



A NEW YEAR'S GREETING OF GOOD CHEER TO THE BANNER READER.

Not one fond hope you cherished,
Concealed in prayers and tears,
Has ever wholly perished,
Though left to ebb long years;
But, with this humble greeting,
Will brighter still arise,
Faith—strong and time defeating,
To clear your tear-dim eyes.
And thus I weave this token
Of sympathy sincere.
Dear hearts—the clouds have broken—
God sends "A Glad New Year!"

Devotion

Biography of a Spirit Guide.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

III.

At Rest!

(Continued from p. 28)

My grandfather's youngest daughter was dangerously ill. The best physicians in Kingston had been called in consultation. Their unanimous verdict left no hope. The child must die. Grandmother was beside herself with grief. A faithful old servant, a colored woman named Sophy, distressed at her mistress's sorrow, said to her:

"Ma'm, dar's an old Spanish doctah, down town, that do wonderful things. He cured old Aunt Maria who had been in her bed ever so long, mo' than a year, with misery in her limbs and was ready to be buried. Why don't you get for him to see Miss Liza?"

Was this a ray of hope sent from Heaven? Grandmother entreated her husband to seek this nameless "old Spanish doctor." "Some quack," thought grandfather; but, willing to humor his wife, though it might be a fool's errand, he set forth in search of the mysterious healer. After many fruitless inquiries, he succeeded finally in discovering him in a low quarter of the town, near the port where seafaring men mostly congregated.

His first impression was not very favorable. The "Spanish doctor" was poorly clad, his gray hair unkempt, his piercing black eyes burned with a strange light. He looked more the madman than the wise physician. However, grandfather made his errand known and Villafana (for it was he) having consented readily—high and low had equal claims to his services—the two men were soon driving rapidly towards our house. On the way they conversed on various topics, grandfather trying to form an opinion of this shabby old man by his side. Himself a thinker of varied knowledge, he was soon struck by the extensive information of his companion, his clear reasoning, logical arguments and advanced views on social, medical and religious questions.

An irresistible, mutual attraction drew these two men to each other. By the time they reached their destination the germ of a friendship, which was to grow closer every day, surviving so-called death, was quickened in these two hearts, each filled with the same love for their brother man. And, as with their sentiments, so with their ideas. Their two minds were congenial, their soul aspirations lofty. No wonder their grand spirits, taught by the love that knoweth no ending, have found the truth they searched for so diligently when handicapped by the body and are still working in the service of humanity, teaching, encouraging and uplifting, as they once cured, comforted and assisted man.

When they reached the sick chamber, Villafana paused at the open door.

"Oh, poor mother!" he said in a compassionate tone, "how hopeless the sorrow that fills your heart! What despair! And all this suffering so useless! Be comforted, dear madam, you shall not lose your child."

Grandmother looked askance at her husband. What sort of a physician was this who spoke so confidently before he had even seen his patient?

Villafana smiled. He had read her thought. "Nay, madam," said he, "I am not mad. I need not go near the child to tell what ails her. I see it. I cannot make this clear to you, but the result will speak for itself. However, to satisfy you I will examine our little sufferer. . . . It is as I expected. My respected colleagues were mistaken in their diagnosis. She will recover."

"Oh, doctor, save her and a mother's grateful heart will bless you forever."

"Now, now, don't get so excited. I'll have to prescribe for you when I am through with my little patient."

To make the story short, I will say that in a very few days my aunt was out of danger. She lived to a good old age and many particulars concerning the wonderful "old Spanish doctor" I have had from her lips and from my mother's, for these events took place before my birth.

I could spin out a volume narrating the many strange actions and marvelous cures performed by Dr. Villafana. He not only saw the physical ill flesh is heir to, he read secrets of the mind, the hidden blemishes

of the soul. For the latter power he was a terror to all who had some wrong doing to conceal, whilst many were the blessings he received from those he relieved from pain or freed from those in whom his true charity revived hope and faith.

The intimacy between him and my grandfather grew apace. Grandmother, who fairly worshipped him for having rescued her daughter from the jaws of death, was deeply moved by the good man's lonely life. Absorbed by his service to others, he was neglectful of his own wants. A woman's loving care would change all this. She would see to it that he was properly fed, decently clad. She entreated the doctor to live with them, to be as one of the family. He objected principally because of his poor patients, of the sailors who called on him when their vessel came into port, of the waifs and wanderers to whom he sometimes gave food and shelter.

"Is that all?" said grandfather; "my house is large and peculiarly constructed; there is a spacious wing to it, with a separate entrance; this wing will be your home, in which you may receive whom you please. Make of it a dispensary, an hospital, if you choose; but, live with us you must, my dear friend. We have so much in common, so much to discuss and investigate together, that a daily intercourse is necessary. Giving your rare leisure hours to friendship and the restful harmony of the family circle will in no wise conflict with your labors in humanity's service."

Deeply moved, Villafana yielded. So, for several years he was more than an honored guest, he was a beloved member of my grandfather's family, taking his meals and spending his evenings with the congenial friends he had found in his old age. He and grandfather were engaged in important researches in animal magnetism or mesmerism, then a recent discovery. Metaphysics also claimed their attention. Spiritualism was not known in those days, but the two friends were much interested in investigating the mysteries of so-called witchcraft, which, Villafana insisted, were due to some misunderstood manifestations of an unknown power, which, as everything else in the universe, was of God. He had an intuition of spirit communion and was himself a wonderful medium, unconscious of the power that controlled him.

He predicted my grandfather's death, the subsequent scattering of the family, and his own death in solitude and obscurity. His friend's death was a sad blow to him; the "power" had left him when he most prized and wished it. He had had recourse, then, to all that medical science could do; he had even called in consultation eminent physicians; nothing availed; my grandfather passed away, in the manner he had predicted. After the funeral, Villafana disappeared. No one knew where he had gone.

Some months later, Sophy, the old servant I have already spoken of, told my uncle she had heard of the "old doctor"; he was very ill—dying, they said.

Uncle lost no time in going to him. He found Villafana in a veritable hovel, lying, weak and fearfully emaciated, on a straw pallet.

"Oh, doctor!" cried my uncle. "How could you treat us thus, forsaking us in our bereavement, when you know how we all love you?"

"I could not stay after he was gone! He was to me more than friend or brother . . . as the world goes. . . . He was my brother in spirit . . . our souls were so closely knitted together, they might have been twin-souls. . . . I could not look at the vacant chair. . . . The grief-stricken faces of his loved ones were as a reproach to me. . . . Why did I not save him? They seemed to ask. . . . It was God's will; He had withdrawn from me the gift. . . . I do not curse God; His ways are ever wise, though mysterious; . . . but it was a warning that my task is done. . . . I have done my best for humanity, now I have but one hope, one longing: to follow my more than friend. . . . God is merciful; tonight I shall be with him, never more to part."

The old man fell back exhausted by this effort to speak out his thoughts. Uncle tended him with loving care. He urged him to consent to being carried to the old home next morning.

The dying man smiled faintly. "Do as you please, my son," said he; "but man plans and God acts; tomorrow belongs to eternity. . . . Then, remember the prophecy, the old wanderer shall die as he has lived—alone."

Leaving Sophy to sit up with the sick man, Uncle drove home to make preparations for the comfort of his father's old friend. Grandmother rejoiced at the prospect of his return, but was sadly grieved to hear of his sad condition. She would nurse him back to health, she hoped.

In the middle of the night, the sick man sent Sophy out of the room on some trifling errand. When she returned, after a few minutes' absence, Juan de Villafana was

dead; his wide-open eyes gazed upwards with an expression of transcendent rapture, as if they gazed at some beautiful vision. His emaciated features were transformed, illumined, as by the halo of an ineffable joy.

IV.

Spirit Villafana.

It is many years since my spirit-grandfather brought to me his first vision. I had frequently seen them together, but I did not know, at first, though I suspected, who this strange spirit might be. When I did know, he communicated quite often at our home circle, always with profit to the members, for, whilst he acted the physician when needed, his aim was, apparently, to lead us to a higher conception of the duties of life and of the mission of Spiritualism.

One day, as the two came to me in the solitude of my closet, Grandfather spoke as follows: "You are investigating Spiritualism for a serious and laudable purpose. You have reached a point where, the truth of spirit return being proven, your philosophic mind is endeavoring to penetrate into the mysteries of the Beyond. You need a safe and wise guide to warn you against errors and the corresponding dangers. Villafana consents to be that guide. I have another mission to perform and cannot be in continual close rapport with you. Villafana is free and willing to take charge of you. Another myself, so far as devotion to his task goes, he is far more able to guide you than I am. Trust him implicitly and he will lead you to knowledge that will be a tower of strength to you in your trials; for trials you must have, my son, grievous trials I would call it; but suffering is the furnace from which the soul emerges tempered, purified, worthy to enter in communion with the grand intelligences who possess the wisdom of the ages. I do not forsake you, but will visit you occasionally as of old. Adieu; trust your guide and be faithful to his teachings."

Ever since that memorable day, Spirit Villafana has been to me a true friend, a monitor unsparring in his admonitions, a teacher whose peculiar method is not to make things easy, but to encourage effort and to let his pupil err so he should learn the lessons of experience. But a kind teacher, who lets not the error take too deep root, but gives a timely explanation of the truth it was meant to convey. "Error," he says, "is but the shadow of truth; the sincere seeker who, perchance, grasps at the shadow, soon feels that it is not the object of his search; casting it away from him, he discloses the temporarily eclipsed light beyond. But he who persists in clinging to the shadow despite of the intuitive warning he invariably receives, will see it grow thicker and thicker until he is in utter darkness."

"How can one be so foolishly obstinate?" you will ask. "Well, to use another simile, Truth is a mirror that reflects faithfully, with the unsparring accuracy of the photograph, the image presented to it; it does more: every secret blemish is brought out with such prominence that the image looks distorted."

"On the other hand, Error is also a mirror with magic properties. It transforms blemishes into things of beauty; the consulter is enamored of himself; his conceit becomes so absorbing that he is deaf to Reason, whether she appeals to him directly or through the lips of friend or monitor."

"If selfishness is the bane of the social organization, if it is the principal, the original, cause of the wrongs and suffering under which humanity groans, I may say that conceit, or self-esteem, self-admiration (distinct from, though related to selfishness), is a truth-seeker's most dangerous fault, the most serious hindrance to his progress. It attracts a class of perverted Spirits who will not be got rid of without extreme difficulty. The deceived investigator will finally become an object of ridicule to those who discover his weakness, or an instrument of deception which will lead astray well-meaning students."

How little we know when we first enter the field of investigation! How much we have to learn, which, if left to our own resources, we might misunderstand and misapply! My guide persistently warned me against myself; against the freaks of imagination, against the desires of the heart, against suggestion—foreign or self-induced. Warning me against deceiving spirits, he insisted upon the truth of the axiom: "Like attracts like," explaining that this did not apply solely to the general, known disposition of the individual, but to his most hidden, secret inclination, to faults the individual might not admit to himself were such. How many fall to see the mote in their own eye.

"This is the reason why," Villafana would say, "we cannot always protect men against the wiles of deceivers. Why, they go so far as to deceive in our name. We are helpless so long as the mortals we would guide safely willfully ignore the precept 'Know thyself.'"

a knowledge they can gain only through critical and persistent study. If they wish sincerely to discover their imperfections in order to correct them, we add them in the search, we encourage their resolve; is not man's progress towards the attainment of happiness our cherished motive? Only through the unfolding of their spiritual sense can this happiness be reached. The heart must be cleansed of all evil and filled with a love strong enough to forget self in the joy of serving.

"But, when neglecting our counsels—whispered perhaps by the voice of conscience—the investigator's conceit suggests plausible arguments to justify his faults, when he seeks only to be told how good, how wise he is, we are silenced, for we can only help such as help themselves. Then speaks the tempter; his mellifluous voice is listened to with gratified pride; his praise is so sweet! He is kind, he is loving, he is wise. He begins with no startling doctrine, not he! He insinuates thoughts which will develop with the rapidity of poisonous weeds. How resist him? How withhold confidence? He has selected this man to lavish upon him the treasures of his superior knowledge, to reveal to him the occult mysteries, to make him primus inter pares—sole possessor of the truth so many seek, humbly, in vain. Poor deluded mortal!

"There are old legends of men who signed a contract with the Devil, selling their souls for some worldly advantage; well, men, nowadays, are selling their souls tacitly by yielding obedience to some unseen tempter. They will not be carried off in the claws of a mythical horned demon with a forked caduceus appendage, to be pitchforked and roasted, but they are dooming their spirits to the tortures of the earth-bound wretches whose only pleasure is to work out through mortals the evil they can no longer commit personally, though the gratification of their desire entails a new torture."

