

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 18

## THE CHARMS OF CHRISTMAS.

Merrily, merrily, ring, ye bells!  
With a greeting sweet for the ones I know,  
And give them the music my heart outwells  
In the magical chords of the Long Ago.

There's a world of sweetness in every voice  
That makes the Season of Christmas dear,  
And the old-time with bids the soul rejoice  
When hand clasps hand in a fond smile clear.

There's a wonderful tenderness thrilling the air,  
That touches sad ones with a hope divine;  
That lightens the burden that springs from care,  
O Star of the Comforter, rise and shine!

There's the children's laughter in every place,  
And the patter of footsteps on Christmas floor;  
The sparkling eyes, and the smile-wreathed face,  
And the chorused welcomes that sound once more.

Framed in the gold of a faithful heart,  
Seen in a silvery mist of tears,  
Through Memory's curtains which Love's hands part,  
Beautiful Childhood smiling appears.

Oh, for the days of the Long Ago  
When the world showed fair and the feet were strong,  
And life shone out with a rosy glow,  
Happily gliding to music and song!

There's a message that every Christmas brings,  
Too beautiful far for lips to tell;  
To the eagerly listening ears it clings,  
And in hushed tones it speaks to dwell.

There's a sound of singing; O sad heart, hear!  
O sorrow's sore tumult there is a calm,  
For the Angels of Infinite Love draw nigh  
To pour on your weary God's heavenly balm.

Ah, look! There opens the Summerland gate,  
And its sunshine streams for the clouded soul;  
So cheerfully labor, and patiently wait  
For the welcome rest in the Pilgrim's Goal.

Merrily, merrily, ring, ye bells!  
In a chime of peace for the loved to hear,  
"A Cheerful Christmas" my heart outwells  
With the warmest wish for "A Glad New Year."  
Dedication.

Sydney, Australia, 1901.

## The Outlook Beautiful.

BY LILLIAN WHITING.

Number One.

"There are no fixtures in nature; the universe is fluid and volatile. Permanence is but a word of degrees. Our globe seen by God is a transparent law, not a mass of facts. The law dissolves the fact and holds it fluid."—Emerson.

In giving myself the pleasure and privilege of accepting the invitation of the Banner of Light to contribute to its columns a series of papers, I cast about mentally for some one theme that might be comprehensive in its unity, and which might also offer a certain unity in its comprehensiveness. Nothing seems to me to more perfectly express the attitude which may include many points of view and much speculative discussion than the term "Outlook," comprehending the immediate and the remote, the absolute and the potential, and that this outlook is beautiful we must all agree. No one can believe in God and immortality—the two fundamental truths of life—without finding the outlook beautiful and great. Whatever the mere aspect of the present may be, the outlook is fair and the hope of Yesterday becomes the faith of Today.

With the close of the initial year of the Twentieth Century comes the announcement of a marvelous achievement in science—that of Marconi's triumph in receiving a message across the ocean by wireless telegraphy. It is the most stupendous event of all the centuries, because it is the one that has penetrated the most deeply into the unseen realm—into the ethereal world. If we trace the progress of humanity backward through the ages, we shall find a series of discoveries of the laws of nature (which are the divine laws), that stand out like points of light. That the earth is spherical; that of the nebular theory; of the motion of the heavenly bodies; of electricity as a force in all its varied forms of application; of the nature of the ether; these and others stand out in this series of advances leading up to the supreme discovery of all—that which makes possible messages through the air—across the ocean—without visible mechanism. This actually carries scientific achievement into the realm of the unknown. Sir Humphrey Davy postulated the actual existence of an ethereal matter which could never be evident to the senses, but which bears the same relation to heat, light and electricity that these bear to gases. Now this realm of ethereal matter is the theatre of all potency in human life. We are the inhabitants of two worlds at one and the same time: allied to the physical by means of the physical body, and to the ethereal by means of the ethereal, or psychic body. The latter is the real world; the realm of significance, of cause, while all that transpires in the physical world are the effects and results of which the initiation and the cause lie in the ethereal world. Primarily and permanently, man is a spiritual being inhabiting a spiritual (or psychic) body, and only experimentally and temporarily is he a sojourner in the physical world. Man, in this ethereal world to which he always belongs by spiritual relation, is in the realm of infinite

energy. Prof. Dolbear, who is so great an authority upon the nature of the ether, says: "The ether is a storehouse of unlimited energy of many kinds; so if every particle of matter were instantly annihilated, there would still be a universe filled with energy, though it might not be serviceable, because lacking the conditions for transformation into useful forms. This may be said to be one of the functions of matter—the transformation of the energy it gets from the ether."

And again Prof. Dolbear says: "Every physical phenomenon runs at last into an inexplicable—into an ether question." The stupendous achievement of Marconi is "an ether question," and it is by his discovery and application of the laws governing the electrical currents in the ether that the success of wireless telegraphy has been achieved.

Here, then, is a signal demonstration of the truth of the hypothesis that we live and move and have our being in an infinite atmosphere of energy; that the ether is electric in its properties and that it is a conductor for thought. The ethereal body—which we must remember is the real, or substantial body—is related to this ethereal realm as the physical body is to the atmosphere, and this explains why deep breathing is not a mere fad, but rests on a great truth. The deep breathing is the breathing in of the ether which is the atmosphere required by the ethereal organism. By means of the ethereal body the intense potency of the ether can be captured and harnessed for use. "There are no fixtures in nature," truly said Emerson; "the universe is fluid and volatile." There are no fixtures, no absolute limits to any possibility, because one may learn how to so live as to draw constantly from this infinite storehouse of energy—the ether. "The law dissolves the fact and holds it fluid," said Emerson. That is what Marconi has done. It was a fact that telegraph wires were required to conduct the current of electricity. When Cyrus Field laid the cable across the ocean, this was the fact. Marconi has discovered the law that dissolves that fact. He has discovered the law that supersedes it.

"The Outlook Beautiful for life comprises the power to increasingly create and control and dominate one's own life. It lies with the individual—very largely, and the more largely the more truly he grasps the law—to be in health, happiness and usefulness. "All true, whole men succeed," says Lowell. The success lies in being true and whole. That which one is, one shall have.

"Success in thyself that is best of all," is the poise, the power to command one's own faculties and through these to command the forces that fall easily into any form of prosperity or achievement. Stephen Phillips, the greatest of modern poets, thus forecasts the immediate future:—

"In the years that shall be ye shall harness the Powers of the ether,  
And drive them with reins as a steed.  
Ye shall ride on a Power of the air, on a Force that is brilled,  
On a saddled Element leap.  
And rays shall be as your coursers and heat as a carriage,  
And waves of the ether your wheels,  
And the thunder shall be as a servant—a slave that is ready,  
And the lightning as he that waits.  
Ye shall send on your business the blast,  
And the tempest on errands;  
Ye shall use for your need, eclipse."

And the city that shall be, he thus forecasts:—

"I will make me a city of gliding and wide-wayed silence,  
With a highway of glass and of gold,  
With life of a colored peace and a lucid leisure  
Of smooth, electrical ease,  
Of sweet excursion of noiseless and brilliant travel,  
With room in your streets for the soul."

In studying the laws of relation between the ethereal (or psychic) body and the ether—this ethereal realm from which we may draw—will be found the secret of all success, all achievement. Science is penetrating into this region of the unseen forces, and psychic science opens the door to the mental recognition and use of this infinite energy. On this threshold we wait today, commanding the Outlook Beautiful.

The Brunswick, Boston.

Man is a prevalent force and a new law unto himself.—Thoreau.

If instead of these negatives, you give me affirmatives—if you tell me there is always life for the living, that what man has done man can do; that this world belongs to the energetic; that there is always a way to everything desirable; that every man is provided, in the basis of his faculty, with a key to nature, and that man only rightly knows himself as far as he has experimented on things—I am invigorated, put into a genial working temper; the horizon opens, and we are full of good will and gratitude to the Cause of Causes.—Emerson.

## Biography of a Spirit Guide.

BY PAULY DE GOURNAY.

II.

Saint or Sorcerer!

(Continued from Vol. 21.)

The young man, whom I shall hereafter designate simply as Villafana, landed, on leaving Spain, to seek a home in one of the Spanish possessions in the New World. The vessel in which he sailed was captured by pirates who, at that time, infested the Spanish main. Finding out that his captive was a skilled physician, the pirate chief compelled him to remain with him and act as surgeon to his lawless crew.

For two years, Villafana was thus obliged to tend these unwelcome patients in their loathsome diseases and to cure the wounds they frequently received while pursuing their nefarious occupation. But during this time, he acquired a strange influence over most of them, especially over the captain, who often sought his company, when the two men held long conversations on the right or wrong of things. Offended, at first, at Villafana's frankness of speech, this outlaw, dreading by his own men for his violent temper, seemed impelled to return to those subjects which called for the young surgeon's outspoken condemnation. Winning under the bold reproof, he would turn away abruptly and pace the deck in gloomy meditation. Then, having mastered his passion, he would resume the argument.

At last, after two years' cruising in search of plunder, the vessel dropped anchor in a little cove on the coast of Mexico, one of their familiar haunts. The captain assembled the crew and astounded them by the declaration that he was tired of this roving life; that he had decided to try to live an honest life; they might divide among themselves the treasures hoarded on the vessel and do what they pleased with the craft itself; but he strongly advised them to follow his example and give up a life of rapine and murder.

"I have been a true comrade to you, these many years," added he, "but, believe me, I was never more truly your friend than today when I give you this advice."

The repentant captain and Villafana landed and wended their way to the city of Mexico. Here, the pirate joined one of the numerous Brotherhoods of Penitents then existing, where, shielded from the law's vengeance, he would work out, in obscurity, his self-imposed penance. Let us hope that he succeeded.

Villafana settled in the poor quarter of the town where he could not fail of occasions to labor in the service of humanity. He was soon as busy as he could wish; physician, counsellor, comforter, he had a very large, if not remunerative practice, for, wherever we go, we find, if we seek them with loving intent, the poor, the sick, the unfortunate and outcast in large number. "If we seek them," I say, for they live in, they are, the shadow of this vaunted civilization, of which the glitter and artificial light only strike the unobserving, the levite, absorbed in his own righteousness.

As the years passed, the fame of this wonderful healer, this devoted friend of the poor and lowly, spread afar; people of all conditions came to consult him. A glance sufficed him to know the complaint, physical, moral, or mental. Some simple prescriptions, a few words of advice, a mere laying on of hands, and the consulter went away rejoicing. This singular doctor charged no fee; he took what was offered him, to distribute it among such as stood in need of help. His own wants were few.

One day a funeral procession was passing down the street—the funeral of a young girl, the daughter of a wealthy citizen. In Mexico, as in other Spanish colonies, the custom, in those days, was to carry the coffin uncovered to the burying ground. In the case of a child or of a young girl, the procession was headed by a band playing lively tunes, whilst, on either side of the bier, young companions of the deceased, dressed in white and carrying small baskets of flowers, walked, strewing the path with the fragrant blossoms. I have witnessed such a scene fifty years ago, in Santiago de Cuba. Whether the custom still prevails, I know not.

A sinless child dying, the people say, is an angel returning to heaven, to a place of pure bliss. We should not mourn therefor, but rejoice at the release of the spotless soul. A beautiful conceit this, and one which savors of spiritualistic teaching; but parents are but human, and a father's, a mother's tears will flow, however strong their belief, and their hearts ache at the dread separation.

Villafana, meeting the funeral, stopped and bared his head in token of respect for the dead. But, as his eyes fell on the white-clad corpse, he started and rushed at the head of the procession, crying to the astonished bearers: "Stop! Stop! This child is not dead!"

A scene of confusion ensued. Was this a

madman? He looked one, with his glittering black eyes and disheveled hair.

The child's father, bowed down with grief, was following his darling to the grave, leaning on a friend's arm. Hearing the turmoil, he sprang forward and confronted Villafana.

"What did you say? My child alive?" he asked, trembling with excitement.

"I said she is not dead. She is in a trance and had I not discovered it would have been buried alive."

"He is mad; don't listen to him," put in a relation.

"Hombre!" cried the father. "If indeed you be not mad, don't trifle with a father's feelings, do not arouse false hopes!"

"Senor, I tell you your daughter is not dead. I will stake my life on it. I will soon restore her to you if you will let me."

"Listen to him, Don Ildefonso," cried a voice from the crowd: "He is the wizard doctor that never makes mistakes."

The old Mexican yielded. The bearers of the coffin turned back. The procession dispersed, but many, impelled by curiosity, congregated around the house of mourning, soon to be changed into the house of rejoicing.

The rigid young form was laid on her bed. Villafana compounded a mixture and, forcing open the closely set teeth, poured in a teaspoonful of the preparation. Then, consulting his watch and seating himself calmly by the bedside, he said to the father:

"In ten minutes I will give her another dose. In ten minutes more she will awake."

Who could describe the suspense of those twenty minutes' waiting. The poor father stood as a statue, his gaze fixed intently on the face of his child, whilst his ears counted the faint ticking of the old clock. How slow! At last—at last—nineteen—twenty!

"Mama!" called a faint voice, as the resurrected girl opened her eyes and cast a wondering look around. Then spying her father: "Padre mio, donde esta mama? (Father mine, where is mama?)

The child's first thought had been of the mother, who, ignorant of this wonderful return, conscious only of her loss, was shut up in her chamber, weeping as one who will not be comforted. Don Ildefonso hastened to carry the glad tidings to his wife.

There are sacred feelings of joy or sorrow which the pen cannot, dare not attempt, to describe. Let us pass on.

They were wealthy people, and worthy as well. Their gratitude knew no bounds.

"Half of what I possess is yours," said the happy father.

"You owe me nothing," replied Villafana. "I am but an instrument in the hands of God; but His poor have a claim upon you. The needy, the helpless, are many, Don Ildefonso. Help them out of your abundance. You can do much if you will only look around you."

"I will, I will. I have never refused alms, and the church..."

