

SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

MARY BAIRED FINCH.

I am the glad spirit that broods o'er the mountains
In mantle of crimson, and purple and gray;
My voice is the moan of the mountain pine slapping,
A benison breathed since Creation's first day,
I am soul of the rock, the bud and the blossom,
And the pine-leaves entwining the red-sanded stream;
I waken the world with the tra' of my garments
While the morn has a halo in a dream.
I am wrath of the peaks that echo the thunder
While the answering crags know the storm of an hour.
And I join the dark canyons with iris-hued arches—
My rainbow outreaching from tower to tower,
I am mother of might, yet I measure the dew-drop
That moistens the cup of the wild mountain rose;
I banner the boughs with the web of my weaving,
While my song soothes your child in his tented repose.
I dwell on the dome of the billow-burn mountain,
And mine are the creatures that flee to my caves;
Shall I mete the same mercy to hands that have slaughtered
While they heed not the dirges I sing o'er the graves?
The birds are my own that sing in the cedars,—
I hold the frail homes that shelter their young;
I joy in the strength of the proud eagle's piousness,
Yet I watch o'er the weakest my branches among.
On the bridge of the mist I scatter the sunlight
While gathering the star-dust from meadows of mine;
The sheaves of my harvest are banded with seons,
And the stream of your thought is fed with my wine.
My goblets of light I am constantly filling
From the fountains that flow thro' the gardens of space;
My ether-worlds draped as your summer-clad moun-
tains
Where the dreams of the weary I still with my grace.
I chant in the tree tops sweet anthems of evening
While I come to the hills with a midsummer's calm
That breathes on the vale's message that murmurs
The prayer of the poet, and peace with my balm.
I am monarch of solitudes, grandeur and glory,
My heralds are harnessed to planets afar;
I hail from the home of the Infinite forces
From whence are the thought-blossoms forming sun,
moon and star.
Boone, Colo.

The Outlook Beautiful.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

Number Two.

"O birds of ether without wings!
O heavenly ships without a sail!
O fire of fire! O best of things!
O mariners who never fall!"

"The gods talk in the breath of the woods,
They talk in the shaken pine,
And fill the long reach of the old seashore
With dialogue divine,
And the poet who overhears
Some random word they say,
Is the fated man of men
Whom the ages must obey."

It seems more than an open question as to whether science will not only "prove immortality," as Kate Field said she looked to have it,—but also prove the locality of the "next world"—the realm in which we are to dwell succeeding this. For outside the five miles or so of atmosphere that surrounds the earth begins, as science now postulates, the ether, and it is, at least, conceivable that this is that ethereal world on which we enter after slipping out of the physical body. It is conceivable—and many facts, as we shall see later on, go to support the theory—it is conceivable that the spirit has two lives in connection with the earth sphere, one in the physical and one in the psychical body; the one lived on the earth in the present atmosphere, the other in the ethereal realm of which this world is the denser and cruder replica. But these relations are not definite and limited and simple, because the life lived in the physical body is not restricted to the physical world, nor is that lived in the ethereal body restricted to the ethereal world, but life in these two worlds is constantly interblending, in all varying degrees. The "astral world" of Theosophy would be this realm and many of the alleged pilgrimages to it and in it, as claimed by occultists, are undoubtedly as true as are the researches in Astronomy, or Chemistry. Science penetrates into the region of the unseen and turns its searchlight on what was formerly the unknown and the mysterious, constantly advancing and conquering new territory. We have learned that different aspects of matter are simply a question of degree; that the physical is only a denser and cruder state of manifestation than is that which we call the spiritual; as vapor, water and ice are the same element under different manifestations. So that there is no inherent impossibility in such research—even actual and statistical, so to speak—as Mr. Leadbeater claims to make on the astral plane. As the eye penetrates through the telescope distances undreamed of by ordinary means, so the trained psychic faculties can, and do, undoubtedly, penetrate the ethereal realm and observe with something like accuracy, the conditions. There is nothing in the least inherently impossible in this. If the ethereal world in which man dwells after death for a period before advancing to some other definite stage beyond—if this

world is in space, just outside the five miles, or so, of the atmosphere surrounding the earth, it reduces the question of the locality of the future life to a very definite one and one that brings it within the pale of scientific observation. Many known facts go to support this theory. The individual organization is two-fold, consisting of the physical and the ethereal body. Death is simply the process of slipping out of the physical body. As Stephen Phillips phrases it in one of his immortal lines—"We shed the body and upward flutter to freedom." But another fact bearing closely on this theory is that of the dual nature of man, formed to live, here and now, in both worlds; related to the earth by means of the physical organism and to the ethereal realm by means of his psychic body. Moreover, it is in his own power to develop the one or the other; to live the mere existence of the physical world, or to live, unceasingly, day by day, and year by year, the life of the spirit.

Nor are the two so much mutually exclusive as they are in evolutionary relation and sequence. The spiritual power dominates the physical world. To live the life of the spirit is not a matter of turning away from progress, from the higher onward march of civilization, to live the life of a mediaeval monk, but it is, instead, the life of the highest intellectual activity dominated by spiritual insight and power. We find Maeterlinck saying:

"Not by the exceptional shall the last word ever be spoken; and, indeed, what we call the sublime should be only a clearer, profounder insight into all that is perfectly normal. It is of service, often, to watch those on the peaks who do battle; but it is well, too, not to forget those in the valley below, who fight not at all. As we see all that happens to these whose life knows no struggle; as we realize how much must be conquered in us before we can rightly distinguish their narrower joys from the joy known to them who are striving on high, then perhaps does the struggle itself appear to become less important; but, for all that, we love it the more."

The outlook on life is, indeed, a complicated one. It used to be the fashion of the novelists to represent the world of riches and fashion as the world devoid of sympathy and love, and often, indeed, as devoid even of moral principle, while the world of poverty and toil was held up as composed of men and women whose lives were all unselfishness and sacrifice, and as those who truly followed the example of Him who was meek and lowly of heart. But the panorama of actual life reveals no such simply defined divisions as that. Virtue and vice are not checked off in clear and separate regions, and wealth has its greatness of mind and beneficence of sympathy and love, and poverty has its selfishness and cruelty and injustice. Other things being equal, the command of unlimited means may be so used as to make it one of the great blessings of life, and this fact is attended and illustrated by such an increasing array of evidence as to make the statement merely the trite one of every-day fact. Again, that prominence in life that we call position is good if rightly used, and to an increasing degree it is so used. Noblesse oblige is the watchword of modern life.

Spiritual development must not be held as a term synonymous with the ceremonial observances of religion. These are not an end by a means. The great enterprise that builds a railway across the continent, tunnelling under mountains, or climbing the precipitous inclines; that inaugurates a new steam line; or that exerts itself for the founding of institutions for culture or technical instruction; that concerns itself with municipal reforms and improvements,—all these expressions of energy are manifestations of successful effort, and are necessary to the onward march of civilization. Yet the visible achievement is not, after all, the realization of the highest ideal of success.

In the realm of the ether, which is the realm that we call the unseen world, is the storehouse of unlimited energy, and it is just in proportion to the degree to which man may relate himself to this energy that he succeeds in realizing his endeavors.

Auto-suggestion is the means by which one may open for himself the door of this unlimited storehouse of energy. There must be a close relation between hypnotism and auto-suggestion, the latter being a species of self-hypnotism. The extraordinary results obtained by scientific experiment in hypnotism, of one person by another, may be fully duplicated and often exceeded by bringing to bear one's own power in auto-suggestion. Recently, the celebrated Dr. Quackenbos, Professor Emeritus at Columbia college, has given some narration of his own hypnotic experiments in which we find him saying, that he so inspired an actress by this means that at a single bound, she rose to fame and fortune, and he gives his formula of suggestion to her as the following:

"You are now in a position to realize your talent and your power over its expression, and you are going on the stage free from all agitation, having grasped in full the dramatic idea of the play whose heroine you are, and confident in your own interpretation of the character of—"

"Your acting throughout will be consistent with this interpretation, sincere and natural in its tone. You will know intuitively where the touch of nervousness is required to express the assumed emotion, when to affect the hunted look, how to manage the quick transition from real fright to apparent innocence. . . .

"Realizing the efficiency within you, your whole being instinct with an intense vitality, you will naturally and unconsciously cast into your art all the magic that fascinates, all the control that holds an audience from first to last—your self-possession retained, but your self-consciousness all but submerged in your impersonation."

Now it is absolutely possible for one to do this work for himself with marvelous success. Take the last half hour before retiring at night, after every detail of work and of preparation for sleep, have been completed, and the mind is absolutely free and in the repose and receptivity of entire detachment from all the things of the day's experience. It must be the hour when the soul is uplifted to God, and is ready for the impress of the Divine thought. Then let one affirm, clearly and joyfully to himself, his achievements of the next day. He can even reduce them to chronological accuracy. He can fix the hour of his awaking; the hour at which he will enter on his first task; the hour at which it will be completed, if of a nature to be compassed within a few hours, and if not, he can fix and apportion its stages. He can, to a great degree, even create the next day in its events, its circumstances, its general trend, and his own personal part in it he can determine with almost scientific accuracy. This he can do because of his own psychic nature. It is simply that for the time, he abandons the physical life in the physical world and trains himself into living in his ethereal body in the ethereal world. It is the condition which Emerson suggests in his wonderful lines quoted above:

"O birds of ether without wings!
O heavenly ships without a sail!"

Free from the visible and the tangible the soul seeks the divine currents of energy and appropriates them to her use.
The Dewey, Washington, D. C.

Margaret Fuller Memorial.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

By the exertions of Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake and a few sympathizing friends, a modest memorial has finally been erected to Margaret Fuller Ossoli. The ceremonial of its inauguration was as simple as the memorial itself, yet by no means inappropriate. She perished by shipwreck off Fire Island on the 19th of July, 1850, when on her way from Leghorn to the United States. Her husband, the Marquis Ossoli, and Angelo, their infant son, also lost their lives on the same occasion.

The time for the ceremonial was on the fiftieth anniversary of the melancholy event. The place, now known as "Point o' Woods," is one of those beaches which under the enterprise of individuals have been rescued from "a state of nature," a drift of sand, and converted into a summer resort. The services began at half past eleven in the morning, at the little hall which has been erected for such public offices. Mrs. Blake presided and in a brief address described her early impressions of Margaret Fuller, and the incentives which actuated herself in this undertaking.

