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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Once more the gladness in our hearts,
To see the New Year at the door;
Once more bright Hope her cheer imparts—
To make us prize our life the more;
It is so lovely here to live,
To have the days thus come and go,
And all their treasures freely give—
To us who prize and bless them so!

We have not learned as yet the word,
The years have whispered to the soul;
'Tis only in the silence heard—
When God for good would us control;
Then like the passion of the Spring,
It makes our nature larger grow;
It makes the soul love's music sing,
And paradise of beauty show!

Now vows like flowers bless the mind;
We seek to live the best we may;
We wish the secret spell to find—
To keep us in love's better way;
Good will and kindness shed abroad,
Replace with flowers the frozen snow,
And set our feet upon the road—
Where violets and grasses grow!

O happiness is easy found,
Where friendliness works out our will;
For all the world is holy ground,
When we the law of love fulfill;
To be content with things we have,
And never hate or evil show;
And all of good in good to crave,
This is the bliss of heaven below!

A smile of love, a word of cheer,
Forgiveness in our heart indeed,
Then comes in splendor glad new year—
That in God's paths our feet shall lead;
And all about us shall be joy—
To murmur as where rivers flow,
And in heavenly hope's employ,
Shall friendship of the angels know!

William Brewster.

The New Thought.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

It has been declared by one of olden time that "there is nothing new under the sun." Then what element of novelty explains or justifies such designation for that phase of modern, practical metaphysics now so widely discussed and recognized as the New Thought movement? New Thought literature increases and is in lively demand, New Thought magazines spring into being and find their intelligent readers and

phase of this new gospel gain numerous engagements and make fresh converts to this Truth which maketh free. One can almost detect by the faces he meets upon the street those whose lives are quickened, energized by the influx of the New Thought from the more earth-bound, creed-bound, though morally conscientious, plodding mortals of the old regime. A new wave has swept over the world, bearing some of the dwellers of earth to a higher altitude, but others still seem to live in caves too far back from the shore to have yet been touched by the advancing ripples of Truth's mighty tide.

What is the difference between the old and the new thought? For Truth is eternal, unchanging. As it was in the beginning, so it shall be, world without end. The existing relations between mind and matter are time honored, time enduring. Then what discovery has been made, so pregnant with possibilities of freedom, of growth and upliftment for the race?

How has calamity been borne in the past, what has been the human attitude towards sickness and trouble of all kinds, how has the religion of the churches taught that such trials should be met? Always with meek resignation or the silence of despair, with a lugubrious acceptance of the will of God which presumably benign potentate has been made the scapegoat and author of all human weakness or mistake, the cause of all sickness also—the Infinite Parity of the source of disease and corruption. Is it not then a somewhat new departure for man to throw his resignation to the winds and arise in his might to decide whether he will or not accept that which by his own innate power he can conquer and overcome? Does he not thus gain a new relation of his own possibilities which have always existed untested, unused? Nothing new has been imparted to him, he has only awakened from a distorted dream, the human kitten has got its eyes open to discover what sort of a world it is born into, and with the dawning consciousness of his own hitherto latent power, new vigor, life, manliness, freedom are his own. All weariness, vexation, illness, which would once have prostrated him, are now tossed lightly off as does the grass blade its burden of the dew drop when flooded by the sunshine of a new day. The minor fugue which has constituted his life's melody hitherto, has been modulated into a new key, a cheerier note of power and victory, a Marsellaise of the soul.

Man at last comes to better know himself, or approaches nearer his divine possibilities as a creator of conditions rather than remaining their servile creature. Exuberant vitality and power replace the meekness of former acceptance of human ills; he is no longer a serf but a king in his own realm, where the typical Adam was placed in the

beginning, as lord and ruler over all things. Man learns to wield his wondrous tools of action, among them the potent lever of intelligent thought.

Much ridicule has been expended over the possibility of curing disease through mental action, but such doubters judge without due realization of the mighty office of thought. Let an example illustrate this fact. As is well known, since it was published in so sternly materialistic and practical a journal as the Literary Digest, the experiment was repeatedly tried of balancing a plank ten feet long, on a narrow edge of support, and upon this plank a man was laid, who then was given a mathematical problem to solve, the influx of blood to his brain induced by such mental action, tipping the plank downward toward his head. Again, he was requested to send all his thought towards his feet, to imagine he was using them vigorously, although carefully refraining from moving them; and the accumulation of life forces in his extremities caused the board to tip in the other direction, simply because the action of thought sent the weight of blood to flow toward the feet. Similarly, the blood which carries the vital force and building material to the various parts of the body can be directed by thought to defective organs or wasted tissues, with new energy and power. Gymnastic exercises can be made more effective if not performed mechanically, but by sending a strong impulse of thought with every movement.

When also in illness, the sufferer's mentality has become impaired, it can be re-energized and re-established by the thought force of another, if pure, strong and intelligent, until the wasted energies are replenished and the patient's own mind is again monarch of its rightful realm. This has been proven to be scientifically possible, at a distance. Our Psychical Research friends in their experiments in telepathy, have transferred the taste of acids or sweets, also sensations to a subject ten miles away, and at once is recalled the case of the capturer's servant, under whose roof it was not necessary the Great Healer should come. He spoke the word and in that distant town the servant was healed.

Thought is now proven to be a dynamo of almost unlimited force as are the once natural agencies of the mind not yet in useful operation. The air about us is filled with thought waves that form mighty currents, with which any mind can make connection. If one rises in the morning under a little mental depression, let him not by indulgence therein, unite his thought impulse with other thoughts sent off by multitudes of doleful pessimists in his community, for he will thus be swept along in the current which such mental emanations create, until it will be almost impossible to detach himself therefrom, but let him tap a sunnier river, for there is a mighty mental stream of good will and good cheer in the atmosphere immediately around him, created and flowing with ever increasing volume, by the merry, courageous, optimistic souls whom nothing can daunt, and once making connection with that thought current, the day will seem full of sunshine, whatever the weather.

There are such wonderful possibilities in the range of intelligent thought action, not dreamed of in human philosophy, or daily practice. Man is most unmindful of his latent wealth which if rightly used, would enhance his treasure tenfold. But as an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, far better than the beneficent power of healing through mental action, of quieting pain, allaying inflammation, or producing stronger physical vibrations through potent thought waves, or therapeutic suggestion (of which the writer cannot speak authoritatively, not being a mental healer or giving mental treatments, but would with Paul, "show a more excellent way"), is the habitual emancipated state of the mind which makes all healing unnecessary, which no longer believes sickness can assail, the most effective defense from physical woe, for as that man thinketh, so indeed is he.

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

Or, as our poet of the New Thought so forcibly expresses it:

"Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale

Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true."

The body is a faithful reflector of every shade and color of the mind, even as the white sheet in front of the stereopticon lantern reproduces exactly the picture in the hands of the operator. It would be impossible to change the picture by scrubbing the curtain over so thoroughly; it is necessary to replace the slide in the lantern. Therefore get all belief in the necessity or respectability of illness out of the mind and it can no longer find lodgment in the body. Thus

can an immunity from physical infirmity be gained which drugs, massage and other material modes of alleviation beneficent as they often prove, are powerless to grant. The more the body is recognized, the more strenuous will become its claims on the attention. It always accepts and holds the position of prominence assigned to it.

But it must not be supposed that the scope of the New Thought is limited wholly to its healing phase, although this presentation of its work has been perhaps from human need, most prominently emphasized. Its wider, higher field of service is to train mental action, to subjugate lower appetites and impulses, unfold the inner nature, help humanity to live more intelligently, ideally, and thus develop its utmost possibilities to make this life a grand success, to carve out a noble career, through a deeper comprehension of subtle laws and forces, which are the legitimate tools and agents of awakened man.

The New Thought, or Science of right thinking, comes as an angel of freedom to those in bondage, it appeals to a vast multitude who are not yet ready to accept a more spiritual philosophy, but to whom Truth in its myriad avenues of revelation and presentation must be adapted. It comes to uplift man while in this world, to his rightful throne. It proclaims in clarion tones the era of emancipation from physical slavery, the dawn of a clearer mental illumination, it attempts to practicalize a Truth which Spiritualists have long held in their keeping, but like idle custodians, they have never yet removed the outer wrappings of this priceless gem to discover the entire worth of the treasure they hold, and with which they still amuse themselves. It has been often claimed that Mental Science has stolen the Spiritualists' thunder. Then why, O Spiritualists, do you not yield your own thunderbolts, why not practicalize your own philosophy as a valuable working principle, why not ring out your own challenge to that attenuated foe, Disease, why not proclaim your own denunciations of health, and by these fruits be known as disciples of a Truth that maketh free from all bondage, and thus grandly outshine yourselves exponents and exemplars of the New Thought?

"For in Him We Live and Move and Have Our Being."

MRS. WOODWARD WEATHERS RICE.

One cannot for a moment doubt that the life we live at best is but a travesty upon that higher life it should be our supreme desire to reach unto; nor can one for a moment doubt that our seemingly aborted lives with sorrows and burdens that we at times almost sink under are results that we have, alas, too largely drawn upon ourselves, and that these evils we lament are of our own making, and for which we must acknowledge ourselves responsible because of the low plane on which we live.

In all the vast reaches of conscious life, there seems no class in the whole animal creation that rebels against the conditions of its life; on the contrary, the cattle upon the hillside seem happy in their sphere; the bird on the wing and the worm in the soil manifest simple content in the law of their being.

But man, made only a little lower than the angels and given dominion over all below him, shows discontent, and so far from living up to his highest and in thankfulness for conditions he can so largely control, by force of his will, we find a continual plaint upon his lips.

One says: "Oh, evil destiny! How cruel you are to rob me of my only means of support!" when perhaps it appears in the long run, this very affliction proved to be the means of awakening him to laying hold of resources that would otherwise have been overlooked; thus, the very words carry within the plaint an ignorant conception of the true meaning of life; that this and all experiences are the testing fires of our loyalty to love and duty; a forgetfulness of the truth, that all our springs are in God; that to have our being in God is to live spiritually here and now, while fulfilling the laws of being in the flesh; that to overcome our desolation and defeat lies in the forgetting of the self and in the giving of our energies to helping others in their necessities; that to have our being in God is to have the mind of God, that is, the spirit of love and helpfulness.

Says another, a holy man, one who has neither money nor food, only a begging bowl and rosary, and his only food that given him in alms, "It is now twelve years since that day of renunciation, when I gave up my material prospects and surroundings, and lay on the bare, hard ground of the forest, with my head pillowed on the roots of trees, and yet I slept as never Emperor or millionaire slept, and in these twelve years I was a thousand times happier than the happiest day I ever knew while I was in the world and with the world;" and further he says: "One need not blot the world from his mind and necessarily repair to the forest, for, as Delly is present everywhere we live always in

the light of His Love, and to love is to live, and to have one's being in God."

Looking on this picture and then on that, we plainly see that the cause of our burdens and sorrows is in living the sensuous to the neglect of the spiritual life—the one a life of self gratification as against a life of helpfulness to humanity.

Little as we may know of the forces back of all we see in the natural world, we are forced to believe that Nature is a divine organism through which Universal Spirit continually streams; that all organic life, both animate and inanimate, possesses this essential spirit force in varying degrees; hence Universal Spirit becomes an Omnipresence, "in which we live and move and have our being."

Science has made it clear to our comprehension that there is an inborn force to all matter in an ascending series from all the lowest forms of life, from the minutest atom; that this force everywhere present is Universal Spirit associated even with the humblest forms of life. It maintains that all organic matter has a higher or lower degree of refinement and that the spiritual force is more or less refined and more or less developed.

Looking down from our high point of vision, made as we are but a little lower than the angels, can we willingly choose to live the sensuous life to the degrading of the spiritual part of our being, since this, the spiritual power is our divine inheritance?

It is said "the mind is narrowed in a narrow sphere and the spirit grows to its allotted spaces."

Shall we dwarf the spirit by narrowing its sphere of development in the physical body?

By living on a high plane physically we enlarge the house where dwells the spirit force.

What wonder, then, that we weary of simply eating and drinking and caring as to how we shall be clothed, for this is to degrade ourselves to the level of the beasts. The very reason we weary is because we were made for higher things. What wonder that we become dissatisfied with following such low ideals.

Selfish living shuts out the spirituality of the divine nature. Living the life of well-wishing and well-doing, of justice and sympathy, of considerations, of pity and love, is Godlike. Love is the fulfilling of all Law, for Love is the thought of God. Nothing, then, should so deepen our joy as the consciousness that we are one with Eternal Love; that we are living and moving and having our being in Everlasting Love.

Nothing can work us harm, nor can we fail in our highest endeavor, for the Love of the Eternal is a benediction of grace, mercy and peace, and confirms our spiritual brotherhood.

Our Sympathies and Hypnotism.

SALVADORA.

Author of "The Wisdom of Passion," and "The Loves of Great Men."

I blame not the lily for attracting me because I have a sympathy for the flower. I have no cruel word for the stars because they influence me. But to the extent that they awaken my moral sympathy, to this extent do they exercise over me a moral hypnosis of my affections. And, in the degree of the strength of the moral hypnosis, and their power to attract me, shall I seek the lily and the star until they tell me to go back, or shut their doors against me forever! All things in the moral universe attract us hypnotically according to the degrees of their moral power over our moral sympathies. The new degree of the moral power, by which one person is morally attracted by another (hypnotically through the sympathies), is seen in the exact degree, by which the one, will (by affection), morally follow the other, either in paths of the Ideal, or downward to ruin.

To be morally sympathetic is to be morally impressionable; for moral sympathy implies the moral capacity to be morally influenced by another. A woman's moral capacity to be influenced by the real or assumed moral sympathy of a man, implies a moral capacity leading to the moral hypnosis of her moral sympathies. The same moral principle holds true of man's moral capacity to be influenced by the real or assumed moral sympathy of a woman. In all such cases, intellectual men and women, capable of great sympathy, often become as feeble wreaths of Reason blown before the morning winds of their own affections.

It is a sad moral fact that men and women are often strong intellectually only as their moral sympathies are sometimes kept in the background. Our enlarged capacity for moral sympathy and moral tenderness are often clouds of moral darkness, out of which may burst at any moment the spiny lightnings of our own terrible fates. Such was Shelley.

Our own great hearts have destroyed us. A fierce wind comes out of the sky of our moral sympathies, and fiendishly tears the crimson clouds of our ideals to fragments. What was a year ago a lake of lilies, is now a pool of stagnant blood. On the horizon,

now rises with the dawns, black thunder clouds of distrust. To cool the madness in our brain, we dash wildly out in some midnight storm of morals in the awful, fierce madness of our ethical despair. The mood changes with the agony, and we next vow that cruelty is the best compassion; that those who steel our hearts help us.

Obviously to be too morally sympathetic, and morally compassionate, and morally tender hearted, and tearful, is to be a madman. This was Shelley's fate. Men peer at such men queerly from under their heavy brows, and tap their heads significantly to each other, as they pass them on the street. "If he was only right up there." Nevertheless we are morally born to be sincerely morally attracted to, or hypnotized by each other's Nobler Selves.

The trouble with all theories of moral hypnosis, is, that they assume that the person who hypnotically attracts you to them by some moral ideal charm or the other, is perfectly conscious that they are doing so. Or, on the other hand, that they have unlovely moral purposes in view. This is all nonsense. We are too hasty and harsh in our moral judgments about such matters. As a supposable case take a woman of

THE TYPE OF GEORGE SAND.

Introduce to her a famous artist. A man of genius who reads the splendor of her genius at a glance. Unconsciously, perchance, she becomes subject to an ethical hypnosis of the moral sympathies. Her children, dirty minded neighbors, and perchance her husband, object. She is suddenly inspired by great ethical impulses of moral freedom and conscience to throw neighbors, husband and artist into the eternal background. She vanishes to Paris with her children. She secretly resolves to make her own way with them. She leaves no clue as to her whereabouts. She is suddenly swallowed up in a great indefinite moral mystery. Like all truly great mothers she is attracted first of all, however, to her children. Hence they are her first care. Husband and artist take up in Paris the search for her in vain. Gossip has done its work. She has become the mystery of France. She remains as dead. For the moral welfare of her children (after years have passed) it is necessary, however, for her to again seek her husband. The artist, who loved her, is dead. She finds her husband, however, and is—for the children's sake—reunited to him. In this case the moral hypnosis of ethical sympathy binding the mother to her children is wholly unconscious to her as a Psychological Law. Reunited, however, with her husband again solely and purely for the sake of the children, the ruin of moral hope once more falls in the valleys of her life. Her experience henceforth is no longer a shifting heap of the red sand of Despair.

During the years of her absence in Paris she has escaped the hot breath of the furnace of Fate. Bright tongues of the fiery clouds of a more exquisite moral ideal burn and quiver about those later days. In Paris she learned to leap from precipice to precipice of difficulty. Her hair has whitened. She looks up, and a heavy purple haze of tragic sadness curtains her sky. Young flowers of her girlhood's ideal now open along the river side of her experiences. A world of new, beautiful stars of profounder moral sympathy swing out into the spaces of her twilight; and the lengthening shadows of her sadness steal softly over the valley of her farewell days of Earth. Had not Nature mercifully made it possible that the moral hypnosis of a great ethical sympathy between a mother and her children should be paramount to all else in life such a moral result would not have been morally possible.

Unquestionably an hypnosis of moral sympathy exists, even between a dog and his master. In the dog it becomes a moral monomania when the animal loses all self-control, all desire for life, and dies for grief on his master's grave.

From lily, to dog, to man, to woman, in the individual life, the supreme event is the quest for love, and for one who shall be love's avatar on earth. Accepting moral evolution as a phrase having the slightest meaning to the moral development of the moral individual, it must axiomatically follow, that the ultimate moral aim, of all the moral aims in the life of the soul, is its endless and ever-ascending search for this avatar in the form of some man or woman. Hence the fatality of mutual attraction; and all moral attraction is moral hypnosis.

Our thoughts make us. Thinking trouble brings trouble. Thinking good brings good. We can make our life just what the mind thinks. Therefore, how important it is for all of us to think rightly.