"You know that so-called death does not change immediately a man's character; that he carries with him his peculiarities, his vices and his virtues. The spirit of a vicious man will remain a vicious spirit until, learning better, he enters the way of progress; his unfolding will be gradual, slow or rapid, according to the earnestness and energy he displays. Now, how is it with the good man? His spirit obeys that same law of progress. It cannot retrogress, it cannot remain stationary; it unfolds the best there was in the man. Faithful to its earth-life inclination, the spirit does good by inspiring man to do good. Here, bear in mind that, released from the incubation of flesh, the spirit has more power for good—or for evil."

"How to guard against deceit? Watch. A rascal may steal a good name; he cannot act successfully the character that name recalls. Take myself for an example (there is no self-glorification in speaking of known facts). I was what you now call an altruist; my whole life, as you know, was devoted to the service of humanity. What happened when, at last, I left my old carcass to be buried in Jamaica, and I flew, as it were, to meet my dearest friend? I had entertained some erroneous beliefs which I soon discarded. Your grandfather, who had preceded me in the Spirit-world, helped me to learn the truth. This done, my soul was uplifted. I tasted the inappreciable joys of freedom and power. I was free to go where I listed, enabled to continue with greater success my favorite researches; but the ardent love I had borne my fellow-men burned only the fiercer; the more I progressed, the more I advanced in knowledge and power; the greater the service I could render. For love is the law, altruism its manifestation, and to teach this I made it my mission."

"Now, let us suppose an unscrupulous spirit should assume my name; what would he teach? Is it likely, is it admissible, that I, Villafana, the altruist of three-quarters of a century on earth, should now I am a free spirit, teach man, whom I served so long, anything but the purest altruism? Would it be in keeping with my earth-life record, to flatter vanity, to encourage selfishness, to say or do anything that does not tend to inspire my ward with the noblest principles of self-sacrifice and that generous brotherly love which does not content itself with empty words, but must ever seek to act, to encourage, to comfort, to help?"

"No, if I could appear in such a new light, spirit revelation would be a huge fraud, for I should have retrogressed instead of progressing; I should, as a spirit, be undoing the work I did as a man, and it is only wrongdoing which must be undone."

"Many such communications I have received from my trusted guide; he has initiated me to much of the higher knowledge, he has taught me many a grand truth, given me wise counsel, armed me against despair when my wounded heart was losing hope and faith and suicide offered deliverance, but the burden of all his teachings has ever been the conquest of self and the service of humanity. Latterly, he and other advanced spirits have

rejoiced that, after teaching for many years that love is the law by which Infinite Intelligence governs the universe, the time was near when mankind could be inspired to live up to that law; that, to the precept 'Love ye one another,' they could add, with just hopes of being heard: 'Do ye for one another.'

"Altruism," says Spirit Villafana, "is the only practical illustration of the law of love; it is the essence of spirituality, the key to spiritual wisdom, the way that leads to God. Noble-hearted pioneers are even now opening this way: the highest intelligences inspire and incite them to action. I see my life's dream realized: brothers glorifying by their love the source of all love and happiness, their common father—God!"

Questions and Answers.

Q. By Arthur Pizon, San Francisco, Calif. "What became of the body of Jesus which was laid in the tomb? And what body did he have when he walked with the two disciples to Emmaus, and was it the same body in which he afterwards appeared to the eleven and to those in the upper room at Jerusalem?"

A. Our own teaching concerning the disappearance of the body of the Master placed in the tomb has always been at one with the concurrent testimony of all advanced occult fraternities, viz.: that when the physique is no longer needed by the triumphant hierophant who has gained complete victory over all its appetites, it is electrically disintegrated or dissipated into the atmosphere by a supreme act of will exerted by its owner.

Chemists can dissolve all molecular structures and it is therefore by no means difficult for a student of what constitutes adepthood to trace how readily a master mind, thoroughly conversant with the chemistry of the human organism, could bid its component elements to return to their respective domains in the unseen atmosphere.

The evangelists evidently intended to teach that Jesus showed himself to Mary Magdalene and to several apostles in a spiritual rather than in a carnal manner, for, though but about forty hours are said to have elapsed between crucifixion and resurrection, those who were last at the cross and first at the tomb failed to recognize the appearance of their risen Master, but they were touched and convinced by his appeals to their affection and understanding. Thomas is singled out as the one skeptic among those who testify to the reality of the post-crucifixion appearance of Jesus and he is mildly rebuked by the Master for lack of spiritual perceptiveness.

The most intelligible interpretation of this great and glorious gospel narrative is that it teaches that primitive Christianity was founded in pure Spiritualism. Its first preachers being individually convinced that they had held unmistakable communion with the great teacher who had actually died and been buried; and, to prove how utterly unnecessary it is to be convinced of a physical resurrection, we have but to turn to the abundant testimony of Paul, the great preacher of the resurrection, who had no experience whatever with the forty days' phenomena between the resurrection and the ascension.

We positively declare the reality of the enduring psychic body to which the physical structure corresponds as representative shape to normal form. The same psychical body rose and reappeared in which Jesus lived and physically died, but his flesh was subject to the changes throughout his thirty-three years of earthly lifetime which are common to all physical organisms. There is no permanent physique in any case, therefore the expression "same body" is quite correct after we have once grasped the true nature of body.

W. J. Colville.

"A few days ago we were reading a brief memoir of Mozart, one of the divinely gifted masters of music that ever lived. We paused at the following: 'Just imagine Mozart, two years before his death, compelled by sheer necessity to apply for an advance of a few shillings from Hoffmeister, the music publisher of Vienna, who accompanied the loan with this insolent advice: "Write in a more facile and popular style, or I will not print another note or pay you another kreutzer." To which Mozart simply replied: "Then I must resign myself to my fate, and die of hunger." It is certainly one of the tragic ironies of life, that the supreme spirits who pass this way to bless us are not with a dull and stupid stare. True, in time, we often learn to understand them, but usually only when it is too late to bless them. More often, we stone them while here, only to pile up stones in their memory when they are gone."

Great men are they who see that spiritual force is stronger than material force; that thoughts rule the world.—Blavatsky

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

God gives the new in every morn.
It blossoms like a rose indeed;
The beautiful is daily born—
To serve our human hope and need:
And when the year seems but a day—
All like a lily in its slant,
The angels to our spirits say,
"So let your lives be sweet and bright."
—William Brewster.

Man's Aural Self.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

CHAPTER XIII.

Man's Shapeless Aura.

The hour of disintegration comes sooner or later to the form of mortal Homo. The units, whose blendings have given him size and shape, are experiencing a marvelous change. Suppose a form to be placed upon a scale before death, and to remain there until what is called "the spark of life" has fled, most assuredly there would be no perceptible difference in weight. The muscle, the bone, the blood, are there after death as they were before. Still something has happened. The units have no longer that expression of intelligence called sense, so we say life has departed. There is energy, intelligence, substance present, but the power they once wielded to hold that form together is now devoted to taking it apart, and we know that, whatever the art of the embalmer, there will never again be a man, a mortal, a form. Something that was lord and master, guide and director of that form has, like the Arab, folded its tent and stolen silently away. But we notice that with all its power that "something" had no weight. In other words, the earth had no claim upon it. The form weighs precisely the same without it. Yet that something was really all of the personality we loved. It was dictator to the form, and perhaps had exhibited intellectual brilliancy. As soon as it fled the form itself commenced to change, and became dangerous to the well being of the survivors. It must be buried or cremated lest those left behind become sick and die.

We perceive that the something that fled was the real man, and necessarily composed of units, because Cosmos has nothing else by which to express form and intelligence. Mingling with other units in the old form that "something" was the cause of the sensation and consciousness which we call Homo. It was master of the personality the form we see, and hear, and handle, and was compelled to manifest according to the shape of certain organs, which are now all left behind, but absolutely helpless.

So manhood was always without weight. There was nothing to it for us save its appearance through form. Every sense by which we knew it belonged to form; but the sense organ is left behind—useless. But manhood without its memories and experiences would be a nonentity. We behold something of their expression through form in earth life. But memory and experience are without weight. The physicist cannot handle them, or the chemist analyze them. So we perceive that, like the intellectual brilliancy, their manifestation to us depended upon certain form organs. Therefore we count them as included in the something

which has fled. The materialist would say "sublimed" instead of fled. He says life is a pervading principle of mortal form. Like the power from coal, he tells us it changes its expression, leaving ashes and nothing more. This difference of opinion is thus reduced to a question of fact, and therefore in itself becomes a proper question for scientific investigation. The question to be settled is "can the existence of the 'something' after death be proved?"

Throughout the ages the immortality of man has always been a matter of faith. Can we now make it a matter of knowledge? If so proved it is not every one can learn the lesson. We cannot make the blind see, or the deaf hear. The evidence we would present demands organs capable of receiving it. We notice that scientists are, from time to time, inventing new instruments. The instruments of today we will call them normal—will not answer their present needs. Instruments more delicate must be invented or progress through atmosphere and metal. By thought power we excite sense organs. By thought we create and receive certain vibrations. Their interpretation constitutes intelligent intercourse between man and man. When "something" fled the old form he left his instruments behind. The instruments we choose, but they are silent. We weep because we can no longer reach the "something" we loved. Then to intelligent man comes the question can we invent or discover new and more delicate instruments? Is wireless communication possible between the "something" which has fled the form which remains behind? The question is the most important that concerns humanity, for presently the "something" in each of us will also disappear.

It is true that when man invents an instrument that will respond to thought he will have rendered intercourse possible between the living and the dead. That instrument has yet to be invented. Yet further, when we would seek communication with a "something" which has fled, we have to enter the realm of our own existence outside or inside the form life of today. There is the realm of the subconsciousness with all that it implies, and unfortunately with all that it suggests. We have no other instrument by which communication between "now" and "then" becomes possible. Our friend has passed into his own hereafter. Certain mortals are so constituted that their own "hereafter," which we call subconsciousness, is never to the surface in mortal life. It makes contact with daily life. It must be hereafter to hereafter, or if we please, subconsciousness to subconsciousness every time. In other words, that "something" which will leave my form when I die is at this very time a marvelously delicate instrument by which communication between spirit and mortal is possible.

Like psychometric sensitiveness only a few of us have this power of touch with the unseen. But as there is no other possible contact the instrument must be found, or mortal and spirit will remain silent to each other. So when the critic of "spirit return" offers us the possibility of a refutation of such phenomena he is like the man who would perceive a message from a friend at a distance because it required a wire, and a battery and a sounder before the thought could travel.

But when the critic proceeds to show us, and proves the weakness of the subconsciousness faculty, he is doing us good service, for therein is the cloud which rests upon spirit return. He is simply pointing out the difficulties which constitute so much of a barrier between our own aural intelligence and that manifesting through our mortal brain.

We need to realize that the "something" within our personality, which will one day leave the mortal form, is in actual existence now. It is in contact now with the "something" that has broken loose from earth. It is having experiences now, and recording memories at this moment in that inner life. But when we call upon it to report to mortal brain we discover that echo between the two centers of intelligence is confused and indistinct.

This must be so. In earth life the apparatus for communications between mortal and mortal must be alike at both ends. Subconsciousness is an instrument whose form and construction are unknown to us. It is claimed that that instrument is woefully subject to suggestion. That only means that the mortal does not yet know how to use it. It is just as it is. Take the interesting case of spirit return through Mrs. Piper, as reported by the S. P. R. The spirit visitor gives a name which is correct. He is, however, told by the mortal that the name given is wrong, and should have been a different one. This is at once accepted by the spirit, who then assumes the wrong name. The suggestion and the error was at the mortal end of that wire, but it shows the delicacy of the intercourse, and the vast difference between the instruments used by a mortal and a spirit.

It seems as if only spirits very close to earth life could reach any mortal form directly. The mortal form must be much more sensitive than that of the average mortal. The carefully recorded experiments through Mrs. Piper, by the experienced officers of the S. P. R. give an insight into the difficulty experienced by a returning spirit who has not become familiarized to the use of the mortal instrument.

The form of the sensitive mortal appears to the spirit as a hollow shell, with light spots here and there. To use a peculiar but apparently correct expression, the spirit visitor thinks at these spots. He does not know at first whether he has succeeded in hitting one of them; and has no idea whether his thought is expressing itself through hand, or eye, or tongue, or by some still grosser physical entrance into earth life. Several such spirit visitors may thus be using very different portions of a sensitive mortal organism, and at the same time be unconscious of each other's presence. This is, apparently, without any mental interference with the other. This seems to prove that neither of the controls is making use of the medium's brain, at least in their experiences through Mrs. Piper, as recorded so faithfully in the published proceedings of the S. P. R. It is the exact report, the minutiae of these details, which constitutes their value to the student. This is a lesson from them that a lesson has passed unnoted by the enthusiastic Spiritualist. But these careful studies in spirit return prove above all else that there remains an "awful gap" between spirit and mortal. Both are personalities built up of blended units, but their thoughts flash amid such different vibrations that transmitter and receiver can do little but suggest a message.