Mr. Charles W. Hand, president of the Point o' Woods Improvement Association, next spoke, giving his impressions of the famous author and teacher. After him, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, former president of Sorosis and well known in literary circles, delivered a eulogy. She had seen Margaret Fuller when a child with her parents in Cambridge, and remarked her half-sad expression of eye as well as her marked intellectuality. She did not consider Margaret a "reformer" as persons are classed, nor as a deep sympathizer with Reform movements. Her aims were more in the field of thought, in intellect and literary activity. Though anti-slavery in conviction, she was never associated with abolitionists; and though she sought to exalt the social position of women, she had no connection with any suffrage movement.

I was somewhat surprised at these statements, but Mrs. Wilbour is competent to speak in the matter, and may not be questioned. Brief addresses were made by two clergymen, after which the meeting was dissolved. All who were present then moved in procession to the place where the memorial structure is standing to witness the unveiling of the tablet by Mrs. Blake.

The pavilion stands on the dune directly opposite the point where the fatal shipwreck took place. The tablet contains the inscription: "To commemorate MARGARET FULLER, Marchioness Ossoli," with dates of birth and death. Beneath is a sentence, the tribute of Julia Ward Howe:

"Noble in thought and character, eloquent of tongue and pen, she was an inspiration to many of her own time, and her uplifting influence abides with us."

There were several hundred persons present; among them Mrs. Arthur B. Fuller, Mrs. Richard Fuller and Mrs. A. B. Nichols. Letters were read from Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Edna B. Cheney, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and James W. Higginson. These seem to be the principal survivors of the group, known as "Margaret and her friends." In that number were the leading thinkers of Massachusetts, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, George Ripley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Cyrus Bartol, and Theodore Parker. I did not name them all, nor can I.

The first that I ever knew of Margaret Fuller was in reading her Letters from Europe to the New York Tribune. Even then I did not know who she was. In 1852, a Woman's Rights National Convention met at Syracuse, N. Y., which I attended as a reporter for the Associated Press. Upon the enthusiasm then created, a group of women organized in that city and held meetings for a season at which the principal entertainment consisted in the reading of the Life of Margaret Fuller, then recently published. I afterward found her treatise, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," and set down the writer as profoundly thoughtful and perceptive, fit to rank with May Wolstonecraft. It was reserved for a later period for me to learn more of her. Though myself of pure New England parentage, I was born in western New York and knew little of Boston, and the wise ones who in early life breathed vital air in that region.

Margaret Fuller was by hereditary descent of revolutionary as well as Revolutionary Blood. By her father she descended from the Wards of whom Gen. Artemus Ward was distinguished, from the Bracks, and from the Williams family of Marlboro, from which I chance to trace my own lineage. But her most noted ancestor, I think, was the Rev. Timothy Fuller of Uxbridge in Worcester County, who stubbornly maintained his loyalty to the king of Great Britain in the face of his town and congregation, and was, I am told, actually locked out of the meeting-house. He remained on his farm and was a member of the State Convention that accepted the Federal Constitution, but he was one of the stalwart members that refused. The grandfather of the late President Garfield was another.

Margaret Fuller appears to have in a great degree, superintended her own early education. She was an older child and her father was engaged in a laborious legal practice. Her subsequent career is better known to others than to me. She engaged in teaching school on the Pestalozzian system, was assistant to A. Bronson Alcott, but it was brought to a speedy end by the receiving of a colored pupil. Her "Conversations" were a fair copy of the Salons so famous in France a century ago. She possessed an endowment which I have not heard insisted upon. For example, at one of the Conversations the question was, "What is Life?" One and another gave their scientific and religious definitions that may silence but do not explain. Then Margaret spoke. Mr. Emerson attempted afterward to describe it, declaring it to be full, clear, and concise. "She began with God as spirit, life, so full as to create and love eternally, yet capable of pause. Love and creativeness are forces out of which we, individually, as creatures, go forth bearing His image,—that is, having within our being the same dynamic forces, by which we also add constantly to the total sum of existence," etc.

The next day she was besought to repeat the statement, but could not. She had forgotten every word. This is comprehensible to me. I have had experiences something like it.

She became a writer for the New York Tribune, living in the family of Horace Greeley; journeyed to Europe, loved and wedded the Marquis de Ossoli, and after the destruction of the Roman Republic set out with him for America. By so doing, she disobeyed her own premonitions.

"I am absurdly fearful about this voyage," she wrote to a friend. "Various omens have combined to give me a dark feeling. Perhaps we shall live to laugh at these. But in case of mishap,—I should perish with my husband and child, perhaps to be transferred to a happier state. . . . I shall embark in my merchant ship, praying fervently that it may not be my lot to lose my babe at sea, either by unlooked sickness or amid the howling waves. Or, that if I shall, it may be brief anguish, and Ossoli, he and I go together."

It was a voyage of sad prognostication as well as catastrophe. The captain was seized with small-pox in the malignant form, and died; and they were detained in quarantine till it was certain that none others were infected. The mate who succeeded him seems to have mistaken the light off Fire Island for that of the Atlantic Highlands in New Jersey, and a gale drove him upon the breakers which a spectator can see would be dangerous. "They who go down to the sea in ships" cannot be too cautious of the shal-

lows and quicksands around Fire Island. The vessel struck in the dark night and before twenty-four hours was a mass of drifting sticks and planks. The steward took the young Angelo d'Ossoli and endeavored to swim for shore, but both were drowned. Ossoli himself was washed away by a wave. Margaret did not know his fate. She clung, clung as long as she was able to a mast, but only seeing the prospect of death before her. But how and when it came no one ever knew.

I heard several stories, while at the Point o' Woods, respecting the fate of her corpse. It is generally supposed that it was never recovered. Yet the sea, though so often relentless with those living, is not often reluctant to give up its dead. The coasts afford abundant evidence of its readiness to cast forth the debris of a thousand waifs upon its shores. One told that the Fullers of Cambridge came to seek the bodies of their dead, and after fruitless delay, went home. Presently afterward the remains were found, duly coffined, and Mr. Greeley asked to take charge of them. Another informant said that he refused; another that he was absent from New York. The man in charge, a Captain Dygert, then buried the body at Coney Island. It was said that this was commonly told in his family. Yet I distrust it for several reasons. The bodies of the dead that were cast ashore by the waves from the hapless Elizabeth, were disfigured beyond recognition. It is hardly probable, therefore, that the remains of Margaret Fuller could be recognized. If Mr. Greeley refused to do anything in such a matter, it might be from doubt of their genuineness. Fire Island at that time was infested by a class of wreck-robbers who scrupled at nothing. They were men who would have exulted at "bonecoring" Mr. Greeley. I wrote to Col. Higginson some years ago, and his reply convinced me that the Ossolis had found a grave with others of the unfortunate company, such as the sea so often gives, without mass, eulogy, or requiem. But the dead need not sepulchres. These are for the delectation of the survivors. The Cenotaph on Mount Auburn is monument enough for the brave woman, peerless among women.

Newark, July, 1901.

Questions and Answers.

Q. By John McPherson, Auckland, New Zealand: 1. Was Jesus associated with any particular lodge of Occultists?
2. Do you consider the Himalayan Lodge of Occultists higher and more advanced than the Greek Lodge?
3. Do you place Jesus on a par with other masters or saviors, or do you believe he is the greatest master, the guardian angel of this planet? Is he the same soul that animated Buddha and Krishna? Do you think he will be incarnated again?

A. 1. There are many traditions to the effect that Jesus, between his thirteenth and thirtieth years, visited all the chief centres of Occultism in Egypt and the East; and to our positive knowledge, there are records in the archives of many esoteric societies going far to substantiate this legendary claim. There are, however, no means whereby the general public can actually prove the truth of these declarations, any more than the doctrines and history contained in the New Testament or in any other literary work can be absolutely verified to the satisfaction of all persons. The claim of Occult fraternities to possess direct information on many topics beyond the reach of outside scholars is based on their plea that by means of the unbroken continuity of oral even more than written tradition exact history has been preserved through dark ages as well as through enlightened centuries without interruption. Our own view of this matter is that there is good general evidence that these claims are quite well founded.

2. We do not consider that nationality of members has necessarily anything to do with pre-eminence in spirituality or in knowledge of hidden law, but it may be comparatively easy to point out wherein the two schools of Occultists, Greek and Hindu, are usually supposed to divide. Greek teaching emphasizes physical culture of the highest sort, and makes it imperative that all who take even the most subordinate part in the conduct of sacred rites should be physically perfect. They also insist upon bodily healing as one of the signs of perfection on the part of all enrolled members.

The Hindu teachers are far more introspective, and far less inclined to glorify the external side of existence than are their Grecian counterparts. The truth is certainly embodied in the teachings and practices of all genuine esoteric fraternities, but distinctive schools are wont to greatly emphasize special aspects of truth to which they are themselves especially friendly. Universal Theosophy must blend all orders in one grand universal lodge.

3. It is impossible to designate fairly in answer to the above because the Guardian Angel of this planet has undoubtedly been (Continued on page four.)

Our Angels.

There's an angel in each being that inhabits this great earth.
 'Tis the bright and shining angel that o'er-shadows them at birth;
 'Tis the angel that in darkness and despair will rise above;
 'Tis the angel, when in anger, makes us peaceful as the dove.
 'Tis the angel, that when anguish is upon our fellow man
 Will just beckon us to hurry and remove it if we can;
 'Tis the angel that treats us when there is some good to do
 That a duty is a beauty if the deed is but true.
 'Tis the angel calls the mother to the child that gets a fall;
 'Tis the angel makes the father stand a guardian o'er his child;
 'Tis the angel melts with pity every strong and noble heart;
 'Tis the spirit of the human that performs the angel part.

There are angels in the darkness that will lead us to the light;
 There are angels, when in error, that will point us to the right;
 There are angels, blessed angels on the earth and up above,
 And each being has an angel that is filled with holy love.

Blessed angels will impress us if we only give them heed
 To be noble, kind and loving in each thought and word and deed.
 They will cluster round the threshold of the door that stands ajar,
 Of the door of human conscience and become our guiding star.

Dr. T. Wilkins.

2576 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Madame H. P. Blavatsky.

