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## ROBERT BURNS.

Our Robbie Burns, like music from the lips,  
Thy name flows out with love's delightful cheer;  
We then repeat, a manly man is here,  
Thou' once his star did suffer dark eclipse,  
Yet from that dark with golden rays it slips  
Into the blue of fame's deep atmosphere.  
Like that which shines when morning's self is near,  
And then into the sea of daylight dips,  
Thy message came in melody of song,  
Impassioned and spirit of the right;  
Like silver brook it wound its way along—  
From hill to wood, and on to meadows bright,  
Tuneful and sweet, at times so deep and strong,  
A friend of flowers and birds and day and night!  
William Brunton.

## Half-Truths.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, for it breeds conceit and annals aspiration for further growth, which self-satisfaction sounds the death knell of all true progression. Many disciples of truth seem in such danger today. Having gained a fraction of truth, they are so unduly elated thereby, that it would seem as if wisdom might die with them. All classes of modern thinkers display varying symptoms of this disease. Mental Scientists have not overcome all intellectual pride, while recognizing it as one of the most difficult maladies to cure in their patients. Christian Scientists are quite painfully absorbed with the conviction that they hold the only truth worthy the name, and that every other belief is distinctly, dangerously wrong. Theosophists are less narrow, perhaps, in their range of vision, for their wisdom-religion embraces the cycles as well as this present illusive dream. It claims familiarity with the endless rounds and chains which constitute the long Day of Brahm, but it is not lacking in exclusive arrogance toward those tributary faiths which might enrich its own noble ideal of a universal brotherhood. Are even Spiritualists exempt from self-satisfaction, from the conviction of conscious superiority to all other disciples of Truth? It is they alone, it often seems, who have arrived at the goal of revelation. It is they who have pierced the veil into the realm of the unseen, whence all that is to be seems visible and clear. What more can be desired? Have they not proven that the so-called dead live, that communion between this world and the next is possible and absolute? Does this discovery not confer an aristocracy of position possessed by no other class of believers?

But while holding this priceless treasure, this demonstration of the continuity of life, are they not still creatures of physical infirmity, have they learned to dominate material conditions by the power of the spirit whose name they bear? They even look readily to material potencies for alleviation of bodily pain. Spirit is not yet consciously to them the only power, or reality, even while imprisoned in the clay. They recognize spirits disembodied as of course all-powerful, all-wise, hence Spiritualists too often wait supinely for their spirit friends to cure their infirmities, to fight all their battles for them, and in some cases to earn their daily bread, and gamble for them in the stock market.

Spiritualists also have not uniformly conquered their mental action, they have not gauged the possibility of overcoming habits of unkindness, ill-feeling, envy, slander and many other blots on their social escutcheon. But then they know that if a man die he shall live again, they have seen spirits, received their messages, witnessed materialization, got slate-writing; therefore that very desirable commodity of Truth must be completely within their possession. There is nothing more to be grasped; no other phase is of the slightest value in comparison.

Does not our poet of the new dispensation urge the student to "Be not afraid to thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole?" And are not a large majority of Spiritualists too easily satisfied with a half-truth, an incomplete revelation? The utmost conception of spiritual wisdom which can be grasped is the merest glimmer of Truth's transcendent glory, the most advanced student has only unraveled a little of the fringe of Truth's radiant robe, and aspiration cannot be too eager, persistent, far-reaching, to allow the aspirant entrance even into the outer vestibule of the temple of Wisdom. Too close and prolonged investigation of phenomena quenches the spirit of aspiration. It is necessary for the skeptic, but the disciple who knows, whose conviction awaits no further evidence, should outgrow the need, or the exclusive enjoyment of objective demonstration. The dear ones with whom communion is sought are all the while advancing in knowledge, in realization of spiritual powers and soul conquests. How will it then be possible in that blissful hour when we join them, for us to enter their realm and enjoy their unbroken companionship, if we stand here all the day idle, such feeble growth attained, so few spiritual victories won? For we can grow together, side by side, here as well as there; indeed it is claimed that greater advance can be made in one year on

the material plane, than in fifty years of the first sphere of exaltation surrounding the planet, where opportunities for overcoming are more limited.