Spiritual Enlightenment comes to the soul that earnestly seeks God with Love. Love is the key that opens the door to God and all the Mysteries.

The great spiritual wave which is now sweeping over the world brings with it great wants, but it also carries with it the means of satisfying those wants. Do not despair.—William Walker Atkinson.

FOR EVER AND EVER.

A True Story.

"To be born and die,
Of rich and poor, make all the history."
As two little children were playing one day
On the bank of a beautiful river,
The angels in charge heard one innocent say:
"Oh! I'll love you for ever and ever."
They grew bigger and bigger, this girl and
boy
Drawing closer without an endeavor
'Till he whispered in mixed trepidation and
joy
"Let me love you forever and ever."
Then they called on the man in Episcopal
gown—
How they hastened lest something might
sever,
—And while joining their hands he this bless-
ing brought down
"Be united forever and ever."
Then vine after vine were entwined 'round
their hearts
And alas! gifts went back to the giver,
But seen or unseen, no affection departs,
"The Divine" is for ever and ever.
And tertiary life-streams, pulsed by waves,
Have commenced their careers from the
"river."
Like the rest, to be hustled by mundane af-
fairs
And then pass to the ever and ever.
But the pair have grown and she leans on his
arm,
As they walk on the bank of the river
Which they soon shall cross o'er, yet they feel
no alarm,
For they'll love on for ever and ever.

Thos. Harding.

A Visit to Kingston, N. Y.

A Wonderful Sanitarium.

W. J. COLVILLE.

An easy ride of about seventy miles on the West Shore Railway from New York City lands the passenger, after from two to three hours' journey, at Kingston which in its winter garb of spotless ermine presented a fascinating appearance when I first beheld it, on the evening of Friday, December 12, 1902.

The great attraction at Kingston is the noted sanitarium owned and operated by Dr. C. O. Sahler, the famous practical suggestionist who has proved during a series of years devoted to unerring and most successful practice that even the strongest claims made by the advocates of psychotherapy are by no means unfounded.

The Sanitarium proper is a large country house with spacious rooms adapted for all purposes and supplied with all the latest appliances for use and comfort. Two lecture parlors serve as reading, music and lecture rooms and within their walls much instruction and many delightful entertainments are often given.

Dr. and Mrs. Sahler are believers in large latitude so far as discipline and diet are concerned and one of their chief aims is to make everything in the building suggest a home and not a hospital. As the number of patients and visitors usually in attendance far exceeds the domiciliary capabilities of the main edifice, several good houses in the immediate neighborhood are used exclusively for the housing of the many who cannot sleep under the roof of the central building.

One of these auxiliary houses admirably managed by a sister of Dr. Sahler, is quite a model country house. The room assigned to me was particularly cheerful with three large French windows, decorated with lace curtains and leading on to a pleasant balcony; all the upstairs rooms were also very light and cheerful.

Though the weather was intensely cold and we were treated to a good old fashioned snowstorm during my ante-Christmas visit, no difficulty was experienced in going to meals in the main building and it was certainly beneficial to some of the patients to take a brief brisk run across the snow between the houses as early as 8.30 a. m. to breakfast.

A most homelike atmosphere pervades every department of this wonderful institution; indeed, several inmates who have resided within its hospitable walls for a year and over declare that it is their home and they desire no other.

During the morning of the first day of my visit I was graciously invited to witness some of Dr. Sahler's work and I think I fully appreciated the value of his particular method as well as his kindly motive. The word hypnotism has a disagreeable sound in many ears, partly because of grave public misapprehension regarding its real nature and partly because of the follies and abuses sometimes practiced in its name.

Before I visited Kingston a lady of considerable intelligence whom I had learned to highly respect in Washington told me that she had been relieved of chronic distempers of most painful character by Dr. Sahler's treatment and she told me that he employed just enough hypnotism to render his patients suggestible. When I watched Dr. Sahler in the act of treating several patients in succession, I soon became convinced that his method is both suggestive and magnetic and he claims this for it.

The Doctor's personality is large in the sense of expressing geniality and breadth of temperament, intellectually and sympathetically. His is a fatherly presence which inspires immediate confidence and this is further increased as one grows to know the depth of his benevolence and to appreciate the benign fact that it affords him the supreme satisfaction to relieve the sorrows and sufferings of humanity.

Cases of extreme nervous prostration accompanied by sleeplessness, loss of appetite and many other distressful symptoms are naturally plentiful at the Sanitarium and it is impossible to note the improvement which takes place manifestly in even a very few days without becoming thoroughly convinced that there is some great beneficent psychic force at work which operates with and through the Doctor, causing him to be both a channel for universal healing energy and a radiant centre from which virtue can and does freely proceed to the relief and strengthening of the weak and the afflicted.

Dr. Sahler's treating room is a bright, cheery apartment furnished with a pleasing combination of color in which green and gold are conspicuous elements. Only a few minutes can be given at any one time to the direct treatment of a single case under the doctor's immediate suggestive word and action as he often treats fifty persons in a single day, but from five to ten minutes direct treatment fully serves to awaken some dormant centre and arouse the patient to greater self activity if drowsiness and melancholy be the cause, or to greater repose and sleepfulness if insomnia has been the malady.

It is not easy to describe in all particulars exactly how Dr. Sahler works, as his method of practice is a combination of the most useful elements in several distinctive modes of operation. Oral and silent suggestions are both employed and in every case I witnessed the patient seemed to be in very close rap-

port with the operator. There was no deep sleep induced at any time when I was present, but what is known as light hypnosis was often induced, but no attempt whatever was made to mentally coerce a patient, only to assist him to throw aside the weakness under which he had been laboring and from which he certainly desired to be free.

Dr. Sahler's method is decidedly educational, he provides good literature for the inmates of his Sanitarium, furnishes lectures for their edification and encourages them to ask questions on points which seem obscure to them so that their own knowledge of suggestive healing may be enlarged and they become able to help themselves and in due turn help others.

It has been my privilege to read advance sheets of a book which Dr. Sahler has written and which will soon be published. From the pages of that delightfully lucid treatise on a matter of the highest concern to everybody, I culled the following general doctrine.

Dr. Sahler opens on all sides to the study and reception of truth. Though a regular physician in high standing and backed by many years' highly successful medical practice he shows no contentment to the materialistic fallacies which so often bedevil the literature and hamper the practice of medicine. Dr. Sahler is a philosopher as well as a scientist and one moreover who does not invent a theory to be used as a sort of straight jacket in which to imprison facts, but he invites facts to occur and to accumulate, then he sets to work to propose a theory which will best account for them.

Some resemblance may be traced between Dr. Sahler's idea of human quality and the two minds theory of Prof. Hudson, but unlike that author Dr. Sahler has no prejudice against Spiritualism as he does not seek to deny any psychic possibilities but leaves the door wide open for acceptance of all demonstrable phenomena.

Dr. Sahler's book is in reverent tone, sublime in thought and eloquent in diction. It commences with some delightfully condensed information on anatomy, every line of which tends to lift the reader's thought to a higher appreciation of the beauty and worth of the bodily structure which the soul uses as a temporary habitation. Here is a fine excerpt from Chapter 2:

"As the wealth of the owner may be inferred from the character of his dwelling place, so the dignity of the real self may be inferred from the wonderful structure of the physical body which was designed for a few years use, and is then laid aside to perish. The nature of the real self, therefore, and its relation to the physical body from which death separates it, is a point of vast interest and importance."

A clear understanding of this point leads to a brief discussion of certain general principles underlying creation, of which man is the supreme expression.

Chapter 3, beginning with the sentence, "Creation is a great process of evolution," leads the student of life's tremendous mysteries not into a labyrinth of dubious speculation but into clear fields of reasoning where intuitive perception and sterling logic march bravely hand in hand. Here is a great passage from Dr. Sahler:

"Man though a product of Divine Thought is yet a sharer in Deity and there is a striking analogy between the relation of Divine Thought to the original creation of the universe and the relation of man's thought to its re-creation into conventional form. As all things existed in the mind of God before they found expression in the form of the material universe, so in the subordinate realm of man's creation the first step lies in that mysterious impulse of his spirit called thought. If the impulse of the soul is strong enough the thought will represent a force sufficient to work out a visible form; if the impulse is weak the force will probably be dissipated and lost so far as visible expression is concerned. The thought in any instance is the force behind the visible symbol; it may be regarded as the invisible substance of the visible image."

Concerning the dual mind in describing which Dr. Sahler is particularly instructive he draws largely upon facts observed in the course of his varied and extensive practice.

One interesting account is of a young man who frequently passed into a "self-induced hypnotic state" and while in that condition went about as though fully conscious of ordinary objective surroundings though he was all the while in a very different condition from that of his companions and while in that condition he displayed marvelous super-normal susceptibility.

A striking phrase in Dr. Sahler's MSS. reads, "We are surrounded or immersed in the vibrations of Divine Mind and only require proper conditions to be spelled out into human consciousness. The magnetic forces of the body are affected by these vibrations and serve as wires to bring messages to the seat of the soul. The various faculties of the brain are receiving instruments."

Dr. Sahler classifies the faculties of the brain into three great divisions, physical, intellectual and spiritual. The first group controls the five senses which bring us in touch with the objective world and pertain to the animal side of nature. The second group controls all general thought processes and the whole waking or objective consciousness. The third group controls all higher aspirations and such emotions as find their seat in the subjective consciousness. This third group also controls "spiritual senses" by which the soul can absolutely transcend objective channels of perception. Hypnotic experiments prove beyond question that the soul can discern without physical organs. Much information of practical as well as theoretic nature is based on this hypothesis and it seems incredible that any sincere student should weigh the bulk of evidence presented by Dr. Sahler and still remain incredulous concerning the power of the true ego to dominate exterior existence.

Concerning suggestion Dr. Sahler declares that when a "subject" is in perfect harmony with an "operator" the psychic state may often be induced by silent treatment exclusively, but he teaches also that on the occasion of a first treatment it is usually necessary to employ some simple objective method. A thought vibration from the mind of the doctor may be instantly received by a patient.

"It is a common error to suppose that complete hypnosis, or unconsciousness, is necessary for effective treatment. It would be quite as reasonable to assume that all doors in a house must be locked in order to shut out one room."

Treating of the modern development of Psycho-Therapeutics Dr. Sahler takes extremely reasonable and entirely logical positions; he speaks of three great leaders, Mesmer, Charcot and Liebau.

Concerning Mesmer he writes intelligently and appreciatively and says that to him we owe the theory of the transmission of life-force from one to the other through direction of will, but while giving due credit to that much-abused pioneer he does not endorse all of Mesmer's theories or commend all of his practices.

Concerning Liebau Dr. Sahler says it was his for him to tip the balance to the other extreme and place emphasis entirely upon suggestion while Mesmer placed it upon animal magnetism.

Concerning Charcot's method Dr. Sahler says that it is a fuller development of the idea of Dr. Braid the famous English physician who fifty years ago laid enormous stress on simple suggestion and perhaps underrated other agents in the accomplishment of the work he certainly performed.

"Charcot conceived the idea that hypnotic sleep was brought on by fatigue and obtained desired results by fixing the attention of the patient upon a bright light or object and at the same time giving a thought of drowsiness or weariness."

In a very interesting chapter on suggestion and suggestibility Dr. Sahler says, "By suggestion we understand something in the nature of a hint given to the soul as a stimulus for action; whether or not the hint is accepted and acted upon when the mind is in the normal state will depend upon its success in passing through the court of reason."

"In the normal state, especially when its relation to other minds is concerned, the soul sits constantly in the court of objective consciousness, usually on the throne of reason, and an idea is accepted or rejected according as it harmonizes or fails to harmonize with its pre-established ideas of right and good. If it trusts absolutely the source of the suggestion, the idea will probably pass by the reason, and the soul will act without question, but just to the degree that there is doubt will the thought be subjected to examination. The great purpose of Infinite Wisdom is here manifest. Reason is the safeguard of the soul on this material plane of existence; without it we become but puppets of other wills."

Much more in similar strain is ably set forth but as we soon expect to find the book on our reading tables from which the above quotations are selected it suffices for the immediate present to what the public appetite in anticipation of complete publication of the views and conclusions of a practical demonstration whose theories are based on actual experience and not dependent upon hearsay. A very useful remark is the following, based on much observation:

"Persons sometimes present themselves for treatment with the remark, 'Really I have no faith in this but my friends want me to try it.' They are simply deceiving themselves; had they no faith at all they would never have made even the trial. The average person finds it easier to fasten his faith to the representative of a theory than to the theory itself; the one is tangible to his objective senses while the other may elude his grasp. The same principle holds in psychic treatment that holds in all phases of medical practice, faith in the physician conditions the success of his method. The same drug will accomplish totally different results when taken with perfect confidence in the physician and without it."

It is well to note the above words are those of an experienced, practicing physician who is testifying to what he knows and cannot be lightly dismissed on the plea that they are simply a fancy of a layman. Concerning Christian Science, with which Dr. Sahler is by no means wholly in accord he utters the following sober statement:

"That there is truth in Christian Science is demonstrated by the real good accomplished in way of healing. There is much in the teaching to stimulate thought and appeal to the intellect. It is a great mistake to suppose that Christian Scientists are simply duping people; they are the organized expression of a great but, as yet, faintly understood truth. That they are ignorant of the laws governing much of their practice is simply unfortunate, it is not a proof of their error. There is truth in the teaching or there could be no results in practice, but they are only blindly applying the laws that underlie; they do not understand how they gain healing power over others."

The summing up of the first part of the treatise, which is chiefly theoretical, is in the following sentences: "In mental healing, divine healing and faith cure there is practically the same underlying principle. In mental healing suggestion is administered directly by another, either orally or telepathically. In what is termed divine healing and faith cure the force lies in auto-suggestion. In all cases, however, the power on the throne is the faith of the soul which links it to divine power. The work of the suggestion is to arouse faith."

The second part of this useful treatise commences with a dissertation based on practical experiments from a copious supply of which the author has drawn extensively to illustrate his theory and fortify his doctrine. The "psychic state" is a favorite expression with Dr. Sahler who employs the term to designate a condition of susceptibility not ordinarily germane to normal objective consciousness. In the psychic state the soul is said to act exclusively through spiritual faculties which are never dormant.

Concerning Australasia.

A LETTER AND A REPLY

W. J. COLVILLE.

Dear Friend: I read quite often letters and lectures from your pen that are printed in the Banner of Light. I read that you have been through Australia. I have a great interest in the welfare of Australasia. There is much in your lectures that have been a help to me. I am also considering the advisability of making certain investments in Australia, and as I have never been there, I would like to ask a reliable man like you, who has been there, what the economic and social conditions are there as compared with the United States? What language and what race of people predominates there? What is the climate? When does the snow come and when does it go, as a general thing? What proportion of the population is white? What proportion of other races respectively of each kind? What are the principal landing places for American steamers?

Respectfully yours,
John F. Wilmington.

As the above epistle is but one out of many of similar import, I shall endeavor to so reply in public print to this sample letter that other correspondents who desire such information as I can give on this subject may likewise profit thereby.

It is safe to say that Australia and New Zealand are thoroughly English and Scotch. England and Scotland—Great Britain is called Home by Colonists or Colonialists who were born under the Southern cross as well as by those who were born in the British Isles and have emigrated to the Antipodes. Pounds, shillings and pence, not dollars and cents, constitute the financial currency, and as it is with money, so it is with all else. The Union Jack floats over public buildings. Prayers are said by the cooks in all churches come from England, not from America, and all standard secular literature is English, not American reprint.

Australian cities are largely cosmopolitan, and contain a considerable French and large German element, also a good representation of Scandinavians. All nationalities, indeed, are present and Orientals in native garb are frequently encountered, but England is the mother and her language is on nearly every tongue.

English bank holidays are observed universally and an American patriotic anniversary is only celebrated in England by such Americans as are in the colony, though it is only fair to say that Australasia are gradually adopting many American inventions, but only such as England is adopting also.

It is difficult to introduce comparisons between the state of trade and the general social and economic conditions prevailing in America and Australasia. Almost the same conditions prevail in both countries, but on account of Australia's immense size and

small population there is boundless room for expansion, and though there are some unemployed persons in Melbourne and Sydney it is always possible to get country work at fair wages and the general wage in Australia is not low.

I have seen but little great wealth, or abject poverty under Southern skies, and though conditions are by no means as nearly ideal for the industrial population in Australia as in New Zealand, which is called "Workman's Paradise," I consider on the whole the prospects for able bodied, intelligent people of all ages and both sexes is very good all over Australia, where there is boundless scope for increasing developments.

The spirit of Australia is intensely democratic though English titles are honored and great loyalty is shown to the British Crown. Nothing is very expensive. House rents, hotel charges, food, clothing and even luxuries as well as amusements are all procurable at moderate cost, and as it is only rarely that there is much severe cold weather, except in Tasmania and the extreme southern part of New Zealand, it is possible to live a great deal out of doors and dispense with heating apparatus during the greater part of the year.

Persons who go to Australia with moderate expectations will doubtless find them realized, but fantastic hopes of making immense fortunes almost without effort have been often rudely shattered. Extremes of wealth and poverty are not congenial to Australian soil, and they do not flourish there. A comfortable competence in a beautiful country where nature smiles far more continuously than in the Northern lands can easily be enjoyed south of the equator.

When I landed at Perth, or near it, my first impression of Australia was that it closely resembled California. When I took up my abode in Adelaide and saw the abundance of Pepper and Eucalyptus trees I could again feel that I was in the golden West, and when I entered Melbourne I was reminded of a compromise between a large English, Scotch and American city.

Adelaide is very beautiful and it is a place of charming houses, delightful and superabundant fruit in great variety. Living is cheap and good there and during eight months in the year the climate is enchanting; during the remaining four (December, January, February and March) it is decidedly hot, semi-tropical at least. Adelaide has all the advantages of Los Angeles as a place of resort or residence; it abounds with beautiful homes and it is so near the ocean that it is possible to live on the seashore at Glenelg and be within thirty minutes easy ride of business in the heart of Adelaide.