H. S. Alcott, while referring in the December "Theosophist" to the anniversary of Mme. Blavatsky's death, a time which is to be known as the White Lotus Day, makes the following comments upon the liberties supposed to be taken by mediums with the celebrated woman's spirit.
 "Since her death the mediums have been taking unwarranted liberties with her personality, making her materialize at their seances, write them communications, and even write a volume of posthumous memoirs. At about the time of which I am writing, the American and British papers contained many paragraphs about her speaking having appeared at some American medium's circles, and there has recently come into my possession a book which it is pretended she, as a spirit, dictated to G. W. Yost, a spirit, inventor of the Yost typewriter. It being written out on one of his instruments, procured for the purpose and placed in a sort of cabinet several feet distant from the nearest living spectator. Under these conditions, it is affirmed, the typewriter wrote out this entire book, by itself, automatically, so far as could be seen. At stated times the members of the circle would meet, some phenomena would occur, and then the click-click of the typewriter would go on for hours together. Apparently, the thing was

all fair and there was no collusion. This makes it all the more queer that such a hopelessly absurd, and transparently mendacious, narrative of H. P. B.'s life, motives and feelings, and her impressions about her colleagues in the Theosophical movement, should have been compiled. One can trace, from Mr. Sinnett's books and mine, from the Theosophist and other sources, the origin of nearly all the portions which bear the resemblance of verisimilitude, while the compiler, whether a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd, has put things into her mouth which she was quite incapable of saying, and made her cast insults upon her dearest friends which she would never have uttered. Given the bona fides of the parties concerned, it is one of the most instructive phenomena in Modern Spiritualism.

"To sensible theosophists all these pretended apparitions and communications from H. P. B. will seem both false and cruel, in view of the joint notification which she and I published in our magazine, that after our death, neither of us could, under any circumstances, appear to, or communicate through, a medium; and that our friends were authorized and requested to denounce as fraudulent any such pretended phenomena. By turning to the Theosophist for March, 1883, the reader will find, in an article entitled 'The Mediums of Great Names,' what Madame Blavatsky and I said about this. After noticing various fraudulent platform seances and books ascribed to deceased leading Spiritualists, the editors say: 'The future has a gloomy look indeed to us, when we think that, despite their best efforts, the contrary of the promise of the Theosophical Society is quite as liable as either of the eminent gentlemen above mentioned, to an involuntary post-mortem recantation of their most cherished and avowed ideas. . . . While it is yet time, both the Founders of the Theosophical Society place upon record their protest, and advise that they will let trance mediums severely alone after they get to the 'other side.' If, after this, any of the talking fraternity take their names in vain, they hope that at least their theosophical confederates will unearth this paragraph and warn the trespassers off their astral premises.' This warning embodies the very deep feeling entertained by both of us in regard to these mediumistic communications which are not offered to the public upon their intrinsic merit, but under the glamour of borrowed names.

"I have been led into this discussion by my Diary notes about the pretended appearance of Madame Blavatsky, by some medium and also, by an entry which reminds me that just before dawn on the 14th of March, my Guru's voice told me that I had no occasion to worry about H. P. B.'s condition, as she was now safe, and her bad and good records were made up and could not be changed. Under these circumstances, I feel perfectly warranted in saying that since her death, Madame Blavatsky has neither shown herself nor spoken to or through any Spiritualist medium, and that the book of her posthumous memoirs is an absolute fraud. By whom committed I cannot say, but in all probability, by some one of those irresponsible 'controls' which make poor mediums the channels of their mendacity. One of the most shameful outrages of the kind that has come to my notice is the frequent appearance of materialized or semi-materialized shapes under the semblance of H. P. B. and one of our Masters, which come to a certain very noted female medium and by the help of which she has been enabled to make some very excellent persons

blindly accept her as the recognized agent and mouthpiece of these two personages. Some years ago there was at Boston a lady medium who, while sitting in her chair and perhaps knitting or sewing, would be suddenly enveloped in an astral mask or shell, which would entirely change her personal appearance; instead of looking like herself, she would be transformed into a bearded man, or a woman of a different age, complexion and features from herself. The case was reported and commented upon in the Banner of Light of that time. Similarly, the medium to whom I have just referred will suddenly take on the semblance of H. P. B. and speak as her; sometimes the form of H. P. B. will be seen standing behind her chair and nodding assent to what she says; again, it will be the form of the Master, who is made to play this harlequinade. I recollect reading a published letter from Mr. Peebles about a medium in a Western State who was able to cause materialized forms to appear on a public platform. Among them, that of Jesus Christ, according to Mr. Peebles, stood there while he, himself, was speaking, and bowed assent to the good things he said! Now these two cases seem identical, and I leave the sensible reader to decide whether he believes either of these deluding apparitions genuine, or whether they are just what H. P. B. used to call 'psychological tricks.'

Test Materializations Absolutely Necessary to Afford Scientific Proof.

BY C. H. D'LANCKY, PH. D.

A few months ago, in the home of a noted psychologist, the writer was permitted to witness some of the materializations and what are called "test conditions." What are considered "test conditions," however, by the investigator in whose home the manifestations referred to occurred, are not such to the public. The psychologist (an investigator) for three years, has absolute confidence in the medium, hence he is satisfied. Not so with others. Among the sitters was a Cuban physician educated in Paris; he sought proof absolute, as did the writer.

Here is the modus operandi of the medium: he enters the cabinet, taking with him (2) short ropes of medium size. He is clad in black, a princely coat buttoned tightly around him. After being in the cabinet for five minutes, the guttural tones of an Indian control are heard, inviting the sitters to inspect the medium. Entering the cabinet, a bathroom, all places of exit securely locked and no place to secrete paraphernalia, the medium, Mr. C., is found securely tied to the control. One of the ropes holds the legs just above the knees and to the rope the wrists, securely bound, are fastened. It is said that the wrist-knot cannot be untied by mortal agency. The manifestations in the cabinet are pulls, slaps, touches on various parts of the body, also, occasional spirit force. During this time, the control holds the hands of the medium, which he ascertains the hands of the medium remain tied, the knot always being the same and open to examination at any time. The cabinet-manifestations take place in the dark, as do the materializations in semi-darkness. The latter half of the seance is devoted to the materialization of two to twenty forms seen, none recognized by the writer.

The physician above mentioned and myself decided that the genuineness of the manifesta-

tions depended on whether or not the medium's hands could be easily untied; that, under the long coat, white garments, spirit draperies, could be taken into cabinet. One thing we had noticed; always, on entering the cabinet to examine the knot, the medium's hands would be in a profuse state of perspiration; also, the spirits with whom we shook hands always had moist hands. I had noticed that the medium wore no cuffs, but the wrists could be detected. While shaking hands with a so-called spirit I ran my left hand up his right wrist and plainly felt wrist-bands such as graced the medium's shirt.

Accordingly the doctor and I proposed as follows to the medium a few minutes before the last seance I had the pleasure of attending: "Permit us to state the conditions. We do not care for your being tied at all. Divest yourself of your garments and clothe yourself in a suit of black underwear which we shall be glad to furnish. Then, one white figure showing, we shall be entirely satisfied. You can recline on a couch and await entrance; the doctor and I, according to previous to this, carefully arranged the seance-room, disposing of all white fabrics, and we were certain that if a white figure appeared, it would be genuine. To our request, which we thought perfectly proper, the medium indignantly said, 'No, I am too old in the work for that; my tie must be kept on. I do not need to undergo 'test' conditions. As for omitting the tying of the wrists, I doubt if the 'forces' could use me without it, for if I sit in the privacy of my own home, I am tied by them. They do this as a 'test,' and will not permit dictation as to the conditions under which the phenomena are produced.' Now, for an analysis of our respective positions. The medium inferred that we doubted his power and honesty. We considered it exceedingly weak for him to claim that the spirit controls tie him in order to bring about 'test conditions,' for if they have the reason for it, it must be to test the best of spirits in earth; it must be to test them, too, that the whole matter hinges on the strength and intricacy of the knot in question. To say that they could not use the forces unless he were tied, was childish. While the medium doubtless was honest in his work (there might have been some persons, the spirit-chessists using his wit to build round, thereby accounting for the fact that I had distinctly felt wrist-bands, and it is obvious that a spirit would not find it necessary to lose time in manufacturing that which could not show). The request that he enter the cabinet clad only in black—going into a room in which we were sitting—was not a test, but a test of the medium's honesty, and had the spirits been desirous of proving materialization, to us, from a scientific and absolute basis, they would or should have acquiesced. My friend would have returned to Cuba a convert to spirit-return and I would have had scientific force on which to base my arguments. As far as the series of seances attended at that time being proof which we could consider valid, the lurking fear was there, that he (the medium) might have duped us! We believe that the figures presenting themselves were genuine forms, built up by psychic force on the spirit of the control who formerly lived on mother earth, but we do not know it. Mediums should ever be willing to co-operate with careful investigators and hold themselves in readiness to submit to any reasonable conditions that may be proposed. It is not that the investigator distrusts the honesty of the medium, but that it is that he, himself, may be absolutely certain that what he gets is genuine.

Certainly, the investigator in Spiritualism must have faith. Much is written about knowledge vs. faith. Suppose that we subject a medium to absolute test conditions and a spirit-form appears. Will the element of faith must come in for us to believe that it is what it claims to be. Spiritualism, if true, does not substantiate immortality, the existence of the ego to the age-of-ages; it only strengthens our faith in continuity of life. Immortality can be proved only by the ego to come.

Is Electrocutation Painless?

George Goga, an employee of the Carnegie Company at Braddock, Pa., has been, to all intents and purposes, electrocuted, and yet has lived to tell the tale and to describe his sensations while the current was passing through his frame. Goga was working on top of a gas main; his foot slipped and to save himself from a bad fall he grasped a live wire in his hand. His feet rested on the metal pipe, thus completing the electrical circuit. The wire furnishes power to 600 lights and carries a current of 2400 volts. Goga says his sensations were as follows:

"I threw my arms out when I felt myself losing my balance. I caught a wire. I threw my left hand out and, with both hands on the wire, I felt a horrible burning sensation all over me. Something seemed to shoot through my head, then my body and legs. I cried out when the electricity went to my legs, but when it came back to my head I could not open my mouth. I was paralyzed. The strange feeling was as if it was a very few minutes. I cannot exactly explain it to you as I felt it. It was too awful. My legs were as if some one pulled them forcibly from my body. When the electricity came through my body again it was as if some one took a knife and cut my body open. Then my head felt as if it was taken by a machine and cut up into pieces."