"I know; but the alms given by your own hand and made precious by your outspoken sympathy, will do more, are more valuable in the eyes of God than greater sums distributed for you by other hands, even though they be priestly hands."

And Don Ildefonso, who had received much, learned how blessed it is to give, not merely money, but love.

This incident of the funeral, coming after so many marvelous cures by the strange doctor, made a great deal of noise. A few days after this, Villafana was summoned to the Governor's presence, at a late hour of the evening and with an appearance of mystery.

"My good sir," said this high functionary, "I have heard many tales about you and I wanted to know you. You have made for yourself a strange reputation here. Some people almost worship you as a saint, as one of the very God's messengers, sent to help and comfort all who mourn or suffer. Others swear that you are a wizard, a sorcerer, in league with Satan..."

"Your Excellency, I am no saint, neither do I deal in witchcraft. I am a poor physician who, by the grace of God is permitted to serve his fellow men."

"I know, I know, my good man. Your last miracle is that of restoring to life the young daughter of Don Ildefonso, who is a cousin of mine. You found out she was in a cataleptic sleep. Very well, it was a good deed, but the common people proclaim this good deed a miracle. They say the child was dead and you brought her back to life..."

"It is the ignorance of..."

"Yes, yes, I understand, they know no better, but listen: The age of miracles is past. If any occur nowadays, it is by exception and the church claims an exclusive right to everything miraculous. So this alleged encroachment upon her rights has aroused the enmity of the Holy Inquisition. It is extremely difficult to justify one's self from the charge of sorcery, and I have some reason to believe that the Grand Inquisitor is preparing one against you. Now, I wish you no harm, quite the contrary. I am grateful to

you for saving the life of young Inez; but if you are arrested there will be an outcry among your patients, or clients, which may lead to grave consequences. The Inquisition is a power... I could not... In short, I advise you, I beg you, and, if it need be, I command you to leave the city before another sun rises, and if you are prudent, to leave this country altogether, with dispatch and secrecy."

"I thank your Excellency, but... as I am innocent..."

"Man, do you wish to be a martyr? How will it help humanity which you claim you serve? No, go. I will assist you in any way consistent with my own safety, for I cannot openly go counter to the Inquisition. Go, my friend, let the Scribes find the bird flown when they come."

The good governor was evidently actuated by the best motives. Villafana left Mexico that night. We shall lose sight of him until we find him in Kingston, Jamaica.

(To be continued.)

## Modern Sayings.

All scripture is good; interpretations are of much less value. What is revealed is clear; that which requires more to explain and interpret is not revealed.

Differed persons get a different impression from reading same words. Nature and reason are the only interpreters of every mystery. Mind and Nature are superior to any form of words. An absolute truth never was expressed by words; it may be breathed, felt, perceived, but not expressed by words. Words are lean, little fat in them anyway, they help, aid, connect. They cannot see, hear, feel, enjoy.

Every atom in the universe moves. Atoms are heard, seen and felt by their vibrations. Everything unseen vibrates quickly; everything seen vibrates slowly. Thought, spirit and soul are quick; as are air, light and heat. Earth, flesh, and shells are material to thought, spirit and soul. Every finer is spiritual to every coarser; every coarser is material to every finer. Electricity is material to spirit; spirit is material to soul.

No idea has ever reached beyond vibratory action; no thought ever sped to the place where substance was not and where the God-power did not operate. The Father's hand is everywhere!

"The other world" is as much here and now as it ever will be; eternity is here and now as it ever will be; eternity will never be more or less than it is today. Power is in every service. The way to harmony and heaven will never be clearer only as expanded visions open to it.

The sayings of science and theology are together and they must blend.

All things are in men; thought, will, desire; evolve them.

The glory of the twentieth century and of every future century, is in a germinal state in every conscious being. Expand it and begin to live now! The way is the brighter dawn. Let us die, but see the way for conscious beings to live! Be that way!—Marion (N. Y.) Enterprise.

## 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.

## Old Subscribers Take Notice!!!

In order that our loyal patrons of past years may be benefited by this grand offer, we make you the following proposition:—If you will send us a club of twenty new names, subscribers for four months, we will credit you with

A FULL YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

in advance to the Banner of Light, and send you a copy of "Libeth." Mrs. Twing's greatest work, or of some other book of the same selling price, if "Libeth" is already in your library. This grand offer is open only to Jan. 1, 1902, and every reader of the Banner of Light should at once avail himself of it. Now is the time to get up your club. Send in your lists at once, and secure Miss Whiting's splendid articles, also the Banner of Light and its excellent premiums.

"To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you is your private heart is true for all men—that is genius."

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can Reader as honest and a perfect man, Commands all light, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts are angels, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us will."



## EQUAL AT THE GRAVE.

BY DR. T. WILKINS.

As we near the ancient stairway that leads down into the grave  
There is need to hold our forces for the last receding wave.  
But we must descend the mountains that we worked so hard to climb,  
As our fathers and our mothers had to do in course of time.

We may toll and toll and crumble, and be many honest, brave,  
But like others who preceded, we are gliding toward the grave.  
No matter how we dread it, there is something quite sublime  
In the thought that all will travel o'er the same road in due time.

Men may rise to higher stations or go on through life as knaves,  
And the blessed law of Nature makes them equal at their graves.  
One may be a shining Christian and another steeped in crime,  
And the grave will make them equal in the coming course of time.

It is only idle thinking, or opinion's useless wave,  
To conceive of class distinction in a sphere beyond the grave.  
We must mingle in the spirit in our own true sphere and clime,  
And the classes of the masses will disintegrate in time.

There will always be the doubters and believers that will rave,  
But opinions never alter the true state beyond the grave.  
Just the ashes of cremation or the grave-decaying slime,  
And a spirit, free and feeling, is the doom of each in time.

As we near the ancient stairway to a dry or wat'ry grave,  
Or the furnace of cremation, it is mainly to be brave;  
It is wise to be observing in old age or in the prime,  
Whether rich or wise or handsome we must all decay in time.

Chicago, Ill.

## Endowment Fund of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

Dear Readers:

Below we reprint our proposition for a Sinking Fund which appeared in a former issue, together with a statement from the President of the V. S. U. which appeared some months ago.

By carefully reading these articles you will comprehend the situation.

In a few days many of you will receive a coupon letter which is the working plan evolved to combine the offerings, small and great, for this crying need. If the Spiritualists of America will treat this opportunity with care and prompt response as they are able, we believe the Union will soon be in working order. If any one reading this feels willing to start a letter, kindly write "Harrison D. Barrett, Lock Box 183, Back Bay P. O., Boston," volunteering this service instead of waiting for a letter to reach you through another. In this way you will speed the work.

The Trustees of the Fund are:

Harrison D. Barrett, Boston; Dr. F. B. Austin, H. A. Torrey, Cambridge; Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Somerville, Mass.; George W. Kates, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Irving F. Symonds, Boston.

## The V. S. U.

This is Number One of Vol. XC. It is fitting that the initial paper of this volume should usher in a practical work.

We are impressed with the idea from the numerous letters that we are constantly receiving from all sections of the country that the immediate duty of the Spiritualists is to make possible the opening of the Home at Waverley. Elderly Spiritualists, with small means, are desirous of spending their remaining years with those of their own faith. Mediums and Spiritualists who are wholly without means, with no place that they can call home, are in need of a place of refuge. This can be found for all classes at Waverley, provided it is opened to the public. It will require but little to make this home available, so far as each individual is concerned. It only requires a little thought put into practical application.

The Veteran's Union is an international institution and knows no state nor national lines in its treatment of the needy. The N. S. A. has a home of its own, and a small endowment fund. This is highly meritorious, and we hope that the increase will be abundant as the days pass by. The N. S. A. will look out for missionary work, the cause and protection of our kindred, from its premises. But the V. S. U. is organized for the special work of caring for the sick and needy. It is occupying a field of its own, and its noble purpose should commend itself to every charitable soul in the land. We, therefore, appeal to the Spiritualists of America to interest themselves in the unselfish efforts of the V. S. U. to care for our own people.

Letters are before us telling of poverty, sickness and suffering of our aged Mediums and Spiritualists. Several of them are already in almshouses. This is a shame to Spiritualists and to Spiritualism that it is so. It behooves us to remove this disgrace from the fair escutcheon of our beloved Cause. WE MUST CARE FOR OUR OWN! No longer should they be permitted to suffer privation and want for sympathy. We have people of means in our ranks who can help us. We ask them to open their hearts and purses at this critical juncture that the Home of the V. S. U. may be made available to the needy of our land at an early date. The "Banner of Light" henceforth will labor earnestly in behalf of this philanthropic work. We feel that personalities, jealousies and bickerings should and must be laid aside for the sake of our common humanity.

To that end we propose to establish a Banner of Light Endowment Fund for the V. S. U. and pledge ourselves to contribute thereto the sum of \$500 as an index of our good faith. We say again our own people must be cared for. There is no time to lose in view of the suffering now known to us. We ask our friends throughout the world to join us in this work. Who will help us? Is not the time ripe for action? Shall the cries of the needy ones of our faith, now in the poorhouses of the land, pass unheeded by? Shall we escape condemnation if we refuse to aid our own?

We propose making the fund named a trust fund, the income from which only shall be used and that income devoted solely to caring

for the indigent worthy Spiritualists and liberalists throughout the world. By establishing this fund, the Home can be opened, the needy cared for, and the officers of the Union enabled to devote themselves exclusively to the work of raising the mortgage now on the Home. They may be able to find a location of greater value, and by so doing disincumber the Waverley Home to advantage. But that is of the future; the Home can be made immediately available if the Spiritualists will but act together. Now is the time to look out for our own! Who will join us in this work? Let us hear from our humanitarian friends in all sections of America. This fund should be raised at once. A few hundred dollars from one hundred persons will make it possible for the Union to do its work. Let us take hold of this task with a will. Let us hear from our noble-hearted philanthropists with generous pledges to our Endowment Fund. Whose name shall we place next to that of the "Banner of Light"? As a donor to this splendid, practical charity? Speak up, ye lovers of humanity, and fill this fund at once.

## To the Spiritualists of the World.

THE V. S. U.

Feeling it is due to the friends of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union and other loyal Spiritualists to acquaint them with the conditions of the organization existing today, I respectfully submit the following as an exact account, as I see it.

As is pretty generally known, the purpose of the Union is practical service on the lines of philanthropic effort in behalf of servants in the Cause of Spiritualism. Excepting addresses by capable speakers and evidences of power, the Union has no other means of action, except special camp days; Sunday services at the Waverley Home, during the open season; distribution of carefully selected literature pertaining to vital issues in our religion; the energy of the Union is devoted to the relief of carefully investigated cases of need among our own people. For some purposes of the working Board of Directors is composed of people within reach of Boston, but the ministrations of the organization are by no means limited to New England even, as is evidenced by the assistance that has been rendered all over the United States and with our Canadian friends now joining us.

Some years ago the Union instructed its officers to purchase the Waverley property, now owned by the Union. It consists of a house with modern equipments, as at present constituted, capable of entertaining about twenty persons, and upwards of ten acres of land in grove and tillage, well situated for building purposes. It was hoped the Spiritualist world, out of its gratitude for the service of Spiritualism in bringing us freedom, would so generously respond to the calls for funds that it would be possible to place the property in the hands of our officers and needy from service in the Cause, or for those temporarily in need of retirement for recuperation. There have never been sufficient funds furnished to make this possible. For the past few years the officers of the Union have devoted their energies to raising money for the property. It is another striking instance of how the wonders of yesterday become the commonplaces of today.—Scientific American.

guarding the equity. There are two mortgages on the property, one to the amount of five thousand (\$5000) and another for about twenty-three hundred (\$2300) dollars, with no interest due. The property is probably worth from \$15,000 to \$18,000, in a bright real estate market. Today there is no demand for it. While the expense of carrying the place is now a burden on the Union, if we had funds to use it as a home this expense would not be excessive rent for such purposes.

Whatever my successors may think about the advisability of having a place as available at a less cost elsewhere, the present conditions demand we carry the property until our equity can be released through sale at a proper price. As the property is available for uses of a home, the only practical solution of the problem that appears is to raise funds of sufficient strength to enable us to utilize the property for this purpose—transferring from this to a less expensive property as we are able, if this seems best. There has been pledged by a friend of the Union \$2500 for the cancellation of the \$2300 mortgage, when the home is in practical operation. It is for us, dear readers, to determine when I shall call on the gentleman for the money with which to cancel the mortgage.

Let it be clearly understood, there is no salient connection with the Union, and all handling of the funds of the organization (in excess of one hundred dollars) provide suitable bonds. There are no debts against the Union other than the mortgages against the real estate as referred to above. I make this frank statement of the situation, dear friends, as I see it, feeling it is your due. Now go apart and sit face to face with your blessings under the ministrations of Spiritualism and ask what you can give to the servants of this truth.

Since preparing this paper for the press, The Banner of Light Publishing Company has made what seems to me a most practical proposition, which I heartily endorse as President of the Union. There must be a sinking fund before any Board of Directors can undertake the responsibility of permanent obligations. This fund must be kept intact, so its income can be depended upon by the trustees in making their estimates for the year. This, as I understand by the editorial proposition of the Banner (August 31, 1901), is what "The Banner of Light Fund" is. With this working fund before you, there would seem to be no excuse behind which you can hide your contributions to the Union. It is to be used, and that for actual care of the needy. As an officer of the Union, I should not expect, under the terms of the trust, to use the income to defray the expenses of the Waverley property. Your contributions then to this fund will be devoted to the immediate purchase of the property, and the establishment of a home for the needy workers of the Cause of Spiritualism, our indebtedness to whom no man can estimate.

Irving F. Symonds,  
President of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union,  
294 Dorchester St., Boston.

A recent successful exchange of messages between two vessels of the Cunard Line when they were passing each other in mid-ocean at a distance estimated from 50 to 75 miles, must have brought home to a great many of us, once more, a strong sense of almost wind powers of wireless telegraphy. It furnished another striking instance of how the wonders of yesterday become the commonplaces of today.—Scientific American.

