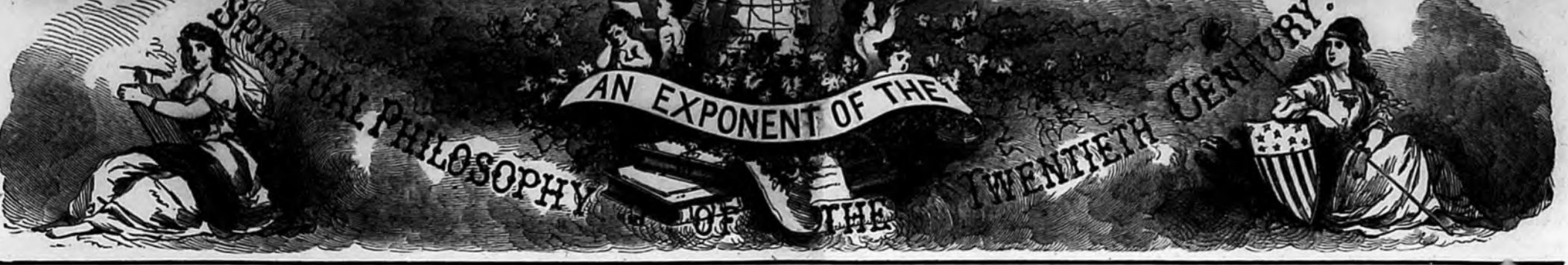


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SUNSHINE OF HOPE.

Sometimes as when we sail down the stream
At early morn, the mist surrounds us deep,
And we go on as in a land of dream,
Till suddenly the sunlight sends a beam,
And all aside the veil doth finely sweep,
And we awake as if from troubled sleep!
E'en so we pass thro' shades of pain and care,
Till hope arises in her splendor bright;
The mists of grief surround us everywhere,
Then in a moment, as response to prayer,
We voyage again in happy scenes of light,
As lovely morning ends the darkened night!

William Branton.

Spiritualism in Relation to Life.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. A., M. D.

"Watchman, what of the night? ... The morning cometh."

Inspiration, from *inspiro*—in-breathing—is universal. It overshadows the epochs of all past ages, and is just as fresh and forceful now as in time's earliest morning. God is not dead, nor were the doors of Inspiration's temple forever closed when Malachi ceased to prophesy, Socrates to converse with his divine daimon, and John to see visions on rocky Patmos.

Athanasian sectarists may have turned their backs upon the everflowing fountain of inspired truth—upon that light which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." But the light still shines, and like a mighty river, widens with the soul's unfolding.

If Isaiah and Shakespeare, if Carlyle, Emerson, Longfellow, and Lincoln, were not qualitatively, they were quantitatively all equally inspired—inspired as were the prophets of old, because God, the Divine Fountain, the Infinite Consciousness, Life and Intelligence, the Source, was and is One. Seraphs, angels, and spirits of various grades of intelligence and purity have ever been the intermediaries in sympathetic touch with us.

Inspiration warms the nerve centres of the brain, and kindles into liveliest activity the fires of the higher, moral nature. It feeds and nourishes the spiritual; and Spiritualism is an affirmation, the basic foundation of which is demonstration. Spiritualists, through careful, critical investigation and persistent research, have become the religious positivists of this period. They are the earnest advocates and philosophers of demonstrated facts, which facts, physical, mental, and psychical, verified by consciousness, intuition and reason, combine to give the very highest degree of certitude. The great souls of song and psalm and philosophy that made radiant the past, were spirit-inspired men. Spiritualism, as the distinguished Alfred R. Wallace writes, is a "scientifically established fact."

PHENOMENA AS SCAFFOLDINGS.

Jesus of Nazareth, standing upon the summit of moral science and real Hebrew Spiritualism, and holding with him the disciples a spiritual science upon the Mount of Transfiguration, talked with the returning spirits of Moses and Elias. There is no record of any dead angels or spirits. Heaven's doors of mercy and tenderest sympathy were never shut. John, on the mountainous Isle of Patmos, saw and conversed with one of the old prophets, "a fellow servant." God is unchangeable. Deific laws are unvarying and lute-like voices of love have vibrated out of the silence through all the ægean ages. The Hydesville convulsions half a century ago or more, were not deceptions in a Methodist family; were not curious occult inventions, but the discovery—the re-discovery—of the bridge consciously connecting the world visible with the world invisible. These, or similar phenomena, were known to the ancients, as the old cuneiform writings and the remotest Akkadian inscriptions now being deciphered by Orientalists abundantly demonstrate. These spirit manifestations were needed in our time as a check to materialism. They were means to an end. They were scaffoldings in constructing that magnificent temple of truth whose inspired builders, with their divine teachings, were ultimately to enlighten and transfigure the world.

CHANGING ATTITUDES OF SCIENCE.

Social science, mental science, metaphysical science, and especially psychic science, are just as much sciences as is that university-taught science called physics, the textbooks of which, though authoritative today, are repudiated by the next generation. There have been new discoveries, widening knowledge and deeper research, necessitating frequent alterations and amendments in the classically arranged and tabulated "natural sciences." The chemistry of my academic years is no longer chemistry. This should induce modesty, a virtue with which Haeckel and his materialistic satellites are not too familiar. Truths, as fixed principles interrelated to cause and effect, do not change. It is our conceptions of them that change, which changes demand frequent revisions.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE SUPERIOR TO PHYSICS.
The original atoms and constituents constituting the physical sciences as booked by

Humboldt, Tyndall, Huxley, Lord Kelvin, Virchow, Haeckel, and other observing experimentalists, cannot be cognized by the sense-perceptions. Scientists cannot get even a glimpse of them with the thousand-diameter microscope; they cannot measure them by any lineal measurement, melt them in crucibles of intensest heat, nor weigh them in the most delicately balanced scales. And further, of the origin of these hidden molding forces they know absolutely nothing. Denying inspiration, and rejecting the spiritual as scientific helps, these intellectual giants are of necessity agnostic materialists. But why should the results of their investigation—why should the physical sciences of which the aforementioned distinguished investigators are students—he labeled "sciences" in preference to the discovered and carefully-classified facts of spiritual phenomena? Is matter to take precedence over mind? Is physics superior to metaphysics? Is the hypothetical atom to be more honored than consciousness, intuition, or moral reason? Certainly, gravity does not think; electricity does not solve mathematical problems; the telegraphic wires do not originate the messages they transmit; polarization does not philosophize, nor does the mad avalanche, rushing thundering down the mountain side, crushing alike the infant and the aged, manifest a particle of benevolence or reason. Metaphysics must necessarily precede physics and research; mind and morality should, must constitute the corner-stone of all true science and spiritual unfoldment.

JUSTICE TO SPIRITUALISM.

Telepathy, psychometry, mental therapeutics, and these "New-Thought" theories, worthy of consideration, are allied to, and factors of, psychic science, the substratum of which is Spiritualism in some of its various manifestations and demonstrations. What lack of manliness and moral justice, then, is all this vociferous voicing of "mental science," and the "new thought" flitting, without the bare mention of their maternity. Acorus may be pardoned for expressing no gratitude to the life-imparting oak. Incapable of reasoning, they know no better; but liberal thinkers know, or ought to know, that Spiritualism, centered in spirit—essential spirit—is the Father-Mother fountain of all these higher sciences. It is the vitalizing, fruit-laden vine, of which telepathy, psychometry, "New Thought," Mental Science, and theological speculative assertiveness, are the branches—some of which, I confess, are sadly distorted, requiring trimming, training, and very careful watching.

"Watchman, what of the night?"
"In this colonizing age, of commercialism this maddened rush for pelf, power and luxury, there is a reversion of thought and tendencies towards the gross materialism of ancient Greece and Rome. Epicurus, in the time of Leucippus, a Greek philosopher, denied the immortality of the soul, and taught the self-origination of life on earth through matter, or rather, the interacting affinities and forces in matter."

Democritus held similar notions. The Roman poet Lucretius (born B. C. 95, and ending his life by suicide) predicted life, not upon essential, conscious spirit, but upon the vibratory motions, attractions, repulsions, and atomic laws inhering in matter. His life is reputed to have been very unhappy. Much of the wordy theorizing today concerning the origin of life is as fruitless as to talk of the origin of space. Life being allied to God, the Infinite Spirit Presence, had no origin. It is eternal. Related to time and mortality, all manifest life on this planet must be the resultant of antecedent life. Nothing can never produce, nor become something.

DEAD MATTER VERSUS SPIRIT.

Vital action does not belong to ordinary matter. Force cannot spring from non-force, nor life from absolute death. As there is organic and inorganic, structureless and non-structureless matter, there is also "dead matter," as scientists and such distinguished living microscopists as Professor Lionel S. Beale, F.R.S., F.R.C.P., F.R.M.S. (vice-president of the Victoria Institute), and other illustrious authorities, prove beyond cavil. Professor Dewar, in his late address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, when treating of liquid and solid hydrogen; of helium, crypton, xenon, and neon, as recently discovered, invisible atmospheric elements—remarked that "helium when liquefied, would be as hard to see as a ghost in the sunshine." He was further reported as saying that "certain seeds frozen for a hundred hours in liquid air" caused "their protoplasm to become inert, but," said he, "on non-living matter the effects were much more marked." To contend that there is life in matter, or that life permeates matter, is a very different thing from saying that matter is alive, consciously alive. The former is true; the latter is unproven.

Standing several times in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid, Egypt, I saw before me a solid block of granite weighing several hundred tons. It has stood there according to learned Egyptologists, several thousand years, stationary and cold. Is it

dead or alive? The proof that it is dead and unreasoning lies in the fact that it did not cut itself out of the Syene quarries, did not transport itself across the country, did not lift itself up on to the fiftieth tier of that great pyramidal pile of stones, nor did it architecturally adjust, chisel, and beautifully polish itself. It is dead and speechless, dead as atheistic spiritualism.

Spirit is life—in activity; and action implies something to act upon. This something may be denominated unseen substance, which, impelled and duly manipulated by immutable laws, becomes matter, somewhat as invisible steam becomes ice, or sunbeams become coal strata, tangible to the senses.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Conscious, real-souled man is not an Eden-fallen display of total depravity, not a materialistic mist floating in the immensities, nor a wailing wail cast up from the non-purposeless past by fortuitous combinations of interacting atoms and conflicting forces; nor is he a "religious animal," as extreme Darwinians have taught; but he is a thinking, rational, moral being, whose first conscious thought-act is existence; the second is the perception of the existence of others, and the third relates to the acting social relations between ourselves and other, which, deepening, implies the family, the race, the nation, the international relations, a world-wide brotherhood—and still widening and rising in conception, includes in one universal brotherhood all those circling, glittering planets that dot the deep unfathomable spaces.

RELATION OF THE INFINITE TO THE FINITE.

Exalted and towering as are man's aspirations, he is finite, and the finite necessitates the idea of the Infinite. No machine can cause itself. Tesla manufactured a nicely-shaped talking man, but the thing did not—could not reason.

No unthinking machine can evolve, or construct another machine; nor can any individualized finite, unaided, produce another finite. Not even a blade of grass can grow on an iceberg. No egg on a rock can, without warmth, hatch a living bird, nor can the new-born babe live, clothe itself, and grow without antecedent life, love and intelligence; and the source of that life in the Infinite, our Father-Mother-God!

If it be said by the antagonizing carapist that the "Infinite may have a cause behind it," the say-so suggestion is of little account. The logical reply, is, if any be required, that that would render the Infinite finite, involving as pitiful a contradiction as to state that a circle was triangular-shaped, or that a sphere was tetrahedron in form.

There must necessarily exist between the Infinite and the finite some such relation as obtains between cause and effect—that is, there must invariably be something in the cause to which the effect corresponds. The process of creation, or rather manifestation, implies—consciousness, purpose, adaptation, wisdom, and power, resulting in the glory of divine man—a spiritual being.

The activities seen in structural forms neither create nor constitute life. They are the effects of life acting upon and through the structures. Conscious life is the inducing, compelling power, from which functional activities emanate. The life of man, then, is not merely mental or muscular activity, but rather spiritual vitality, proceeding primarily from the higher Divine Source.

ORIGIN OF LIFE ON EARTH.

From whence is it? It is from the inflowing Infinite Life, and is much more than mere existence. The rock and the oyster exist, but they do not really, consciously live and aspire to higher states of being. Sensations are not reasoning faculties. Tendencies do not create, they only incite; neither do functions create organs, but organs, adapted to use, manifest functional activities and aims.

There are doubtless units of force, vehicles for consciousness, in numbers infinitely beyond all mathematical calculations, generated in the bosom of the Divine Life, and flowing therefrom something as crystal drops emerge from an ever-flowing fountain.

These units, atoms, monads, may be considered as infinitesimal segments of the circle of Being—as semi-detached entities, sympathetically and spiritually connected by the rarest films of vibratory ether to the Infinite Life—the energizing, inflowing, over-brooding Father-Mother Spirit.

In consonance with the above, Professor Fleming, in a recent science monthly, writes of monads and invisible corpuscles as fragments clipped from a neutral atom, calling them "electrons," or "ions"; and he considers that one atom of hydrogen may contain from seven hundred to one thousand of these inconceivable, infinitesimal electrons. If this be science, it is surely getting very nearly to spirit.

These ethereal entities and ions, evidently unlike in possibilities, unlike in germinal potentialities, are naturally adapted to different planes and spheres of etheric existence—endless diversity in unity. Nature quite as much abhors monotony as a vacuum.