Physicians and electricians are mystified by Goga's escape from death. They say it is nothing short of miraculous.—Ex.

Crystal Gazing.

Society could do worse than follow Andrew Lang's advice and go in for "crystal gazing." Mr. Lang, in an article in the London Monthly Review, has been recommending his readers to purchase crystal balls from the Psychological Research Society, peer into them earnestly and see what they shall see, then send along the result to the secretary of the society, a branch of which has been established in the United States with headquarters at Newport, R. I., the summer home of America's elect. In the society's instructions to its members, of whom there are thousands at this day in the United States, they are told to go alone into a room, sit with their back to the light in a crystal ball just focus in the lamp on a dark drape or a dark piece of cloth, exclude reflections, think of anything they please and stare for, say five minutes, at the crystal. That it all, the crystal is a spherical ball of solid glass, about two inches in diameter. The society has known no person who has seen in a crystal anything that was actually happening miles away. More wonderful, the society has known two persons gazing into separate crystals at the same moment and seeing the same picture. Why can people see pictures of real persons and real things in this way? It is, undoubtedly, a rudimentary survival of some things that were actually happening miles away. More wonderful, the society has known two persons gazing into separate crystals at the same moment and seeing the same picture. Why can people see pictures of real persons and real things in this way? It is, undoubtedly, a rudimentary survival of some things that were actually happening miles away. More wonderful, the society has known two persons gazing into separate crystals at the same moment and seeing the same picture. Why can people see pictures of real persons and real things in this way? It is, undoubtedly, a rudimentary survival of some things that were actually happening miles away.

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

Mark had another interview with Isabel. She also was very much pleased, and never a doubt entered her mind but that her lover would be successful in his quest for that which is called filthy lucre, still, all are struggling and grasping for it, some for one purpose and some for another; but very few, indeed, for the purpose of benefiting their brother man.

When all men and women lose sight of themselves in their efforts to help others in the world who are weaker, greater wealth will be given them; for then the whole angel world become interested, and together many come to aid them; for the higher angels think of little else than how they may benefit those below them, the oppressed, the down trodden, the weary, the hungry, the cold, the ignorant. The words of one who lived long ago are ever in their thoughts.

"Come to me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

How little people in general of the past have understood that text. They have supposed it to mean, to pray to Christ the Lord Jesus; but the words really never meant anything of the kind. They do mean: Pray earnestly, and look to the Spirit World for help. We may call the Spiritual Realm Christ, if we please: It is not one being, in the person of a Christ, who answers prayer; but many, very many good spirits within the spiritual world.

Mark, together with those who accompanied him, found themselves beneath the shadow of the mountain, on the third day of their journey. The sun was fast nearing the horizon, apparently ready to take a bath in the gleaming ocean, when they unharmed their tired horses and commenced to strike their tents for the night. A camp-fire was soon blazing and by the time the full moon rose over the top of "Old Baldie," they were clinking cups and saucers, knives and forks, laughing and talking gleefully. The scene before them was most grand and sublime, and their laughter rang and echoed among the hills as though there had been quite an army encamped there, instead of simply five persons.

The moon shone so brightly that after supper the old fisherman and Mark thought they would look about a little. They had walked but a short distance when the old man exclaimed:

"Jewhiteker! Jerusalem! Ef thar ain't them thar springs yer telled on, rite abed."

"I believe you are right," said Mark. "Those who love us in the other life, do not deceive us. Here are the springs just as they showed me. You must remember, uncle, I have seen these springs before. They look precisely as they did when I visited them with my mother and other spirits."

"An' they telled yer twenty paces ter ther left, didn't they?"

"No, uncle. Twenty paces to the right."

"Egactly! Now, let's pace it off, pardner."

So they paced off twenty paces.

"Let's put a big rock here fur luck," said the old man. So they rolled a huge stone to the spot.

"Well commence ter dig here in ther morain', yung feller," cried the old man.

"All rite, uncle! That is what we are here for."

"This ere is ther botenist thing I ever hearn tell on. I'll bet a taller candle ther yer'll soon be a cussed millioner, arter all. But who c'd a thot it ther right as yer

set all alone, out thar on thet thar bench, on old Reddender bench, without a cent in yer pocket, nowbar ter sleep, ner nothin' ter eat?"

"You forget, uncle, that I had one mill in my pocket."

"Thet's so, yung feller, an' at ther end o' a year, or perhaps next New Year's eve, yer'll hev a million."

"And I swear by the bright moon above me, and by all the beautiful stars, and by my loving and sainted mother, and the guiding angels who were with her, that if I do find myself possessed of such an amount of money, I will give the remainder of my life, all of it except that part which must be devoted toward making Isabel Morton happy, to suffering humanity for the amelioration of their woes. I will help to redress their wrongs and try to do my part toward setting the world right."

"Amen! Amen!" ejaculated the old man. "I am a gittin' nerly thro' with this life myself, but I'll help yer all I kin, be sure o' thet."

"I know you will, uncle."

They clasped each other by the hand to seal the compact and turned their faces upward toward the bright moon; as they did so, both started; for surely there were many misty forms hovering over them, one more distinctly outlined than the others, and that one, the beautiful, spiritual form, with the dark floating hair, the spirit of Mark's mother. But they soon melted away in the bright rays of the moonlight, and Mark and the old fisherman returned to camp. Turtle dove was soon taken into the old man's confidence.

"Dearie," said he, "them spiritual bein's watch over us, es sure es yer live, an' no mistake."

"I have long been convinced of that fact," answered Mrs. Kester, "and we are all benefited when we listen to the voices of the invisible ones."

The next morning, bright and early, long before the god of the day made himself visible over the crests of the mountains, Mark Chester and the old fisherman went forth from the camp prospecting for the precious metal, gold. Gold that does so much good, and gold that does so much harm, according to the use which men and women make of it.

They went directly to the spot where they had placed the large stone. They had taken with them picks and spades, and here they commenced digging. It did not take them long to tunnel five or six feet into the mountain side, when they struck quartz. They chipped away at the quartz rock until midday, then they filled two sacks brought for the purpose, with some of the finest looking specimens, and each shouldering one, returned to camp. Here, in the presence of Mrs. Kester and the young man and maiden, they carefully examined their treasures, when lo! they discovered that the quartz was streaked heavily with gold.

"Wall, yung feller," remarked the old man dryly, "thet thar rock is good fur sore eyes, fur sartin'."

After they had eaten a good dinner, in company with the young man they had brought with them, they returned to the diggings, and there worked bravely until the sun sunk into the Pacific—or, at least, it appeared so to them. By this time they had tunneled quite deeply into the heart of the mountain.

They had now dug quite through the quartz and struck a large vein of golden ore. They then filled three sacks and returned to camp. On examination they found this ore as rich as any they had ever seen on display, anywhere. This was now all that it was necessary for them to do at present, and a merry company they were, as they sat around the table which they had brought with them in the van.

"Thet thar mine 'll turn out millions o' dollars, ef she's well worked, or my name ain't ole Kister," said that worthy gentleman with a beaming face. "Mark, my boy, yer is luck, sartin'. Ther fust chance a' stakin' 'll be yeur fur sartin'. Stake yer claim fust, my boy, thea

I'll stake mine, an' thet thar yung chap kin then stake hissen. Gals, wouldn't yer like tew take a couple o' claims?"

The young maiden said she should like it very much, and Mrs. Kester thought she might as well. They passed a happy hour or two more by the bright campfire and then retired.

The next morning they all repaired to the mines, and claims were staked out for each one of the party; and after once more partaking of a hearty dinner, they started on their way back to Los Angeles. Here they registered their claims and had the ore assayed; and it proved to be all they had expected it was.

When they returned they found Merry and Alstain at the hotel in Redondo. Mark was already slightly acquainted with these gentlemen.

After polite greetings and handshakings, Mr. Kester and our hero asked for a private interview, for Merry and Alstain were there as agents, or representatives, of a large New York syndicate. It had been through them that Marcus Chesterfield had found himself able to dispose of his mines.

At this interview it was decided that the following week Mr. Merry and Mr. Alstain were to accompany Mark to the newly discovered treasures; and if they found all things as they had been represented, they would, forthwith, inform the syndicate, and negotiations would at once be commenced.

This they did, and before another month had passed, Mark Chester found himself a millionaire.

As he had the first choice of claims, his proved to be of greater worth than the others.

The old fisherman sold his for thirty thousand dollars; the young man who drove the van for them received twenty thousand and Mrs. Kester and the young girl received ten thousand each for their claims, and we will here state that the syndicate took many millions of dollars from the mines; and, at last accounts, were still working the mines at an immense profit. Vein after vein and large pockets after pockets were discovered of the golden ore—but we will let the syndicate take care of itself while we follow Mark Chester and his adopted father in their careers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MARRIAGE OF MARK AND ISABEL.

Mark now sought Isabel openly, and when Mrs. Morton was made acquainted with the young man's success, she opposed his suit no longer. She forgot her former grief and chagrin and once more became the proud and haughty lady, who kept the aristocratic and exclusive private hotel, "The Morton House."

Mark was now supposed to take the finest rooms at the Redondo Hotel—the ones formerly occupied by Marcus Chesterfield, but to the astonishment of all, he still kept his old room, and spent not a cent more than formerly. This caused much comment, all coming to the conclusion that the young man was a despicable miser, but they were destined to find out their mistake before many months rolled by.

Mark Chester asked Mrs. Morton for the hand of her daughter Isabel in marriage, and she readily—and even eagerly—gave her consent. She hoped that at last she should reign at the head of the elegant establishment of a millionaire; but Isabel told her mother that Mark and herself had no intention of setting up a grand establishment; on the contrary, Mark intended to spend his money toward alleviating the woes of mankind.

The lady raged violently at this and wished to withhold her consent to the marriage, but preparations had been so largely entered into, for the event, that she found it impossible to do so. Mark settled a splendid annuity on Mrs. Morton, and then he and Isabel de-

sired to be left to take their own course in life—a course in which Mrs. Morton could not, and would not join.