Melbourne is the great mid Australian centre of commerce and the great objective point of many industries, it is a massive city, somewhat hoary in architecture, but it has delightful parks and squares and is also so near the ocean that a very short and inexpensive ride soon brings us to the open water. I have never experienced great heat in Melbourne, but it is generally safe to expect it during the same season as in Adelaide.

Sydney is renowned for the magnificence of its harbor and for the multitude of its delightful suburbs. The city proper is not very well laid out, but its public gardens are unsurpassed and many of its buildings are majestic. From every part of the world steamships are arriving continually and it is certainly an extremely cosmopolitan centre of manifold activities.

Brisbane is an interesting, growing city with decidedly warm climate during nearly the whole year.

In all the cities of Australia people can live almost as cheaply or as expensively as means and tastes may dictate. Heating of houses is accomplished chiefly by gas stoves, which usually meet necessities and American conveniences of all sorts are being surely if slowly introduced into private residences as well as public hosteleries. There are really excellent hotels and plenty of good boarding houses in all Australian cities where rates are very moderate considering accommodations offered.

New Zealand has no city with more than 100,000 inhabitants, but though they are not very large places Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin are certainly possessed of many advantages.

The social and economic conditions in New Zealand are in many respects far better than in any other part of the world. A very real democracy prevails and there is a sense of freedom from care and general competence among the inhabitants which is delightfully refreshing after the complicated industrial situations and the pitiful extremes of wealth and poverty so often exhibited elsewhere.

The Black population of Australia and New Zealand is almost a negligible quantity in all the cities, but in Northern Queensland, where there are sugar plantations, the Blacks are a very necessary working element, but they are nowhere in the neighborhood of cities at all conspicuous.

The interior life of Australasia in the "Bush" is often delightful and it is truly astonishing to see how much comfort and refinement there often is among the wilds of nature on the great cattle ranches and in mining camps.

Australians and New Zealanders are very hospitable and largely unconventional in mode of life. There is a freedom in Australasia like unto that of the newest settlements in these United States of America and the geniality of climate minimizes what would otherwise be hardships to a majority. All kinds of outdoor sports are popular and frequent everywhere and the people as a whole devote far more time to recreation than in America. Business hours are not generally so long and holidays are more frequent.

The two great lines of steamers from San Francisco and Vancouver respectively take different routes. The American Line (A. and A.) goes to Sydney via Auckland. The Canadian Line reaches Sydney via Brisbane. The trip across the Canadian Pacific railway from Montreal to Vancouver is delightfully romantic, and though in the winter season cold is intense and snow prolific, the splendidly equipped trains, supplied with every conceivable comfort, are seldom delayed more than a few hours during the entire journey, and the steamers across the Pacific are extremely comfortable. The many lines of railway which connect Boston or New York with San Francisco have all some special advantages, for business, however, rather than for natural scenery.

The steamers from San Francisco via Honolulu to Auckland and Sydney are fine vessels of 6,000 tons register; some people prefer them to those which leave Vancouver. I cannot recommend second cabin passage across the Pacific on either route as deck room for second saloon passengers is painfully limited. I slightly prefer the second cabin on the Canadian route to that of the A. and A. Line, but I cannot advise anyone who can afford \$200 for first cabin to pay \$125 for second cabin. The voyage takes three weeks, and in fair weather it is delightful all the way on either line. There is no financial saving in crossing America and the Pacific as \$100 must certainly be allowed for comfortable transportation from any New England point on the Pacific Coast, as sleeping berth and meals must be added to railway ticket.

The really charming way to go to Australia from New York is to take German Lloyd steamer (first cabin \$80) to Naples, then get large steamer (Grosser Kursturm, if possible), to Sydney, stopping at many points of interest on the way, including Ceylon. Second saloon accommodation is all that can be de-

sired on that splendid vessel and on all the large boats of the same company. \$25 to \$35 (\$150 to \$190) is the fare from Naples to Sydney. If time is no particular object and a traveler loves the ocean it would be well to take a German Lloyd steamer from New York to Southampton or even to Bremen and then reship to Australia, sailing through the Bay of Biscay, visiting Gibraltar and enjoying altogether seven weeks at sea. \$300 will cover the whole journey.

I am constantly in receipt of letters from friends in Australia and New Zealand and at no very distant date I hope to return thither. As I have lived in those countries between March, 1900, and November, 1901, I claim to know something about them and I like them well enough to hope soon to go back to them. I am always glad to bear testimony in favor of Australasia.

W. J. Colville.

Question and Answer Department.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Questions by Carlton Smythe, Christchurch, New Zealand:

1. Is it possible to develop clairvoyant and clairaudient powers? If so, what would you suggest as the best means?

2. Do you agree with Helen Wilman's pronouncements that immortality in the flesh is possible?

3. How can one best cultivate the power of concentration?

Answer 1. It is certainly possible to develop all inherent powers and also to cultivate various phases of mediumship. Clairvoyance and clairaudience are two of the commonest phases of psychic perception and both can be considered from many standpoints. Clairvoyance and clairaudience in their simplest forms may be reasonably attributed to extraordinary lucidity on the part of their possessors, and it is a very frequent experience that these interesting endowments manifest themselves spontaneously in early childhood and particularly among children whose lives are rather lonely or who have not very many ordinary childish diversions. Extreme sensitiveness is very often confounded with nervousness, and it is truly the case that most highly susceptible children possess the nervous rather than the lymphatic temperament.

It is not usually desirable to set to work to actively cultivate any form of mediumship in children, but if they show unmistakable signs of possessing it, it is always well to welcome all healthy indications of its activity. Make confident of youthful sensitivities, listen with unfeigned interest to their wonderful narratives of psychic experience; question them as to what they may have seen and heard, but treat the subject naturally not awesomely.

Among elder people who wish to develop psychic gifts it is a good practice to enter at periodic intervals a sequestered place and quietly await the appearance of a spectacle or reception of a message from the unseen. If you feel at all nervously excited when sitting entirely alone, you should provide yourself with a congenial companion whose mere presence relieves you from painful nervous tension. It is often far better for just two sympathetic sitters to hold seances together than for a larger number of people to be present. It is always permissible and often extremely helpful to provide yourselves with crystals or simple glasses of clear water into which you can gaze just as long, though no longer than you find it perfectly agreeable to do so.

Clairvoyance and clairaudience are often due to subjective states rather than to the presence of refined, objective phenomena. It is therefore not at all improbable that you may sometimes fall asleep or at least pass into a semi-entranced condition in which quiescent state you are likely to enjoy your most vivid visions and receive most unmistakable evidences that you are truly in psychic communion with friends unseen and unheard within the limits of material sight and hearing. Any place and any time will serve your purpose, provided the time is a quiet time and the place a quiet place. Concentration of attention on what is immediately before you when the object is a bright shining but otherwise uninteresting object, has a good effect in keeping attention from interesting, surrounding objects and thereby facilitates the development of inner psychic ability.

Answer 2. Immortality in the flesh is a phrase of very doubtful import and from Mrs. Wilman's own writings it does not appear that the vigorous editor of Freedom and author of "A Conquest of Death" really means exactly what the phrase is supposed to mean by people who are not familiar with metaphysical nomenclature. Mrs. Wilman says she hopes at some time to visit other planets and certainly if anyone bodily navigates interstellar space, the body in which the interplanetary journey can be taken may be an etheric, but not what is commonly understood as a fleshy structure. The great underlying thought in all this controversy is a very ancient one and one moreover which pervades all venerable antique as well as medieval literature.

It is certainly conceivable that an organism can undergo continuous changes of a steadily refining character until all that is now gross or fleshy will have been entirely superseded. Considering the numerous phases which substance can assume, there is nothing radically or antecedently absurd in the idea of immortalizing a body if matter be regarded as essentially indestructible. Our own conviction is that the human ego or true entity will eventually outgrow its material and corporeal control over all the elements which, when specially organized constitute a human physical body, that whenever the entity desires to reappear on earth in fleshy robes it can so control its surroundings as to materialize a shape at its discretion.

To be everlastingly confined to embodiment on a single planet would be a dreary outlook, and as we have aspirations to visit and inhabit other worlds than this, we have no desire to endlessly perpetuate existence on this single planet. It is agreeable to feel that we can remain anywhere as long as we desire, but the prospect of remaining in any place or state forever is not an enchanting one. Perfect health in the body can be achieved, but the fleshy organism how constructed is only an instrument for temporary service.

Answer 3. To cultivate concentration it is necessary to habituate ourselves to doing things one by one in so thorough a manner that while we are engaged in any one pursuit we resolutely refuse to permit our thoughts to wander off to any other. Control of thought is at first far more difficult for most persons than control of words and actions, and this is largely because of a prevailing belief that words and acts can and must be controlled while thoughts are either uncontrollable or relatively unimportant. From so false a view of the actual case many important errors inevitably spring. Among the most generally annoying, active memory or at least very active memory usually heads the list. We cannot reasonably expect to recall or recollect what we have never really called to use or systematically collected and that which most seriously interferes with an original memorizing which, must be prior to any possible remembering, is lack of undivided attention given to one subject or one object exclusively.

It is, of course, more beneficial to select highly important themes for meditation when we are seeking to become proficient in the art

of concentration than to choose such as are usually commonplace, but the habit itself can be acquired even when we select the most ordinary material for our exercises. Nearly every one can call to mind instances of complete absorption through spontaneous interest in some very meagre matter and then the well nigh perfect memory of every detail connected with that unimportant scene. All strenuous endeavor to concentrate must prove abortive, because such trying efforts, instead of engaging attention pleasantly, are of the nature of an irksome task and tend to nervous irritation. A single word is often an all sufficient keynote. Love, justice, peace, or any other strong meaningful word is easily dwelt upon to the exclusion of all foreign topics and as in the case of visual suggestion, employed therapeutically, it is often helpful to place the world literally in a conspicuous manner in attractive guise before your eyes. Let a subject open itself up to you as it will when you are thus contemplating and you will quickly discover that when you have resolutely determined to let nothing interfere with your exercise, sounds, etc., which would formerly have disturbed you seriously, no longer interrupt you at all.

Free to Everybody.

J. W. Willis, of Crawfordsville, Ind., will send free by mail to all who send him their address, a package of Pansy Compound, which is two weeks' treatment, with printed directions, and is a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, lagrippe and blood poison.

Spiritualism in New York.

First Association of Spiritualists. In the time that has elapsed since my last report was published, all matters pertaining to the society have progressed satisfactorily. During November we were favored with two visits from J. Frank Baxter, and one from our esteemed friend, and the honored editor of the Banner. These visits added greatly to the interest of those afternoons, and our warmest thanks are due these gentlemen.

Miss Gaule's work for the spirit world is always appreciated, and the present season has been especially successful in arousing deep interest in our beloved Cause. Last Sunday at each session our president, Mrs. Newton, spoke most impressively of the sad transition of Miss Abby Judson, whose life work has been such a shining example to Spiritualists for many years. We are also called upon to mourn the loss of our dear friend and sister, Mrs. Marie C. Robinson of Brooklyn, who was with us at the N. S. A. Convention in Boston, and whose removal from the form was a great shock and grief to us all. Our sympathy goes out in fullest measure to the bereaved daughter and to the poor children toward whom this dear woman was a veritable angel of mercy.

Once more I am impelled to refer to the pitiful case of Mrs. Mary C. Morrell for whom I have received just one dollar from Lancaster, Pa., since my last appeal. Dear friends, this is the season of universal good cheer, when we feel that 'tis our duty as well as privilege to try to brighten, if ever so little, the lives of those less fortunate than ourselves. Let me, therefore, again ask for aid in caring for Mrs. Morrell. She is very ill, unable to leave her bed, and a realization of the suffering which a small sum of money will relieve, should prompt every kind hearted reader of these words to respond in accordance with their means. I earnestly entreat you to unite with us in making the few remaining days of this poor medium as comfortable as nourishing food and the kind thoughtfulness of friends can render them.

We extend to the Banner staff and its readers the heartiest of Christmas greetings, and best wishes for the coming year.

Marie J. Fitzmaurice, Sec.
688 E. 138th St., N. Y. City.

Gaining Strength Daily.

A Valuable Constitutional Tonic.

Hopston's Acid Phosphate not only corrects disorders which undermine health, but also builds up the entire physical system on a permanent foundation. It cures in the right way.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

CHICKERING HALL.

This beautiful Temple was opened in October under the management of previous years and has through its energetic speaker, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, dispensed spiritual truths to all its hearers. Discourses were from those who have passed on, also from the speaker in his normal state. Many subjects have been discussed; questions have been answered that have been presented. Altogether it has, so far, been a season of thought which has benefited all who came within hearing. Many of the evening sessions have taken the form of a musical hour with the addition of the usual service.

Sunday, December 21, the subject of the morning was, "How to Spiritually Benefit the World." In the evening a short address was given followed by a very satisfactory séance which revealed the truth of man's immortality.

Our services differ from religious systems as theirs rest on faith and sacred writers who merely asserted but could not prove their assertions. We benefit the world by proving a continued life, by a higher cultivation of our natures, by living in a nearer communion with our arisen ones, not by calling them to us but by ascending from the condition in which we daily live toward their condition. It should be the desire of Spiritualists not to bring our friends to us to the earthly plane, but to rise, by spirit enfoldment into a condition where we shall be able to perceive spiritual realities and converse with spiritual beings in their plane of existence. Spiritual laws, like nature's laws, are immutable and the law of divine love which is eternal should be the atmosphere in which to live.

Let us be thankful still that life does not consist of the abundance of material possessions but of the abundance of spiritual content, its supreme blisses are love, faith and sacrifice.

The music rendered by the "Ladies' Schubert Quartet" brings us all into that quiet which is so desirable for our services. It is said that music is a bridge over which distressed and purified spirits wander into a brighter world.

Regular meetings every Monday evening are held in Peck Hall annex that should be well attended. The ladies of this society are arranging for a sociable once a month which will be similar to "The Helping Hand" of pleasant memory.—Abner Danforth.

For Over Sixty Years

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

Letter From Harriet W. Hildreth.

Mr. Editor:

No doubt many others, like myself, reading weekly the appeal in your welcome paper for "God's Poor Fund," feel within the great wish to give to all, and do something to help every struggling soul. Sometimes I ask myself if it seems more binding, would it come any nearer home to say, "Our Poor Fund?" We surely all can find many in our own cities and towns to assist this cold winter, if we try, when not only fuel, but everything that is necessary to the comfort of this material life is almost beyond the reach of many. Let each one try to help some other in need in this Christmas time.

To many of us memories of past holidays come back freighted with joy and sorrow. We miss the forms and faces of those we were wont to greet with the salutation "Merry Christmas." But we must not be selfish when realizing what they have gained. "We shall shortly learn that lengthened breath is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend." And, dear friends of the Banner, we should try to realize what the danger to our loved ones means to them. Try to realize that when we go where they now are, we shall wonder why we wept, when they are only "just out there," as Lizzie Harlow so beautifully expresses it.

We should rejoice that Miss Judson is free, though we would that the passing could have been different. We shall all miss her letters to the Banner, so filled with love and kindness, so interested in the unfortunate, be it man or animal. We know she will have two good eyes to open in her home out there, and she can see and greet her own dear ones of whom she often wrote, and I also hope her little dog will be there to make her glad. In her last letter, speaking of fraud, she showed a charitable spirit. She did not condemn until sure.

Fraud is indeed wrong. The world is full of it. And while we so much wish to have Spiritualism free from it and all else that can seem to mar its great usefulness, let each strive for greater perfection, more harmony and love. Spiritualism, no power can harm; 'tis not man made, but angel sent. I often think, how in the days of Dr. Gardner Richardson Sprague, and many other noble workers of the past, we so seldom heard or read of fraud. Was it because no one was seeking it? Let us all do our best, praying that truth may come uppermost and justice be done.

Mr. Editor, your editorials are grand; while reading them, I feel the good time coming is almost here, so long foretold by prophet, priest and seer, and today by the wise ones, who send words of cheer and hope to earth's children through our inspired teachers and mediums. Long may you live to wield the pen and voice such needed words of justice, love and mercy for a suffering humanity.

Dear suffering, sorrowing brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, I had finished writing a few lines to your paper before going to the lecture this evening, where I heard the sad news that four darling little Nina had (by a cruel accident, so it seems) been transplanted to the gardens of immortality, there to unfold in beauty forever, and I could not refrain from extending to you the loving sympathy of all the many friends of yours in Worcester, trusting the thought waves may reach you and help you if possible to bear up under the great sorrow that has come to you. I assure you many of us can sympathize; we have waited in the shadows and might be waiting still but for the glorious tidings, "No Death, but Life forevermore." May the good angels sustain you in our prayer.

Worcester, Mass.

Dr. Spinney's Sanitarium Burned.

About 4.40 a. m., Saturday, Dec. 6, a fire alarm startled the inmates of the Sanitarium and it was found that a blacksmith shop to the eastward was the source of the fire. Between that and the Sanitarium were two wooden buildings. The wind was blowing a gale from the northeast which caused a rapid communication of the flames to these wooden structures. Just to the eastward of the Sanitarium and connected with it was Dr. Spinney's drug store, in which the druggist, Thomas Davis, was sleeping. Mr. Davis has been in Dr. Spinney's employ for many years, and knows all about drugs. He is a very sound sleeper. Mrs. Francis E. Spinney, wife of Dr. A. B. Spinney, is his sister. She awoke him and gave the alarm, but he did not get up and after a moment fell back to sleep again. Had she not known his habits and persisted in rallying him until he became aware of the danger, he would doubtless have been cremated.

Dr. Slade and I had rooms in the corner next to the approaching fire, but the alarm was seasonable enough to give time for escape but it was wasting time getting out the helpless invalids, paralytics, cripples and the blind ones. The nurses and help belonging to the Sanitarium were vigilant actors and thorough in looking after all the patients. Mrs. Spinney's room directly over mine was also close to the coming fire. She was confident that the fire would be put out before it reached the Sanitarium and while active and busy assisting others made no effort to save her own effects. For weeks she had been busily engaged preparing Christmas presents for happy surprises to her friends and especially the young. These were all in her room, together with her pocketbook, all her cash, all her clothing except what she had on, many valuable keepsakes and articles of apparel which were all consumed by the fire. She probably lost more than any of the patients or roomers.