These units of consciousness are evidently climbing up to better conditions, and to more

complex structures, toward the befitting keystone in the arch—perfected manhood! The distance they reach, and the altitude they attain, depends much, if not altogether, upon the original germinal life, or inflowing potency. Aspiration is the measure of destination. The platform vaporings of pseudo-scientists extolling the properties of matter without any indwelling consciousness or intelligent purpose (though they are ever compelled to admit some self-forming adaptation of means to ends), have become tiresome. It is not strange that Haeckel's and Buchner's books are not read as they once were. Mental icicles are not inviting to the sensitive touch. It is not pleasant to read, or think that one's body, life, and conscious spirit are at death to be packed into a coffin, and all to become alike grave-yard dirt!

EFFECTS TRANSCENDING THEIR CAUSES.

Conversing once with Thomas Carlisle, at Chelsea, he characteristically pronounced America "the great maw, that was ever hatching out desperate and pestilent things." There was something of truth in this. The last America-hatched lad to be put as a tag upon Spiritualism is that "effects transcend their causes." We see evolution everywhere. Yes, but evolution implies something—some substratum to be evolved from, otherwise, we have the silly position of something from nothing. Evolution is but half of the circle. Involution in time must precede evolution. The sensible old farmer said he "could not get water out of his well till there was first some in it." If effects transcend their causes, all fathers' sons should be Isaac Newtons, or Emersons. A wheelbarrow of wood and iron, as a purposed effect, should "run" the man that made it. Turtles, eggs, sand-warmed and hatched, should produce strong-winged eagles. Automobiles, being effects, should build and guide themselves. "Oxygen and hydrogen," says this new-born philosopher (?), "combine to form water." The effect, transcending the cause, is unlike the cause. But the very word "combine" here used, indicates motion; motion necessitates a moving force, and a moving force implies life, all of which agencies combined, we are gravely told, are not equal to the effect, water. Here is logic run mad! This theory squarely dispenses with God, and is therefore rankest atheism under the guise of Spiritualism. One may be a Spiritist and at the same time an atheist, but cannot well be an atheist and a real heartfelt Spiritualist, because the latter is necessarily reverent, encouraging prayer and holiness of life. In Anglo-Saxon the word "God" is used in the sense of "good," and who, morally capable of a religious emotion, does not find both peace and profound philosophy in contemplating the Infinite Good?

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Though consciously and intuitively knowing something of God (in wholeness), He is incomprehensible. The Neo-Platonic Proclus defined God as Causation, and Jesus as Spirit—pure, essential, immortal Spirit. And this sacred word constitutes the corner-stone of Spiritualism. The derivatives therefrom are spiritual, spirituality, spiritual-mindedness, spirit-communion; and the fruits of the "spirit" as expressed by the Apostle, are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." If we live in the spirit, let us also walk in the spirit.

The mere conversing with spirit intelligences behind the veil does not constitute a Spiritualist. If it did, then African Voudous and American Mormons are Spiritualists; but emphatically they are not. The ancient Assyrians, as the cuneiform tablets testify, held intercourse with the dead. Promiscuous converse in Moses' time with spirits that "peeped and muttered" was called necromancy, and forbidden. It may have been demonism from the dark chambers of the underworld; if so, the forbidding was justifiable. Israel's seers stood on the higher plane of inspiration, prophecy, and angelic ministrations. Seers and sitters alike should be examples of purity and moral excellence. Conscientiousness, fidelity to the principles of right, righteousness, cleanliness, and a candid search for the truth, should be the actuating motives. In this religious attitude largely lies the secret of Mrs. Everitt's seances, so wonderful, convincing, and spiritually uplifting.

The same may be said of Mr. George Spriggs' seances, both in Australia and Cardiff. His influencing spirits, as spirits always should, arranged the conditions. The photographer necessarily arranges the conditions for the picture. The farmer, with plough and spade, controls and fixes the conditions for the ripened harvest; and so spirits, dwelling on that more spiritual plane of existence, are the most competent, and should be permitted, to fix the conditions for the manifestations. In Mr. Spriggs' seances the sitters were selected. They were to attend punctually. Each was to take a bath before entering the consecrated room; all were to abstain from meat-eating, intoxicating drinks, and tobacco, and were to fast from breakfast time till after the evening sitting. Here was purpose, system, and moral integrity. And with these

conditions, spirits proved the passage of matter through matter in both a subdued light and in broad daylight. Fruits, flowers, nuts, branches of trees, and bits of rock were brought through solid walls in profusion. The spirits, clothing themselves in substances, materialized, and in the quietness of twilight walked about in the greenhouse and garden. Lately I witnessed very similar manifestations in the elegant residence of Mr. Thomas W. Stanford (Melbourne), brother of the originator and founder of the Stanford University in California, and the reputed richest one in the world. The medium was Mr. C. Bailey, and his controlling "intelligences" always opened the sittings with prayer. All such orderly, religious seances tend to lead the researchers from the physical up to the psychical; to impress the mind with the sublime thought of immortality; to arouse the inner conscience, to quicken the spiritual faculties, to reform vicious habits, and attune the soul to the harmonies of infinite love and perfection.

THE SPIRITUAL AND THE CHRIST-LIFE.

As aforesaid, Spiritualism is of God, and therefore divine. It was in Jordan's waters that Jesus clairvoyantly saw the "spirit," descending like a dove, a beautiful symbol of his mission. Previous to this heavenly baptism, he was Jesus, the Galilean carpenter, traveling, according to Haged and Talmudian writers, in Egypt and other Oriental lands; but now he was Jesus Christ—the anointed, the divinely illumined. There was no miracle in this. It was natural to spiritual law. Every Spiritualist should be baptized from the Christ-heavens, becoming a Christ now. "As many," said the Apostle, "as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ." Let "Christ be formed in you." And again, the Apostle said, "Christ liveth in me." Christ should live in every one.

Alfred with the Christ-spirit, Jesus declared that "believers in Him" should do the works that He did, and "even greater works." He chose the apostles, not because of their scholarship, but because of their susceptibility to spirit influences. Paul never saw Jesus Christ in the flesh, and yet he was more the founder of this now-a-day Christianity than Christ. A Jew by birth, a Pharisee by education, he was to the end more of a spiritist than a Christ-illumined Spiritualist. Though stricken down by spirit power on his way to Damascus, and though caught in vision up to the "third heaven," he confessed in his writings that he was the "chief of sinners," and had not yet "attained." His real name, as traced in the Talmud by the late learned Dr. Wise, president of the Hebrew College of Cincinnati, Ohio, was Acher. Afterwards he was called Saul, and still later Paul. Changing the name when traveling was common in that period. Plato's real name was Aristocles. Paul preached Christ as the loftiest spiritual attitude to be in his time attained. Paul, being confessedly given to "diplomacy"—another word for duplicity—wrote of "salvation by faith," and said that "without the shedding of blood there was no remission of sins." Evolution was doing its work, however, in the apostolic period; and when more highly inspired, he exhorted the Jewish believers to leave their "first principles," their Pharisaic religious notions, and "go on unto perfection." And again he wrote: "Being reconciled, we are saved by His (Christ's) life." Mark this: it was and is the life—the life of justice and mercy, the life of purity and love—love inspired by faith, and guided by wisdom, that saves.

The parabolic style of writing was common in the early days of Christianity. When Paul wrote that "this rock was Christ," he had no reference to a granite boulder. And when Jesus said "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood there is no life in you," he did not intend to encourage cannibalism. This was the symbolism of Oriental imagery. The real meaning was, "Except ye partake of my spiritual doctrines, and drink or assimilate these spiritual teachings, there is no life in you, because it is the spirit that giveth life." The spiritual Christianity of Jesus Christ, and the spiritual illumination of Gautama Buddha, and true Spiritualism, are all in perfect accord; the essential thought being that it is not belief, nor creed, but character that saves.

KNOWLEDGE NOT THE WORLD'S SAVIOR.

It is a stock phrase among many spiritists that "Knowledge is the world's savior." Knowledge is not the world's savior, neither is ignorance. Knowledge, unless guided by a high moral motive, is dangerous. The most knowing men are the most crafty in crime. Forgers are excellent penmen. Counterfeiters are often fine mechanics. Bank defaulters may be expert accountants.

Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry and the Natural Sciences in Harvard University, America, owing Dr. Parkman a debt that he could not cancel, murdered him in the University building, and then employed his knowledge—his chemical skill in acids and heat—to conceal the terrible crime. He was tried, convicted, and executed, and Andrew Jackson Davis clairvoyantly watched the process of his dying, and his entrance into

(Continued on page 2.)

THE MUSICIAN.

As I sat in the solemn twilight,
When the work of the day was done,
Watching the rainbow colors
Of sky at set of sun—
A note of heavenly music
Came floating from above,
And stole into my heart of hearts
Like the nestling of a dove.

This note struck a chord in my being
Which thrilled with a magic spell,
Vibrating dreams of love-life
Where my soul delights to dwell.
Enthralling—enfolded—uplifting
Into the ether blue,
I spread my immortal pinions,
And straight to that centre flew.

Whence came that note of music?
I asked of the host above;
Whence came that heavenly message
That spoke to my heart of love?
Oh! lead me into its presence,
And show me the harp divine,
Whose strings have been swept by magic,
Touching the soul of mine.

Out from the shining centre
Of peace and harmony
A form of majestic beauty
Bent its bright gaze on me;
I listened with breathless emotion
For the answer it would bring,
And words of truth, full of meaning,
Is the message of love I sing:—

It is not the harp beloved,
Neither the strings of gold,
Nor the delicate touch of finger
That have power such strains to unfold;
But the thought in the heart of the singer
Of peace and truth divine—
Of living and giving and loving—
That has entered this soul of mine.

I give for the love of giving;
My song is, The good of all!
Whose heart is kindled to loving,
Into it the melody falls,
Keep tuning your heart to the measure
Of love and joy and bliss,
Till strains of the Universe you hear
In sweetness exceeding this.

The musician whose heart strikes the harp
string,
Who speaks love and truth in his song,
Will enter the depths of being,
And drive out ill and wrong—
Will fill life with a sweetness
Like unto the joy of heaven;
To him who has found his life in God
Such power of expression is given.

Anna W. Mills.

Music, Painting and the Sister Arts.

Their Moral and Therapeutic Value.

W. J. COLVILLE.

The personality of the musician is very important indeed when highly nervous patients are being considered, and no matter what other qualifications a good general practitioner may possess or lack, a restful presence is an absolute necessity. Here we are reaching on the domain of the eye as well as the ear, for if an exciting appearance is presented by the patient against his kindly offices. Successful experiments have often been conducted by placing the performer in a neighboring room, and allowing the song or instrumental selection to influence the patient without sight of the performer; and so far as we know the success of all such experiments has been largely determined by that subtle constitutional sympathy (or the lack of it) which renders easy or difficult a favorable transmission of impressions from one individual to another. The mother's lullaby given by far the greater part of its benign influence to the deep affection subsisting between the child and the parent; and to a great extent the kindly nurse who loves her charge can perform an office similar to that of the mother. A celebrated organist in Chicago, a few years ago, devised a kind of wooden hammock which he attached to his organ near the pipes; a highly nervous patient (often one who was suffering from extreme debility) would be placed therein, while the organist sat at the keyboard and manipulated the instrument in the ordinary manner. Many strikingly successful results followed upon this course of action, but never, so far as we are aware, if the patient took the slightest dislike to the performer. We can no more reasonably deny that the musician breathes his personality through his music than that the orator or elocutionist expresses personality in the style of an oration or recitation; we often admire the words but do not like the manner of delivery, so we readily acknowledge a fine composition when we hear it, but may not approve of a subtle something which accompanies its rendition.

These fine considerations are of the highest importance to teachers whose work must of necessity lie very largely among hyper-sensitive people; and it is also a fact that in times of illness ordinary sensitiveness is often greatly increased, so much so, that a person comparatively strong-nerved when in robust condition will appear very fanciful and quite a "bundle of nerves" when afflicted with some weakening distemper. Tact and diplomacy constitute a very important part of the healer's necessary equipment, and unless one is far more penetrative than the majority, he or she is hardly cut out by nature to fill the office of a suggestive healer. No matter how many directions may be given in a lecture hall or classroom, the practical healer must be largely guided both by intuition and experience, and the longer one continues to engage in any special kind of ministry, the greater grows that person's intuitive perception, provided it is faithfully followed whenever it makes itself known.

Turning to the influence of painting, we have an immense field to explore, and one which allows even greater scope for activity than any in which the personality of the healer must figure largely. Though a picture does embody the mental concept of the artist, it does so in a calm, stationary, completed manner—a picture being a thoroughly crystallized form of ideal suggestion, which can be carried from place to place, or left to remain year after year in a certain spot without losing anything of its original suggestiveness. A beautiful picture always makes a charming present, and, as love of art in some one of its many forms is well-nigh universal, we rarely find it difficult to introduce some artistic token into the presence of one whom we wish to help in an acceptable manner. The great advantage of a picture is that it can be looked at many times, and can be relied upon (like a good book) to remain always a trusty friend—one whose counsel never changes, whose influence for good never varies, and whose smiling presence can cheer any weary hour whenever we please to look upon it. Whoever studies the great paintings as well as the carvings and statuary of Europe (produced during bygone centuries, before "hurry up" had become the motto of the modern world), must be forcibly impressed with the amazing amount of care as well as ingenuity displayed by those indefatigable workers in the long ago who never considered an amount of effort or attention too great to be expended in the pursuit of their chosen vocation. Medieval artists often made sad blunders so far as choice of subject was concerned, but whatever they undertook they accomplished thoroughly well; the perfect ab-

sence of haste and its accompanying slovenliness in all their works is one of the chief causes of their long endurance.