How often in converse with a recently departed friend, has query been made regarding some earlier arisen member of the family, eliciting the response: "O she comes often to see me, I cannot go, where she is yet." On the other hand an instance might be cited of a spiritual worker of advanced thought who questioned a spirit friend, one who had passed on years before: "How will it be possible for me ever to enjoy free intercourse with you in the spirit world when you already have so much the start of me and are advancing all the time?" The reply was: "I came into this life ignorant of every spiritual law, almost of the fact that I was a spirit. I have had everything to learn, truths which you have already grasped. I have learned much by watching your work and listening to your teachings," the spirit adding in jocular vein, "can't you see that I have got to work hard to ensure that you don't get ahead of me now?" This effort to encourage the mortal toiler at the expense of strict verity, holds a momentous thought.

We are here for growth, for work tending thereto, not to pause on the road to enjoy present attainment, with the goal we seek still far beyond our sight, not to be content with a corner section of Truth when the full conception of its majesty and magnitude has never yet dawned upon our consciousness. Wisdom is the one thing to be desired. "With all thy getting, get understanding," a knowledge of thyself, thy powers, and the ability to use them in all noble conquest over besetting errors and weaknesses. Even the spirits with whom you commune will thus enjoy and lean upon your uplifting strength, be helped by your lofty aspirations. Be not so easily satisfied, Spiritualists, with present attainment, linger not so complacently on a half-truth, however pure and beautiful it may be. Be not afraid or tardy in your desires to grasp all of Truth which the finite mind can compass.

How many unsolved problems still remain for the most advanced disciples to consider, how many eternal "whys" are yet unanswered, how many psychic laws and spiritual forces still unexplored, how many fields of spiritual research are destined to reach the heights of soul? Why not begin our ascent at once? Why not become thoroughly conversant with the valuable literature which our philosophy offers, the fruit of richly inspired minds? And when in some distant day these are exhausted, how much might be gained by analyzing the flowers that grow in our neighbors' gardens. Metaphysical publications hold many beautiful thoughts that cannot fail to widen one's mental horizon by their perusal, and help to practicalize truth already grasped, while the wealth of Eastern and occult lore which the Theosophical Society has compiled and offers in concrete form to the world, is most enticing and uplifting. Why not be like the many chambered nautilus, to secret pearls in all waters? All truth is one, but it needs to be viewed through many lenses. We can best understand our own, all-embracing philosophy after studying its relation to other revelations. It is claimed that Spiritualism covers the whole ground, but there are vast territories in our own wide domain, yet unexplored.

And after the mind has become enriched by conscientious study and an investigation of truth which supersedes the phenomenal plane, there remain wonderful possibilities for the spirit that unfolds its own consciousness on the spiritual plane, by learning perfect mastery of the lower self, gaining the power to dominate pain in others, to impart invincible strength, arrest tendencies to temptation, to be a savior of the lost, a Christ to redeem. O there are such beautiful paths for the dominant spirit to tread, such manifold possibilities for the ripened soul, even the discovery and unfoldment of Truth not yet revealed to the world, with the ability to create an atmosphere on this terrestrial plane that spirits from the upper realms can enter freely, and companionship be complete and unbroken, in advance of disembodiment. Let us ascend to meet our celestial visitants rather than await their imperfect descent into our crude conditions.

Have we fathomed the purpose of the soul in this earthly expression? What does it accomplish by its pilgrimage through matter? What are the laws governing its unfoldment? Are we earnestly striving to fulfil its perfect mission by our half-hearted devotion to Truth? For even today, as ever, Truth is on the scaffold and its unwakened lukewarm supporters may prove its executioners. The present hour is one of deepest import, of gravest need. It needs devoted, prescient souls at every outpost, earnest in purpose, unwearied in service, strong in effort, intuitive to catch supernatural messages and translate them for a waiting world, content then to be ignored and forgotten, if only the cause of Truth moves grandly on.