Mrs. John Spinney, being away, lost all she had in her room. Dr. Slade lost most of his clothing that was not stored in his trunk which was saved. But we may all be thankful that no lives were lost. It was a rather cool reception to be hustled out of bed, and hurried out of warm rooms, incompletely dressed, to face a north-east gale in pursuit of shelter but every patient was safely and quickly housed, not all in the most comfortable places as the cold and wind made most of the accessible rooms cold and dreary, but much better than the shelter the Sanitarium afforded fifteen minutes later, when its massive walls cracked and crumbled, and thundered to the ground, amid the roaring flames and wild shout of the storm.

Dr. Spinney was in Muskegon at the time. The head nurse and superintendent of the Sanitarium were at Colon to bring in two new patients to the Sanitarium. The Doctor reached home at 1.20 o'clock Sunday morning and with his usual vigor and rush, had rooms engaged before night in which to continue treatments of patients and before noon Monday had bought a building which with the rooms rented accommodate thirty-two patients. Carpenters were immediately set at work to extend the conveniences and rooms of the newly purchased building and energy and hustling soon had the patients moved, a dining hall and kitchen equipped and all going on as if nothing had happened. Doctor says he was never happier in his life although he estimates his loss at \$15,000 over insurance.

Mrs. Francis E. Spinney was cheery over her loss, or appeared so. She regarded her fate as not the worst. The Doctor's loss is more than the rest together, and he is as buoyant and jubilant as if he had just found a gold mine. Most of my valuables were saved quite to my surprise. As

nearly as I can estimate from memory, I think \$10 to \$15 will cover all my losses and we're all thankful, or ought to be, that we were saved from a general cremation. This is an incident in the lives of these invalids long to be remembered. But only an incident which does its work in the evolution of life and will soon become a glimmering memory, in our consciousness, having accomplished its mission, while we move on from glory to glory.

Reed City, Mich.

Lyman C. Howe.

Briefs.

Clinton, Iowa.—Harrison D. Barrett lectured Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock at K. P. Hall on the subject of "What is Spiritualism?" He prefaced his lecture by a poetic recitation finely rendered and gave a touching eulogy on the life and untimely death of the well-known spiritualistic writer, Miss Abby Judson, who was fatally burned in her New Jersey home during the past week. Entering upon the subject of his lecture Mr. Barrett said Spiritualism is the opposite of materialism; it stands for that which is permanent. That four great principles are fundamental in Spiritualism—phenomena, science, philosophy, and religion. With fine analysis and apt and forceful illustrations the speaker discussed physical and spiritualistic phenomena.—Daily Advertiser, Dec. 15.

Spiritual Science Home Mission, Providence Hall, 19 Market St., Lynn, Sunday, Dec. 21. Mrs. N. S. Noyes was the speaker and her short addresses were fine. In the afternoon Prof. Matook of Boston gave quite a number of astrological readings of a very correct nature. In the evening Mrs. Noyes did excellent work in her readings, taking the day of the month only, and as a matter of concentration. All of her readings were very satisfactory. Sunday, Dec. 28, Mrs. L. D. Butler, one of Lynn's best test mediums, occupied the platform. Jan. 4, Mrs. Effie I. Webster, another of Lynn's fine mediums, will be the speaker.—See.

Example of Honor Hall, 591 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Mass. J. Fredericks, president, Miss Wheeler writes: Meetings, Sundays, Dec. 7 and 14, very well attended; good work was done by the mediums, Mrs. Banks Scott and husband, Mrs. J. Fredericks, Miss Wheeler, Mr. Evans and Miss Parker, a pupil of Mrs. Fredericks, who gave tests for the first time in public. The good work goes on silently and many a weary soul is encouraged to keep up and not fall by the wayside. Banner for sale.

The First Spiritual Association, St. Louis, Mo., had the Rev. Moses Hall to lecture to them and their sympathizers and patrons, Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 11 and 12, also Sunday the 14th, morning and evening, a collection was taken for the benefit of the Pratt School at Whitewater, Wis. The First Society, having gained a permanent home, mean to keep the members and public well supplied in matters pertaining to Spiritualism.

Boston, Dec. 21, the Boston Spiritual Lyceum met at Paine Memorial Hall, 9 Appleton St., at the usual hour, a large number present. The following took part: Recitations, Miss Helen Spooner, Miss Beatrice Spooner, Harry Green, Nellie Bonney; songs, Little Ivy Clare, Fred Taylor; Mrs. Ada L. Pratt, remarks; E. B. Packard, poem; Hatch Bros., musical selections. We closed the session with a collation and presents. All had a real good time and those not there missed a great treat. E. B. Packard, Clerk.

Pittsburg, Mass.—Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Andover was speaker for the First Spiritual Society, Sunday, Dec. 21. Good sized audience, considering the weather, attended. The subjects of the two addresses were "The Outlook for Spiritualism" and "New Testament Evidence of Spirit Return." Many convincing spirit messages were given. Miss Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections. Dr. C. L. Fox, president.

The regular meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston met in Red Men's Hall, 54 Tremont St., Sunday, Dec. 21, at 11 o'clock. A goodly number were present. Dr. Hale gave a short lecture, which was listened to very attentively. After the march the following took part in the entertainment: Readings, Alice Eva Scott, Catherine Jacobs, Tracy Embury, Elsworth Embury, Carrie Engel and Lottie Weston; songs, Rebecca Gooditz and Dr. Hale. Mr. H. Leslie spoke to the children on "Thought," which he compared to the waves of the ocean. President, Mrs. Butler, spoke of our Christmas tree and entertainment which is to be held in Red Men's Hall, 54 Tremont St., Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1902. A very fine program has been prepared by Prof. Milligan and Mr. Leslie. Mrs. Butler's little control came and told the children why she was named Wild Flower, and gave messages. Mrs. M. J. Butler opened Sunday evening meetings in Red Men's Hall, 54 Tremont St., Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7.45. She was assisted by a choir of children under the direction of Prof. Milligan and Mr. H. Leslie. Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, the following speakers and mediums have taken part: Prof. Arthur, Mr. Hill, Mrs. Sadie Chapin, Mrs. Whitmore, Mrs. Nelly Noyes, Mrs. Anna Whitmore, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Peck-Johnson, Mrs. Kneeland, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Mason, Dr. Blackden, Miss Anna Strong, Mrs. Horan, Mrs. Ackerman-Johnson, Mr. Graham, Mr. Marston, Miss Sears, Mr. Thompson. The healing circle is still doing a great work Tuesday afternoons. Dr. Clark, Mr. Johnson, Dr. Frank Brown, Mrs. Jackson and many healers always present. A watch meeting will be held Dec. 31 in Commercial Hall.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 24. Whist party as usual; business meeting at 5 o'clock; supper served at 6.30. In the absence of our president, Mrs. M. J. Butler, first vice president, Mrs. Ella A. Weston filled the chair. The evening meeting was opened at 8 p. m., with a circle around the hall. Mrs. A. E. Barnes, second vice president, made some remarks upon the Christmas tide and messages were given by the guides of Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Betty and Mrs. Waite; reading by Mrs. Creighton. Our next meeting will be held Dec. 31; whist party at 2.30; supper at 6.30. In the evening there will be a Christmas tree for the children in Red Men's Hall, and an entertainment by the children. Laura F. Sloan, recording secretary.

Church of Fraternity of Soul Communion held services at the Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday evening, Dec. 14, at 8 o'clock. Service opened with organ recital by Prof. Decker; selections sung by the Verdi Quartet were beautifully rendered; the Bible lesson delivered by the pastor, Rev. W. M. Courlis, was certainly very instructive to every one present. The pastor gave messages from spirit land, reaching a great many sorrowful hearts. After the singing of the doxology and pronouncing of the benediction the congregation was dismissed. The eulogy given on Nov. 10 by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the church was a success in every way. Miss Emma C. Resch, correspondent.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, president, concluded a very successful entertainment and sale Dec. 12 at Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. Ave. One of the pleasing features of the evening was the drawing of a pair of

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very fine blankets by one of our young members, Miss Helen Thompson. The next meeting of the Cambridge society was Friday, Dec. 26; circle, 3 p. m.; business meeting, 4 p. m.; supper, 6.30; 15 cents. In the evening, 7.30, Mr. J. S. Seacrest spoke and gave spirit messages. Mrs. M. Merritt, rec. sec'y.

The First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society met as usual at Appleton Hall on Friday, Dec. 26. The business meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Allie, at four o'clock. The Christmas supper was served at six o'clock; about one hundred friends were present. The evening services were unusually interesting. Mrs. Hattie C. Mason spoke briefly and then under the control of Sunshine gave several messages. Dr. Willis gave a short address and Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse spoke of the good work done by the society during the past year. After a song by Miss Grace Sutherland, Mr. Albert P. Blinn was called upon and spoke interestingly, closing his remarks with a recitation. Mrs. Dick closed the meeting with an original poem. Next Friday, January 2, the business meeting will be held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon for the election of officers. A New Year's supper will be served at 6.30 and a whist party will be held in the evening. The friends are cordially invited. Esther Dyson Blinn.

Dec. 25 The Spiritualistic Industrial Society met in Appleton Hall, and had a lovely Christmas tree. Quite a number of children were made happy with pretty toys and valuable presents. Happy childhood made us forget the storm without. We are trying to make our religion practical; we had a pleasant dance in the evening. We are to meet and sew for some needy children next Thursday. Pleasure will be intermingled in the shape of a whist party soon, and we desire in the near future some facts and figures to be given, or some real anecdotes of noble men and women, who have labored in our Cause, and bravely, unceasingly battled for the uplifting of humanity. E. M. Shirley, Sec. pro tem.

In Re Christian Science.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir:—In your issue of the 22nd you referred to the recent advice of Mr. Eddy that "until public thought becomes better acquainted with Christian Science, Christian Scientists shall decline to doctor infectious or contagious diseases," adding, "The fact is several transitions have recently occurred in different sections of the land caused by lack of proper nursing and treatment. Indictments are threatened" and that it is probable that fear of the law has inspired the recent action.

If a lack of nursing and treatment is responsible for the deaths which occur under Christian Science treatment we would ask, to what shall we attribute the deaths which occur without Christian Science treatment, too, much nursing or treatment? Doubtless our good editor has been affected as some others, by reports of the few fatalities under Christian Science which have been advertised in such multitudinous ways as to appear as a multitude. We would respectfully call his attention to the fact that while some complaints of neglect have been made on the part of the M. D.'s, the courts have failed thus far to sustain such claims. One case was recently dismissed in Georgia, also one in Los Angeles, Cal. In this latter case, the integrity and efficiency of Christian Science was proven by numerous testimonies of healing given in the court by prominent citizens. Christian Scientists have no fear of laws which were not intended for them and which their enemies thus far have failed to apply to them. They do not consider it their duty to enter a protest against laws which were intended exclusively for the regulation of the medical practice. They are willing that the M. D.'s shall regulate themselves as much as they please. They only insist that such laws shall be confined to their original purpose and that they shall not be construed as applying to the regulation of the prayers of Christian Scientists.

So far, covering the question of neglect, we would say that is a matter of opinion. While those who have only a superficial knowledge might look upon a dependence upon this faith as a neglect rather than a help, the Christian Scientist who has had experience first with medicine and lastly with this Science would consider a dependence upon medicine to the exclusion of Christian Science a neglect and they cheerfully concede to all the privilege which they claim for themselves, namely, the choosing of one's own religion and medicine.

Alfred Farlow.

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High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease, and start on some fresh march of faithful service.—Martineau.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word, spoken so low that only angels heard; The secret act of pure self-sacrifice, Unseen by men, but marked by angel's eyes, These are not lost.

The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.—Marcus Aurelius.

We cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition. To be silent, to suffer, to pray, when we cannot act, is acceptable to God.—Feynlon.

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Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.
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Love's Last Tribute.

The touch of a tender sorrow, which each heart felt like a deep personal bereavement, brought many loving friends together at the residence of Mr. H. D. Barrett, on Tuesday morning, Dec. 23d, to honor the pure, sweet life which has so suddenly withdrawn from the plane of existence to life immortal. Few souls of ripe experience, the warrior of many conquests, the man of genius, or the statesman rich in forensic triumphs, could have received a more touching tribute of honor and affection than was bestowed upon little Xilia Barrett. And it did not seem alone the prompting of a strong, tender sympathy for her bereaved parents and relatives—warm and earnest, as was the overflow of such emotion—but the impulse was also felt that it was a fitting tribute to the little one herself, that her strong soul attracted its own meed of rightful recognition.

The services were of the most beautiful and impressive character, yet marked by the utmost simplicity as one and another of the many friends present, as well as the father, the aunts and an uncle, gave brief expressions to varied sentiment in word and song, while the Schubert Ladies' Quartet provided four of their excellent selections. Before the services began, the stricken mother, who although quite unable to leave her couch, with strong, brave spirit was dressed, and then carried in the arms of her brother into the parlor, followed by the feeble steps of her aged father, carefully supported by Mr. Barrett's encircling arms, the Grandpa whose loving care and devotion to the little one have blessed every day of her young life.

Then quietly, Mr. D. M. Staley arose and gave the opening thought in a suggestive poem: "The Fern Leaf," followed by the chant: "There is a reaper whose name is Death" from the quartet. In the hush which followed, Mr. Barrett arose, although crushed and broken in spirit, at this soul harrowing hour, his rich voice trembling with suppressed emotion, and after a poetical introduction, gave feeling testimony to the sustaining power of our grand philosophy which has upheld him over a score of years and does not fail him now in his heart's bitter agony. And then ignoring his own great need, he implored the strong healing thoughts of every friend present for his beloved companion and for her restoration to health, also comfort for her family and for his own dear ones so far away, who could not be present because watching at other bedside of sickness and of death. He also assured his hearers, that little Xilia who had been lent to

him but two and thirty months, had by her sweet, uplifting influence, made of him a better man, a work which was not finished, for her presence would still forcefully lead him onward and upward. This brief affecting address was frequently broken by his brave efforts to regain composure and by the audible sobs of the sympathizing hearts surrounding him.

A touching episode occurred just here in the coming forward of the loving aunt, Miss Cecilia Coffin, to sing with sweet impressive manner the little song which Xilia sang, over and over all that day, her last on earth.

"When the snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say good bye,"

with added verses of great appropriateness and beauty in reference to the fair little snowflake who had so briefly rested here.

Next, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, whose thrilling voice vibrated with the pathos, the never-fading memory of her own bereaved mother-heart, reminded the friends that Xilia was not given to her parents alone but to the world, a treasure for all to cherish, and that her work was not completed, for many doors now closed will be opened by her baby fingers, many messages of love will reach human hearts through the ministrations of this sweet angel. Her life was like a pure bright star which will shine ever brighter and brighter as time goes on.

Here a brother, Mr. Edwin G. Coffin, sang a Child's Slumber Song, and Mrs. May S. Pepper devoted her brief remarks in the attempt to console the sorrowing parents, assuring them that their darling was not lost, was even then by their side, nestling close to their hearts, that many lines of care would yet be smoothed from papa's brow by baby hands, many hours of loneliness for mama's heart would be averted and cheered by the sweet presence of her angel child. The speaker then sought to remind all present that this sorrow from which our hearts were aching, should make us more tender to those afflicted ones throughout the world who were also writhing in the agony of grief.

Following another selection by the quartet, "O, Then We'll Understand," Miss Susie C. Clark repeated a brief translation from the Hindoo and an appropriate poem. Further music was rendered, and then Miss Evangeline Coffin added words of consolation and promise of a glad reunion a little later on.

Rev. F. A. Wiggin added the closing word to this beautiful service. It was an expression of sympathy too deep and heartfelt for feeble words to voice. He gave a tribute to the triumph of faith in our afflicted brother, who, when his heart was rent in twain by his great loss, could still say as he stood by the little white casket, "But that is not Xilia; she is not there." ("Life is ever lord of Death, and Love can never lose its own.") Mr. Wiggin closed with a brief invocation to our Father and Mother God for blessing, strength, and comfort, with a benediction of peace to every heart. The Quartet breathed a sweet response and again Mr. Coffin lifted his voice in helpful melody to the more immediate family.

Opportunity was then offered to look once more upon that fair vision of loveliness so soon to be removed from mortal sight, but whose beauty, which was beyond all power of portrayal, will ever be indelibly impressed as a fadeless picture on every one who was privileged to look upon it. There was no trace of pain, no sign of death, save the motionless silence, which almost seemed a restful slumber after some tired play-time hour. With the golden curls framing the sweet face, she lay with lips slightly parted, the little pearly teeth just visible, as if in the next moment the spoken word would come. Robed in white, with valley lilies sprinkled all about her and upon the white draped table on which she rested, she was a symbol of perfect innocence, a radiant blossom from heavenly gardens, who found our mundane soil too heavy and crude for her transplanting thither. The rootlets of her frail humanity were too slender, too refined to gain permanent anchorage in the materiality of earth.

And in that grief-laden atmosphere, heavy with the sobs and tears of anguished hearts, the thought arose of congratulation to the little one that she had so happily escaped such trial, that mortal grief was not to be her future portion, which must have come had existence been prolonged. Should not every mourner arise to such height of self abnegation as to be too glad for her to remember the crushing sense of personal loss, all sorrow effaced in the gladness thus won for her? May grace sufficient be ours for this supreme triumph of selflessness. The Spiritualist, of all others, should be able to show the world how to suffer and still be strong.

"The wise in heart mourn not for those who live,
Or those who die. That which doth live,
Lives always."

Upon the quiet breast of the little one rested one bright, red rose, typical of the strong love which she had inspired, and which trophy of her brief earthly experience she bore away with her to her heavenly home as an eternal possession. Mute but eloquent floral expressions of friendly sympathy were clustered near, and later were sent to the Children's Hospital. Carriages were taken for the Crematory at Forest Hills, where a touching lullaby was sung over the little sleeper by Miss Cecilia Coffin, and an invocation was offered by Mr. Barrett. Thus quickly freed from the grosser elements of earth, her glad, triumphant spirit entered upon the upward path of endless progression.