If we wish to do real good with canvas, brush, and paint, we must be very particular in the selection of our models, or the ideals, dreams, and fancies which we commit to canvas. It is useless to portray the merely commonplace surroundings in which the bulk of people manage to exist, but if one can suggest how an improvement can be made in any way, changing its essential nature, whoever does so is a benefactor. To persons who spend most of their lives in city tenements and factories, pictures of wild flowers from country lanes and hill-sides may prove of great importance in relieving the monotony of wearying toil, and may suggest to the shut-in toilers much that they can unite themselves with in thought and fancy, even though they be debarred from outward participation in it. All true art appeals to our inner life, therefore, that art which only reaches the senses fails of its highest mission, though it reach the senses in an orderly manner it cannot properly be called objectionable. When we travel in unaccustomed places and behold scenes of unusual beauty, it is well to be provided with kodak and camera, but better still is it to be able to reproduce nature's vivid coloring as well as her beauteous forms. The painter, who makes portrait painting his special occupation, if he seeks to serve a truly benevolent aim must be particular to introduce into the picture something more than the ordinary outward appearance of a certain man, woman, or child, because the true object of a portrait is to show off the highest attributes and qualities of a given individual, whose little idiosyncrasies and purely external defects of disposition and appearance can never need to be immortalized. We can well understand the transparent honesty of Oliver Cromwell when he insisted that an unsightly wart which disfigured his face should appear in his portrait, but we can even better understand the truly sincere aspiration after symmetry displayed by whoever desires, not to immortalize a defect, but to perpetuate that alone which deserves perpetuation. We all have a lower and a darker side which we should seek to get rid of, therefore no good can ever be served by showing it forth in an unchanging artistic product. It is not so much vanity as idealism that induces many well-meaning people to desire the photographer to flatter them to a certain extent, because it is the very best and highest appearance presented by an individual which registers the maximum point of a person's contribution to social elevation.

We do not know of a single writer, either in prose or in poetry, who has always maintained his highest level, nor have we ever heard a public speaker or singer who is at his best; but we are quite justified in publishing, for long preservation, the very finest of the author's sayings, and reproducing, from the photograph, the choicest sentences from the preacher's discourses, and in selecting the choicest vocal gems from the singer's repertoire. We are, in like manner, justified in calling upon the kindred arts, Painting and Sculpture, to preserve for us and to hand down to posterity the very choicest and highest expressions which we have ever seen displayed by personal friends or public celebrities. The two great schools of art—Idealistic and Realistic—are not truly antagonistic, because we can honestly idealize what we are accustomed to call the real and we can seek to realize what we agree to call the ideal. We may thus safely conclude that the artistic faculty in man is a heaven-born instinct calculated to bring the world of spiritual realities into closer relation with the realm of sense. No true artist will ever shrink from committing to canvas the highest ideal conceptions which reach him in hours of most exalted ecstasy. The only suggestions which can be of permanent value to any one are those which uplift the mind and purify the heart. To glorify the commonplace, to render more beautiful the daily routine of work which we must accomplish, is one of the truest and highest ministries of co-ordinated art which is the pure hand-maiden of undeified religion.

The justly celebrated Kindergarten system of child culture, introduced by Froebel in Germany, in 1826, teaches the highest principles of religion in practical art. What religion says and expresses, nature says and represents. What the contemplation of God teaches, all nature confirms. What is deduced from the contemplation of the inner is made manifest by the contemplation of the outer. What religion demands, nature fulfills, for nature, as well as existing things, is a manifestation or revelation of God. The purpose of all existences is the revelation of God. All existing things are only through and because of the divine essence that is in them.

Everything is of divine nature—of divine origin. Everything is therefore (relatively) a unity, as God is absolute unity. Everything, inasmuch as it is (though only relatively) a unity, manifests its nature only in and through a revelation and representation of itself, and these in and only through continually progressive, hence relatively also, development. This truth is the foundation of all contemplation, knowledge, and comprehension of nature. Without it there can be no true, genuine, productive investigation and knowledge of nature. Without it there can be no true contemplation of nature, leading to insight into the essential being of nature.

Only the human being with benevolent spirit, life, and aspiration, can possibly attain a true understanding and a living knowledge of nature; only such can be a genuine naturalist. True knowledge of nature is attainable by man only in the measure in which he is consciously or unconsciously developing, clearly, a philanthropist, penetrated with the truth of the one divine power that lives and works in all things; only in the measure in which he is filled with the one living and divine spirit that is in all things and to which he is himself subject, through which all nature has its being, and by which he is enabled to see this one spirit in its essential being and in its unity in the least phenomenon, as well as in the sum of all natural phenomena.

The relation of nature to God may be truly and clearly perceived and recognized by man in the study and elucidation of the innermost spirit of relation of a genuine human work of art to the artist. In a secondary degree it may be perceived and recognized in every human work with reference to the human being to whom it owes its origin. All things that the living spirit creates, produces, and represents, must have created and implanted in them the nature of the spirit, and must bear the imprint of the seal of this spirit in every part of the product.

Absolutely nothing can appear, nothing visible and sensible can come forth, that does not hold within itself the living spirit, that does not bear upon its surface the imprint of the living spirit, of the being by whom it has been produced, and to whom it owes its existence. And that is true of the work of every human being, from the highest artist to the meanest laborer, from the most material to the most spiritual work, from the most permanent to the most transient human activity, as well as of the works of God, which are nature, the creation, and all created things.

A keen, critical eye can discern in any work of art the artist's powers of thought and feeling, as well as their state of cultivation, thus, too, the creative spirit of God may be discerned in his works. We do not pay sufficient attention to this fact in human works, in works of art; therefore, it is so difficult for us to discern it in nature—the work of God. In the consideration of the work of God and of the human work of art we do not concern ourselves sufficiently with the innermost spir-

itual relation of the artist to the work; we judge its origin too mechanically and superficially. We do not consider that these works, if they are works of high art, are not meant to be art-masks, but are always representations of the true individual—the most interior life of the artist. In consequence of this neglect, the genuine spirit of art-work and the spirit of nature are equally foreign, equally obscure to us.

Now, as the work of a man—an artist, carries within itself the spirit and character, the life and essential being of this man, and, as we say in human metaphor, exhaustively and exclusively breathes out this spirit and life; and as the human being that produced it—who created it out of himself, nevertheless remains an undiminished and undivided being, and is even strengthened in his power by this work, even so the spirit and being of God remain forever in themselves the one being, the one spirit, undiminished and undivided.

As in the human work of art there is no material part of the artist's spirit, and as, nevertheless, the work of art as such carries within itself the whole spirit of its artist in such a way that this spirit lives in this work, is expressed by it, and exhaled by it, it is even breathed through it into others in whom it may reproduce itself in still mightier manifestations. Considering art-work from this high standard, we can surely discern for conscientious and enthusiastic artists unlimited possibilities for undying influence. Such in substance is the gist of Froebel's sublime philosophy.

The Destiny of the Wicked.

W. S. CROWE, D. D.

There are four possible things to be said concerning the destiny of the wicked: I. That they will be endlessly punished; II. That they will be annihilated; III. That they have no theory as to what will become of them; IV. That they will be redeemed.

The struggle of the modern pulpit is to get away from the doctrine of endless punishment. That doctrine impugns the morality of God. If you could foreknow that your child would turn out a thief and a drunkard and a murderer, you, in giving that child existence, would be the chief criminal. God foreknows, and the moral law holds. Moreover, endless punishment would be injustice to the victim. Just punishment has the elements of time and degree. We imprison men for a week for disturbing the peace; a month for a serious brawl; a year for stealing a few dollars; ten years for wrecking a savings bank; twenty years for manslaughter; and we execute them for murder. We make the punishment fit the crime. We declare it unjust to hang a man for larceny. Suppose we had a scientific discovery by which we could prolong life a thousand years; what would you think of applying that science, to prolong the death agonies of a criminal through those thousand years? The Orthodox would say: "Death surely is the limit of justice. Torture is unjust." Then what about millions and billions of years of torture?

The multiplied odium of the doctrine is fast becoming unendurable. The first step taken toward liberalism is that taken by Mr. Beecher—into the make-shift of annihilation. It was an urgent and unphilosophical and unbecoming and discarded make-shift, that Mr. Beecher did much to revive. He regarded it as an expedient with which to relieve the painful stress of modern theology. His great successor in Plymouth Pulpit entered upon the continuation of his work with the same expedient. The gigantic influence of these two men quite popularized the old make-shift.

It relieved the stress in a way that Mr. Beecher and Dr. Abbott did not purpose. A multitude of young ministers took more satisfaction than they could well express in being able to say (to a very liberal man in the congregation), "Neither do I believe in endless punishment;" and in being able to say (to a very conservative woman in the congregation), "Neither do I believe in Universalism." It was a step in the right direction, and it did relieve the odium; though younger and smaller men used it as a parish policy.

But—but—this annihilation theory has troubles of its own which Dr. Abbott got into, and got out of.

In the first place, it only relieves, it does not destroy the odium. It is not a millionth part as bad to torture a man a thousand years, and then annihilate him, as to torture him forever; still it is very bad. Foreknowing the doom of such a man, that he would exist only to eat the bitterness and drink the bilge-water of life, it were morally incumbent on God to prohibit his existence.

In the second place, this expedient challenges the Divine resource as the old dogma does not. The old doctrine confesses, rather boasts, that God is not trying to save bad men in the future world; He is punishing them. He could save them if He desired; He does not desire; His purpose stands. Annihilation tells us that God is trying to save them in the future world—bringing the full genius of Divinity to bear in the effort—but He will fail. When the angels and the redeemed assemble to witness the annihilation of the first incorrigible, the unanimous verdict must be that the Divine wisdom and power are failures.

In the third place: if God can annihilate a soul, it would seem that He might influence a soul. Is it so much easier to blot a soul out of existence than to persuade or compel it into the right path? Has God full power of destruction; but very limited power of construction?

"Oh, I hear the men of the make-shift. 'We do not teach that God, by overt act, will destroy the wicked soul; we teach that the wicked soul will destroy itself—will burn itself out, as it were.' Well, then, in the fourth place, we have the most peculiar and amusing absurdity that was ever proclaimed, even by make-shift theologians. Yonder is your wicked soul so weak that it flickers as the last flicker of a burnt candle, but still so strong that it can defy the Almighty, who is doing his utmost to influence it! How can it be so infinite and so infinitesimal at the same time.

In the fifth place, this make-shift runs squarely against the analogies of science. Science does not recognize annihilation. No material thing, though it be so inconspicuous as a dust mote, can ever be blotted out. If the law holds in the spirit realm—and if the soul is anything—our good brethren must move on from this philosophical quicksand to firmer ground.

Dr. Abbott has moved on—not yet to firmer ground; but let us hope that he still moves. He tells us, in the frank and fearless way which we admire, that he has gotten beyond the fol-de-rol of annihilation—arrived at the point where he has no theory, no opinion, no decided leanings, nothing to say, on the subject. That is the second step. It is plain, bald antagonism. I can appreciate the state of mind, or feeling, in which a religious teacher becomes agnostic. I have traveled the road. I have mused over the embryos of every camp fire along the doleful way. With years of the old dogmatic drilling in the sub-consciousness of him, a man does not quickly nor easily climb from the depths of pessimism to the heights of optimism. He will halt wherever halting is possible; and he will not budge till the last inch of ground is out from under his feet.

There is no halting place, however, on the entire journey, which is quite so untenable

for a religious teacher, as the agnostic camp. There is no problem on which a decided opinion is more vital to the preacher's task than the problem of human destiny. He might as well be without conviction on the question of immortality or the spiritual nature of man. He might as well have no conclusion as to whether there be a God. You would think him a peculiar statesman, just now, who should confess: "I have no theory, no opinion, nothing to say, concerning expansion or money—standard or trusts." You would hardly expect that statesman to make speeches in the approaching campaign. When sad mothers of wayward sons come to a minister for teaching and comfort, with what comfort or with what teaching will he confess: "I have no theory, no opinion, nothing to say, concerning the future of your children?"

It is a melancholy predicament; but what can be done? Having denied endless punishment, and having discarded annihilation, and being still in the mood to refuse Universalism, his thought is in blank suspension. These three are the only possible outcomes. When a man rejects every possibility, of course he does not know where he is at. Give him time; be patient with him; keep him a-thinking—above all things, keep him a-thinking—for when he paints his own picture a few times he will desire to see himself in a better light. He can't stand it very long, if he only keep a-thinking. He will arrive.

Let me tell you when he will arrive. He will arrive when he comes down from the cloudland of scholasticism and takes a look from the human standpoint. When your agnostic foregoes the mystical word "salvation," his mind will come straight on, and lays hold on the practical world the question of human destiny. As long as he debates the question of "Will"—Divine will vs. human will—there is little chance of untangling this world. The trouble with the debate on "Will" is that it assumes a condition which never did and never can exist. It assumes that one bad man is alone in the universe with God; or that the people of the universe are inactive, uninterested spectators. Suppose we take the people into consideration. The scholastics tell us—and so reverently they tell us—that "God has infinite respect for the bad man's Will."—He will never break the bad man's Will." But I am considering the people; and they have no such infinite respect for the bad man's Will. We, you and I, have no such theoretic and fantastic reverence for the human Will that we allow our children to go on in wilful badness, if we can help it. We are mothers found that we were dominated by a bad Will, they did not stand on the order of some attenuated theory about freedom; they smashed that bad Will, or twisted it out; and they punished and loved and educated a good Will into us.

Put the question in this plain, rational, practical, human way: "Shall we find it possible to reform bad men in the next world? Is any man so bad that his reformation must be forever impossible?" Now let saints and angels go to work on him, and crush his bad Will, and give him a good will. That is the way we do it here. In this world, with only a few forces, and with only a little time, we are able to reform multitudes of bad men. Suppose the worst man could be taken fully in hand, in this world, for a hundred years, so that his family and friends were constantly with him; suppose they got him away from evil associates, into a happy and prosperous home; suppose they associated him daily with refinements and culture, plied him with music and art and literature, and with interest in great ideas and noble enterprises; suppose their company contained half a dozen majestic spirits like Emerson and Lincoln and Mrs. Browning and Elizabeth Fry and John Howard and St. Paul—do you think any man lives that could hold out a hundred years, against such divinely human treatment? Well, give him a thousand years of it, but more likely he will become a gentleman in less than ten years.