## What's the Matter with Spiritualists?

BY LAURA B. PAYNE.

The attention of all thoughtful Spiritualists is at present turned to the problem of organization, and the question often asked is, why cannot Spiritualists maintain organizations, pay speakers, and build temples as well as the churches, Christian Scientists, etc?

Many answers might be given to this question, but mine is this: It takes money to keep up organizations, and the Spiritualists, as a rule, will not give their money for such purposes. The investigator, of course, wishes to see the phenomena; so he pays his money to get readings and attendances. Later, after he has become convinced that the claims of Spiritualism are true, about nine times out of ten will spend his spare cash for sittings, perchance to inquire who stole his hog, or when he will get married, if married, when his wife will die, or if he will win in some contemplated scheme.

Of course these are important and practical questions, but they show the mind of the questioner to be wholly occupied with worldly, selfish and selfish gains, and that he looks upon the great principles of spirit communion as being only the means for enhancing his wealth or bringing about his own selfish gain in some way.

As a child whistles his time away over his toys and blocks, so our people, many of them, daily waste their time and energy upon the phenomena of Spiritualism—often too long; for this is not all of Spiritualism, any more than is the kindergarten all that awaits the child in his educational training.

Such as these know nothing of the true philosophy of Spiritualism, have no conception of altruism nor that of building character for self, or for others. The idea of contributing of their means to build spiritual temples, pay speakers and mediums or in any way provide that others may be led into the light of truth, has never entered their minds.

One individual will pay large sums to attend seances and have sittings with mediums, but when asked to contribute to the temple fund or help support the public meetings so that the truth may be widely disseminated, he will not give a dollar.

Then a goodly number, having found that the truths taught by modern Spiritualism have wiped that much talked of sulphurous region of the map of existence are no longer scared into giving as formerly.

I have known it to occur that at a camp of a few days two or three physical mediums would make several hundred dollars, and when the management came to settle the bills it took hard work to scrape up enough money to pay those who worked on the program and made it possible for the meeting to show.

I only speak of these things to show where the financial support in Spiritualism goes and why, in my opinion, our local organizations decline.

There are several reasons, perhaps, for this state of affairs, but the greatest one is that Modern Spiritualism has caught the people on their journey from Churchianity, with its fear and selfishness, to something better. They have left their fear behind, but have brought the full amount of their selfishness along.

From the Egyptian darkness of doubt, fear and superstition, they are crossing to the land of Canaan (Altruism), and from the present condition of affairs it would seem that mod-

## MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

## CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.

"Mother," she went on to say, "I am now the wife of a multi-millionaire, and have succeeded in becoming rich through sheer force of will. Mother, I am ready to fall down and worship that which is called 'Will Power or Force.' This is a spiritual gift, my mother, and if exercised to its fullest extent, can, in the words of the Bible, remove mountains. I do not think that mountains are removed by prayer and faith alone, but by the powerful exercise of the will, together with corresponding actions. I might have spent my whole life on my knees, praying for good fortune, and it never would have come to me, I am sure. I might have sat in that little poverty-stricken room, at home, stitching my life away until the crack of doom, and nothing would ever have come of it but sickness, ruin and decay. Mother, I took my life into my own hands and have raised myself from the depths of poverty to the heights of extreme wealth and grandeur—but I hear you say—

"So you have my child; but through most discreditable and dishonorable means."

"I know you and the old fisherman think this of me, I could, no doubt, have remained with you, and, in time, married an old—or perhaps, even—a young fisherman. I might, possibly, have married one of those vagabonds in Shantville—as I always called that little settlement of huts and tents—and then have led him a life not at all to be desired—in fact, mother, I should have made his life a perfect hell, and he would have looked upon me as a demon in human form; for my natural bent is not that of a self-sacrificing, loving woman. You are that, and may continue to be that, but I am on a different plane. I must either fly or die."

"Now I hear you say: 'But, Jane, how very dishonorable to inveigle into your net the promised husband of another!'"

"Mother, there are two ways of looking at this. I am well aware that Marcus and Isabel were promised to each other; but a bad promise is better broken than kept. I do not know whether I could have been wicked enough to have broken Isabel Morton's heart or not; but I will know that I should not. She did not love Marcus. No, not even as well as I do. I really think, mama, that I love him better than any other woman who lives; however, that is not saying much; but I really love him a thousand times better than Isabel ever did or ever could, consequently, I do not think that I have been as dishonorable as you think."

"Now, mother, whom have I really wronged? I imagine I hear you say, 'Jane, you have wronged me—your mother.'"

"Have I really wronged you, mama? You are a weak, loving, and self-sacrificing woman. You give yourself to a poverty-stricken old fisherman, partly because you really love him, and partly from a feeling of gratitude because he used to give us a fish or so when we were hungry; but, mother, I could never love such a man. He appears to me an ignorant old hulk, as low in the scale, almost, as his old black boat, Molly."

"By-the-way, I think I will name my first girl, Molly. I am really in earnest, mama, then, perhaps Mr. Nathaniel Kester may forgive me, in part, for running away and marrying the man I wanted. Now, mother, I send you five thousand dollars, hoping that it may, in part, heal the wounds of yourself and that really honest and good man, your husband. I intend to send you five

thousand more as soon as I land on the other side of the water. Ten thousand dollars, together with the little house and acre of land, will make you quite comfortable, and that dear old step-father of mine won't be obliged to go out fishing."

"Mother, whom have I really wronged? No one, I say, no one, and stick to it. You may say I have caused a scandal. Well, let those talk scandal who like it. I am sure I have not wronged the scandal mongers in the least, but many of those who will gossip about me have wronged me most bitterly. Those gossiping, proud, supercilious dames and damsels belonging to Redondo, used to grind me into the earth. How insulting and patronizing they used to treat me; how haughtily they looked down on me. It is my turn now; but, as wicked as you think me, I am better than the most of them. The only person in the world whom I have really wounded is Mrs. Morton herself."

"Well, mother, it stands just this way. Mrs. Morton's soul and my soul stood up to fight a duel. We fought and I have conquered, that is all. One or the other must conquer. I am less guiltless than Mrs. Morton. She would have sold her daughter into bondage simply that she, herself, might reap the benefit. I consider that no crime would have been far more heinous than the buying and selling of the African slave. What right has a mother to sell her daughter into a bondage worse than slavery or death?"

"Isabel has always yielded her will to that of her mother's, and that mother would have sold her child in consequence."

"Isabel has been a more dutiful daughter than I have, but I doubt if her being so would have resulted in the happiness of herself or her mother. I shall be better able to lead Marcus aright than Mrs. Morton could. His faults would have soon brought his mother-in-law down upon him, and with all his wealth, Mrs. Morton and Isabel would have been very unhappy."

"Mother, I can not see that I have been very wicked. You will still love me. The gossips of Redondo will forget to scandalize me in their eagerness to talk of some one else."

"Isabel, no doubt, already thanks me in her heart, but Mrs. Morton will be my enemy for many years to come. Good bye, for this time, mama, dear. You shall soon hear from me again."

"Your daughter,  
Mrs. Marcus Chesterfield."

Mrs. Kester kissed the letter and laid it away in a little casket containing her treasures, and then drew the five thousand dollars from the Redondo bank.

The old fisherman looked at the money. Tears came to his eyes. Then he whistled softly. Then he kissed his wife and called her a cooling dove.

"Wall, that that eagle has gone an' soared away. Yer can't make doves outen eagles—an' yer can't make eagles outen doves. Looos ner lama want lay down together, no how yer kin fix it, unless yer put the lama inside ther lion—an' ther eagle will claw ther dove, sure. Let that that eagle her own way. She is a right royal eagle, she is. Calls me an' that that gal is right. I am a ole ignorant hulk es sure es yer live, turkie dove; but, far all o' that, Molly, she loved me—an' you love me, turkie-dove—an' Mark Chester loves me—an' all them ther people at ther settlement, loves me—them Shantvillers, es ther eagle calls um—an' a most o' ther peoples here in Redondo, calls me unkle—an' I gess es how ther most er them would trust me with ther wimen an' darters—an' may be, wud like ter borrow a dollar er two o' 'er, occasionally; so, I gess, ther ignorant ole hulk kin git along, snawhoo."

"Natur is kind ter me—jest es kind es tho' I was es

wise es Solomon. Jest tew think what that that sea hees dun fur me—an' look at this er gardio. Did yer ever see anything grow like it, turkie dove? an' them ther roses blow es red an' smell es sweet fur me es fur any other man, an' I wudent swap my turkie dove fur ther richest an' beautifullest woman es ever lived."

"Thar air eagles, an' thar air turkie doves, an' thar air lions, an' thar air lambs, an' thar air ole hulks; an' yer can't change one later tother; but, howsever, I will take ther gal's munny, an' thank her tew; fur, turkie dove, I am a gittin' a leetle stiff in ther joints, an' ther rumtucks is a gittin' inter my back an' shoulders, an' sumtimes, when I am a rockin' in ther that boat, an' ther sun's a blazin' away at my ole head, ther same's tho' I war a younger man, I gits a leetle dizzy, like, 'specially when them yaller-tails refuses ter bite."

"An', marm—ole gal—ten thousan' dollars 'll set us up in good shape, an' no mistake!"

"I think we kin afford ter forgive Jane."

"Jane has never been a very bad girl," said Mrs. Kester, "but an exceedingly willful one."

"Wall, marm; she sez es how it hes ben ther will es hes done it; but, dew yer think, turkie dove, es Jane 'll be happy?"

"I believe she will be happier as Marcus Chesterfield's wife than in any other way," answered Mrs. Kester.

"As you say, she has not the heart of a dove. Her pride is more easily wounded than her love; but I think as she does, that Marcus Chesterfield, with all his wealth, would have made Isabel Morton miserable, and, probably, she would have died of a broken heart."

## CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. MORTON BATTLES WITH A SPECTRE.

Mrs. Kester sent Mrs. Morton a note in which she said:

"Mrs. Morton: 'Dear Madam. I am exceedingly sorry to inform you that my daughter Jane has married Marcus Chesterfield, and they are, at this time, on their way to Europe. That Mr. Chesterfield has not dealt honorably by your daughter, I am well aware; still, there are many other young men who do not deal honorably with young ladies. I hope you will forgive his error. Of course, my daughter Jane is not guiltless in this matter; but I have already forgiven her.'"

"I hope, dear madam, you will not take this misfortune very greatly to heart; for, really, after all, it is your daughter, Isabel, who is the wronged party."

"I can only say, madam, that I am very sorry that my daughter could find it in her heart to wrong so sweet and beautiful a girl as Isabel."

"My husband joins me in good will and wishes for you both."

"Yours truly,  
Mrs. Nathaniel Kester."

When Mrs. Morton received this note, and had taken in its contents, she stood, for a moment, like one who had received a mortal blow, and then fell to the floor with a dull thud.

The servants hearing the fall, rushed into the room. Mrs. Isabel, who was standing at the time before the mirror, combing out her long, beautiful hair, also hurried to the spot, still not thinking the noise to be made by her mother.

The servants hastily placed the lady on her bed and then applied restoratives.

Isabel took the missile from the hand of her mother and read it; and, as she read, her countenance beamed with delight, and nothing but her mother's condition caused her the slightest sorrow. But that mother soon rallied, then went into screaming hysterics.

The doctor was hastily summoned. He ordered quiet

and a sedative, and when the lady had recovered her composure she desired to be left alone.

She sat in her room speechless for hours, her eyes filled with a wild, despairing light.

"Oh, could it be possible," she asked herself, "that Jane Erie, whom she had looked upon as little less than a beggar, was the wife of her carefully nurtured, and beautiful Isabel's affianced husband?" Oh! She could not believe it. She would not believe it. There was his last letter, now, lying on the table. In it he had said that he was soon to be paid his price for the mines—five millions of dollars—and he hoped to return to Redondo before the winter months, that he might be in readiness to lead his promised bride to the altar by New Year's day.

This note which Mrs. Kester had sent her, was an imposition—that was certain. Probably Jane herself had caused it to be sent from a spirit of revenge.

"The spiteful cat!" muttered the lady.

And thus she sat cogitating until the shades of night set in. She would not go down to the dinner, but ordered a cup of tea and some toast instead, for, truly, she could not eat.

After the tea things had been taken away, she lighted the grate, as the evenings were once more becoming a little chilly, and then, as her life forces began to return, her rage knew no bounds. She walked back and forth in her room like some wild animal. Her soul became like that of a ferocious wild tigress, and if Jane Erie had been in the room, in person, Mrs. Morton would, no doubt, have torn her in pieces, if it had been possible to do so.

"The vile hussy!" she ejaculated. "The miserable, plotting demon! She has long been in league with Satan, I know. A vile imp who could do what she has done, should be hung without judge or jury; she should be lynched and torn in pieces, flayed alive, tortured—oh, there is nothing that would be too bad to do to such a vile good for nothing, but evil hussy. If I had her here now, I would wring her neck as I would that of a fowl. Beholding would be too good for her."

"If you had me here now? Well, madam, I am here."

A voice had spoken. Or, was it the rising wind or the moan of the sea? No, it was not; for there she stood—that spectral form which the lady had seen before. She really stood there, her great, flashing eyes fixed on the raging woman.

"Here I am," said the apparition. "Wring my neck, if you can. Much good might it do you. Your thoughts are fixed so intently on me, madam, that my soul is drawn into your presence. Madam, I am the conqueror! You are the conquered. What difference does it make to Eternity which of us is the vanquished party?"

Mrs. Morton stared, foaming with rage, at the vision. "Spectre, devil, or both," she gurgled, "I will tear you, whatever you are," and she rushed wildly forward with extended hands and clawing fingers.

The spectral form advanced to meet her. The raging woman passed directly through it, half falling against the wall in her mad charge—then, she faced about with glaring eye-balls and, there stood the form the same as before—her positions simply being reversed—a scornful snarl curling the lips.