S. C. C.

O human soul! so long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou
roam;
Not with lost toll thou laborest through the
night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st, indeed,
thy home.
—Matthew Arnold.

Editorial Notes.

THE HOLIDAYS

are upon us and thousands of people are exerting themselves to the utmost to see what they can find in the way of costly presents for their friends. The time they do not spend in shopping is put in wondering what the aforesaid "friends" are going to give them. The holiday season has degenerated into a scramble among the people for expensive gifts, some to see how much they can get out of the others virtually for nothing, others to see how much more they can spend in the way of presents than their less affluent friends manage to put forth. The holidays bring so much rivalry among the masses that their observance has become a downright sin and positive disgrace. People with meager incomes strain their every nerve to do by others as others do by them, regardless of the difference in wealth. Thousands who earn a mere pittance each day go heavily into debt at the holidays to purchase gifts for their friends. It is fashionable to make presents, and they must be in style, no matter what the cost is to them. It frequently happens that they are forced to draw upon their meager incomes for a full year to pay-up their last holiday debts. The custom is a useless waste of money, a system of slavery, an absolute evil. It should be abolished for the sake of the people who persist in injuring themselves for the sake of their so-called friends in the way of expensive and unnecessary presents. We have plenty of legal restraint now, yet another statute prohibiting this pauperizing and degenerating custom would not be out of place. Abolish all restrictive Sunday laws, for instance, and then pass protective measures along the line above indicated. This would be a common-sense move, and would soon place the holiday season in its true and original position—as a time of rejoicing, of innocent pleasures, and inspiring amusement. Present giving is no part of the feast of Saturnalia.

THE COAL MINES

of Pennsylvania still furnish plenty of topics for popular discussion. The public is being educated by the testimony given before President Roosevelt's wonderful Arbitration Commission. It is said that many people wept at the testimony of the boy who drew twenty-four cents as wages for a full month's work, all of the balance (a mere bagatelle in itself) being taken by the corporation to be applied on his father's funeral expenses, said father having been killed in the service of the very corporation that enslaved the son. Now comes the story of several twelve year old girls who are forced to work twelve hours per night, from 6.30 p. m. to 6.30 a. m., for the princely income of sixty-five cents per night. The sufferings of these children drew from Judge Gray, Chairman of the Commission, the sententious remark that the State of Pennsylvania ought to pass a law prohibiting the employment of children in the mines. Well he knows that this is next to impossible; the coal operators and railroad corporations own the entire State of Pennsylvania, and they would never consent to the passage of such a law. They hold the citizens of the "Keystone State" in worse than the chattel slavery of the South, and govern them by means of tyranny more cruel than Russia ever used in dealing with Poland. Both of the old political parties are the tools of these conscienceless corporations, and have no moral sense of their own whatever. Quay, the notorious, favors the Republican party and controls the Democrats by the right of purchase. Under such conditions there is little hope for the miners' children at the present time. Indeed, the mine operators are now testifying that it is the greed of the miners who force their boys and girls into the hard labor of the mines that is at fault for their employment of these babes. They even declared that some of these fathers were paid from \$1,000 to \$1,600 per year in wages, but they did not state that sums were not paid to one man alone as his individual earnings, but to an individual squad of from four to six miners, among whom the money must be divided.

WHAT IS

the sum of sixteen hundred dollars per year when divided among six families, composed probably, of five persons each? Out of a trifling over two hundred sixty-five dollars' income, how much can a miner save, and yet support his family? Rent, fuel, groceries, clothing, etc., must all be paid for. What has the workman to hope for? Is it any wonder that his young children are forced to engage in hard labor when his wages will not keep the wolf from the door? Who are to blame—the operators who pay the starvation wages, or the fathers who are obliged to let their children work in order that the family may have enough to live upon? Even now the subsidized daily press is crying out against the miners whose children are slaving in the mines, calling them "inhuman monsters," "mercenary wretches," and other euphonious names, and calling for the severest possible punishment for them. Nothing of any moment is said of the operators whose parsimony has forced these fathers to consent to the enslavement of their children. It is not unlikely that the mines will be the ones to receive the penalties of the legislation asked for by Judge Gray, and the operators will go free, perhaps with some commiserating words of condolence for having been censured by the workmen. Strange as it may seem, it is yet true that some newspapers and many people are now clamoring for secrecy in the investigation now pending. "Keep the details of the miners' stories from the people; they serve only to stir up strife and may lead to bad results. Prohibit their publication! Don't harrow up the public mind with these yarns of the clodhoppers! There will be trouble if you do!" These and other equally patriotic (?) remarks are now going the rounds among those who are afraid that the people will be roused to action in their own behalf when they see how their brethren are abused. It is truly a just (?) cause that must be sup-

ported by suppressing the truth, and keeping the people in ignorance of the facts! Yet this is now the demand of the coal barons and their friends! Shall it be sustained? NEVER! Turn on the light and show up their iniquity!!

"HAS SPIRITUALISM

anything to do with the above named conditions?" ask many well-disposed people who claim to be Spiritualists. "We thought those were secular matters, and that they were solely the concern of the State, not of religion." Such specious reasoning has caused many Spiritualists to shut their eyes to the most glaring evils, and given them their excuse for voting as their grandfathers did, for Andrew Jackson or Cleveland. Yes, brethren, Spiritualism has to do with every case of wrong and outrage, with every rank injustice and cruelty ever perpetrated. There can be no heaven for any tender heart, or kindly soul where there is one man, one woman, one child in hell on earth. Spiritualism is here to set man free, and there can be no freedom where men can be bought and sold by tyrants. Spiritualism says that human bodies must be fed, clothed, and sheltered ere there can be one step taken to discover to mortals the fact that they are souls. Spiritualism says, "Take all young children from the mines and factories and place them in schools where they can receive practical training that will fit them for spheres of usefulness as men and women—recover to the people their inheritance from God of which they have been deprived by greed and cunning—abolish private monopoly in lands, money, inventions and the products of labor; restore to the people their just earnings; make every adult of both sexes a worker; harbor no drones; give all of the children of men that which is theirs of right, then the souls of all human beings can once more assert themselves, and give their earth-children positive knowledge of a future existence, and their place therein." Let us have a humanitarian religion that will meet the needs of every child of earth. Spiritualism can become such a religion, if its followers do their duty. If they fail to do so, Spiritualism will have to give way to a religion that is universal in character, and capable of meeting the needs of every child of God.

THE COST OF LIVING.

The writer has been frequently asked of late to state what the cost of living should be to the average family of today. This cannot be done in an absolute sense, because of the widely different environments of the individuals comprising these families. Rents vary, even in the same city, and there is often a wide difference in the cost of food and fuel in the same town. One rule, we think, should be accepted by every family—to make its cost of living less than its income. If a man earns six hundred dollars per year, he should plan to make his expenses less than five hundred dollars. This should also be true of the man who earns one thousand dollars per year, while the man with an income of fifteen hundred dollars ought to be able to live upon at least one-half of that sum, and live well. No man is doing his duty by himself or his family, who permits his yearly balance to fall on the wrong side of the ledger. If he persists in paying rent, he should secure quarters that would be within the bounds of reason. He should not be ashamed to live in any respectable community when his income is only sufficient to pay the rent that community commands. If fuel be high, if meats be expensive, if clothing be dear, then let him husband his resources; be prudent in heating his rooms, avoid expensive meat, and dress comfortably rather than stylishly. The man who lives up to his annual income is preparing to become a dependent upon charity or the bounty of his children in his old age. This no honorable man or woman has a right to do. It is an imperative duty for every able bodied adult to prepare for a rainy day. This he can never do by extravagance in any direction. However small the income, every man's aim should be to have something saved at the close of each year. The only honest living is the living that is paid for day by day, or month by month, and always within the income of the breadwinner of the household. The cost of such a living can only be determined by the size of the salary, and good health for all of the members of the family.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

This subject is one in which every believer in the sacred rights of man is, or should be, deeply interested. It is murder in the first degree when a man kills his brother with malice aforethought, but it is a dispensation of "divine providence" when the doctors kill their hundreds of victims as they do each year by means of compulsory vaccination. Very few deaths are reported as being directly due to vaccination. The doctors are always provided with a stock of terms upon which they draw at will whenever a man or woman is murdered by vaccine poisoning. They use every means in their power to conceal the facts from the people and blind their eyes by giving some fictitious name to the disease that really removed their victim or victims. Were they to honestly admit that it was vaccination that did it, they know full well that it would not be long before the people would rebel at being legally murdered. The State assumes the right to execute its citizens who have wantonly taken life, yet does nothing to restrain the medics from dealing out death to thousands of innocent people through vaccination. Do the doctors own the State? Are the citizens of the State the doctors' slaves to be dealt with as they may elect? We are opposed to murder in all forms—the gallows, the electric chair, and compulsory vaccination not being excepted. If men and women really want to be vaccinated, if they wish to play hide-and-seek with death, if they desire to jeopardize their health, we will not dispute their right to do so, although there are ethical points that are worthy consideration involved in all of these propositions. We believe in liberty, hence would not abridge a man's freedom by denying him the privilege of being vaccinated if he so elects. Our constitution is this—be-

cause some men are willing to expose themselves to the danger of death in this way they have no right to force others to follow their examples.

HEALTH.

Has any person the right to deliberately bring upon himself a disease that will make him a care to his friends? Has anyone the right to expose himself to any contagion and thereby bring untold expense and misery upon his relatives? Both of these propositions will be promptly and emphatically answered in the negative by all intelligent persons. Small-pox, diphtheria and other contagious diseases are speedily quarantined and steps taken to prevent them from becoming epidemic in any community where they may appear. This is considered perfectly legal, and is looked upon as a measure to protect the public health. Many persons acquire blood disorders through vaccination. Others are afflicted with loathsome skin diseases. Still others become the victims of tuberculosis, a disease now held by many medical authorities to be contagious. Some have rheumatism, defective sight and hearing, cancer, etc. All of these diseases bring untold suffering to the victims, and misfortunes galore to the friends who must care for them and pay their bills. In view of these facts, what moral right has any man to wish to be vaccinated? He risks life, health, and happiness in so doing, and becomes a burden to his friends in case his vaccination proves too much for him. Does it not therefore follow that vaccination is not only a menace to health, but is also immoral? Is it not clear that, if immoral, it must be illegal and unconstitutional? The duty of all lovers of liberty is to join the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society, and aid in taking the case of Mr. Albert Pear of Cambridge, Mass., to the Supreme Court of the United States in order to secure a final ruling as to the right of the people to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

SPIRITUALITY.

Many Spiritualists assume that they are spiritual simply because of their belief in Spiritualism. This position is most ludicrous when their natures are studied and their concepts of life laid bare. Belief counts for nothing when men assume to be that which they are not. Spirituality is born of the higher attributes of the Soul, and does not fall, mantle-like, upon the head or shoulders of any one who may chance to profess a belief in Spiritualism. It is obtained by the purification of life and character of everything that detracts in the slightest degree from an upright, noble life. No man is spiritual in word and deed who fills his body with liquor and poisons his blood with tobacco, opium and other narcotics. No man is spiritual whose mind is filled with sensual thoughts, with base desires to gain fame and wealth by unjust means, with the weeds of envy, suspicion, jealousy, hatred and other noxious elements that are used to injure others. He is spiritual who makes clean both within and without, the physical temple he uses on earth, who casts out of his mind everything that would fetter him to the things of little worth, who aspires high, who seeks only the good of his fellowman, who finds his own happiness by living and doing for those who need aid. He is not necessarily a non-resistant in the world's affairs, nor is he an effete member of society in any way. He reaches out for the best there is in all expressions of life, and then divides his store with those who are in need. A spiritual man is a gentle-man—a protector of life, a lover of the beautiful, quick to recognize and exalt virtue, truth and goodness wherever he finds them. Such a man may be a Buddhist, a Catholic, a Unitarian, or a Spiritualist in his religious belief.

AFTER SPIRITUALISM—WHAT?

This question arises whenever the weakness of spiritualistic societies and the cruel indifference of the majority of Spiritualists to the welfare of the Cause are brought to light. Many who are interested in "Occult Science" are afraid and ashamed of the term Spiritualism, and are strenuously seeking for a new name for the movement in which they are interested in spite of themselves. The Theosophists, Christian Scientists, Metaphysicians and Mental Scientists hypothesized from Spiritualism all of the truths that lie behind their movements. Had it not been for Andrew Jackson Davis, S. B. Brittan and other inspired writers and teachers of a half century ago, there would have been no spiritualistic movement in the religious world. Had there been no Spiritualism, there would never have been the side issues which we have named above. Each one of these branches of the psychical movement has some elements of truth in its teachings, but not one of the branches has supplanted Spiritualism, or absorbed it or driven it out of existence. Spiritualism has survived every schism, and is today a distinct movement with as large and as intelligent a following as any one of the representative religious sects. We do not mean to say that there is nothing beyond Spiritualism, or that nothing can come after it—that is the final revelation in religion. But we do say that we are proud of the term Spiritualism—that, to us, it involves every reform, every progressive idea, every aspiration for good, every affirmation of power, and that it has within it the glorious possibility of becoming the Universal religion for all mankind. Unless its ideal is the Universal it is only a partial representation of the truth and will deserve to die.

IF SPIRITUALISM

has such a grand mission, and has given the world so many truths, why don't its followers prove their devotion to it by establishing in its name those aids to humanity that are considered by the world as proofs of the worth of any system of thought? This question has long puzzled the earnest workers in the ranks of the Spiritualists. The apathy of those to whom its blessings have been made known, toward the movement itself, is most disheartening. In any other system of religion, there is something that impresses a sense of obligation to that religion on the part of the one who accepts it, to support it gen-

erously to the extent of his ability. In spiritualistic circles, unfortunately, this sense of obligation is largely wanting. Some feel it keenly and give beyond their means, and beyond their strength to its support. Others feel that they have been relieved of all obligations to give anything to religion by coming into a knowledge of Spiritualism. Had systematic organization prevailed for the past quarter of a century, Spiritualists would perceive the path of duty more clearly than they do today. They will have to be taught to give, to work for, and to manfully uphold the religion of their choice. A change for the better is already apparent, but there is yet a vast amount of work to be performed. The N. S. A., the State Associations, the Morris Pratt Institute, the Waverley Home, and the Home at Lansing, are all as yet unwieldy. The aims and objects of all these organizations are most worthy. They mean to establish in the court of public opinion, by visible, tangible evidence, the great necessity for Spiritualism in the world, and show by its works that it is the only religion that is of aid for humanity on both sides of life.

Resolutions Adopted by the Boston Spiritual Lyceum on the Trans-sition of Xilla Barrett to Her Spirit Home.

Resolved: That the terrible accident which removed from our sight the beautiful form of Xilla Barrett, our youngest member, has deeply pained all our hearts, and taxed our faith and philosophy to the utmost to be reconciled to so sad "a disposition of Providence," or inexorable Fate; but through our tears we see the smiling faces of angel comforters, who assure us that our loss is their gain, and will prove to be hers also; therefore it behooves us all to trust in the assurances of those who know what they affirm, and to endeavor to accept this sorrowful event with composure, and with the consoling faith that "All's for the best."

Resolved: That we deeply sympathize with Brother and Sister Barrett in their affliction, and offer to them our heart-felt condolence, tender words of pity and love, and kindly assurances that we share with them the great loss that now almost overwhelms them with grief.

While "weeping with those who weep," we also rejoice with "ministering spirits" that they, more than we, can reach down "helping hands" to bind up broken hearts, and apply the healing balm of divine love to assuage all their pain. We therefore commend our sorrowing Brother and Sister to their protection and care, knowing that their prayers for spiritual aid and comfort in their dire distress will not be in vain, but will be answered with full fruition. By the Committee, Alonzo Danforth, Dean Clarke, Frank T. Allen.

The Spirit of Giving.

As the season is here when the whole atmosphere is permeated with thoughts of love, tenderness and sympathy, and every heart swells with kindly emotion, would it not be well to call attention to the present methods of celebrating Christmas? The exchange of gifts among friends may be pleasing, but is it quite satisfactory in the broadest sense? The new universal practice of reciprocity of gift-making cannot be satisfactory to our better selves. Is there need of such an expression between true friends, and those who love each other? Is not loving service and mutual devotion sufficient without the exchange of trifling gifts? Would we not be happier were our sympathies more universal, and were our energy, thought, and money, directed into broader channels? Would not we secure the greater joy as a result? I think we all realize by our own experience that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and should our help and sympathy be extended only to those who cannot return our gifts, our reward would be great. Especially at this time of greatest suffering among the poor, when they realize the severity of the winter as never before, does it not seem selfish to think of our own loved ones, protected and comfortable, forgetting the suffering children of men? May we not this Christmas time, by our generosity and broad sympathy, practically recognize the brotherhood of man? "If ye give to those who can return, what reward have ye?"

Wahole, Mass.

Mildred G. Merrow.