It is not uncommon to hear expressions of

mild contempt for the New Thought and other cults; and the assertion by any speaker on our platforms that these modern philosophies hold nothing they did not teach from Spiritualism, is always met with loud applause. Spiritualism, it is affirmed, is the one universal, all-embracing truth. Granted, heartily, but how can Spiritualists know that this is true until they have carefully studied the other phases of Truth, have tested and proven their worth, the depth and practical value of their message? The rejection of ignorance on any matter is valueless. Spiritualists have never given even cursory, superficial examination to the various principles of any so-called modern thought, or investigation, sufficient to enable them to intelligently state what relation it bears to Spiritualism. If they are to stand as exponents of a universal religion, they should themselves be universal in their outlook and hospitality to every phase of truth, whatever its label.

A modern writer has likened Truth to a mammoth bird who flies over the world dropping here and there a feather, and he who finds such a feather hugs it to his breast and cries, "O, I have found Truth," when he has only grasped a small quill. Even the Christ was only a larger feather from the same gigantic bird. And shall any spiritual disciple or student be content with the puny plume he has thus far gathered? Should he not eagerly continue his search for all of Truth that he can discover?

"Let there be many windows to your soul,  
That all the glory of the universe  
May beautify it. Not the narrow  
Of one poor creed can catch  
That shine from countless  
away.

The blinds of superstition  
Pour through fair windows  
itself  
And high as God."

### What Did She See?

BY LILLIAN WHITE.

The red rose whispers  
And the white rose lies  
Oh, the red rose is a lie  
And the white rose is  
a dash on its  
For the love that is purest and sweetest  
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.  
Boyle O'Reilly.

### CHAPTER I.

#### Under-Currents.

There they lay,—great masses of roses in tints of pink and white and crimson,—a very dream of color and faint fragrance. An hour ago she would have revelled in their loveliness; an hour ago they would have made her happy; an hour ago,—but it was already ages ago.

When Ethel Leigh met the New York artist, Gardiner Courtney, one year before, she touched that supreme moment of life in which past and future are alike absorbed; in which all perplexed meanings were reconciled; all discordant notes forever harmonized. She vaguely knew, rather than actively recognized, that he was distinguished in art, rarely gifted, and was rapidly acquiring prestige and fame. Perhaps if she had really seen herself to reflect on it she would have been gratified to know it was true. But she did not love him because of this,—at least not consciously. She was glad to know that he was winning great success, if he desired it. For herself, she only desired—his love. And when it came to her, life was so blessed that she questioned if heaven itself could hold aught that was more satisfying. She saw him, of course, in an wholly idealized atmosphere. No mortal man could have actually fulfilled all that Ethel Leigh believed her lover to be. She had a girl's dreams, too, about his work and the help she should be to him. Nor did she overrate this help, although she was a woman of possibilities rather than powers, and in the world of achievement she would be something or nothing, according to the spiritual atmosphere in which life placed her. She was capable of enthusiasm and sacrifice; she had her hours of exaltation, but when she took these to her lover he repressed her at times by some indefinable failure of sympathy, while at others his mood met hers, and she would concentrate in an hour the happiness of a lifetime. As she herself was a woman of moods and tenses this uncertain note in his temperament rather fascinated her. She could bear anything better than a monotone. Life, her own included, was sufficiently objective to her to present a degree of dramatic entertainment, and it interested her. A curious lack of intuition on his part made sometimes a discord that he could not understand. "Tell me just what you wish to do, Ethel," he would often say to her when they talked of the future. But she demanded that he should know without explicit information, and when he did not she was silent. She could not say to him, "If you loved me as I do you, you would know without any words." Yet this was what she felt, and when she shrank away from him in a reserve which was that of repressed feeling rather than

coldness he wondered, after all, if Ethel were not exacting in her disposition.

