

THE CHRISTMAS JOY.

The light and joy of Christmas day,
Is adoration of the home,
And all the love we wish to say—
When lovely children to us come.
The one of old with his bright star,
Drew wise men there the love to see;
And so that beauty spreads afar—
And ever will more wondrous be.
Each year shall make it brighter glow,
Tho' whitened winter rage so wild;
And in our hearts love's flower will grow,
Our worship of a little child!

William Brunton.

Christmas.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

The glad Christmas season is once more here. The frosty air is fragrant with boughs of aromatic evergreen, with spruce trees and garlands of holly, while human hearts likewise breathe forth their sweet fragrance of love and beneficence, which finds expression in gifts, in offerings to one another, in beautiful surprises for the needy, and in all sweet offices of charity. It is indeed a touching thought, if we were not so familiar with it, that the whole world unites for once in the year, in public recognition of its spiritual allegiance to that glorious Soul, whose birth it celebrates with such affection and enthusiasm, even though there are some radical thinkers in the ranks of Spiritualism, who have devoted much misdirected effort to prove that no such person as the Nazarene ever existed. Yet the light from the Star of Bethlehem still shines down through the centuries, bringing to humanity a new ideal of life, of service, of the beauty of holiness.

The world is never left without a witness of the Infinite Love, the Divine Presence. No age or country has lacked its externalization of the Word; there is no nation or people that have not been blessed with some Avatar of the Infinite Light, some illumined son of God to shine through all the darknesses, of materiality and ignorance, even though the darknesses in its history, comprehendeth it not. Yet another and another messenger is sent, the larger Messianic periods covering an era of thousands of years, while the lesser cycles, when great Teachers like Zoroaster, Mahomet, or Swedenborg, shed their reflection of the one great Light upon humanity, occur at shorter intervals.

At a minister's meeting held in Boston not long ago, a visitor present, one in whom intellectual pride had evidently dwarfed the growth of the spiritual nature, if indeed it had ever reached birth, expressed himself in the most pessimistic terms regarding the present trend of the world, and the slender possibilities of advancement for our poor human nature, when one of the clergymen suggested the ideal of the Christ as an incentive for man to work toward, whereupon the visitor exclaimed with considerable innuendo: "A dead failure! The life of the Nazarene was an utter failure in every respect!" Verily, Truth cannot be intellectually apprehended, it must be spiritually discerned, and for those who are spiritually blind, clear vision is impossible. It is true that Jesus founded no temporal kingdom, he made no money, no friends of wealth and influence, the nobility perhaps never heard of him. His only followers were a handful of illiterate fishermen, among whom one betrayed, and another denied that he ever knew him; and after only three years of an itinerant, nomadic existence, he died the ignominious death of a felon, crucified between two thieves. It might seem like failure to the worldly minded to begin life as a pauper and end it as a criminal, but such a failure! A failure, with a world at his feet, today! A failure even on the human plane, when that matchless life as it was lifted up drew all men thither, when the gems of truth that fell from his lips have enkindled the latent divine spark in millions of human hearts to a holy sacred fire, inspiring souls everywhere to purity of life, to unselfish devotion to human needs and fidelity to the highest duty.

The true Christ is not yet born in the narrow manger of our hearts, although our lives perhaps already proclaim the angelic message of peace and good will to all men, our carols of joy ring out clear and heartfelt that a glimmering of the Truth which maketh all men free, is already ours. Some of us are trying to carry on the work the Judean Teacher began, of which he promised still greater things should be accomplished, doubtless meaning greater in extent, as it spread over all the world, not restricted as then to that little corner of Palestine. It has taken 1900 years, so slowly grind the mills of the gods, for his charge to his disciples to be fully understood: "Go ye into all the world, preach the gospel, heal the sick, cast out devils."

His faithful ministers, ever since, even those of apostolic succession, all down through the centuries, have been content to obey one third of the command and diligently preach the Word, dissecting and often distorting it according to their respective schools of theology. And now the large army of present day disciples and devotees of New Thought,

are valiantly, effectively meeting two-thirds of the injunction. They do indeed grandly, devotedly "heal the sick" and strive to educate the sufferer beyond the need of further healing. (But the perfect work and design of the Great Healer is not yet fulfilled thereby. Another need yet remains, another command awaits fulfillment.

If the work of the Master is carefully studied, surprise may be felt at the prominence given to his recognition of this third kind of bondage, the necessity of this kind of healing, to minister to the earth-bound souls in the invisible realm—the spirits in prison. For it is recorded on one occasion, that "they brought unto him all that were sick; he healed their diseases, and cast out unclean" (that is ignorant) "spirits;" and again, "he cast out the spirits by his word and healed all that were sick;" a clear distinction in either case. In this psychic age, when the field of psychic investigation is being so vigorously stirred, it inevitably attracts into our mundane atmosphere and currents of mortal thought, those disembodied entities lingering near the earth plane, therefore most undesirable visitants. Perhaps five-sixths of the cases of broken peace and depleted energy, which open the door for all other maladies, are of this nature and arise from such cause, and without its intelligent acceptance, our comprehension, our grasp of divine healing power is very limited and imperfect.

But, apart from this phase of work (for all faithful followers of Truth are not sent forth as working disciples), there are beautiful ministries outwrought in silence, in retired books of the world's large field, there are grand conquests over besetting errors fought out and nobly won in the heart's silent recesses, which thus becomes cleared and cleansed for the new birth of still higher Truth. Crosses are borne that are heavy and cruel, the thorns deeply piercing human brows while the jeweled crown is slowly but grandly won. This mortal nature of ours must be purged and purified, must be buffeted and tested until strength invincible is attained.

As the years go on and one Christmas succeeds another so much more rapidly than they used to do, when childish impatience hailed their too tardy approach, is the pure, rich grain of a perfected life ripening in the harvest field of our hearts? Are we feeling a less absorbing interest in the mundane, the temporal, the perishable, and fixing our gaze more steadily, eagerly on the goal of our high calling, as sons and daughters of the living God? Do we yearn to attain and realize our divine inheritance? Do earthly triumphs seem of little moment, of less and less importance, as the Eternal and Divine grow more real, more true and precious? Do we thus grow more pure in heart, and if so, is the reward of the pure-hearted already ours? "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." But how do the pure in heart see God? How do we reach the vision of the invisible Spirit, the inherent Life, the all-pervading Essence?

Many devout Christians listening in their pews to the exposition of the Beatitudes, many sweet-souled invalids also, looking upwonderingly from their beds of pain with eyes of faith, striving to free their minds from every thought of guile because of that promised reward—the sight of God—have doubtless often imagined an exultantly glorious potentate seated upon a cloud-supported throne, the forked lightning in the grasp of His Almighty Hand, a long lane of light streaming from this King of kings down through the gold-paved streets of Paradise toward the penitent entering the pearly gates. This the goal for purity of life—to see God at last, as the Judge, the Apportioner of possible reward or punishment.

Is this the only way in which the pure-hearted, true-sighted soul can "see God"? Ah, what is sight itself but the vibration of that Light which is His garment, that seamless robe woven into such beauty of form and color and life, peopling the worlds of air and sea and land with the expression of its own inexhaustible diversity? Where indeed do we not see the trace of Deity? And yet this reflection of the Light in all its glory is but one beam from the many-sided prism—the Creative ray. It forms the staff only on which the score of Life's grand anthem is written, in fullest harmony, in myriad octaves, but through all this broad diapason we read other Divine expressions—Majesty, and Tenderness, Sublimity, Benevolence, Truth, and greatest of all—Love. These are component parts, the reflections that our eyes can bear, our minds conceive, of the One Light, the ineffable Glory, which we are wont to call God. We "see God," not as material things become objects of vision, but the eyes of the soul take cognizance. They recognize. When the mortal eye gazes through colored glass, the whole world wears the same hue, and when as souls we grow into the habit of seeing divinity everywhere, we see nothing else. If we look for good in every body and everything, we become the magnet to attract all that is good and lovely within our range of vision. To the pure, all things are pure. We grow likewise into the image of the good we seek, we express divinity in health and

wholeness of body and soul. Have we learned to see God within, as well as without?

God is Spirit. Do we live as spirits should, discerning spiritual things, do we walk in spirit, or realize spiritual growth, freedom and enlightenment? God is Love. Does Love control our thoughts and acts, our judgments one of another? Is love our unflinching law, our daily expression? God is Wisdom. Is this the prize we devotedly seek, the wealth more precious than rubies, with which all other things that we desire are not to be compared? God is Truth, and the paths of truth-seeking lead us always Godward. It is to make this Truth which we loyally loyally vital in our lives, our daily hurried action, and even in our secret thoughts?

Is the prominence of the self being outgrown, have we greater ability to deny self as we gain a more universal consciousness? Is the soul shining through the veil of flesh more clearly? Is the divine in us approaching incarnation, does it herald the birth of the Christ within? Are we striving to be a Christ ourselves unto the weary and heavy-laden, the storm-tossed and broken in heart, the weary of sin and them that have no helper? Such service is the world's supreme need and it lies within the grasp of our possibility.

There have been many human saviors. How the justice of God was incarnate in Lincoln, in Garrison and Phillips, how His mercy and tenderness shone through the souls of Howard, of Florence Nightingale, and all our great philanthropists, how His inspiration has been breathed through the translucent souls of our grand teachers and ministers, who have thought out His thoughts after Him, and from whose pure lips have poured burning words like live coals from the altar of God's Truth.

In ourselves, now latent within, are all the elements of divinity. To live the Christ life is a perpetual divine becoming, a transmutation of the material into spirit, a transmutation of the human into the divine, until at-onement is gained, the highest goal even of a Christ. And the only difference between such ripened soul and the materialist or self in the kingdom of the Real, is the differing degrees of unfoldment of the spiritual nature. Then, as exponents of the gospel of Spirit, let us become living embodiments of the Truth which we proclaim. May we demonstrate this possibility of divinity within, God incarnate in man. Let this be our Christmas gift to humanity—to give ourselves for Truth's sake, to devote our souls, their life and power, to all the world.

Helping Our Neighbor.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, be of good courage.
Isaiah 41:6.

This is a plain text of good conduct and friendly. It tells of a time when the right feeling of fellowship prevailed and made the world better in that part of it. We can take it as the expression of the good time coming when all men everywhere shall practise this divine principle of helping. There shall be no contention, but co-operation, there shall be no envy and hindrance, but sympathy and assistance, for all from the least to the greatest shall be working in the spirit of right.

That is the poetry of fine conduct; it is the ideal of real religion; it is the thing that is pressing upon the community as the only true and right thing for every man to do. Society cannot prey upon itself; or men any longer be antagonistic to each other—and prosper. Classes cannot be arrayed against classes, or nations against nations. We must help on the reign of peace and good will.