Entered spirit life from the earth-home of her uncle, Levi P. Barrett, in Canaan, Me., Monday evening, 6.30 o'clock, Dec. 22, Miss Mildred G. Merrow, aged 31 years, 4 months, 16 days. Miss Merrow was born in Lowell, Mass., where her parents Thomas W. and Priscilla S. Merrow then resided. Her father was a callant soldier in the Civil War, serving from the early spring of 1861 to the late autumn of 1865. He was twice wounded and once imprisoned in the famous "Libby Prison" for a period of seven months. He took leave of earth when his elder daughter Mildred was less than four years old. Her mother followed the hero father fourteen months later, and the two orphan daughters were left to the care of relatives. Mildred resided with her mother's relatives in New Hampshire while Elinore was tenderly cared for by her father's sisters. At the age of eighteen Mildred removed to Maine, since which time the two sisters have been together. Ten years ago they removed to western New York, and have resided either in that State or Pennsylvania until Mildred was attacked by the family scourge, consumption, when, about one year ago, she returned to her home in Maine. After a period of great suffering, the Angel of Life, mis-called Death, spoke kindly to her and she followed her loving voice into the "Land of the Leal." She was glad to go for she longed to be with her parents and other loved ones who had gone before. Rest has now come to her tired frame, and her panting spirit is free. She loved her friends devotedly, and took great pride in them, one and all. She was an artist by profession, and loved her work as only

an enthusiast can. In her last illness at her uncle's home, she was most devotedly cared for by her sister Elinore, whose loving ministrations were the remark of all. No one could have done more for a sister than was done for Mildred. Uncles, aunts, cousins and friends did what they could, but she had finished her earth journey and had built her home with the angels. She took leave of earth seventy-two hours to a minute after her little Cousin Xilla met her tragic fate. They are now together in spirit spheres. The funeral services were held on Thursday, Dec. 25, at the old homestead of the Barrett family in Canaan, and were conducted by her first cousin, Rev. Harrison D. Barrett, of Boston, Mass., who came from his own grief-stricken home in compliance with a promise made his arisen cousin in the long ago to speak words of consolation at her funeral. Peace to the memory of the arisen spirit, and love, kindness and good will be with her surviving sister left to battle with the world alone.

Words of Appreciation.

Dear Banner of Light:

I wish to tell you of the hearty appreciation of my wife and myself of the editorial "December 25" in the issue of the 20th, at hand. You have expressed a most desirable view to be taken of "Santa Claus" and present giving. The commercializing of present giving is a serious bane to kindly relations among people. The false views and expectations inculcated in young minds and which in turn are defended even after years have given discretion in other matters, are deplorable. May your views be extended and practices be in accord therewith.

After her long and devoted service to bless others, our dearly beloved Abby A. Judson has passed into the beyond. Sad and painful was the immediate cause, but an act of affection seems to have been the origin. She was ripe for the transition and her pet is with her. May the lessons she inculcated and will continue to inculcate lead to more frequent and conscious relations between the two worlds.

Sincerely yours,

Melvin A. Root,
1209 Fifth Ave., Bay City, Mich., Dec. 19, 1902.

Massachusetts State Association.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will be held Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1903, in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley St. Sessions all day and evening; business session, 10.30 a. m.; afternoon conference; evening, short addresses.

The members are most earnestly requested to be present at the business session, as matters of the greatest importance to the association are to be acted upon and it is imperative that each member should be present.

In the afternoon a conference will be held, to which all are invited to participate. In the evening short addresses will be given by the following: Dr. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. F. F. Fanning, Mrs. M. M. Soule, Miss Susie C. Clark, Mr. F. A. Wiggins and Mr. H. D. Barrett, in Boston, he will also be present, and give short address. Good music will be furnished; violin selections, Mr. F. M. Davis.

The meetings are all free, and every one is invited to be present. Bring your friends.

Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Soon Ready.

Dean Clarke's poem is now in the printer's hands, and all who wish to obtain it at the present half-price rate are urgently invited to send him their orders immediately. Don't forget to enclose a stamp with a dime, or two stamps with one dollar for ten copies. Now is your opportunity to get one of the best literary productions of the times at less than a tithe of its value. Address all orders to 7 Winthrop St., Roxbury, Mass.

Church of Higher Life.

That earnest little body of metaphysical students and disciples of New Thought, known as the Church of the Higher Life, had the pleasure on Sunday afternoon last, of listening to Rev. F. A. Wiggins. His address, on the subject "Decision," was full of spiritual thought, and strong, magnetic suggestion, and replete with illustrations taken from the lives of the great ones of earth, who by their own mental determination had made their career a success and a power. On this his first visit to this society, Mr. Wiggins took his choir with him, the Schubert Quartet, who very kindly and generously gave most artistic rendering of the "Song of the Soul Victorious," "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Peace Unto You." It was a most enjoyable and helpful service.

Sunbeam's Christmas Tree.

I wish to thank the many friends who contributed to the success of Sunbeam's Christmas tree, either in money, gifts or service. From so many sources help came that it will be almost impossible for me to make personal acknowledgment to all, but I do want to say that I am truly grateful and that I sincerely feel that it is not my work or Sunbeam's, but the work of the spiritualistic community, so I may be pardoned for feeling a bit of pride in the very happy way in which everything passed off. Those who were present were amply repaid for all self denial by the joy that was given to our little friends and those who were called in other directions must have felt the vibration of happy hearts.

Yours most sincerely,

Minnie M. Soule.

Sunday, Dec. 28, 1902.

Missionary Fund.

G. W. Kates, N. S. A. missionary, suggests that the good-will of every Spiritualist at this festive season, be expressed by creating a missionary fund to carry the good news freely to people where no local help is obtainable, or help from the N. S. A. is needed. Address the missionaries and help and be helped.

Suppress Comstock.

Suppress Comstock by getting people to publicly appear against his supporters. I was recently impressed by a few words from that liberty-lover, Joshua T. Small, of Princeton, Mass. They related to Anthony Comstock and were these: "There have been words enough. It is high time that action was taken against the villain."

Now, the very first thing to be done in the line of action is the suppression of Comstock's supporters. Just after he hounded Ida C. Craddock to her death, a meeting of his society was called and the rich and influential members endorsed him—then, what was all the condemnation of the world to him? His \$4,000 or \$5,000 salary comes from these men and that was enough for him.

There are at least a hundred prominent men in New York who want Comstock out of the way. Let them publish every man and woman member of Comstock's society, as given in his public reports, with the sums that they give to aid his work.

Let Ida C. Craddock's picture be published at the same time as the martyr victim of every identical one of these contributors to the Comstock cause.

Let this article appear in one or more of the New York dailies, with the names of the one hundred or more anti-Comstock people back of it. Then let a lot of circulars be also published to send out directly to every point where Comstock appears in his work.

By the above plan popular opinion would be aroused and way prepared for a repeal of his laws, both in New York and at Washington.

Dozens of other processes are also at hand for similar work. But if nobody can spend a cent where Comstockites spend dollars, and if nobody can stand forth in name and address, as do the Comstockites—then you might as well quit, and let Comstockism and all other kinds of suppression and compulsion rule the country. I say it!

Francis B. Livesey, Skyville, Md.

Convention at Ottumwa, Iowa.

Second Annual Convention of the State Spiritualists' Association, of Iowa, will be held in Armory Hall on West Main St., January 15, 16 and 17 and on Sunday, the 18th, 1903, in the New Market Street Opera House, Ottumwa, Iowa. Day sessions free; week-day evenings 10 cents; Sunday evening 15 cents. Speakers: Harrison D. Barrett, Mrs. Eva McCoy, Harry J. Moore.

Headquarters will be at the Ballingall Hotel, corner of East Main and Green streets. The following hotel rates have been made: The Ballingall, \$2.00 a day, Park Hotel \$1.25 a day, two in one room \$1.00 each, Washington Hotel \$1.25 a day. Rooms in private families can be secured at reasonable rates for those sending a request for the same to W. J. Hicks, Ottumwa, Ia.

Attention to Visitors.

Visitors to the annual meeting of the Mass. State Association, held at Berkeley Hall Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1903, will receive any desired attention or information by reporting to any member of the Reception Committee. It is the earnest desire of the committee that members of societies in different sections of the State may become better acquainted with each other and everything will be done to promote this idea. Hoping that large delegations from all societies will be present and that all will feel a mutual interest in each, we beg to remain,

Yours most sincerely,

Minnie M. Soule,
Sarah P. Billings,
Hebron Libby,
Reception Com.

ASTROLOGY Frank Theodore Allen from New York is now located in Boston, at 204 BARK STREET, near Huntington Ave. Banner of Light Building, 10 to 5 daily. Other times or places by appointment. Office readings \$1.00; written (by mail) \$2.00. Hour and place of birth and time of day. SPECIAL: Mr. Allen will give a FREE copy of his treatise on "ASTROLOGY AND SPIRITUALISM" to all who send stamp, or call.

I Can Sell Your Farm no matter how big or small, and on any terms. I can sell your farm, or any other real estate, in any part of the country. Write me for particulars. W. M. Ostrander, 121 N. A. Bldg., Philadelphia.

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SCIENCE AND KEY OF LIFE.

Planetary Influences.

By ALVIDAS ET AL.

This contribution to the old but ever interesting question of existence marks a distinct epoch in the treatment of this subject. It is, in fact, much more than a science of life. It treats broadly of the development of the universe itself from a condition of elemental matter to its existing state, and coming down to our own solar system, it explains in detail the forces and principles which have operated from the beginning and which still operate to develop and mould the physical, mental and spiritual entities that go to make up the composite nature of man. The book is well illustrated with charts and horoscopic figures, many of the latter being of historical proportions.

It also contains a vast amount of astronomical and geological data regarding the variable stars, the precession of the equinoxes, the polar revolution of the earth, etc., which make clear many of the phenomena and formations which have heretofore puzzled the scientists. "When the sun was vertical to the poles, the sun was formed at the equator, and when constantly vertical near the equator the tropical debris found near the poles were covered with ice."

The natural laws and principles which make possible the use of the telephone, the X-rays and the wireless telegraphy have been in operation from the beginning. Their discovery and utilization is a matter of yesterday. In this book are explained the workings of other vibratory forces of infinitely greater importance, forces which have a vital bearing on the well-being and character of every individual now living or who will hereafter exist on this globe. Such a work needs no further commendation. It is a necessity for everyone who seeks to utilize for their own benefit and the benefit of those who come after them the beneficent forces which Nature offers to those who seek to come in rapport with her forces and her laws.

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New Photographs of Mrs. Soule.

So many requests have been made for photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, as she appears in her Sunday work as pastor of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society, that we have persuaded her to take the time from her ever busy and useful life to give the artist an opportunity to photograph her in her platform dress. As a result of her kind compliance with our request we now have for sale three new poses of her—two in speaker's gown, and a new one—which we think are improvements over the former ones, representing her as she appears in her social life and parish work. The Banner of Light Publishing Company has the exclusive sale of Mrs. Soule's photographs, and has placed them, for the accommodation of their patrons, at the same low price as the former ones, twenty-five cents each.

Consciously or unconsciously, all beings here on the earth-plane are helped and strengthened by the sweet presence of angels. —A. Z.

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CONTENTS.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held December 5, 1902, S. E. 55.

Invocation.

Into the sea of infinite love we would dip our souls and be refreshed and strengthened for the work that lies before us. Into the great sea of truth we would boldly step, and girded with the spirit and armor of truth would be made strong for whatever effort is before us, whatever duty awaits us. With such tenderness and love we would speak to the children of earth and would bid them be of good cheer, would bid them to cast away the shadow of fear and stand in the reality of life and light, would bid them look up into the brightness of eternal life and all its possibilities, forgetting the darkness, forgetting the misunderstanding, and growing away from all things impure or unclean. May some influence go forth from us at this hour that will help some soul struggling toward the light. If in no other way may our very desire for love to be continually expressed through us, be granted this day. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Frank Hayden, Baltimore, Md.

Standing beside me this morning is the spirit of a young man a little above the medium height, very slender and very fair. He has such a wistful look on his face as though he were wishing with all his soul to send a message to someone in earth life. He says: "Yes, I am anxious. I am not here because I am curious or because I desire so much to identify myself with the great truth. My heart aches and I long more than I can tell you to send a word to my brother. My name is Frank Hayden and I have lived in Baltimore, Md. I have a brother named Will, and it is to him that I would send this word because he is in such need of sympathy and of understanding. Our father is with me and he says: 'Tell Will to be brave, that the darkness is not for all time, but that after a while the clouds will lift and everything will look so much different then.' Tell Hattie, too, that we are conscious of her prayers to see and of her desire to have our help and the very consciousness of it helps us to express our presence in her life. Thank you."

Hi Thompson, Bellows Falls, Vt.

There is a spirit comes to me now of a little old man. He is perhaps seventy-five or eighty years old and is small and withered as though he had grown smaller and smaller each year of his life. He has no teeth and he holds in his mouth just a little bit of a stub of a pipe. He says: "Couldn't come without it." Short and crisp he speaks, and I know that his friends wouldn't know him if he came without it. He continues: "My name is Hi Thompson; I lived in Bellows Falls, Vt. Nobody ever thought of me in heaven. I hadn't much use for religion and never had the least desire to be an angel, but the worst of it is you can't sneak being something when you die. I had a kind of an idea that I could lose myself, but I didn't. I am right here knowing myself every time and coming face to face with myself at every corner. I don't know what to do with myself. I know what to do with everybody else; I can turn a corner and lose everybody else but I can't lose Hi Thompson. Now I thought that if I came back and told some of my friends about it perhaps they would be better off when they got over here. They have an idea they are going to change so mightily; they think they are going to come into some new and wonderful inheritance and I would just like to tell them that it isn't true. You might as well stay where you are and fight it out, you won't be a bit better off here as long as you take yourself along with you. Somebody tells me I will have to send this message to some particular person. I thought I could just come and talk and that that would be all there was to it, but if it must be sent to somebody, send it to my sister Jane. She will understand. Oh, father and mother are here and Nellie, but they will send messages on their own responsibility. I just give you mine. Good day."

William Bowditch, Boston.

There is the spirit of a gentleman comes to me now, quite tall, dignified looking and very gentlemanly. The first thing he says is: "Well I say, little girl, my name is William Bowditch; I was very much interested in all learning and schools and I lived in Boston. It is with the greatest pleasure that I return this time to send a few words to my friends. I was much interested in the man who preceded me, and while he spoke in a very homely fashion the great truth is that one can't escape one's self. I have felt an intense desire to say to my friends that everything that is important enough to claim their attention is important in this after life. I have my sister Rhoda with me and she is a most beautiful spirit and my constant companion. From the earliest recollection which I have of death I connect my sister Rhoda, because she was the first to pass away from us. I want to send a word to Benjamin and another to Joseph and they will understand that I am interested in what they are doing. Go on with the researches; let nothing hinder you in your effort and believe that I will be near to guide and direct as often as possible."

Moses Shannon, Nevada City, Cal., to Elizabeth Patton.

I see a spirit coming toward me of a man about sixty-five years old. He is rather short, stout and has a grey beard that is cut short, very black eyes, white hair and is an energetic looking person; he never stopped at anything, but pushed straight ahead for whatever he wanted. He says: "My name is Moses Shannon; I was an Englishman,

but I had lived in America a long time. In fact, so long that it seemed my home. I am from Nevada City, Cal., to which place I went from Oklahoma where I had a number of friends. We had all journeyed west hoping that we could find what we wanted. I have a desire now to reach some of the friends that I left when I came over here. I can see them and I can tell what they are doing, but I do desire so much to help them in the many little ways that I feel I can. I have an Elizabeth Patton that I would like to have got this message and you tell her, if you please, that I know just how busy she has been and just how she has tried to take up the work that was left by someone else and do it. I believe she is trying to do too much and if she doesn't stop pretty soon, she will find herself over here and then nobody will be left to do it. I have Alma with me and she says: 'Tell them, papa, that I was the first one to meet you, and they will understand and be glad.'

Nettie Gordon, Hoiston, Mass.

There is the spirit of a lady about thirty-two or thirty-three years old comes to me and looks right into my face. She says: "Don't stop to say much about me, but take down what I want to say. My name is Nettie Gordon; I am from Holliston, Mass. It is very hard for me to speak at all. I get so nervous when I come that it seems as though I couldn't say anything, but I want my people to know I am alive. It is an awful thing to know you are alive, to realize it is possible to tell your people about it and yet have nobody make the least effort to speak with you. It is like being in a trance and knowing what everybody says and yet being unable to say anything to them about how you feel, and while I am not confined to the home life or to my friends whom I loved, I am in a way bound to them by my earnest desire to speak to them. If my mother would only try half as hard to hear from me as she tries to be content with things as they are, she would not have to have them as they are because I could help. My father is with me and he says: 'God bless our friends we have left.' It doesn't seem as if they wanted us to."

John King, Williamstown, Pa., to Daniel Jenkins.

A spirit of a man about seventy-five years comes to me. He is tall and stoops a little, not very stout; he speaks very clearly and is altogether a clean-cut looking man. He says: "Listen, little one, for I have much to say. My name is John King, and I know very much about this spiritual philosophy. Why, when it first came into my life I was filled with such an enthusiasm to tell the world about it that it seemed I could hardly refrain, and the world wanted it. It was a sad old world ready to receive anything that would make its darkness lighter, and I believe that the world is just as ready for the message today as it ever was. What we need is not more truth, but a few consecrated soldiers to give out the truth that is not manifest. I may be old fashioned, but to tell the world that is bound down to the cross of death and can't escape from it, that there is no such thing as the cross of death is ample expression for me. Why, if you could see the people who come into this life, who have no idea of what they are coming into, you would make something of a bustle down there to prepare them for the place they are coming to. I lived in Williamstown, Pa., and I had quite a following among my friends. That is, they believed in speaking the truth. I would like to say to Daniel Jenkins that when he steps his foot over the border he will get the biggest surprise that has come to him yet. I haven't got through arguing with him, and I am waiting to meet him in debate over here. He will know what that means, and perhaps he will try to find out a little something to meet me fairly and squarely when he comes. I am much obliged to you. I think it is a great institution, this Banner of Light business, that gives us a chance to express ourselves whether our friends are willing to hear us or not."

Maud Humphrey, Reading, Mass.

Here comes a girl who says she is fifteen years old; she lived in Reading, Mass., and her name is Maud Humphrey. She wants to send a message to her father and mother. Her father's name is James, and she says to him: "Dear papa, isn't it hard for me to be away from you? I cannot get quite used to it and I don't want to, either. I am studying just as hard as I can about all these things, so when you do ask me questions I will know what to say to you. I wasn't afraid to die, but I had so many things I wanted to do, and I had never thought of death very much, that I did hate to go after all. I don't know just why it happened. All I know is I can see you and love you just as much as ever and from the very first I did love you and could see you. Please say to Etti that I am very near her, too, sometimes, and I believe she could see me if she tried, and that would help us both. I send love, all the love I can express to you, and a Merry, Merry Christmas, for I shall be there with you and see the toys."

