

Might not a test of the worth of the different schools of healing be thus profitably applied, by ascertaining which represents the highest degree, the largest percentage of health in its exponents? The regulars are certainly often ill, they claim the right to be, and when thus overtaken, they have the weakest kind of faith in their own drugs. The instance is well known of a young medical student who wrote the prize essay on Appendicitis, and died of this malady three days later, a clear case of mental causation through the avenues of Belief and Fear.

The mediums (God bless them all), are by no means exempt from illness, for they seem especially prone to collapse and contagion from their inherent sensitiveness, their liability to "take on conditions" so readily; they even wear their belief in this possibility almost as a badge of honor, since it proves the fitness of the healing instrument. But let us hope they will soon discover that it is also possible for them to take on and hold divine conditions, to close the lower, mundane gates and open those leading inward where unbroken power abides, where unflinching protection can be their own, for gaining this emancipation, they can never weaken or fail till the Great Spirit does, of which they are an indissoluble part. Strong, beautiful work is accomplished by the mediunistic and magnetic healer, for magnetism is far more than "sympathy." Electricity and magnetism are the two poles on the plane of expression of the potency of Spirit, "the life force of the universe," the very breath of health and power. But these healers do not usually teach the patient exemption from future illness, which is the greatest need of humanity.

Now we would recognize and emphasize the fact that all successful healers in metaphysical or Christian Science ranks are undoubtedly mediums, even though unaware of this quality. There is no other avenue of power but to serve as a facile mediator between darkness and light, error and truth, bondage and freedom, and such work inevitably attracts the companionship and co-operation of ardent souls interested in the same altruistic field of labor, and in union there is strength. But it is also undeniable that the status of health in these ranks is ab-

(Continued on page four.)

OUR CHRISTMAS.

Let all the world awake this morn.
To glad divineness in our earth;
And let it know that truth is born—
In stables hiding out its worth!

And let the world our message hear—
Brought yet by a babe from above—
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
And blessed brotherhood and love!"

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

History of the Early Days of Spiritualism.

THE SOCIETY AT POQUONOCK—A HALF CENTURY OF REINASCENCE.

Fifty years ago a little gathering of friends was at the home of Cyrus Howe one evening, ostensibly for a social call and general pleasant time. During the evening a Mr. Billings of Somersville, Connecticut, called at the house to stay over night. He was introduced to the callers and thereupon asked Mr. Howe if the assembled folks might have a "sitting."

"Sitting," said Mr. Howe in amazement, "why of course we'll have a sitting, you don't expect to stand, do you?"

Hereupon the gentleman who made the suggestion explained that he referred to the sitting of the folks present in a circle about a table for spiritual manifestation. The gentleman seated himself at a table and called different ones to come and put their hands upon the table. There was no appreciable success of spiritual manifestations until your humble servant, then a little girl, was requested to place her hands upon the table, when to the astonishment of those present, the table rose immediately and was suspended in the air, returning to the floor whence it performed through my agency many peculiar antics familiar to people of later day Spiritualism. These were the initial manifestations of spiritual phenomena in Poquonock, Conn. This occurred about three years after the Rochester rappings that had made such a sensation.

From this start many became interested, circles being held at our home and elsewhere with enthusiastic regularity. Some of the early members were Mrs. Salmon Clark, whose spiritual nature seemed so fully developed as to accept all the liberal ideas developed by spiritual philosophy, her confidence and trust in spiritual knowledge, and goodness of soul are remembered by all who knew her. It was at her home the knowledge of my gift as a clairvoyant first came to me. Her baby was seriously ill at the time; I became entranced and prescribed for the child, to whom she gave the medicine, and her recovery was remarkable. That first patient, now Mrs. Eliza Lambertson, is, and has been, Secretary of our Society for a number of years.

Some of the early investigators were the Thrall family, Mrs. Warren Griswold, Mrs. A. P. Williams, Shelly Clark and family, Mrs. F. M. Brown of Windsor Locks, David Pinney and family, Dr. Chaffee, Joseph Whipple and family. One of his daughters, Mrs. Strickland, is still a member of our society. We continued our circles and investigations, the interest and attendance increasing until we decided to call lecturers to receive all the best advantages possible of the philosophy of Spiritualism. The first lecturer called was Warren Chase. Mr.

Chase was a Congressman, and a lecturer of great ability. Following was Dr. John Mahew, Frank Wadsworth, N. Frank White, Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton, Prof. S. R. Britton, all able exponents of harmonious philosophy of those days.

After ten years of patient work in this good Cause, it was proposed by Cyrus Howe, my father, nearly 80 years of age, to form an organization to assist us spiritually and financially, for in unity there is strength. This proposal being favorably received, Dec. 5, 1861, he formulated the constitution and by-laws of the Spiritual Harmonical Society, of which, today, we are celebrating the fortieth Anniversary.

There were originally about sixty members, the majority of which have passed over to the other life, but are still interested in our work, and often cheer us by the communications which we receive in our circles.

In those days the occurrence of the Rochester Rappings had left a deep impression on us, because of their import. It became our custom to celebrate the anniversary of the phenomena regularly each year. March 31st being the day, from far and near assembled the friends of our Cause at some appointed home of a Spiritualist. No matter how inclement the weather, mud bespattered seekers of the truth laboriously toiled through mud and slush to be on hand, as it were.

In the early days among the other lecturers we had Miss Nettie Coburn, who became Mrs. Nettie Coburn Maynard, and who was attached to President Lincoln and wife in capacity of medium. She worked and developed with us two years prior to going to Washington. Mrs. Maynard was the author of the work "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" Mrs. Maynard was one of our most remarkable mediums.

About this time occurred the development of John O. Phelps, who possessed remarkable healing powers, and did so much good for all about him. Mr. Phelps' personality was a ready recommendation of the truth of his mediumship to all who knew him. Many new ones became interested at this time. Mr. Nelson Bowers, being controlled to give many beautiful thoughts from the other world, bringing in new members. Mr. Joseph Hungerford, the Clark families, Mr. Chauncey Newberry, and many others being brought to the truth. Mr. Hungerford was a more than willing worker with great executive ability.

After nearly twenty years of true and earnest work the building of a hall seemed a necessity, as we had no place to hold our lectures, except the old Universalist church. To heat this comfortably for us one cold December night the young men across the river, a mile and a half away, brought wood in their arms to burn in the old box stove that stood in the centre aisle, around which we clustered and kept our faces warm, while we listened to the words of inspiration from our speakers. I mention this fact to show the enthusiasm of our work in those days. We held our socials at the homes of different members. We continued our lectures, employing the best speakers obtainable, including Laura De Force Gordon, Amanda Spence, Anna Hinman, Cephas B. Lynn, Lizzie Doten, L. B. Miller, Professor Eccles, J. Frank Baxter, and many others.

By holding socials and fairs, and with gifts of money and work from those interested, we were able to build a hall.

In 1879 the hall was erected, which we now

occupy. Mrs. Brigham was present at the dedication. We now hold regular fortnightly socials for exchange of thought and progressive ideas and a general harmonious gathering.

In the early days we had much opposition to encounter because of our strange belief, but we paid but little heed to it. I well remember people would talk with my father and endeavor to persuade him of his folly. But his advanced ideas concerning a future existence caused them to see the futility of their attacks, and they soon ceased. One of the most bitter assailants of free thought in this vicinity was deacon Roger Phelps, of Windsor. On one occasion he called upon Mr. Howe and a long debate followed upon capital punishment. When leaving the house Deacon Phelps exclaimed:

"O! how I long for the good old days of Salem witchcraft. I would have Howe's girl hung to the nearest apple tree."

In return Mr. Howe characterized him as "another of the many old fossils he had to encounter."

Classification of Specimens.

BY T. AURELIA MOORE.

While reading the (to me) intensely interesting number on "Local Societies Again," as published in Banner of Nov. 13, I was reminded of an object-lesson that came under my observation a few years ago, and has been valuable to me many times since.

An acquaintance who was well versed in geological lore, had passed from the land of research into that of absolute knowledge.

Shortly after his death I visited the family and considerable time was spent in examining and admiring the "specimens" as collected and classified by him—beautiful, brilliant, rare, crude, in the rough, etc. All kinds, in all conditions, each having more or less of worth. Expressing myself, rather demonstratively (I presume) at the large collection, the daughter said:

"Come with me a minute."

I arose, following her down into the basement, or cellar, rather, and there I was shown boxes piled on boxes—filled with what (to my uneducated eye) appeared like crushed stone, or of a similar character.

"What in the world is this?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Unclassified specimens."

"Father hadn't time to classify them before he went away."