And this is the happy life. It is the highest happiness because it is the man finding his true self which appeals to him for expression. There may be a low form of pleasure in hatred and revenge, but it is very low and must be very fleeting. The end thereof is death and disappointment. The savage element came in its day as part of the man-making going on in the world; but we recognize it was for barbarous times and as much out of place here as goat-skins for clothing or the painting of the face to make it hideous. That carried out makes foes of brethren, it disturbs communities and it makes a man something less than a man.

We have an ideal of a perfect man. We can think of our own lives rounding out until they are harmonious, beneficent, helpful. The thought is in our hearts. It is dawning on all men so that we dream of a world at peace with itself and prosperous in every part. The idealism of love leads this way; it is walking towards the sunrise that is to dissipate the darkness of the present. We can think of a time when war will be impossible because men will have grasped this law of helpfulness so clearly that they would not possibly think of destruction. Assuredly not. We can dream of a time when poverty shall be no more, when men will not be born into a circle of wretchedness and woe, when they will come

into conditions of help and glad labor, and have pride in existence. And these golden gifts are to be won by the united efforts of men, their working with intelligent understanding of what is to be done, and all furthering it in the spirit of helpfulness. We are standing on the threshold of the new house of happiness.

And we are growing sensible that the real man is the man not yet having arrived. The ideal is the true man, the honorable the good and upright. Kindness of heart, this is the new man for a new earth growing around us. The seed is uncomfortable in its hiding in the earth. It hears the call of the sun that it may come to flower, and it must push itself forward toward this expression of its hidden beauty. It is so with us, and we must realize that this is not only a duty for self, but a duty to all other selves on the planet, that we help, aid and assist them to the same divine attainment. Soul-idealism is the direction the new-humanism moves. Doing good is the gospel of the twentieth century, as it has been the glory of every preceding age.

This is to be common illumination so that there shall be earnest effort everywhere for its accomplishment. But suppose we bring to our own lives this standard of being and doing, we shall have then arrayed ourselves on the side of the world's helpers. There is much in this. It shows us in the right place and in the right attitude. All that has been was just to enable us to discern this and make it the mark of our high calling. So it begins to bite into the conscience of the present generation. Here is the thing we are to know as a daily rule.

And is it true then that helping our neighbor is help for us individually? The world affirms by the mouth of all its prophets and saints that it is true, the whole truth of saintship and nothing less.

Orthodoxes are a bore. We are weary of them. The mere profession of right-believing on speculative matters, no longer counts with reasoning men. The questions of theology too often are dry as sawdust and of no account anyway. The world has sinned and sorrow under it all. It has built grand cathedrals and maintained armies of priests, and made crowds without end, and poverty has ground down the poor; sickness has taken young and old and hurried them to death. Men have been in doubt of immortality and not felt the intense impressment of duty. We want a religion that does not dominate man and make him a slave, but allows the rights of reason as the liberties of the life. The only orthodoxy that counts for something is the religion of common sense and spiritual helpfulness. It will make inordinate wealth a crime; it will make war a blunder; it will make poverty and ignorance and sickness, things of the past. The new thought is here. Every man who believes it is to have it so as to help his neighbor to its full and free enjoyment. The man who does this has got the religion of religion. The world is asking for this sort of neighbor for his neighbors.

The fight now is not on the creeds, but on the disposition, the character. Manhood is the need of man. We must build up that so that a man takes possession of himself as if life were a kingdom and he the ruler of it to make the most of it. One under this culture will be a help to all with whom he is associated. The one he lives with, works with, trades with, will be the better for that contact.

We do not realize as we ought the help or the hindrance of our atmosphere, the vibrations of thought we send out. To the average man it seems to be a dead letter. Yet this is the new Bible of the better brotherhood and the spiritually beautiful. We cry out for this as the lilies in summer cry out for rain. We want souls to be loving and lovely to us, not in any selfish way, but as companions of noble living. We want friendships that help us if we never see the face of the one we admire, if we never clasp his or her hand. That the poet loves humanity, should win our love for the poet. That the reformer is trying to unfold truth, should make us love him. Such friendship is pure and inspiring and is helping on the world's better day.

Then we radiate helpfulness as the rose gives out of its fragrance. And there is no one but what we can assist some way or other. We do good by our friendliness of feeling; we do good by the smile or the cheery word. We show an interest in the health and circumstances of our neighbor. He has a garden, we interest ourselves in the growth of his flowers. He is inventing some machine, we wish him success—anything you please that gets us out of ourselves, and puts life into him. All share in the sunshine of our souls as every flower shares in the light of the day. We are to others what a cool wind is in the heat of August. We are this kind of refreshment and cheer.

Now the selfishness of men comes in the natural order. It was necessary to his gaining a foothold on the earth. It was necessary to the making of patience and courage and determination to overcome. God has made no mistake so far, the foundation has been laid for a noble superstructure. We see from the growth of this tree of selfishness a

promise of blossoming selfhood which makes humanity its own. I am a part of the beautiful order of including all races, kindreds and tongues.

But the large circle of sympathy is only drawn to make each part of it more interesting and precious to us. If I love all, then I have friendship very close and dear with all who permit this converse of soul. I have no superiority to boast of, one drop of water in the ocean of being is like all the other drops. Every soul has just the same right to be here as I have. Every soul has a claim that the world shall be kind and just to it. Let me consider this and govern myself accordingly, and then what a difference there will be in my behavior. What charity and cheer I shall have for all sorts and conditions of men! I shall carry sunshine into the home, the shop, and the street because it is in my heart.

This beneficence is not a matter of position or riches. It is the contagion of a noble nature. It is the man making himself a soul, so that spirit is the reality of his life. He is manifesting the immortal as an everyday fact. He is a spirit though clothed in flesh, but none the less a spirit, and he gives understanding of why we live on beyond the frame of death; it is that we may be this gracious light and love and helpfulness.

Is it worth while noticing what is a stumbling block in the way of some that there are those who apparently do not want our help? They would be glad enough if we could give them wealth or position, but to have merely our good will, well, that is of little moment. Neither do they want our ideas, or the truths we have won. They are like stone as we think to all the appeals we make to their nature.

Oh, be not discouraged, the law of life holds good for them as for you. They also are to awaken out of their sleep of indifference, and they shall be glad in the new morning coming. You need this experience of helping even the absolute and cold and unthankful. You must empty your heart of every sense of resentment. You must bear with them as the mother with her child. You must carry them into the silence of the evening and at the gate of sleep pray for them in sympathetic love.

It will not do to be foolishly sensitive to rebuff and unthankfulness. Sensitiveness may be a sin. It certainly is if it prevents us doing good when the good is right there asking for our performance. When we bring the fine, sensitive nature into subjection of obedience to principle, then we have the best neighbor the world knows. It is a gain to be made delicate and refined, to be sensitive of spiritual impressions and thought, but we must guard this from being dissipated to the heavenly vision of doing good to all. We must not pick and choose who our neighbors are to be. The God who placed the man at our side, had the thought they were good enough for us, and in their shortcomings, gave us opportunity to show how good we could be to them. If we plant not flowers in the fires of these, weeds will spring up in our own.

And how wonderful it is to think we really made the discouraged brave, that we spoke a timely word and that it fell in a genial mind and brought forth the fruit of gladness. Scatter your crumbs at evening, in winter, on the doorstep, and you will be repaid by the thanks of birds in the morning.

The poverty we own as real estate of time will perish, it will slip away from us at least and be another's; the real estate of eternity is the personal kindness and helpfulness we have been to our neighbor. No star so bright as the good word spoken, the sympathy shown, and the beauty done. A world of this would be heaven, men and women of this type would be the angels of a better angel world than men have yet dreamed!

"Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end. There is not a piece of science, but its flank may be turned tomorrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be reviled and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it."—Emerson.

"Life is meant to flower in an ideal transfiguration. . . . There are two revolutions—perhaps one at heart—which perfect life by throwing across it this ideal glory; the revolution of religion and the revolution of love; and the half-conscious longing which even simple common nature know for this breaking into flower of the staid leafage of their lives we call the desire of romance! Romance! That is the leaf of daily life suddenly coming to gold, in the fire of an unfamiliar emotion, a strange experience, a free like morning in heaven."—From Richard Le Gallienne's "The Love Letters of the King."

RESTLESS HEARTS.

Ah, restless human hearts of ours,
That cannot be at peace within,
That miss the melodies of heaven
Through clamor of the market's din!

Is there no place where ye may stay,
And tarry as in land of calm?
And hear the words that angels say
And feel the break from shores of balm?

God's greatness chides our littleness,
His strength above our weakness hoods;
He hath swift healing for distress
And pity for our dreary moods.

In God is rest. No other heart
Is big enough to shelter ours.
In God is rest. We have a part
In that great peace that heaven dowers.

—Margaret R. Sangster, in Everywhere.

A Christmas Vision.

An Australian Episode.

W. J. COLVILLE.

It was Christmas Eve on an old fashioned cattle ranch in the very heart of Australia, whither modern innovations had not yet penetrated. Christmas, as every one knows in the Southern Hemisphere, is a summer season, and has begun to fully exert its sway over the entire land which lies south of the Equator and summer in many parts of Australia is of the genuine tropical variety.

The Christmas of 1900 was remembered especially significantly, for it was the first time that it marked the passing of the nineteenth century, but in Australia it had an added significance in that it marked also the birth of Australian federation, that long cherished dream which, as soon as realized, united five states and one large island (Tasmania) in the embrace of irrefragable solidarity.

Mrs. Poopussie, wife of an English army officer, then at the cruel front in South Africa, in time of deadly conflict between two brave and seemingly equally invincible races, felt the pangs of nostalgia as she had never known before. Christmas is so essentially a home festival, so many associations inseparably united with the days of childhood surround that delightful and pathetic season, that even at the best of times and in the most favorable surroundings Christmas is spent away from the ancestral roof-tree brings a lump into the throat and makes even the most delicious pudding seem a little indigestible, but Christmas more than 10,000 miles from home and that Christmas an almost utterly lonely one, and even spent under broiling sky instead of accompanied by familiar snowflakes is indeed a strain upon the nervous centres which excites tension almost to the point of rupture.

Mrs. Poopussie was a domestic woman, an affectionate wife and an ardent patriot. Captain Poopussie was a model husband and a stalwart soldier. He was a brave, solid Englishman with whom the short word Duty spelled lifelong devotion of a kind so almost fanatically conscientious that a student of ethical problems is apt to wonder whether, after all, there is not something fatal in the very devotion to country of a married man who leaves a lonely woman on a cattle ranch and goes to a distant land to help settle a controversy in which he may be but very remotely interested from the standpoint of any individual appreciation of the actual situation.