Ada Morrison, Concord, N. H.

I see a woman somewhere between thirty-five or forty years of age. She is rather stout, her hair is dark brown, her eyes are dark, too, and she has a very jolly, happy look on her face. She comes in just as easily as though she had known all about this, but she says she did not, that this is her first experience. It is only because she made up her mind not to be frightened that she is able to come so strong. Her name is Ada Morrison. She says: "I am from Concord, N. H. It is a funny thing to be here speaking to you and I don't quite understand why everybody doesn't do it if they can. I want you if you can to say to Charlie Morrison that I am pretty near to him sometimes and if he knew it he would hardly do some things that he does. Sometimes I have been able to stop him from doing the things that are not the best for him, and sometimes I have not been able to do anything but to watch him and be grieved over his actions. I have not come back to school or to let him think I am just spying on his life. I can't help seeing. It isn't that I try so much, but the first thing I know I am there and see him, and if I must see, I would like to see something good and the least he can do to help me is to be good. He will laugh when he reads that, and he will say it is all nonsense, but some day I am going to come so strong he will see me himself and then he will know it is a truth and not nonsense. I have my little brother with me and he says if he could get into the surroundings that he believes could bring a power for good, and we are going to try it. Thank you."

Albert Briggs, Providence, R. I.

The last spirit today is a man about twenty-eight years old, medium height, not very stout, with black sideburns, black hair, and dark blue eyes. He looks like a student; he is pale as a ghost, his eyes are bright and glassy as though he had worked hard and worked until he finally worked himself into the grave. He says: "I was a doctor and so anxious to get ahead that it seemed I could not rest. I ought to have known better, for I knew the result of overwork, and yet, like many another, I felt

that I would escape. There is no law that saves any of us if we break it, and I can truly say I committed suicide by slow degrees and never meant to do it at all. My name was Albert Briggs, and I lived in Providence, R. I. I had studied hard to get my degrees and had just gotten to a place where it seemed to me that life held something for me when the cord snapped and I came over here, but I want my friends to know I am still working. I have found this next condition of life full of work and opportunity for all that is best in us. All that was good in me is left. My desire to help, my desire to unfold, my love for all kinds of work to relieve the suffering is still with me and with it the opportunity to carry it out. You may wonder what a doctor can find to do over here, but there are many, many sick souls who do not know what the matter is with them, who need to be led into the sunlight and have a treatment of good cheer, and so I am a self-constituted spiritual doctor and feed that my studies along this line are not wholly lost. My friends will know me by the message I send."

Message and Medium.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I believe that the spirits of our dear ones do return to us, to comfort, guide and cheer. I believe hundreds of well-authenticated instances exist where spirit forms have been seen—in broad light, and in their own likeness. Thousands of instances have occurred where messages have been received from them, and I have no doubt that we are often visited by departed friends, whose presence we vaguely feel, but whom we cannot see or hear.

Since such visitations are our only absolute proof of a future life, I fail to understand why religious people cry out against a belief in spirit return. The Bible is full of such occurrences, and the universe is the same today as it was in those historic times. That such messages have been received I have no doubt. That I myself have received them I am confident.

Some people are endowed with what might be called a spiritual telephone, just as others have mechanical, musical or mathematical genius. But even as the earthly telephone at times is unreliable, and "Central" does not always make the right connections, so these spiritual wires are not always to be relied upon.

I am confident we are all often surrounded by bands of invisible forces, spirits in various phases of development who are interested in our welfare.

They are God's messengers sent to cheer and help struggling humanity. Call upon them—believe in them, but believe in your own divine self and in the God of Love, and all will be well with you.—Ex.

A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

From a Sketch Among My Earlier Papers.

'Twas in the hours of Night;
In dreams of sweet suspense;
I saw a figure bright,
With eyes of inner sense.

I marked the noble brow;
The sympathetic eye;
And to my memory, now,
It seems to bear a sigh.

Supremely soft, a light
Was in that visage seen.
What form was it so bright
And sorrowful in mien?

It was as if some flower
Were bending o'er a grave;
And, with the sweetest power,
A sad impression gave.

As if a wedding wreath,
With all its blushing bloom,
Had sought the Kiss of Death,
And fallen on a tomb.

A soft refreshing breeze,
Then, gently o'er me swept;
As if through leafy trees,
Rain-kissed, it erst had crept.

If music have a soul
That lives when song is dead;
If planets, as they roll,
Make music, as 'tis said;

This wind the soul of song,
Perchance had borne to me;
Or, from the starry throng,
The deep-toned harmony.

But with the strain, so sweet,
A minor cadence came,
Did joy and sorrow meet;
Or feelings without name?

No sound of earth could mar
The still and death-like dream;
No light of moon or star
Could o'er the senses gleam.

The earth had gently flown;
Its skies and seas and flowers:
I saw and heard, alone,
With trance-awaken'd powers.

I saw a softer light
Than falls from evening stars;
Yet with more radiant might
Than Venus' rays, or Mars.

A light whose splendor gleamed
From all things in my sight;
A light that mildly streamed
Through all—a placid light.

I saw no sun of fire;
No moon-beam, cold and pale;
I saw no harp or lyre;
Heard no tempestuous gale;

But in the depths of soul;
As if the key to space;
A word, with Heaven's control,
Kept omnipresent trace.

Heart can link with heart,
And soul can blend with soul;
Though dreaming far apart
As lightning's of the pole.

When night-dreams, deep, have hold,
Mind exaltation finds;
And can its thoughts unfold,
In waves, like murmuring winds;

In waves that seem as sound,
And reach some subtle sense;
Whose powers alone are found
To catch their force intense.

The figure brighter grew,
And in majestic grace;
As golden light it threw,
Which fell upon my face.

And, in a fire Divine,
The voice of Love I heard
To gentleness incline;
Though Power was in the word.

"The soul that still will sleep
Shall be a stagnant sea;
It may Heaven's fulness keep,
And share eternity."

"Man prayeth but in name;
Ignoring it in life;
While, through the earth's deep frame,
There jars unseen strife.

"Where man hath built to sin,
The walls shall be destroyed;
And Love shall enter in,
And fill the aching void.

"And Peace shall be on earth;
And Righteousness abound;
The spirit's heavenly birth
Is not of empty sound.

"The lily shall her sway
Extend, with life more green;
And greater things be seen
In a diviner day."

Full meanings, in such strain,
Half faded with the dream;
But vision could retain
Her hold, with orient gleam.

And in this light my soul
Stood, far above all strife;
And seemed to be made whole,
By some diviner life.

And she had deeper seen
Life's meanings, good and ill;
And felt a strength serene
Her mission to fulfil.

All penetrating powers
Made life's expression so;
As inner light of flowers
Might dim the outer glow!

Kinnersley Lewis.
London, Eng., Dec. 10, 1902.

A Psychic Phenomenon.

MARY O. SMITH.

In the year 1903 there will living be,
One with gifts Divine, a man of this family.
Unto him will I make known a power, if
He will but do and dare,
That shall make this a home of knowledge
rare.

The mystery wonderful shall hang from a
golden chain,
In a tiny heart of gold, near a heart of living
pain.

You must hunger and thirst and strive in vain,
But the prophecy written in this heart of
gold,
Will remain for one hundred and fifty years
untold.

To you, these truths to be revealed, our
name must be on file,
And within this ancient, historic pile,
Still live, in darkness, till New Light shall
dawn your kin and mine.

Until the year 1903, when a key you will find
That shall make known to you these truths
Divine.

Let him who lives and dares and knows no
fear,
Take from the hand whose signature below
appears,
The knowledge divine which will make living
hearts warm, not cold,
Like the one this mystery holds, this tiny
heart of gold.

A. D., 1750. Sir Jeffrey Kenelm.

"Turning the picture to the wall has made
no difference! What a little fool I was to
think it would! There is the same haunting
look in the eyes; and the hand—yes, the very
hand that wrote those lines, which his fingers
seem to clutch so closely—is the same.

"How those rhymes run in my head. Night
and day they are hardly ever absent from
me; ever since I have been old enough to
read, there has been nothing in all this old
hall I would rather study and ponder over:
'Let him who dares and knows no fear, take
from the hand—'

"That's all a lie," said the boy, shaking his
fist at the picture face. "How you could
have hung there for nearly one hundred and
fifty years, holding that written lie in your
hand, is beyond me. If I had lived fifty
years ago, instead of now, I would have torn
you down!"

"But I like your face. When I was not
much more than a baby, grandmother would
bring me here, and when we came to you, I
would bury my face in the folds of her dress
and cry. I wonder what makes you look so
sad? That was one of the things I was al-
ways asking grandmother. But it was so lit-
tle that she could tell or would. I did find
out enough to know that the picture of the
beautiful woman with the big, dark eyes,
was your wife, though her picture hangs and
always has, at the other end of the gallery,
beside that of your brother. Of course I
don't know why she is there, but I suppose I
shall, sometime, for if I live, it is for me to
find out the mystery."

"Let him who dares! There, I won't stay
here another moment! I'll go to grand-
mother. I wonder if I can make her under-
stand what I want her to tell me. Poor old
granny! Papa says her life here is most
done. And I guess she knows it, too; for
about all she says, now, is: 'Most done, most
done, and 1903 has come, so.' So I have just
made up my mind that I am not the only one
those old rhymes of yours torment, and
stamping his foot, in boyish anger, he ran
out of the gallery, letting the heavy door
slam to with such force that the pictured
faces bowed and bobbed to one another, and
the smiling ones actually looked into the
scowling faces that hadn't deigned to look
toward them for many a year.

Such a quaint old gallery as this was, with
its strangely arranged windows. One could
almost swear that a few of them had been
walled up; for down at the farther end,
where the picture of the beautiful woman
hung, it was always dark, for a line seemed
to be drawn here, even by the sun's rays.
Was it God's way of punishing those two,
that even his sunshine should not fall across
their faces?

From the very infancy of this new world,
the old hall had been in the family of the
Kenelm. The time was when its many
rooms rung with laughter and cheer. One
hundred and fifty years ago the master of
the house, Sir Jeffrey Kenelm, brought home
as beautiful a bride as old Virginia's sun
looked down upon. From an old journal of
his I give these few extracts:

"My wife, I thank God, every day, that
she is mine! Is there anything in all this
world, that I possess, that is one-half so dear
to me as she? And there is so much that
is mine. This old hall, with its hun-
dreds of acres so rich in cultivation, that
money comes in like, as old Pete says: 'Like
your baskets of tobacco, full and overflowing.'
Ah! this money, what will it not do for
her? Gayety, she shall have it to the
goblet's brim! Jewels, she shall have a queen-
a queen of this new world—last night! I ask
myself, Can happiness like this last? To-
morrow my brother comes. In a few months
an heir will be born unto this house. With
these new joys why need I ask this ques-
tion?"

Later, "My question is answered. No; it
could not last. My brother came! I can still
furnish for her what money can purchase,
but the love I once thought mine, is now
given to him—my brother! The two I loved
the best—to me untrue. Now that this great
darkness has fallen upon me, I pray to God,
night and day, that He will give me a clearer
vision, a life work to do here, so that in the
time to come, through the efforts of my mind

and soul, I can be the bearer of messages that
will help lift the gloom from this home of
mine and bring light to all mankind."

Again, "My prayers and efforts have been
answered, and for me the veil has been lifted.
Now, my son, not ours (though he has her
eyes) to you, Jeffrey, I, your father, leave a
rich legacy: this hall and its acres broad. It
is enough. As for me, I have nothing; yet
what I have, I take with me. For me in this
natural body, it will come too late. My son,
I wish you to marry. Choose a woman who
loves you for yourself. You will be blest
with a son, for I tell you a Jeffrey Kenelm
shall always live. Keep the lights trimmed
that he may learn for himself. Be patient
with him, for his ways shall not be your
ways, though he is in you, and you in him.
For what is to follow is surely to come. For
to him who then will living be, it will be as
plain as it now is to me."

With all the light the Society of Psychical
Research has given to the world, we cannot
but believe in the year 1903, that the spirit of
Sir Jeffrey of 1750, whose mind had then
grasped, what we, today, are only finding
out, must still be in a state of unrest; a
keener unrest than this mortal body could
ever endure. Has he ever tried and failed to
convey to those that have followed him and
suffered, the power—the eternal, living power—
that to him has been revealed, these long,
long years?

The heavy oaken door of the gallery that
shut from our view the boy, Jeffrey, so many
years ago, again opens. But years, too, have
closed, for the boy is now a man. His face
looks deathly white in the dim light, and by
the time he has reached that part of the gal-
lery where the pictured face hangs, his eyes
have seemed to gather from all the pictured
eyes of the dead Kenelm, a fire so intense
that it would seem as though the canvas be-
fore him would shrivel and burn to ashes.

"I demand you to answer me this, Sir
Jeffrey?"

"Is there, then, no death for a word once
spoken?
Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken?
Do the elements subtle inflections give?
Do pictures of all the ages live
On nature's infinite negative?"

"There is no death for a word once spoken,
and I the power, feeling as I do, I would
ling it back to you. Was it for this that I
was born again? for this that I have been
made to suffer, played upon, some fine
instrument, by a hand unfit to be clasped by
man? When tormenting thoughts come to
me of a former incarnation, when I was held
to you by stronger ties, I seem to feel that
then, there was a work for me to do. And I
hold that through all these years I have been
preparing for—what? Was it to be shown
me this coming morning, the beginning of a new
century? But the heart of gold will not be
taken near a heart of living pain for it is lost.
lost. I called upon all the powers in and
around me to bring it back, and if it is near
the heart of Mother Earth herself, I de-
mand it, for it is mine. Ah, Sir Jeffrey,
thought is force, and with that written scroll
in your hand I still say,

"There is no death for a word once spoken,
And never a deed but left its token,
Written on tables never broken."

"Yes, I could take my knife and slash your
pictured face, burn the written words; but,
my God! it would still be on the tables of my
mind, and it would be there until the candle
that burns in this physical socket goes out.
Will it burn out, or will some hand of acci-
dent snuff it out? The great, inexorable law
makes no mistakes, and could I get into that
perfect harmony, the flame would burn
on without a flicker. For eternity is min-
now, always has, and always will be. All
these yesterdays have always been today's,
but tomorrow will not be today, for it will be
the morn of 1903, and with it this loss, which
with all my concentration I do not seem to
restore. I feel as though I could curse you,
as—"

"Stop, my son!" came a voice; and, quickly
turning, he saw the bent and aged form of
his father.

"O, my son, my son! curse no one; for it
makes my heart ache—this heart of living
pain, near which the tiny one of gold so long
has hung—that I, your father, now have it
not. Lost! Lost! Search where we may, it
cannot be found. O, Jeffrey! I cannot sleep!
And had I all the world might give, I could
not eat!"

"There, there, father. I cannot, will not,
let you feel it so!"

"But, Jeffrey, have you thought of all the
loss of it may mean to you? Of your love for
Helen, and her vows of constancy to you?"

"Have I thought? Is there any part, even
to the smallest detail, that I have not
thought? I thank God that she knows nothing
of the heart of gold, nothing of this mis-
erable business, that she loves me for myself,
and not for my power. I haven't even
fame or glory to give her. Nothing but this
tumbled-down hall, and its hundreds of acres
that are nothing but stubble and waste. But
I am thankful that I have had the advantage
of the good literature of today, and my mind
and soul are ready to receive much or little
of the great truths that I feel this new cen-
tury is to give to us. Perhaps I should say,
'old truths made new.' You know the line of
thought I have been working on of late. I
believe we should be able to communicate as
well with those in the unseen as in the seen.
We must admit that two orders of life being
in direct relation must produce corresponding
effects. Man is life, in or out of the body."

"But, my son, the future is unknown."

"Yes, but the power is mine to know, and
its secrets shall be mine. If I am strong in
the thought there is not a task I cannot ful-
fill. Do you think, father, that for one hundred
and fifty years the concentrated thought by
all the Kenelm upon these truths Divine
that were to be revealed counts for nothing?
Impossible. 'Our own must come to us.'"

"But, my son, it is lost."

"Yes, father, the heart of gold, but the
promise is still good, for he said:

"In the year 1903 there will living be,
One with gifts Divine—a man of this
family.

Unto him will I make known a power if
He will but do and dare,
That shall make this a home of knowledge
rare."

He led the old man nearer that his dim
eyes might read the old familiar lines. The
young man gazed into the pictured face above
him. For a moment the living eyes felt that
a glance as swift and as full of life answered
his own. Turning quickly and grasping the
old man by the arm, he said:

"Father, I swear by Heaven, and before
you and all these dead Kenelm, that never
until tonight did the significance of these
words reveal themselves to me. It is for this
that I have worked in darkness.—Ah, I know
now that I have lived, lived, and to me the
secret of life Eternal now and forever shall
be made plain. No mystery—only so simple
that I, like all others, have overlooked it.
Christ said, 'Greater things shall thou do.'
How blind we are, groping in darkness—forget-
ting the light, the way! He said, 'I am
the way, the light, life. I and my father are
one, and in me ye all live and more and have
your being.' And as such we must recognize
life—and through that essence which perme-
ates all, all will be revealed. The world is

Children's Book.

NEW YEAR.

"It's coming, boys,
It's coming here;
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year!
A year to be glad in,
And not to be sad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving,
And hearty thriving;
A bright New Year,
Oh! hold it dear;
For God who sendeth,
He only lengtheth."

What Kind Thoughts Did.

It was the week before Christmas. The sun had drawn some clouds over his face and had seemed to forget all about the people on the earth. The air was cold and biting and the streets were muddy and cheerless.

A little girl was walking along Fourteenth street, in New York, looking at all the wonderful things that filled the shop windows. The great Kris Kringle, the beautiful Christmas-trees laden with tinsel and toys, almost made her forget that her clothes were very thin and that the slush was creeping in through the holes in her shoes. A big blue-eyed doll, with long yellow curls, smiled at her from one window, and all at once a great wish began to grow in her little heart—if only she could buy that doll for her sick sister! But what a heap of money it must cost! "So, of course, there's no use wishing," she thought; and she tried to put it out of her mind.