Now, pray tell, what are all the good people in Heaven—for all the mothers and fathers and children and friends, all the reformers and moralists and poets and artists and philosophers, all the preachers and saints and martyrs and apostles and prophets and angels—what are they all in Heaven for, if not to do exactly that sort of thing?

Book Notices.

A CELESTIAL MESSAGE.

A very beautiful book by E. C. Gaffield, bearing above attractive title, exquisitely bound in blue and silver, has recently been accomplishing a vast amount of good in two distinct ways, for not only has its pure, elevating teaching reached the hearts and ennobled the lives of many readers, but the owner has most generously disposed of large numbers of copies which have been sold for charity.

At the beginning of October, when my work opened in Boston, Mr. Gaffield placed at my disposal fifty boxes which have been disposed of at 50 cents each, thereby raising \$25 to help the needy. It has been a double pleasure to co-operate in this good work and it is now my desire to say a word about the contents of the divine volume which can always be procured at Banner of Light Book Store.

The book is dedicated in the following words: "To the Spirit World, gladly acknowledging that the message it contains was received from one of its philosophers and poets, twenty years ago with us in material form, now in the fifth sphere, still laboring for the promotion of the cause of truth and righteousness among men, this book is reverently dedicated."

This lovely volume is a valuable literary offering and a gem of art in its outward appearance. It certainly secures for itself a cordial welcome by reason of its charming personality, and books have personalities as well as people. It answers numerous enquiries which are always cropping up concerning real life in the spirit world. Nothing more definite in plain, unmistakable language have I yet encountered in the wide range of literature which has passed through my hands for review. The religious tone is deeply spiritual, reasonably reverent and entirely superstitious. Much high philosophy and even profound metaphysics are couched in simple but elegant language and no matter from what standpoint the reader may approach the treatise, he cannot fail to be favorably impressed with the height, depth and breadth of the spiritual ideas thus graphically presented.

W. J. Colville.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH AND GOSPEL MIRACLES

By E. M. Duff and T. G. Allen. This is a book very recently issued by Thos. Whitaker Bible House, New York, which well deserves extremely careful perusal as it throws much light on the attitude now taken by fair minded Christian thinkers on the psychic problems which are now holding the intense interest of the brightest intellects in every enlightened community. One of the authors, Rev. Edward Macomb Duff, is a clergyman of eminence. The other author, Dr. Thos. Whitaker Allen, is a distinguished ornament of the medical profession, consequently the writings of these men will be treated with respect by many people who would listen by no means so attentively to the words of witnesses less known to position and fame.

"To the Apostle St. Thomas and to all honest doubters this work is tenderly and reverently dedicated." Is the striking inscription which meets the reader's gaze before the body of the work is opened. The word "su-

perphysical" is a favorite term with these authors and it strikes us as a good and legitimate one, far preferable to supernatural and calculated to give no offence to any honest enquirer, whatever his mental bias.

The work is divided into four parts, from each of which copious extracts of great value could easily be taken. A few sample extracts culled almost at random we will here present so that readers of the Banner of Light may get some clear insight into what language is now being employed by leaders of thought in non-spiritualistic circles, for it must be distinctly understood that Spiritualism is not upheld in its entirety, in this volume, though the whole trend of its argument and admission serves to remove barriers from the path of the investigator into spiritual mysteries. It is positively delightful to note the perfect fairness with which all classes of psychic manifestations are dealt with by these intelligent and earnest men. A valuable list of books is given, including many very well known to Banner readers and from most of these extracts are given in the course of several chapters which aim at tracing distinct parallels between the gospel miracles and modern psychic phenomena. The following quotation (pages 169-51) follows an excellent explanatory dissertation on physical manifestations which are quite duly accredited.

"Let us note well the fact that in telepathy and clairvoyance spirit and psychic force do not enter into relation with matter as they do in telekinesis or 'physical' phenomena. In the phenomena with which we are now dealing spirit is concerned only with spirit and psychic force only with psychic force. But the question may be asked, Is there no medium in cases of telepathy through which psychic force must be transmitted from mind to mind? We answer in advance, yes. What then is the nature of this medium? Can it be an ether? We are constrained to reply, no, for this reason: If mental messages are carried along, the vibrations of a material ether, they must needs be carried in all special directions; for if etheric vibrations are thus set going, they must be set going in all directions. If this be the case, there is no reason why every psychic sensitive in this and in all other worlds should not sense the vibrations and receive the transmitted message. But as a matter of fact, only that person for whom the message is intended receives it, or one in the immediate vicinity in sympathy.

"We have found that in our experiments thought transference to others than the one intended can be prevented, and secured and maintained by the will of the person sending the message. This comes under the law of subliminal self-preservation. In telepathy we are dealing with nothing material. We are in the realm of pure spirit. The medium of transmission which here confronts us is purely a spiritual medium; one in which distance and absence, past and future, are obliterated; one in which all that there is is the eternal here and now. We are in the realm of the absolute, the Divine Mind, the source of all conditions and relations. Within this medium the spirit that seeks another spirit finds it. Within this medium there comes to spiritual perception such distant scenes and such knowledge of future events as the Absolute Spirit reveals. No prophecy ever came by the will of man. And here we may ask those who contend for a material ether as the medium in telepathy and clairvoyance: How can a material ether vibrate with events, forces, etc., which are yet in the future and are at present non-existent? Space and time are inseparable conditions of matter."

The foregoing is certainly well worthy of thoughtful investigation, as it suggests a reasonable spiritual view of the soul-world which helps us to grasp the great idea that the essential difference between a spiritual and a material mode of existence is one of state and not of place. Spiritualists, who certainly ought to remember with undying thankfulness the marvellous healing works of Dr. J. R. Newton, ought to rejoice in the amount of well verified data collected and endorsed in the section on "Christ's Work of Healing in the Light of Psychic Law." On page 247 the following words occur after a grateful recognition of the service rendered to the authors by Dr. Fred L. H. Willis of Rochester, N. Y.

"The evidence to which we refer is bound up with the life and deeds of the world's greatest healer (so far as we know) since the Apostolic Age. This is the late James Rogers Newton, of whom Dr. Willis was one of many personal friends."

Then follows an account of Dr. Newton's amazing work extending over about sixteen pages. The narrative ends with these beautiful and kindly words:

"Newton passed to his eternal reward leaving no riches behind him, no 'inspired' writings or 'revelations,' no sect or cult bearing his name, nothing but the gratitude of some 250,000 healed patients, the vast majority of whom walked in the ranks of the obscure and lowly."

Could any testimony from a strictly spiritualistic champion be more generous and just? The whole book, which is indeed a remarkable one, ends on page 396 with the following summary concerning Spiritualism which is at least deserving of impartial review:

"All the most reliable data which we have examined under the general head of spirit communication constrain us to the following conclusions: First, Spirit communication has occurred in modern times. Second, Some of the communicating spirits, to judge from their manifestations, are of an inferior and evil nature. Third, Spirit communication varies in degree from simple telepathic suggestion to complete control of the person communicated with; in which case it amounts to obsession."

More and more is the truth being pressed home to enquirers everywhere that all alleged cases of mediumship are founded in reality and that fraud and hallucination cannot be made to cover anything like the immense territory covered by demonstrable spirit manifestations, nor can telepathy, as claimed by Prof. T. J. Hudson, by any means scientifically explain all such phenomena. Spiritualism is scoring victories everywhere alike in the church and in the world outside. Such books as the one just noticed indicate pretty clearly the drift of the present time-spirit. What is needed most of all is high aims and patient discrimination on the part of all studious investigators.—W. J. Colville.

Wisdom.

Wisdom is glorious and never faileth away; yea, she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. Whoso seeketh her early shall have no great travail, for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her is perfection of wisdom; and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care.

For she goeth about seeking such as be worthy of her, sheweth herself favorably to them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.

For wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me, for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing which is good, which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure and most subtle spirit, for wisdom is more-moving than any motion. She passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness.

For she is the breath and the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the

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The food that supplies us all with tremendous power is soul food.—A. Z.

Announcement.

Falling health compels our Editor to relinquish his post for an indefinite period. He will also be obliged to cancel all lecture engagements, and give up literary work of all kinds until his health is, in large measure, restored. In his absence, the editorial page will be looked after by able contributors and the other departments of the paper will be planned with great care. We intend to fill our columns with the best material that we can obtain, and will give our readers the best paper that ever entered their homes. Such able writers as Miss Lillian Whitling, Miss Susie O. Clark, Rev. William Brunton, W. J. Colville, Alexander Wilder, M. D., Paul F. de Gournay and others, will have something of interest to say from time to time, and will maintain the Banner's standard of excellence to the very letter. It is a good time now to subscribe for the "old reliable Banner," and thereby become in rapport with the thoughts of these gifted and inspired teachers.

A Card of Thanks.

To the Banner of Light:
We wish to extend our sincere thanks to the many friends who have been so very kind to us in our recent great sorrow. We feel under special obligations to the Ladies' Schubert Quartet and to the speakers who officiated at the funeral services of our darling Xilia. We are also grateful for the words of sympathy expressed in the letters and telegrams received from all parts of the country since our loved one went home. We appreciate the thoughtful kindness of those who sent them, and assure them that we shall not forget their endeavors to aid us in our time of trouble. It is impossible for us at this time to respond to these helpful epistles with the pen. Some day we hope to do so. Now all we can say is this, "We thank you one and all for your loving sympathy and psychic help." Our thanks would be incomplete did we fail to make special mention of the beautiful floral offerings sent in by friends as individuals and by the various Spiritualist societies and Lyceums whose members wished to express their love for our Xilia. The incense of these flowers will be to us (and to her) as the fragrance of the rose of love is to those to whom it is given.
Harrison D. Barrett,
Marguerite C. Barrett.

A Tribute of Love.

On the evening of Christmas Day, in Clinton, Iowa, the Philosophical Society of Spiritualists, held a memorial service, in tribute to Abby A. Judson, little Xilia Barrett, and the venerable Morris Pratt, so lately passed to spirit life. Short addresses, interspersed with the reading of beautiful poems, and sketches of the lives of the arisen ones, together with music and floral offerings, expressed the love and respect with which our hearts overflow, and the deep sympathy we feel for the dear ones still in the flesh who sit in the shadow of a great grief, and mourn the absence from the physical world of the loved ones gone before.
Resolutions of respect and sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Barrett were adopted as follows: Whereas, by the sudden and tragic passing to spirit life of their loved and only child, Xilia, our brother and sister, Harrison D. and Marguerite Barrett have been stricken as few are stricken in this world, and
Whereas, by this sad event Mr. Barrett's labors with our society were brought to an untimely end, now therefore be it
Resolved, that "The Philosophical Society of Spiritualists of Clinton, Iowa," extend to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett our deepest sympathy, in this their hour of sorrow, and irreparable loss, and be it further
Resolved, that these dear stricken ones be made the object of our special helpful thoughts and prayers. May their grief be lessened by the consciousness of their little one's presence in spirit, and may the light of the spirit world shine through the cloud of sorrow that rests upon them, and dispel the darkness that enshrouds them. May they be strong to endure, and brave to live, and work on the earth plane till they too shall be privileged to pass on to the joys of the higher life.
Emma J. Knowles,
Christine Cooper,
Capt. L. A. Day,
Committee on Resolutions.

"The Gentleman From Every-where."

The Boston Transcript says in reference to the above named book: "It constantly holds the attention by its simplicity, its cheerful optimism, its humor, pathos and good old-fashioned commonsense. For those who are weary of novels, and would like a book free from dry details, here is something that will interest them: they can not help admiring the manliness and sincerity, the honesty and courage, the earnestness of purpose and spirit of helpfulness which illuminate its pages."
We can truly say it will be read with genuine pleasure by the followers of all religions. It will have an additional interest for all Spiritualists, as Mr. Foss boldly proclaims his knowledge of Spiritualism, and recounts at length several of his most striking experiences with phenomena. His home scenes are described in a most touching manner, and evince his perfect sincerity in every line. One cannot help wishing that he could have just such visits from the angels as the author so vividly portrays.
This book of 320 pages is handsomely illustrated from original drawings and photographs, and is bound in cloth, beautifully decorated.
Price \$1.50 per copy and is for sale at this office.

Announcements.

E. W. Sprague and wife, missionaries for the N. S. A., are at present working in Ohio. They will begin work in the state of Michigan about Jan. 12. Their services may be secured to organize new societies, encourage and build up old ones, and for other needed work in the missionary field of Spiritualism. Address for the present, Sturgis, Mich. Permanent address, 615 Newland Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.
The Rev. Dr. Austin of Toronto, Can., editor of "The Sermon," will be in the vicinity of Boston during January and available for afternoon or evening lectures during the week, but not on Sunday. Secretary, Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Jan. 11, Rev. B. F. Austin of Toronto, Canada, will lecture. Subject, 2.30, "Mission of Spiritualism"; at 7.30, "Evolution." Eitters' orchestra Circles and song service.
Boston Spiritual Lyceum, Paine Hall, 9

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Appleton St. Services every Sunday at 1 p. m. Subject for discussion Sunday, January 11, "What and Where is the Noblest Work of God (Nature)?"
Mrs. Kenyon, speaker and test. medium, will address the First Society of Spiritualists, Fitchburg, Mass., Jan. 11.
Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. C. M. Hartwell, president, will hold next meeting Friday, January 9, Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. Ave., Circle, 3 p. m.; business meeting, 4 p. m.; supper, 6.30-15 cents. In the evening, 7.30, Mrs. Annie Chapman will speak and give spirit messages. Mabel Merritt, rec. sec'y.
Spiritual Science Home Mission, Goodwill Hall, 41 Market St., Lynn. Circles are held in the hall every Thursday at 3 and 7.45 p. m. Jan. 15, 16 and 17 gipsy tents will be arranged in the hall, afternoon and evening. A rummage table will be an attraction, and some other articles will be on sale. Mrs. E. I. Webster, Mrs. L. D. Butler, Mrs. L. M. Shackley, Mrs. Edith Lloyd, Mrs. H. L. Hill and other mediums will take part. Sec.