Mark Chester and Isabel Morton were married on New Year's Eve, just one year from the evening that Mark had arrived at Redondo and taken a seat on the lone bench on the beach without a friend or even an acquaintance in the town; no, he had not even ever looked on the face of a soul he afterwards met there. He had but one mill in his pocket and that was worthless to him as far as funds were concerned; it was also cold and after dark and he was hungry. In just one year from that evening he finds himself a millionaire and leading to the altar a sweet and beautiful maiden, the only woman he could or ever did love. Many young men, situated as he was, at the time of his arrival in the small town of Redondo, would have become tramps, thieves and vagabonds, and would have remained such until they had ended their careers in the penitentiary; but Mark gladly accepted the first employment that offered, no matter how low it was, if it were honest work. He availed himself of every opportunity presented and readily, industriously and honestly applied himself, determined to better his condition, and succeeded.

All young men may not succeed as well as he did; but, be sure they will succeed, even to their hearts' content, by patiently persevering in a straightforward and honorable course in life.

Mark did not wish to lay plans for his future until Isabel was his wife and helpmeet. He felt that as a single man he was but half of a whole; he desired to become a perfected whole—that the other half of himself might be joined to him that she might take an equal part in whatever enterprises they might undertake; but they would first enjoy their honeymoon and afterwards lay plans for their future course in life. This they did. They took a pleasant trip to San Francisco, Mount Shasta, Shasta Springs and Oregon; then to Puget Sound, and all the places of note in that vicinity, but they determined that Redondo should be their permanent place of abode. They felt sure that they could do as much good there as elsewhere, and so, from day to day, they perfected their plans, which we shall, in due course, lay before the reader.

We do not care to follow Jane Erie—or Mrs. Chesterfield, rather, in her career—but we will here say that it was an entirely selfish one. Like thousands of other wealthy women she lived for fashionable society and for self aggrandizement. To be a very queen was her ambition. She delighted in adulation—to have the world bow down before her was her greatest ambition. Mr. and Mrs. Chesterfield kept a princely establishment in Paris. Marcus often visited Monte Carlo, where he, at last, gambled away all he had, but a couple of million settled on his wife that he could not touch.

He had squandered and gambled away three million dollars; he was pale, haggard, trembling, excited and peevish, almost to the point of madness. He never had performed a good or an unselfish act in his life. He had never tried, with his vast wealth, to make the world better or to help mankind. His life led to nothing but vice and vicious companions and his influence upon the world was to drag mankind downward into misery, poverty and degradation. His wife was little better.

Marcus Chesterfield sunk into a profligate's grave before he was forty years of age. His wife lived to marry a titled gentleman of high degree, but one as selfish as herself. He was ruined financially when he became her husband and married her for her money.

(To be continued.)

God did not make us to abandon us. Men are worth more than money.—Michael Angelo.

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The Origin of Spiritualism.

The history of Spiritualism is coincident with that of the human race. It has agitated the religious life of man at various intervals from prehistoric times down to the present day. It has made its appearance in different forms, adapting itself to the needs and understandings of the people to whom it made itself known. All of the great ethnic religions are imbued with spiritualistic thought and ideals. In fact, the fundamental truths involved in all religions were spiritual in character, otherwise there would have been nothing whatever to hold the people together, nor could the thought involved ever have made any impress upon the mental activities of mankind, had it been otherwise. In the teachings of Zoroaster, where the hosts of Ormuzd and Ahimian engaged in constant struggle, there is the triumph of the spirit in the final victory won by the forces of the Good over Evil, and in the restoration of all souls to the joys of the supernatural world there is a recognition of the idea of immortality in a most spiritual sense, paralleled in part by the Universalist theology of the present age, and in full by the rationalism of Modern Spiritualism.

What is true of the religion of Zoroaster is likewise true in large measure of the religion of the Norsemen, in their worship of Odin, Thor, and the "Strong Gods" who were their associates. The Norseman did not believe in immortality; he felt that he possessed it, and based his conclusions upon the evidences of the spirit that were everywhere manifest about him. The doubts of the average Christian of today in regard to a future life are put to shame by the so-called barbarians of the North, whom too many people affect to despise, for, in the calm assurance of an eternal future, to be spent perhaps in some picturesque Valhalla, in most unsupervised pursuits, we find evidence that the spirit was in control of the minds of the worshippers of Odin, and had given them an idea of a future life, suited to their understandings. Psychic phenomena, as we would term them today, were of frequent occurrence among these people, and they accepted them as conclusive proofs of a life beyond the grave. It is not until we come in contact with the intellectual materialism of any age that we find the children of men refusing to accept the spiritual evidences of a future life.

The religions of India are profoundly spiritual in their nature, and plainly declare the intervention of exalted intelligences in the affairs of men. Here are multitudes of phe-

nomena offered in evidence to support their assertion that the soul of man is immortal. Their guardian angels bring them messages from their departed, and they are taught to so live in their every-day duties that they may be worthy to receive these angelic visits themselves, and not be compelled to seek the mediation of a third person. In America, today, we are taught that man will be a soul, if he is found worthy, when he enters spirit-life. In Indian religions the people are taught, and shown by demonstration, that they are souls now, and, being souls, possess of right a conscious immortality. The evidences of a psychic nature are not laughed out of court, but are carefully considered, duly analyzed, and treasured for their real worth. Psychic phenomena, of an authentic character, are held in higher esteem than are the claims of bald materialism through the phenomena presented in its name. All of the great race religions are known to have been founded in Spiritualism, and are most assuredly attempts on the part of exalted intelligences to keep man the mortal in close touch with man the spirit. The nearer man is to nature, the more easily can he grasp and understand the message of the soul. When man dwells wholly amongst the wonders of physical phenomena, he is all too prone to forget those higher phenomena of psychism through which alone he can find the real selfhood.

The Old Testament is full of references to spiritual manifestations. If they were to be removed, with them would go the spiritual nature of that part of the Bible, leaving nothing of value to the average reader. Christianity owes its origin to the spiritual manifestations that transpired in the presence of Jesus and the disciples. The Apostolic Fathers were endowed with the same spiritual gifts, and the early Christian Church was founded upon the psychic forces that then dominated the religious life of the people. Materialism asserted itself and these precious treasures were lost forever to the Church, and the psychic powers behind them only were able to impress the truths of the spirit upon a very few, as compared with the millions of earth's people, for nearly fifteen hundred years. From the Council of Nicea to the middle of the past century, the appearances of the spirit were few, and all manifestations of that character were promptly suppressed by both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, who usually joined hands in this unholy work. Yet the Christian Church owed its origin to the very forces it has so fiercely condemned for almost sixteen centuries!

But the light of the spirit was not entirely obscured even in those dark centuries. There were those in whose presence psychic phenomena were presented, affording to the few ample evidence of another life for man. Chrysostom, Peter the Hermit, Joan of Arc, Martin Luther, Immanuel Swedenborg, John and Charles Wesley, John Murray and a few of the contemporaries of each afford ample proof of this statement. The appearance of what was termed witchcraft in Europe, and later in America, was also an attempt on the part of the forces in the higher life to demonstrate the survival of the human soul over the change called death. The phenomena that were witnessed in the home of the Wesleys were recorded with careful hand, and are interesting reading in these days when they are common, every-day occurrences. The Wesleys were what are known today as mediums. See original life of John Wesley; also, Hon. Robert Dale Owen's quotation therefrom in "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World." Swedenborg is too well known to require further mention at this point. This is true of Joan of Arc, John Murray and the others named in this paragraph. The direful results that followed the spiritual manifestations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are also well known. Man in his purblind egotism and bigotry shut his eyes to spiritual truth and put to death those instruments of the spirit world who had been selected to demonstrate the fact that the grave was not the end of man.

With the dawn of the nineteenth century, however, a religious renaissance made its appearance on earth, and in less than half a century the denizens of the soul-world were prepared to offer proof positive of a life beyond the grave. The work of Murray, Stephenson, Ballou, William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker and others prepared the way for the coming of the spirit that was to comfort the mourning millions of earth. Occasionally direct visits were made to certain homes, and the curtain lifted for the inmates that they might be assured that the heaven of which they heard so much was a grand reality. One of these homes was that of the Rev. Dr. Phelps of Connecticut. He was Orthodox in belief, true to his faith in every detail, perfectly honest with himself and the world. The phenomena that presented themselves in his home are today well known in thousands of homes, yet their appearance in the home of an orthodox clergyman, whose word was above suspicion, at a time when little or nothing had been heard of such phenomena, clearly proves their supernatural origin and spiritual character. Dr. Phelps did not stand alone at the period in question, yet very few of those who heard the message could interpret it as he did. The testimony of his contemporaries is satisfactory as far as it goes, and gains in value with each recurrence of similar phenomena today.

From the foregoing facts it will be seen that Spiritualism was neither invented by the Fox sisters in 1848, nor discovered by them. Interest in its modern presentation has been dated from that memorable year, but there were many mediums in the field in a quiet way long before they were born. Of these we must content ourselves by naming only two. The first is John Brown, "the Medium of the Rockies," as he was called, whose public work began in 1841, and continued for more than fifty years in the growing, progressive West he loved so well. Under the influence of exalted intelligences he gave proof after proof of a future life to those who sought his presence. He had convinced many persons of the fact of spirit communion before the Fox sisters appeared on the scene.

But Brown's work was confined largely to the Pacific slope and the Rocky Mountains, hence, owing to the then imperfect means of communication between the West and the East, very little was made known concerning him until after the popular interest in the phenomena of the Fox sisters had somewhat subsided. Yet it is an historical fact that he preceded them exactly seven years in the work of offering proofs of the return of spirits.

The second medium or psychic we must name here is Andrew Jackson Davis, M. D., who in 1845 gave to the world that wonderful work, "The Principles of Nature: Her Divine Revelations." He was at that time a boy of only seventeen years, yet, while in the trance, or "superior state," as he called it, was induced to write a book that astonished the world. It was virtually the promulgation of a new system of philosophy, and it at once attracted the attention of the profoundest scholars in all lands. Prof. George Bush wrote of it: "Taken as a whole, the work is a profound and elaborate discussion of the Philosophy of the Universe; and for grandeur of conception, soundness of principle, clearness of illustration, order of arrangement, and encyclopaedic range of subjects, I know of no work of any single mind that will bear away from it the palm." The opinion of Prof. Bush was that of all of the learned men of that period. The work was deservedly popular, and was read eagerly by thousands of enquiring minds. The interest aroused by it prepared the way for the acceptance of the facts presented through the "Hydesville or Rochester Knockings," as they were at first termed and did more to inspire a careful study of the same than ever has been or can be realized. Had it not been for this work of Dr. Davis and the four volumes of "The Great Harmonia," and "The Penetrator," by the same author, the phenomena of the Fox sisters would undoubtedly have served as a nine days' wonder, that led to no tangible results. To Andrew Jackson Davis, who is now an honored physician in Boston, Mass., must be given the credit of having awakened the thinking people of the nineteenth century to a knowledge of the spiritual nature of the Universe, and of the possibilities inherent within each finite soul. He gave the world an explanation for the facts when the facts made their appearance.