Again Mrs. Morton charged like a mad bull, passing directly through the form, as before; and this she did a half dozen times or more, until her strength was exhausted, then she threw herself into the large chair, panting heavily, with heaving breast.

(To be continued.)

Don't judge your neighbor's manners by your standard; find out what his standard is, and judge him by that.—Hudson Genoue.



# A PSYCHIC

Through whom flows a radiant stream of pure magnetism, bringing health to wasted bodies, peace to excited systems, and hope and courage to those bowed down with grief and disease.

Dr. Burroughs, President of the Union Sanitarium Company, is devoting his entire time to psychic work with results never before equaled. He is the hidden cause of cures he stands without a peer. The more than twenty-five thousand cases he has diagnosed, through his accuracy, testify to the fact that words to this psychic's wonderful insight.

## A MIGHTY CURRENT

UNAPPEARED BY TIME OR DISTANCE.

"Dear Doctor:—In many of your testimonial letters patients speak of the power of your psychic gifts as being so great as to almost shake them to pieces, but with me there is a quiet, peaceful, happy, cheerful influence, which lasts a long time, that brings me in touch with you and the spirit world. In fact I seem to be standing between it and two worlds. And you are your gift. I hope you may live long, very long, indeed, to exercise them."

—ELIZA S. SWASEY.  
"Lancaster, N. H."

"My Dear Doctor:—I have great faith in your psychic treatment. It feels like a battery. I enjoy it and know that it helps me. You are really,  
"FRANK VONDERAU,  
"Perryville, Pa."

"Dear Doctor:—When sitting for psychic treatment it seems as though there is a battery connected on me. Yours truly,  
"W. H. GILFILLAN,  
"High Park, Colo."

"Kidd Sir:—When sitting for psychic treatment I feel an almost electric current of magnetism through my system. Gratefully yours,  
"A. J. CUTHBERTSON,  
"Cuthbert, Texas."

"Dear Doctor:—I sit regularly for your psychic treatment and always feel it like a battery. I enjoy it and know that it helps me. You are really,  
"ANTONIA HUG,  
"Carbondale, Ill."

"Dear Doctor:—Last evening while sitting with you for psychic treatment, I was greatly blessed and felt its holy influence all the next day, and now I am writing in acknowledgment of it. The same feelings of a future life permeate my being. May sunshine, flowers and God's richest blessings ever be yours, is the prayer of your patient.  
"MISS J. E. HOUGHTON,  
"Little Falls, N. Y."

A thorough, accurate, scientific, psychic diagnosis will be given free with valuable advice and literature to anyone sending their name, age, sex and leading symptom in own handwriting. Each case is given personal examination and study by Dr. Burroughs and his spirit assistants. The enormous demand upon the Doctor's time and ability makes it impossible for him to handle as quickly as he would desire all requests received; they will be taken up in order of arrival. These desiring immediate attention will receive it by enclosing one dollar, which amount will be credited upon treatment should it be desired.

J. A. BURROUGHS,  
2734 2734 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ern Spiritualism is the wilderness where they wander and worship the golden calf, but, like the Israelites of old, a light from the upper world shall guide them and a Moses will be raised up to lead them and to point them to the promised land of love.

Until our people turn from their selfish ways, quit talking individualism and learn to co-operate in the grand altruistic work, they cannot hope to maintain organization. Fear has bound them in the church; nothing binds them in Spiritualism, but love shall bind them in the grand, new church, the church of the "Higher Spiritualism."

Spiritualism has had its mission of liberalizing the world and freeing it from the bonds of ignorance and dogmatism, also the blessed one of bringing the balm of consolation such as no other religion, philosophy or science has ever done. It has dried the mourner's tear, robbed death of its terror and the grave of its gloom, but it has yet a grander mission to fulfill, that of spiritualizing and fraternalizing the world.

After nearly two thousand years of Christianity, so called, the teachings of the great Nazarene are waiting to be made practical. The new command he gave, "That ye love one another," awaits our awakening from the long slumber of sordid selfishness, and the establishment of the grand, new church of which it is to be the chief corner stone.

The same power that broke the creedal chains, denied the authority of the priesthood and controverted the claims of materialism, will inaugurate the new religion wherein the supreme command will be, "Love ye one another," and the only rule of action the Golden Rule. And both shall be obeyed.

The world now waits breathlessly upon the eve of this new era, and from the great, throbbing heart of suffering humanity comes the high of overburdened lives like the moan of a troubled sea. Great souls stand by the water towers of life crying: "Peace be still. Arise! Look up! The night is o'er, the morning breaks, and lo! the light of its glorious sun shall penetrate even the darkest places."

The only true religion is the religion of love; the religion which nerves the soul to do what cannot stand. The religion that liberalizes and consoles is better, but best of all is the religion that spiritualizes, harmonizes and fraternalizes; and this is the one which, founded upon the rock of truth, its grand superstructure cemented and beautified by love, shall endure.

O friends, Spiritualists everywhere, let us rally to the cry of "Higher Spiritualism." Let our watchword be Truth, and Love our guiding star, and victory will perch upon our banner.

Topeka, Kansas.

## For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## Altruism.

HON. JAMES B. TOWNSEND'S ADDRESS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

The address we published, delivered by Mr. Townsend, at the N. S. A. Convention at Washington, D. C., has attracted such widespread attention and interest that he has concluded to run the address through a third edition, and will send free of charge for the use of societies, the number they would care to have for distribution. He writes to us as follows:

To the Editor:—The countless number of letters I am receiving in reference to my Washington address have overcome my modesty, and I therefore send you a few copies with the request that you reprint them and say for me to the officers of all Spiritualist societies that I have concluded to run the address through a third edition, and will send for the use of societies the number they would care to have for distribution.

If you will let this stand in print for two or three weeks, it will probably enable me to hear from all so desiring before I make the order for the third edition.

Very truly yours,  
James B. Townsend.

Lima, Ohio.

Mr. Townsend—Dear Sir:—I have read your admirable address before the N. S. A. at Washington, and would like several copies to distribute among my friends. When

you say you have been waiting, hoping that some one would be moved to speak plainly of the necessities of the hour, you define my position exactly, but your address is so clear, so logical, so comprehensive, that it has fully covered the ground. To me it comes as a bangle call and I feel anxious to have it brought to the attention of all thinking men and women who are laboring for humanity.

W. P. Conway.

21 W. Baltimore St., Lynn, Mass.

Dear Sir and Brother:—I have just received the two copies of the address you delivered at Washington, D. C., before the National Association of Spiritualists, and like it very much. I think your Spiritualist and Socialist, as well as other progressive people, ought to have a copy. I expected to receive quite a lot, as you say you will send any number. Please send at least twenty-five more and I will take great pleasure in distributing them where they will do good. Please send them at once. I feel that I can use fifty or one hundred.

Yours, for the great Cause you espouse,  
J. W. Rimmer, D. M. M. D.  
223 East Illinois St., Evansville, Ind.

Dear Mr. Townsend:—I may be rather tardy in writing to thank you for the magnificent address you delivered at the annual convention of the N. S. A., held recently in Washington, but I beg to assure you it was not through lack of appreciation as much as stress of public and private business that I have been silent.

I have read and re-read the address with increased satisfaction and would deem it a favor if you would send me as many copies as you can spare for circulation among the ladies and gentlemen who attend my seances. Thanking you in advance, I remain,  
Yours very sincerely,  
M. E. Williams.

234 West End Ave., New York City.

Dear Sir:—When I read your Washington speech, I said "There is a man who is on the right track." I have no interest in Spiritualism as a religion, but as a movement for the betterment of government, home and society, I am with you. I can very well place fifty copies of your pamphlet, and will see that they go to the right ones.

Alphons J. Williamson.

Box 591, Spokane, Wash.

Dear Brother:—I read your address before the National Spiritualists' Association, and I thought then, and still think you struck the key-note, and if you will send me some to Neodesha, my next lecturing place, I will handle them as judiciously as I know how.

Most truly your brother,  
D. W. Hull.

Beloit, Kans.

Dear Sir and Brother:—I live in a country where the light is just breaking and I think I could do a splendid work by placing a number of these copies where they would be read and thereby giving a knowledge of what we teach to those who are in the dark concerning both the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. So please send me as many copies of the address as you can, and I assure you they shall be used to the best advantage. I am fraternally,  
N. B. Young, Judge.

Gainesboro, Tenn.

Dear Brother Townsend:—Yesterday I distributed at the Auditorium, fifty copies of your address. There were more than one hundred others who asked for copies. My guides say you are to do a great work for humanity, and that your address will make many Spiritualists, who are not so today. May the highest good of all life be your blessing.

Frank T. Ripley.

825 S. Burdick St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Brother:—Received the copies of the address. I read it again with pleasure and profit. Spiritualists need it more than any one else. The message is for us and through it we are truly shown ourselves. "Many are called, but few are chosen." I hope you will go on with your grand work. "Many are called, but few are chosen." I hope you will go on with your grand work. "Many are called, but few are chosen." I hope you will go on with your grand work.

Mary J. Stephens.

402 A St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

—Exchange.

## Mediumship Not Desired.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: I am a poor man and have to work hard for my living, and can't understand why mediumship should be brought to me for no purpose whatever than for extreme annoyance. I seem to be in complete possession of bad spirits. These spirits have assumed me that their sole aim is to fight against Spiritualism, and do nothing but annoy me in a secret way.

I can't understand how these spirits' families can shut their eyes to the fact of my being annoyed. Does it not point out bad power for their first societies.

I don't know anything about mediumship, and would be glad to have the same taken from me. I don't wish to know anything about the future, and am truly sorry that there is such a place. If all mediums were annoyed in myself there would be no mediumship. I am sorry I have not the means to talk against it.

There is no cause for these spirits to be here; they are not earthbound and do give me a bad idea of the future. If there is anything wrong with me in a bad way I would like to know it. Hoping to hear from you.

Yours very truly,

The above pitiful letter is well worth the thoughtful consideration of our readers, and we present it to them in the hope that new light may be obtained on the subject. This is only one of many similar pleas we are constantly receiving. Does it not point out the necessity of schools in which are teachers whose spiritual lives and experience fit them to deal with the clouded minds that are struggling for freedom?

## Vaccination.

[From Public Statutes for 1894; Chapter 515, Section 2.]

"All children who shall present a certificate, signed by a regular practicing physician, that they are unfit subjects for vaccination, shall not be subject to the provisions of section 9 of chapter 47 of the public statutes, excluding unvaccinated children from the public schools, and all children upon such a certificate shall be exempted from the provision of this act."

## For Sick Headache.

Take *Burrows' Acid Phosphate*.

Dr. H. J. Wells, Nashville, Tenn., says: "It acts like a charm in all cases of sick headache and nervous debility." Gives quiet sleep.

One's task is one's life-preserver.—Emerson.

## Briefs.

Hartford, Conn. The members of the "Christ's First Spiritual Church" dedicated their new hall Sunday evening, Dec. 15. The meeting was presided over by Madame Haven, who for over two years has held the Society together and who by her indefatigable efforts and unwavering trust in her spirit guide has wrought much for its present bright prospects. The lecture of the evening was given by Mrs. Fiedick Ransom. Her subject was "The New Gospel," and was in the main a plea for more spiritual charity and a closer union. Other speakers were Mr. Brainerd, who has been the spiritual guide for the past two years and Louis Ransom, a veteran in the spiritual field and whom Madame Haven very fittingly designated their "war-horse." The hall was well filled with an attentive audience, who appreciated the tests which the Madame gave at the conclusion of the speech-making.

Mrs. F. Ransom, Sec'y.

Fitchburg, Mass. Mrs. Nellie Burbeck of Plymouth spoke for the First Spiritualist Society, Dec. 15 to good sized audiences, considering the weather. Mrs. Burbeck's addresses are always interesting and well presented, and her spirit messages convincing.

Miss Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections. Dr. L. Fox, President of the Malden Progressive Spiritualists, notwithstanding the storm on Sunday, Dec. 15, had a good sized audience, and they were amply rewarded with a fine address and psychic messages from Mrs. Abby Bornham, assisted by her talented daughter, Mrs. Ida Dyke, two soprano solos. "One Sweetly Solos" and "Kathleen Mavourneen," with remarkable expression and purity of tone, also a recitation with good dramatic effect, "The Glory of God in Creation." Mrs. Munroe also favored us with pleasant remarks and a few messages from spirit life. John R. Snow, Sec'y.

Association of Spiritualists held a supper and social in Good Templars Hall, 514 Main Street, Dec. 10. A substantial supper was well patronized, and was followed by an entertainment which was heartily enjoyed by the audience. First on the program was music by the mandolin and guitar club with piano accompaniment. Reading by Mrs. W. C. Smith, followed by another delightful musical selection by the club. Mr. J. Frank Baxter, our speaker for this month, contributed readings, songs and anecdotes which were highly amusing and entertaining. Mrs. Alice Wilkins gave musical selections which were well received. The next supper and social will be the Jan. 14—Celia C. Prentiss.

The Boston Spiritualist Lyceum held its usual session Sunday, Dec. 8, in Paine Hall and had a good attendance. The lesson was "Is our religion better than others and why?" and received many answers. After the march many of the pupils took part in the musical and literary exercises. Mrs. M. J. Butler and Mr. Harold Leslie were visitors and spoke to the children.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St., Sunday, Dec. 8. Meetings interesting and well attended. Those assisting, Dr. Huott, Mr. Stevens, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Cohen, Mrs. Pye, Mr. Fryer, Mr. Mitchell, Mrs. Brown, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Woods, Mr. Couch, Mr. Peterson. Music by Mrs. Hall and Mr. Wilde. Meetings every Sunday, 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7 p. m. Mrs. Gutierrez, Pres.

Gospel of Spirit Return Society, 200 Huntington Ave.; pastor, Minnie M. Soule. Services Sunday evening, Dec. 8. None can attend our meetings without getting the solemn brood of worldly care completely cast from their minds. Permit me to mention, Good Editor, that our beloved pastor, whose heart is an unceasing fountain of affection, is industriously gathering funds, food, etc., for a Christmas pleasure to be given to the little ones of the poor. If we are religiously at one, we will give charitably. Remember the Banner's "God's Poor Fund." Remember our pastor, 79 Prospect Street, Somerville, Mass., in her charitable ministrations. W. C. Crawford, Sec'y.

Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley remained in Milwaukee, Wis., during the month of December, occupying the platform of the Unity Society. She met with considerable success. The Boston Spiritual Temple held Sunday services in Chickering Hall, Huntington Ave., Dec. 15 at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. On account of the very inclement weather a large number missed a fine sermon on Spiritualism, which was continued, spoke from the text, "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?" James 3:11. The speaker said there were two great factors which hindered the growth of Spiritualism, one was the ignorance of the outside world regarding its true teachings and the other it was the narrowness of the presentation by Spiritualists. Its true mission is to make man more in love with self and with every other man and to bring all humanity to the consciousness of its at-one-ment with God. The sermon was followed by a ballot seance. The evening seances were interesting to a large audience, Mr. Wiggin giving a poem, Mrs. L. Tuttle, recitation, Mrs. Abbott, tests, Dr. Blackden, tests, Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Mellen. Afternoon—Opening service, Mr. Nichols; messages, Mr. Scott; solo, Mr. Peak; readings, Dr. Blackden and Mrs. Wilkinson. Evening—Remarks, Dr. Immanuel Pfeiffer, subject, "Vaccination"; Scripture reading and prayer, Mr. Brewer; poem, Mrs. L. Tuttle; recitation, Mrs. Abbott; tests, Mrs. Wilkinson and Clara Strong. Meetings every Thursday at three. Tuesdays the "Indian Healing Circle." Watch night services with a grand program. Everybody welcome. Sunday, January 6, a concert by the Old Kentucky Jubilee Singers. Also colored mediums. Reporter.

There was no session of the C. P. L. No. 1 of Boston Sunday on account of the storm. There were a few of us present, and we had a circle. Our Christmas tree will be in Red Men's Hall, Sunday eve, Dec. 23. We expect to have a fine concert on that evening.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union will not meet Christmas Eve, but Jan. 6. Mrs. Sarah Ryer will lecture for the society. All are welcome. S. E. Jones, Sec'y.

Appleton St., Boston, Friday, Dec. 20. The regular meeting of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society was held as usual with the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albe in the chair. The meeting opened with a prayer by Mrs. C. Mason. Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse made brief remarks. Mrs. Berry spoke on "Spiritualism" and gave communications which were recognized. Mrs. Bonine spoke briefly and gave interesting tests. Mrs. Hattie O. Mason sang with auto harp accompaniment, "Annie Laurie," which was very well received, after which she spoke of the closing

# Not Recommended for Everything

But if You Have Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble, You Will Find Swamp-Root Just the Remedy You Need.

If it were to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidney, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs. The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

## Doctors Prescribe Swamp-Root.

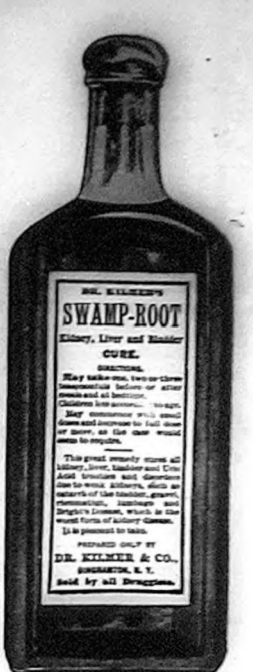
"I have prescribed that wonderful remedy for kidney and bladder complaints, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, with most beneficial effect and know of no cure by its use. These patients had kidney trouble, as diagnosed by other physicians, and treated without benefit. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root effected a cure. I am a liberal and open-minded physician, and I find it an accepted school or out of it. For desperate cases of kidney or bladder complaint under treatment with unsatisfactory results I turn to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with most favorable results. I shall continue to prescribe it and from personal observation state that Swamp-Root has great curative properties." DR. BARTOW HILL, M. D., 278 10th St., Borough of Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1901.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for many kinds of diseases, and if permitted to continue much suffering with fatal results are sure to follow. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; makes your head ache and back ache, causes indigestion, stomach and liver trouble, you get a yellow complexion, makes you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who



(Swamp-Root is pleasant to take.)

have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere.

## Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root Sent Free By Mail.

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

of the Old Year. Sunshine gave tests. Mrs. Shirley referred to the Theosophical meetings she had been attending, and said she felt like praising the mediums more every time she met with them. Mr. Thompson gave excellent tests. Carrie E. Hatch, Sec'y.

First Spiritual Society, Putnam, Me., Dec. 8 and 15. Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, Mass., served our society in an able manner. While here he gave us two benefit circles which were largely attended. We have engaged him to serve us again March 9, 1902. Mrs. M. E. Hatch, Clerk.

On the evening of the 12th inst., the Spiritual and Ethical Society of N. Y. gave in the parlors, 713 Lexington Ave. one of the most pleasing of the many entertaining affairs devised by the Ladies' Aid of that society. It was a Japanese tea. The rooms were tastefully decorated with fans, lanterns, etc., and served by lovely young girls in Japanese costume; the guests being allowed to retain as souvenirs the cups and saucers. All pronounced the affair a success. Mrs. Brigham is with us every Sunday. We find interest increasing. Our building fund grows slowly. If every Spiritualist would send us a dollar we would be able to have one fit place of meeting in New York. We are now to do it some time, but it should be now. Belle V. Cushman, Pres.

## Lake Pleasant.

Mrs. Hattie Rebeum, after being sick all fall, went with the family to her home in Troy. She was not able to sit up. A great sufferer. Mr. Norris Henry is about the same. Mr. Leon is home sick with trouble with his eyes. The rest of the campers are as usual. Mrs. Dr. Weston is not very well. Mr. Julius A. Rice has finished off some of the seances of Mrs. Housh. The twenty-eight inches of snow that fell here a short time ago is all gone. The Lake is high.

Mrs. Julia A. Rice.

## News From California.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Perhaps a short item from us would interest some of your readers. We filled our engagement with Southern California Camp September 11. We started afternoon meetings the first Sunday in October and have continued them ever since, with growing interest and attendance. The work here is divided somewhat and old Spiritualists have rather taken a back seat, but we hope to be able to awaken more interest soon. I, myself, spent two Sundays in Santa Barbara and one session at Summerland. At the latter place attendance was large and much interest manifested. The members of the society have added a kitchen and dining room to their hall and hold conference meetings regularly and meetings when they can obtain workers, but it being a small place cannot afford to pay a large salary.

Santa Barbara people are much discouraged, but there are many earnest Spiritualists there. There is a liberal city in thought. Los Angeles is overworked with workers of all kinds. Physical mediums seem to predominate, but a cleansing process is in store. Until within a short time all ordained mediums have been exempt from a license, but on November 23 two of the ordained mediums were arrested for not having a license (which by the way is \$10 a month), one of these being ordained by a local society "The Truth Seekers" (of which we have both become members) and the other ordained under the State Society. Their lawyer has asked for a jury trial which was set for December 13 and 14, but owing to other matters has been postponed until January 1 or 2. The wedding out process will be the case which societies will take in being more careful

whom they ordain, which I believe to be absolutely necessary.

But the question arises, whom shall we ordain? Those for platform work and not those who are private workers (they are the ones who need protection) or platform workers alone? Can we shut off one or the other? These are questions that ought to claim the attention of all Spiritualists in California.

We fill engagements whenever called upon; help all who need our help and spread the gospel of truth wherever we can, by the philosophy and phenomena. My little guide "Bright Eyes" is ever by me and continues to do good work. Hoping this news will be of some interest, we are,

Yours for the Truth,

Arthur S. & Mrs. Gilliland-Howe.

628 S. Hill St., Los Angeles.

## Mrs. Soule's Photographs.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company has secured the exclusive right to sell the photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, and offers them to its patrons at the exceptionally low price of twenty-five cents each. Every Spiritualist should have one of these photographs. All orders will be promptly filled. Send us twenty-five cents and secure an excellent likeness of this gifted medium.

GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN. By Gilbert R. H. This little work is the second in a series of three. It is a book of poems, and is a most beautiful and inspiring work. It is a book of poems, and is a most beautiful and inspiring work. It is a book of poems, and is a most beautiful and inspiring work.

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ONE THOUSAND DREAMS And Their Interpretations.

BY DR. R. GREER.

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And Other Tales and Stories. By A. L. LAMSON. This volume consists of two parts: the first containing a series of tales, and the second containing a series of stories. It is a book of tales and stories, and is a most beautiful and inspiring work. It is a book of tales and stories, and is a most beautiful and inspiring work.



## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

**THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY**, located at 224 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., has for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, Wholesale and Retail.

**TERMS CASH.**—Orders for books, to be sent by Express must be accompanied by full or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

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In quoting from **THE BANNER** care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of important views, but we do not endorse all the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Names and addresses of writers are indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited articles.

Newsletters sent to this office containing matter for publication, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles to be quoted.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1901.

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**Marguerite C. Barrett**.....Assistant Editor.

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

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## Old Subscribers Take Notice!!!

In order that our loyal patrons of past years may be benefited by this grand offer, we make you the following proposition:—If you will send us a club of twenty new names, subscribers for four months, we will credit you with

## A FULL YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

in advance to the Banner of Light, and send you a copy of "Lisbeth," Mrs. Twiss's greatest work, or of some other book of the same selling price, if "Lisbeth" is already in your library. This grand offer is open only to Jan. 1, 1902, and every reader of the Banner of Light should at once avail himself of it. Now is the time to get up your club. Send in your lists at once, and secure Miss Whiting's splendid articles, also the Banner of Light and its excellent premiums.

## 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.

## An Important Correction.

Through a press error in dropping one line from an item, a very serious mistake appeared in our last issue. We made the following splendid offer to our readers:

"If you want a copy of 'Lisbeth,' or 'Jim,' by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twiss, 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 new subscribers for four months, at 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."

By omitting the words "twenty new subscribers for four months at" we were forced to make the following ruinous proposal:

"If you want a copy of 'Lisbeth,' or 'Jim,' by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twiss, 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."

We regret if we have misled any one, and hope that all will give particular attention to the offer as it really stands and take advantage of the opportunity to obtain not only a year's subscription to the Banner of Light, but any one of the three books, by obtaining twenty new subscribers, at twenty-five cents for four months.

## Child Mediumship.

In another column of this issue, our readers will find a most excellent article by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, taken from the columns of the Chicago American. An anxious mother writes Mrs. Wilcox with regard to her daughter, a child of eight years, who possesses rare powers as a clairvoyant. Mrs. Wilcox speaks plainly and to the point with respect to the case, and her words should sink deeply into the minds of all parents who have psychic children in their homes. Clairvoyance is a power that should be cherished with care, that its grand possibilities as a revealer of truth may be made known to the world. To accomplish this desired result, the imagination should be restrained, and trained into natural channels that it may not supersede and utterly destroy the treasure of clairvoyance. We applaud Mrs. W.'s advice to give the little girl plenty of wholesome exercise in the open air, and to give her a practical, womanly education. Too many child media are permitted to grow up in ignorance, simply because of the supernatural powers with which they are endowed. If sound health is emphasized for all sensitive children there will be fewer moral wrecks among the media of the future than we have had in the past. Let all children be their natural selves, and the first step will have been taken. Plain food, fresh air, pure water (well applied) and well directed exercise will accomplish wonders for all children, embryo media not excepted. We urge our readers to read and re-read Mrs. Wilcox's timely words, and urge them to follow her advice. It is high time for the Spiritualists of America to prove to their opponents that Spiritualism is the giver of health, strength, moral power, soul-illumination and mental culture, and that it makes its followers worthy citizens in every respect.

## Schools.

We have been very sharply criticised for our open and continued advocacy of schools, by some who are really devoted to Spiritualism as they understand it. They assert that the angel world gave us Spiritualism, and confounded the wise by the inspired utterances of ignorant adults and innocent children. It is further claimed that no speaker should take any heed as to what he should say, for, if he has been called by the angels, his mouth will be filled. In the first place, it is not true that Spiritualism was born in and propagated by ignorance. It is true that unlettered men, women and children were selected, in a few instances, to voice the truths of the spirit unto mortals, but behind each and all of these instruments was a band of wise intelligences whose scholarship on earth was of a high order, and whose illumination in spirit was clearer still after years of sojourn in heavenly spheres. It was no ignorant spirit that enabled Cora Scott at twelve years of age to discourse most learnedly upon geology or any other applied science. It was not ignorance that made it possible for her at the age of sixteen to give an explanation of the gyroscope (an instrument that even its inventor could not define), which explanation has stood as authority in the world of science ever since it was given in 1856.

The case of Miss Scott is typical of all others of the same order. Ignorant sensitives were employed to demonstrate physical phenomena, but did they or could they explain them? What became of this class of psychics? Did they evolve into teachers, lecturers, scholars? Note the lives of many physical mediums who gave phenomena in abundance, but they were not in touch with forces that gave them the power to understand their own manifestations. Their powers were utilized for revenue, and their moral natures were not quickened into permanent activity. D. D. Home and P. L. O. A. Keeler were scholars, and they have left a far different impress upon the world because of that fact. But it is not for the purpose of drawing comparisons that we speak at this time. The question under consideration is that of schools. Do we need them? Unhesitatingly we answer yes! The need for them was never so great as it is today. Our early lecturers set a high intellectual standard for their successors, and the failure of the people to attend Spiritualist meetings today is largely due to the fact that that standard has not been maintained. The work of Ferguson, Finney, T. G. Forster, Judge Edmunds, Prof. Hare, Brittan, Denton, and their co-workers, completely routed the forces of orthodoxy, and established a precedent for excellence that the Spiritualists ought always to have followed.