In about a year, I was again with them, at which time a geologist from one of our colleges was occupying his leisure time by classifying the "cellar specimens," and placing them in their respective order in the cabinet.

Later I presume others were similarly disposed of and are now occupying conspicuous positions among their kin.

Can we not hope that some of our "unclassified specimens" in the spiritualistic phases and ranks will eventually, through forces subtle yet powerful, be elevated from the cellar of material obstacles and obstruction into the cabinet of geological demonstrations.

296 Camp St., Meriden, Conn.

The most of the reform efforts are to make someone like someone. Persons work from outside patterns too much. No one is really better for being like someone else—he must be better in heart, spirit and soul.—Ex.

A Clairvoyant Prophecy Fulfilled

During the winter of 1897-1898, in Topeka, Kansas, I used to experiment with a fine hypnotic somnambulism. While in the trance state he was an excellent clairvoyant, and I had many manifestations that, familiar as I was with his phenomena, seemed marvelous. None of them have been published. Recent chemical discoveries lead me to narrate one of them which could not possibly, by the opponents of Spiritualism, be accounted for upon the usual ground of telepathy. The subject was a young man of seventeen. He was a high school pupil and interested in electricity. Among the travels he made on the South-side of life, were several trips to the planet Mars. Upon his first journey, among other things he noticed that there was a method of electric lighting that was superior to our own. There was neither battery nor wire used. It was done by placing some chemical substances in juxtaposition. I urged him to learn how it was done. He could not ascertain. Upon a subsequent visit he became more interested in the matter and I urged him to find out the process. At last he said:

"I cannot."

"Why?" I inquired. And there came this wonderful answer. Wonderful had it come from a deep student of metaphysics:

"I cannot for they guard it with all the power of their thought."

I asked, "Why do they?"

"An old man here tells me—'Here I stopped him.'"

"Tells you! Why, you do not know their language! You cannot talk with him?" Immediately the reply:

"We do not use language. We converse by thought." Then he continued:

"The old man says that I cannot have it. The 'fair unknown' is for, is the secret of the universe, and through necessity find out nature's secrets. And now that I know it is possible, I can go back and find the secret for myself."

"Were I to tell you, you would lose the unfoldment that comes from seeking and finding. The life is for, is the development of latent powers. Earth must develop, as we have. We have found. You can."

This incident came to memory recently, as I read of the discovery of M. Henri Becquerel. As stated (in an extract going the rounds of the press from a French physicist, Emile Gautier), the discovery is as follows:

In 1896 Becquerel discovered that the compounds of uranium emitted peculiar rays and that the emission was spontaneous and constant. That this matter held in itself its own light and that light is eternal. These rays of uranium are expensive and are only obtained by hard and tedious labor. They are polonium, radium, actinium. They spontaneously generate electricity.

Thus at the time my somnambulist saw the fact of spontaneous generation of electricity on Mars, it was discovered in laboratories here. He saw it easy of operation and plentiful. It was lighting the buildings and streets. So will it yet with us. Whether it is the same mineral is a question. Probably not. For I prophesy that it will be found that all minerals possess this quality of luminosity. That when chemists realize that all is Spirit, they will institute new methods, and release the life in the atoms and have light at will. I only report the fact for what it may be worth to him who thinks.

Henry Harrison Brown, "Now" Office, San Francisco, Cal., November, 1901.

A perfect sphere has roundness and smoothness, but its detached fragments are each irregular and jagged."

The Show.

A BRIEF SURVEY.

A while ago I walked into a Temple of the Spirit seeking with that sensibility called devotion, fellowship with the good spirits. I had just felt the jolt and jar of the commercial world and was waiting for spiritual refreshment. This Temple (forgive the term), was a kind of dismal parlor-bedroom, but the advertisement of the meeting gave me a kind of sensitiveness as to my worth in doing to associate with such superior worshippers and trading with ordinary leather the floors of the All-Grand-Paragon-Palace. I thought I might get permission to behold from afar off (in the parlor-bedroom), if I was too exceedingly evil a person to partake. I entered with receptive soul, but gradually got a sick-soul on account of the influences being so materially crushing. A person came forward acting like a caged bird wanting freedom and announced from a soap box that "business would begin."

Charitably inclined, he did not want to bother the Divine with praise or prayer, but pushed on with an appeal to the pocket and a "fair count." I don't want to be an informer, but really his strong breath betrayed a sensual habit that smelled "saloon," and maybe the habit was forcing the poor fellow to be anxious for a "fair count." There was a magnetism about him that seemed to paralyze that he was fond of a good time in self-glification.

Well! "Brevity is the soul of wit." He quickly put himself in rapport with the spirits by a mysterious manner of face-distorting and plaus assuming, and then stood still as a "truth-seeker" into the fair unknown. The "fair unknown" was a man who was to me fairly unknowable. There was quite a mob of elderly people there who were "nice," but just acted as naughty little children do. The desires of Miss Giddy as to whether she would marry the butcher, the baker or the candlestick-maker were really disturbing. The sport was that they were seeking from the "fair unknown" the winner of the future stakes. My friend, the Trifler, was there wanting financial advice. The vibrations of the mob were really thumping so hard that I was afraid I might get "knocked out."

The spirits said nothing philosophical, but revealed that they were seeking from the "fair unknown" a man who was a little lower than the ordinary. They were a motley herd and reminded me of the Rabble of Comus pandering among semi-bestiality. They had erected Spiritualism like the chaste lady of the Masque and were around her mocking her with grotesque conjurings and inoffensive pervasiveness.

Spiritualism is a divine philosophy and is totally unfit for the inconstant crowd. Coming away in a state of distemper, I asked for a "Banner." They had no spiritual literature. Seriously—not facetiously, mark you—I consider the Spiritualist without his "Banner" or spiritual weekly as old a curiosity as a devout Christian without his Bible, or a sun-worshiper minus the sun. I don't want to enter these spiritual shows because I am apt to feel like a violent invader. Sacred history points magnificently to the Christ of old who seized a whip and lashed the money-changers out of the Temple. I hope Spiritualism some day will produce such a courageous Christ.

Wm. C. Crawford.

75 Prospect St., Somerville, Mass.

"Events are unimportant except as their significance is interpreted."

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSELEA.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

"Molly," said he to the boat, "can't yer speak at" tell me what yer find that that gal as is a constant wear an' worry ter her marn? Yer want speak; yer es silent es ther tomb! Wall, then, I must leave yer. You an' them big waves, thes' jest a-reachin' o' yer starn, must tussle it out together. Yer safe enough, I reckon; fur Mark hes dug yer anker knee deep inter ther sand. Ther boy never forgits ner neglecks anythin', an' ther last spark o' fire hes gone out, a'ready. Wall; good bye, ole gal, till mornin'. Now, whar shell I go ter look fur ther that crazy gal? I'll go ter ther hotel fust, I gess, an' see ef she's ther; an' in case I don't find her, I'll jest ax Mark ter go with me in sarch o' her." Saying which, he turned his steps in the direction of the hotel.

But Jane had not been seen at the hotel. The old fisherman then ascended to Mark's room and knocked. The young man opened the door, but looked a little surprised on seeing who was there.

"Oh! is it you, Uncle Kester? Come in, and take a seat here by the grate. This heavy wind makes the air chilly."

The old man stepped inside the door, but did not sit down.

"What is the matter, uncle?" asked Mark. "You look solemn and troubled. No one sick down there at the cottage, is there, dear old dad?"

"Ef yer mean ter ask ef ther that sweet turkie-dove is sick, then I shud say she war otherwise—I shud say she war ill at ease in her mind."

Mark looked at the old man, inquiringly.

"I suppose yer haint seen ther gal round about, anywhar, hes yer?"

"What gal do you mean, uncle? Certainly no girl, except the chamber maid, ever comes to this room, and she never comes when I am here," and the young man smiled good humoredly.

"Wall, in course I didn't mean fur ter ax yer ef Jane hed ben in this ere room; but ef yer hed observed her a watin' anywhar round on this beach?"

"No, uncle; I have not seen a lady, child, or young girl on the beach today. The wind is altogether too furious for ladies or children to be out."

The old man sighed heavily.

"Mark," he asked, "what do yer suppose hes become o' ther that gal, es hes hed her own way morn' she oughter tew?"

"Do you mean Miss Erie?" asked Mark.

"Wall, yis. I mean Jane Erie, in course."

"Is she not at home?"

"She's not thar, pardner, thes' sartin; an', whar's more, she hes not ben thar sence mornin'."

Mark looked thoughtful.

"I shall jest hev ter sarch this ere town thru, afore I go back ter her marn—the poor dove, thes' is a mournin' fur her one nestlin'." "Pears like thes' ef ther nestlin' must a ben hatched onto a strang' brood, fur she's more like a eaglet then a dove."