Let us keep to facts, and remain independent of all sentiment in our study of this intercourse. We have noted in previous chap-

ters the marked effect of suggestion upon mortal mind; and we have just recorded its equally marked effect upon spirit. We have seen that the intelligence of every mortal man is expressed outward into aura during his earth life. But the shape of aura is unknown, save that it cannot be that of the mortal Homo. Further, when Homo leaves his mortal form to disintegrate it is his aura which then represents his manhood. Yet, at the present time, he is also occupying this aura, of whose shape we know nothing at all save that it is not in the form of mortal man. If the spirit who was a mortal yesterday comes back tomorrow he must wear his aura, for his old form has passed from his use forever.

So far we are confining ourselves to facts that are logical, and can hardly be disputed. That spirit expressing itself in aura may be, and most likely is in easy contact with the aura of the mortal, but that is not much help to the exchange of intelligence we are seeking. For very few mortals seem to realize they possess an aura, and none but the very sensitive ever utilize it in earth life.

Now let us watch the effect of the fact that a returning spirit can only come back as an aura. The word "spirit" or "ghost" would do just as well, but both words have no long been used to express form that, for our present study, we prefer the term aura. The first effort of the visitor is to produce an effect upon mortal sense. He can only succeed by vibration. There is no other way. And unless that vibration has been experienced before, and recorded as memory in the mortal's brain, it cannot be interpreted. We are receiving vibrations from all over the universe every moment. We pass then unrecognized until once interpreted. The student of Nature is perpetually interpreting sights, sounds, and sensations of which the average man does not dream. But that is because he has learned to interpret them by his own experience, and as an echo of his own past. Therefore if spirit aura succeed in impressing any mortal sufficiently sensitive it will assume the accustomed form to his mind. The returning spirit of Homo will be pictured as that of his visitor. As soon as intelligence becomes manifested, however feebly, this innate suggestion becomes still more powerful. If a word or two suggests an echo of a loved friend, the form of that friend is pictured as he remembers it, and therefore by no two mortals exactly alike.

The student perceives that whatever may be the existing form of the aural visitor it must take shape as Homo to mortal mind. It will thus be pictured as in childhood or old age, as in vigor or feebleness, and be remembered in sex so fast as anything is said or done by the visitor to arouse the suggestion. He is expressing now the aura of the visitor is really the one suggested to Homo. Our query is as to how much the mortal can really know about him; and we have already discovered that if his form be changed after death no expression of such a fact would reach the mind of mortal Homo.

Our visitor was a citizen of our life yesterday. He is a citizen of our life a few hours later. That he retains his old affections is reasonably certain, or he would not attempt to come back. We have often sad proof that he retains also his passions, and would willingly indulge them by first suggesting them to mortal mind and then experiencing their effect. But something higher and nobler seems suggested when we find returning spirits, with apparently vast experience of the inner life, coming back with no apparent motive save to bless their earth brethren.

Whatever the instrument they use, and however imperfect or contradictory the interpretation of their teachings, the general fact is apparent that they are uselessly attempting to lift mortals to a higher level. And in doing this they have to accept all the consequences of imperfect suggestions, and erroneous interpretation of the vibrations along which their thoughts are flashed to mortal sense. But it is most rational to suppose that such spirits can very rarely approach directly the mortal form of Homo. They must be too far removed from the possibility of any direct interchange of thought. It is here that the aural centre of Homo's intelligence comes into play, as nearest to the centre of intelligence of the spirit visitor.

We here face serious complications. If the spirit visitor has passed on from one aural experience to another, through, perhaps, many aural forms, he may be as far from possible direct exchange of thought with aural Homo as aural Homo is from mortal brain. That being so, his thought must be flashed to intermediates, and by them suggested down into aural Homo. There we meet our same old difficulty which is that mortal Homo is, at best, but in very imperfect communication with his own inner manhood.

When the visitor is himself in direct relation with aural Homo there is no necessity for any go-between. But the difficulty of direct interpretation remains the same as ever.

Yet again, when the visitor is nearly on the level of the mortal, and comes in direct contact with mortal sense, there is, as we have seen, no other inlet to communication save by vibration, induced by thought, which will be interpreted according to the experience of the recipient.

It is now evident we must study many details of the phenomena by which spirit return is assumed to be proved, and the possible identity of the visitor reasonably established. Until this is done we shall remain uncertain as to the extent and verity of communication possible between the two worlds. San Leandro, Cal.

(To be continued.)

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.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low vaulted past.
Let each new mansion, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast.
Till thou at length art free; leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea.

—Holmes.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsiee Peer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 35 cents.

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILKA.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"Allow me to ask you a question, Mrs. Morton," whispered the spectral form. "Which one of us is the hazy—which the demon? I am sure I think epithets fit you; however, I am perfectly willing you should have them. I can well afford to be generous, madam, not only in soul, but in material wealth. The six millions are mine, Mrs. Morton, instead of yours. We tilted for them, you see, and my soul or will power being the stronger, I broke your lance, that is all."

"What do you care for Marcus Chesterfield, except as an adjunct to his money? I have not tilted with your daughter, madam. I scarcely would have dared to cross lances with her. Her purity and innocence would have appalled my soul and rendered me cowardly. She is good. I am not. She does not love Marcus Chesterfield—neither himself nor his money. I love him as much as I am capable of loving anyone, and his money far better than himself."

"Madam, it is you whom I have fought and conquered. I am now Mrs. Marcus Chesterfield, and, if I can help it, you shall never meet my husband again. This is the last time I shall trouble you. I have thrown you aside as I would an old rag; so, good-bye!" and the spectre was gone.

Mrs. Morton did not leave her room again for a number of weeks; and when at last she once more appeared before her household, it was with a sorrowful and subdued air. She never mentioned to anyone having battled with a vision.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SPIRITUAL HAPPINGS.

The next day the old fisherman went out, as usual, with Mark Chester in the boat. The old man was unusually silent and thoughtful all day.

They caught an immense load of fish, and when the boat was hauled up on the beach, Nathaniel said:

"I think as how, pardner, I shall hev tew stay an' help yer; so jist yer make coffee for two, an' fry a double lot o' fish. I am jest about starved, fur sartin'."

Mark lighted a fire, made the coffee for two, and broiled the fish, very glad, indeed, to have the old man keep him company. But Mr. Kester had a double motive for staying tonight under any circumstances, for he wished to talk with Mark about Jane. The young man, as yet, had heard nothing, and had not the remotest idea where she could be. The old man gulped down his first cup of coffee.

"Fili'er up agin, Mark," said he. "I telled turkle dove, up thar, ter go tew bed an' not tew set up fur me, es I shed stay an hour or tew with you, es she knowed I hed summat tew say ter ye."

"Marm hed a letter, she hes."

"A letter?" asked Mark, elevating his brows as he gave the old man an inquiring look.

"Yis. She's hed a letter from that thar gal o' hern, an' I'll be darned, pardner, ef that thar jade haint gone an' got married."

"Married!" exclaimed the young man. "Married? To whom?"

"Wall, now, I don't beleve yer cud guess from now till doomsday."

"I do not know about that," said Mark with a wise, but still curious look. "But, of course, dad, you do not object to tell me?"

"Not I," answered Nathaniel. "She's jest run away an' got spliced ter that thar cussed millionaire, whose name is somewhat like yours, my boy."

"Do you mean Marcus Chesterfield?"

"Wall, shiver my old timbers ef I don't."

Mark's countenance lighted up with joy.

"Then, Miss Isabel Morton is free?" he exclaimed. O! indeed, uncle, you have made me very happy, or, rather, Jane has."

"Wall, I jest knowed es much aforehand. Yer dead in love with that thar gal, ain't yer, now?"

"I love her better than my own life," answered the young man solemnly, but with shining countenance—"and, now, uncle, I must tell you of something that happened to me last night. I was sitting by my fire, as usual. I had been writing a my book—for you must know, daddy, that I am writing another novel—and in my book, my hero was situated in his love affair, just about as I am—or, rather, was, until you told me that Isabel was free. I did not know jist how to get him out of his difficulty, so I threw down my pen and sat gazing at the fire rather dejectedly, when that particular electrical chill ran through my frame, and I became conscious that my mother's spirit was bending over me. You know that I can always feel her long and beautiful hair sweeping about my head and face at such times. I turned my face up toward her rapturously."

"Mother, I said, you have told me, since you went to the spirit world, that the human will was all powerful if properly exercised; but I cannot hope to marry the woman I love, for she belongs to another, and it would be dishonorable for me to supplant him."

"My son—my darling son," she softly whispered to his inner consciousness. "Isabel Morton is already free. You will marry the woman you love; and now, tonight, you corroborate that which she had already told me. O, indeed, indeed, I am a happy man!"

"Wall," said the old fisherman, "ther world do progress, thet's a fact; an' I am powerful sorry thet I didn't know about ther human will afore—say, when I war a yung man—cause I mite hev had a education an' larned all about grammar, an' so on; an' then, thet thar gal wouldn't a' hed a reason fur callin' me a ignerent old hulk o' a fisherman."

"Did she call you that, Uncle Kester?"

"She did, my boy, an' she telled ther truth, she did. I ain't a goin' ter blame no man—ner woman nether—fur tellin' ther truth."

"She certainly is very thankful and unfeeling."

"Wall, she may not be quite es careful o' my feelin's es you be, Mark; but, for all o' thet, she is not thankless, fur she sent turkle dove a check on thet thar bank fur five thousand dollars, an' she's a goin' ter send five thousand more."

Mark opened his eyes in astonishment; and yet, after all, was it any more than she ought to have done?

"Really, uncle, if she were to give Mrs. Kester half a million, she would do nothing more than what would be right. But, nevertheless, uncle, I am very glad, indeed, that you and your wife have come into such good fortune."

"Wall, now, boy, so am I, an' I am glad thet—I was siders good tew thet thar gal. Sum step-fathers miltin' hev treated her well."

"Uncle, one word more before you go."

The old man had risen to depart.

"I desire to marry Isabel Morton, and I also desire to be worth a million dollars. Do you believe that by exercising my will power to the utmost, I shall be able to accomplish, or bring to pass, that which I desire so much?"

"Perhaps so, boy—perhaps so. This is an age o' steam, this is a age o' electricity, an' they bottle up sound, an' when they git ready they let it off a whizzin', an' I'll be darned ef I didn't go inter a show the other

nite, right here in Redonder—in this ere little town o' Redonder—an' see a bull fite, an' a lot er men a mowin', an' a murder er tew, an' a woman a washin' o' a black boy ter make him white; an' ther betenist thing o' all was a train o' keers—ther 'lightnin' express,' they called it—an' thet thar train o' keers was a cumin' rite down outer me an arm, es sure es yer live; rite thar in thet thar hall, an' we a settin' in our seats. I jumped up an' yelled with all my mite: 'Stop them thar keers—stop um! What in thunder air ye a doin'?' Turkle dove she pulled er my coat, an' ther people all luffed an' cried: 'Down in front—down in front! Put him out—put him out!' I didn't keer a fig fur all ther yellin', but when marm pulled er my coat an' sed, smilin' an' soft like, 'Nathaniel, it's only a pictur', I sot down an', Jerusalem-jewiteker! ef thet thar train o' keers warn't out o' sight in a jiffy, an' a gal was a dancin' an' a whirl-a-giglin' about like mad, an' she was a mity purty gal, tew. Now I say, yung feller, thet this is a curus age, an' ef they kin make picturs run like ther litein' express, an' fite like Spanish bulls, an' dance jist like a surcus gal, an' ride hosses, an' so forth—picturs, I say, thet kin dew all this—I gess yer hev steam ecter inside o' yer—er will power, es yer call it—pears to me it's all one an' ther same—I gess yer kin do a most anythin' yer like."

"Well, uncle, I will tell you what I should like."

"Oh, I know what yer'd like, an' what a most eny ther man erd like. Yer'd like ter be rich, now, wudn't yer?"

"Yes; I desire to be rich—very rich, indeed; but I desire riches for a particular purpose. Not for my own selfish gratification, but that I may benefit mankind in general, and the very poor in particular. I am thinking continually of plans whereby I might benefit poor men and their families. Uncle, I have made considerable money this year, but the amount of money I could make in these various ways would not be sufficient to do much. I am sure, if I were worth a million or so—say, for instance, as much as Marcus Chesterfield is, I could work for the world to some purpose."