Xilia Barrett.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whilst busily engaged trimming our Christmas tree, arranging the wreaths of holly to the memory of those "gone home," putting the mistletoe in its proper place, we look round and about us, and feel comforted at the homeliness of our situation. In the old arm chair is seated the venerable head of the house, the grandfather with silvery locks, his son and daughters all anxious to his comfort, the grandchildren eagerly and anxiously awaiting the moment when the organ shall peal forth the Christmas song, "Oh, Holy Night," the chiming of the different churches to ring out the same tune, or that of the "Holy City." Indeed the occasion is a most inspiring moment, and yet with it all, we steal away from this scene of mirth and pleasure, to pay a last tribute of respect and love to Xilia Barrett.

For one of such tender years, only a bud of a little more than two summers, we might ask, can there be much to write about, or so short a life? Ah yes! for this was a most remarkable child, endowed not only with personal charms, she was also gifted with a bright intellect, and considerable will power. At the last, ever memorable convention of the N. S. A. at Boston, Mass., she, under the care of a young woman, came to one of the meetings, taking a seat with her companion, at the side of the platform, sitting quietly, and behaving like a perfect little lady. But suddenly, stirred by some impulse, she started for the platform, where Mr. Barrett was presiding. Several tried to hold her back, but she pushed forward, saying, "I want my papa," and managed to reach the president's chair. Mr. Barrett could not withhold any longer, and taking her up in his arms went on with his work.

This scene, with all the loveliness and tenderness surrounding it, impressed every one present so deeply that a muted applause was discernible—yet there was no demonstration of any kind, and after Xilia had embraced her papa, he said a few words to her quietly, and put her down on the platform; she then resumed her seat with her companion, not saying another word.

On the evening of the Children's Lyceum Entertainment at Odd Fellows' Hall, she helped herself to one of the small American flags on the platform, and while the children of the Lyceum were going through their exercises and marching up and down the hall, she waved the little flag in her hand to and fro, and behaved in perfect order, as if she had been trained to do so. And now this beautiful little girl has been taken away from devoted parents and many dear friends. We must ponder and ask Why? Wherefore? Shall they be comforted by the words "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform"? Or shall they seek comfort and redress in the meaning of the words: "And a little child shall lead you."

Who can tell? Whatever way it may be, we shall all miss the presence, the lovely smile, the sweet child-like prattle of our dear little girl, Xilia Barrett.

Elizabeth F. Kurth.

A Crown Disdained.

Conjugal wretchedness is as old as wedlock, and nobody is surprised that a certain princess in a kingdom over seas is very unhappy with her husband. What of it? we ask; being a wife, of course she is unhappy. But the princess, who really did not care for it, it would seem, has cast away a crown, saying, good riddance!

A-h-h! we are interested now, startled, even. That is a story away above the common. It reminds one of a character in Thackeray who flung at the bald pate of a would-be suitor the diamonds he, the lover, had given to his sweetheart. It is the same spirit venting itself in Saxony—a contemptuous estimate of haubts.
Be that as it may, all right thinking people will sympathize with the wife who, loathing the bonds of a degrading union—for wherever love is not there marriage is unholy—has turned her back on social position, since in no other way can she effect the severance she craves. As for the "elopement," it is too complicated to be understood on this side of the water. Here in America when a woman bent on romance runs away she does not encumber herself with her own brother and the lady he means to marry. We should not in that case consider it good fun. Why, pray, did not the princess take along with her her whole establishment?

Mary E. Blanchard.

Milltown, Maine.

News of Philadelphia.

The First Association of Spiritualists, which owns its temple, Twelfth and Thompson Streets, holds services every Sunday, 10.45 a. m. and 7.45 p. m. and Young Peoples Progressive Lyceum at 2.30 p. m. Adults invited. Twentieth Century Sunflower Club meets every Monday evening, 8 o'clock. Lecture every Friday evening, 8 o'clock. Woman's Progressive Union meets first Wednesday evening in every month, 8 o'clock. W. J. Colville, the talented inspirational speaker and writer, has been engaged for January and February and is now delivering a series of lectures which began on Sunday, Jan. 4, 1903, and continued daily during the following week. The subjects treated have been Sunday, January 4: 10.45 a. m., The Spiritual Outlook for the New Year; 7.45 p. m., Freedom and Fate. Monday, Jan. 5: 2.45 p. m., Foundation Principles of the Science of Being and Existence. Tuesday, Jan. 6: 2.45 p. m., Heredity and Environment in the Light of Spiritual Science; 7.45 p. m., The Riddle of the Universe—How Can We Solve It. Wednesday, January 7: 2.45 p. m., New Heavens and a New Earth in Human Consciousness; 7.45 p. m., Influence of Thought on Body and Estate. Thursday, January 8: 2.45 p. m., Relation of Mental Healing to Medicine and Surgery; 7.45 p. m., Influence of Thought on All Bodily Functions. Friday, January 9: 2.45 p. m., Auto-Suggestion and Alto-Suggestion—Self-Conquest and Healing of Neighbors. 7.45 p. m., Memory and Intuition; their Respective Uses. Saturday, January 10: 2.45 p. m., Involution and Evolution: A Study of Origins and Ultimates; 7.45 p. m., Healing from a Distance—The Inimitable Range of

Thought. Subjects for Sundays succeeding announced in local papers from week to week. Questions invited after each lecture. Banner of Light and W. J. Colville's books on sale at the door. Nearly every member of the Association was present to welcome Mr. Colville on Sunday, January 4, when the large auditorium was filled to repletion. During the Lyceum session W. J. Colville conducted the adult class.

Florida Letter.

EVA A. CASSELL.

I left the North mid snow and find myself in the warm and balmy land of the South. I tarried along the way and did not reach Lake Helen until the last of the month.

I am interested in the negro question and am making inquiries in that line. Several years ago when I was in the South I took up the same matter. Lake Helen will be my headquarters, but I shall make journeys to different cities to pursue my studies. There are so many thousands negroes South! And the whites despise them as a people. If there is anything in mental science it is a wonder that such a tide of constant mental anathema does not annihilate them from the face of the earth.

Charles D. Carroll just published a book entitled, "The Negro, a Beast—He is Not Human." Neither can He be Proven Human by the Bible." The author claims to have spent fifteen years of his life, and twenty thousand dollars in its compilation, and he declares that Scripture proves the negro a beast. I have begun reading the Bible through in order to see if it is true, and shall have something more to say on the subject later.

We are situated in the pine groves bordering on Lake Colby and it is a Paradise; so warm we wear no hats, but wander through the woods as if it was summer. It was indeed difficult to realize it was December, on

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Christmas day, for the trees hung full of oranges, roses blossomed and yellow jasmine; birds sang sweetly—the blue lakes sparkled in the sun and the mellow radiance of August prevailed. I was welcomed warmly by the brotherhood and sisterhood here and made to feel at home and I am so happy amid these harmonious conditions. How true it is, that if we try to do right and not wrong anybody, we can enjoy the peace it will bring; though there may be men who testify falsely against us, yet we have the knowledge of our own innocence to sustain and comfort us, and can rest content.

The camp has improved since my last visit here. Mrs. Brigham has built a fine lodging house containing eighteen rooms. Carrie Twing has a cottage here. Clegg Wright has built a unique dwelling planned by his control. It is built on hygienic principles, one of which is plenty of fresh air and Clegg just reveals in it in this abode. It is situated in Alligator Cove and our friend Clegg may be seen any time on the shore feeding the little "gators" and teaching them cute little tricks. Mrs. Palmer has a fine cottage here. There are plenty of rooms for everybody and Mrs. Spencer furnishes fine table board at very reasonable prices.

"Too Previous."

Such proves to have been our announcement—Last week that Dean Clarke's forthcoming poem was about to come forth. Dr. Clarke has been suddenly stricken with La Grippe and that may cause a short delay. He asks his subscribers to be as patient as he has had to be in waiting for their orders, and in the meantime hopes they will induce others to swell his list, so that as soon as he recovers, he will have a full week's work in mailing.

"Friends in need, are friends indeed."

The World We Live In.

A little book with the above title by E. A. Brackett, with a likeness of the author, has just been issued by the Banner of Light Publishing Co. As the edition is limited those who desire to obtain a souvenir of one of the oldest contributors of the Banner of Light should put in their orders at once. Price 75 cents per copy.

There were days We dare remember now, when only blaze Far off, the storm's black edges broken. Who thinks at midnight morrow will ever dawn? Who knows, far out at sea, that anywhere is land? And yet a shore hath set behind us, and will rise before.

—Bayard Taylor.

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In her preface, Mrs. Twing says: "I trust that the reader of 'Jim' will deal with him as tenderly as they say with 'Lambeth.' He is by no means a perfect boy, nor would I desire any boy to be perfect; but he is a type of what may come to the lowest children of earth if they will recognize the union of the Earthly and Heavenly—and while battling with earth's conditions understand that true living will bring to them the echo of 'Angels' songs.'"

CONTENTS.

Jim, The Poor-Home Walt, Jim's History and the Touch of the Angel Mother, Jim Finds a Friend and Buds, Jim Says Good-bye to the Poor Home Jim Reaches His New Home, Jim Gets Acquainted with New Surroundings, Jim Champions the Oppressed, Larn—'Home Found,' Jim's First Smoke a Failure, Jim Inspires a Worker, Charitable Act, Jim Selects His School, Jim Discovers His School, Jim Visits Goldie in Trouble, Jim Adopts Goldie, Jim Intervenes Dr. Briggs, Jim and Goldie are Separated, Death of Mr. Goldie's Mother, Jim Tells His Broken Goldie's sad story, Jim Tells His New Home, Jim Tells Jim's First Letter, Aunt Eliza Tells Her Remembrance, Jim Meets His Grandfather, Jim Reveals His Identity to His Grandfather, Jim's Grandfather Passes Over, Mrs. Barrett Visits the Barrows Household, Jim and Goldie are Reunited, 228 pages with portrait of author. Price \$1.00.

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.

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held December 11, 1902, S. E. 55.

Invocation.

We thank thee, oh spirit of love, that we are able to come into this little circle and able to help some of those who have passed out to express themselves to their own. Their own they are always. Nothing can shut out from the soul what belongs to it and nothing can keep from the soul that loves the expression of life from the soul gone on. May we in the blessed assurance of this love, in the perfect peace which the understanding of the law of love gives us, may we not forget, may we be sure to express always to the great spirit who ruleth all, our love and gratitude. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Hattie Davis, Manchester, N. H.

A lady comes to me first this morning about twenty-five or twenty-six years old. She is small, a little bit of a thing, very dark, with dark hair and eyes and skin and so nervous that she can hardly keep still. She says, "My name is Hattie Davis, I lived in Manchester, N. H., I have been over here quite a little while now almost every day I have said to myself that I would find a way to speak and every time I came I was so overcome with the thought of it I could not say what I wanted to. I want to get to my father and mother and my sisters and brother. They are all alive. I have Aunt Fanny and Uncle Ben with me; they are trying to help me to say what I want to. If I could only tell of my life it would help me very much. I am living in a beautiful place, everything is so lovely, it seems as if it is a part of the fairy stories and that some day I may awake and have to come back to the old trying conditions. I want to say to my people who are left that I can hardly wait for them to come here to me. Perhaps when they do, they will understand why I like it all so much. I am just as fond of children as before I came over and I am able to help them some. They are not children that I know always, sometimes some I have seen, but often little ones who come over and have no mother or father here. Those are the ones I am able to do something for, so when you wonder what I am doing, just think that I am telling stories to the children and trying to have them get some happiness out of the life over here."

Emma Martin, Amesbury, Mass.

Here comes a woman about fifty years old who says, "Hurry up and take my message as quickly as you can. I am Emma Martin and I want to go to Will Martin who lives in Amesbury, Mass. for about a month now, I have been close to him but I just about made him know I was there and I thought I would follow up that evidence with this saying. It is I and I am strong to do more things if he will only give me a chance. It is I who make him go to sleep whenever he takes his book up to read and it is I who passes before his eyes until he thinks there is somebody else in the room besides himself, and it is I who makes the noises on the glass in his room at night and it pleases me to think I can do those things. I don't want to frighten him. I only want him to be turned to investigate and see if I can cooperate with him and bring as strong a message as any spirit ever brought to friends in earth life. I know he will see this and be encouraged to make an effort to get to me."

Joseph Hill, Brockton, Mass.

There is a spirit of a man now about forty or forty-three years old who comes over to me with a very quiet and dignified sort of an air, and says, "My name is Joseph Hill, I am a Brockton man. They have a good deal of Spiritualism down at Brockton and I have been interested watching it grow. This is new to me and I didn't have much use for the cult before I came but it is just like a man has no use for death until he is sick, no special use for coal until he needs a fire, so I had no special use for this knowledge until I returned to my family. I can tell you that if I could get to Abbie and to Jennie as strongly as I want to I would make them understand they are not alone; a great company of spirits is about them most of the time trying to help and to give a strength to their every act in life. I have changed a good deal since I came over here. I used to be very set and think there was nothing right except the things I understood but I begin to think there is a good deal in the world that no one man can understand. It takes all the brains in the world put together to make a comprehension of what exists. If one man could understand it all, he would be God and if there was nothing in the world except what one man could understand the world would be about as big as a pea, so my friends will be glad to know that I have changed my views about a good many things and one of them is about the sleeping of the dead until they are called by Christ to go with him."