It was out of the very intensity of her devotion to him that these phases arose. If she had cared less for him; if she had been a shade less conscious of every expression of his face and inflection of his voice she would have been a happier woman and have made him happier, too. As it was she perplexed and puzzled him. Yet he cared for her as he had never cared for any woman before, and it was his deepest satisfaction to believe that no one had ever before won from her more than a passing regard. He was absurdly sensitive on this point, and she, giving to him the entire wealth of her devotion, was so really true in the spirit that she failed to realize that she was less true to the letter, and that there was a chapter of her life which it was his right to know. It was one so latent in her consciousness, so utterly lost out of all that now made up life to her, that she did not recall its existence in a manner forcible enough to lend it expression in words. Yet no experience of life, it may be, can ever be so isolated from its general course as to lose all elements of its subsequent influence. In some subtle way it lies in character, and, therefore, contributes to the shaping of all after life.

Gardiner Courtney had not been one of the precocious art students of the day. He was 26 years of age when, ten years before he met Ethel Leigh, he left college and began devoting himself seriously to art. These years had been full and varied to him. He had passed most of them in Europe; he had studied scenes and places; he had observed and accumulated, and had formulated his aspirations in a manner that made a strong force in the society in which he lived. Ethel Leigh, with her subtle sympathy and fervor the greater, permitted in herself the power to live in actual detail. She lived in her own; yet, as she was a woman of strong individuality, she could not come so quickly succeeding in her expression that the world incited, without a faint note rather of peace of love for her misfortune.

Rather than her husband, he had given her that all-comprehending, enfolding tenderness which she craved, she could have been strength and sweetness and support to him. Yet had this been so, there would have been no discipline of life for her, and no story of their love to tell. It is, after all, for the gifts that are withheld that we should be grateful. It is the loss and not the gain, the struggle, and not the success that lifts us to higher planes.

Ethel Leigh was the daughter of a New England college professor, who married a beautiful and gifted girl of the college town, resigned his position, and with a capital represented by a good store of learning and of love and a slender bank account, went abroad with his young wife, hoping by means of mingling educative and literary work they might supply their modest needs and gratify their tastes. For a year their plans were fulfilled. They established themselves in Venice, where Ethel was born, and dreams of the rose and gold of Italian sunsets mirrored in Venetian waters were wrought into the very fibre of her being.

Soon after, the young wife and mother died, and Endicott Leigh, with a kindling of his latent New England energy born of desolation and despair, returned to his native land and settled on a great wheat farm of Dakota. Fate had directed his life after the manner of pawns on a chessboard. For his daughter it made a curious combination. She inherited a fair share of the intellectual energy and moral bias that are so distinctively the characteristics of New England. The mysterious and pre-determining influences of heredity had attuned her nature to poetry and to art,—to a rhythmic response to all that was beautiful. She was too young at the time of her mother's death to remember her distinctly, or to remember Italy; yet the undefined sense of loss was always keen with her. She grew up as a changeling and an exotic on the great Western prairies. Life was negative to her. She had a child's affection for her father and for the second mother that in a few years he gave her. She found society in the wealth of books, which was the one luxury of their simple home. For some years she studied at a Western college, where she acquitted herself with exceptional honor in every phase of the graphic arts and of pictorial reproduction; and with as exceptional disgrace in everything pertaining to exact science. Leaving college she drifted into teaching, less from active inclination than from the indirect influence of association.

To the educated young people of the great West teaching has come to be the accepted ground of promotion into law or literature, medicine or mechanics, physics or metaphysics. But we are led by a way we know not. Ethel's choice of teaching placed her in a country town where there had come to

dwell, temporarily, an artist from the Southwest. Herman Eckstein had come as a poor boy from Germany to that favorite city of German population, St. Louis. From humble efforts in art he had gradually risen to be recognized as the leading artist of that region, and when he became a professor in the Academy of Fine Arts, with art classes in the country town of New Saco, it was his next ambition to paint for the salon a picture that should be distinctively American, and to the vast Western plains he came to make his studies for the work, to be called simply "Dakota."