"Wall, lad, there is only one way about these parts thet a man kin git very rich; an' thet way pears ter be all luck an' chance. Ther biggist rascal as ever lived, stands jist es good a chance es a honest man. Thar air sum big mineral deposits in them thar mountains, over thar, an' ef yer cud discover a big gold mine in them hills yender, an' cud sell it ter sum o' them New Yorkers, yet mite be rich in no time."

"Then you think, uncle, that is my only chance here?"

"It's yer only chance o' gittin' terribil rich."

"But the trouble is in knowing jist how to find one of those rich mines. I might prospect for a life time and not be successful."

"Thet's jest what I sed, yung man. It's all luck an' chance."

"Perhaps not. This is an age, as you have already said, when hidden forces are being brought to light. I believe, dad, that there are hidden forces which can be brought to bear in finding gold mines."

"Wall, now, I hev hed sum sich thots myself, specially arter I seen them thar picturs es cud dew enamost anythin' thet livin' foks kin dew."

"Sit down, uncle, and let us talk this matter over a bit—moreover, I have something I want to tell you about."

"You know that I have written one novel, and that I am now writing another. My first story has already been published, and received considerable commendation."

"An' dew yer expect ter alrn a million dollars a 'ritin' o' novels?"

"No, uncle, I do not expect to earn a penny at the business of story writing; quite the contrary. I give my time, talent, postage stamps and paper gratis. I even am obliged to buy my own ink; but this is not the

point; it is something else I wish to tell you of. While I sit at my little table writing, I hear peculiar sounds, raps or knockings."

"Dew tell, now! Why, boy, them thar sounds must be spiritual rappings!"

"I think you are right, uncle. At first I thought the sounds were accidental; but I soon discovered they were not, for I noticed that when I was writing anything particularly good—especially anything pertaining to the welfare of humanity—they would be loud and distinct. To make sure that it was not the creaking or snapping of the table, caused by the motion of my hands and arms in the act of writing, I leaned back in my chair, simply allowing my hands to rest lightly on the table; then the raps would come, sounding very much like the ticking of the electric telegraph. At last I began to ask questions, and I soon found that I was talking with intelligent beings. The answers to my questions soon informed me that my mother's love for me was so great that she, being in constant rapport with me and, consequently, knowing or reading my mind, had interested a number of great, grand, and good spirits in me and that which I wished to accomplish; they have also informed me, in this manner, that they are unceasingly and untiringly working for the enlightenment and uplifting of the whole world, and that it is only through unseen forces that this can be done. They desire that all war shall cease; they desire that all men shall be brothers; they desire that there shall be no exceedingly rich men and that there shall be no poverty stricken ones; they desire that no one human being shall prey upon another; they desire that men and women shall be equal; they desire that men shall be as pure as they expect women to be, or as society in general expects them to be; they desire that all monopolies shall be expelled from the earth, especially land monopolies, for give the poor man land, which he really should receive free, and poverty would cease to be. Now, all this was told me by the clickings or rappings on my own little table as I sat alone, and they told me what you have already said, that there exist many large and valuable gold mines in the Sierra Madre range of mountains. They also told me that they would lead, or guide, me to some of the richest of them and that the desire of my heart should be gratified; but that after I had become possessed of the now hidden wealth, if I did not use it for the benefit of humanity, it should be taken from me in various ways instigated by them; for they who are high in the spheres of spiritual life will assist no one in obtaining wealth at the expense of his poorer brother man."

"An' how kin they show yer whar these mines air?" asked the old fisherman.

"My mother has promised to show me in a dream. She says that by opening up these hidden treasures the world's riches will be augmented, but they should never be shown to anyone who will not work for the good of the world. The earth holds concealed within her bosom untold wealth, vast resources, and those who will work for the good of all, for the good of truth, for the good of right principles, for the downfall of error, will be aided to obtain this wealth that truth and justice may prevail. That is all I have to tell you, uncle, but I soon expect to be guided to these mines by this band of spirits that my loving mother has brought to me—the band of powerful invisibles—quietly in my room."

"Wall, boy; whar hes thet thar tew dew with your a gittin' o' thet thar million o' money?"

(To be continued.)

"Next to the generosity of doing a good deed yourself is the generosity of allowing another to do a good deed unto you."

us. Our Indian jubilee, Dec. 9, was a success.

Pittsburg, Mass., Dec. 22. Large and appreciative audiences attended the services of the First Spiritualist Society, Sunday. The speaker, Mrs. J. W. Kenyon, gave two addresses appropriate to Christmas and a large number of convincing spirit messages. The special selections by Miss Howe, pianist, were finely rendered. Pythian hall was tastefully decorated with spruce and holly. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn, test medium, spoke for the society Sunday, Dec. 29.—Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

The annual fair of the Ladies' Lyceum opened in Fair Hall, Boston, Monday, Dec. 16, and continued four days. The tables were tastefully arranged and presented an attractive appearance. Interesting entertainments were given each evening by Hatch's orchestra and members of the Children's Lyceum, assisted by Miss Emerson, pianist. The fair proved successful financially and closed Thursday evening with a dance.

The People's Spiritualist Society of Worcester, Mass., found Mrs. Carrie F. Taber to be a very bright and accurate test medium. She gave a great many and the audience was well pleased. Mrs. Ida Whitlock was our speaker Sunday, Dec. 22. The evening lecture was on "Jesus, the Christ." Mrs. Whitlock held her audience in rapt attention.—S. A. K.

Frank T. Ripley, speaker and platform test medium, closed a successful engagement Sunday, Dec. 29, for the Kalamazoo Spiritualist Society. His other engagements prevent our keeping him longer. Mr. Ripley said a good word for the Banner of Light as a leading Spiritualist paper.—C. F. Taber.

The Boston Spiritual Temple held Sunday services in Cheltenham Hall, Huntington Ave., Dec. 22 at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Mr. Wiggin, entranced, spoke in the morning from the text "I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times." Psalm 77-5. Special music was rendered by the Ladies' Schubert Quartet and in the evening Hoppe played two violin solos. At the evening service Mr. Wiggin answered several questions sent up by the audience and gave one of the most successful readings of the season. Mary L. Porter, Sec'y.

The Boston Spiritual Temple met Tuesday evening, Dec. 24, at Cheltenham Hall Building, Room 1. Although it was Christmas Eve and many were coming to the temple, a goodly number assembled and were well repaid by the talk given by Mr. Wiggin who is giving much needed instruction at these meetings, concerning the laws governing mediumship and the conditions necessary for its best results. Most of the evening was as usual occupied by Mr. Wiggin in giving a ballot test service by Mr. Geo. Cleveland and Miss Sloan. Mary L. Porter, Sec'y.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 22, the Malden Progressive Spiritualists were favored with a very sweet song and interesting remarks from Mr. Scott followed by messages from the guides of Mrs. Annie Banks Scott which were pleasing and convincing to the people. Prof. Matook gave readings from birthdays and made astrological predictions. Mrs. Cutler and Mrs. Munroe, mediums, were also present. Mr. Milton presided and the praise service was enthusiastically entered into by all. Mrs. Abby Burdham giving the invocation. John R. Snow, Sec'y.

Boston, Sunday, Dec. 22. Lyceum opened at 11 a. m. Lesson from Carl No. 5, A continuation of the previous Sunday, subject religion. Recitations by Little Ray and Alice Eva Scott; song, Esther Bots; piano solo, Rebecca Goolitz; remarks by Mr. Long, Mr. Leslie, Dr. Hale and Mrs. Butler. We are to have a very fine play, under the direction of Miss Della Sawyer, in the Y. M. C. U. Hall, Jan. 23. Do not forget the date, and all come and help us. The tickets are only twenty-five cents. We have just closed a very successful fair, thanks to our many friends for their assistance. Now help us on our play. Wednesday eve, Jan. 1, 1902, we are to have a lecture by Mrs. Sarah Byrnes in Dwight Hall. Do not forget the date, every Sunday, and our Union service every Wednesday, S. E. Jones, Sec'y.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington St., Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, conductor. Services were well attended all day in this hall. Mrs. Adams of the Waltham Society gave a beautiful inspirational poem, made remarks and gave many fine tests. She is always a welcome guest. Those assisting through the day were Mrs. Clara Strong, Mrs. Woods, Mr. Ed. Tuttle, Mr. Thomas Jackson, Dr. E. A. Blackden. Mrs. Wilkinson gave a descriptive service in the evening. Music by the Lyle Trio, Mrs. Grover and Mr. Rank. Old Peaks, in the Y. M. C. U. Hall, Jan. 23. Do not forget the date, and all come and help us. The tickets are only twenty-five cents. We have just closed a very successful fair, thanks to our many friends for their assistance. Now help us on our play. Wednesday eve, Jan. 1, 1902, we are to have a lecture by Mrs. Sarah Byrnes in Dwight Hall. Do not forget the date, every Sunday, and our Union service every Wednesday, S. E. Jones, Sec'y.

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about the outlook of the season at the Northern Cassadaga. Every Monday evening is spent playing progressive euchre, in which almost every one on the ground joins. Christmas was celebrated by an elaborate dinner at the Cassadaga Hotel. C. Hagen.

After a Day's Hard Work

Take Herford's Acid Phosphate.

It nourishes, strengthens and imparts new life and vigor, by supplying the needed nerve food. Relieves the worst forms of dyspepsia.

Mrs. Piper and the Society of Psychological Research.

BY E. A. BRACKETT.

Through the recent publication of Mrs. Piper's letter and the comments on it, a sensational press either ignorant of the subject, or willfully misrepresenting the facts, the Society for Physical Research has been brought into a prominence that it could not otherwise have reached.

Even if every word of the letter were true, which is not the case, there is absolutely nothing in it to call in question the honesty and integrity of the society or to invalidate the conclusions they have reached. It is not here that they are in any way open to criticism, but their methods and some of their results should not pass without comment. In the interest of Spiritualism and a more sensible method of investigating the phenomena, I propose to say a word which cannot be based on a personal reference to some of their proceedings.

Some twelve or fourteen years ago, a number of distinguished men, eminent in professional life, met and formed an association for the purpose of a scientific investigation of what was known as Spiritualism. In a card issued to the public, they intimated that it was their design to conduct this investigation in a dignified and scientific manner, and had gone forth with a determination to do so without any scientific effort to solve it. Either they had forgotten or did not know that such men as Wallace, Crookes, Farley, Flammarion and many other distinguished European scientists, had given this subject a thorough investigation, and that, notwithstanding their reputations, they had the courage and manliness against the despotism of public opinion to openly state that their investigations led to the conclusion that the theory of spiritual communication was the only reasonable solution of the question.

Our newly fledged American Society also issued an invitation to mediums to come before them and establish their gifts. Whether right or wrong, they went out an impression that these gentlemen considered most mediums frauds, humbugging the public by charging one or two dollars a sitting for what they knew to be a deception, and, if we may judge by recent statements, they still hold this opinion. It is not strange that the maligned mediums refused to appear before this self constituted tribunal to prove their sincerity. In some instances we know that their controls refused to allow them to do so, and subsequent events proved the wisdom of this decision. This left the society with small resource and it was not until they secured control of Mrs. Piper that they made any decided progress.

Mrs. Piper is undoubtedly a thoroughly honest, well-meaning woman, but apparently devoid of those finer intuitions, sometimes called spiritual, possessed by many, even outside of those known as mediums. Owing to her unfortunate materialistic environments, her native condition has in no sense permeated her normal consciousness. She was connected with Spiritualists. She did not believe that spirits communicated through her or any one else and she was supported in this by Dr. Hodgson telling her that he did not think she was controlled by spirits. It is a matter of no little importance for the Doctor to carefully consider how far his own bias might not have been unconsciously dominating this woman.

The fact that Mrs. Piper was in no way connected with Spiritualists nor with the suspected mediums, and that, in her normal state was devoid of spiritualism, undoubtedly influenced the society in securing her services. It is in any sense true, they are not to be taken for granted, for the society, in their public confession of Mrs. Piper has decidedly weakened the influence which they would otherwise have secured.

We ought not to expect too much, for the subject was new to them and they started out ignorant of many of its requirements. In dealing with so delicate a matter, where the medium's imagination plays so important a part, mistakes were unavoidable, but from the well-known character of these men, and the seriousness of the subject, no one anticipated the humorous side or that any of them would play the harlequin or attempt to deceive any one.

It is reported on what appears to be good authority that after conferring Mrs. Piper they admitted others, outside of the society, at the modest sum of ten dollars a sitting and an additional fee for paying their clerk for recording the communication.