"Your right, dad; and I think the eaglet has flown to parts unknown; or, perhaps, to yonder mountain. However, I will go with you and we will make a thorough search of the town and beach, together with the little settlement, yonder."

They sallied forth into the wind and darkness, and it was past midnight before they gave up the search.

All was in vain, however. Jane Erie had disappeared

as though the earth had swallowed her up or the restless waves of the Pacific had engulfed her.

While her husband was absent, looking for the missing girl, Mrs. Kester searched her daughter's room. She found that Jane's best clothes had also disappeared, and, discovering this, she came to the conclusion that her child had left her home of her own accord, and to search for her in the town was useless; so when the old fisherman returned from his wanderings about the town, she told him of her discovery. He looked downcast and gloomy, while the mother sighed and shed tears of grief and disappointed hopes, for she had hoped, as all other mothers do, that her daughter would have been a staff and comfort to her declining years; she had hoped that her daughter would have married some honest young man, here in Redondo, and that they would have made their home here, near her own, and that lovely little children would have called her grandma. But her nestling had flown—no one at present could tell where.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BRIDE.

We, also, are interested in this young lady's career, and as we are more fortunate than Mrs. Kester was—by being able to follow, simply because we are invisible—we will take that liberty.

Jane did not take the train that morning, knowing full well that if she were to do so, her presence at the station would be known; for all connected with that depot were well acquainted with her. She stole, unobserved, out upon the wharf, just before the morning boat, the Corona, started for San Francisco.

Marcus Chesterfield had begged of her, a number of times, in his letters, to meet him at San Francisco; and she had replied that she would do so when he was ready to lead her to the altar. In the next letter which she had received, by return of mail, he pleaded his previous engagement. She replied, that his later engagement was the more binding of the two—that she would come, directly he promised to marry her as soon as she arrived. But he demurred for a considerable length of time. At last he wrote, that it was so stupidly dull at the camp he could endure it no longer. He should start for San Francisco the next day, and that if she would take the next boat from Redondo for San Francisco, he would meet her at the wharf. He also enclosed a five hundred dollar note, that she might not lack for funds. He was an entire stranger in San Francisco, and no one there need to know but that she was a wealthy woman, equal in all respects to himself.

Jane was delighted. This was precisely what she desired and what she had anticipated; so just before the boat was ready to start, she made her way to it. She was heavily veiled, and in the confusion no one recognized her, and soon she was many miles away from her home. She would arrive in San Francisco somewhere about five o'clock on the second day, sleeping one night on the boat.

She had never before been parted from her mother, and for the first time found herself entirely alone in the great world. There was not a soul on the boat whom she had ever seen before; she sat gazing toward the fast receding shore; a sense of desolation crept over her.

Suppose Marcus Chesterfield should fail to keep his appointment? She placed very little confidence in his promises, realizing his perfidy toward Isabel Morton, and although she herself had instigated it, still she knew that he was by nature inconstant, and, consequently, not to be trusted.

Jane Erie did not love Marcus Chesterfield in the least. She was one of those women who by nature love little—one of those to whom extreme wealth and honors constituted all there is in life worth the living. To give

herself to any man, no matter how wealthy he might be, without the marriage ceremony, would have been to her, also, impossible. She did not wish merely to accept gifts and favors. She desired to be the mistress—without cavil or doubt—of his millions. This she would be or nothing. But, of course, Marcus Chesterfield could not know all this, and he came to the conclusion that if he must marry Jane, it really made little difference to him after all.

He had admired Isabel's beauty and sweetness, but his vanity was hurt at her coldness and reluctance to become his wife at once. He was one of those who are indignant if a woman is not ready to fall at their feet and adore them. Jane Erie could pretend to all this and yet remain cold and indifferent at heart. Marcus was perfectly willing to desert Isabel Morton, but he feared her mother. If he married Jane, would Mrs. Morton induce Isabel to sue for breach of promise of marriage? He could not tell. He greatly feared anything of this nature, for he well knew that if she were to do so, the courts and the lawyers would run away with a vast amount of his wealth; it might possibly ruin him entirely; however, he would meet Jane and listen to whatever advice she might be able to give him.

The following day, after Jane had left Redondo, the Corona arrived at San Francisco. It was about half past five o'clock. The sun had already disappeared behind the hills, but the air was soft and balmy and the sky without a cloud. When the passengers began to land, Jane looked about, eagerly, for her lover—and, truth to tell, he was not long in discovering her.

His elegant carriage was waiting near by. His greeting was not very effusive, still, he shook her hand warmly, while her eyes glowed with the smouldering fire of ambition.

Ah! could it be possible that she was so soon to be the mistress of vast wealth? She, Jane Erie, not much more than a beggar, who had never known anything but privation and poverty all her life? She, Jane Erie, whom the ladies at the hotel, in Redondo, had been in the habit of snubbing with supercilious mien on all occasions? It would very soon be her turn now, she thought.

Marcus handed her into the carriage, the driver whipped up his horses, and presently the carriage stopped before the Palace Hotel.

Marcus had made very few remarks on the way, and Jane had scarcely lifted her head, but the young man had stolen his arm about her waist, and imprinted one or two passionate kisses on her lips.

Marcus had already engaged a suite of elegant apartments at the hotel, and into them he conducted the girl who soon meant to be his bride. This suite of rooms consisted of parlor, bedroom and bathroom.

Jane took off her wraps and looked about her. She had never seen anything half so elegant in all her life.

Marcus ordered a sumptuous repast, and when they were left to themselves, Jane said:

"Dear Marcus, have you decided where we are to be married?"

"No, not yet," he replied. "Really, there is no hurry, Jane. A week or two hence will do, will it not?"

"No!" she answered, decisively. "Unless we are married, this very evening, I shall leave this hotel and go to another; or, I may take the midnight train for Los Angeles."

"Jane, you can never be guilty of doing anything so foolish!"

"Indeed, I can," she replied. "I not only can, but will. You wrote me that you had already procured a license, or I should not be here. Now, let me see it."

Marcus took the document from his pocket and handed it to her. She opened it with great deliberation and read it aloud, slowly, and distinctly.

"This is all right," she said in a pleased tone. "It

only remains, now, for the marriage ceremony to be performed. Shall we drive to the house of some divine, or will you send for one to come here?"

"But, Jane," he remonstrated, "I had hoped, when we married, to make some display—and, really, your traveling dress is not suitable for the bride of a millionaire."

"I care little whether it be suitable or not," she replied; "still, if you will go out and engage rooms for me, at some other hotel, I am willing to wait until tomorrow, when I will provide myself with suitable wedding apparel—and you can engage the minister for tomorrow evening."

Marcus hesitated.

"After all, Jane," he said, "it really makes but little difference. Your dress is quite neat; I will do as you say. But, there is a minister here at the hotel. I will speak to him. If I ask him to come to us at ten o'clock, it will do, will it not?"

"I think it will," answered Jane; "in the meanwhile, Marcus, we will go out. I wish to make one or two purchases."

Marcus spoke to the minister and then he and Jane went out. The stores were not all closed. Jane purchased an elegant point lace collar, and a pair of white kid gloves; then they returned to the hotel.

The young lady's traveling dress was a steel-gray alpaca, very pretty and becoming. She pinned the collar about her neck, drew on her white kid gloves, and, really, looked a very beautiful bride indeed. The clerical gentleman soon after knocked at the door; and, in less than half an hour, Marcus Chesterfield and Jane Erie were man and wife.

Jane could no longer conceal her joy and gratification. Now, her real life would commence in earnest. She questioned Marcus about the mines.

"They turned out all right," said he. "They gave me my price, and we need never return to the mining camp, or Redondo, for that matter. The syndicate really exists in London, England. My dealings have been with its representative. I am at this present moment, my dear Jane, worth six millions."

Jane clasped her hands in an ecstasy of joy.

"Marcus," said she, "shall I write to my mother?"

"I think not, just at present. I want to get clear of this cursed country, first; for Mrs. Morton may take it into her head to sue me for breach of promise of marriage to her daughter, or instigate Isabel to do so. We will start for New York tomorrow, and from there set sail for Europe. I do not mean to return to America for two years at least. Of course you will like this, Jane?"

"Well, perhaps as well as any other. I desire to see the world and also to take my rightful place in it."

In a week from that time, Marcus and Mrs. Chesterfield were on their way to Europe.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JANE IS FORGIVEN.