Lucy Snow, Mattapoisett, Mass.

A woman perhaps forty or a little older comes to me now. She is very pale and delicate looking but I think it comes more from her last sickness than from her general appearance. Her name is Lucy Snow. She says, "I am from Mattapoisett, Mass. I haven't much I can say except I am alive and so glad to send a message. If I could say to Edward I understand your grief over my loss and it is no use for you to give up to it. I should feel I had accomplished what I started out to do. My sister Helen who died so many years ago and whom I had always thought of as more of an angel than a person like myself is with me this morning and together we bring beautiful flowers, lilies white as snow, and put them here, our offering on this altar of truth, that perhaps the

fragrance of them and the witness of their lives and the impulse which prompts us to bring them may help some spirit who cannot get here as well as we can. You see we live very much in the spirit, Helen and I. She had been gone so long that she taught me all the law that she knew and while I don't forget my past I am trying to live very much in my present so glorious it is with its beauties and joy and knowledge of the union of all souls who love each other. Because I love you, you will come to me and because you love me your path will be unconsciously filled with light and lead direct to me."

To Annie Macy, Stonington, Conn.

Here is the spirit of a man about thirty-five years old with curly hair, just a dark brown, and a strong full face and happy manner. He has blue eyes. He says, "Will you help me if I tell you to whom I want to speak?" and of course he knows I will. He wants to go to Annie Macy who lives in Stonington, Conn. His name is Robert. He says, "They called me Bob of course, hardly a Robert goes through the world without being Bobbed. I want to tell Annie that I think my judgment about the furniture and the surroundings and what must be done is, perhaps, better than hers, for I can see further. I don't see any reason for disposing of things, everything I mean, yet. It would be a great sacrifice and you had better wait until a better opportunity presents itself. Father seems perfectly delighted to have me over here. He seems to forget that I had lots of things I wanted to do and says almost every day, 'So good to have you here, boy; I was lonesome without you,' and in spite of myself I am glad to hear him say it, and glad to be with him although there is so much that I would like to identify myself with in the earth life. The schools are very different over here, but I suppose I will understand you better by and by. I send love too, it seems rather a public way to send it but I do, and hope you will understand and will remember me always."

Katie Joyce, Randolph, Mass.

A girl about eleven years of age is here. She is dark, with heavy brown hair and is rather a slender girl, but she went to the spirit very suddenly. She seems to look perfectly well but as though she had a sudden illness that took her right off. She puts her hand up to her throat and I can see that it was diphtheria. She says, "Oh yes, I want my mother and my father," and she says it over twice as though that is about all she can talk about. She says her name is Katie Joyce and she lived in Randolph, Mass., her mother's name is Maria. "Don't forget it," she says, "write down as quickly as you can and tell her to hurry as fast as she can to get some definite word from me." The child holds in her hand a flower that looks very much like a Mayflower. It is small and pink and it seems as if she has a bunch of them. I think it is to signify that she went away in May and that she had some of these flowers about her body when she went away, and she smiles when I say it as if I had interpreted it aright."

Arthur Babcock, Brighton, N. Y.

A man about twenty-two or twenty-three appears, and before he gives me time to describe him, he says, "I am Arthur Babcock; I am from Brighton, N. Y. I fooled you, you thought I was going to say Brighton, Mass., but it is not. My purpose in coming is to send a personal message. I see some of these have been full of interest to the general reader and I am afraid mine won't be, but now I am here I will have to say just what I came for. I want to go to Grace; I want her to be sure I am not coming to her to frighten her. I have seen her and talked with her in her half-waking state, and I want her to be assured that it is I. It is a terrible thing, humbly speaking, for me to leave her, and I grieve more than I can say to have had it so, but if devotion and love can help her the least bit, she will be helped amazingly. You must not say, dear, it grieves me. I try to comfort you and it seems impossible to do it. I hope by and by you will get a little more used to it, but I am not a bit sure that you will. I saw you when you looked at those leaves, those red ones that we had picked together, and it hurt me so to hear what you said, as if we would never see each other again or be able to speak our love to each other. Why, dear, I am planning every day for your coming and I know that all through eternity we shall be close to each other and can have our walks, our love, and our life near to each other. God bless you, I am not able to. I have to leave you in the care of a stronger power than mine, but I shall never go away from you, never as long as I have consciousness. I am grateful to you for this opportunity to speak to my dear one."

Robert Johnson, Cleveland, O.

There is a spirit comes to me of a man about forty years old. He is as quick as a flash of lightning and full of energy. He seems to do everything with that quick, yet not nervous way. He says, "Well I guess that is right. I used to jump from one thing to another as fast as possible, and from one train to another as fast as I could, and that is how I lost my life. I was killed on the railroad jumping from one train to another trying to make time. What a silly thing it is, after all, for a man to try to make time! Well, that has nothing to do with this case. My name is Robert Johnson and I am from Cleveland, Ohio. Haven't had any Cleveland man lately, have you? Well, I am glad to be a spokesman from that place. I don't know that I care particularly about waking Cleveland up spiritually, but I would like to send word to my old friend Clem and tell him I was with him when he got the news of my death. He couldn't believe it, no more could I. He had seen me such a short time before and I knew it was an awful shock to him, but he soon settled down to it the way everybody does, and concluded that I was beyond his hearing, which I am not. There was a little matter of business between us two and I have always been sorry that I could not have settled it up. If I had known I was coming I would have done it, Clem, but as it was I had to leave it and it made you some trouble and I am sorry. I wish you would send out a thought to me and let me be a little help to you. That would relieve my mind some about the other matter, my family is getting along pretty well. Strange how women who have never known what it was to take responsibility, sometimes make so much out of life after the caretaker has gone, and that is what Emma has done and I am proud of her for it. I do want to speak to her but she is most too nervous for me to attempt it yet. By and by I will be able to. I am much obliged to you people here for letting a stranger come rushing in to give his message. Can't just see what there is in it for you but I know there is an awful lot in it for me."

James Harvey, Minneapolis, Minn.

The last spirit I see this morning is a man about 55 years old. He laughs and says, "Right in the prime of life, my child." He is big and strong and looks like a man that should have had a good many more years to live. He continues, "It makes me furious when I think how I was cut up and sent over here without the least sign of need of it. I am one of the appendicitis victims. When the rage first commenced, it seemed

quite the fashion to take strong men who had a pain and cut them up to see where it was. I think I had a little inflammation and not much need of an operation but I submitted, thinking they knew a lot more than I did, certainly knowing they ought to when they had spent so much to acquire knowledge, and the consequence was that my family was left and I made a wanderer out in an untried country. It makes a man pretty wrathful when he looks back and sees that he has been experimented on and that his life has been cut short about twenty-five years. It would not be so bad if the experiment saved the fellow that comes after, but it doesn't. They keep right on in the same old pace. You may think I am a little sour on the medical profession, I don't think I am. They never had any more loyal supporter or brave defender than I until I got over here and looked back to see what a botch they made of me. My name of course you will all want to know now. I am James Harvey of Minneapolis, Minn., and I want to send a word to my friends and tell them that I am just as much myself today as the day I came away, that there isn't a thing that interested me before I left the body that doesn't interest me now. Some things mean more and some of course less, as I grow away from them, but I feel the same strong impulse to do and to express that I did before I came here and it is something for a man to feel he can perhaps redeem some of the lost or so-called lost places in his life. I am very glad to have spoken and hope now I have relieved my mind, I will be stronger in reaching my friends. Thank you."

ABBY A. JUDSON.

STEPHEN BARNSDALE.

Wrapped in fire! O soul of mine,
Stand amazed in wondering awe
At the fearful entrance given
To a soul's own mystic shrine.

Hers a life of kindly good,
Seeking human hearts to heaven
With the love best understood
By the shining hosts of heaven.

"Fearful entrance," did I say?
Aye, indeed 'tis sadly true;
Yet the blossoming fruitage hangs
Clustering rich on every bough.

Stand aloof, ye meddling hands,
Touch not God's appointed plan;
Knows He best the way to reach
And sanctify the heart of man.

Speaks her life with greater power,
Drawing us to higher, higher,
For the pain of one brief hour,
For the baptism hers of fire.

Rest thou, loved one, from thy pain,
The agony at last is o'er;
Heavenly joy is now thy gain,
Earthly sorrow is no more.

Pittsford, N. Y.

The Varieties of Religious Experience.

WM. JAMES, L. L. D.

The Varieties of Religious Experience; a study in human nature. The Gifford lectures on natural religion delivered at Edinburgh in 1901-1902 by William James, L. L. D., of Harvard College.

The author truly says, "If the inquiry be psychological, not institutional, but rather religious feelings and religious impulses must be its subject," and he sticks to his text through the entire book in a delightfully discursive manner, dissecting a feeling here, comparing the moral religionist to the emotional religionist in another place, giving the mind-curers considerable credit and giving the reader the impression of an intense desire to get at the facts and in the fewest possible words.

To avoid all possible contentions he defines religion for the purposes of the book to be "the feelings, acts, and experiences of individual men in their solitude, so far as they apprehend themselves to stand in relation to whatever they may consider the divine."

The definition is broad, and that is the nature of the book, broad in its comprehensiveness, liberal in its interpretations and simple in its construction, but through it all Prof. James leaves for the line in his observations and deductions.

The first two lectures are devoted mostly to defining the various states and phases of religious life and feelings and definitely outlining the subject of the book.

He confirms a fact that many church members will not acquiesce in when he says that "as a matter of fact a religious life, exclusively pursued, does tend to make the person exceptional and eccentric." And he further joins their content by saying that he does not speak of "your ordinary religious believer who follows the conventional observances of his country," but rather of the "original experiences which were the pattern setters to all this mass of suggested feeling and imitated conduct." He calls people having such experiences "geniuses in the religious line," and says that "more perhaps than any other kind of genius, religious leaders have been subject to abnormal psychical visitations."

The third lecture, "The Reality of the Unseen," begins with the well-known statement that religion "consists of the belief that there is an unseen order, and that our supreme good lies in harmoniously adjusting ourselves thereto."

The slur of the unbeliever that the Christian believes in something he can not see is very neatly answered when the writer says, "The sentiment of reality can indeed attach itself so strongly to our object of belief that our whole life is polarized through and through, so to speak, by its sense of the existence of the thing believed in, and yet that thing, for purpose of definite description, can hardly be said to be present to our mind at all."

Many instances are related of people sensing the presence of others, he refers to them as "hallucinations" and says they are curious proofs of "an undifferentiated sense of reality."

In the "Religion of Healthy Mindfulness" the Professor opens the chapter with the question, "What is human life's chief concern?" and says that one answer is "happiness."

He defines his own position as follows: "It is to be hoped that we all have some friend, perhaps more often feminine than masculine, and young than old, whose soul is of the sky-blue tint, whose affections are rather with flowers and birds and all enchanting innocencies, than with dark human passions, who can think no ill of man or God, and in whom religious gladness being in possession from the outset, needs no deliverance from any antecedent burden."

Here is what he says of evil: "Much of what we call evil is due entirely to the way men take the phenomenon. It can so often be converted into a bracing and tonic good by a simple change of the sufferer's inner attitude from one of fear to one of light." "Since you make these facts evil or good by your own thoughts about them, it is the ruling of your thoughts which proves to be your principal concern."

Professor James strikes the keynote of the varieties of religions when he says, in speaking of the experiences of the mind-curers,

"these experiences (and a great many other kinds of religious experiences are like them) plainly show the universe to be a more many-sided affair than any sect, even the scientific sect, allows for."

Previous to that in the same chapter, he mentions the psychological similarity between the mind cures and Lutheran and Wesleyan movements and says that the whole is summed up in the sentence "God is well and so are you. You must awaken to the knowledge of your real being."

It seems, perhaps, a little like hedging when he classes a discussion about the various scientific verifications but experiences that agree with more or less isolated systems of ideas (conceptual systems) that our minds have formed."

Then he asks the question that we all have asked of enthusiastic adherents of various beliefs, "Why in the name of common sense need we assume that only one such system of ideas can be true?" and says:

"The obvious outcome of our total experience is that the world can be handled according to many systems of ideas, and is so handled by different men, and will each-time give some characteristic kind of profit, for which they enervate, to the handler, while at the same time, for some other kind of profit has to be omitted or postponed."

Passing from one extreme to its opposite, the sick soul comes next under the mind of the writer, who defines a sick soul as one "congenitally fated to suffer from the presence of evil." He shows that his studies of people and of life have been sympathetic and deep when he asks the question, "How can things so insecure as the successful experiences of this world afford a stable anchorage? A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and life is, after all, a chain."

He quotes Robert Louis Stevenson, who says, "Whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted." He then goes on to say that which the more advanced thinkers, as they are called, will take issue with, i. e.: "and on nature being thus vested in failure, is it any wonder that theologians should have held it to be essential, and thought that only through the personal experiences of humiliation which it engenders the deeper sense of life's significance is reached?"

He will also find many who will coincide with him when they look back over their not always pleasant lives. Although various views would have the world look upon the early Greeks as models of healthy minded joyousness the writer quotes the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies and calls them "philosophies of despair in nature's bores." He presents many experiences of other people who were in a condition of passive joylessness and dreariness, discouragement, dejection, lack of taste and zest and spring.

The layman would probably say that such a passive liver needed stirring up, and that a couple of evenings among cheerful surroundings would set him on his feet.

Lack of space and a fear that we may tire the reader forbids a lengthy review. We will give a few quotations from the remaining lecture, hoping to arouse in the layman as well as the student a desire to obtain and read the book for himself.

Conversion: "There is thus a conscious and voluntary way and an involuntary and unconscious way in which mental results may yet be accomplished; and we find both ways exemplified in the history of conversion; giving us two types, which I call back-luck the volitional type and the type of self-surrender respectively."