Prof. Hyslop's book, which was to astonish the world, is now before the public and from it we take the following extracts: "First—No one except Dr. Hodgson and my wife was to know that I was to have the sittings, and only Dr. Hodgson was to know of the arrangements. This plan was carried out in entire secrecy."

"Second—The arrangements for the sittings were not to be made with Mrs. Piper in her normal state, but with the trance personalities in her trance state."

"Third—The arrangements for my sittings were not made in my name, but in the pseudonym of 'Four Times Friend' so that neither the spiritualist nor the subliminal of Mrs. Piper could have any clue to my identity."

"Fourth—When I went to conduct the experiments and before reaching the house of Mrs. Piper, about 200 feet from the house and while in a closed coach, I put on a mask covering the whole of my face and entered the house wearing the mask, met Mrs. Piper and went on with the sitting in this condition."

"Fifth—When introduced to Mrs. Piper I was under the name of Dr. Smith which is the usual name by which Dr. Hodgson introduced strangers. I bowed to her without uttering a sound, the object being to conceal my voice equally as well as my face."

"Sixth—After conferring with my sittings, Mrs. Piper never heard my voice in her normal state, except twice, when I changed it into an unnatural tone to utter a sentence, in one case only four words."

"Seventh—In the whole course of the sittings I was careful not to touch Mrs. Piper, and I never came into any contact with her or with any of the mediums present, except, perhaps, half a dozen times when I seized the hand while writing, to place it on the writing pad while it was escaping. Once I held her head while she was straightened in the chair in which she was sitting. But at all other times I avoided every form of contact that might even make muscular suggestion conceivable."

"Eighth—The record shows that the facts obtained were either without any questions at all, or without questions calculated to suggest the answers given. I was extremely careful to avoid verbal suggestion."

"Ninth—During the writing I stood behind and to the right of Mrs. Piper, in a position which concealed any view of me and my movements absolutely from any visual knowledge or subliminal, even had she been open instead of closed in the trance. It was necessary to take this position in order to be able to read the writing as it went on."

This is not reproduced here so much to show its utter absurdity, as to illustrate the mental, moral and magnetic atmosphere that Mrs. Piper has had to encounter. If those who have once dwelt here have not lost their appreciation of mirth, there must have been a merry time on the other side, watching the Professor trying to conceal his identity so as to escape Mrs. Piper's subliminal self and the possibility of muscular suggestion. He has some reputation in sleight-of-hand tricks, but this seems to have been overshadowed by his attempt to personate one of the great family of Smiths.

His utter ignorance in dealing with this subject must be apparent to any one who has any knowledge of it. For if Mrs. Piper is a good clairvoyant (and that is conceded), she could have seen through all this masking and shamming of personality, as easily as one sees through a pane of glass. If this is scientific investigation of the phenomena, the less we have of it the better. The law of compensation is the law of the universe. The rhythmic beat of the pendulum records the pulsation of life. Give and take is the order of existence. If the giver receives not in return, there is exhaustion and ultimately death. Spiritualism, if it has existence, is based on an earnest reciprocity, on a part of those who have gone before, to communicate through the affections, with those who are still dwelling here. On this line only can the best results be obtained. There is nothing in the investigation or acceptance of this purely natural phenomena to cause any one to lose respect or surrender his common sense. Amid the warping and conflicting elements of a sensuous and materialistic age, it comes like the "still small voice" heard by the prophet of old.

So far as we know, there has been nothing of this compensation in Mrs. Piper's sittings, but on the contrary she has been the subject of indifference and experiments. Surrounded by an atmosphere of curiosity and a fraud hunting detective element as withering as an autumn frost, she has given out her magnetic forces without generous, hearty return, until, as Imperator (her present invisible control) says, "she is a battered and worn-out machine and needs care and rest to carry her."

Practically her relations to the society have ceased. She can never be to them what she has been, nor, to herself, the woman she was.

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There are men belonging to this society, of poetical and inspirational character, with all the tenderness and sympathy of a woman, but they are not the men who have dominated Mrs. Piper, nor are they in any way responsible for her present condition.

The association started out with the promise of great things. Spiritualism was either to be annihilated or placed on a scientific footing from which no logical mind could escape. Had they known more they would have promised less. As specialists, they have padded their little can up on small stream, tributary to the great ocean of spiritual intelligence. All along its bank loomed up, like objects seen through fog, the ghostly idea of fraud, on which they feared their frail craft might be wrecked.

The long years came and went and people began to wonder what had become of them. At last they reached port with only one disaster—a battered and worn-out pilot. But what of the freight, the result of this long voyage? Only this, and nothing more: they believe that the theory of spirit communication is one of the possible solutions of this problem. A conclusion which thousands, through their own close personal observations, had reached long before this association came into existence.

It is to be observed that they make no positive statements, no final conclusions, and they cautiously leave the door open for retreat on the first alarm. Over the undraped creation of a modern science, let us cast the mantle of charity, not forgetting that a courageous, manly character is still the ideal of a healthy life.

One can but be amused by the self-conceit which prompted them to put forth as "something new, what has long been known and carefully investigated by those far better equipped for the work than this association appears to have been."

Never was the name of Science so mangled as in this abortive effort to dissect this subject. As well might one attempt to bottle sunlight and sell it by the pound as to attempt, by rule and compass, to square these manifestations. As long as sensitive brains vibrate in response to the great power of spiritual intelligence, these things will come and go regardless of the ungodly hand of materialistic science.

Meager as are the results of this "scientific investigation," we are in no way disposed to underrate whatever credit may be due them. From their position in public life they will doubtless reach a large class of intelligent persons who would not have listened to statements from any other source. They may not make converts, for that is largely a matter of personal experience, but they will, more or less, create a state of neutrality toward phenomena whose sensitive and delicate manifestations border on another life.

Regarding "Lessons from Land of Truth."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I listened to the reading of "Lessons from the Land of Truth" as given in the "Banner of Light" of December 14.

If the "tiny bud" has yet no life or soul of its own, and "is entirely dependent on the mother for food and circulation," what first caused to be? What is "the Principle of Life" but Soul? We admit that the "tiny bud" has yet no soul of its own, because soul cannot be considered in the sense of possession. The "tiny bud" is a soul, building for itself a spirit and a material body and is truly dependent upon the mother for food, or material, with which to build.

The soul, the divine "Principle of Life," enters the womb at the moment of conception and because it is the immortal divine principle of life, becomes the architect and builder of the body or material temple which it must inhabit during its earth life, as well as the spirit form in which it enters the spirit life.

At no time during gestation can "a soul outside of physical matter... living in the mother's outer magnetism" enter the womb and possess the "tiny bud," nor yet need it wait "for the growth of that bud" (or soulless thing) or yet for a time "a part which was not yet born" to be removed from the mother bed, that is, born into earth life, for at no time from conception to birth can the "tiny bud" be owned or possessed by any soul except the one who builded it.

At no time in the history of disease has there been such an alarming increase in the number of cases of any particular malady as in that of kidney and bladder troubles now pressing upon the people of this country.

Today we see a relative, a friend or an acquaintance apparently well, and in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their serious illness or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's disease.

Kidney trouble often becomes advanced into acute stages before the afflicted is aware of its presence; that is why we read of so many sudden deaths of prominent business and professional men, physicians and others. They have neglected to stop the leak in time.

While scientists are puzzling their brains to find out the cause, each individual can, by a little precaution, avoid the chances of contracting dreaded and dangerous kidney trouble, or eradicate it completely from the system if already afflicted. Many precious lives might have been, and many more can yet be saved, by paying attention to the kidneys.

It is the mission of the Banner of Light to benefit its readers at every opportunity and therefore we advise all who have any symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble to write today to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Bismarck, N. Y., for a free sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the celebrated specific which is having such a great demand and remarkable success in the cure of the most distressing kidney and bladder troubles. With the sample bottle of Swamp-Root will also be sent free a pamphlet and treatise of valuable information.

IS IT AN EPIDEMIC?

Vital Statistics Show an Alarming Increase in Cases of an Already Prevalent Disease—Are Any Exempt?

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Many teach and try to believe that the body is soulless up to the point where it can be safely removed from the mother bed, and hence in case of an unwelcome one, is no crime to remove it from the mother bed before its time. If the "tiny bud" has no life or soul of its own, and is waiting until the time of birth for a "soul outside of physical matter," not knowing that such a soul can, or ever did exist, where the sin in destroying the "tiny bud" at the earlier period of gestation? Many, ah, too many answer this question in the negative and act in accordance therewith.

I had but one month of earth life, and have a sister who had less than a month of womb life, but we are women grown, she born in spirit land, both educated in its schools. I have seen 50 years of time pass away, yet I had no desire for reincarnation, nor had I ever seen or heard of a progressed spirit, or one born in spirit land who had such desire.

As a lover of children and in consequence thereof a nurse and worker in the nurseries and child hospitals of spirit land, I have often received the unwelcome "tiny bud" refused birth by its mother, or at the demand of the father or friends, sometimes in order that the lambs of the flock and the priestly father might not lose cast nor the church suffer from scandal, but in no case have I found "a soul outside of physical matter" waiting to enter that body, though some could have been kept upon the earth plane.

All these are conveyed to spirit land and there placed in similar womb conditions awaiting the full time to be born, and have their growth and education there. We repeat that at the moment of conception the Soul or Divine Principle of Life becomes an individualized being, and as such can never lose its individuality, nor can its body or form be usurped by another. If refused birth on earth, it will surely be born in spirit land and many a mother will be met by the child whom she deemed did not exist, and a woman must look for aid before she can escape from the hell of the child murderers.

The doctrine of reincarnation as pictured in the article referred to, certainly justifies infanticide or creates an incentive thereto, for who would desire to become a mother of a "soul outside of physical matter," maybe a negro, an Indian or who knows what? The crime of child murder is on the increase in your land, and every item of justification is eagerly scanned, but great will be the remorse of the mother in the after life, while the child will be the only guide to lead her out of the state created by her own act.

J. H. Young, Medium.

Onset.

THE VOICES.

BY WARREN SCOTT BARKLOW.

THE VOICE OF NATURE SPEAKS IN THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY—IN ITS UNCHANGEABLE AND PERMANENT LAWS.

THE VOICE OF A FATHER TELLS THE INDIVIDUALITY OF MOTHER AND MIND, FRATERNAL CHARITY, LOVE, AND THE VOICE OF SCIENCE TELLS THE CREDITS OF THEIR WORK, AND PROVES BY SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES FROM THE DEEP OF KNOWLEDGE THAT DEFECTED BY SCIENCE FROM THE DEEP OF KNOWLEDGE.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 125 N. 10th St., New York, has been established for the purpose of publishing a weekly paper, to be known as the **BANNER OF LIGHT**, containing articles on Spiritualism, and other subjects of interest to the public. The paper will be published every Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and will be sent to subscribers by mail, free of charge, on receipt of the subscription price. The paper will be published every Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and will be sent to subscribers by mail, free of charge, on receipt of the subscription price.

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Spiritualism.

In the January number of the Metropolitan Magazine is an exceedingly fair and impartial presentation of the subject "Spiritualism. What It Is, and Why More Than a Million Intelligent Men and Women Believe in Its Doctrines," by Frederick W. Webster, A. M. There are cuts of the National Headquarters at Washington, N. S. A. officers, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. May S. Pepper and others, as well as three Spiritualist temples. The benign countenance of Andrew Jackson Davis adorns one entire page.

The spirit of the article is contained in the closing paragraph, which we quote entire:—"Whatever may be the actual truth or error of Spiritualism, it is a belief that is full of comfort to those who accept it honestly and implicitly. It is a religion which, if properly understood, is an inspiration to better living; and in that respect it is entitled to the fairest consideration of even those who find themselves unable to accept what its advocates claim to be truths. There is nothing in it antagonistic to the old-established churches, and this assertion requires no other argument than the fact that the central idea of Spiritualism is accepted by many who are prominent in church life, but are not in any manner allied with this movement. As to the philosophy involved in it, there are not a few thinkers who deem it worthy of study. Its leading representatives are people of large mental capacity, pure character, and broad humanity. Its organized churches and societies are controlled by the spirit of devotion, and are agencies of that altruistic endeavor which in itself is an essential element in true religion. Its literature is elevating in tone, and is worthy of thoughtful attention. The movement is entitled to respect because it aims to make mankind happier and the world better. Progress is its watchword, and it seeks to lead the race onward and upward, not by destroying old landmarks, but by establishing new ones, to show the way clearer, and to make the soul stronger by means of broader faith and fresher revelation. Merely as a phase of modern thought, it is replete with interest, and under the examination of discriminating and unprejudiced minds it cannot fail to reveal suggestions of those eternal truths of the relation of man to the great soul of things for which prophets and seers, poets and philosophers, have been seeking through all the ages."