Time went on, as time is in the habit of doing, bringing and depositing as it flies, incidents without number. Mrs. Kester had received a letter, dated from New York. Jane had mailed the epistle just before going on board the steamer which was to sail at ten o'clock. She informed her mother that she was married to Marcus Chesterfield, and would be far on her way toward another land by the time this reached her mother's hand. The unfaithful daughter sent her mother a check for five thousand dollars.

(To be continued.)

"And while we wait upon mood, we must also order and direct it; for mood is like fire, a good servant, but an evil master."

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The Morris Pratt Institute.

A school for Spiritualists has at last been launched, through the generosity of Morris Pratt and wife of Winchester, Wis. They have given outright the magnificent temple in their home city for school purposes, and have deeded the property as an independent corporation, controlled by broad-minded Trustees, so that a school for our people may be said to be at last fairly under way. The donors first offered the property to the N. S. A., and their offer was accepted by the late National Convention, but certain complications arose which led to the formation of an entirely new organization limited to school work only. The majority of the trustees of the N. S. A. felt that a school was too great a risk to be undertaken at the present time, and the property passed into other hands. This has enabled us to use our Cause as a whole, for the new organization is under the control of Spir-

itualists all of whom are interested in education.

The Institute will be conducted along broadly helpful lines, and will have for its special object the fitting of our young men and women for the platform of Spiritualism. The world no longer looks upon inspired ignorance as preferable to uninspired intelligence. Inspiration and education should go together, and the new school in Whitewater gives them a chance to do so. One hundred years ago, yes, seventy-five years ago, college graduates could not be obtained to the Methodist ministry. This statement was equally true of the Universalists, yet today both denominations require profound scholarship on the part of those who enter its ministry. Spiritualists have felt for almost fifty years that the views of the early Methodists were correct, and have not cared very much what they listened to, so long as their speakers were able to string together a goodly number of big words.

Our words apply only to those who argue that mortals should make no effort of themselves, but merely open their lips and let the "dear spirits" do all of the work. This policy has pushed scholarship to the rear, and ignorance to the front, with the result that Spiritualism has been made to suffer greatly thereby. In order that they may cope with the speakers on the rostrum of materialism, and in the pulpits of the churches, our speakers must be equipped in scholarship for all possible encounters. A thorough knowledge of logic, rhetoric, grammar, history, evolution, psychology, etc., will hurt no one, but will rather attract educated men and women around him from both sides of life.

The Morris Pratt Institute gives the Spiritualists the opportunity they have so long wanted. The building is a brick structure, built upon hygienic principles, and admirably adapted to school work. It is located centrally in one of the most healthful cities in the State of Wisconsin, and is an object of pride to every one of the five thousand residents of the place. It can, with slight expense, be fitted to accommodate one hundred fifty students with sleeping apartments and table board. The land upon which the temple stands was deeded with the building itself. The building originally cost thirty-eight thousand dollars, and the land upon which it stands is worth several thousand dollars more. It now remains for the Spiritualists to endow their school that it may be opened to the public in September of next year. As we are the last among the people of the United States to take up educational work, let us be first among them in the results of our labors. We can profit by the good examples and mistakes of all other schools, and make this one of ours the best and most reliable institution of learning in the whole wide world. Our platform already has less than twenty well-equipped, high minded, young men and women as exponents of the truths of Spiritualism. We are converting very few representative clergymen in other denominations. Rev. B. F. Austin is the one notable exception in many years. We need scholarly recruits. Let us train them in our own school and take them from our own ranks. The Morris Pratt Institute gives us a chance to do some practical work. Let us endow it at once, and then resolutely do that work.

Sunday Funerals.

From various sections of the land a movement is on foot on the part of certain preachers and undertakers to abolish Sunday funerals in so far as it is possible to do so. The preachers declare that the "sanctity" of the day is violated by the interment of the mortal remains of an individual who has been so inconsiderate as to take leave of earth a day or two previous to the arrival of Sunday. Just what the claim of the undertakers is, is not so clear. So many of them are after the cash a funeral brings to them that all days have become alike to them, so far as money getting is concerned. It may be that a few of them feel that their piety is outraged by a Sunday funeral, but it is safe to say that only a very small minority of the profession could set up this pretense. It may be that they feel the need of the day for rest, yet it frequently happens that several week days pass in succession without one funeral falling into their coffers. Why are not those days rest days? Instances are on record where two and even three funerals came to an undertaker for Sunday. The income from them was considerable and surely made up to him his lack of revenue on the rest days he was compelled to observe.

The abolition of Sunday funerals is not demanded by the masses, nor by any fair-minded religiousist of any denomination. The bodies interred on Sunday keep just as still and rest as sweetly as those that are consigned to their last resting places on week days. Those who mourn their departure are as grieved on one day as on another, hence week day funerals by no means do away with the grief and anguish of the bereaved. The change is evidently asked for by the preachers who feel that they are "overworked" when they are forced (7) to attend a funeral besides preaching one sermon on Sunday. It is also probable that they hope to increase the attendance of their churches by the change, yet it is far from reasonable to suppose that any family in mourning will parade themselves in any church to advertise their grief. Secularism is rather their desire, and people now exert themselves to the utmost to keep out of sight while the sad services are being conducted. The proposed combination of the two classes, the preachers and undertakers, is new only along the line named. They long ago combined for the purpose of putting "jobs" into each other's hands, and have lived up to their bargains in more instances than one since the alliance was established.

Preachers who were called to administer the last rites of religion beside a bed of seeming death, have frequently recommended such and such an undertaker to the relatives as one best fitted to care for the precious remains. The undertaker and preacher were

in partnership, and the latter received a percentage on the gross receipts from the job thus obtained. We know of several cases where the obliging undertakers have recommended certain preachers as the ones of all others best adapted to conduct the funeral services. They received a "rake off" from the sums paid the preachers for their services. It is merely a case of "you help me and I will help you," usually followed by professional politicians. The move to abrogate Sunday funerals may be due to the desire of the undertaker to render it necessary for all bodies to be carefully embalmed in order to keep them over Sunday, which would naturally add to his revenue. Perhaps he could sell a cheaper casket at the same high price, were the change made, by which the number viewing the remains would be lessened through the week day service.

But where the gain to the preacher comes in a financial sense is not so apparent. On Sundays he would have many more people in attendance to listen to his exhortations, and could warn that larger number of the wrath to come with greater vehemence, through the inspiration large numbers always give. The only gain the preacher will have through the week day funeral is this—less labor on his part, and the possibility of being able to charge a larger sum for the Monday funeral than he would for one held on the previous day.

Ruling out all possibility of gain to the two classes under discussion, there is not one valid reason for the abolition of the Sunday funeral. Among the laboring classes it is an absolute necessity, for they do not have to lose their wages on that day, and they would surely do so were the funeral held on a week day. Corporations have no respect for human griefs. They purchase the labor, the bodies and souls of their employees and we be to those who dare fall ill, or have the audacity to take leave of earth! If Sunday funerals have to go, the corporations will gain the amount of the wages of the grief-stricken and the sum thus saved is, of course, in the interests of humanity. The money that is purloined from the poor always is, you know!

The fact is all funerals are too costly, too ostentatious, too sombre. Undertakers, hackmen, singers, pall bearers, preachers, and "professional" mourners, find in these gruesome exercises a golden opportunity to gather in the shekels from rich and poor alike. It has now come to pass that the poor cannot afford to pass away from earth. The lot in the cemetery is very expensive, likewise the casket, and the funeral paraphernalia even more so. No funeral can be held in the city, if hacks are used, for less than two hundred dollars. In view of the great expense and the attendant grief of these exercises, it would be well to abolish them altogether. The law should enforce cremation in the interests of the health of all survivors, and protect the poor from themselves in the way of expense. Rev. Geo. W. Bicknell told the undertakers assembled in their National Convention in Boston not long since, some very plain truths in regard to modern funerals. His words should be echoed by every philanthropist, every friend of liberty and justice in the world. Let the modern funeral be abolished altogether, and society will be the freer, happier and better for it. Until the funeral is abolished altogether, outside of the necessary labor involved in cremation, the Sunday funeral is a necessity and ought not to be ruled out. The preacher, the undertaker, the office holder, and the merchant should serve the people, not rule them as they now do. Let the funeral service be made private in every sense, all habits of vice abolished, and this will be a better, happier world.

A Legal Holiday.

The laws of Massachusetts have made December 25 of each year a legal holiday. On that day all business is to be dispensed with, so far as possible, and freedom from care exercised to the utmost limit of propriety. As the Banner of Light Publishing Company is a law-abiding institution, its office will be closed throughout the day, and its employees given an opportunity to enjoy a day of rest and recreation. Our patrons will kindly take notice that this office will not be opened on Wednesday, Dec. 25, and govern themselves accordingly.

Our State Association.