That one little, unselfish wish, however, proved to be a whole streetful of use by-and-by. When it left the little girl's heart it drifted about in the chill air, for a minute or two feeling rather strange until it met a sister wish that was also floating about. This had gone straight from a mama's heart to a great rocking-horse in the window and right next to the doll. How happy it would make her little boy! In fact, there were a great many wishes hovering about that corner, and most of them had something to do with Christmas. The little girl's wish began to feel very much at home.

"Let's all get together," it said, "and see if we can't be of some use to somebody."

So they joined hearts, these Christmas wishes—nearly all had begun in a loving, unselfish thought, you know, that made them very warm and very much alive. As they traveled through the air their glad thoughts and Christmas ideas joined them until the whole street seemed full.

Presently the sun peeped out to see what was going on, and when he saw the happy wishes flying about through the air, like so many golden butterflies, he reminded him of summer, and he smiled broadly at the thought. Some of the shoppers thought that the weather had moderated. Others who had come out just to buy things for themselves, changed their minds—they hardly knew why—and bought Christmas gifts for other people instead. None of the people with whom the streets were filled really saw the Christmas wishes as clearly as the sun saw them; but they felt them, each in his own different way. And, as Christmas Day grew nearer, millions and millions of more wishes and hopes and happy plans and secrets filled the air and made everybody gentler and more loving and unselfish without their knowing why. One of these came into the heart of a rich woman, who knew the mother of the little boy that would be so happy to have that rocking-horse—and can you guess what happened Christmas Eve? And another found its way into the busy brain of the man for whom the little girl worked who so wanted that big doll.

Before Christmas morning ever and ever so many glad things happened, and cross thoughts melted away out of people's minds, and they felt jolly, gay, and good-natured, hardly knowing why. But the Christmas wishes knew, and they were happy, too.

Every thought we think, you know, goes out into the world and mingles with other people's thoughts just as readily as does the breath that comes from our mouth mingle with and impress the air all about us.

I wonder if each one of us can't help this year to fill the air with glad unselfish, golden thoughts; for then we are being of nearly as much use as the sun himself can be.

Esther Harlan, in Mind.

The Little Cup of Tears.

The following North German legend is too beautiful to remain in the sole keeping of foreign antiquaries.

There was once a mother and a child, and the mother loved this, her only darling, with her whole heart, and thought she could not live without it, but the Almighty sent a great sickness among children, which seized this little one who lay on its sick bed even to death. Three days and three nights the mother watched and wept and prayed by the side of her lovely child, but it died. The mother, now left alone in the world, gave away to the most violent grief. She ate nothing and drank nothing, and wept three long days, without ceasing, calling constantly upon her child.

The third night, as she sat overcome with sufferings, in the place her child had died, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and smiled sweetly as innocence and was beautiful like the blessed. It had in its hand a small cup that was almost running over, so full it was. And the child spoke:

"O, dearest mother, weep no more for me; the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the tears which you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more, it will overflow, and I will have no rest in the grave and no joy in heaven. Therefore, dearest mother, weep no more for your child, for it is well and happy, and angels are its companions."

It then vanished. The mother shed no more tears that she might not disturb the child's joy in heaven.

Amanda Bailey.

Moods.

If you want to stay in the doldrums keep trying to analyze your mood. You feel quite different this morning from yesterday morning. What can be the matter? The world was brighter yesterday; but now without any apparent reason you are depressed and disinclined for the work that seems necessary to do. Something must have been left undone or overdone and the dogs of conscience are put on the trail. Call 'em off. There are a number of things that we do not yet know. One thing is sure: there would be no growth if there was no change. Perhaps some of the little wiggling atoms that make up the physical body are reforming, renewing, or re-instating themselves. This may cause a commotion.

There is nothing to fear. Laugh at a mood

and before long it will laugh back. Look at a frown in the face and it will vanish from sight.

Moods are the providers of variety. Cultivate them and see that they serve you instead of you being subject to them.—E. K. in Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

Announcements.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller lectured at Providence, R. I., the last two Sundays of December. In January his engagements are as follows: The 4th, Fall River; the 11th, Marlboro; the 18th, Greenwich Village and the 25th for Camp Progress Spiritual Society, Lynn, Mass. He would like engagements for Feb. 22, March 1 and May 10 and 17. Address Onset, Mass.

N. F. Harlin is open for engagements to lecture for societies or camp meetings. Address 1211 Stiles St., Phila., Pa.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum, Paine Memorial Hall, 9 Appleton St., meets every Sunday at 3 p. m. January 4 is Band of Mercy Sunday.

G. W. Kates and wife, N. S. A. missionaries, desire week-night engagements in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, during February, at places near Cincinnati, Ohio. They also want to hear from societies and individuals relative to meetings on route to Colorado and the West. Address them 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, meet in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all to join us. Mrs. M. J. Butler, Pres., Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec.

Professor Arthur, the blind trance medium, gives magnetic treatment for strengthening and invigorating the system. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. Out of town Wednesday evenings and Sundays. Will also accept engagements. 60 Fourth Street, Chelsea, Mass.

G. W. Kates and wife held the first public meeting for lecture and messages ever held in the interest of Spiritualism in Woodbury, N. J., on December 18. A good attendance and interest resulted.

W. J. Colville's Christmas lectures in New York have been very largely attended. On Sunday, Jan. 4, he opens a term of work in Philadelphia under auspices of First Association of Spiritualists in Temple, 12th St., near Girard Ave. Sunday lectures 10.30 a. m., 7.45 p. m. Daily at 3 and 5 p. m., Jan. 5 to 10 inclusive, except Jan. 5, when 3 p. m. only.

The speakers for the Waltham Spiritualist Progressive Union Church for January, 1903, are: Jan. 4, Mrs. A. J. Pettengill; Jan. 11, Mrs. Annie L. Jones; Jan. 18, Mr. Albert P. Blinn; Jan. 25, Mrs. Hattie C. Webber; Ella A. Wheeler, Cor. Sec.

Mrs. Annie E. Jones of Lowell will address the First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 4.

Mrs. Effie I. Webster will serve the Spiritual Science Home Mission, Good Will Hall, 41 Market St., Lynn, Mass., Jan. 4.

Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, President, will hold its next meeting Friday, Jan. 9, 1903, Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. Ave. Circle 3 p. m.; business meeting, 4 p. m.; supper, 6.30, 15 cents. At 7.30 Mrs. Annie Chapman will speak and give spirit messages. Mabel Merritt, Sec.

First Association of Spiritualists. Our meetings have been constantly growing in interest since the season opened. Miss Gaule having been at her best during the entire time. Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence, R. I., will occupy our platform during the month of January, when the society will hold their meetings as usual at 3 and 5 o'clock on each Sunday. M. J. Fitzmaurice, Sec.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D. Sunday, Jan. 4, will be celebrated as the 9th anniversary of the organization of the society. There will be short addresses and communications from the regular Cadet Hall mediums, and others, concert by Eilers orchestra, and selections by several well known soloists; literary and musical exercises by the children of the Lyceum, also an exemplification of the floor work. Circles will be held between services. Supper will be served in the banquet hall, followed by song service. Sec.

Essex Hall, 40 Prospect St., Cambridgeport. Bible Spiritual meetings Sundays. Afternoon circle at 3 p. m. for healing and test, developing, Mrs. Collins, medium. Evening service 7.30; reliable mediums take part. Mrs. Akerman Johnson, Leader.

Proposed Amendments to By-Laws.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE ASSOCIATION.

The following Amendments have been forwarded to the secretary and I hereby send them to the Banner of Light for publication in accordance with the By-Laws.

Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Amend Article II to read as follows:—

The objects of this Association are: First. To found churches in the name of Spiritualism as a legally recognized system of religion.

Second. To provide for the equipment and maintenance of a ministry qualified to exemplify the principles and publicly and privately teach the truths of Spiritualism as a religion.

Third. To establish pastorates and permanently settled speakers wherever the same may be practical.

Fourth. To consolidate all Spiritualist societies into one general, harmoniously working body, for mutual aid and protection in all work pertaining to the phenomena, science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.

Fifth. To provide and maintain a system of missionary work through which local church societies may be organized, members added to the same and to the State Association, and the public enlightened with regard to the teachings of Spiritualism.

Sixth. To provide ways and means by which mediumship may be developed and fostered for the purpose of presenting to the world genuine spiritual phenomena.

Seventh. To co-operate with the National Spiritualists' Association of the United States of America by maintaining charter relations with the same and by discharging such duties as may devolve upon this Association by virtue of said charter.

Amend Art. IV to read as follows:

The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, three Vice Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer, who shall be Directors, and with three others shall constitute a Board of nine Directors who shall be elected by written ballot at each regular annual Convention of this Association, and shall have charge of all of its business affairs.

Amend Art. V, Sec. 1, to read as follows: The membership or primary units of this Association shall consist of the local societies chartered by it; also of such persons as have contributed the sum of one dollar per year into its treasury. The chartered local societies, camp meetings, or benevolent associations shall be represented by delegates at the regular annual Convention of this Association upon the following basis: One delegate for the charter, and an additional delegate for every ten members or major fraction thereof.

The duly accredited delegates and all persons in good standing upon the books of the Association Dec. 31 of each year shall comprise the legal voters at each annual Convention.

Amend Art. V, Sec. 1, to read as follows: The membership or primary units of this Association shall consist of the local societies chartered by it; also of such persons as have contributed the sum of one dollar per year into its treasury. The chartered local societies, camp meetings, or benevolent associations shall be represented by delegates at the regular annual Convention of this Association upon the following basis: One delegate for the charter, and an additional delegate for every ten members or major fraction thereof.

THE PINKHAM CURES

ATTRACTING GREAT ATTENTION AMONG THINKING WOMEN.



Mrs. Frances Stafford, of 243 E. 114th St., N.Y. City, adds her testimony to the hundreds of thousands on Mrs. Pinkham's files.

When Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies were first introduced skeptics all over the country frowned upon their curative claims, but as year after year has rolled by and the little group of women who had been cured by the new discovery has since grown into a vast army of hundreds of thousands, doubts and skepticisms have been swept away as by a mighty flood, until to-day the great good that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and her other medicines are doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists, physicians and thinking people.

Merit alone could win such fame; wise, therefore, is the woman who for a cure relies upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Amend Art. V by inserting as Sec. 2 the following: The charter fee, to be paid by local societies, or other organizations, when uniting with this State Association, shall be two dollars each, and no other expense shall be incurred in the name of the charter. All societies, after chartering with this Association, shall donate not less than five dollars per year to its treasury to enable it to be continued in good standing on the books of said Association.

Amend Art. V by changing Sec. 2 to Sec. 3, and Sec. 3 to Sec. 4 in numbering the same.

From Over the Sea.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

After several months of silence the desire is strong upon us to place ourselves again in touch, through the columns of the ever valued "Banner," with dear friends at home. Although far too busy to be homesick, there comes often to our hearts a yearning for the old scenes and faces. Arriving in London on fifth of May, we went directly to the Florence House, where our letters of introduction secured us a most kindly welcome; within a week thereafter, having secured pleasant apartments, we felt ourselves quite ready for work. It is not our wish nor intention to write of our own private experiences, but rather to set forth some of the impressions which have been borne in upon us as to the work in general as we come in contact with it day by day.

One fact which especially appeals to us, is the intense interest manifested by Spiritualists in lectures or addresses, whether delivered normally or under trance conditions. It is no uncommon thing at the ordinary Sunday evening service for the Hall to be filled to its utmost seating capacity long before the time fixed for opening the exercises. Even during the circles held on week nights, the sitters appear to feel that they have missed something if a part of the time be not given to the philosophy in one way or another.

Another very hopeful sign of the times is the earnest desire witnessed on all sides for personal development of such mental gifts as may be possessed. Speaking from my own experience I can truthfully say that the interest and improvement shown by the members of my several classes formed since Sept. 1, have been proportionally greater than I have ever known in America.

We have also noted with pleasure the existence of societies in many of the outlying districts of London. In many cases, faithful bands of workers find themselves financially unable regularly to employ a medium. Under these circumstances they simply do their best with such home talent as may be available, except for an occasional break.

In London, itself, first and foremost stands the London Spiritual Alliance. The good done by this society alone cannot fail to be far-reaching in its effects. Upon its platform stand the foremost exponents of the most advanced theories of our day. Not alone Spiritualism, but every recognized form of Occultism is placed before the members and associates of this body of workers, numbering several hundred. At their rooms, 110 St. Martin's Lane, may be seen an extensive library, available to the members.

It must not be supposed that the social element is neglected, as those who were present at the Conversazione, St. James' Hall, Sept. 25, can certainly testify. The able address delivered on that occasion by Dr. Peebles was one which will long be remembered by us, the more because of its gifted speaker which we were ever privileged to hear.

One question will naturally arise in the minds of our friends in America, namely: Has our reception by the people of this country been cordial or otherwise? Nothing could exceed the kindness shown to us from the first. We certainly owe much to Mr. E. W. Wallis and wife to whom we had letters of introduction from mutual friends. Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, editor of "Light," has also proved a most valued friend. We often wonder how many of the rising generation will show anything like Mr. Rogers' clear-brain and steady hand, even when only half the years which he has lived on the earth plane, shall be theirs.

We have noted with pleasure that many people with whom we come in contact are subscribers to and earnest friends of our dear "Banner." Long may it wave. Our stay in England may be prolonged indefinitely. But we look forward with pleasure to the time when we shall again meet old friends. With cordial greetings to all.

E. Louise Wightman.

Literary Department.

The World We Live In. E. A. Brackett. 125 pp. Banner of Light Pub. Co. 75 cents.

This is not a large book, but you are all familiar with that old saying, "good things are tied up in small packages," and the amount of good in "The World We Live In," is out of all proportion to the size of the work.

A preface, with an introduction and five essays, none of them long, with brief, all too brief, poems, are contained in the work, but they touch or suggest all the more vital questions of life. The first essay is scientific and has to do with some of the accepted theories of evolution.

Herein the author is too brief to prove any of his own statements. He denies the truth or probabilities of many statements of the lesser lights of the modern scientific galaxy; he is in thorough accord with the higher thought of the master minds and his deduction that "The search after the unknown is like the game of blind-man's buff, the chances are that the wrong fellow is caught." "Scientists not satisfied with the splendid work they had done, attempted to form a theory of their own," is such as would naturally follow the careful perusal of Spencer's discussion of the matter in first principles. But not in the scientific work of any can the beauty of the mind appear. Clearness is the highest quality to be desired or displayed in such writing, but when the theme is humanity, when the heart throbs are listened to and the bright eye questioned with a glance, when the fellowship of mortals or our communion with the dearmate allows the man to express itself in its vital relations with its fellows or with nature, then the facile pen tells for the large heart how it sees and feels and gives.

Pure Brahmanism breathes in "I am all in all." "I am the light that lifts the darkness." "I am the bird that calls all day to its mate." "I am the mother watching her babe." "I am the war, the pestilence, the famine that sweeps the earth."

These brief excerpts tell you something of the scope, though they convey but slight idea of the beauty of this prose poem. "To be in close sympathy with Nature; to see and realize her wonderful beauty; to be at oneness with her marvelous manifestations, is the highest possible attainment."

A man that could believe and pen that thought is such a man as you would expect to tell thoroughly grandly of storm and calm, and here your expectations are more than realized.

Of course everyone admired Olive Schreiner's "Search for Truth." We are One is such a search told entertainingly, with the added value and charm imparted to such stories by a sweet affectional human interest.

Already I have exceeded in matter the space allotted to me for this review, but I am loth to close. If you, reader, value such works, as who does not? you will agree with me that "The World We Live In" is a valued addition to your library.

There is a fine portrait of the author. The book is bound in a modest green, with a gold title. I nearly forgot to mention one of the sketches entitled, The Unknown. It will interest you if you are a Spiritualist, baffle you if you are not one.

The keynote of the work, as of life, is well expressed by the following from one of the poems.

"We grope about and aimless move
Until our hearts are filled with love;
Then comes the dawn, the rosy light
That lifts the shadows of the night.
Who seeks to climb some other way
Will tarry long, will go astray,
For love alone can point the way."

Arthur C. Smith.

"These are My Jewels."

Among charming books for children, "These are My Jewels" by Stanley Waterloo (author of "The Story of Ab," "The Story of a Strange Career," etc.), deserves to take decidedly high rank.

"Mr. Waterloo is an individually virile writer and we are always sure of receiving from him something substantial in the way of entertainment. Wit and wisdom are naturally his," is the testimony of our expert reviewers.

"The greatest of books for the young in the new thought" is another flattering testimony. If there be in all the world any youth in whom you feel an interest, make him or her a present of this book. Not only will it interest from the beginning, but it must have a good effect upon the future life of the reader. It is not less attractive to the older members of a household.

The story is that of a wide-awake, thoughtful father and mother who teach their two children, a boy of twelve years and a girl of eleven, the principles and practice of "The New Thought." These children are healthy average children, no canting paragons; alert and intelligent in every way that seems to promise desirable knowledge and experience. The tone of the story is well described as sweet, simple and sincere.

Selected comments of the Press: "The work is a fine narrative, and carries a wealth of instruction, given as naturally as a child hops and as easily to be comprehended as a boy's signal to his comrade to come out and play after supper. It is a thoroughly enjoyable book."

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Some of the chapters show a poetic vein, and the delights of field and forest are pictured in an instructive manner. There is a bit of romance in it too, in which a good-natured uncle figures, and is made happy by the application of New Thought principles.

Not only does the author make the application of New Thought plain to a child, but his method of handling the subject is such that both parents and teachers cannot fail to see the force of the applications and unconsciously are led into the broad thought, and before they have finished the book they will begin to comprehend the full significance of that old true saying: "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

222 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, price \$1 postpaid. The Getstfeld Publishing Company, 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, issues this dainty volume and it can be certainly procured at the office of Banner of Light.

If I can live

To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A third luster to some tear-dimmed eye;
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by.

If I can lead

A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

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