Many noble and loyal Englishmen resident in Australia had felt it in no way incumbent upon them to respond to England's call for volunteers, but not so Captain Poopussie, with whom patriotism was a devouring passion. Mrs. Poopussie was of the same heroic build and though she was a tender hearted woman and a devoted wife, she was sentimentally, she still felt that her noble husband had done the only thing commensurate with his honorable and exalted position to spring out of his well-earned retirement from active service and take ship to that terrible and distant land, where so many brave fellows were being immolated on the altar of international hostility. During six long months home had come at intervals, always of an encouraging nature, and only a few days before Christmas Eve the faithful wife had received a long, loving, cheerful letter from her absent spouse.

On this fair night, which had followed the closing in of a gorgeous Queensland day, a strange restlessness had taken hold upon this good woman which she could not attribute to exclusively nostalgic origin, and it was all in vain that Captain Poopussie's kindly friend, who shared solitude with her—assured her that nothing but homesickness ailed her.

"Oh, my dear sister in exile," persisted Sophronia Poopussie, "you and I are equally far from home at this lonely season. Derivatives to you as dear as Devonshire to me, and your husband also is at the war and you love him as much as I love Clarence. No, it is not our common trial that is oppressing me so strangely tonight; it is something definite, acute, personal and I know it is my strange interior instinct which is making me aware that something quite unusual is occurring. He is wounded; I can feel the blood trickling down his arm; I can see the nurse who is bandaging the member; I cannot be mistaken, I know they have improvised an ambulance and are taking him to the hospital tent and there is Lady Gore-Winters, God bless her, a red cross nurse, ministering to him, and she is one of the richest heiresses in England."

Mrs. Poopussie swooned on the veranda surrounding the tropical one-story house and her friend rushed to her aid, but she lay in solid silence. Presently Sophronia's lips began to move, at first inarticulately, then slow, feeble, partially distinct words were uttered through them in a man's voice, but evidently in a painfully exhausted condition.

"They will telegraph my dearest," the voice uttered, "but I have only faintly. I shall recover and return in a few months convalescent to Australia."

Not another word was spoken and for two full hours, from 9 p. m. till past 11, Mrs. Poopussie remained in a state of profound unconsciousness, occasionally starting restlessly, as though in mental pain, on the wicker divan on which she was reclining, but otherwise revealing nothing to her companion. Shortly before midnight she arose suddenly and commenced singing old Christmas carols, though still evidently quite unconscious of her material surroundings till at length when she had sung through a complete familiar list she clasped her friend in her arms and uttered only these words: "The crisis is past, a new danger is averted," then she returned to her full usual objective consciousness, and smiling sweetly on her companion said softly:

"All is well with us, we are safe in Heaven's keeping."

The two ladies then took a short, meditative stroll about the grounds which enclosed the magnificent residence, and both seemed filled with a sense of peace and calm which fittingly introduced the day of all the year when peace and good will is most particularly emphasized. There were Christmas cake and Christmas pudding and many beautiful emblems of the season in the Anti-Edenness of those two faithful Englishwomen who, though so far from home, were nevertheless true to every beautiful tradition of their native isle, and though

they were alone together, they resolved to have their Christmas banquet and celebrate the festival in spiritual communion with friends and kindred far across the seas.

There was a little Mission Church, two miles from their abiding place and thither they repaired after a few hours' sleep and a light morning meal. The edifice was almost bare-like in its simplicity, but loving hands had transformed it into a festive garden. The singing was rude, but hearty, and the old harmonium scarcely had the breath to accompany the lusty voices of the youths and maidens who sang the ancient English service with a grand enthusiasm lacking in many a superb cathedral.

The Rev. Donald Wilberforce, a devoted hero, esteemed as a saint by his little congregation, preached with the eloquence of a finished orator and yet used very simple language as he expounded the familiar precept: "Love one another as I have loved you." The whole accent of the sermon was on "as," which the preacher said meant nothing less than absolutely, unswervingly, even unto the uttermost of personal self-sacrifice. No perplexing dogma was expounded, simply a homely heart to heart appeal from a great, loving soul to a great, loving heart. The service ended the Christmas greetings which filled the air were long, deep and almost magical in their intensity.

Mrs. Poopussie and Mrs. Fitzalligator walked slowly to their bungalow and there dined leisurely and generously, feeling thankful for the simple and beautiful service that there was not a single case of unrelieved distress in all their neighborhood. Australia is the veritable incarnation of the spirit of hospitality in all its wide "Hush" region, and though in Sydney and Melbourne, as in great capital cities, the social life is more refined, the typical Australian resident enjoys only what he shares.

After dinner, as the sun's heat grew less intense, the two ladies enjoyed sauntering in their lovely garden and even found some degrees of pleasure in looking at the roses that there was not a single case of unrelieved distress in all their neighborhood. Australia is the veritable incarnation of the spirit of hospitality in all its wide "Hush" region, and though in Sydney and Melbourne, as in great capital cities, the social life is more refined, the typical Australian resident enjoys only what he shares.

After dinner, as the sun's heat grew less intense, the two ladies enjoyed sauntering in their lovely garden and even found some degrees of pleasure in looking at the roses that there was not a single case of unrelieved distress in all their neighborhood. Australia is the veritable incarnation of the spirit of hospitality in all its wide "Hush" region, and though in Sydney and Melbourne, as in great capital cities, the social life is more refined, the typical Australian resident enjoys only what he shares.

These words were spoken firmly, without excitement, and exactly in the tone of Captain Poopussie, whose wife recovered from the trance condition before reaching the chapel and only seemed mystified that a two mile walk on a warm evening had seemed so short a step and had been so quickly taken.

Another beautiful Christmas service led the hearts and minds of the two lonely women far above all thoughts of solitude. The angels and the stars furnished the accompaniment with ample topic for another discourse of almost matchless power and eloquence and he brought the thought of heavenly ministries so near to earthly consciousness that all his hearers, most of whom were practically exiles, were moved to contemplate under the stars of southern constellations not the remoteness of an earthly but the closeness of a heavenly home.

Boxing day was observed on the ranch as a holiday even as in England and though no Christmas pantomime existed, and there was no theatre, on that day, to which Australians are enthusiastically addicted, satisfied to the full the younger portion of the scattered population.

Mrs. Poopussie and Mrs. Fitzalligator parroted of the kangaroo tails and parrot pies of the house of the good friend, the young Dingles who had been among the earliest settlers in that part of Queensland, and whose healthy vigorous children were Bush Australians to the manner born. During the evening, which was given up to music and dancing, Mrs. Poopussie, under the glow of the mysterious condition which now seemed about to become chronic with her, and this time she was not alone in her experience for Mrs. Emm-Dingoo also experienced a strange sensation in her right arm and felt impelled to withdraw from the festive gathering and retire herself to a little sanctum where only Mrs. Poopussie accompanied her. No sooner had the two ladies seated themselves than Mrs. Emm-Dingoo began to write automatically in Captain Poopussie's large military scrawl the following urgent words:

"My dear wife, I am writing you to contradict the false report of my decease which has gone out mistakenly and which is calculated to cause my dear wife unutterable distress. Tell her, I pray you, that her devoted Clarence is now well enough to eat a good slice of one of those famous Queensland puddings sent to Fable Bay and to fully appreciate the excellence of our good Queen's delicious chocolate. Though I was sharply wounded in a stiff skirmish with the Boers on Christmas eve, this Boxing night finds me well enough to go to the pantomime in Prue Lane if we were in London. I know you will indite this message at my dictation though thousands of miles of ocean roll between us, but water is no barrier to spirit, Clarence Poopussie."

Scarcely had Mrs. Emm-Dingoo finished her automatic letter when Mrs. Poopussie, who had been deeply entranced during the writing, awakened briskly with these words on her tongue:

"I have been talking with my dear husband and he assures me every word you have written is a message from him. There will be sad news tomorrow from South Africa and his name will be among those who have died in the late encounter, but, thank God, he is safe and rapidly recovering."

Mrs. Emm-Dingoo was not altogether unfamiliar with automatic writing, and she knew a good deal of telepathy, so the strange fact of her having written the foregoing message did not fill her with consternation, nor did she doubt the accuracy of the communication. Both ladies soon rejoined their youthful friends and entered with happy zest into the joyous merriment of the small, but enthusiastic party and ended the evening at a late hour in a manner worthy of the nation's great Bank Holiday.

Three days later papers arrived at the station, which was far inland from Brisbane, and they contained all the tidings which the visitors and writings had specified, but the tidings which contained no power to disturb the Christmas peace and cheerfulness which reigned in the hearts of the confiding women whose implicit trust in spiritual revelations was firm as a mass of granite.

Time sped on actively and almost joyfully till Father Christmas approached, and then one glorious evening, Captain Poopussie appeared among his old friends in Sydney and recounted to them while waiting for the express to Brisbane, the true story of his wound and his recovery, and then hastened on to join his wife at the country station where she was daily expecting him, and where her deft fingers, with good Mrs. Fitzalligator's ready assistance, had transformed what was once a very uncouth dwelling into a bower of loveliness.

Time sped on actively and almost joyfully till Father Christmas approached, and then one glorious evening, Captain Poopussie appeared among his old friends in Sydney and recounted to them while waiting for the express to Brisbane, the true story of his wound and his recovery, and then hastened on to join his wife at the country station where she was daily expecting him, and where her deft fingers, with good Mrs. Fitzalligator's ready assistance, had transformed what was once a very uncouth dwelling into a bower of loveliness.

HIS WILL.

MARY J. WOODWARD WEATHERS.

And I, if I've done His will indeed,
Who gave me the promise, can surely wait
The reward He gives, be it soon or late;
For I am His, and His will I will do,
Except as I'm patiently waiting here.

Christmas Letter.

W. J. COLVILLE.

At this exceptionally busy season, when everybody is living at an extremely high pressure, and it seems almost impossible to crowd into the overall days all that clamors for attention, I pause for a few moments to wish the countless Banner readers whom I remember among my faithful friends, all the cheeriest greetings of the season. After one Christmas spent in New Zealand and another in California, I find the good, old fashioned, snowy Christmas we are now enjoying by no means an unwelcome contrast to the mild, damp Christmas spent in New Zealand two years ago, and the bright warm Christmas which I heartily enjoyed in San Francisco last season.

I am now in New York, amid all its manifold gayeties and activities and it has never seemed more congenial to me than just at present. At the moment I feel that he is in the full flush of all that is going on and to feel myself in harmony with every honorable festivity.

My visit to Kingston, to which I have referred at length in a special article, was in the nature of a special mission. I have seen the inner workings of a thoroughly up-to-date American Sanitarium in which the latest theories are being successfully demonstrated. Dr. C. O. Sahler is certainly a remarkable man. His energy is truly phenomenal, and it does not seem strange that he can treat from fifty to seventy patients in a single day and always maintain his equilibrium.

During my five days' visit, from Dec. 12 to 17, inclusive, delivered several lectures and answered questions to the large audiences, as the outside public was invited to attend and nearly all the patients were present in the lecture hall.