Every Spiritualist in Massachusetts should be on hand at the eighth annual convention of our State Spiritualist Association that will be held in Boston on Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1902. Organization is the need of the hour. Our opponents will move against us in the matter of medical legislation, and possibly mediumship. If our State Association is properly supported, it can do much to protect the rights of the people. There is no valid reason why any lover of right and justice should refuse to join this organization, if he be a Spiritualist. Before the first day of January, 1902, twenty-five thousand names ought to be enrolled upon the Secretary's books as members. If a man or a woman be a true Spiritualist, no effort will be spared to sustain and defend our sacred Cause. If there are twenty-five thousand Spiritualists in Massachusetts, every one of them should at once join this Association to aid in the defense of our common Cause. No Spiritualist can advance any valid excuse for withholding his support from the cause of co-operation. All Spiritualists should act together, for the true saying, "In Union there is strength," is an axiomatic fact. Defense has never been so necessary as it is at the present time, as Spiritualists will find to their sorrow, should they neglect the golden opportunity now offered them. Send in your names as members of the State Association, then take hold and work earnestly for Spiritualism, if you believe at all in the principles you profess. It is "United or Perish" as will sooner or later be proved by fearful examples.

Two Mysterious Telegrams.

The Syracuse Spiritualists have had a peculiar experience with one who calls himself Rev. Dr. Harry A. St. Clair, author of the "Typewritten Bible Oaspe," who founded a society there under the name of The Higher Spiritual Church. He claims a great deal for this Bible, and for his own spiritual fitness to produce it, under the guidance, of course, of Jehovah.

On the morning he began the work of preparing this bible he says he saw three pairs of hands materialized over his head. A strong light shone upon his own hands, and a light resembling an electric wire extended from him to heaven. He went to the typewriter and wrote, that morning and successive mornings, until Oaspe resulted. He claims to have preached in every state and territory of the Union except New Mexico and Arizona.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Syracuse, under the special management of Dr. E. Butterfield, had engaged Mrs. Mary E. Lease to deliver her popular lecture, "Christ or Caesar?" on the evening that the Reverend St. Clair decided to first enlighten the people of the city. Mrs. Brewer, who has conducted these meetings of the First Society for two years, received a telegram from Mrs. Lease in which she referred to a telegram, cancelling her engagement at Syracuse, which was signed "Committee." Mrs. Brewer immediately responded, informing Mrs. Lease that no committee was authorized to cancel her, and that she would be expected. A second time Mrs. Lease wired that she had received another message, signed by Mrs. Brewer's first name, positively cancelling her appearance.

On the afternoon of the proposed meeting posters were found in the entrance of the hall of the First Society on which were the words, "No Lecture. Mrs. Lease not here," and hand bills were hung directing the people to attend The Church of Higher Spiritualism and hear the Reverend Dr. H. A. St. Clair.

Mrs. Brewer and her society are still wondering.

Ruling in Osteopathy.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 14, 1901. Judge Samuel E. Greene of the Criminal court today decided that osteopathy is the practice of medicine, and any person engaging in the same in Alabama can be forced to procure a license for practicing medicine. His decision was based on the dictionary definition of the word medicine, which is science, which relates to the cure, prevention or alleviation of disease.

The defendant claimed that osteopathy was not the practice of medicine, as no drugs were used.—Boston Sunday Herald.

God's Poor Fund.

It would be well in making up a list of holiday offerings to remember the needy and worthy poor in our own ranks. Our appeals in late numbers of the Banner have brought in a few donations only and the need is such as to warrant yet another call. The winter is upon us, and many there are who need aid. A little from each one will make up a generous sum that can be used for our indigent and unfortunate brethren. The Banner of Light will do its part, and its managers will see to it that every dollar placed in the Fund will be sacredly applied to the relief of suffering. Friends, again we ask you to remember the poor. Mark your offerings "For God's Poor Fund," and send the same to Mr. Frederic G. Tuttle, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

Dr. Houghton-Chapman, wife of our old friend and quondam contributor, Jay Chapman, of Palmetto, Florida, took leave of earth Nov. 20, at quite an advanced age. Dr. Chapman has led a very busy, useful life, and has made the world the better for having lived in it. We have known her long and well, and can personally testify to her good deeds and nobility of soul. She was a true friend to the poor, by whom she will be greatly missed. She was a gifted writer of both prose and verse, and was a frequent contributor to the columns of nearly all of the leading liberal journals. A good woman has passed to her reward in the higher spheres. We extend greetings as she enters upon her newer, happier existence.

William Dorman writes from Caldwell, Idaho, that he and his wife, Caroline, are holding meetings every Sunday at 2 and 8 p. m. on their "ranch," and circles Tuesday and Friday evenings. There are fourteen members, nine of whom are Germans. Six out of the nine are clairvoyant; one is clairaudient also, and three, inspirational mediums. "Some of our members," he says, "come a distance of five and ten miles. One family comes twenty miles, and often stays overnight." He adds a kind word for the Banner to the effect that it "contains godly, spiritual matter." We could ask for no higher praise. The devotion of these fourteen members ought to prove an incentive to all who are interested in the Cause.

The good news reaches us of E. A. Smith's gradual improvement. He is still confined to the bed and is very weak, but his attending friends are encouraged to hope for ultimate recovery.

We are in receipt of a handsome calendar from N. W. Ayer and Son, Chestnut St., Philadelphia. The background is of a restful dark green, and the large figures in white catch the eye at a great distance. The company will supply these calendars for the sum of twenty-five cents.

Surface distinctions removed, all differences would be swept away in many instances.

(Continued from page one.)

most at par, that an adherent of these schools who is prone to illness is as scarce as a white blackbird. Chronic invalidism, prevalent elsewhere, is an unknown quantity in the light which they enjoy, and this immunity is not a question of "mind over matter," but of having outgrown the old bondage to the flesh, through gaining the freedom of the spirit.

Then if the test of end bone—what good has it accomplished?—were applied to these differing modes of healing, which would take first rank? For the metaphysicians, or Scientists, are not working for "the cure of disease" merely, to establish a new mode of healing, or to be "also physicians"; they are not striving to crowd the doctors out of the field, but to crowd themselves out, as well, to educate humanity regarding the possibilities of their own being, until they are ill no more, until the healer's "occupation" shall be "gone." The agencies of fire, frost, water and snake-bites, by the way, cannot be properly classified under the head of disease, but under that of accident, which liability the race must outgrow as the planet ripens, and from which the spiritual worker is surprisingly exempt, partly from an unfolded intuition, which foresees and averts danger, and partly, as Emerson says, "because his work is dear to God and cannot be spared."

Then (craving his pardon), should not a spiritual teacher made, of course, only a little lower than the angels, rise a little above the level of the regular physical practitioner, in presenting the gospel of health and healing? Would it not be well to make a strong appeal to Spiritualists especially, to live in the spirit where disease can never touch them, where all modes of healing will be forever outgrown? For, on whichever plane—physical or spiritual—the consciousness is fastened, that plane becomes the only real one. If living as a mortal merely, then physical laws of pain, colds and fevers will bear potent sway. But, instead of devising various means for fighting this man of straw, a better mode of securing freedom from his attacks is gained by removal from his plane, by rising into the domain of spiritual laws, where is freedom, unfailing strength, unsalable health. Then what need of a "union" of methods? Can oil and water mix? Could a baptism of the Spirit await the action of anti-toxin, even though under this latter prescription, attendant spirits might have to promptly await the transition of the patient? And why should we argue for the "reaction" of the body upon the mind, when the stronger must overrule the weaker, the greater the less? What ability has matter to react when the spirit, the only power, has withdrawn, and left the body a senseless, sensationless, impotent thing, as it is today, when worn only as a garment, if man will it so. It will assuredly assume the position of prominence he assigns it. It will prove a good, necessary and useful servant, or a very bad master.

Would that all Spiritualists could practically more thoroughly the truths of their own beautiful philosophy, that Spirit is the only reality, the only power, and, being spirits themselves, now and here, they are therefore one with the Infinite Principle of Life and Health. What relation should exist between a spiritual being and disease or corruption? If thus vitally one with Omnipotence, how can illness enter the consciousness, how can prostration assail that indomitable spark of divinity? Other foundation for health and wholeness cannot be laid than through this impregnable divine union, through growth into an emancipation from the bondage of the clay. Then stand forth in the freedom wherewith this Truth has made you free. Walk in the Spirit.