To Ethel Leigh the meeting with Herman Eckstein was that event of destiny that made itself a controlling force in her future. In an instant all her latent artistic instincts awoke and asserted their right to development.

Her assumed duties in conducting the youth of New Saco to the truths of mathematics or rhetoric were forgotten. "You must release me from my engagement," she said. "I have been, as a teacher, an unconscious fraud. If I went on longer I should be a conscious one. You must let me go."

The release was easy—one of the many applicants stepped into her schoolroom, and Ethel was free to turn toward that life to which her whole nature was in response. The first elements of technique she had learned at the different "art departments" of the college where she had sacrificed all other work to the all-absorbing study of line and shade. Under Prof. Eckstein's guidance she made phenomenal progress. It was perhaps natural, in the isolation of the rural life, that there should have come a nearer relation between Ethel Leigh and Herman Eckstein than that of pupil and master. His nature was too self-centred for the highest love, but he was attracted to this girl, and on her part—she loved art and not the artist. But she easily mistook one for the other, and at this time a sudden inspiration came over her—to go for serious study to the Academy of Fine Arts in St. Louis. She did not wait to debate the suggestion, but with an impulsive faith only possible to earliest youth, with a sublime disregard of ways and means, with a small sum of money and some excellent letters of introduction from several of her college professors and from Mr. Eckstein, she set out on the journey from which, in a more than literal sense, she was never to return.

"You may close the door behind you, my daughter," said her father, sadly, on the last evening of her hurried visit to her home to prepare for the great city. "You may close the door of all this life behind you. You will never need it again. You will go out by another way. If life is, as I believe, cyclical, it is but the return of the spiral, and we never retrace precisely the same path. There is a fragment of verse of which your mother was very fond," he continued, "that comes to me now tonight, and which embodies a truth that we all come to learn by experience. It runs:

"Out of the quiet way,  
Into the world's broad track,  
We go forth on some summer day,  
And never wander back.

"Not death!  
We do not call it so,  
Yet scarcely more with dying breath  
Do we forego."

"I will not sadden either of us, my darling," he continued, "by saying this parting is for life. And yet, in a sense, it is. You will never return to me the same as tonight."

"But something better, papa," she whispered softly.

Thus one link in the chain of destiny for Ethel Leigh had been forged and the untold future beckoned her. In the home of an old friend of her father's, who had gone from New England to St. Louis, Ethel found a niche to grow in. She entered on the new life with a kind of unconscious ecstasy in the recognition of a freer, wider horizon where all beautiful possibilities pictured themselves to her, and she said to her own soul: "All these are mine, and I—I am yours." If she gave herself to art she knew she must rely solely on her own exertions. But it was exhilaration and not hardship, and she repeated to herself with the true fervor of the ideal rather than the practical nature:

I can live,  
At least my soul's life, without aims from men,  
And if it be on heaven instead of earth,  
Let heaven look to it,—I am not afraid.  
(To be continued.)

"I know that love is never wasted,  
Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;  
And the thought that goes forth in a blessing  
Must live as a joy in the air."

"It is better to work to build up truth, than to pull itself down by trying to pull down evil. Truth will settle untruth and relegate it to its nothingness."

In your own soul is a seed which never has been or can be in any other soil. Find it, appreciate it, cultivate it.—J. William Lloyd.



LIFE'S MEANING.

Struggling, hoping, waiting, longing,  
Gropes the soul along the upward way.  
Sometimes with friends and pleasures thronging,  
Sometimes in mournful shadows deep and gray.  
Praying when the day's last splendor glistens  
Along the gorgeous, golden tinted west,  
That angels to our thoughts will listen  
And bring to pass whatever for us is the best.