On Thursday, Dec. 18, I commenced work in New York City at the headquarters of the Psychical Research Society, 419 Broadway, Avenue. Daily lecture at 3.30 p. m. The lecture room there is bright and commodious and in every way adapted for consecutive courses of instruction as well as for occasional gatherings. Mrs. H. M. Young is now residing with Dr. Sahler, 119 Madison Ave. She is active as ever and selling books almost by cartloads.

On Christmas Sunday, Dec. 28, I am to speak at 3 p. m. in General Hall, 226 W. 58th St., which is one of the handsomest halls in the metropolis, and giving a course of evening lectures in East Orange, N. J., at 69 Washington St., the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Andrews. Exercises commence there at 8 p. m., Dec. 27 and 29. I expect to remain in New York till end of February, but beginning with Sunday, Jan. 4, 1903, I shall speak on Sundays for First Association of Spiritualists at their Temple, 12th St., near Grand Ave., Philadelphia. All letters, etc., can reach me promptly if addressed care Alliance Pub. Co., New York.

The Psychic Atmosphere of Christmas.

W. J. COLVILLE.

At this glorious and highly festive season let us endeavor, for at least a few brief days, to ignore all differences which usually divide us and seek to find a common ground of agreement while celebrating the great social and religious festival which a good old song, well known to all, describes as "the brightest of all the year."

Christmas in Australia occurring as it does in the height of an often tropical summer, seems to those who were not born beneath the Southern Cross a strange incongruity and even the extremely mild Christmas in Southern California by no means satisfies the poetic sentiment of those who never wish to surrender a single time-honoredulet tradition. "See amid the winter's snow" sounds always appropriate as the first line of a Christmas carol, and this present year Christmas has been only less heralded with enough ice and hoarfrost, at least in New York and New England and many other parts of North America, to satisfy the demands of even the most rigorous sticklers for weather etiquette of the oldest conservative pattern.

Christmas has indeed a spirit, as Charles Dickens so admirably declared in those Christmas tales of his which are as attractive to us today as they were to those who first listened to them a generation or two ago. "Mild sentences" may be a contemporary quality, though the London of today is not quite what it was when Dickens wrote his stories, and such a character is quite as likely to be touched and melted by the appeal of the Christmas spirit, as any miser who lived fifty or more years ago. The Christmas spirit is a thing which cannot be made or unmade, happy, it is an altruistic or at least a philanthropic spirit which insinuates its presence everywhere as subtly and indefinitely as some pervasive perfume which we inhale and which almost intoxicates us, though we cannot say where it comes from, or along what path it may have traveled to our nostrils.

The toys and bright articles of all descriptions in shop windows, the evergreens and flowers everywhere displayed in rich profusion, the sound of bells and pealing music, the increase of traffic on the streets and the jostling of holiday buyers, all these are objective features of the season and though they are some of them charming and some of them bewildering they are not mystical, consequently they do not arouse our psychic curiosity. But Christmas has ever been a ghostly season—a time when the unseen forces of the universe have taken hold upon the masses of the people as at no other period of the year, so much so that the conventional Christmas story must have a more or less distinctly spiritualistic plot. That this is so none will dispute, but why it is so is a fit subject for investigation.

Tracing the origin of midwinter festivities to dates antedating by many centuries the birth of Christ, we shall find that Christmas is the blood descendant of a highly noble family and though the family tree of Christmas may not be irreproachable as it has flourished and put forth new wood through centuries, and millenniums, the foundation thereof is in the best of that perennial optimism which is truly indigenous to the soil of human nature.

Men was not made to mourn. Only a poet when in morbid pessimistic mood could ever suggest that the normal state of human existence be to be unhappy. All life is essentially happy and it should be a strong incentive to philanthropic action to realize deeply that it is so. The smallest fir tree, decorated with a few cheap baubles and lighted with a few small colored candles, is a happy way to make a group of children whose lives, though surrounded by deep, dark shadows, are always ready to embrace the faintest ray of sunshine.

The absurd extravagancies of multi-millionaires who give each other costly trinkets

which scarcely anybody really values are by no means representative of the millions of men, women and children everywhere who have neither means nor disposition for such absurdity.

The Christmas spirit does not concern itself with a few extravagant acts of a very small minority in any, even the wealthiest population. It goes on its way rejoicing from street to street and house to house distributing carols and calendars and all manner of useful articles which, though offered as holiday presents, are serviceable the whole year long.

In ancient Egypt the festival of Osiris was a glorious celebration in honor of the god of the dead, and the season of joy over sorrow, of life over death. New birth and resurrection were the keynotes of the ancient feast and it is well that ethical leaders like Felix Adler are, in modern America, reminding their audiences that world-wide celebrations have all originated in some conformity to the highest aspirations of our nature. We need not by any means confine ourselves to an exclusive thought of Christmas as only a Christian festival. Peoples of all creeds and nationalities can unite in it, for though its letter may be special its heart is universal.

The greatest of all lessons to be learned by the universality of the Christmas atmosphere is the right side of infection or contagion. We can become contagiously, generously and infectiously kind. We breathe a common atmosphere and are affected by it, and when this general air is richly impregnated with the spirit of benevolence, we feel how much easier it is to be kind than cruel, to be tender hearted than relentless in our dealings with our neighbors.

Charles Dickens was a great psychic; his characters were to him, every one of them, living personages, and the secret of the immortality of his tales is that they strike at the very roots of human experience and, like Shakespearean dramas, hold a mirror up to so-called reality in which we can see our innermost selves reflected.

Christmas is a bountiful provider for all our varied needs. A card which costs but one cent, if sent forth with loving thought and general impulse can, on reaching its destination, perform a triumphant feat of spiritual healing and fully demonstrate the mystery of psychometry.

Let us all enter with zest into the spirit of this blessed time and from Christmas eve till at least the close of New Year's Day live in an atmosphere of joy in loving service, thinking far more of how best it is to give than how delighted to receive. We think intensely at this season of our beloved ones who have gone before, for Christmas is especially a home festival and as the gates of spirit life do always stand ajar, let us welcome with special gladness the Christmas Zeitgeist which pushes them still a little wider open and makes it easier for us, when tales of ministering angels fill the air, to realize how close to everyone of us must be our best beloved.

THE LOVER'S BRIDGE.

As on a rude log bridge we met,

One evening in the summer,

I asked the timid maid, Lurette,

If I should help her over.

She took my hand with girlish grace,

Her trembling steps grew stronger;

Then, smiling, gazed into my face,

And wished the "bridge was longer."

I led her homeward through the glade,

Across the flowery meadow;

Across the secret tent our lips betrayed,

Beneath the pale moon's shadow.

Since then, my beautiful Lurette

And I have walked together;

And smiles and tears we're lovers yet,

Through all life's changing weather.

With songs of birds' "neath sunny skies,"

And all along life's "bridge of sighs,"

We've helped each other over.

Glad children, with their eyes of love,

Played round us, morn and even,

While some are here, and some above

Are calling us to heaven!

Our Golden Wedding Day—and we,

Love's bright lights growing stronger,

Clasp trembling hands as then, when she

"Wished that the bridge was longer!"

William Goldsmith Brown.

Stevens Point, Wis., Nov. 1, 1902.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

A True Story.

IDA BALLOU.

"Well, Dolly, and you want to hear the story of Uncle Ben's visit with your mother and me. Child, that story has been spooned and wondered at and retold times out of mind—but for a true, unabridged account you can ask your mother or me, for there was no one in the house at the time beside ourselves."

"I can well remember the day," declared Aunt Betty, as she leaned pensively forward to look into the fire. "It was on a winter evening, just before dark. Father and mother had gone to town and would not be back until midnight. I was sitting in the parlor, and a good deal as you and I are now, Dolly, and it was Alice who glanced up and saw Uncle Ben. Uncle Ben, you know, was a very nice, quiet, little old man—no relation of ours at all—but well spoken of by everyone in the town, and he seemed to have a special liking for Alice and me—particularly Alice. You could tell how your mother looked, then, dear, if your eyes were blue instead of brown and you were a little bit taller. I believe you favor your papa most after all. But, as I said, your mother saw Uncle Ben first."

"We had a large hall at one end of the sitting room and just at the entrance he stood. It did not seem strange to us that he should be there—he often came to see us, and beyond a start or two we felt no surprise, and with sincere greeting urged him in. At first he shook his head and smiled a little doubtfully, but at last he consented to sit down at a respectful distance with his cap held bashfully in his hand."

"I wanted very much to see you this evening, but I was so full of difficulty I managed it. I wanted to tell you that I have found my wife and daughter."

"He looked directly at Alice—he seemed to look through her—so intent was his gaze. Yet it was not a rude gaze, but one more full of love, more ready to be understood, and to convey an expression of gratitude to our pretty Alice. She forgot to be embarrassed under the astonishment his words gave us both."

"Your wife and daughter! Why, Uncle Ben, we never knew you were married!"

"No," and Uncle Ben smiled wearily, "I haven't ever told you, but may I tell you now?"

"He seemed to include us both, yet he kept gazing at Alice. Our eager curiosity, however, had finally ended our curiosity. I fear."

"I met my wife under peculiar circumstances," he told us, without preamble, as if he were anxious to consume as little time as possible. "I was living in a logging camp with a lot of wild fellows that winter. The rough life suited me at that time, and was not

marked by any special adventure until one wild night, when above the noise of the camp and the moan of the wind through the pines, a child's cry was heard. Immediately after we heard a woman's voice singing:

"'Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard the bed.
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.'"

"It did sound rather unearthly, and then, it was so improbable. No woman was ever seen within twenty miles of our camp. You could have heard a pin drop on the street. The men's faces were white, and when a little later a low knock came at the door, some of them—big, strong fellows—shook like they had palsy, and even begged me not to open the door."

"But, of course, I would, though I'll confess my heart beat pretty fast—the occurrence was so unusual—a woman at our camp at that time of night! I opened the door; there she was, and she fell with a moan at my feet. She was nearly dead with fatigue and exposure, but warm and closely clasped in her arms was a little chubby, dimpled girl baby, who offered to leave her mother and come to me right from the first. We doctored up the woman, for the men soon got over their fright, and what the poor lady didn't do with her sad, gentle ways and pretty hair, that girl baby just finished. Every one was the little miss's slave from the very first."

"After a bit the lady told her story. She was the daughter of a lumberman who lived in a town about fifty miles from our camp. Her poor little baby was an unrecognized, nameless waif, with no one to care for her except her mother. Her angry parents thrust her from them and after her baby's birth, the man who should have been her husband, was killed some way, and the double grief turned the poor lady's brain. She was hunting for him—she had waited for him so long—she said."

"She got it into her head after a while that I was the man she was hunting, that I was her daughter's father. This all the more easily because the baby took so to me from the first. Well, I married her, and despite the affliction was living very happily until one day I woke up to find her missing."