This magazine can be obtained at all news stands for fifteen cents, or will be sent

to the Company, 125 N. 10th St., New York. Every Spiritualist will enjoy having it on his table.

Eternity.

That word has a sound of awe to all who hear it spoken, unless they know full well its meaning. By many it is supposed to mean only unending duration in the future. In this limited sense it appears to them as a time of awe, by reminding them of the coming day when they must exchange worlds, and enter upon "Eternal Life." Could these good people be made to realize that they are in eternal life today, as much as they ever shall be, the word would have for them less terror. As a matter of fact, the word "Eternity" means far more than is popularly supposed. It means all time—not a portion thereof, hence stands for all of the time that has ever been, as well as for that which is to be. An eternal future without an eternal past is not only illogical, but is also an absurd, unthinkable proposition. Man stands today between the two, one of the links that unites them together—in fact, he makes the twin one essence, and we give the union the comprehensive term of Now.

It is impossible to conceive of a period when that which man calls time did not exist. The past years of one's life, and the past lives of countless ancestors, rise as witnesses to unending duration in the past. From these past expressions man is forced to look forward into the future. He sees the recurrence of day and night, summer and winter, years, decades and centuries. The cessation of duration is an impossibility, and his mind fairly staggers at the revelation this one truth gives to him. If duration is eternal in two directions, then that which exists as Life must be co-eternal with it. Life is all-inclusive, all-comprehensive, hence must possess that which has been termed duration. If this be true then Life, in all of its manifestations, is indestructible, and therefore eternal.

If Life be eternal and if Eternity reaches backward into the past as well as forward into the future, then all of the expressions of Life must do likewise. Man, as a living being, is a child of Life as an Infinite parent, hence is co-existent with that parent, therefore co-eternal. If man is co-eternal with Infinity, then the past and the future are likewise his. If man can know aught of a future life, then by the same law he can know of a past life. If he can gain a knowledge of what he is to be, he can also learn what he has been. Like the circumference of a circle, his life has no beginning and no ending. He can start today in either direction, yet must return to his present standpoint in the Now. If it were otherwise, he would find that that which has a beginning, also has an end. If life was the result of a special creation, it must of necessity have an end. But the recurrent expressions of finite life, ushered into being by the Soul-Self, are like unto a spiral stairway, each higher and better developed than the preceding type. But life is all-inclusive, therefore its finite parts are as old as the Infinite from which they evolved. Infinite Life involves all things, therefore Intelligence is one of its attributes. Intelligence is also an attribute of all finite expressions in life. Infinite Intelligence and Infinite Life are one and the same, differentiated throughout all space, formless, yet capable of producing finite forms, invisible yet able to make visible finite expressions to the outer sense.

Man is one of these expressions, yet his intelligence or soul nature is as invisible as its source to the outer eye. He knows things in their relationship to their invisible realm, from which intelligence has objectified them. The soul nature is the source of power. It is the real man. It is intelligence in action, and the will is the chief executive officer. The soul is a finite expression of Infinity, at work to evolve the purposes of life, and to give them being. The soul, therefore, is the seat of power, the residence of intelligence and the projector of creations. If this be true, and if soul has an eternal past, then its powers, intelligences, and creations during that past can be traced by the real man of today. There are inequalities in the pressions everywhere apparent today, due to the unfavorable environments, the inhumanities of daily existence, and to the need of experiences to round out a perfected being. These must be met, compensated and overcome.

If they obtain today, it is reasonable to suppose that they always have obtained, and that the Soul itself, realizing its own needs and purposes, puts forth its expressions in its children with the high ideal of perfection ever before it as its goal. Action is always the order of existence, and the Soul has been active to arrive at the highest goal of perfection through its own efforts. In activity is has spent the eternity of the past, and has brought its child up to its present stage of unfoldment by that activity. The future is before it, and perfection has not been reached. All powers, possibilities and sentiences are its property through honest endeavor and noble effort. Each expression adds something to the sum total of its knowledge, and the union of these children of the Soul as one force, now renders it possible for a nobler, truer, more spiritual race to appear on earth. Yet the desire for blood, the lust for war, the greed for gold, and the love of power, are all too prominent at the long delay in the advent of civilization. But there is plenty of time. All eternity is the Soul's opportunity to work out the spiritual evolution that will reveal the true man. Man's duty now is to live in harmony with his Soul that he may so gain in wisdom as to render unnecessary frequent reappearances as a finite being in the future. He who seeks to serve others faithfully, unselfishly, and loyally, he who loves the finite self less, and his Soul-Self more, is the one who is to aid in ushering the dawn of the new civilization of the Soul that is to remain eternally.

Electricity Not a Successor.

Mr. Lane often wonders why, if the States wished to execute criminals painlessly they did not administer some anesthetic, and bleed them or employ some equally humane method. But, says the believer in capital punishment, the prisoner should be conscious to the very last in order that he may suffer as did his victim.

We have been assured over and over again that death by electrocution is instantaneous and painless; yet Dr. De Amazez says if he can have the body of a person within two hours after his electrocution, he can restore him to life. He holds that the electrical currents merely paralyze the nerves, but that death takes place afterwards by the life fading away as it would from the effects of powerful drugs.

In France some years ago he restored to life a man who had received 10,000 volts, while the two prisoners recently executed in Massachusetts received but 1,700!

The amount of it, electricity is the latest toy with which scientists amuse themselves, and they long to apply it to everything. Millions of dollars have been expended in experimenting with it as a means of executing criminals. Is it so much because of a desire to make capital punishment painless, as to gratify the love of research into things unknown?

Dr. F. A. Harris, medical examiner in Boston prison district, boldly states: "I do not believe in electricity as a means of punishment anyway. If they are anxious to kill murderers painlessly, it seems to me it would be better to give them morphine, and then turn on the gas. Then there would be painless and sure death."

It is not for the State to deal out death as a means of preventing crime, but if she will do so, let her be less scientific and more merciful.

Christmas Wedding.

Earnest tidings often reach us from the jurisdiction of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association. This time they are tempered with the chimes of golden wedding bells and the harmonies of another Spiritualist home. The Association's faithful secretary, Ella May Johnson, was married on Christmas day at the residence of her parents in Chicago to Albert H. Bloom, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bloom, well-known Spiritualists of the same city. Mrs. Emma Nickerson Warner tied the formal knot. President Warner of the State Association pointed out to the young couple some of the danger spots, as well as safe courses, in the matrimonial pathway. The bride was the recipient of many and useful presents, among them a china set of a hundred pieces given by the State Association and its friends.

Mr. Bloom holds a responsible clerical position in the offices of the Fraser-Chalmers Co., of his home city.

We are glad to know that the new relations will not lead Mrs. Bloom to drop either her mediumship, or her official connection with our Cause in the Prairie State. Her new address will be: Mrs. Ella Johnson-Bloom, 971 South Homan Ave., Chicago.

N. S. A. workers the country over will join in congratulations and good wishes to the newly wedded pair.

Mrs. Piper.

In another column of this issue one of our oldest subscribers, E. A. Brackett, continues the discussion of Mrs. Piper and the Psychical Research Society. He writes from the standpoint of a Spiritualist of many years, and is sincere in all that he says.

Probably no one, however, who has not positive knowledge of Mrs. Piper's relation to the society in question, is fully competent to criticize the same.

Those who know this woman socially, agree that she is a sweet, womanly woman, who undoubtedly does what she believes to be right. She has lent her organism during all these years for purposes of investigation, and been remunerated for her time. She frankly states that she does not understand, does not know what it is. Such a statement neither detracts from nor adds to the value of her psychic work, which is all done when she is unconscious.

If the Psychical Research Society has proven anything to its own satisfaction, or that of its followers, good enough. We are glad of it. It does not interfere with Spiritualism or its sphere of usefulness.

Censors.

Some of the opponents of Spiritualism go to extreme lengths in their endeavors to destroy its influence. A prominent politician in Washington (a Unitarian in high standing), was so bitter in his hatred of Spiritualism that he prohibited the mention of the term in his home, and also forbade his wife and two children who were Spiritualists from even thinking about it! This was going to an extreme length, and the wife replied with gentle dignity, "I will respect your wishes so far as to remain away from spiritualistic meetings, and so shall the children, but my thoughts are my own, and our children are entitled to theirs, therefore I shall think what I please with regard to religion, and shall permit the children to do the same!" The man was felled for once, but neither his commands nor his cruel sneers swayed his wife from her purpose. There are, we regret to say, some Spiritualists fully as unreasonable as was the Unitarian to whom we have referred. They not only desire to control the thoughts and actions of their fellowmen, but they also attempt to dictate to them their every day duties in life. They feel called upon to act as mentors for all of their acquaintances, and endeavor to establish psychic tribunals to try their brethren for their alleged short-

comings. They are Torquemadas, shorn of the power to kill, but given liberty to mentally torture at their pleasure. It would be well for all persons like the Unitarian husband and meddlesome Spiritualists to be taught the high art of minding their own business. When they do this, they will find no time to pick flaws in their neighbors, nor will there be any desire on their part to control the thought lives of their friends. Their own lives will be so full of error that they will be occupied with the work of cleaning their own gardens so long as they live in the body, and they will find that work more than sufficient unto them.

From the many letters we receive each week from all parts of the United States, we are led to believe that a spiritual revival is everywhere a necessity. If the resident Spiritualists would but try to do something for the Cause, they would be astounded to note the ready response they would receive from those whom they consider opponents of the movement. If there are but five persons in a town who are avowed Spiritualists, they could, if they would, arrange for a series of successful public meetings. No honorable man ever loses caste, or suffers in his business relations by a frank avowal of his religious belief. It is the moral coward and the sycophant who is despised by all classes, not the outspoken defender of what he feels to be the truth. If the Spiritualists would but adopt the open and above board policy, Spiritualism would flourish as never before.

On the morning before Christmas a Polish prisoner was electrocuted on purely circumstantial evidence. He was an unattractive, uneducated foreigner, in whom few had any interest; but from first to last he manifested no fear, was courteous and gentle to everyone, never speaking, however, unless addressed. His attitude did not savor of sullenness or bravado. He seemed to accept his fate as unavoidable, although he quietly asserted to the end: "Me no kill Jack or anybody." He may have committed the deed, but it was not proven, nor was the circumstantial evidence strong. Is Justice satisfied? We fancy she weeps over the character man has given her.

Our readers will have observed that Mr. W. J. Colville is again in America, after a long sojourn in Australia. They will be sorry to note, however, that his stay is very short, as he intends sailing almost immediately for England. He states that, while he will fill camp dates through the months of August and September, he sees no prospect of hereafter permanently residing in the States. Mr. Colville's extreme versatility and ability to entertain as well as instruct have made him a popular speaker and writer, and our American people will feel that his absence is a real loss.

The little "Monthly Bulletin" published by the Allegheny County Spiritualists' Association has merged into a magazine of about 48 pages, entitled "The Psychic Era." The editor announces that it will be devoted to spiritualistic truths, all phases of phenomena, and one of its chief objects will be to help build up State and local societies. Price per year, \$1.00. Single copy, 10 cents.

We regret the circumstances which compel us to reverse the news given in a recent issue of Dr. E. A. Smith's condition. Friends inform us that he is very ill and weak, and shows no signs of improvement. Let his many friends send thoughts of love and healing to him at this time. They can not fail to reach him and have an effect for good.

We desire to obtain the present address of Dr. Louis Schlesinger, recently of St. Louis. If the Doctor himself or some friend will send it to this office, we will be obliged.

Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds served the State of New York as missionary during the month of December, and reports that she has met with very good success, in Watertown, North Plotsdam, Rochester, East Aurora, and Elmira. She does conscientious work wherever she is, and fully deserves to succeed.

"What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Sixty per cent. interest on money loaned, and a large insurance on property burned—by the friction of rubbing a ten thousand dollar policy on a one thousand dollar dwelling. The man who gains his soul may be in prison, while the usurer and arsonist may be in Congress. The day of reckoning for the latter will surely come, but it is frequently so long delayed as to raise the question if there be such a thing as justice in the world.

Spiritualists are mistaken if they believe they have escaped from the tortures of hell by the aid of Spiritualism. Fire and brimstone have been proved to be orthodox myths, so far as life in the hereafter is concerned, but there is punishment, sure and unavoidable, for every person who violates the laws of nature. There is no escape from the galling fires of remorse, and even Spiritualists will find that they must face the consequences of their own acts. This should cause those who have material riches to reflect long and seriously ere they take leave of earth, without doing something for the angels who have comforted them.