Today our young people are educated in the schools of other denominations and they enter the ministry of those faiths, or engage in business pursuits. There are not twenty platform lecturers upon our platforms at the present time who are under forty years of age. There are not five who have any ability or standing under twenty-five years of age. Mediocrity will no longer satisfy reading, intelligent people. When eloquence, liberality, scholarship, and spirituality are united in a Lorimer, Brooks, Savage, Newton, or any other preacher, people will flock to hear him regardless of their own religious beliefs. Spiritualists frequently remark that Geo. H. Hepworth, Newell Dwight Hillis, and Lyman Abbott preach as good Spiritualism as they desire to hear. Their absence from Spiritualist meetings is a good sign that they go where they can be fed in greater degree than they

can at their own meetings. We believe that Spiritualism offers the greatest amount of truth and inspiration to the world of all cults now in existence. But the loftiest truth, the sublimest sentiment, unless presented in an inspiring and instructive manner, become objects of ridicule even to those who could have appreciated them had they been rightly placed before them. This is an age of criticism, and our platform utterances must stand that test also. They cannot do so, unless the merit of understanding is behind them.

Today glittering generalities will not answer. Had grammar, worse rhetoric, and the worst of logic, even if given by angels out of the form, are not considered good intellectual food. Facts are demanded in all things, and these facts must be dressed in respectable raiment in order to attract the attention of the people. Our children can be brought into Spiritualism if we will but do our duty. We can acquaint them with our phenomena, our science, our philosophy, our religion, and yet lose them in our work. We lack schools, social life, and the concomitants that bring young people together. We hold that good schools will give us the start we need, and restore to us our old time prestige on the platform. We do not believe that people will listen to mongrel English when a Heber Newton is speaking within a stone's throw of the place where such language is used. People want something more than a spectacular performance on Sunday. Instruction, inspiration, mental stimulation are necessities of the hour. We can give them as can no other people if we only try.

## Contempt of Court.

The recent attempt of Judge Hanley of Chicago to fine and imprison two editors of that city for contempt of court has aroused no little criticism throughout the United States. The Chicago American severely criticised a decision of Judge Hanley in an important corporation suit, and in a very suggestive cartoon strongly intimated that the Judge was unduly influenced in the case. He had rendered his decision and ordered it entered before the American published its criticism. The order had not been entered by the clerk, owing to a lack of time, yet it was a part of the record, and the American held that his honor's decision was a matter in which the public was interested, hence subject to criticism in common with the actions of all public officials. Judge Hanley overruled the claim, and sentenced his critics to both fine and imprisonment. They were promptly released on a writ of habeas corpus, and proceedings at once held before Judge Dunne (an official of equal rank with Judge Hanley), who at once released the prisoners. Judge Dunne's action is highly commendable. There is no reason why the rulings of a Judge, after they have been made a part of the record, should not be made subject to the same rules of criticism as are the utterances of the President of the United States, or any other officer. To exempt the judiciary is to make its members autocrats, and throttlers of free speech and a free press. The methods of the American may have been open to question, yet its criticism of an unjust ruling should not place its editors in jeopardy, even though their words may not have been well chosen. We feel that all honor is due Judge Dunne for his noble act.

## A Child Clairvoyant.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX WRITES OF A LITTLE GIRL WONDER

(Copyright, 1901, by W. R. Hearst.)  
A lady writes me that she has a little girl of eight years who possesses remarkable clairvoyant powers.  
The mother says:  
"She is a very bright child and a favorite with everybody. About one year ago I began the investigation of psychic science, and asked my little daughter to sit with me and try if she could see anything. The first time we sat, which was only a very few moments, she proclaimed in open-eyed amazement that she had seen a vision of angels and the Christ. I was in doubt as to whether she really saw this or whether it was imagination, but upon further sittings, as the power seemed to grow, she told of angels' visits, of what they say, of their putting things or thoughts in her mind. Sometimes they dance and sing. She hears them also. She communes regularly with this source of intelligence, and tells of spheres and states of things beyond, which, if true, would shake the whole orthodox religion to its foundation. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that she does so. She can and has proven it to the most skeptical. But what I want to know is, what is your opinion as to the source of the intelligence."  
Mother."

I would advise this mother to direct her daughter with great caution along this mysterious pathway. It is very possible that the little girl possesses occult powers, which bring her in communication with unseen forces and intelligence, but if she is allowed to give herself entirely to these thoughts it is more than likely that she will become a medium for other intelligences, but will lose her own individuality.

It would be wiser to educate the child carefully and thoroughly in all branches and departments of practical study and round her into perfect womanhood. Give her plenty of outdoor exercise, let her come closer to nature, and make her as wholesome as possible. Do not condemn her tendency toward clairvoyance, and do not make too much of it. If she is one of the chosen messengers from unseen worlds she will retain her powers well educated for practical usefulness.

Her faculty will be of great value to her and to others as she advances into maturity, and she will control it, instead of being controlled by it. There are very few of us who would care to adopt the career of the professional medium. It is an occupation surrounded by dangers. As a rule, mediumship weakens the health and taxes the vitality,

Science is investigating this subject and eventually we will understand it and the laws which control it, but at present it is a dangerous thing to meddle with unless the student is well balanced mentally and possesses great spiritual poise.

It is very possible that mingled with the clairvoyant powers which this little child possesses is also an active imagination. She undoubtedly hears much conversation upon these subjects at her home, and her fancy forms pictures which she believes to be visions from another world. At her age it is exceedingly dangerous to over-stimulate her mind along these lines.

It would be more judicious to distract as much as possible her attention from such matters until she has attained her full physical and mental growth.

Regarding the source of these experiences, I am not wise enough to instruct my correspondent. I have no doubt that space is full of unseen beings in various phases of development. I do not question that the majority of the planets besides this insignificant sphere are inhabited. It is as absurd as it is egotistical for us to assume that in the magnificent scheme of the universe this little earth alone is endowed with souls.

Thought transference and mental telepathy are established facts; it is only reasonable to suppose that thoughts from other spheres than this may be received by sensitive brains. One important fact to bear in mind in the pursuit of this study is that there may be ignorance, selfishness and folly in some of these invisible forces about us just as we find the faults in the minds of the human beings here; consequently, we should not consider all the advice we receive from mediumistic or clairvoyant sources infallible. The very highest type of occult power which it is possible for a human being to possess is that which makes him intuitive regarding the right and wrong course in life to pursue.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## Dinner for 10,000.

On nearly every corner in the City of Boston is posted a Salvation Army soldier, who presents to the passers-by a box calling for funds to defray the expenses of a dinner for ten thousand people on Christmas day. Immediately after Christmas they will collect money for a New Year's dinner, as they did in November for Thanksgiving.

Ten thousand men, women and children fed three times a year! Perhaps three full meals will be thought better than 365 meagre ones, but it strikes us that the same amount of money and energy put into sacks of flour, or baskets of potatoes, or even cans of hard tack, which is only seven cents a pound and contains so much nutriment, would go farther and do more real good than a huge dinner which is preceded and followed by a famine.

## Fred L. Hildreth.

whose transition was announced in a recent issue of the Banner, was, for many years, one of the leading Spiritualists in Worcester, Mass. He was prominent in the Lyceum work in that city for many years, and took a great interest in the welfare of the local society there. Failing health compelled him to retire from the active service of the cause he loved about five years ago, yet his interest in Spiritualism did not wane but waxed greater and greater as his sufferings increased. Mr. Hildreth was a poet of ability, and was also a prose writer of merit. For many years he was a welcome and valued contributor to the columns of the Banner of Light. He has passed on to higher spheres, where he will at once resume his labors for the benefit of his fellowmen. He was a gallant soldier for the Union in the war between the States, but was proudest, as all men should be, of the service he rendered in the great army of life, where he fought for the welfare of others, with the weapons of love and peace. He has joined the Supreme Grand Army above, and is now free from the ills of the body, ready and willing to labor yet more earnestly for the good of others. Our sincere sympathy goes out to the surviving members of his family in this their hour of grief.

## Come Up Higher.

Many of our leading workers, officers of the N. S. A., and editors of our periodicals are in frequent receipt of letters from afflicted souls all over the country, who complain bitterly of the obsessing influences that beset them, and implore aid to gain release therefrom. The request in itself, while natural enough and pitiful, does not recognize the "diversity of gifts" manifest under the baptism of the Spirit, does not consider that those to whom they thus appeal, although their kind hearts may be wrung with sympathy for the sufferers, with an earnest desire to utter the mandate of freedom, "I will be thou clean," are not chosen for that kind of work. They are powerless to leave their appointed field of labor, for which they have been fitted and designed through years of preparation to engage in the difficult work of healing. Each soul must fill its own niche, or Life's mosaic would be incomplete. And while healers, like poets, are born, not made, not all healers are chosen to cope with that prominent need of the day, the giving freedom to them that are bound, the releasing of the spirits in prison.

Unwelcome as is this theme to many Spiritualists, without its intelligent acceptance, perfect work in uplifting humanity is impossible. This is a psychic age, and from the very fact that the field of psychic inquiry and research is being so energetically stirred in both hemispheres, it is inevitable that those disembodied entities living nearest the earth plane (therefore the most undeveloped and undesirable visitants), are attracted into our undrained atmosphere and currents of mortal thought. Perhaps three-fourths of the cases of broken poise and depleted energy, which easily open the door to all

other maladies, are of this nature, and arise from this cause. Law is unchangeable in every age; there is not one ruling for the first century, and another for the twentieth. The Great Healer who counseled the working body of his disciples to heal the sick and cast out unclean, or ignorant spirits, making a clear distinction between such healing service, recognized a need which appeals to us on every side today, even as it does the poor whom we have always with us.

Now how shall we minister to these spirits in prison, how shall those who are troubled by them in homes remote from healing centres, far from the contact or presence of skillful healers, how shall they gain freedom and peace? By becoming spiritual healers themselves, first by ceasing to fear these visitors, any more than they would a pauper who comes to their door for a crust of bread, by not recognizing that the disembodied have any power to afflict or control, superior to their own. We are spirits, too, heirs of Omnipotence, then what can harm us, or deplete our strength? The soul that has found its true centre, its spiritual poise, might say fearlessly, tenderly to every earth-bound wail, "Child of my love, lean hard!" Come and take all the strength you can absorb, for as the outpouring fountain is constantly infilled, so my supply of power is inexhaustible as my Source. I can never give out till the Great Spirit does. Be filled and cheered. Come, let us go up higher."

For such a soul, no obsession would be possible, and any soul can decide now whether it will be controlled by anything beneath it or not, since freedom is its birthright. Like a tuning-fork it cannot accord save with its own key-note. As it advances, the law of affinity will attract to it only that strata of spirit-life on its own plane. We must be likewise undeveloped if such waits take up their permanent abode with us. Above all, do not hate them, nor vehemently rebel at their presence, for this arouses a fierce feeling of resentment and stubborn pertinacity to remain, since spirits are very much like folks. Feed them with love and kindly good will which they crave; it is the subtle solvent of all wrongs.

The writer recalls an instance where the obsessor was discovered to be a German, smarting with indignation under a great injustice from which he had suffered just before passing out. The healer, after reasoning with him in silence, went to the piano and began playing Strauss waltzes and other melodies dear to one of his nationality, and his tender heart was so touched by the thought that a lady, a stranger, was devoting her energies in the endeavor to give him pleasure, kindly remembering his tastes and preferences, that he never returned to the patient again, remaining in the home of the healer for a day or two, and then passing on in the path of progression.

Another instance is of a lady in the far West who had lain an invalid for three years, all schools of medicine and magnetism being tried in vain. Through a letter, the possibility of obsession being the cause of her prostration was revealed to her. Instead of feeling any horror or indignation toward the innocent cause of all her suffering, she turned kindly, pleasantly and faced it, saying, "Why, see here, my friend, I have found out what is the matter with both of us. You are in bondage as well as I. You are held in my atmosphere as a fly is caught in a spider's web. Now please try to withdraw. I will help your endeavors all I can by holding myself positive and firm," and in three days the lady was well.

It is possible for us all to choose our companionship in either realm, temporal or spiritual. We shall certainly find our own level. Then, psychic sufferers, resist less and aspire more. Grow mightily inward, upward, and thus draw with you every less sturdy soul in your environment, every spirit in need, embodied or disembodied. Find the joy of the emancipator. Be staff and wings for these spirits in prison. If they remain obsessors it will not be alone their own fault. Growth must obtain for them as for us. The goal of divine similitude is for all.

Susie C. Clark.

Our esteemed co-worker and friend, Miss Susie C. Clark, by special invitation, is now the pastor of the Church of the Higher Life, formerly presided over by Helen Van Anderson. The meetings are held at 3.15 p. m. Sunday at 30 Huntington Ave., Huntington Chambers. Many of our readers, we know, will wish to avail themselves of the opportunity to come in contact with this illuminated mind.

On Friday afternoon Mr. F. A. Wiggan addressed the Metaphysical Club (200 Clarendon St.) on the subject "Cure for All Ills, Within and Without." He was given close attention and his thoughts were considered deep and beneficial. This is not the first time our spiritual workers have been invited to address the Metaphysicians. Are we as anxious to secure and make use of the practical views of our brothers and sisters in that line of thought? An exchange of ideas would work for the good of both. We need to employ methods whereby the spiritual illumination within our reach may be practicalized, and they evidently recognize that we have something for them.

In our last issue appears the announcement of a new Boston society, which held its first meeting in Paine Hall Sunday evening at 7.45, with the always good speaker Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. The chairman, J. B. Hatch, Jr., is known to be an indefatigable worker, and if his shoulder is at the wheel it will surely move.

Photographs of Mrs. Minnie M. Soule are for sale at this office; twenty-five cents each.

Our heart echoes the heart of the Infinite. Our divinations are the reading of the Infinite mind.—A. F. J.