"Oh," we both cried.

"She had got it into her head again that she must hunt her lover. I tried in vain to find her. I tortured myself thinking of her in want and ill, with the helpless baby just beginning to walk, and I suffered a great deal. But it is all over now. I've found them both."

"He rose and started as if to go. Alice and I had been crying, but we tried to get command of our voices as we urged him to stay. He shook his head."

"No, no, goodbye. You have been so good, young ladies, to a poor, lonely old man, and once more he looked earnestly, appealingly at Alice. 'I bless you and bid you goodbye.'"

"I arose to accompany him to the door, but he was gone before I had taken two steps. I looked after him in silent amazement. 'I never knew him to be so active before,' I murmured."

"Alice was still busy wiping her eyes. It was hardly dark, but I lit the lamp hurriedly. 'Why, Betty, how pale you look!' exclaimed Alice."

"I realized then that I was shaking from head to foot. 'Uncle Ben has made me nervous,' I declared, 'I am afraid of my shadow, Alice.'"

"We talked of Uncle Ben late that night, with the lamp burning brightly, and our arms about each other.

"Dolly, the next morning we got word that Uncle Ben had been found dead the evening before in his little, lonely home, and the physician said his death was instantaneous and painless, but that he had been dead several hours."

"There, Dolly, there, there! You seem just like your mother as she clung to me that morning."

Longevity Through Vibration.

Much is said about vibration at the present time, because we have learned it more to do with the even tenor of our ways. Vibration is motion, and every thing in the universe is in motion, vibrating. Nothing that has life but vibrates. There are low and high vibrations; there are tense and lax vibrations; there are vibrations with a long sweep, there are vibrations with a short sweep. The air, earth, sea and sky are full of vibrations.

Man, being cosmic and dynamic, partakes of all these vibrations, and is subject to them until he understands himself and how to use his mental forces to register just what he wants. Man is capable of this, and when he has learned to be a law unto himself, to control the mortal man, and let the real man be the monitor within, then he can call to himself, the long rhythmic vibrations that polarize him in truth, and the pendulum of his being will swing to and fro with steady equalized sweep bringing such harmony, awe, melody into his life as he never dreamed of before.

We are just beginning to learn that we are not creatures of destiny, but creators of our destinies, and through the law and use of these fine harmonic waves we can live about as long as we wish to.

The alchemy of life will right the seeming wrongs of the ages. Man as a whole has lived a haphazard life, knowing little, believing much. Living so much in the thoughts of others, he has failed to unfold himself and learn of his own realities. Thinking as he has been taught, then, he was a depraved creature with little good and a great deal of evil in him created inharmonious vibrations, discord and finally death.

The teachings and healing of the past have been the coward's dream of the future. The real thing is man's soul, chaining and binding him in every way. But the spirit that permeates all things, that lives in plant, tree, and flower, in drop of water, or dew, in the air we breathe, and in man, is all potent and intelligent, and has ever been trying to arouse man from his lethargic condition, and to free him from fear, and make him a conscious being, and is finally succeeding. The world is awakening as never before, from this long nightmare of the past, and beginning to realize that human beings are souls with wills, and minds, to do and dare for truth.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so he is," is true; thoughts are seeds. If we plant sick seeds, sorry seed, the body soon responds to it. If we are full of fear, we get a good work. Fear never makes a good soldier, or sailor, or engineer, or workman of any kind. In order to succeed man must absolutely be here in himself.

When ministers begin to expound a gospel of love, instead of the gospel of fear, and begin to do, you will find this old world growing rapidly. When man, the highest of all God's creatures, has become a law unto himself, he loses all fear, and consciously knows that God, Divine Mind, Infinite Intelligence, is love, and all love is good. The true position of this Intelligence, and he is an infinite child of love, born with all the attributes of a God, and desires to be himself, not a fugitive from God, but a loyal, royal, son, living in true with himself, therefore with the rest of the world, and the universe, breathing in the divine energy daily, loving nature, therefore God; sending forth his psychic soul all the good in his brother man, all that is beautiful in nature.

Fear has kept him from living out half his days; it has brought so much discord

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., is now offering for sale a large stock of books at wholesale prices. The books are of the highest quality and are selected from the best authors. The books are sold at a discount of 25% off the retail price. The books are sold in lots of 10 or more. The books are sold in lots of 10 or more. The books are sold in lots of 10 or more.

TERMS:—Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by cash or by check (the latter, if any, must be paid C. O. D.). Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash or by check (the latter, if any, must be paid C. O. D.). Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash or by check (the latter, if any, must be paid C. O. D.).

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

NOTE:—No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited articles.

NOTE:—Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn across the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1902.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE

No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce Building, Copley Sq.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50
 postage paid by publisher.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Harrison D. Barrett.....President.
Frederic G. Tuttle.....Treas. and Bus. Mgr.
Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Apage Line.
DISCOUNTS.
3 months.....10 per cent.
6 months.....25 " "
1 year.....40 " "

200 lines to be used in one year, 10 per cent.
500 lines to be used in one year, 25 per cent.
1000 lines to be used in one year, 40 per cent.

50 per cent. extra for special position.
Special Notices forty cents per line. Minimum, 40 lines.
Notice in the editorial column, large type, headed matter, fifty cents per line.
No extra charge for color or double column.
Width of column 7-16 inches.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued value must be left at our Office before 9 A. M. on the day preceding the advance of the date wherein they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear for a long time and whose value is accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued. We cannot assume to be responsible for any loss or damage to any advertiser who may be deceived by a dishonest advertiser.

XILIA.

Gone! the pattering of little feet,
All gone! the music that made life sweet;
The loving look in the dear brown eyes
That gazed into ours so merry and wise;

The cooling voice, the wailing touch,
The baby ways that meant so much.

The home is empty, and cold, and still,
And baby's chair has none to fill.

There are playthings, crib and her little shoes,
That bear the print of her precious toes.

That mama cuddled and kissed and loved,
Of which all in the household band approved;

While baby frolicked and laughed in glee
With a sweet abandon 'twas joy to see.

Oh Heaven, pity our awful loss!
And give us strength to bear our cross.

Oh send us a gleam from the higher life,
Where baby was taken from care and strife.

What might have been hers, God only knows,
But yet we can only feel the throes

Of mortal grief o'er the open grave,
For 'tis hard to be silent and strong and brave.

By Xilia's Grandma Collin.

Our Xilia.

The pen falters in its sad task of announcing to the large Banner family the sudden, cruel death of little Xilia Barrett.

On Friday afternoon, Dec. 19, she was left sitting in her carriage on Washington St., Brookline, by her now heart-broken nurse, while executing an errand in an adjacent store, when a gust of wind rolled the carriage to the curb, precipitated the child to the street, where a frightened horse stepped upon her little head, fracturing the skull. She was taken to the Children's Hospital where she lived until six o'clock, without regaining consciousness. These are the stern insupportable facts of an event which has wrought such sad havoc in many loving hearts, and made of life a desolation, where it was once so full of hope and joy.

How often does a bird in calling his flowers for some choice bouquet pass by the large blossoms, the fully developed flowers, and select some choice bud whose closely furled petals only give promise of future beauty. Even so, has the Great Gardener chosen to pluck from its slender stem of life, this rare sweet bud of human beauty, and loveliness,

to transplant into His angelic garden. And yet, the little life so early closed, was not immature. Hers was a ripened soul that chose this brief expression less for the added experience she might gain thereby, than for the full rich mission that might thus be wrought in other lives. Indeed, such reminiscence was strongly hers. She talked frequently of her "other mama," her "other papa," only on the last fatal day referring in her conversation with Mrs. Barrett to that "other mama," and she seemed all day in a dream-like state, as if some premonition overshadowed her childish consciousness that the hour drew near when she should return to her dear memories of the past. The links in the chain which drew her to her true home, the realm of spirit, grew tighter and tighter, until she could resist them no longer.

But how few lives of only thirty-two months duration have made such an impression on the world at large. The prominent position held by her bereaved parents in the

XILIA.

Princess surely in disguise,
Is this maiden sweet and fair,
Light of love is in her eyes,
Gold of sunshine in her hair;
Musical her voice as birds,
When they sing at break of day;
Happy trill of laughing words,
Like bright brooks upon their way;
All she does has wondrous grace,
Like the motions of a flower;
Anged beauty in her face,
Speaks of childhood's heavenly dower!

Roses if they had no name,
Would as fair and wondrous grow,
But the poet gives them claim,
All of sweetness here to know;
And true love baptized the child,
With a name her heart to speak,
Harmony and peace beguiled,
Here their shelter sweet to seek;
So her name and life are one,
Fair and perfect as a flower,
And her days of joy run on,
Spent in love's old Eden bowers!
William Brunton.



Xilia.

Our Baby Xilia.

field of spiritual advancement and reform, made her sweet personality well known wherever the English language is spoken. How tenderly the delegates at the recent convention will recall the visits made by this fairy sprite at their business sessions. Especially on that last afternoon, just before the election of officers, when she was allowed to run about on the platform among the vases of flowers which lined its edge, hardly taking them, clutching playfully at the gay blossoms, the writer recalling how one spray of bright berries particularly tempted her to draw it forth, her father twice replacing it in the vase, but again it was claimed as rightfully her own, to the great amusement of her admiring friends.

Then in that supreme hour, when for the tenth time, Mr. Barrett was announced as president of the N. S. A., when to divert attention from himself, he raised the little white-robed maiden to his shoulder, as he received the ovation of applause, her little face the target of every loving gaze, until dismayed by the tumult, eclipsed by the huge bonnet of yellow chrysanthemums presented to her father, her imperative little "down-down" rang out in her desire to once more express her restless activity.

One who has not had the pleasure of knowing her intimately in her home, cannot speak intelligently as her loved ones could of her unusual advancement for her years, her vocabulary of expression being as extended as is usually employed by a child of twelve years. This might easily be the result of unusual inheritance in this regard, but is also the proof of her own ripe unfoldment. Why the blossoming of such fair flower on this plane should be so sadly, ruthlessly denied is one of the mysteries which our weak human sight and reason cannot compass.

Words are feeble to express what the heart would prompt. The blow is too recent; the shock too severe, the heart too stricken with its weight of grief to properly express at this time the deep sympathy, the love, which go forth so richly to the distressed parents and family from the great wide circle of sorrowing friends everywhere. May the consolation of a faith which knows no death, the realization of an unbroken companionship, the sure conviction that there can be no separation between spirit and spirit under any circumstances, clothed or unclothed with clay, be an abiding support through every hour of this heavy affliction. Her dear ones can be sure of the strong earnest prayers of all who love them, and "underneath are always the everlasting arms."

S. C. C.

THE LOST LOVE.

I do not know, I do not care,
Just when and where we'll meet,
I'll feel your presence in the air,
My heart will wake and be aware
Of something wondrous sweet.