Yearning, weeping, seeking, praying  
Up life's hills we journey toward the light.  
Always to ourselves still saying  
The morrow, aye, the morrow will be bright.  
Yet how oft the dreamed of, happy morrow  
Brings to the soul, troubled and oppressed,  
Only a repetition of its sorrow  
While waiting 'mid the shadows to be blest.

Tolling, climbing, waiting, trying,  
I ask these questions o'er and o'er again:  
What means this living and this dying,  
This strange commingling of joy and pain?  
What is the final goal to which we're tending?  
Will life be worth its struggles after all,  
Even if it be eternal, never ending,  
And we are freed from earthly strife and thrall?

Then from out the awful silence  
Comes the answer to my questions clear and sweet:  
Child of earth, with sight beclouded,  
When thy soul is perfect and complete,  
Then with clear sight and senses heightened  
Thou shalt, attuned to symphonies above,  
Read all life's meaning on a background  
Brightened  
Only by transcendent and omnipotent Love.  
Laura B. Payne.  
San Antonio, Texas.

Heredity and Environment in Relation to Human Destiny.

Lecture Delivered in New York, Dec. 27, 1902, by W. J. Colville.

Nothing can be more important than to hold the words destiny and fate so entirely apart from each other that we never fall into the error of confounding them. By destiny we mean that which is contained within us, therefore that which we are capable of expressing; while by fate we signify whatever comes in our way to deal with. When this distinction is held clearly in mind, we cannot fall into the error of supposing that any external thing can dominate us after we have reached the consciousness of what we truly are and of what our capabilities are. Hereditary influences belong entirely to the realm of environment or circumstance, though these environments when considered as ante-natal as well as post-natal have certainly a great deal to do with shaping that external character with which we are born into the material world. No one can conquer heredity until he perceives within himself that he is the possessor of something higher than the total sum of all hereditary tendencies. We often say of a certain person that he is the very image of his father, or that she is a perfect duplicate of her mother; but such a statement is usually an exaggeration for on close acquaintance with any one of such people we find many points of difference as well as many points of agreement between them and their parents, and, in proportion as any one of these people develops a high degree of individuality, the resemblance will certainly grow less, except in instances where it is studiously cultivated, then it increases.

The word tendency is always a correct one to employ, but no tendency can govern us unless we are either strongly wishful or weakly willing that it should. Far too frequently the idea of heredity is confined to its darker side, but when we turn to its brighter aspects we see how to conquer its shadows. Any imaginable kind of tendency can be inherited; some inheritances are exceedingly desirable, while others are undesirable in the extreme. Now let us see how the law works in relation to those tendencies which are most desirable, so that we may become the better able to deal intelligently with the less desirable varieties. It is quite possible that your father was a very gifted writer and your mother an accomplished artist; you have inherited some definite degree of tendency in both these amiable directions, but you cannot succeed as a journalist unless you cultivate your latent journalistic ability, nor can you become an accomplished musician, painter or sculptor, unless you practice one of these arts as your mother practiced it before you. In like manner you may have inherited a very irritable disposition from your father or a melancholy temper from your mother, both of which traits will spontaneously show themselves in you, but neither can blossom forth in you unless you cultivate and encourage them.

When environment is considered as entirely apart from heredity there is certainly a good deal to be said concerning the decided influence exerted upon most of us by our immediate external surroundings, and the extent to which we are weak or yielding these circumstances have considerable power over us. When speaking to parents it is always necessary to counsel fathers as well as mothers to bequeath the most desirable legacy possible to their offspring, but when addressing children it is quite equally necessary to point out to them how they may rise above these undesirable tendencies which they have already inherited, and which, if they do not succumb, may be handed down by them in turn to the succeeding generation. No one who studies Spiritual Science intelligently can fail to note how many undesirable conditions now exist, which have to be reasoned away and vanquished by means of mental and moral training which results in intellectual re-construction—conditions which could have no existence as phenomena or even as "illusory appearances" in the world, if children were surrounded before birth as well as after it with a far nobler environment than is now common. We find a very large number of children simply reflecting the unpleasant eccentricities of their parents; these children are quite innocent of conscious wrongdoing, and do not understand that they are causing annoyance to others, because they are only acting out their own propensities without any thought as to how their actions affect their neighbors.