Again: "There are higher and lower limits of possibility set to each personal life." "When we touch on our upper limit and live in our highest centre of energy, we may call ourselves saved, no matter how much higher some one's else centre may be."

He tells us, also, that the state of assurance to the convert contains three characteristics, i. e., loss of all worry, a sense of perceiving truths not known before, and the abject change which the world often appears to undergo. He calls the talk as to back-sliding shallow, and says that the importance of the conversion experience lies in the fact that it shows a human being what the high water mark of his spiritual capacity is.

Sentiment and Its Value: The great failing with many book reviewers is their habit of saying pleasant things about the book just at that time under the eye, and therefore I am fearful that this one will be thus classed. However, anyone reading the book will at once acquit me of overdoing it when I say of this lecture that it is the plainest, most sensible and most applicable of any in the book, and that is saying a great deal. The pages contain such a restful thoughtfulness, that one almost wishes one could remember it all.

I wish to quote briefly, however, only what the professor is pleased to call the features of a composite photograph of universal sainthood that are in all religions. A feeling of being in a wider life than that of this world's selfish little interests, and a conviction of the existence of an Ideal Power.

A sense of the friendly continuity of the ideal power with our own life, and a controlling self-surrender to its control: an immense elation and freedom: a shifting of the emotional centre toward loving and harmonious affections.

I would like to ask two questions: What true Spiritualist has not sensed these characteristics? If theosophy of universal sainthood created sensations of a saint, looking at the matter from the view-point of the Christian, there is one to draw the line between Spiritualism and Christianity?

Mysticism: The author says that personal religious experience has its root and centre in mystical states of consciousness which he says, to avoid controversy, has four characteristics, i. e., ineffability, poetic quality, transcendence and passivity, and he styles them the mystical group. He traces the general traits of the mystic range of consciousness and notes that they are in all religions, pantheistic and optimistic, or at least the opposite of pessimistic. It is anti-naturalistic, and harmonizes best with twice-bornness and so-called other-worldly states of mind."

Philosophy: Some of the good things found in his lecture on philosophy: "I believe that feeling is the deeper source of religion." "To redeem religion from unwholesome privacy, and to give public status and universal relief of way to its deliverance, has been the task of philosophy." "What keeps religion going is something else than abstract definitions and systems of concentrated adjectives, and something different from faculties of theology and their professors."

In his concluding lecture he sums up the characteristics of the religious life as follows: That the visible world is a part of a more spiritual universe from which it draws its chief significance. That union or harmonious relation with that higher universe is our true end. That prayer or inner communion with the spirit thereof be that spirit "God" or law—is a process wherein work is really done, and spiritual energy flows in and produces effects, psychological or material, within the phenomenal world.

The psychological characteristics of religion include: A new zest which adds itself like a gift to life, and takes the form either of lyrical enchantment or of appeal to earnestness; An assurance of safety and a temper of peace, and, in relation to others, a preponderance of loving affections.

which is friendly to him and to his ideals. All that the facts require is that the power should be both other and larger than our conscious selves. Anything larger will do, if only it will be large enough to trust for the next step. It need not be infinite, it need not be solitary."

The writer has done much to disabuse the mind of the reader of the fallacy that any particular religion has a patent on God or a copyright on any teaching, or teachings, that tend to make life a concrete existence in which beauty, happiness, healthfulness and love are the principal factors; and I think as the book is laid down the reader will feel inspired to an honest, whole-hearted, common sense determination to constantly seek for the truth, and, wherever he may find it, give it the recognition that will be its.

The book, despite its name and character, is not dry reading; the pages are enlivened with many quiet little references to prevailing habits and beliefs, its definitions are excellent for the layman as well as the student, and, while perhaps the strait laced Christian may not be pleased with some of them, he must in fairness admit that they are sensible and wise and in better keeping with the spirit of the present times as well as with the spirit of the times of Christ.

It does much to enlighten one on many vexing questions of religion and gives to the reader a feeling of satisfaction for having perused its pages so closely. Taken all in all it is a book of inestimable value and one that returns much to the reader by arousing many helpful trains of thought.

Russ H. Gilbert.

Morris Pratt.

After a journey of four score years, on the 21st of Dec. 1902, Morris Pratt, the venerable benefactor and philanthropist, passed from earth to take up his work on that other side of the great divide.

Mr. Pratt was born in Madison Co., New York, Dec. 13, 1828, and up to the morning of the 21st of December, the 82d anniversary of his birth, has been in his usual good health, except occasionally a feeling of numbness in his limbs. This was thought to be due to his advanced age, and no especial importance was attached to it.

On Saturday morning he arose as usual, but had scarcely stood upon his feet before his wife noticed something unusual in his manner. She at once went to him, when she discovered that he was unconscious. Placing him in a comfortable position she called help to get him on the bed where he remained unconscious until the end came, nine days later. Friends of Mr. Pratt and the inmates of the Institute did all in their power to assist and relieve him, but as there was no hope of final recovery, were thankful when release came to the tired and struggling spirit. As he passed away, Mrs. Johnson, one of the teachers, played soft strains of music, the friends joined hands around the bed, while the students at the Institute collected in silent contrition for support and strength to be given the Spirit in its exit. No quiver of distress disturbed the passing spirit. He went out as one goes to sleep.

The funeral was held from the Temple Hall, according to his wish. He had always said he hoped to have the services there and his remains carried from there to their last resting place.

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull led the music and gave the opening invocation. Moses Hull gave the main discourse, touching on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, its comforting assurance, its inspiration to lead useful lives, and the joy of the knowledge gained by its teachings. Clara L. Stewart spoke of the home life of the venerable man who has endeared himself to every home in this land and whose name has become a household word, a man who by his loyalty to his convictions has become an example to all. Prof. A. J. Weaver made a few appropriate closing remarks.

Father Pratt had lived four score years in the mortal form. He had been useful, profitable years; but the crowning glory of his days was the leading to Spiritualists his magnificent Temple in Whitewater. The Temple was erected in 1883 and dedicated to the use of Spiritualism, with no definite idea as to just the kind of use it should be put to, but in September of last year the proposition to make it a college so impressed him that he immediately went about carrying out the proposition, with the result that in November he deeded the property to a board of seven trustees for the purpose of founding a college. He intended to endow the school with all his possessions except enough to provide comfortably for his wife who survives him. This he had already done by deed. He repeatedly stated his intentions in this matter to those with whom he talked, but it is not known at present whether or not he has put his intentions into legal form, his wishes are so well understood that it is hoped they will be carried out.

More than ever will the Trustees whom Father Pratt selected to see that his wishes were carried out, feel that a Sacred Trust is imposed upon them, and an added determination will be given them to see that it is so, and it is hoped that the Spiritualists will join with them in supporting and carrying on this great work that he has so nobly begun. With our ardent brother to lead, surely we can carry forward this, the outcome of his life work. Let us hope it will be so.

Clara L. Stewart, Sec. M. P. I. A.

Transitions.

Mr. Zira Elliott of Lincoln, Vermont, passed to higher life Dec. 20, 1902, at the age of seventy years. He was a man of noble principles and always ready to do what he thought was just and right. For twenty years he was a Methodist minister, and about twenty years ago he became convinced of the truths of modern Spiritualism. He also served in the War of the Rebellion as orderly Sergeant of Company A, 6th Vermont Regiment. He was a good citizen and held the respect of all who knew him. The funeral was held in the Christian Church. Mr. Lincoln Colburn of Essex Junction, Vermont, officiated, speaking of the truths of our philosophy, giving comfort and consolation to the bereaved family and friends. Mr. Elliott leaves one son, two daughters and many grandchildren, nearly all of whom have the same religious preference.—A. E. Manum.

Passed to the spirit life from Fitchburg, George N. Cate, aged 50 years. Mr. Cate was a much respected citizen of Fitchburg. He was a member of Local Union 351, Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators, and Paper-hangers, also of Lodge No. 171, A. O. U. W. and an earnest, consistent Spiritualist. He leaves a wife, a widowed mother, and two brothers, to all of whom he was loyally devoted. His funeral was held in the residence of his mother, Mrs. Joseph W. Cate, a medium of fine powers. The attendance was large; the orders to which he belonged being represented. The floral tributes were numerous and exquisitely arranged. The services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. Abram Coupland (Universalist) whose prayer was gemmed with tender, impressive thoughts, breathing consolation to the bereaved. May the rich blessings of our most holy religion abide with those the ardent brother loved.—Juliette Yeaw.

Passed from Fitchburg to the home of the spirit, Imogene E., widow of the late John Carpenter, aged 57 years. Her Carpenter had been in delicate health for some time, the release was sudden and unexpected to a large number of her many friends. She

Spiritualism in Relation to Life.

(Continued from page 1).

the world of spirits—not the spiritual world, or summat of love and harmony, but the Tartarean world of spirits. Death, the act of separating the material from the spiritual, settles no final destiny. Jesus preached to Hades-imprisoned spirits, which preaching implied repentance and reformation. When in Palestine a number of years ago, I plucked and ate delicious grapes in hell, the Valley of Hinnom, Gehenna, that "hell-fire" (St. Mark ix. 47) where the worm was never to die, nor the fire to be quenched. Progression spans all worlds, visible and invisible. Returning spirits confirm and exemplify this gospel—a gospel, not so much of hope, as of knowledge.

But the future out of mind, it is infinitely better to reform today—better to do right and live right now. Duty was the keynote to the moral philosophy of the great German philosopher, Fichte. To his students he said: "Duty is the foundation of a successful life." In all mental equipments, moral qualities should be put forward as guiding principles. There are not two worlds, only two aspects of the one world, visible and invisible. It is but a filmy mist that separates them. The clairvoyant eye can pierce it, and the clairaudient ear, like John's on Patmos, can hear the vibratory voices of the other-world intelligences. We may and should live the spiritual—the heavenly—life now, as a foretaste of those evergreen shores and temples of truth, that over there, await the truly good.

THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM.

Pure and undefiled religion is a divine soul emotion, inspiring reverence for God and love to man. And religious Spiritualism, in contrast to materialism, or atheistic side-show spiritualism, is a life, emphatically a life of love, guided by wisdom, a life of consecrated self-sacrifice for that truth which makes the soul free indeed, and was never making such rapid strides as now. Its progress is co-extensive with the progress of English-speaking nations. It is not noisy and boasting. Comparatively quiet and incisive, it is leavening the great lump of priestly ecclesiasticism. And in a few centuries, as the English language will be the cultured international language of the world, will Spiritualism be the religion of the world, chanting the triumphant anthem:—

"O Death, where is thy sting,
O grave, where is thy victory?"

SPIRITUALISM AND THE AFTER LIFE.

Death, to the pure in heart, is but going one step higher to clasp the shining hands of the loved ones gone before; or it may be compared to the rose, that climbs up the garden wall to bloom on the other side. It is not so much the mission of Spiritualism, to teach men how to die, as how to live the strenuous, manly life of the just. As we come this way to tarry in mortality but once, it becomes us to make every day one of moral improvement and self-mastery. Our angel-teachers plead with us not to miserly live for self, for gain; nor to grovel underground like moles; but to move up out of the cerebrum along the pathway of intellect to the coronal brain regions—the soul's parlors, where come angel guests to talk in tender tones of love.

Mr. Astor, one of New York's great multimillionaires, influencing a sensitive, wrote thus: "I am not happy; better for me that I had been an orphan and begged for bread in the streets than to have been the hoarding, grasping man I was, treasuring up that which I could not take with me to this new-state of being. Could I live my earthly life over again, I should pursue a very different course. Pray for me." Emerson wisely said in his "Conduct of Life," that "he who gathers too much of the earthly, in the very act loses an equal amount of the spiritual."

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORMS.

The overbrooding spiritual spheres are doubtless the spheres of inspiration and impression; causes; and Spiritualism, which so marvelously materialized to the sense-perceptions in 1848, at Hydesville, was begotten in the heavens. So considered, small matters are, in results, often the mightiest. A horse, in a Bethlehem manger, three centuries later shook imperial Rome to its foundations. A tiny apple-stem broke and showed to Newton the law that binds in one the starry universe; a tremulous tendon in a frog's foot gave birth to galvanism; a kite revealed the lightning's powerful armament; in a bit of amber lay hidden the mighty force of electricity; tiny coral insects lifted up islands from the ocean; scattering floating weeds told Columbus of a world afar in the West; and a few gentle tappings some fifty years ago in a midnight hour at a Hydesville farmhouse, told of a peopled world unseen, and bridged the distance, hope merging into knowledge, and faith into fruition.

Soon the world felt the quickening force. Reforms were conceived in the heavens and mapped out on the material plane on earth. William Lloyd Garrison, the anti-slavery agitator, and an avowed Spiritualist, rose from pacing the floors of a Baltimore prison to see ere long slavery die and himself crowned with a nation's honor.

A few years ago Hudson Tuttle, writer and author, took me in his carriage to see the old brick Edison homestead, where young Edison, the world-famed inventor, attended his first spiritual seances. He is still impressive and inspirational.

In 1863 the martyred Abraham Lincoln attended several spiritual seances at the house of Mr. Laurie, Washington, D. C. This gentleman, whom I well knew, was a Government employee in the Post Office department, and Mrs. Miller, his daughter, was a superior medium, whose seances, S. P. Kase, called the "railroad king," the Rev. John Pierpont, a Unitarian preacher and poet, the Hon. D. E. Simes, ex-Congressman, General N. P. Banks, Major Chorprenant, and Abraham Lincoln, with other distinguished personages, quietly attended.

Hudson Tuttle, writing in the "Banner of Light," March 7th, 1891, says: "Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard was constantly consulted by President Lincoln, and the communications he received through her were of the most astonishing character. The result of battles was foretold before the telegraphic despatches, and on several occasions advice was given and accepted, which, acted on, proved of momentous consequence."