Massachusetts State Convention.

The Annual Convention of the Massachusetts State Spiritualists' Association was held Tuesday, Jan. 7, in Boston. The report of the president, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, was an able document. We shall present it to our readers in our next issue. The business proceedings were confined to the forenoon; and the hour grew so late that it was proposed to elect the entire Board on one ticket, and if there was no objection let that ticket represent the old Board. President Fuller said it was within the power of the Convention to do so if desired, but one dissenting voice would be sufficient to cause the election to proceed in the usual way, one officer at a time. No objection was offered, so tellers were appointed, Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, Mrs. M. C. Barrett, Mr. J. S. Scarlett and Mrs. E. L. Webster, who received the ticket and announced it to the Convention.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, president; J. B. Hatch, Jr., vice-president; Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, 2d vice-president; J. Q. A. Whittemore, 3d vice-president; Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch; secretary; Mr. Hebron Libbey, treasurer; Mr. Simon Butterfield, Mrs. John W. Wheeler, Mr. Irving F. Symonds, directors, have entered upon a new term of office. We congratulate them, and trust the new year may offer many opportunities to the State Association for benefiting our Cause.

Several important changes were made in the By-Laws. Our readers will do well to take note of the secretary's report, which will doubtless appear next week, provide themselves with a copy of the By-Laws and prepare to co-operate with the Association during the year.

Diss de Barr.

That wonderful woman and medium, "Madame Diss de Barr," is serving her third term in the penitentiary. This time her sentence is seven years, and that of her partner, Mr. Jackson, fifteen years. Their crime is too horrible to repeat, and yet is not so unlike the theory advocated, alas, by some of our teachers, that development comes through a physical channel.

What will these seven years mean to the woman whose unmistakable powers have been so misdirected? Before sentence was pronounced upon her, she wrapped her mantle about her and for one hour held the undivided attention of the Court. What a pity her theme should have been such a poor one!

During the seven long years of confinement will the angels of light be able to penetrate the darkness she has thrown around her, awaken her dormant conscience and rescue her soul from the deep black abyss into which she has thrust it? What thoughts will you send to her, reader?

Forms.

A young Catholic woman, in describing her first communion when she was ten years of age, said: "They told me I must not swallow anything after midnight, until the communion was over, not even a drink of water. I thought that meant I must not swallow the saliva that gathered in my mouth, and all that night I lay with a cloth in my hand, not daring to swallow once. I could not sleep, and I think you can not imagine how much I suffered." And so in all life's experiences we are prone to crucify ourselves with the letter of the law and have no idea of its real meaning.

Herein lies the danger of ceremonialism. It is safe to say all have a spiritual origin, but a constant repetition of the mere process soon

establishes a meaningless ceremonial, and the observers become blind followers of rites.

The small child, who was compelled to kneel to a statue of St. Anthony, ask forgiveness when she was naughty and beg that she might be allowed to go to heaven, is a case in point. One day she came out of the room with blazing eyes and flaming cheeks and said: "I don't have to kneel to St. Anthony any more, and I can go to heaven if I want to." She had with her father's cane decapitated the statue. When told that she must beg very hard for St. Anthony's forgiveness, she cried: "He can't forgive me; he is dead!"

We Spiritualists are prone to feel that we are bound to no forms, but are free in every sense; and yet the social customs, that undoubtedly had their origin in spirit, are gods to which we bow. We make use of the outward form only. We need to imbue the smallest thing in life with the spirit. Then dressing, eating, walking, sleeping, talking become spiritual, and there is no mere physical.

Grand Testimonial.

Prof. J. Jay Watson, the well-known musician, and a pupil of the world-renowned artists, Ole Bull and Franz Liszt, is to be tendered a Testimonial Entertainment at Steiner Hall, 163 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., on Thursday evening, Jan. 23d, 1902, by his friends. Prof. Watson and his accomplished daughter, Miss Annie A. Watson, have frequently and gratuitously given their musical talents to various benevolent and charitable objects in this city and suburbs, and it is hoped that a generous response will be forthcoming.

The Heavenly Link.

In our last issue the name of the author of "The Heavenly Link" was given as Fletkins instead of Tietkins, and in the closing sentence we were "amused" rather than "assured" that the author was Ernest, not Ernestina, though a certain delicacy of touch reminded us of a woman.

We are the recipient of a gift-book from Emma Rood Tuttle, "Asphodel Blooms and Other Offerings." It is dedicated "To those whose thoughts and longings reach into the Unseen Land of Souls this handful of Asphodels, mixed with common flowers, is offered, hoping to give rest and pleasure while waiting at the way station on the journey thither." The book is indeed a sympathetic, restful companion. The gentle nature of the author is betrayed in the rhythmic verse. The Editor and wife acknowledge the graceful compliment paid them by the insertion of their baby daughter's picture, and the prophetic poem bearing her name, Xilla. The book will sell for one dollar.

In the "Astrologia-Sana" for January, that little-big man, Prof. Henry Webber, whose office door bears the sign "A Man Without a Country," has cast the horoscope of Theodore Roosevelt as a man, and as president of the United States. He says: "In him (Roosevelt) and his astrological significance we may easily recognize a parting of the ways through which the contending forces of the past will march on to new cycles of experience. . . . His planetary showing is in no way remarkable, except in the fact of what might be termed 'a clear road and no favors required.'"

We are always benefited by a perusal of The Higher Law, a monthly magazine of which Horatio W. Dresser is editor and manager. In the December issue Edward A. Penock writes upon "The Disease of Apprehensiveness." It is well to give the subject prominence. "A large part of mankind is in bondage to that state of mind which is apprehensive of some sort of trouble or misfortune in the future. . . . In general, we are prone to treasure the memories of our past failures and sorrows, which serve as a background on which are developed the distorted pictures of future unhappiness." Let us shake off the shackles and look for the sunshine in each day.

"The Los Angeles News" tells emphatically what it thinks of people who will believe in Marconi's wireless message, and will send Helen Wilman to the penitentiary for claiming to heal the sick at a distance by sending mental or spiritual messages to them by thought-telegraphy. In commenting upon her trial, Miss Wilman says: "Strange administration of law by a free government! And yet it surely is free. I doubt whether there is another government under the sun, apart from the Cannibal Islands, where the freedom to do injustice is so sacredly protected."

The men of material affairs make honesty harder and still more hard to their less fortunate brethren. The former have enriched themselves through class legislation, and yet refuse to provide even a crust for those whom they have legally robbed. The prison is opened to receive the starving man who steals bread that he may live, while legislative halls, the Governorship of States, the Judicial ermine, are open to those who have made the starving man what he is.

In our issue of Jan. 25 will appear another article from the pen of Dr. E. D. Babbitt, entitled "A Wonderful World, Mars: Some Mysteries Explained." The Doctor feels that this planet has had some very absurd things said about it, and he has endeavored to do it justice. We shall be glad to present his conclusions to our readers.

The editor of the "Investigator" says he sees nothing immodest in a short skirt unless there is something immodest in the woman who wears it. Sensible!

We have at this office a letter addressed to Wm. H. Hutchison, Jr. If he will send us his present location we will forward the same.

(Continued from page one.)

manifest through all the great avatars of the ages, not actually incarnated in any one of them, but officiating as the central inspiring leader of them all. The personal describable divinity of Christianity as well as of other systems of religion cannot be the boundless eternal one who is beyond all possible personifications in human thought, but is the directing spiritual president of this particular planet. We do not look for a reincarnation through the ordinary processes of physical gestation of any ascended master, but reappearance can be accomplished without reincarnation. A master is one who has perfectly conquered in expression and is therefore lord over all terrestrial elements, and consequently capable of dominating the constituent elements of all organized bodies. A veritable messiah is a perfect channel through which divine life is made manifest.

W. J. Colville.

Notes on Vaccination, by Alexander Wilder, M. D.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

The Waterbury (Conn.) Republican contains the offer of \$100 reward, by Dr. S. B. Munn, to the person who will prove that vaccination ever prevented an attack of small-pox. Dr. Munn is a physician of forty years' experience, well known as a stalwart champion and has been long in the field as an adversary of compulsory blood-poisoning, as well as a diligent observer of its absolute uselessness.

LOCKJAW AND DEATH FROM VACCINATION.

Miss Jorgensen of Bralstree, who was vaccinated Dec. 4, died on the 31st from lockjaw, the sequence of the operation. So numerous have been the cases of tetanus from this cause, that one firm of vaccine-vendors has issued a card setting forth that it was not their product that had been used.

A BOOTLESS BLUFF.

The advocates of vaccination are making a handle of the recent challenge of unvaccinated persons to go to the small-pox hospital. The point of this is not easy to see; it is so utterly senseless. The real issue is this: that vaccinated persons, other conditions being equal, are as liable as the unvaccinated to contract small-pox.

SMALL-POX IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

The assertion has been boldly made that small-pox has been eradicated from the German Army in recent years. Alfred Russell Wallace has effectively pricked this bubble. "It is a common practice of vaccinists," he remarks in his Wonderful Century, p. 291, "to quote the German Army as a striking proof of the good effects of re-vaccination." He proceeds to show the statistics to be unreliable. "Lieut.-Col. A. T. Wintle (late), R. A., has published in the Vaccination Inquirer extracts from a letter from Germany stating, on the authority of a German officer, that the Army statistics of small-pox are utterly unreliable. It is said to be the rule for Army surgeons to enter small-pox cases as skin-disease or some other 'appropriate illness,' while large numbers of small-pox deaths are entered as 'sent away elsewhere.'"

It has been often affirmed that in the Franco-German war the French soldiers suffered far worse from this disease than the Germans, which would naturally be the case, as they were the defeated party and ill cared for. It has also been asserted that the French had 23,000 deaths from small-pox in that war. Mr. Alexander Wheeler applied to the French authorities to learn the truth, and received the reply that there had been no record whatever made.