Many parents are punished by their sins when those sins are re-embodied in the surface dispositions of their children, and reflected back to them spontaneously in the unpremeditated conduct of those children. A mother may have been very deceitful, not from a deliberate desire to act unrighteously, but from weak cowardice; she may not have dared to approach even her husband in a straightforward manner, but may have resorted to various artifices whilst her child was yet unborn, thereby suggesting to the infant to do the very things which she herself was doing. Nothing can be more unpleasant than deceitfulness in a child, but we cannot blame a child who has inherited a tendency to deceive from a sly mother, until that child is old enough to reason out the matter of straightforward conduct for himself. We have known great many women who did nothing worse than attend thoroughly respectable places of public resort, or private classes in which useful instruction was

given, either alone or in company with honorable lady friends; yet, in consequence of the way in which they went, they made the very act of going so injurious to their own mental and moral development that it became a means of suggesting to their children the very reverse of that honorable disposition which we call "frank as daylight." In the particular cases alluded to, these foolish women sustained an utterly false attitude to their husbands—they believed that their husbands highly disapproved of their frequenting certain halls or receiving certain instruction, and, being without the honest bravery which a noble woman would have exhibited when insisting upon her own proper freedom as a self-responsible human being, these weak-minded women concealed from their husbands, by the employment of various artifices, the fact of their doing what they had a perfect right to do openly. We have even known of women who surreptitiously abstracted money from their husbands' pockets for necessary housekeeping expenses instead of quietly and firmly insisting upon receiving the necessary allowance for housekeeping in a legitimate manner.

The whole Woman Question has to be fearlessly discussed before any light can shine upon the problem of heredity. Many a woman is married to a good honorable man, but her view of that man is so false and low that she treats him mentally as though he were a rascal, while externally she bows before him as though she were a slave; in such cases there cannot be harmony between the parents; the result, therefore, is that the children born of such a union are introduced into the world into a surrounding atmosphere of miserable deception which they quickly become used to, and because they have not been introduced to anything higher they take this for granted as the normal condition of existence. It is from this class that sneaks, spies, falsifiers, and petty thieves are continually being recruited; and, as many children who listen through keyholes and commit many small acts of dishonesty, besides telling many falsehoods, do not think it wrong to thus live in accord with their own cowardliness, unless they are broken of bad habits, through the agency of some kind, upon a friend, they grow up to follow in exactly the same path in which their mothers walked before them, thus continually adding to the number of unreliable men and women with which society is afflicted. It is, after all, the utter selfishness of cowardly people which causes them to hand on from one generation to another the germs of unrighteousness, and, until people at large grow to accept some higher philosophy of life than simple Egoism, there can be no radical change for the better in public morals.

A very great mistake is made by all who suppose that physical health and moral law can be separated. The law of correspondence between interior states and exterior consequences is so greatly ignored, when not positively denied, by the majority of people that it is extremely difficult to induce the average sufferer from any form of physical distemper to look within and discover in some defect of character the predisposing cause of his ailment and the painful bodily ailment. How many people suffer from internal ailments without having the least idea of the result primarily from various mental defects; even that terrible disease called cancer in the stomach can often be traced to some clandestine affection for error which the sufferer may have weakly encouraged, believing it to be an inevitable part of his or her inherited disposition. It would be neither kind nor just to treat those who are simply following out an unhealthy hereditary trait as though they were guilty of deliberate transgression of the moral law, but, on the other hand, there can not possibly be a single particle of kindness in encouraging them to believe that their sad condition is hopeless, because they have inherited the tendencies they are now further developing. It is always far kinder to speak severely to a chronic invalid, urging upon such an one the necessity of entirely reconstructing his interior nature, than it can be to take the sorrow-stricken attitude of the mistaken sympathizer, who is always very much grieved at his neighbor's distress, but does not believe that any human power can possibly relieve it.