Reverend Hubert C. Browne is delivering a series of lectures against Spiritualism in Philadelphia. He claims to have been recently in Boston, and to have driven Mr. F. A. Wiggin out of the city, etc. H. C. Browne was in Boston last spring and gave a few lectures on his own account. Strange to relate, however, the city moved on in the even tenor of its way, and Mr. Wiggin's meetings in Chickering Hall were held and were held every Sunday afternoon and evening with their usual good attendance. Doubtless Mr. Browne dreamed he drew all men unto him, and is therefore sincere in his belief that Mr. Wiggin in proper meekness left the city and the field to him.

A personal God is unthinkable on the part of progressive beings, but the fact of Life as an ever present force is not only thinkable, but is also cognizable. An Infinite Principle of Life, involving intelligence, is therefore non-personal, but universal in character. The true Spiritualist postulates Infinite Life as the causation principle for all things, and rules out all finite personalities and creations as illogical and irrational. Pure and undefiled Pantheism is the basis of true Spiritualism.

Don't forget our splendid holiday offer. Remember that twenty-five cents gives you the Banner of Light for four months, commencing with the issue of Dec. 7, which contains the first of Miss Lillian Whiting's series of contributions to our columns. Miss Whiting will be a regular contributor for the next four months. By subscribing now you will secure the entire series of articles from her gifted pen. Send in your subscriptions at once.

Do you want a copy of "Lisbeth," or "Jim," by Mrs. Carrie E. B. Twing, or of "Wisdom of the Ages" by Dr. Geo. A. Fuller. If you do, you can have one of them and the Banner of Light one year in advance, by sending us twenty-five cents each. This offer is for our old subscribers. Avail yourselves of it, friends, and thereby secure some good reading for the coming year in your homes.

The cockney sees nothing in Nature: Thoreau saw so much that he had no time for anything else.—Hamilton Wright Mable.

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 special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner staff.

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 whenever it is made known to the world.

In the cause 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 Seance held November 21, 1901, S. E. 24.

Invocation.

Once again, oh Spirit of Life and Light and Love, we draw near to the other life and would open wide the doors that those who stand there may see through and send back the loving word to those who are watching and waiting on this side. Bless us in our effort; sustain us in our weakness; lift us to where we would aspire and make us sweet and true and holy. May the dear hearts broken and bleeding by this separation which they cannot understand and through tears which sometimes blind their sight of these and thy goodness, may they see the light and beauty of the revelations of spirit return and may these who would minister unto them, these whose hearts are filled with love, who with hope come ever again and again to speak the word, to give the breath of benediction, may they be blessed too. May they be strong too, and may their message be clearer than ever before and even outside of our especial dominion we would dare to go and ask that the blessings of this knowledge may be turned in upon every life and those learning through their pain, learning through their sorrow, may they also be lifted to a better understanding of thee and thy purposes and thy law of life immortal. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Myron W. Bickford, Oregon, City, Ore.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a gentleman, tall, slim and very angular looking. He stands right beside me and seems nervous over this method of communicating, yet he speaks quite plainly and seems anxious to reach his own people. He says: "My name is Myron W. Bickford; I used to live in Oregon City, Oregon. I didn't know the least thing about spirit return, and as far as I was concerned, cared very little about it. In fact, I had never had my attention called to it, and so when I came over here and found my life continued and my effort recognized as it had been in earth life, it was very strange to me. I want to reach my wife, whose name is Lizzie, to ask her to put herself in a position where I can come to her. She will be surprised that I am making this effort, but I know she will be glad to learn that I have been about her trying to help her. She hasn't had any particular trouble since I came away, only this burden of grief over my coming. Everybody has been as good to her as could be, and she has tried to find her consolation in the church, but I have laughed sometimes when I saw her bowing submissively to what she believed was the burden laid upon her, when I stood right there by her side and could have spoken if she would only listen to me. Tell her that I find life as real, as important, as it ever was to me in earth life, and tell her, too, that I love her and I would support her if she would only let me come. Thank you."

Thomas W. Smith, New Bedford.

The next spirit is a man by the name of Smith. He is tall, slim and very fair. His hair is gray; he is quiet and unassuming. He says: "Well, I didn't think I would ever get in here. I have made more than an hundred attempts, it seems to me, to come here and say a word, and at last I am here. My full name is Thomas W. Smith; I lived in New Bedford and I want to get back to New Bedford people. I don't want to come because it is so much better there than it is here, but more because I have some interest and some people who would be helped by my thought and my presence. Of course, naturally, I have met very many people I know over here, because I knew so many people not only in New Bedford but in the surrounding towns. I was interested in all sorts of colors. I made some experiments along that line a long time ago, before there was so much known about color as there is now, and I dropped it before I came over here. I desire to say to my friends that it was not painful, this sensation of death. I was conscious up to the last, but I didn't feel a pain or didn't suffer at the thought of separation. I was so conscious that it seemed it could not be death. My father stood near me, for he and I were very great friends, more like brothers than like father and son, and so when I came over here it was to his influence that I first came. Thank you."

Elizabeth Jenkins to Etta Jenkins, Townsend, Ohio.

I see the spirit of a woman about forty-five years old. She is rather stout, with blue eyes and brown hair with just a few silver hairs mixed in it. She has a sort of business-like air. Her words are: "I want to get to Etta, Etta Jenkins, who lives in Townsend, Ohio. My name is Elizabeth Jenkins; I wish to help her physically. She has been ill so long and has felt there was no hope for her. I desire to say to her that there is hope—she can get better. I wish I could make it plain

to everybody, not only to my own, but to everybody, how much the influence of those in spirit helps or retards the physical condition of those left in the body. I know what I am talking about, because when I go there to see her I find her reviving under my influence, and when I come away she sinks down and grows despondent and sick. I have my father with me; his name is Joseph. He says: 'Give my love to the little girl; tell her I wish I could have been able to have stayed and taken care of her. As it is, it seems that she has to work out her own conditions pretty much alone and many times in sorrow and in grief, but we will help her.'"

Charlie Babbitt, Hanover, N. H.

Here is the spirit of a boy about fourteen years old. He is fair, slender and delicate, with eyes as blue as a flower and hair that just waves a little bit around his forehead. He seems such a boy for outdoors, as though he loves to be out in the sunshine and tries to get strong through being in the air and sunshine. I think he was a great student, although he loves outdoors so much. He seems to have books that he used to take out to study and to read, but he always had a far-away look and sort of a sickly expression, so people always thought he would never grow up. He says: "It is awfully hard to live a little while on earth, to grow so attached to people and want them so much, and then have to leave them and come over here. I didn't want to die. I used to talk about it a great deal, but it wasn't because I wanted to, it was only because I felt that it was coming, and they have the books at home now with many of the flowers I used to gather and put between the leaves. Sometimes they open them and think of me and say 'Poor Charlie,' for my name was Charlie Babbitt, and I lived in Hanover, N. H. I often go back to the old place; I go into the room where so many things are that belong to me; I walk about so softly and I say, 'They little know that I am here. If they did they would be happier.' There is an old lady lately come to live with my people; she seems so ready for this other life that I have grown attached to her. She is an aunt of my mother's and I look forward to her coming over here with me. I want to tell them that I will be awfully kind to Aunt Lizzie and will help her, when she gets here, to understand what the new life is like. Oh, I thank you, for I have never had such a happy moment since I came over into this life as this one is, to be able to talk and tell about myself. They have a picture of me too. It is pretty good I think, but it doesn't look much like me now because I have grown stronger and look better able to stand the conditions that I am in. Thank you."

George Stevens, Yarmouth, N. S.

Now I see a man about fifty years old. He is short, stout, and looks strong and muscular. His eyes are dark blue with dark lashes; his hair is dark and he has a heavy dark mustache. The first thing he says as he comes in his vigorous hearty way is, "Ho, ho, here I am; I was a sailor, my name was George Stevens; I used to sail out from Yarmouth, N. S., and one day I sailed out and forgot to sail back again. Anyway nobody ever heard of me afterwards. I didn't go down alone; there were a number of brave men went with me. It was not a large ship but a small one which could not weather the sudden storm that overtook us. From this you will see that I was a fisherman. I had no fear, but just went about it as a man goes to business on the street car or walking. I tried to save myself, indeed we all did, but it was not much use; couldn't battle long, and when the little vessel tipped over, down we went. I should like to send word to Mary; I wanted at the time to tell her all about it. I didn't stay out there in the water, my spirit went to her. She has thought of me down at the bottom, but one day I was with her and knew when the news was brought to her; knew when the word came that it was not possible for us to have stayed. I wish she could understand how close I am to her, that I know what has happened to her since. I see the change she has made and I am glad it is better for her. The other home she couldn't keep; now she has made a change which gives her a home which pleases me and I am sure will please her. Thank you. I want to send my love just the same."

Clorinda Wilson, Brookline, Mass.