It was well known in Government circles that Lincoln frequently consulted the spirits through Colchester, Foster, and other sensitives, and it was quite generally understood that it was through messages from the ascended fathers of the Republic that Lincoln was induced to sign the proclamation that struck the shackles from four millions of human beings.

The Stanford University of California, reported to be the richest (including its lands and estates) in the world, owes its origin to Spiritualism. The son of Senator Stanford, an ex-Governor of California, while touring in Europe, gathering relics and costly curios, passed away by a fever attack, while in Italy, to a higher life. He was an only child, sixteen, and full of promise.

"The Stanford family was a spiritualistic family," as Thomas W. Stanford remarked to me while attending one of his seances, just before I left Australia. This gentleman was for many years the American Vice-Consul in Melbourne, and his name, because of munificent contributions, is chiseled on the front of the Stanford University Library in California. These cultured, free-thought Stan-



Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period—how to avoid pain and suffering and remove the cause by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"TO YOUNG WOMEN:—I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as I knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds.

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am like another person since. I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 12 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy."—MISS AGNES MILLER, 25 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The monthly sickness reflects the condition of a woman's health. Anything unusual at that time should have prompt and proper attention. Fifty thousand letters from women prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regulates menstruation and makes those periods painless.

READ WHAT MISS LINDBECK SAYS:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has greatly benefited me. I will tell you how I suffered. My trouble was painful menstruation. I felt as each month went by that I was getting worse. I had severe bearing-down pains in my back and abdomen.

"A friend advised me to try Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I did so and am now free from all pain during my periods."—JESSIE C. LINDBECK, 1201 6th Street, Rockford, Ill.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Remember, every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., her advice is free and cheerfully given to every ailing woman who asks for it. Her advice has restored to health more than one hundred thousand women. Why don't you try it, my sick sisters?

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

fords, in this trying affliction, finding no consolation in church dogmas, consulted trance and clairvoyant mediums. And, while considering the subject of constructing a mausoleum to the memory of their son, he, from spirit life, suggested that the most satisfactory monument to him would be the erection of an unsectarian educational institution. This desire of their spirit-risen son culminated in that magnificent university which already has some two thousand students in attendance. It is the purpose, so I am credibly informed, that when these landed estates are sold and the income put into this institution, there shall be no tuition charges to students. Here, then, is that Spiritualism, which is of God, made practicable, in educating the young of both sexes on an equal footing; and non-sectarian education in the line of evolution must be the greatest crowning work of this twentieth century.

"Lo! I see long blissful ages,
When these Mammon days are done,
Stretching forward in the distance,
Towards a never-setting sun."

Spiritualism not only demonstrates a future existence, not only teaches the certainty of suffering in all worlds for wrong-doing, not only encourages invention, art, science, exploration, and all sanitary enterprises, not only shows memory to be the "recording angel," and self-denial, nobleness of purpose, purity of life and sweet spirituality to be the ascending steps to heaven, but it strikes the chains from millions of slaves and builds unsectarian universities. These angel ministries ever appeal to the silent, persuasive, and most powerful incentives to a better life. And though no subtle chemistry can impart a more delicate odor to the rose, though no lapidary can burnish the stars, nor rhetorician's art add to the moral beauty and dignity of a true altruistic life, yet everyone can cultivate that loving-kindness which disarms resentment, that patience which endures suffering, that gentleness which neutralizes acidity of temper, that forgiveness which obliterates personal animosities, that sweetness of disposition which adds lustre to all the heavenly graces, that consciousness of right which inspires justice, and that tender charity which, combined with the other virtues that angel messages inspire, make the harmonious man—Heaven on earth.

"The golden age lies onward, not behind.
The pathway through the past has led us up;
The pathway through the future will lead on
And higher. We are rising from the beast
Unto Christ and human brotherhood."

"Popularity comes of descending to the level of the average."—Sarah Grand.

In Re the Tennessee Fires.

I read in your editorial briefs of a family driven from home to save being burned out. "Fourteen fires," it says, "in forty-eight hours," etc., and you ascribe report to newspapers.

In April, 1879, such a fire occurred. The account was published (one and one-half columns, written by J. C. Cartwright of Iowa), by John C. Bundy of Chicago. It was the home of Adventists, where an orphan girl, sixteen years old, lived, who objected to being forced into the church. She was a good medium.

I went there (thirty-six miles) to explain the cause of strange things that amazed the family and neighbors. I was sixty miles from the medium at Lemars, Iowa, and received a message telling what had happened. The order "to leave and remain absent ten days or we will burn your home to the ground" was given through the young lady's hand, purporting to come from her mother, uncle, grandfather and others. Also "Let this child alone, or suffer."

The fire broke out in the centre of one bed, one drawer of dressing case, dress hanging on the wall, up in the roof. People with whom I lived were there and put out fires. I could tell you much more, but will say they returned in eight days and all went well three years, when the spirit of revenge showed itself again. The family had forgotten advice given by the spirit mother, and misfortune swept their thousands and one after another quickly followed to the spirit world. They are all gone. The young lady was forced to wed and soon she and her husband died.

It was my first experience and this article has brought it fresh to memory. Things are not as they were then. Tables are not smashed. Potatoes are not thrown by bushels up the stairs.

Do you remember when Alice Clough fell from high beam backwards striking on his head on bare floor? My Indian and others said they put a blanket under and saved him.

You say, "Spirits have something better," etc. Those people were not honest. They were Uncle and Aunt to the girl and her property was in their hands and if she was in the church and married they held the money. Was that honest? The mother said, "I am not in the grave, nor am I the evil one. This is my child and I her lawful mother and she shall never join that church."

F. S. Bigelow.

"It is a beautiful belief,
That is ever round our head
Are hovering, on noiseless wing,
The spirits of the dead."

WINTER BLOOMS.

Within the frozen earth,
When snows are falling,
The Christmas Rose has birth
And thus is calling,
To you, to me,
To come and see
How roses grow
Under the snow,
Where wintry winds are blowing.

Under the emerald drifts
Of snow fast falling,
Where the frail fern-frond lifts,
Pansies are calling,
To you, to me,
To come and see
How pansies grow
Under the snow,
When winds the snows are drifting.

Within the forests deep,
Close to Earth's bosom,
Where winds the brown leaves heap
In sweet confusion,
Are pale pink blooms
In snow bound toms,
Arbutus sweet,
Waiting to greet
The rose and pansy blossom.

O lovely Christmas blooms,
We hail thy coming!
Fair daughters of the storms,
In beauty blooming,
With joy we greet
Thy faces sweet,
In calm, in storm,
Each Christmas morn,
When sweet joy-bells are ringing!

O beauteous winter flowers,
Blest be thy mission,
To cheer the wintry hours,
Is Life's fruition,
Pansy and rose
Under the snows,
Arbutus rare,
Fragrant and fair,
A breath from field's elysian.

A. E. N. Rich.

Churchville, N. Y.

When the King Came.

MABEL FRANCES KNIGHT.

The little town of Odensburg was all excitement. On Tuesday the King was to come, King George II. of Saxony, the last hero of the Franco-Prussian War. Great preparations had been made for his visit to the little city and his coming was the only subject of conversation in the cafes, at the social gatherings and in the home. Every day throngs were assembled to watch the erection of the triumphal arch which was the city's pride. The red, white and black of Germany, the green and white of Saxony were visible everywhere and from both sides of the arch stood two marble maidens extending out a wreath in the direction the King was to come. He must pass under this triumphal arch and the energies of all the artists and architects had been summoned to aid in the erection of this wonder.

In a pleasant little parlor of a pleasant little house, a lively conversation was being carried on between Herta, just now the presiding young hostess, and Ludwig, one of her neighbors. As they busied themselves over their coffee cups the conversation turned upon the coming of the King.

"So you've really secured two seats near the triumphal arch. How very good of you," said Herta and she rattled the spoon in her coffee cup approvingly. "But," she continued, "how will we be able to see above all the heads of the people, for there will surely be a crowd there if anywhere?" and the spoon in her cup began to move more slowly as if pondering over such a problem. Looking up quickly she caught a smile on Ludwig's face.

"What are you laughing about? I don't think it's very nice of you not to tell me the joke if there is any," and the slightest possible pout came into Herta's face.

"But you haven't given me a chance to say a word, Herta," said Ludwig. "Truth to tell, I'm afraid you won't like the seats," and he began to trace the pattern of the carpet with his cane. "They are merely the top seat of a step-ladder," and as he said this he stole a look at Herta to see how she took this bit of news. "It's the only way we'll be able to see the King, unless we climb the trees," he added, wishing to apologize for the unavoidable, but the words were hardly out of his mouth before Herta jumped up with a joyful little cry, clapped her hands once or twice and seating herself at the piano dashed off a national air. She then returned to her former seat more sedately and said to Ludwig:

"Oh, I think it will be just too lovely for anything. It was so good of you to think of that way that I'll—I'll—"

"What will you do?" interrupted Ludwig half amused, half seriously.

"I'll give you another cup of coffee," and a saucy laugh rang out as she refilled his cup.

"O, Herta, you never will be serious," and Ludwig took a swallow of coffee resignedly. "Now, Ludwig, you don't want me to be like some of the serious minded, long-faced beings that are constantly groaning and looking as if they had lost their last friend, like this," and Herta drew her face down into such a comical expression of despair that Ludwig burst out into a hearty laugh.

"There, that is more like you," said Herta approvingly, as she offered him a cake.

"No thank you, Herta, I must go now. You know there is no rest for any of us until the King comes," and he started toward the door.

"Oh, to think we'll see a real live, truly King," sung out Herta as she came forward to say good-bye.

"I'll be sure to be ready at any time you say."

Perhaps two, then. He is to come at three, and we had better make sure of our places, for seats there are at a premium. If I wasn't so big and clumsy I would dance with you," and he surveyed admiringly the lithe figure spinning around.

"You?" said Herta, coming to a sudden standstill. "I didn't know you were as anxious as that to see the King."

"Ah, I'm not, though," replied Ludwig. "Don't you think that we boys are just as anxious to see a hero, one who has done something for his country, as you girls are to see a King because he is a King?" and there was the least perceptible twinkle in his eye as he said this.

"Oh, Ludwig, that's too bad of you," and for the second time the pout appeared, but quickly vanished as Ludwig went out saying, "At two o'clock Tuesday."

Tuesday came as pleasant as even the people of Odensburg could wish. Vendors were with miniature flags of Germany and Saxony. Old women with pretzels were kept busy and the sausage stands needed replenishing many times. By half-past two there were crowds gathered and foremost among them were Herta and Ludwig perched upon a step ladder and both looking eagerly in the direction of the station from which the King was coming. The minutes crept slowly on, enlivened by the imprecations of the policemen who tried in vain to keep the crowd back, and were rewarded by answering jests and other pleasantries which did not appeal to these officers of the law. At five minutes of three there was an ominous silence. A dead hush had settled over the people, and

just at this time it was that some childish voices were distinguishable at the foot of the ladder upon which Herta and Ludwig were sitting.

"O, sister," sobbed out a little fellow of six or seven, "we can't see the King at all, and after coming all this way." The last words were nearly choked by the childish sobs.

"Hush, dear," said the sister, "it is nearly time for him to pass and perhaps we shall see him after all," but as she said this there was a great look of disappointment in her eyes and she struggled to keep back the tears that would come.

It all happened so quickly; Herta never knew just how, but almost before she knew it, these two forlorn little tots were up side of her with their tears changed to smiles and looked eagerly at the head of the procession which was just appearing round the corner. In a few minutes more the King would pass and Ludwig would not see his hero. "How good of him," thought Herta, "and how thoughtless I am," and she looked remorsefully down at the manly figure that stood there with no look of disappointment on his face, but she knew he must be, for had he not told her that very afternoon that he was anxious to see his hero? Just at that moment he took off his hat ready to greet his King, if he could not see him, and the light from the rainbow-colored arch mingled with the sunshine, so played around his hair that it formed, so Herta thought in her imagination, a crown, and she was conscious of repeating to herself the words, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these little ones ye have done it unto me."

A great shouting put an end to all further comments on Herta's part and turning round quickly she saw—not the King, but the last of the retinue that was escorting him, and so she, too, had lost the opportunity of looking at a real King.

"How funny," murmured Herta when they were going home, "that we both should miss seeing him," and she looked thoughtfully down at the little Saxon flag she carried.

"But you saw him, did you not?" Ludwig quickly asked. "I hope so, you were so anxious to see a King."

"And I did see a King," was the swift reply, "one whose crown is set with gentleness and kind deeds and whose kingdom consists of the suffering ones about him; one who," she continued, seeing that he still looked mystified, "will deny himself the anticipated pleasure of seeing a crowned King in order to let a little boy and girl see him, and one who would be a true knight to any lady in the land," and Herta looked shyly up into his face.

"Herta, you don't mean," he gasped out. "Perhaps," answered Herta, "at any rate you might try and see if I did."

Leipzig, Germany.

Circumstances.

Every human being is in a prison of circumstances. He is there because he deserves to be. He has "attracted" it to himself. It is the particular sort of prison he needs just now. It is stocked with the sort of things he needs to exercise mind, will and muscles upon, to fit him for the next higher class in the line of his desires.

Will he adjust himself to it all and work happily, faithfully, willingly; and thus shorten his sentence? Or will he kick the walls and curse his work—and lengthen his sentence? Will he accept things and work happily? Or will he grumble and kick, and be unhappy?

It all depends upon himself. His environment is his friend if he works with it; his foe if he turns against it. One is happy with his friends, no matter in what garb they come; one is unhappy with those he is turned against, no matter how richly they are dressed or how fair they may appear.—Ex.

Men are better than they seem. I think it is a rare man who shows the best of himself to the world, his deepest convictions, his highest conceptions of duty, his most profound belief in charity, and who lives out the deepest and holiest thoughts he has.—A. McKenzie.

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