## 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 28, 1901, S. E. 24.

### Invocation.

Out from our hearts this morning, out from our lives this day, we would send the sweetest spiritual greeting to all the world. We would send love so strong and so potent that life will be brightened and hearts made light and more helpful. We would send faith so pure and so holy that those who have fallen will find new courage, new hope and will rise again to the better understanding of their better selves, their spiritual possibilities. We would send charity so warm and so sweet that those who need charity most will be protected, helped and sustained, and with this desire in our hearts, bless us, O spirit of Divine Life, make us strong in our effort to send farther these blessings to the world. May we try to understand more perfectly what life is for and may we see everything and every opportunity and not only see but be able to do and to go forward ourselves. May the glad tidings of good-will be borne not only to all homes but to all nations and all peoples, and at this time may we feel our oneness with life everywhere, whether in the spirit or in the body. However poorly expressed, however beautifully, may it be sent farther. Now we come to our special work, the healing balm of the spiritual truth which should be poured into every life and soul and we ask the special benediction of the angel world on this effort. At this time when everything speaks of joy, of happiness, of reunion and peace and love, may those who are sitting in darkness, who are mourning for those gone on, who long for the touch of a vanished hand, may they be comforted. May some ministrations from out the spirit be theirs. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Emma Whittier, Utica, N. Y.

I see the spirit of a woman who is small, dark and nervous as she can be. She wrings her hands and the tears are rolling down her cheeks. I know there is nothing of the Christmas joy in her mind, but rather that she is full of pain and distress because she cannot get back to her people the way she wants to. She says, "Will you please say that my name is Emma Whittier. I used to live in Utica, N. Y. I do want to get to Willie. It seems sometimes that if I could only take him in my arms and tell him I am watching over him, I know he isn't understood and life is hard, that I would feel better. He is my child. I can't bear to see him in the life he is in. I don't mean that he is very badly off, but I do mean that he is so sensitive he needs me, needs me to tell him that I understand him. I hope I will be able to get there better after having made this effort. Thank you."

#### Jennie Cross, La Crosse, Wis.

The next spirit is a girl about twenty-two or twenty-three years old. She is tall, slender and very pretty indeed. Her face is oval, she is clear skinned and bright like a flower. Her eyes are blue, deep and dark like violets and her hair is dark and is done up in such a pretty way; she is stylish and pretty. She seems altogether like a young woman who cared very much for the things of life and she smiles at me and nods a little and puts her foot out just as though she would dance a step or two in her buoyancy and her freedom. She says, "Oh, well, some of us have to come over here into this life young, and some of us have to bring our love of all things that seem precious to the people who are interested only in serious subjects, and so I thought I would vary this a little and come myself and see what I could say. I want to reach my people just as much as some of these people who are always talking about good things. I never pretended to be very good. I own I tried to get all out of life I could, but I can tell you just the same if there was any way to help my own I wanted to do it and I do today. They said if I had been more careful, I needn't have died, and I suppose that is true, because I used to laugh when they tried to have me wear heavier shoes or put on a heavier garment, because I didn't like to be bundled up, and in that way I must have taken the cold which brought me my death. I didn't want to die. Seemed to me there wasn't anything on this side of life for me, but when I found I was over here and met lots of people just like myself I became more reconciled. My name is Jennie Cross and I lived in La Crosse, Wis. I have a good many people who remember me and will remember what I say about myself is true. I don't think I was so proud as I was fond of having a good time. I do so want to send a message to Bertie. If she could only understand that I come to her she wouldn't cry so much nor be so unhappy. She is quite sensitive. I have found that out because every time when I go near her she seems to feel my presence, but doesn't know what it is and I send this word to her that she may try to understand her own sensitiveness and get into a condition to receive me."

She is altogether too sensitive to what people are saying round about her. She must try to be more independent, as I was, and she will get along better."

#### Lewis Gardner, Randolph, Mass.

Here is a short man with a full beard, dark blue eyes, and bald head, that is bald on the top with a lot of hair round the lower part of his head. He is a kind of a matter of fact man as he takes everything in the most natural way. He says, "Well, the fact of it is I knew more or less about this thing before I came over here. I had made some investigations on my own responsibility, had not talked much about it, but had made up my mind to quite a number of things. My name is Lewis Gardner. I come from Randolph, Mass. You know now and then they have a little infowing of Spiritualism down there to Randolph and so I got a little light now and then about it. I have been over here long enough to make up my mind that there is as much doubt on this side of spirit as there is among you people on earth and it is so surprising. One would think that the minute a man came over here, his eyes would be opened and he would see, but he doesn't. He is headed the other way and he has to turn around and see what he has left rather than to go right ahead ignoring his past. I want to send a little word to Walter. Tell him if it is possible to take good care of his business. There are some things about it that will need his special attention. He will know what I mean. He will also recognize that that would be the thing I would be most interested in as I return. I found Lucy all right and she says that is a pretty good man who can get back and give a message as I am doing the first time he tries. Thank you."

#### William Kittredge, Toledo, Ohio.

I now see the spirit of a girl about fourteen, sobbing and crying so that it seems as though her heart would break. Her eyes are red with weeping. Her hair is quite dark and she is a slender, delicate looking child. Seems to me she was always one of those clinging, sensitive children. All I can get from her is "Kittredge, Kittredge." That is her name and she wants to go to her father whose name is William Kittredge. She says, "In a minute I will tell you about myself. Oh it seems as though I couldn't talk about myself or what I have seen. I only want to get to him. He is so unhappy without me and I am so unhappy without him. It does seem as if God might either have let us come together or stay together. I hardly know what to say or where to begin, only I used to live in Toledo, Ohio, and I was so happy. It seemed as though everything was done for me that could be done and then when I had to come away and leave it all and all my people, I tell you it was hard for me. I even go and sit in the parlor when papa goes there and throws himself down and wonders about me and I try to have him know that I am there, but somehow he never, never thinks of such a thing. I hope that somebody will get the word to him and let him know that his little girl lives just as much today as ever. Tell him I love him so, so many things I want to say to him, and I want to see him, oh, so much."

#### Walter Jenness, Nashua, N. H., to Charlie Morgan.

The next one that I see is a young man about thirty years old. He is quite a bright young man, clear, clean, and crisp looking. He has very blue eyes, light brown hair, a little light mustache and a bright, happy face. He comes right over to me and says, "My name is Walter Jenness. I lived in Nashua, N. H. Oh, I have so many people there that I want to go to. I always thought if I came over here and it was possible to get back, I should do it and though I haven't been gone but a little while, I make this effort to come back. I want to send word to Charlie Morgan to let him know that what we were talking about the last time we met, I found after I came over here was untrue and it may seem funny to you folks, but it has bothered me to think that I did not tell him just as it was. I don't want him to think I lied about it. I found it out afterwards and, too, I want to say this to my father, that there is no need of his blaming himself for anything that I did or anything that he thought I did. I am sure as far as he was concerned, everything was all right. I found Aunt Nellie and she is helping me. She stands with me today and she says, 'Tell Tom that I am helping Walter to be a good boy.'"

#### Joale Bailey, Charlestown.

Now I see a woman about forty years old, practical, stout, full face, and florid complexion, and she comes as though she were divided in her interests, that she had about as many in earth life as she had in the spirit, and she tries to stand between the two, making her effort tell in both directions. As she comes to me she says, "I have come to seek your help to know how best to reach my own and to give the word. I have thought if I could write a letter, if there were only some place where spirits could go and write their messages and send them out to the people they wanted, that it would be a blessed thing and I hope that sometime there will be a sort of postoffice for us, but next to that I suppose this method is good. My name is Joale Bailey, I lived in Charlestown. I had a big family. Many of them came over here little and so of course in a way I am glad to be with them, but I have some left who need me, and my thought turns to them. I'd like so much to send this particular word to Henry, I want him, if it is possible, to take an interest in these things and in me because I can advise him and help him many times. He doesn't realize that I am so near to him but he does miss the advice and the word that I would give him, so I send this hoping he will take an interest and let me help him."

#### Henry Cox.

Just as quick as a flash that woman goes away and a man steps right up. He says, "My name is Henry Cox. I lived in Boston. I was interested in the bottling business. I want to get my message in quick before anybody crowds me out of the way. Seems as though I had been trying to get here ever since this department was established to get a word in and it is about as easy as it is to get a word in at a political caucus. Can't get a recognition from you, and just kind of upsets a man to be trying and get overlooked, so I just thought that without any preliminaries or any special recognition I would come back to talk and see if that would do any good, but it seems difficult. I want to send word to Isaac Ford. I want him to know that I know all the things he has done. He ought to be ashamed. He won't say much about this message, but at least I will have relieved my mind. Seems to me that it isn't much good for a man to wait until a man is dead and then do all the things he can to his estate and his affairs. That is what he has done and I just want him to know that I know about it and that what-ever he has got to do him no good. There, I feel better. Thank you."

#### Annie Carter, Jamestown, Va.

The next spirit is a little girl. I think she is about ten years old. She has very fair hair, blue eyes and is rather delicate looking. She has a dreamy little way. Seems as though she is half sick as she stands around and looks at me, but the instant she knows it is time for her to speak, she walks over to me in just a ladylike little fashion and says, "Please help me. Please say that I am Annie Carter and that I lived in Jamestown, Va. I want to get to Thomas, who is my father. I can't say very much, but oh, I do want to say that I am there with him, that I get into his arms and whisper to him, but he doesn't hear me, and oh, I wish he would. If only he would listen hard and hear what I have to say I would feel better. I don't like to have him feel that I have gone away. I don't like him to sob and sigh the way he does. I want him to know that I shall never go away, but will stay until he comes to me. No matter how many years go by, I shall always come and see him and just now it is hard for him because it is about a year ago that I went, and he is thinking of the anniversary, but ask him not to. Just say I love him, I love him. Thank you."

#### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND SIX.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Nearly two years ago, I received a letter from a stranger living in Philadelphia, saying she desired much to see me, because she had derived special benefit from reading "The Bridge between Two Worlds." The handwriting betokened both energy and grace, and I was particularly pleased with the way she gave her full name, Ella Spencer Craig, in writing her signature.

Many women drop their surname or family name on entering the married state, thus seeming to discard their parentage, and to wholly merge their separate individuality into the existence of the one they marry. It seems to me that if a woman is named Helena Bradford, for instance, before married to Mr. Stone, she does not then become Helena Stone. She is still Helena Bradford, and adds Stone to that original name, so as to be known by her husband's name, "till death do them part."

I liked Mrs. Craig's letter much, but being still in the stress of four and a half years of an unintermittent pain that made it torture to sit and look at a stranger when receiving a visit, I left the letter, like many similar ones, unanswered, feeling sorry, of course, but unable to surmount my reluctance to voluntarily put myself into suffering that could be avoided by silence.

A number of weeks later, I found at my door a lady whom I at once recognized as a soul-companion (not a soul-mate, Mr. Editor, for there are but two of a kind of them), and I gladly asked her in. I then found that it was Mrs. Craig, and that she was so determined to see me that she had braved my silence, and had found her way to Arlington and to my own door.

Two hours quickly passed in delightful soul-companionship, and when she went on her way to New York, we parted life-long friends. That was the beginning of my intimacy with dear Mrs. Craig.

Where art thou now, loved one? Does thy liberated soul, clad in the spirit form even more graceful than thine of earth, lean over me in spiritual love, while I, still earth-darkened, trace these lines? Be it so, sweet friend. Often come and visit me here in this dear little home, and give me to feel how happy thou art, free from the weary body, and free to come and go—here, to visit the loved ones of earth who miss thy bright presence, and there, to the companionship of angels, and of thy dear little spirit daughter, who never breathed on earth, but showed you the love-light in her tender eyes one suffering night in Alloway last summer.

That season, she asked me to visit her in her tent-home by Alloway's lovely lake, but the suffering eye did not allow me to be exposed to the glare of tent-life. Early last summer she came here again, and brought with her her winning little girl, who carried in her sturdy arms a bag containing twelve mammoth oranges, and was soon on the floor, in all the abandon of happy childhood, playing with big Leo and little Daisy, while her mother and I talked. It was through this friend that homeless Leo, brought from Panama, and stranded here in Arlington, found a good home in Alloway, as will be narrated to the Banner children, if I can ever, ever get the time to write it.

The next time Mrs. Craig and I met was in her lovely new home in Alloway, on the shore of that sun-lighted lake. But on this I need not dwell, as those delightful six

weeks, passed in Alloway and in Bristol, Pa., directly or indirectly due to her eager care, were described in detail in Numbers 188, 189, 190, 191, and 192.

During the summer, Mrs. Craig was indeed, as the other dear friend has remarked since her transition, the life and the light of our circle. Her wonderful energy was shown in the number of friends whom she won to share the hospitality of her summer home; and her blithe, gentle, and untiring spirit made every one feel that he or she was sweetly welcome, and provided every bodily comfort and all spiritual cheer for us all.

And yet, we were always more or less anxious. Her heart was always weak, and several turns of sinking forced her upon her couch, and made even her indomitable spirit yield to the irresistible might of disease.

Those who read the past letters will remember the other friend whose house is two miles further in the country, to whom I went on leaving Mrs. Craig. She and I had many talks about our friend, felt the likelihood of her spirit's being riven from the body, thought how it would be with her idolized little girl and with the rest of the family should she be taken, and acknowledged the likelihood that she was not long for earth.

And yet, and yet, when our friend received on Nov. 16 a telegram from Philadelphia stating that Ella was about going to the world above, it was a sad surprise to her, as well as to me, to whom she at once communicated the fact. At 3.15 o'clock the next morning, she was suddenly awakened, and afterwards learned that at that very moment Ella ceased to breathe.

She of course hastened to Philadelphia, and was so very kind as to write me all particulars regarding the disease, and the disposition of the beautiful, but deserted, tenement of clay. Ella suddenly became unconscious, lay so for twenty-nine hours, and then ceased to breathe. There was no pain, no struggle; she simply "swooned from that to this," as Mrs. Stowe beautifully said. The malady was congestion of the brain, and an affection of the heart.

Ella was so graceful and so slender that she looked better in an Empire gown than in any other way, and the style was her favorite. Knowing this so well, it was a labor of love for this dear friend and for Ella's sister to select soft white wool, which with the assistance of a friend, was made into an Empire gown, and placed on the deserted form they so dearly loved, placing bright-colored flowers all about it. Her little daughter spent at least an hour arranging flowers over her mama. They loved the form, though they knew that the beloved soul occupied it no longer, but had a spirit form far more beautiful.