And old, imprisoned, dead Despair
Will rush from his retreat,
And kiss your lips, your eyes, your hair,
And breathe the long denied prayer
While kneeling at your feet.
—Florence Gertrude Ruthven.

thetic thoughts to bear this great sorrow. Let me say in closing, that my darling has never been aught but a perennial joy to me ever since she honored me by becoming her mother's and my guest.

Kind readers, I am always,
Your friend,
Harrison D. Barrett.

evil by seeking to destroy her school. It was not long before this was accomplished and Miss Judson calmly gave up a work that had been hers for eleven years, and sought occupation among those of the faith she had espoused at so much cost to herself. Had she played the hypocrite, or compromised with her enemies by outwardly complying with



Xilia.

Abby A. Judson.

The tragic exit of this unselfish advocate of the truths of Spiritualism from the stage of earth life has touched every heart with poignant anguish. Her friends—and they were legion—in all sections of the world were moved to tears, and with bursting souls bemoaned her cruel fate. Miss Judson had wrought in sincerity of purpose, and purity of thought for the religion of her soul for more than fifteen years, or since she was convinced of the truth of angel ministration in the affairs of men. Her parents, the Rev. Adoniram and Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson, were the famous missionaries of the long ago to Burmah, and were strictly orthodox in all their concepts of religion. They were "Baptists of the Baptists," yet lived far above their creed, and conscientiously sought to labor for the good of others, especially when those others had not heard of the Gospel of the Man of Nazareth. Born into a family of this kind, it is not strange that Miss Judson should inherit her religious views by precisely the same law that gave her her sterling integrity and noble womanhood. Conscience to her meant a high moral guide, and she never hesitated to step forward when that guide gave the command.

She was strictly reared in the tenets of her parents' faith, having been sent to America at a very tender age to be educated, while her parents remained in Burmah. Her education was thorough of its kind, and she immediately sought to make herself of use to the world. Early bereft of the care of her parents, she felt a tender interest in all children, and sought to fit them to become useful men and women in the world. Her mother entered spirit life when our subject was only a prattling babe, hence every motherless child became to her an object of solicitude and tender love. Her father lost his life at the post of duty as he called it, in foreign lands, and his children were left alone in the world. The story of his struggles in Burmah are known wherever orthodoxy has had a hearing. Thousands of persons will also read with interest that book entitled "The Three Mrs. Judsons," that was so popular a half century ago. It thrilled the hearts of all who read it, and its influence was felt in the homes of people of the liberal faiths, as well as among those of the partialist churches.

With such antecedents, it is not strange that Miss Judson should become a teacher. Her services were in demand in various sections of the land, and she filled many important positions in the educational world with singular ability and success. She taught in New England, in the Middle West, and at last established an independent academy for the higher education of young ladies in Minneapolis. Without exception, her pupils speak of her in terms of highest praise and loving regard. This is a signal tribute to her worth as a woman, as their teacher, friend and counsellor, when her radical change of religious belief is considered. It was while she was at the head of her academy in Minneapolis that she first became interested in Spiritualism. She was solemnly warned that if she investigated that question, her school would be destroyed, and she would be thrown upon the world without resources, save what she had accumulated during her many years of toil. Her innate love of truth would admit of no compromise, so she pushed forward her investigations until she found herself confronted by the incontrovertible evidence of absolute fact. She accepted the truth she had discovered and felt glorified thereby.

Her conversion to Spiritualism in the year 1886-7 marked an epoch in her life. Boldly she proclaimed the truths of her new religion, despite the solemn warnings of her Baptist friends. Unable to restrain her in her course, they sought to make good their prophecy of

their wishes, there is no doubt that her school would have gone on. As it was, student after student fell away, loving the teacher devotedly, yet fearing for the safety of their souls in the life to come, because that self-same teacher had demonstrated that the children of men live beyond the grave. What an anomaly is this in human life, when a friend, who really loves his brother, is yet willing to do him an injustice, almost an irreparable injury, simply because of a slight difference in opinion on the subject of religion!

After closing her school, Miss Judson began her labors for Spiritualism. She wrote in its behalf and lectured from hundreds of platforms to thousands of interested persons. Her first book, "Why She Became a Spiritualist," was popular from the very first, and was largely read by all classes of people who were bent upon discovering what the daughter of Adoniram Judson, the great Burmese missionary, could have to say upon the subject of Spiritualism. This work did a great deal of good and influenced many scholarly people to investigate the subject for themselves. This work was followed by "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," "Terrestrial Magnetism," and one or two other works of popular interest. She entered heart and soul into her new work, lecturing sometimes every day and twice on Sundays, while writing the above named books. She had a reason for the knowledge that had come to her, and everyone who approached her found her a most formidable antagonist. Her gentle soul was fortified by plain facts that her logical mind could marshal at the behest of her will, and put to rout every materialist, agnostic or Christian who sought to controvert her.

From the time of the giving up of her school, down to the day of her transition, she was the victim of a long series of cruel misfortunes. Through the rascality of trusted agents, her little store of earnings that she had laid aside for a rainy day was sadly depleted. Then some of her investments were swept away in a financial crash. Following these losses, came her bitter experiences in the missionary field, when she barely earned enough to clear her living expenses, besides suffering untold hardships from exposure and improper nourishment. She bravely withstood every hardship, and never murmured under the most exasperating of them all, feeling that the truths of Spiritualism amply repaid her for her every ill. In the nineties she felt constrained to give up her public work to care for her unfortunate brother, Elathan who had been insane from his early manhood. She removed to Worcester, Mass., and for several years devoted herself to her invalid brother. Here, too, was she the victim of misfortune and her almost fatal fall will be remembered by all who have read her writings. She was severely injured and narrowly escaped with her life. Her sight was seriously impaired, and from that time to the close of her life, she suffered intense pain from them.

Elathan's transition some seven years ago left her free to seek a home where she pleased. Her heavy losses had no depleted her savings that she only had enough left to purchase her little cottage at Arlington, N. J., where the last days of her unselfish life were passed. Even in this haven of rest material privations followed her. Her books became the chief source of her income, and she only asked enough to meet her actual necessities of each day. Her eyes became more and more painful, until at last, one of them had to be removed in order to save the sight of the other. In the midst of her own great suffering, she found time to think of and do for others. She lived simply, and did her best to brighten the lives of those who were less fortunate than she was. A few years since, her most popular work required a new edition. Her publisher, in Cincinnati, Ohio, was directed to forward her plates in

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a social representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of the Banner Society.

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held November 27, 1902, S. E. 55.

Investment.

Oh, sweet influence from the unseen, unfold us in thy love, thy charity, thy strength. In the midst of our cares, distresses and tears, we would lift up our hearts and open our souls that the light from the life beyond might be poured into our hearts, making away all that is unclean and impure, making sweet and bright all aspiration for good, for righteousness. Bless us, oh spirits of the wise and holy ones! Bless us with thy companionship each day that we live, and may we be worthy of the highest and truest friendship, the companionship of angels, which only those who have experienced the joy of communion with those gone on can understand, and because of this great glory in our lives, because of this understanding of the sweeping away of death, of the triumph of life may we be strong in the world, a staff to the weak and shield to the distressed, always a haven for those who mourn. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Hattie Brown, Troy, N. Y.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a girl about fifteen years old. She has a round, plump face, light blue eyes and brown hair which is braided and hangs down her back. She is unhappy; the tears are in her eyes and she is grieving because she is so anxious to get to her mother and father. She says: "My name is Hattie Brown, I used to live in Troy, N. Y. My father's name is Charles, and my mother's name is Mary. I come to them I think it would make me supremely happy. I have been here about two years and while I have been able to get something of an understanding of the life, I am ever so filled with a desire to speak to my mother. I am not really happy. I came away rather suddenly. Nobody thought I was going and I am sure I didn't; that is the hardest part of it all. If I had known where I was going or even that I was going, I think I could have stood it better; but to so suddenly have to leave everything and come into strange surroundings isn't very pleasant to a girl like me. I am not alone because my uncle, my father's brother, who went away just a little before I did, is with me and he says for me to say to my mother that he will take care of me and will see that everything is done for me that can be. My mother doesn't care to look at the things I used to have and it makes me feel bad when I see everything put away just as if she didn't want to remember anything about it. I suppose it would make her grieve to handle the things and look at them but it will not when she knows I can see and am able to communicate with her and I think I can. I'd like to send a message to Maud. Tell her I am glad they did so well last year in the school. I am very much obliged to you for letting me speak."

George Fielding, Columbus, O.

The next spirit is one from Columbus, Ohio. He says it is the very first thing. Then he continues: "My name is George Fielding and I want to go to May. I can't even find to tell you anything about what I see in a general way my heart is so full of the desire to reach her. She is sick and unhappy and needs my loving care and I am with her so much, almost constantly by her side, trying to give her the comfort which she needs. Tell her that I won't be long before she comes to me and I will be so happy to have her, for then I can go on with her and we will see the beauty and the loveliness of this life together. Our little girl is with me and she tries to take care of her mother, but it is about time for her mother to come to us. I would not say this but I know it will please her exceedingly. I can only send great expressions of love, that is all I care about. She is all I have left here and if this isn't too personal I hope you will put it in your paper. Thank you."

Alice White, Lincoln, Neb.

There is a spirit comes to me now of a woman not over twenty-two years old. She is just one of those bright, happy-go-lucky, wholesome spirits and she comes in with a little bit of a breeze, bringing sunshine and happiness with her. She says, "My name is Alice White. I was a music teacher and somehow I couldn't keep loving and loving music without getting a little bit of it into my life and while very often it was the same old thing over and over again I did have a chance to get new things at times and new inspirations. My mother is alive. Her name is Sarah; she lives in Lincoln, Neb. I want her to get this word from me. Tell her she needn't have any uneasiness about my condition or any fear that I will forget her. I love her as dearly today as ever in my life and I am glad to hear the name influence to her that I did in the past if it were possible. I wish she would receive me at the home. Thank you."

George Pratt, Wheeling, W. Va.

I see the spirit of a man about forty-five years old. He is of the medium height, has bright blue eyes, dark hair and sideburns; the whiskers have just a little bit of gray mixed in them. They are quite long and he has a way of taking a good deal of care of them, not nervously and not with too much pride, but just as though he did take care of them and was conscious of their being there all the time. He laughs a little bit when I say that and says, "It is funny how you can so readily even when we don't make a movement just what our thought is, but I will hurry on to my message. My name is George Pratt and I am from Wheeling, West Va. I didn't belong there but was from this part of the country there and was in business away rather unexpectedly. It is strange when you think of it that

a man spends so much time and energy taking care of so uncertain a thing as life. Of all the things that we can see, life is the most uncertain and the dearest too. Well, death got me sure enough and without any warning or special preparation and as a matter of course, most of my business was in need of a straightening out. I am obliged to thank Frank for what he had done. It was very good of him and I am sure he has gotten out of the tangle about as well as anybody could. I want to send a word to Mary and Emma. Tell them that while I don't say they will enter into my life here until they come over I shall make every effort to make myself known and when they get over here I have a few surprises for them. Thank you."