Declaration of Principles.

Adopted at the National Spiritualists' Association Convention, Chicago, Ill., October, 1900.

First—We believe in Infinite Intelligence. Second—We believe that the Phenomena of Nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence. Third—We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression, and living in accordance therewith, constitutes the true religion. Fourth—We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death. Fifth—We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the Phenomena of Spiritualism. Sixth—We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do ye also unto them."

A correspondent from Augusta, Ga., reports that good mediums are needed in that locality, and asks that we interest Northern workers to go to them.

The reviewer of "Death, Its Meaning and Results," was made to say "Man of Mortals" in place of "Masses of mortals." So much for poor penmanship.

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

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half-possession. That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is unique.—Emerson.

Each of the above contains a portrait of the author.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. 32

The devil is credited with a great deal of mischief that the stomach is guilty of.—B. F. Taylor.

Children's Spiritualism.

The Dew-Drop.

A pretty little dew-drop
On the petal of a flower,
Was trying in its quiet way,
Within its scented bow,
To sparkle brighter than the Sun
When first he calls the rising morn.

Full soon two orbs of azure blue
—With wood-rose's mute surprise—
Reflected in the dew-drop's heart
The light of two bright eyes.
That sparkled with a glad delight,
To find this child of Morn and Night.

"Little dew-drop, tell me true,
While in your nest you swing—
Are these bright sparkles just your thoughts,
As from your heart they spring?
Or are they eyes that God has given
To help you find the way to Heaven?"

The tiny dew-drop grew more bright,
Down in her petal home—
Then to the questioning child she said:
"My little one, I only come,
When meet the night and morn,
To give to Earth a jeweled crown."

"For all the birds and flowers and bees
A nectar sweet I still;
I moisten all the thirsty leaves
And bid them drink their fill.
When man a weary road has worn
He finds in me a rest from care."

"I kiss the tiny blades of grass—
'Tis love, 'tis love most true,
The secret of my life is this:
I'm just a drop of dew."
O'er mountain high, through valleys deep,
Where'er my lot, I work—not weep.

—Spirit Amy.

Washington, D. C.

Letters from Monson, Me.

Dear Banner Friends:—Merry Christmas has passed and we are all happy in the loving remembrance of kind friends. On Christmas morning we children all ate our breakfast by the light of six candles. Then in the afternoon we went down to Grandma Drake's, where we had a Christmas-tree in her circle room. First we had a little concert and had a real nice time. Then the next evening after Christmas two boxes came from dear Mrs. Soule and another friend, with little tokens of love which made us very happy. But best of all was Mrs. Soule's picture, which she sent for Grandma's circle room. We were all so pleased for her health and strength. I wonder how many of the Banner babies will enter the same race. I hope that all the babies may be as full of health as our dear little Leona. We send our best love from "The Green Hill" to all the Banner friends, and especially to Mr. Barrett and Abby Judson. Please, dear friends, write to us again soon.

Ethel Ruby Coy.

Dear Banner of Light:—We had a very pleasant Christmas in our home. We had a Christmas-tree in Grandma's circle room. There was a little candle burning on the tree, and under the tree in his letters were the words, "Peace on earth, good will to all." I had a nice book, the title is, "Hunting in the Jungle," by Warren F. Kellogg. I had a little saw and saw-horse, so now I shall saw wood for mama. I have a cunning little black and white kitten; his name is Beauty. Mama and I went to Foxcroft two weeks ago. We had a nice time. We could not go home when we wanted to, for the great rain had washed away the bridges and tracks.

We ate our supper on Christmas night by the light of six little candles. We thought it great fun. My best love to Sunbeam and Sunbeam. From

Harold H. Jenne.

Dear Banner of Light:—I have not written to you for a long time, but I have thought of you often. We had a pleasant Christmas. We invited our spirit friends to meet with us at Grandma's circle room, where we had a Christmas-tree. Aunt Lydia, little Marie, and Dick Waters, were especially invited, with many others that we love.

A week ago in our meeting the spirit guides spoke from the subject, "Build Bridges for Your Spirit Friends." I liked it very much, but I think we ought to build bridges for our earth friends, too, so I am going to ask Sunbeam to write and tell us how to do it. With love to all the Banner friends,

Elihanan D. Coy.

Dear Banner of Light:—I did have a very good Christmas down to Grandma's house. We had a Christmas-tree in Grandma's circle room. We had a candle burning on the tree. Gaylon had a puppy dog made of cloth. We children spoke some pieces and sang some songs before we got our presents.

I send my love to everybody, and a basketful to Xilla, Sunbeam, and Charlie M. Coy.

Gaylon F. Coy.

How We Saved the Cherries.

Fold map of the United States in the middle, fold again crosswise, open it, and in the centre is the place where I am listening to a catbird scold because our Maltese cat, Glinger, has left the barn and is coming slowly across the yard toward the house for her dinner.

Glinger is a very busy house-mother just now. She has to care for and train her three kittens, black, Arabian, black-and-white Hobbes, and the perfect Maltese, Fred Fustan. Glinger is coming to tell her mistress it is dinner time.

The catbird dislikes Glinger. Glinger dislikes the catbird today. She was punished yesterday for killing and eating one. She walks straight ahead to the sill of the window where I am sitting.

The catbird mocks the kittens: "Mew! mew! mew!"

Glinger takes no notice.

All catbirds dislike cats as much as they do snakes. Last year we thought we would make use of this knowledge and save our cherries, which the birds were stealing, so we put a stuffed cat in the cherry-tree.

Did we save our cherries? Yes, but not in the way we expected.

When the stuffed cat was discovered in the tree, a bird flew around and told all its relatives. You see they do not have any bird telephone line.

One of their number could not leave. She was sitting on a round nest made of weeds and grass and leaves, in which were six spotted, greenish blue eggs; but all the others came to see the cat. They perched on the yellow rose-tree, on the "brideal-wreath," on the lilac shrubs, up on the plum-tree, and, still higher, on a swaying branch of the young walnut.

They looked at it, they ridiculed, and they laughed at that cat, but it did not move. They cried, "Mew!" in every tone of voice the wonderful mimics could invent, but that stuffed cat did not wink an eye. They started a concert, mocking the notes of other birds, until it sounded as if the forest across the river had been transplanted, with all its blue jays, robins, orioles, sparrows, and even meadow-larks, right into our back doorway. But it was no use; that stuffed cat could not be charmed or frightened.

Then they held a council. The family, from the kitchen windows, watched the result.

Three catbirds belong to the thrush family, and oh, how they do sing morning and evening! The children have little books and write down their songs, so we know they can sing. But what horrible discords they did make when their council ended.

They did not like the idea of having that cat up in the cherry-tree, we knew by the tones of their voices as they sang. They jerked their tails from side to side, and they made up their minds that, cat or no cat, they would have the cherries.

The bird from the walnut flew to the top of the cherry tree, and went back with a mouthful of cherry. The bird from the rose bush went to the tree lower down and took a bite. Then several birds went taking a nip from a luscious cherry above, below, and all around the cat. At last—what do you think?—a beautiful, large catbird flew right at the stuffed thing in the tree and cried in most derisive tones, "Mew! mew!"


How did we save our cherries? Oh, we had to pick them before they were ripe.—Youth's Companion.

MISS BONNIE DELANO

A Chicago Society Lady, in a Letter to Mrs. Pinkham says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Of all the grateful daughters to whom you have given health and life, none are more glad than I.

"My home and my life was happy



MISS BONNIE DELANO.

until illness came upon me three years ago. I first noticed it by being irregular and having very painful and scanty menstruation; gradually my general health failed; I could not enjoy my meals; I became languid and nervous, with gripping pains frequently in the groins.

"I advised with our family physician who prescribed without any improvement. One day he said:—'Try Lydia Pinkham's Remedies.' I did, thank God; the next month I was better, and it gradually built me up until in four months I was cured. This is nearly a year ago and I have not had a pain or ache since."—BONNIE DELANO, 3248 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Trustworthy proof is abundant that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves thousands of young women from dangers resulting from organic irregularity, suppression or retention of the menses, ovarian or womb troubles. Refuse substitutes

alike, for they would all inherit the same acquired traits.

It is clear, therefore, that offspring may be superior or inferior to their parents, as regards any particular, from causes other than the transmission of acquisitions. On that indubitable fact Darwin founded his theory of evolution.

Lamarck accepted Lamarck's theory so far as it went. He thought that Nature, like the breeder, selected to continue the race individuals who were "accidentally" superior, while she eliminated the "accidentally" inferior. The world has progressed since Darwin's day. A new school has arisen which out-Harrows the Harrows of Lamarck. The Neo-Darwinians, declare that Darwin, with characteristic modesty, underrated his own great discovery.

They insist that Lamarck was wholly wrong, that acquired characters are never transmitted, and that therefore Darwin's theory, instead of only partially explaining the facts of evolution, wholly explains them.

The reader will note that Darwin merely accepted the indubitable fact that offspring differ from their parents in that they are superior or inferior, and founded his theory on the supposition that as a general rule, the superior individuals are selected by Nature to continue the race, and that the inferior, by his characteristic modesty, underrated his own great discovery.

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Theory of Evolution as It Is Accepted To-day.

G. ARCHIBALD REID

The Following Lucid Presentation of the Modern Doctrine of Evolution Appears as a Chapter in "Heredity—A Study in Heredity," Which Has Just Been Published by T. Fisher Unwin.

Evolution is said to occur when a species undergoes a progressive adaptive change, as, for example, the wings of a species of bird grow stronger, larger and better adapted for flight.

During the process it is plain that succeeding generations must, in succession, become superior to those which preceded them. The whole problem of evolution hinges on the question, in what way is this improvement effected? By what method?

Only two theories of evolution are possible, or even thinkable. Lamarck, because he first formally enunciated it, gave his name to the one theory; Darwin, for the same reason, gave his to the other.

The two theories can be explained best by illustrations drawn from the animal world, but first it is necessary to define two important terms. All the characters of a living being, every physical structure and every mental trait, may be placed in one of two categories.