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

"The affections are like lightning; you cannot tell where they will strike till they have fallen."

Spiritual Fate of Assassin McKinley Is Considered by Julian Hawthorne.

That the assassin of McKinley is not any longer appreciable by mortal senses is a foregone conclusion. Human life and his physical body have been rent apart by operation of human law, and the body will be re-located into its elements. We may ease our minds on that score.

There remains to be accounted for the man's soul, or spiritual part, which, in the view of religious-minded persons, is the essential man himself. The materialist does not, indeed, accept this opinion, but thinks that with the annihilation of his body the man too is done for. With these philosophers we have no present concern. We respect them for their self-abnegation and pass them by. Our communion is with the other party, who are conventionally supposed to be believers—that is, supporters of revealed religion according to Christian principles.

ALL MAY BE SAVED ULTIMATELY.

But, what with the emphasis given of late to the humanitarian, and the combination with that, the sense of justice in human affairs, the persuasion of the majority appears to be that the wicked will, for a time at least, suffer somehow for their misdeeds, though after their sin has been purged out of them they may be forgiven. There may be a comparatively small number of spirits so evil that, after elimination, what belongs to hell, there is not enough left to be translated into heaven to constitute an individual. For the sake of argument, let us in this inquiry adopt the amiable position of this (assumed) majority.

In speculating as to what has become of Colquhoun, the important point is not the determination of the degree of his wickedness in the premises. Obviously that is a point which cannot be settled by human judgment, not even by that of the assassin himself. We can never know, and he can know but in a very partial degree, what forces of heredity or of personal environment and experience wrought him up to the commission of the deed.

He may be as black as his most strenuous denouncers in and out of the Christian pulpit have declared him to be; or it is entirely conceivable that he may be, as regards actual moral turpitude, less culpable than the man who picks a pocket or wrecks a railroad. Be that as it may, he has outraged our law, and we have killed him for it. The question remains, Does this act of ours finally terminate all our relations with him?

DISADVANTAGE IN VIOLENT DEATH
 In the fatalist's creed a man cannot die by any means until the hour of fate has struck for him. But the Christian dialectic discriminates somewhat. We have special prayers in our church service for those who perish by violence; which implies that we fear lest their predicament may be in some respect less favorable than when death occurs in what we consider the natural course of things.

But here we must again discriminate; Christ died a violent death, but we would hardly maintain that His place was not prepared for Him. Nor would we incline to say that the assassin's victim, charged with no crime, was as liable as the assassin to find his spiritual mansion unprepared for him. We are thus driven to the conclusion that it is only the criminal who dies a violent death that finds himself, so to speak, left out in the cold; and the occasion of his discomfort is plain.

Capital punishment is not a natural process; nature, or God acting through nature, does not visit with sudden death even the most inhuman criminals; so far as God and nature are concerned, they may continue to live to old age, and even to enjoy temporal comforts and luxuries. Indeed, it is precisely by reason of this apparent supineness of God and nature that we have thought it to be our duty to step in and remedy the deficiency; wherefore capital punishment is, strictly speaking, contrary to nature; it is a purely human invention, and responsibility for it cannot be shifted from our shoulders.

Now, we are commonly prone to admit that life in this world is given to us as a means of testing and developing our moral and intellectual manhood, or, speaking religiously, of making ourselves fit for the life which is everlasting. We are tempted, we resist temptation, or we yield to it, and perhaps afterwards repent. In a word, our Creator uses our mortal life as a means of disciplining, awakening, purifying and strengthening our immortal souls.

But in the light of Divine perfection we are all sinners alike; and when, according to a community of us arbitrarily and against His will put to death one of our number for some especially flagrant (as we esteem it) outrage against established law, we thereby deprive him of the privilege, accorded by God and nature, of living out his life and, possibly, by dint of the teaching of circumstances, or the operation of his own thoughts, attaining to a less diabolic frame of mind than was his when he committed his offense. We are compromising, in short, for the sake of an assumed advantage to the community the criminal's chances of salvation. If we thereby do him a wrong, we must, as believers in eternal justice, believe that the wrong will bear a penalty.

TENDENCY OF SPIRITS TO RETURN.

That the penalty, if there is to be one, must be implicit in the act that calls for it, goes without saying; it must be strictly incidental to the operation of a law of nature (or of God). Now, what natural law would seem to be involved in this case? When a man is violently torn away from a place or society in which he wished to remain, what is his first impulse? Undoubtedly it can only be, to get back there. Exiles always wish to return home and are willing to incur risks to do so.

Let us reason by analogy. We will assume that the human spirit retains after

Message Department. **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.

These circles are not public.
To Our Readers.
 We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the Banner of Light as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight 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 Seances held, December 5, 1901, S. E. 24.

Invocation.

In the midst of our turmoil, our care, our aspiration, our struggle, we pause and draw near to Thee, oh Spirit of Love and Truth. With joy we come to this meeting where the doors are open that the messages of love may pour through from each side one to the other. With hope we speak the word that is given, with the understanding that somewhere and sometime the sweet messages of love will find their own. Oh bless us and keep us as we draw nearer to those who would send a greeting, who in the midst of their own life with all its beauty and all its loveliness, still yearn and long for the human tenderness and love, who in the midst of their own uplifting hope still to reach out to those who are seeking to know something of the beyond. May the dear hearts gather together everywhere at this hour. May each one who is individually trying to find some response from the great spirit of life find it through the influences which gather here at this time. Wherever the messages go personally through this instrument or through this power, may there pour down into their individual lives a new hope, a new trust, a new understanding of life, which will make them strong and cheery and brave. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Lizzie Reynolds, Woonsocket, R. I.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a woman about forty years old. She is quite tall, rather large, large frame, large full face, blue eyes and brown hair. She has a very kind way and seems so anxious to get to her circle from which she went away that I feel a great interest to help her. The name she gives me is Lizzie Reynolds; she says she lived in Woonsocket, R. I. She looks at me with such an inquiring way that I know she didn't understand much about this before she went away but she says, "Since I came over here I have tried to come into a better understanding of what this life is and I made up my mind that if it were possible for me to reach Henry, I would do so. I have children and a husband living and it is to them I would send this message. I want them to know that I am present in the home, that I am striving to do what I can to bring strength and help to them. I have my mother with me and she says that she too would like to go to Charlie, whose last name is Rhodes."

Charles Tilton, Boston.

There is a man comes now. I think he is about 25 years old. He says, "Please say for me before I attempt to say anything about myself that my name is Charles Tilton, I used to live in Boston. I was in business in Boston and knew all about the business people, not everybody, of course, but more or less about Boston. I was a church member and tried to live the life that was in keeping with the church associations and thought that of course when I came over here I'd be well taken care of. I didn't realize for a minute that I had to keep on working and it is rather a come-down to me that my associations did not help me a bit. I found that I had to stand on my merits and what I had done. It was an entirely new thing. You people who are interested in this subject have no idea what a revelation it is to a man with different ideas and conceptions, and so it took me some years to get accustomed to the new thought and now I just long to come back and tell all the people I ever knew about it so that they can start right and save themselves some time and pain on this side. You see I have something of the missionary spirit and that is because I was interested in missionary work in earth life. I was a Congregationalist and thought that whatever they believed was just about right. If I hadn't, I couldn't have joined with them, but somehow now I want to send today with my Aunt Sarah, who is with me and who says, 'Let's send a word back to Theodore and tell him we are here and can help him and are as much in touch with him as if we had bodies he could recognize.' That is the gist of the message and with it I send my love and my hope for more time when I can discuss this matter thoroughly with him."

Hiram Weeks, Barrington, Mass.

The next one that comes is an old gentleman. He is rather short but straight as an arrow. His hair is quite gray and oh, there is so much of it; he has sharp black eyes and a quick, bright businesslike way. He pops up here just like a bird that has stuck its head up to see what is going on. He says, "Well, well, I didn't know that it was carried on in this way. I knew that spirits could go back but I didn't know that they had this sort of an office where they could return and send word to their people. My name is Weeks, Hiram Weeks, and I

lived in Barrington, Mass. I have so many friends in that place that I have the greatest desire to send word back to them. Tell them I am all right. I got over here safely and I find plenty to do and plenty of people to help me. I would like this message to go to Harriett and I want her to know that I knew I was coming and when she fusses and thinks that perhaps if I had known I would have made a little different arrangement, it is untrue. I did just as I wanted to and would not change anything if I could. I have seen Uncle William. She will know whom I mean. He has lately come over and he wants to send word back but he says, 'Wait till I get a little rested, then I may be able to send some word that will be clear enough so it will be understood.' I found Frank over here too but he had grown so I hardly knew him. I want to send my love and my assurance that I will do all I can to make myself known if there is ever an opportunity given me."

Edith Beecher, Atlanta, Ga.

I see the spirit of a girl about fourteen years old. She is very delicate and fair, with very light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and she looks as fragile as a flower. She comes and leans on my middle shoulder and strives to get as close as she can into the circle to give her message clearly and plainly. Her name is Edith Beecher, she lived in Atlanta, Ga. She says, "I have come such a long way. I have tried so many times to come and I am so anxious for my people are very unhappy. They do not know anything about this and oh, my mother cries and cries until it seems as though I should have to speak to her and tell her that I can see her. Sometimes she takes something that was mine and looks at it and then for two or three days she is sick and can hardly move about. I wish that she could understand that I see her when she does this. If she could only realize I am with her she would not do as she does now. Somehow I am not able to touch her so she will feel me, but still I can see her. The home seems all broken up through my going. Nobody takes any interest in anything and I would not have it so. I would be so glad to have the brightness and the light back again. Tell them, please, for my mother's sake that they must put more sunshine into the home and try to find some way for me to get to them. My mother's name is Annie and my father's is John, and if you can get this word to them for me, I am sure it will help them and will do me so much good. I thank you so much for helping me."

Angie Dorr, Wiscasset, Maine.

The next spirit that comes to me is a woman about forty-five years old. She is tall, slim, very fair and she looks delicate as though in her life she had known more ill days than well ones. She steps up to me quietly and gently and says, "I am so anxious to send my message that I have made this effort to come. My name is Angie Dorr and I used to live in Wiscasset, Maine. I want to go to Charlie. For me to stand here and tell him that I know all that he has done, would be foolish. I am conscious of it when it is done but it passes away from me unless it is impressed upon me in some particular way, but I can truly say that my love and desire to help him is as present with me this moment as it was before I every went away from him. I have Nellie with me and she says, 'Tell Charles that we are doing all we can to understand the spiritual life so that when he comes to us, he may at once gather from us knowledge and be made strong to go forward.' Mother also says that she is as happy as can be expected notwithstanding she had such a hard time to get here."

Henry Wadsworth, Amesbury, Mass.

Here is a man about sixty-five years old, tall, thin, and above the medium height. His eyes are deep blue and he has a sandy beard with a little gray mixed in it. His hair is not very heavy but it seems to be particularly well taken care of. He is a man of some means, and means to a spirit consist of ability and quality of spirit, and worth, and he has that. He says, "Well, I have been studying along this line for a long time. I didn't believe that it would be possible for me to come in this public way and send a message back but I finally made up my mind to attempt it and so I am here. My name is Henry Wadsworth and I lived in Amesbury, Mass. I was interested in colors. I can't say that the same desire to get ahead has been mine in spirit that it was in earth life for at first I was stunned, bewildered, and hardly got hold of the line to push myself ahead until I had been over here some time. Now, however, I find that I am able to give a word here and there to those who have been here less time than I have and I have at times been able to return with an influence of strength to my own people. Aunt Mary Sargent is with me, she says, 'Let us send word to Albert that we are happy, together, and looking forward to the reuniting which will come when he comes over to our side of life.' Thank you."

Florence Burns, Castleton, Ind.

I now see a woman about thirty-five years old. She is dark, small, very quick and nervous, seems as though there is nothing to her but her nerves and her will. She rushes over to me and seems so eager to get her message in before there is any delay. She says, "My name is Florence Burns, I lived in Castleton, Ind. I didn't want to die. I fought for life as hard as I could. There were many reasons, one was I was afraid. Death looked so dreadful to me that it seemed as though I could never face it, and oh, how I did fight and struggle to live. It was not a bit of use. I had to go and when I got over here, the first person I saw was my father, and I thought that I had not died. I concluded that I must have made a mistake and was just dreaming, but after awhile

I came into a realization that death was not so dreadful or so much of a change as I had expected. All this time I was not conscious of the life of those I had left but soon I began to desire to see them, to know how they were getting along and almost unconsciously I found myself in their midst and it was so good to be able to see them and to hear them. At last it seemed as if I must speak and then I suffered all the tortures of death over again for I could not get at them and so I make this effort to come and send my love and an expression of my understanding of their life and of my effort to help them. I want to send this word to Annie more than all the rest. I want her to know I am helping her and she must not think so much about me. She hasn't got the disease that I had and I want that thought to be impressed upon her mind. Thank you."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND SEVEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dec. 22, 1901.—Perhaps the most interesting occurrence in the whole day is going to the Post Office for one's mail. Every day there are letters from friends near or far, personally known or as yet strangers in the flesh, blood-relations, or those connected with one by what are in some cases the even finer issues of the spirit. And nearly every day has its own newspaper.