Ella Spencer Craig had expressed a strong preference for cremation of her lifeless remains, and of course her wish was carried out. So after the "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the "looking for the life of the world to come," of the chaste Episcopal service, followed by the solo of a sweet-voiced singer, her remains were carried to the crematory in Germantown. My friend wrote me:

"After the spirit is gone, the body is no longer the dear one, and that enables us to give it up. I did not leave her until her body was placed in the rosy, glowing retort."

So did I accompany the deserted form of my loved Elanathan to the very doors of the retort at Forest Hill Crematory. But he was not in it. He was folded in our mother's arms in her beautiful home.

This faithful friend is to have the care of the ashes of what made the form we loved so well, while it was tenanted by her bright, loving, benign soul. She will guard it until the place of its burial be decided upon at a later date.

All who knew Ella Spencer Craig, regret her loss. The one who will regret it most in the coming years will be her little daughter. Though she has a father who is absolute in his devotion to her, a wise and loving aunt, and her grandmother Spencer, so beautiful in her unselfish old age, yet little Carol is no mother now whom she can look upon, and no other, however devoted, loves with the tender and changeless devotion of a mother. But this mother will watch over her child. Knowing well that she was not long for earth, she made all possible provision for the interests of her little girl. For her she selected the site by the lake in Alloway for a summer home. For her she had the house built only last spring. For her the nut-trees and the shade-trees were planted, and the grounds laid out. Many projected plans will be carried out in the years to come. It will continue to be the summer home of the entire family.

In this lovely place will Carol grow in health and strength, from childhood to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood. There will always be a beautiful presence hovering near, and perhaps the angel mother can ward off every ill, and guide every aspiration even better than she could when herself beset by the ills and anxieties of earth-life. She had carefully instilled into the mind of the little one the beautiful tenets and the glowing aspirations of Spiritualism, and we believe that these teachings will become brighter and these aspirations more fervent as the years go on.

The dear friend and I kept the last Soul Communion Day for Ella. Though I perceived no distinct manifestation, yet I believe her pure soul came very near.

Does not Ella say, with "him who died at Azan":

"Farewell, friends, yet not farewell, While I am, ye too shall dwell; Weep awhile, if ye are fair—Sunshine still must follow rain; Only not at death, for death, Now I know, is that first breath, Which our souls draw, when we enter Life, which is of all life centre."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
Abby A. Judson.  
Arlington, N. J., Dec. 15, 1901.

"Right principles are the only basis of true success."

#### Passed to the Higher Life.

From Keene, N. H., Dec. 5, Lafayette Weeks, aged 77 years, 6 months and 29 days. Our brother had been an invalid for many years, and for four years speechless. His companion and children had passed on before him. His home since they went away has been with his dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Isa Lewis. No wife or mother could more tenderly care for one than they did for him; every look was heeded, every wish gratified. In health he was a cheerful, genial man, an earnest Spiritualist. Let us rejoice in his emancipation. Pass on, dear brother, to the home that loving ones have prepared for you. Memorial services were held in his late home, conducted by the writer, Mrs. S. A. Wiley, Rockingham, Vt.

From Northboro, Mass., Nov. 7, Mrs. Mary F. L. Jones, aged 69 years, daughter of the late Capt. Anson and Lucy (Sherman) Rice, and widow of Reuben Jones. For many years Mrs. Jones had been comforted in the many sorrows of her life by the knowledge of spirit return, and honored in her life and conversation the faith that had been so precious to her venerable father. "Given to hospitality," was the rule of the household over which, in the same spirit, she presided, after all its members had preceded her to the unseen. Her transition was, to her, "going home" to the welcome of father, mother, brothers, husband and children dear; a wise disposal of things material; a provision for all the details of the last service; a serene and peaceful departure from the scenes of earth; a promise to those who lovingly cared for her to return and if possible prove her identity. The simple service was held Nov. 11 in the presence of the immediate family, conducted by the writer, whose friend she had been for forty years.—Juliette Yeaw.

Mrs. Ellen L. Robinson of Sutton, N. H., from the home of her son Elmer, in Lowell, Monday evening, Dec. 9. Mrs. Robinson was a firm believer in Spiritualism for many years. She left a son, step-son, a mother, three brothers and a sister. Services were held at Concord, N. H., Thursday, Dec. 12, the writer officiating. That Mrs. Robinson was greatly beloved was evidenced by the beautiful floral offerings. For a long time she had been a great sufferer and yet as the days and weeks grew into months and no relief came to her, the beauty of her spirit was constantly making itself manifest in a patience and sweetness seldom seen. On the sixteenth of October, while she was very, very ill, and it seemed that she must soon pass on, she asked for a pencil and paper and wrote a little poem to be read at her funeral, which was done. The poem is so characteristic and so expressive that I enclose it. Surely we can look through our tears of sorrow at our loss and see what such a strong, sweet spirit must be able to show to us. Minnie M. Soule.

Weep not, dear friends, around my form,  
From which my weary soul has flown;  
I have but filled kind Nature's laws,  
And Mother-Nature claims her own.

"Twas hard to leave my earthly friends,  
My friends so kind and true,  
But try to think that very soon  
My hand will beckon you.

My spirit long had yearned to go,  
Where many dearly loved ones dwell,  
And felt their hands were beckoning me,  
And whispered to me "All is well."

Oh, do not think I'm far away,  
And that in distant lands I roam;  
For I shall often come to you,  
For love will seek its own.

I'll try to smooth your earthly way,  
As you did mine with hearts so true,  
But I can never, never pay,  
The loving care I had from you.

I will not say "good bye," dear friends,  
For short is the way my spirit flies;  
And it's only a little veil that screens,  
My face from your loving eyes.

Ellen Louise Robinson.

Oct. 16, 1901.  
From Keene, N. H., Dec. 4, Mrs. Amelia A. Howard, aged 72 years. Thus another pure soul has gone out into the wonderful light. For more than a year she had been a great sufferer; still she was patient and submissive. In fact, these were striking characteristics of her whole life. She was very fond of reading good books and papers, especially those treating of a future life. She had for many years taken the "Banner of Light," and was never happier than when reading the many truths contained in this excellent and instructive paper. Hers surely has been a useful life and will be greatly missed by those who have known and loved her. It may be truthfully said of her, "She hath done what she could," and so has borne great riches to the home of the Soul, and left sweet memories to the beloved on earth. A. E. Bennett.

Mrs. James H. Davis, Nov. 24, 1901, at Warrendale, St. Paul, Minn. He was an upright man, greatly respected by his associates in business and dearly loved by those who knew him best. His faithful wife, Emma S. Davis, and noble son Leo, although lonely without his physical presence, fully realize that "all is well."

That death, so called, is change, that Change goes on forever,  
But his love and tender care,  
Is theirs now and ever.—E. G. 8.

Mrs. Sarah Wyman Hoar, Dec. 8, 1901, at Warrendale, St. Paul, Minn., at the advanced age of ninety-five years and eight months. Mrs. Hoar had been a medium for many years. She was very proud of her spiritual gifts, which were four in number, prophecy, healing, writing and speaking, but prophecy was her special gift. For many years she had been blind to physical sight. Her transition was very sudden but without pain. She simply fell asleep in the physical form to awake in the spiritual form. On the beauty of such a change coming as it did in the autumn of physical existence, so beautifully symbolized by the ripened fruitage garnered in harvest time. The funeral services were beautiful. Fragrant flowers were every-



where. Calm, sweet peace reigned over all and no signs of mourning were seen. No regular discourse was given, but sweet music and loving words fell from the lips of her sister mediums and friends. Heaven's inspiration seemed to rest upon all, for each was at their best as they paid their loving tributes to her memory. Especially affecting were the tender, loving words spoken by her daughter, Mrs. Emma S. Davis, at her request previous to her death. How great is the power of our spiritual philosophy when we can trustingly and lovingly lay away the body with songs and words of rejoicing for the glad soul born into spirit life. E. O. S.

### Lessons from the Land of Truth.

#### LESSON FIVE.

As the earth is root and foundation of matter, so the Land of Nations is the root and foundation of law. As we have asserted, a man is not eligible to the Land of Nations till he has subjugated matter to the point of penetration by law; then he enters and takes upon himself the orders of his new citizenship, willingly, yes, not only willingly, but he will to obey, law, the Natural Law of the Universe. He becomes a part of the power that wields force for the supremacy over matter. As you on earth find strength in numbers, so he finds strength in the aggregation of soul. And the law of soul, individually and in aggregation, contains the elements of harmony, order and perfect equity. Forces are combined in perfect union. There is no division on earth. There is individuality of soul, but each soul individually and in aggregation, receives the same impression of law.

There is no chance of misinterpreting natural law. And if there were, there is no advantage in misconstruing it. In united force there is power, but weakness in division. Each man's best interests are served by serving the whole. Earth bound souls are not governed by the laws of nations—they are amenable to man's laws of earth as they themselves. You will find the same competition, interference and grasping—the same selfish propensities and moral discrepancies that torment the physical matter. Blinded and bound, or weak and helpless in the making of his laws, to punish, to restrain, and to reward. Let us see how far he has succeeded in penetrating through matter; let us see how far a man of earth has trod the path of progression and how near he is to becoming a law unto himself. Let us compare the laws of nations with laws of earth. As in aggregation of soul, so in individual soul, and from individual soul we first take our lesson in law. First—equity—each soul as important in the universe as any other soul or life, no more, no less, and in this law is justice, order and harmony; for where there is equality, there can be no rivalry, no jealousies, no heart burnings. Each man is so protected by his record in matter, that he receives his just due for all force expended, and stands debtor for all benefits received. There are no false entries, no garbled statements.

Truth holds her sway in the Land of Nations. Man cannot be deprived of his earnings, and his earnings are based accurately upon the amount of force expended. He who, or benefits received, are appraised in the same way—accurately, justly, and all must be returned in equal value. No fictitious values, no agents or lawyers' fees, no interest, no taxes—but each soul giving, receiving, exchanging benefits under the law of equity. And as each soul has become a law unto himself before entering the Land of Nations, he is the incarnation of Truth and Justice, never wishing to evade, but gladly doing the right because it is right. He lives under the law, upholding it as an integral part of himself, and not because of outward compelling force. There are no jails, no reformatory schools, no benches of justice, in the Land of Nations. And there are no tricksters who need the assistance of such institutions.

Souls who have not subjugated matter are earth-bound, both in and out of the physical body. And it is for you, oh souls, who have now become conscious of higher law, to so live by precept and example, that light may penetrate through the darkness and in your subjugation of matter, while yet in physical form, you may lead the way for others to follow.

What is the cause of so much criminality on earth? Is it due to your earth laws? Or to the interpretation thereof? Or is it due principally to the depravity of matter? We know that matter is limited, and according to its capacity and capabilities will a man see. We also know in the present manner of living, building, and using physical matter, there is more retrogression than progression,—but does that account for all? Are your laws so formulated that truth, justice and equity can be reached by the masses? Do you find loop-holes for evading and avoiding justice? And equity is that a thing he wants at all? If he thinks of equity, is it not a distorted picture of division of properties, gold, silver and lands and the tramp will rejoice that the millionaire must share with him. But no, we would ask your tramp what he has done for the masses to receive such benefits. Equity means that each man gives as he receives. What has your tramp given? And the millionaire? Most repellent is the thought of equity! He must share his golden state with any one. Yet we ask, how much of this golden state is really his? How much of it is his own personal expression of force through matter? How much of it is the labor of others, for which he has not given a just equivalent? Your earth law lets him keep this; but he will be earth-bound as long as he clings to it,—and before he is eligible for citizenship to the Land of Nations, he must make restitution of everything that is not justly his own.

And no man can claim aught but that which is his through his own exerted force in matter. There is no trading upon a man's necessities, accurate value given and received, that, and no more, or no less, in the interchange of souls under the laws of nations. And the law of nations is applied to souls congregated together on continents and islands of spiritual land—or Land of Nations—is a law of individual soul made more intense by aggregation. Perfect equity is the pivot upon which all moves. There is no subjugation of the weaker or lesser nation by the stronger. Instead, we find assistance; they help in various ways, such as occasion requires, compatible with the ability to give. Never seeking for bonds, requiring interest, or security in any way.

But the nation receiving such benefits, records in her history, accurately, the transaction, and as soon as her force permits, pays the debt in full. It may be she pays not to the nation that succeeded her in her need, but to one much weaker still than she herself. That also is according to equity—if one gives or returns benefits equal to those received. The stronger nation holds in her record an account of force spent in succoring weaker nations, and whenever or whatever her

need, when need does come, she can draw upon any nation or nations for a portion or all of the amount given. And every nation will respond to the call according to its capabilities, so gladly, so willingly,—holding in their records the amount of force expended, to some day be returned, when required. And this is the law of equity, between nations and the souls in the Land of Nations. On equity is founded harmony and order. As a whole, the Land of Nations is a balance of forces,—for if one part becomes weaker, another strengthens it. It is a unit of perfect law, love and order. It is the law of Complex Delity, the universal law of soul and life. Oh, bring ye your souls through matter that can respond to the touch of the divinity within, and live through matter, the law of law,—through Mediumship of Jesse S. Pettit-Filist.

### Spiritualism in Religion.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.] Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 10, 1901. That Spiritualism is a religion, and that the practice of clairvoyance cannot be regulated and a license to practise be levied, was the decision of the state court here today in a test case. The court holds that because Spiritualism is professed by so few and derided by so many, it is not divested of its religious character, and that any attempt at regulation is interference with the rights and conscience and religious freedom.

The case was backed by the State Spiritualistic Association, and its novelty attracted much attention.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Bear" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

Human rights and privileges must not be forgotten in the mad race for wealth. The government of the people must be by the people, and not by a few of the people. Power, it must be remembered, which is secured by oppression and usurpation, or any other form of injustice, is soon overthrown. —William Mcnamley.

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