Either they are inborn or they are acquired. An inborn or innate character is one which, in common parlance, arises in the individual "by nature." Thus arms, legs, eyes, ears, head, etc., are all inborn characters. The child inherits them from his parent. But, if during its development, or after the completion of the development, any one of the inborn characters of an individual is modified by some occurrence, the change thus produced is known as an acquired character, or, shortly, as an acquirement.

Thus all the effects of exercise are acquirements; for example, the enlargement of the muscles; the effects of lack of exercise are also acquirements; for example, the wasting of a diseased muscle.

The effects of injury are acquirements; for example, the changes in a diseased lung or injured arm. Every modification of the mind is also an acquirement; for example, everything stored within the memory.

If a man is blinded by accident or disease, his blindness is acquired. But if he comes into the world blind, if he is blind by nature, his blindness is inborn. If a son be naturally smaller than his father, then his inferiority of size is inborn; but if his growth be stunted by ill health or lack of nourishment or exercise, his inferiority is acquired.

Lamarck held, as people in all ages have held, that characters acquired by parents are also transmissible to some extent, and that evolution results from their accentuation during succeeding generations. Lamarck's theory is rejected totally by the modern followers of Darwin.

If, as Lamarck alleged, a child inherits his father's acquirement, it must follow that he differs from his father in that he has inborn the peculiarity which he has acquired. He differs at birth from what his father was at birth. He therefore makes a different start in life.

But, even if Lamarck were right, even if the transmission of acquisitions be admitted, it is still certain that inborn differences between parent and child cannot be attributed to this cause. For instance, a child may be born with peculiarities of which the parent had never a trace; for example, a mole on the face.

The child of a natural athlete who has trained himself to the point of perfection may be a natural weakling. The child of a sedentary parent may have in him the makings of an athlete.

Most convincing fact of all, the members of a litter of puppies often differ greatly; were parental acquirements the sole causes of variations in the offspring, the puppies would, from the nature of the case, be all exactly

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It may be argued that the higher plants and animals are very complex, and that all their thousand parts must have undergone evolution. This is true; they have certainly all undergone evolution, but not all at the same time. For thousands of years the eyes, the ears, the hands, the feet and very many of the other characters of man, for instance, have undergone no appreciable evolution. They were evolved during different but overlapping periods of a long extended past.

I have said that no sane man can doubt the reality of evolution. We may now go further and declare that it is not possible for any sane man to withhold a limited adherence to Darwin's explanation of it.

It is quite beyond dispute that offspring differ from their parents; that these differences—these "variations"—are transmissible to descendants, and that, if advantage be taken of them by selecting for breeding purposes the superior individuals, while the rest are eliminated, evolution will result.

The only point we have yet to prove is that Nature, like the breeder, exercises the necessary selection. At first sight Lamarck's doctrine also seems true. Thus it appears only reasonable to suppose that the children of a man fallen ill will be the weaker in consequence of his acquired feebleness, or that the children of a man made hard and strong by exercise will be the stronger for his improved health.

The Lamarckian school is rapidly becoming extinct in the scientific world. It flourishes, however, among the general public, who, though they may never have heard of Lamarck, give to his theory unquestioning adherence.

Probably many of my non-biological readers are now thinking of instances within their knowledge which they believe prove the transmission of acquired characters.

All these cases of alleged transmission, of which readers are perhaps thinking, are, I venture to believe, mere coincidences. Thus, for instance, if they are thinking of some man they have heard of who broke a finger and afterward had a son with a crooked finger.

Ten thousand men might break their fingers, yet among their offspring not one might have a crooked finger. Consider on the other hand how many generations women have borne their ears and noses in India. Yet when is a girl born with ears and nose already pierced? For how many generations have we amputated the tails of terriers, and yet their tails are no shorter. It will then be perceived how overwhelming is the case against the doctrine of the transmission of acquisitions.

The general question of the transmission of acquisitions is too big and too abstruse to be treated adequately here. Two arguments more I may use, however, partly because they have not been developed, to my knowledge, by other writers, and partly because they seem to me well-nigh decisive. The more normal development of the blacksmith's arm is rightly called an acquired trait, since it arises from exercise, from use, not from germinal conditions. But no infant's arm develops into an ordinary adult arm without acquiring a similar kind to that which develops the blacksmith's arm, though less in degree.

Every single thing contained within the memory of man, every single word of a language, for instance, is an acquirement. But when are the contents of a parent's mind transmitted to his child?

Again, a man is capable of becoming a parent at any time between extreme youth and extreme old age; a woman from the age of thirteen to fourteen till nearly fifty. Between the birth of the first child and the last such an individual changes vastly.

Under stress and fear of circumstances, under the stress and fear of outrageous fortune, all sorts of acquirements may be gained. The body becomes vigorous, and then feeble; the mind grows mature, and then senile.

He or she grows wrinkled and bowed, and perhaps very wise, or perhaps much the reverse. Yet no one viewing a baby show, a child, or an assembly of adults, of whom he has no previous knowledge, can say which is the child of the youthful and which of aged parents.

Apparently, therefore, the whole of the parent's acquirements have no effect on the child. Surely no evidence could be stronger.

—N. Y. Journal.

After the Holidays.

Now comes business, "bread and butter," taxes. The continuation of efforts for a livelihood, is uppermost.

Our energies are sacrificed on the altar of mammon. We are too busy to get "something for nothing," crowns too much. An "easy place" means much pay and little labor—everybody is after the "easy place." But where is the "easy place?" Beecher said "It was nowhere," which is temporary. Temporary, because it is not based on eternal principles and which does not coincide with "Nature's Divine Revelations."

The trend of Nature, everywhere and in everything, is to equalize, to eliminate the lower and to give birth to the higher. The doctrines and methods of men tend to stay Nature's outcome too much, and thus comes the struggle of so many, for a mere existence. The struggle is to breathe at all.

The very desire for an "easier place," is evidence that such a place is in embryo. It will come. The Infinite father in Nature has never been known to go back on his children. The first New Year of the 20th century disclosed, through the sciences the bright dawnings. Holy days continue right along. Universal manhood and womanhood are drawing nearer the Divine in Nature, and the inside life is being tuned to her harmonies. Bread and butter getting, tax-paying, beating, competition are, little by little, slowly, but surely being eliminated by Nature's trend, continual blending of interests, souls and worlds. Thus the days go on "after the holidays."—Ex.

A. Benelle Dean Lelfert.

Since the never-falling Liberator Death has summoned and taken our beloved sister, A. Benelle Dean Lelfert, from her earthly home at Pilot Point, Texas, Dec. 23, 1901, to that realm immortal—let it be recorded in the minutes of the Spiritualist Society of Galveston, Texas, published in the spiritual press and sent to the bereaved husband and parents that we do feel ourselves most sincerely in hearty sympathy with each who mourns because of this bereavement.

May the balm of the knowledge of individual consciousness after transition allay your grief and help to, in time, illuminate the material vacancy with a shining spiritual presence.

With earnest gaze and anxious ear,
We wait for form and step—
For Love will hold her presence near—
Death makes none to forget.

H. A. Landes, president; Theo. Schirmer, secretary; John W. Ring, speaker.

Deep within the life of everyone lies the statue of a perfect life. Shape your life to make manifest the divine within you.—Annie Besant.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD BY THE ZODIAC.

Get the February issue of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, which is for sale at many news-stands (or will be mailed by the publishers for 10 cents), and place this circular astrological disk over the one you find on page 12 of the February issue of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, enclosed within the rotating lines corresponding with those on this disk which hold the sign under which you were born, and you will instantly find your horoscope cast up detail, revealing your fortune by the exact science of astrology. This most marvelous chart and what it reveals is of immeasurable value to you in all affairs of life—business, love and personal affairs. It has taken days and weeks of the most profound study by some of the greatest astrological adepts of the world to prepare and perfect this most wonderful chart.

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22 N. WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Spiritualism in Marlboro.

The Marlboro Society is still in a healthy and growing condition. Rev. F. A. Wiggin comes to us each month at our regular monthly social, held in G. A. R. Hall. Supper is served at six o'clock and the evening is devoted to a lecture and tests by this able advocate of our Cause. We have also had a series of home socials which have proved very enjoyable. The evening is devoted wholly to music, recitations, conversation, or some interesting social game. These have been very informal and all have entered into the spirit of the good times planned by the hosts.

The last two have been particularly delightful.

On New Year's Eve, at the home of our president, G. H. Morse, a literary and musical entertainment of high order was given during the evening, and all were surprised at the lateness of the hour when the order was given for silence, and we counted the measured strokes which proclaimed the departure of the Old Year. All joined in singing "Auld Syne and Home, Sweet Home, before separating to their several homes. When we met with Mrs. Westcott she found that others beside herself had been planning for the evening. Some one proposed that all join in singing familiar songs. This assembly, the company together and afforded an opportunity for Mr. Morse to read an appropriate and original poem, presenting the hostess with a lovely bouquet of flowers and several articles of solid silver, it being her birthday. Mrs. Westcott responded by saying she fully realized that she had been entrusted, but thanked the donors in a sincere although brief manner. Mrs. Kate G. Pope of Leominster and Mrs. Ella Shute, both popular elocutionists, added to the pleasure of the evening by their selections.

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Harrison D. Barrett, Miss Hlauche H. Barrett and Mrs. Juliette Yeaw have been our Sunday speakers thus far this season.

Special Notice.

The Boston Spiritual Society.—Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, the well-known speaker and medium, has been engaged to speak and give spirit messages for this society in Falmes Hall, Sunday evening, Jan. 19, 1902, when she will be pleased to meet her many friends. The society feels that it has been fortunate in securing the services of this able speaker and worker for the Cause of Spiritualism. Don't fail to hear her. Speakers for other dates will be announced later. The Banner of Light is for sale at these meetings.

J. B. Hatch, Jr., Chairman.

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed, in what we share with another's need—Not that which we give, but what we share—For the gift without a partner is bare! Who bestows himself with his aims, feeds three—Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.—James Russell Lowell.

The Squash King

We have been the original introducers of more varieties of squash than all our brother seed men combined. Here is a partial list: Hubbard, Marblehead, Golden, Warren, Bushman, Chestnut and Golden Broom. Our annual catalogue of Vegetables and Flowers sent free.

If you want the person who has made the name of J. J. H. GORRY, Marblehead, Mass., famous.

Deep within the life of everyone lies the statue of a perfect life. Shape your life to make manifest the divine within you.—Annie Besant.