Ella Walte, Methuen, Mass.

A woman a little above the medium height, about thirty-eight years of age, is here. She is rather plump, with dark hair which is combed very full around her face; her eyes are dark and she has a very sweet, pleasant manner. She is full of life and vigor and has a way of making everybody about her feel just as fresh and strong as she looks herself. Her name is Ella Walte and she says, "I come from Methuen, Mass. I am a people there. They are not Spiritualists. If they were I should be there instead of here but I knew I could come here and send a word and so I have made the effort. I haven't much to say that I can say in this public fashion excepting that I am as happy as can be expected. I think it is a beautiful place here and I wouldn't come back unless it were to make my friends feel satisfied. Why should I come back? I have everything over here that I had in earth life with much more freedom and I have friends. I hardly know where I find I don't want to go anywhere but I am progressing I hope in the things that were dear to me. I would like to say to Carrie that I am sorry for what has come to her. It was one of those things that seem to be so impossible to escape from, but it grieves me exceedingly that I have had the burden of her will to anything I can from over here to help her. I also have her little boy and he is growing to be as strong and sturdy as she would have him. I am very grateful to you for this opportunity."

Bert Thomas, Lynn, Mass.

Here comes a man about nineteen years old now. He laughs in the funniest little way. His eyes are blue, his hair is brown and he has just a little bit of a mustache started. He says, "It is very strange. I am not counting isn't it? My name is Bert Thomas and I was a Lynn boy, I have been to Lynn from this life just about as often as I could. Every time I go I see somebody I want to shout at and I do speak but I get no answer. First I meet Fred and then I see Jim, and then I see a girl and I say, 'Oh there Jim,' or speak to some of the girls and nobody pays the least attention. After a while I get kind of sick of that business and wonder why in time nobody looks up when I speak, so I decided that I would get the best of them and would come where I could be heard. I don't think it is very hard to die. I haven't seen anything about it that scared me much. I am sure I haven't passed through any very dark waters or over any very troubled seas. All I knew was that I suddenly began to talk to people and they didn't seem to be hearing me. I hadn't any sickness but went on as quick as a flash and I guess it is the best way to go. I see some people over here who struggled along through a sickness and they are always moping around every time they get near to their friends with a long face and heavy voice trying to tell their friends that they are the same fellow they put away by their manner and what they say. I don't know as it makes much difference whether your friends know you can come back or not if they won't pay any attention to you. Seems to me there has been enough said about this so that any true friend who hears from us they would make an effort and if they don't why should we care? My mother is over here and she is a star. She helps me, tells me what to do and how to get along, and we have the best times that you can imagine. She doesn't quite believe that I ought to be trying to come back but I told her I was going to make a break at it and if I could get back all right, she could try it herself later. If you hear from her later on, you needn't be surprised. Her name is Susie."

Grace Atwood, Brookline, Mass.

Now standing beside me is a lady about twenty-four or thirty years old. She is rather short, plump and fair and she says, "I haven't any particular philosophy. I am speaking because my heart is full of sorrow. My name is Grace Atwood and I am from Brookline, Mass. I want to get to George if I can and tell him that I am really in need of his help. I think I have loved him and I would give all I can hope to possess to have an opportunity to have a word with him. Baby is with me but that isn't enough. I want to talk with him. I want him to know that I do think of him. I want him to understand that I can see him and I want him to get apart by himself and be so unhappy. Please, George dear, give me a chance to speak more plainly to you. It means everything to me and I am sure I can make it mean much to you."

Frank Peabody, Reading, Mass.

I see a man by the name of Peabody. He is quite tall not very stout and has a full head of gray hair which is combed very carefully. He says, "Frank is my first name and I lived in Reading, Mass. To say that I am anxious is putting it mildly. I want to go to Jennie and I want her to know that I have been able to help her and can help her in the future. She isn't content with my presence or of my help but that doesn't hinder me. I get satisfaction from being able to do something. I have been to New Hampshire and tried to fix matters there for you, dear, but it seems almost impossible to reach them as I reach you. Don't let me make any change at present. You had better stay just as you are and when the time is ripe, I will try to impress you what to do. There is much I would say, more than I can say for everybody to know, but I make it complete in this one sentence: I love you, and am glad to stay right by you until you come home. I have met Edith and John and Alice. When you see George tell him I am alive, not dead, and I am able to see whatever I want to see in earth life."

Addie Mason, Clarkson, Okla., to Charles Morgan.

There is a lady standing by me now who is very stout indeed. She isn't very tall and that perhaps makes her look stouter. Her hair is snowy white and she has a sweet face, kind and benevolent as can be seen. She says, "My dear, I am Addie Mason, Mrs. Adelaide Mason and I am from Clarkson, Okla. I was pretty near you people, a Unitarian, and I know what it is to step aside from beaten paths and make one's own way. I don't want to have a good deal of sympathy and understanding for you people in your movement. I think that no one could ever come to me with a story so improbable that I would believe it because truth led me into an enchanted land where the old fairy stories of Tuesday were dimmed by comparison. I was a great reader and endeavored to understand what I read. I had known much of

your early manifestations and in a way kept in touch with what was going on, but personally I never had anything worthy of comment come to me and now that I stand in the spirit life free to express myself, I want to say a definite word to Mr. Charles Morgan and say to him that I have kept my promise and am trying to send him the expected message. I find it is quite easy for me over here to send a message but the trouble is the receiving stations are out of repair in most instances and if my friends desire to get definite news from me about all they have to do is to put up their instruments and listen for the click over the wire from this life. My husband is with me and he was the first one to greet me. I expected it but I hardly expected it in the same practical definite way. It was not in glory and pageantry that I met him but as a wife meets her husband after a long separation with silent hand clasp and heart pressed to heart and the eyes telling the story that the too full heart cannot express with its mouth, and so we have gone on together and today are glad and happy this is only the beginning of our message bearing career to our friends who wait. I am very much obliged."

The Man Himself.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

CHAPTER II.

In the previous chapter we noticed a striking lesson in the case of Miss Fancher. A similar lesson is found in several other "rare cases" attested and recorded by the S. P. R. But there is a still rarer case, reported at length by Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, Mass. This is the case I have already analyzed under the name of "Subliminal Sally." The truth embodied in that history was so startling that it seems neither reader nor student has dared to discuss it, probably afraid of the consequences to his present belief, and uncertain where it may lead. Yet it should be of even greater interest to humanity than the truth taught by Copernicus that the earth was not, as believed, the center of Cosmos, but hardly a visible speck in the universal whole. This greater truth is of special import for it proves that man himself is a very different being from the glorified Lord of Creation he has been taught to believe himself.

It was, as we have said, Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston, a specialist in nervous diseases, who gave the world a most interesting account of the remarkable experiences of Miss Beauchamp. His report was published in the *Journal of Psychology* in Paris, August, 1900, and was entitled "The Problem of Multiple Personality." In my article on "Subliminal Sally" I analyzed that report in detail. Since my present object is only to note the effect of matter upon mind a brief account of the now celebrated case is all that is necessary.

Miss Beauchamp, a rather uninteresting young girl of mediocre mental powers, after a severe fright, finds her personality changed, and her memory of her own past destroyed. As B1 she becomes fond of study, develops a keen intellect, and speaks several languages. She is thus highly accomplished, also very religious, and has great sense of dignity. Several years later she was frightened at her window, and the mental shock produced a learned condition which the learned Professor could only subdue by hypnotic treatment. Hypnotism may be said to be an effect of mind upon matter, but the reaction when matter asserts itself is startling.

As the result of mental shock a vibratory change has taken place in Miss B1's form, and she has become B2. We must remember that B1 is the personality of the young lady who, after the first shock, took the place of the original Miss Beauchamp, and by study became accomplished. And she now becomes the patient of Dr. Prince as the consequence of an accident of the spiritual world. It is B1 who is now subjected to hypnotism. "The result is the appearance of another and quite distinct personality, who is forthwith labeled by the doctor as B2. She is a young girl, with intellectual qualities and emotions very distinct from those of B1. She is a very different creature, with a different bearing, with a different attitude, and with a different set of ideas. B1 and B2 are each apparently dormant when not present, and neither has any knowledge of the other. The doctor believes he has demonstrated by his experiments that B1 and B2, when added together, comprise the whole of the original Miss B1, who has disappeared since her first fright, and its terrible shock to her nervous system."

Up to this point the case resembles that of Miss Beauchamp. We hear little of B2 save that while under hypnotism she is presently superseded by B3, who at once manifests a startling originality. She seems to have been born with Miss B1 and to have shared so much of her life as to be able to speak English, but cared nothing for languages nor music. Every detail of Miss B1's life from birth is known to B3, who gives herself the name of Sally Beauchamp. But Miss B1 knows nothing of Sally. Sally is very bright, but unlovable and cold. When under the control of the front Miss B1, becomes "dead," as Sally calls it. Sally declares that she herself never sleeps, and is never for a moment unconscious. For the details of this interesting case the reader is referred to the report published in the *Journal of Psychology*. The present purpose is to learn that the doctor considers Sally to be an inside edition of Miss B1, and he calls her "subliminal." The two appear to him absolutely united, and though so different mentally and intellectually the doctor asserts they really constitute but one complete personality.

Of course, in the other personalities we have but a repetition of the similar personalities through the forms of Miss Fancher, and also in the well known experiments at the Salpêtrière in Paris, but the appearance of Sally presents us with a still rarer fact, and a yet more important lesson. Let us once again note the lesson already learned by the careful student from the recorded cases of Miss Fancher and Miss B1. That lesson consists in our recognizing the tremendous power of the personality can be split into fragments by a shock. In the one case it was a repeated accident to the physical form. In the other a sudden fright produced the same effect. Thus one cause was physical, the other mental. But each was a shock, and the result was the same. The old personality was fractured. If this were the only lesson it would be of great import to humanity. Not only is the change now at once noted in these "rare cases," but there must be myriad cases where such a result is almost completed, but not finished. A tendency to split apart with perhaps a very slight shock is ever after present. Like the stone mason, whose light taps create a tendency in the granite mass to fall apart, so the first accident or mental shock leaves the form more susceptible to a less accident or shock in the future.

There are those who would evade this conclusion by claiming that other intelligences are using the body, and producing these changes of personality. But such a claim is mere assertion, and is absolutely denied by these new personalities, each of which has a limited experience all through the one form, but to which the normal mortal is a stranger. Each claims the one womanhood known in earth life by the one name. There are

marked differences in intellectual powers, as is natural, for if we split a rock no two fragments have the same size, and if we could split a mind the result must be precisely the same.