The next one that comes is a woman quite old. She is not very tall, but she has a little look of straightening up which makes her look a good deal taller than she is. I hear her say: "My name is Clorinda Wilson. I lived in Brookline, Mass. Brookline was not then what it is today. Why, it was a sort of a farm I lived on. I never had an idea it would grow to be what it is today. I have more of my people over here with me than I have left in the body, but still there are some who will remember about me and remember that I tried to be liberal and to accept all new ideas as fast as they were given to me, but you know an old person don't think quite as fast as a young one and it takes a little longer time to settle down to new things. The wheels go so slowly that you can't get more than one or two new things in a year, and so I didn't grasp the fulness of the more liberal religious, the more liberal thought. I am afraid I was more Puritanical, but when I came over here I came into a new knowledge and somehow life has meant so much more to me because it is brighter and I feel, as though I have found a new God that is better than the old one. I know he takes care of all people and instead of saving just a few he will save us all sometime. I'd like to send this word to George Wilson, who is a relative of mine. He is a medium and has strong power, but doesn't seem to know how best to use it. Tell him that I want him to be as good to John as he can be, it will be best for all that he does. I have Emma and Jane with me. He will know whom I mean."

Helen Barnes, Canton, Mass.

I now see the spirit of a girl about twenty years old. She is very dark, with dark eyes, hair and skin. She is as bright and sweet as a flower and comes to me gracefully, saying: "I wish I had a medium that I could speak for people as you do. Why, when I look about in the spirit land and see so many who are hungry to come back I just wish that I could find somebody who would let me come and control them and give loving messages. Seems to me I would give so many that I would convince the world, but I suppose I wouldn't. My name is Helen Barnes. I lived in Canton, Mass. I have friends there that I'd like to come to and I would like to have them realize that I am there, but somehow it isn't so much for them as it is to help these people who are just as sad when they are sad in thinking they can't return. I love can't return as the people who have lost them music as much as I ever did and oh, it has such an influence on us in the spirit. When there is harmony and the music floats out to us, it reaches us and we feel almost as though we had been called back to earth conditions. I'd like to have word go to Walter who has the same name as mine. I thank you for this."

To Fannie Glass, Schenectady, N. Y.

Here comes a little girl to me. She doesn't look over six years old. She is very anxious to come and says, "I want to reach my mama who lives in Schenectady, N. Y. My mama's name is Fannie Glass and my name is Mabel. All I want to say is I love her, I love her, I love her. If you can say that for me, I'd be much happier. Thank you."

Caroline Emmons, Williston, S. C.

The next spirit that comes to me is a little old lady. I should think she was about sixty-eight or seventy years old and she looks quite infirm. Her hair is gray, her face is round and small and full of wrinkles. Her hands are withered as though she had done her work long before she came over here. She has bright black eyes; they shine out of her and look so much younger and more intelligent than the rest of her body does. She says, with a little sort of a gasp as though she had been making such an effort to get here, "Oh, dear, I have been trying and trying, and yet I couldn't make my people know that I was about them. My name is Caroline Emmons. I come from Williston, S. C. I have many people left in earth life, two sons and a daughter, and while they think that mother has gone on to a life of rest and peace, I am so anxious to prove that my life is intertwined with theirs as in the past. I found father over here. He was first to greet me and he tried to draw me away into the new life, to find all the beauty there that I could, but somehow my heart turns to Nellie and the boys. I long to speak and have them know that I appreciate everything they have done. All through the summer I have seen what they have done about the place where they put my body. I was pleased with it because it showed that I had not passed from their minds, but was still a living reality to them. Now I want so much to tell her that I am sorry I couldn't finish that piece of work I began for her. She will know what I mean and many times she looks at it and says, 'Poor mother, I know she wanted to do that and she worked on it too long,' but tell her I don't think I worked on it too long. I only would have been glad to have stopped and finished it that she might have it to use. I shall be satisfied if she takes it up and does it. She needn't feel that it has any special value, that she must put it away because it was my last work. I do want to send my love because I find that every moment of the day my heart turns to them with love and with a feeling that they must understand how close I am to them."

Charlie Adams, Lexington, Mass.

I see the spirit of a boy. He doesn't seem to be over seven or eight years' old and is so bright and happy. He has a little bit of a mouth which he puckers up and whistles as loudly as he can. He has dark hair, brown eyes, a round face that is just as chubby and pretty as it can be. He went out quickly to the spirit because I see him just as strong and happy as though no sickness ever came to him, but suddenly he went to the spirit land. He says, "My name is Charlie Adams. I lived in Lexington, Mass. I want to get to my people, to tell them, too, that I am just learning all I can over here. I haven't much of an idea that I will ever be able to reach my own people, but my grandmother says if I will do all I can and grow as fast as I can when they come over here I will be able to show them right away what this life is like so they won't have a long time of uncertainty. I'd like you to know that my mother's name is Martha. I want her to see if she can't stir up some of the people round her. If she will only make the effort, I am sure she can, but she doesn't seem to be inclined to take this thing up much. I have my dog; I want to thank them for that, too. Of course I send lots of love, more than I can express, but most of all I want to say that I am happy and my grandma takes care of me."

Abigail Dodge.

The message given by Mrs. Soule under the above heading in the Banner of Light, Nov. 9, 1901, was of unusual interest, coming from the brilliant and widely known writer known throughout our country and abroad by her pseudonym as Gail Hamilton. Although not acquainted with her personal description of her spirit appearance corresponds with that given of her personality by other writers.

Her expressed desire to communicate with friends in Washington was undoubtedly inspired by the desire to reach especially the friends of her relative to whom she refers as "James." It is generally known that she was associated with and a member of the household of the noted statesman, James G. Blaine—the James referred to in her mes-

sage. Of this fact I have her assurance.

Miss Dodge had the courage to fearlessly announce her belief in spirit communion and give some of her personal experiences as a medium during the latter days of her earth life. Albert Morton.

Summerland, Cal.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It does seem as if the world is becoming more humane. Of course vivisection of animals is contrary to this proposition, but we will say no more of that atrocious practice, for certainly no one who reads the Banner could "cut up live animals, so as to see what makes them go."

Still, in spite of ebbs and the onflowing tide, we believe that little by little our human brothers and sisters are becoming more considerate in their treatment of our lower ones.

This general thought came home to me with force a few days ago, while looking at the new books in a great New York publishing house. Many of these that are popular this season look towards a more benign attitude of man towards the brute creation, and it seems to us that Kipling's "Jungle Stories" have largely aided the progress of humanity.

Some trifling thing had made me indifferent to Rudyard Kipling, and I fancied in my ignorance that the "Jungle Stories" was only another set of recitals about slaughtering wild animals in their own domains—about the "native burghers of this desert city having their round haunches gored," as the almost divine Shakespeare so compassionately observed.

But finding this book of Kipling in the library of the little girl whose mother entertained me so hospitably in Albany (this beloved friend has now gone to the heavenly city, and I will write more of her by and by), I took up the book to amuse a leisure hour. To my delight, I found that Kipling loves, understands, and appreciates animals, both wild and tamed, to a degree that has been given to but few mortals. And the dazzling torch of his wonderful genius has carried his own comprehension of their feelings and their native wisdom into the brains and hearts of many thousands of readers who never saw these things before. I have often thought that Shakespeare's power was displayed in his treatment of his Calibans, his Shylocks and his Verges, even more than in the mightiest intellects that trod upon his stage. But in his own line, the power shown by Kipling is yet greater.

Go with the little boy to the elephants' dance, to which they gathered from sixty miles around, hear the wisdom with which they talked of men, and sympathize with the faithful brute from far away whose shoulders were galled by his heavy burdens. Listen to the wise teachings of Mowgli. Admire the alert skill and the really dauntless courage of the little mongoose, who saves the lives of a whole family from the deadly cobra and his mate. Mark the fascinating language of the horses and mules regarding their English masters whom they so adroitly "size up" in that moonlighted meeting. I am sure I wish that my best friends understood me half as well as Kipling understands his four-footed friends!

It is not strange that Kipling's book has led many writers to tread in the same paths. And though they have not his genius, they are making other creatures, those of our American wilds, better understood and more kindly treated.

"The Outcasts" tells us of animal life and habits in the great northland. William J. Long gives us his "Beasts of the Field" and his "Fowls of the Air." Sarah K. Bolton, in "Our Devoted Friend, the Dog," presents us authenticated accounts, with names, dates, and places, of dogs who have saved persons' lives and houses from burning, or who have died of grief or committed suicide through loss of loved ones. Hermon Lee Ensign, now gone to the great majority, wrote "Lady Lee and Other Animal Stories." His noble character led him to love our domestic animals, especially the horse, and to abhor all inhumanity to God's creatures. These feelings, prominent in him from a child, became a passion with him, at last filling and dominating his life. There was but one man whom Mr. Ensign envied, and he was Henry Bergh.