Monday, "Light" is received, and so vigilant is its able editor that I sometimes receive American news that our own papers had failed to impart. And the choice Philosophical Journal usually comes on Monday. Wednesday is the day for the wide-awake Progressive Thinker. Thursday comes what is ever for me "the dear old Banner," and as I have usually forgotten which one of my letters it contains, I turn to page six with marked interest. Page four comes next, with its editorials; and then, with all a woman's weakness for a continued story, I turn to page two, to read Carlyle Peterson's serial, fraught, like all his writings, with spiritual instruction and thought. In short, I seldom lay it down till the paper is read from beginning to end. Friday comes "The Outlook," and though Dr. Abbott looks at Spiritualism with a painful squint in his eye, I could not do without his grand summing up of the news of the world. Just when "The Nautilus" comes I do not know, but it is always welcome, because it is sure to have something bright and practical which one can apply to immediate use. And some day I receive from the beloved brother in New York the literary reviews of the Journal and the Times, both so helpful in my literary work.

Yesterday, Dec. 21, on going to the Post Office, there was not one thing in my box. That seemed very strange. My attention was then caught by a lady in distress who was making inquiries of an official for her husband, who had taken the seven twenty-one train to New York. I then learned that two trains had been dashed in the tunnel against a rock of nine tons' weight that had fallen from the roof. I at once recalled that on passing through the tunnel on the 19th inst., I had for the first time a positive dread of going through the passage, and had congratulated myself on not having to go to New York again for a week or two.

Many of our readers, Mr. Editor, will have read of this mishap, by which trade and transit have been crippled, several persons injured, and perhaps one precious human life, that of the fireman of the incoming train, is probably lost.

The long, dark tunnel lies between Jersey City and Arlington, and every train of the entire Erie Railroad system, including the Erie main line, the Newark branch, the New York and Northern, the New York and New Jersey, and the New York and Greenwood Lake, all have to go through this tunnel, and so the whole system is blocked. Three thousand commuters walked from the wreck to Jersey City. In half an hour twenty trains of cars were lined at each end of the tunnel, and by nine o'clock the line of trains at its western end was a mile long and still growing, and 25,000 passengers, and an enormous quantity of mail, baggage, and expressed goods were delayed by the blockade. It is no wonder that there was nothing in my box in poor, dear little Arlington. We do not yet know when any mail can come to us, or when any can go. Our men who work in New York go now to Newark by trolley and thence to the great metropolis. And it will be long before the residents of Arlington and all the other towns on the road can commit their bodies to this tunnel without a feeling of dread. The usual watch care had been taken, the tunnel is constantly patrolled by track walkers, and one of these watchmen passed the spot where the rock fell only a few minutes before the occurrence. And as the Erie system connects New York with Chicago, and as the main line and all the branches must go through this same tunnel, the gravest watch-care should indeed be exercised.

Though Arlington is seven full miles from Jersey City, it is the first stop, for there can be no towns between. Some minutes after leaving Jersey City, the train enters the tunnel which runs lengthwise under a long hill. When it emerges, it skirts the edge of the great marshes, and on leaving them, it enters Arlington.

What happened on the morning of the 21st inst., the shortest day in all the year? The Northern train for Nyack left Jersey City, and shortly after it entered the tunnel, dashed against a rock of nine tons' weight, which had fallen since the last patrol had walked by. Full steam being on, the blow drove several tons along a hundred feet. Then the engine mounted the rock, jammed its smoke stack into the roof of the tunnel, and then fell over upon its side. Only a few seconds after, the Greenwood Lake train, having gathered its human freight from all the

towns this side of Singee, our faithful workers from Arlington being last received, when nearly through the tunnel dashed with a terrific crash on the tons of rock which lay on both tracks.

The engineer and fireman had no warning, for there was no time, but they stuck to their posts. The engineer reversed his level, but it was too late. The train was forced out of the tunnel and fifty feet beyond, where the engine rose into the air and fell into the ditch between the tracks.

Steam from the torn pipes enveloped the engineer and fireman, who were badly scalded, the latter it may be fatally. The only one from our little town that was injured was an errand boy of fifteen, and many of his fellow townsfolk sighed for his pain that night. The escaping steam caught him and burned his legs, but he made out to crawl far enough from the engine to save his life.

Who was to blame for all this? We do not see that any one person was to blame. We think the inflexible rule should be made and enforced by the directors of all railroads that all trains pass through tunnels at a very low rate of speed. Had the trains been crawling along, the shock against the unseen rock would have been slight, and but little harm done.

Some may say that time would be lost. Such time would not be lost. It would be only the necessary expenditure of time to get a train safely from one point to another. It would take longer to go, but that would be better than to run the risk of giving great bodily pain, and of endangering precious human life. It would doubtless be hard for workmen, who are due in another town at a set hour, to get up earlier than they now do. But their wives would rather see the alarm-clock a few minutes earlier, than run the risk of having the husband and father brought home a mangled corpse.

It would be hard to diminish their moments of rest, for we know that the sleep of a laboring man is short as well as perilously sweet. We are not concerned for the rich men and women who can go to bed when they choose, and order an early breakfast and a carriage. The arrangements of the roads should not be made for the few who are harnessed to pull it, and who give time, ease, health, and even life for those who sit therein.

To accommodate a few, express-trains with Pullman cars rush headlong at the highest speed right through the streets of a town or village, and those who do not run out of its way are killed on the spot.

I have often noticed the express-trains of the Erie Railroad rush at breakneck speed through our little town, and I protest against these acts. A year or so ago, an aged man here was killed by one of these trains. Somewhat deaf, and bewildered by the sudden rush of the train, he could not get out of the way fast enough, and the life was crushed out of his poor old body on the spot. The train thundered on its way, and left the bystanders to gather together the mangled remains, and tell the persons at his home what had happened. This is not right. There is time enough to live, and there ought to be time enough to die.

We said above that if the trains had been run more slowly, the effects of the disaster would have been slight. The thought of being crushed, scalded, or dismembered, is less terrifying if the shock take place in daylight and in the open air than if one be shut up in a long, dark tunnel. But there is yet a better way.

This better way is to roof and wall the structure so strongly and so scientifically that it cannot cave in. This was done at an enormous expense to the tunnel at West Point, where a rock came down some fourteen years ago. The Lake Shore Road was in that case wise enough to run the trains slowly, as is made evident by the fact that the rock fell between two baggage cars, and not a person on board received a scratch. After that the road put in the massive iron works.

This expense of securing the structure with iron is what the Erie Railroad fears. It fears this, because the dividends of stockholders would be lessened. One man remarked that the act of the engineer in reversing the lever saved the road half a million dollars. This, translated into comprehension in the alchemy of thought, means that if the engineer had not reversed the lever, the tunnel would have been so injured that the road would have been compelled to improve the structure at a cost of half a million dollars. If the railroads of the entire country were under the control of the national government, as is the magnificent postal service of the United States, this question of larger or smaller dividends would lose its weight, and the life and limbs of the general public would be guarded more safely.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Friday night, December 20, after an illness of several months, surrounded by a most devoted, loving family, the spirit of Mr. I. Shelby Weller took leave of its tenement of clay for its abode in that land blessed by a higher consciousness of life and its meaning. Mr. Weller leaves many friends who will greatly miss him for he was a cheer to all who knew him. His devoted wife, Mrs. Lucie J. Weller, who for many years has been an earnest and much respected worker for the Cause of the highest and best in Spiritualism, will greatly miss his loving physical presence, but will derive a blessed comfort from her knowledge of the great eternal fact that there is no death and will feel assured that her husband is ever near with council sweet. Mr. Weller leaves a beautiful daughter, who with her noble husband, will keenly feel the loss of the father's

devotion which was ever constant and true. He also leaves a son, who with his devoted wife and little daughter will ever remember with sincere gratefulness a father's loving presence.

On Monday evening, December 23d, a large number of relatives, neighbors, friends and members of and brothers in V. M. C., gathered at his late residence on Munroe street, Brooklyn, to pay a tribute of respect and love to Mr. Weller's memory. The spacious rooms were filled with friends, who were devoted to him and to his family. The contributions of flowers were very numerous and exceedingly beautiful. One contribution from Mr. Weller's little granddaughter, nine months old, was in many ways a very sweet offering.

The services were conducted by the Rev. A. J. Canfield, pastor of The Church of Our Father's, who read scriptural selections and offered prayer, and by the Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, of Boston, who delivered the address and read a most beautiful poem from Sir Edwin Arnold. The music was most pathetic and sweet as rendered by Mrs. Charles Jerome Edwards and Mr. Thomas Napier.

Our warmest sympathies go out at this time to the family thus bereaved, and we trust that each member may find sweet consolation in the thought that husband, father and brother is not dead but only gone a few days ahead upon life's eternal journey.

Mrs. Melita W. Harrington passed to spirit life from her home in Milford, Mass., Dec. 18, aged 80 years, 3 months and 6 days. She leaves one daughter, Miss Myra E., and one sister, Mrs. B. Cobbett, who in their sorrow are comforted with the knowledge that the life of the departed was not broken nor blighted by the death of the mortal body, but unfolded and fitted into a brighter, higher life, of larger opportunities. Mrs. Harrington and her husband, Richard P., who preceded her to spirit life, were among the earliest investigators of Modern Spiritualism, and were Spiritualists to the close of mortal life. Mrs. Harrington was my friend over forty years; she was loved and respected by all who knew her, for she was a faithful wife, devoted mother, loving sister and true friend. Funeral services were held at the residence on Sunday. On Monday the remains were taken to Mount Auburn, Cambridge, for cremation.—Annie Lord Chamberlain.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir:—Now that I am once again on American soil after more than two years absence, I venture to intrude upon your hospitable columns to inform my many friends who look out for my spasmodic contributions to the Banner that everything has gone extremely well with me, taking matters all in all, since last I wrote to you from Australia. My closing meetings in New Zealand, which terminated Nov. 23, in Auckland, were very successful in all particulars, and not only were audiences large and enthusiastic, but I received many substantial tokens in concrete external form of the good will of my numerous supporters.

Wellington, Christ Church and Auckland were the three cities in which I was able to work sufficiently to impress the thought of the community. Dunedin and several other places called me, but I could not answer, and as it is I have given severe offense to many excellent friends in England who will scarcely forgive me for not being in London this Christmas.

The voyage on "Gonoma" to Honolulu was very pleasant, though there were two or three very close days when we were in the immediate vicinity of the equator. I met many amiable people on board, read many interesting books, and enjoyed many delightful conversations, and also accomplished a little writing; but I always find shipboard unfavorable to any active undertakings. We stopped at the Samoan Islands long enough to get good glimpses of the interesting natives and to purchase a few of their curiosities which they dispose of very cheaply.

I was presented with a handsome set of lantern slides representing many singularly beautiful pictures of New Zealand scenery which I hope to exhibit in America and England in connection with a lantern lecture which is sure to prove popular.

I expect to stay a few days in San Francisco, and pay a flying visit to Seattle. I shall travel eastward to New York on Northern Pacific Railway, and shall be truly delighted to see the glorious snow which I shall certainly encounter en route. As I am wanted at once in London, I shall be able to give a few lectures in New York before embarking for Southampton, but I do not see my way to accepting any engagement except in the immediate vicinity of New York City.

If any managers of campmeetings or other reliable persons desire my services for August and September, 1902, I can make arrangements to fill dates in America for those two months, and I request any who really desire my services at that time, to communicate with me in your care.

I shall be truly happy to see many valued friends again in this hemisphere and hope to do a little more work in some familiar centre, though I have no prospect of again settling in America.

Yours sincerely,
W. J. Colville.

Herder and others used to find fault with Goethe for being "always such a great child," and they were right in calling him so, only not right in finding fault with him for it. Of Mozart, too, it used to be said, he had remained all his life a child. Every genius is a great child, and for this reason, that he looks upon the world as a something strange, as a spectacle, in fact, therefore with an interest that is merely objective.—Schopenhauer.

11. Supplementary Remarks by Work Assigned.
Chap. VI. Conclusion.

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