The writer finds himself at this point using terms that do not accurately express his meaning. It is not the mind that is or can be split, but its manifestation through form that has been affected. Every sense is expressed by vibration. In the reader's body and mine our personality is an expression of vibration, and the matter of which the body is composed. Change the rapidity of those vibrations, whether by accident or in any other way, and the personality will also become changed. We never see the true individuality of one another, but only whatever may be its manifestation through certain vibrations. Therefore an accident that changes vibrations does not, and cannot affect the real individual, but it does affect his manifestation in earth life.

One whole conception of immortality has been based on the idea that the personality in earth life is the real individual. We have been taught that he will be known and recognized by it "over there," and is to be woefully or happily affected as a spirit by the actions of a personality in earth life that was really but a part of that man. If he comes back by "spirit return" he could be recognized only by a repetition of the old vibrations, which made him just what he appeared to be in earth life. The cases of Miss Fancher and Miss Beauchamp show the absurdity of such inferences, either from the facts of earth life or those embodied in spirit return.

I have pointed out in previous articles that whilst these celebrated cases seem exceptional, it is only in degree. Here are two clocks of granite. One has been tapped by a hammer for a reason the other remains untouched. They look alike to our eye, yet in a moment one may fall apart, while the other remains solid as ever. To realize this fact, and apply it to man himself, is the present object of the writer. We are not all going to be victims of such accidents as have darkened the life of Miss Fancher; nor are we all likely to suffer from extreme nervous prostration such as followed the mental shock to Miss Beauchamp. But, nevertheless, Nature is a stone mason, perpetually tapping our molecular form, and soon or later it drops apart. Let us mark this fact clearly, and then we will be ready to learn its lesson.

The writer claims that these are "rare facts" only in the sense that we have passed them by unnoticed, save in exceptional cases of violence or vibration. There is a law of Nature. In other words, Nature is perpetually "tapping" every form, from microbe to man, and in due time every form must drop apart. The form of man himself can be no exception. Some forms seem to elude this law, but they are only in the case of a very small fraction of the whole. Others are ever in a moment. We call that a catastrophe, but the difference in result is only a question of degree, that is, of time and shock. The chip falls by the same eternal law that fractures the planet and the man. So let us clearly understand that we are not dealing with a "rare fact." On the contrary, we are a universal law, a perpetual occurrence. Kittens and puppies open their eyes on the 9th day. Man has not got his eyes open yet, so he talks about "rare facts" which are really perpetual occurrences. If those cases are now recognized by the student of the occult as natural law he is ready to perceive that they are exhibiting a perpetual effect of matter upon mind, which the New Thought is ignoring. Hence we will bow try to determine something of the direct effect of this law of Nature upon man, present and to come.

San Leandro, Cal.

(To be continued.)

Danger Signals.

The rapid extension of Spiritualism has awakened its opponents to unusual activity in its suppression, and when the situation is understood, we cannot otherwise than acknowledge the foresight of the spirit world in urging the work of organization. Surely it is no too soon to sound the danger signal, if the great movement is to be distinctively represented in the future.

The clippings which kind friends have sent from all parts of the country, have come like an inundation. They have been with few exceptions of the same character. The recantation of Flammarion the French Astronomer is related with astounding variations, the writers being apparently oblivious to the facts that Flammarion has repeatedly denied the story, and has never receded from the statements made in his book on spiritual phenomena. The same has been the case with this alleged recantation was made. He did repudiate a medium for deception, and out of this the story grew.

This is one line of attack and nearly, if not quite all, the Sunday papers appear to have been supplied with the same material. The "insides," printed for villages and cross roads have copied. The occurrence happened long ago, nearly two years, yet it is given as fresh news, the date being omitted.

The other line of attack is through the "Confession of the Fox Sisters." The recent seizure of a Mrs. Smith, "one of the sisters" is seized upon to have the tale. The writers overlook the fact that this "sister" was not one of the three. In fact no mention is made of her in any account given at the time, or since. The Fox sisters never came to the public. "Have you heard of her before?"

The articles on this subject have had even a wider circulation than the others and have assumed the varied forms of the imagination of the writers could suggest. In all, however, the element of truth is conspicuous by its absence. They were all written for a purpose and that purpose to damage the Cause of Spiritualism just as far as slanderous falsehood and misrepresentation can be made effective.

In one the marriage of Margaretta with Dr. Kane is said to have been only a personal agreement without lawful sanction, her character in this manner attempted to be destroyed. This human hyena appears to think that to cast odium on the life of one beyond capability of refuting the charge, would prove the charge to be true. The writer (Mrs. Underhill) wrote a book, "The Missing Links" giving a full history of the manifestations and to the moment of her death had full and abiding belief in their genuineness. Kate (who married an English baronet named Jackson) gave seasons of most wonderful character in England and after her return to this country up to the time of her departure from this life.

For many years Margaretta resided in England, giving seasons constantly, alone or in connection with Mrs. Jackson. They were separately or together repeatedly tested by exacting committees and in no instance were either detected in the practice of deception.

Margaretta went before the Leyburt committee, but the writers of these creeds admit that nothing fraudulent was observed. It is true the commission demanded further investigation but exacted conditions of such a character that no one can justly censure her for refusing to comply.

Margaretta is the only one who confessed. Mrs. Jackson is, it is said, "gave visible signs of assent from her stage-box."

She returned from England broken in health and destitute. A strong Catholic inquisitor surrounded her. Even Cardinal Manning wrote to her, advising her to turn from her Mediumship. Then the other side she was offered great wealth if she would make an engagement to visit the cities of this country exposing the rappings. Unfortunately all these influences were too strong and she consented. A "first night" was given which was such a farce that the engagement ended then and there.

The well known M. D. Conway, writing at this time of the occurrence for the Open Court said: "The confession is brief. The whole spiritualistic movement proceeds from cultivated abnormality of the big toe." Five doctors were called on the stage to hold Margaretta's foot while the big toe rapped. They felt the vibrations, but none saw how the toe rapped, he adds: "Although this toe power seems abnormal and worthy the attention of scientists, it is insufficient as an explanation of the spiritualistic movement." "It is plain, therefore, that the confession of these sisters is incomplete," for Mrs. Jackson, if she gave "visible signs of assent," "must have known that the Cause is not explainable by toe-raps." The first scientific convert (through Mrs. Jackson) was the electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph, Prof. Varley. Surely none will accuse Conway or the Open Court of partiality to Spiritualism.

Henry L. Newton, president of the first Spiritual Society of New York, soon after these occurrences, retired to the home of the Spiritualists of the city becoming aware of the condition of Margaretta, secured her a home, and cared for her until her departure from this life. During this brief period the rappings would greet the friends who called to see her, even to the time when she was in a moment one may fall apart, while the other remains solid as ever. To realize this fact, and apply it to man himself, is the present object of the writer. We are not all going to be victims of such accidents as have darkened the life of Miss Fancher; nor are we all likely to suffer from extreme nervous prostration such as followed the mental shock to Miss Beauchamp. But, nevertheless, Nature is a stone mason, perpetually tapping our molecular form, and soon or later it drops apart. Let us mark this fact clearly, and then we will be ready to learn its lesson.

These slanderous articles are extensively circulated and when compared they show the work of one dominant mind; that is, they are all from one source. They reveal between the lines the venomous spirit of the inquisitor who takes this method to compass his infamous designs.

The manifestations through thousands of other mediums for the half century since the rappings at Hydesville have really made them inconsequential. In fact they cannot be claimed as having advent there. They were heard by Wesley, founder of Methodism, a century ago, and in the present age, the phenomena were more remarkable among the Shakers.

The "Fox Girls" form so small a part of Spiritualism as it exists today, if they were convicted of deception, it would eliminate a very small fraction of a religion, yet we assert that the evidences of Spiritualism rest entirely on the rappings of the "Fox Sisters," and then show that they were self-confessed deceivers, is to sweep away the Cause with one decisive blow.

For, if they were frauds, all mediums are frauds, and as frauds should be persecuted to the full extent of the law! If through the press a public sentiment can be created, distorted and prejudiced by repetition of these falsehoods the utter suppression will be an easy matter of the police courts.

It is most fortunate that the onslaught which is most faintly indicated by these straws, is met by an organization of the spiritual forces. Not all that such an organization should be, perhaps, nor what it is capable of becoming, yet strong enough to "hold the fort," and serve as a rallying point for its scattered allies.

Whatever definition we may give to Spiritualism, the National Association is broad enough to cover all, and whether we call Spiritualism a religion or not, this association stands before the law as a religious body with all the rights and immunities pertaining thereto.

As long as so-called religious bodies enjoy special rights and privileges, it is the best policy to stand for the same, and in fact the only road to the success of Associative Effort. If we saw a form coming, which would be the most sensible, least objectionable, or whether we have a science, a philosophy, or a religion, believing alike but estranged by the different meanings we give to words, the antagonistic forces gather.

We may regret that while we hesitated and contended over the question of the high tide of advantage was left unimpaired. Not a day too soon has this Associative Effort come to the front as a rallying centre and barrier against assault—Hudson Tuttle, Editor-at-Large, N. S. A.

Don't You Need a Lyceum!

One winter morning a fine looking young Irishman was driving to our residence and desired to see me. He was invited in and made comfortable—the day was cold—although he remarked when I asked him to sit nearer the heater, that "pain is good for one."

That did not agree with my theory. He is presumably married, has a wife as a Catholic Priest from a town a few miles distant, and his errand was to find an old colored servant who had been in our employ after the emancipation of the slaves. Previous to that time she had been owned by a Catholic lady of Baltimore, Md. She had been a nurse for her children, and had always been the recipient of favors from her old mistress. At last the former slave, after a life of unceasing industry was stricken with a fatal illness and the kind hearted lady was anxious to give her comfort through a Father of the church. But the priest was especially anxious to baptize the children of the dying woman, and to do that, he informed me was his most important business. There were six of the children—quite a handful to get at once caught—and they were to be made free as he had been to take their mother, the holy church was to take them under its sheltering wing, and thus they would become six little tributaries to its strength. The mother was liberal—the children smiled when told they were to be baptized but only one little four-year-old tottled rebelliously, he declared he wouldn't and had to be held. The others submitted because "old missus" wanted it done, and "she was always so good."

I began to think how vigilant the Catholic Church is in looking after the children and how remote thermal people, and freedmen, are in providing for the instruction and wholesome entertainment of their children. They let them go anywhere, everywhere except where they might get physical injury. They fear nothing for the minds which are eager and active, absorbing thoughts as ravenously as they do the food which builds up their bodies.

The call from one of the exponents of the religion of pain set me thinking about the remissness of those who understand the advantage of a religion of comfort and joy. Why don't Liberals wake up to the importance of the Progressive Lyceum as a Sunday School for both old and young—for it has plenty for both classes to do. I say Liberal.