Many more books might be named, bearing more or less directly on the kind treatment of our lower brothers and sisters. "Young Mrs. Teddy," for instance, has a lovely fox-terrier in the romance, Agagio by name, "who is so charming a doggie that the memory of him should be preserved."

But of course the literary merit of Agnes Repplier and Ernest Seton Thompson give their work in this direction a special prominence.

Mr. Thompson's art is shown in his pictures of wild animals, which form a fascinating portfolio, and the effect is enhanced for those who have seen his own pure and perfect face, as given in "The Outlook" of Dec. 7. His best books are "Wild Animals I Have Known," and "Lives of the Hunted." I should not like to read the latter book. It would make me sad. It is dreadful to hunt and entrap and kill these stags, and coyotes, and foxes, and coons. If a bear or a lion were going to eat me, I would like to have him shot, provided the bullet hit him in some vital part, so that he would die at once and not linger in torturing pain. I would feel very sorry to have a jackal, or a cobra, or a rattlesnake tortured to death.

Of course one of the most charming books of the season is Miss Repplier's "Frisette Sphinx." I read about her "Agrippina" long ago, and wondered if she were named for Nero's wicked mother, or because she could "grippe," as the French say, the little mice. I always felt that I would like to know more of Agrippina, so when I found that her mistress had written a whole book,

glorifying the race to which her pet belonged, and in its conclusion apotheosizing as it were the lost Agrippina, who, alas! for her mistress, has gone to the Elysium of cats, I felt that I would like to see the book. And especially did I want to see the picture of Agrippina, which adorns the front page.

Well, I saw the book at the great store, and the picture of the beautiful, gray, long-haired cat, "sitting, erect and motionless, in the superb attitude of her Egyptian forefathers, her serious eyes heavy with thought." Miss Repplier writes so beautifully that anything becomes fascinating that is the subject of her pen, and she is surely one of the very best essayists in America.

Since seeing notices of "Kim," Kipling's last book, I have desired to read it. To be sure, it has been severely condemned by "The London Saturday Review." But that does not count. And some stupid men in France thought he was paid to write it in the interests of the British Government in India. And that does not count, either, because it is absurd. And some persons object to "Kim," because it has no heroine and no love-making in it. But a story can be very interesting without the love element, as we have the adoring attachment of Kimball O'Hara for his "holly one," as he calls a lama of Tibet, who is seeking a certain river, whose water "washes away all taint and speckle of sin." Together they wander on this great quest, and seem an ill-assorted pair, the aged lama, simple as a child, and the youthful Kim, to whom a life seems only an intellectual way of meeting a difficulty, and to whom intrigue and suspicion are as native air.

I want to read "Kim," but saw not the way to accomplish the desire in Arlington. And I could not buy it for myself, for too many need food, clothing, fuel, and even shelter. At last the thought came to make a Christmas present of it to the kind lady who has relieved many sufferers through me, and even myself, when "the chariot wheels drove too heavily." And before packing it, I can read it, and know all about Kim, and his "holly one," and the wonderful river among the hills.

I have a young nephew who is interested in natural history, but fads that he can "pursue his observations and his investigations without death, capture, confinement, or even fright, or annoyance to the animals, and yet have my discoveries and conclusions strictly scientific and correct." He would be a youth after Seton Thompson's own heart.

My nephew is also a strict vegetarian. It is refreshing to see a young fellow discard the trick, inherited from a remote and savage ancestry, of first killing animals for food or for "fun," and then sitting down to eat pieces of their corpses.

Having discarded so much, I hope he will abandon, if he has not already done so, the notion, also inherited from a remote and savage ancestry, that the Soul of the universe could possibly doom any of its offspring souls.

"To adamant chains and penal fire" — through the countless ages of eternity.

Thought is free, and the press is free, and though The Banner of Light, with these letters therein, is not suffered to "lie around" the ministerial home, of which this nephew is one of the youngest members, yet as my father said to me in 1894,

"The light is spreading, and most persons are breaking some fetters."

"It is light we want. 'Light! light! more light!'"

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Dec. 8, 1901.

Passed to Spirit Life.

On the 21st of November the spirit of Mrs. Emma F. Vogan of Richmond, Va. She had for a number of years been a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism and as the time for her transition drew near she longed for the change. According to her desire the Richmond Psychical Research Society conducted the services over the remains. She was a zealous member of the society and often attended its meetings when her physical strength was almost unequal to the task. We shall miss her form but know her spirit is still with us.—E. F. Yeaton.

From her home in Greenport, L. I., on Monday, Nov. 25th, Mrs. Mary F. Corwin, in the 76th year of her age. She was an earnest Spiritualist and will be missed by a large circle of friends who are comforted by the thought that she was welcomed in the better world by her husband and son whom she so longed to visit. By her request the funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham.

Mrs. Cora Fowles of Warren, Maine, was suddenly summoned over the crystal stream of death on the 5th inst., at the age of 43 years. Sister Fowles was a firm and faithful Spiritualist. She leaves a husband, one son and several sisters to mourn her sad and sudden departure from earth life. The funeral occurred at Rockport on Sunday, F. W. Smith of Rockland, officiating.

From his home in Cammington, Mass., Dec. 2, Warren E. Tower, aged 77 years. Mr. Tower, soon after the death of his first wife, became convinced of the truths of Spiritualism and has since been a firm and outspoken Spiritualist. He has longed to be released from his suffering body, made arrangements for funeral service, selecting the speaker he wished to attend, whom, owing to severe blizzard raging, it was impossible to get, and Rev. Alfred Free, Unitarian, attended. Miss Julia Shaw sang Mr. Longley's beautiful songs, and the worn body was laid beneath the drifting snow on the hillside, the freed spirit resting and rejoicing beyond the storms and shadows of earth-life. Mr. Tower leaves a wife, whose fine mediocrity gifts will be a help and comfort in her sorrow. Florence Sampson.

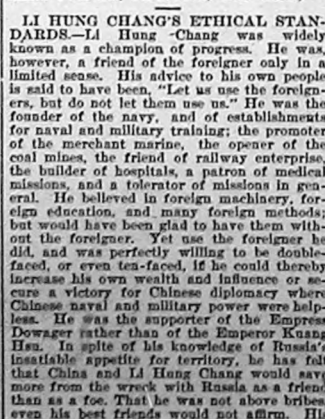
BY H. D. TRASS.

Keene, N. H.

BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

Clackmas, Oregon.

There is no person or thing in all the universe, to fear more than self. There is no hiding from yourself.—Ex.



Get something in you worth saving and the Father will never lose it. You may lose him, but he will never lose you—he will always know where you are and be near and in you. Recognize the fact!—**Er**

hished, at a rate from 10 to 150 a week. The strong spiritual cure, bound to become more and more attractive. That it is already much appreciated is proven by the presence of the following, almost two months ahead of opening the camp season: Mr. E. W. Bond and wife of Willowbeee, Ohio, president; Mr. and Mrs. David Sherman, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Palmer of Willowbeee, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Butler of Breckville, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. White of Lake George, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Hatch of Chesterfield, Camp, Ind.; Mrs. Francis of New York; N. Y.; Mrs. Van Lew of Crown Point, Ind.; Mrs. Brigham of Pittsburg, Mass.; Dr. E. T. B. of New York; Mr. C. O. Northrup of Lily Dale, N. Y.; Mr. Sweet of Brooklyn, N. Y., who expects his wife for Christmas, as a Christmas present; Mr. H. M. Clark of East Jaffrey, N. H.; Mr. J. W. and A. J. Underhill of Canton, N. Y.; Mr. Greimyer and Mrs. Greimyer of Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. McGhee of New Smyrna, Fla.; Mrs. McLaughlin

In the Realm Celestial

It is a wonderful book, being the personal experience of a man who descends to earth after appearing to his friends as a disembodied spirit, materialized and brought through mediums, has him put into a hypnotic trance by spirit seances, and he spends with her in the celestial sphere, and then returns to earth, and tells the world what he saw and heard in that realm of the so-called dead. He tells his wonderful story to his friend who gives it to the world in a book which will give us a new view of life, death, and the known nation, scientist and reformer.

The author is Rev. H. W. Thomas D.D., president of the Christian Science Church, Boston, Mass., who gives it the weight of his qualified endorsement.

Everybody will be charmed with it, for it is not only a most spiritual work, but one beautiful love story of two worlds. It is printed in elegant style, bound in cloth and leather, and is a real gem.

From a spirit painting. \$7.00, \$3.00.

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