Sympathy is one of the most effective healing agencies when rightly understood and properly directed, but when misconceived and misdirected this same sympathy tends to render a serious case hopeless, because false sympathy is directed toward an ailment or trouble instead of being intelligently extended to a sufferer, who must inwardly desire to be emancipated from the tyranny of his ailment. We have always the right to sympathize with our neighbors in all their endeavors to rise superior to the limitations by which they are handicapped, but we can have no right whatever to sympathize with diseases or with the vices which predispose to them. We may instance a case of a man who is chronically unemployed, and, when he does get something to do, he fails to keep his situation. Such a person is sure to demand sympathy, and feel extremely aggrieved if he does not get a great deal of it; but what kind of sympathy is it that he desires or that his friends can usefully give him? The man himself probably looks for that commiseration with his distress that leads the sympathizer to dwell much upon hard times, dull business, the oppressive cruelty manifested by employers to workmen, and, in general, to make out that this unfortunate individual is the victim of circumstances over which he can exercise no control. Such sympathy is decidedly mischievous—because it encourages hopelessness and indolence, and generally tends toward the further degeneration of one who is already largely a degenerate. We may certainly admit that this poor man has had and still has a great deal to contend with; he has probably inherited a somewhat morbid temperament from a neurotic parent, and, because he did not know how to handle his own circumstances, he has largely conquered him, but it cannot be a friendly act to assist a person further along on the road to ruin.

It is singular to observe how very stupidly good-meaning people often set to work to relieve distress. A few winters ago times had the reputation of being extremely hard in New York, and, for a brief season, a great spur of ostentatious charity was made in the direction of helping the unemployed; the so-called "Society of Friends" were the most utterly stupid were some of the means taken to pauperize instead of to relieve the necessities that churches went without decoration at Christmas and gave away the Evergreen. Fund to the men who were out of work. This, of course, looked very charitable, and quite a number of religious congregations in this great fashionable city sincerely congratulated themselves upon the sacrifice they had made to feed the hungry. Had those people, however, been wise enough to see how to do real good in that emergency they would have employed a number of unemployed men and boys by sending them into the country to procure larger quantities of evergreens than ordinary; they would have paid these people liberally for their time and services, and when their churches appeared more profusely decorated than at any previous festive season, these boys and men could have enjoyed participation in the services at a place of worship which gave them employment and compensated them for working in the interest of its beautification.

People are extremely silly when they are afraid of buying flowers because people are hungry, when the very flower sellers go hungry because no one buys flowers. You might as well go without your daily newspaper, be particularly saving in the use of matches,

and steadily refuse to have your boots cleaned on the street, so as to have more money to give to the unemployed, when, by such saving, you would contribute to the disemployment of men and boys who earn their living by selling the articles you refuse to purchase, and rendering the services you will not accept. It would be quite as reasonable to studiously refrain from buying books and then organize a charity fund to relieve the distress of booksellers who had gone into bankruptcy because of the great falling off in their business. Spiritual Science is radically opposed to all pauperizing agencies, and believes only in helping people to help themselves, so much so that free lessons and free treatments are very often pronounced immoral by representative teachers and practitioners. We cannot conquer fate so long as we believe that our fate can conquer us, and whatever encourages us to believe more in our subservience to fate or necessity weakens our resisting power, thereby rendering us more susceptible to the inroads of every form of disorder.

It is quite possible to take a hard, unsympathetic view of our neighbor's sufferings, and by so doing disqualify ourselves from rendering them useful service, but even the hard knocks that people get from the unsympathetic often contribute less to the deterioration of their character than weak, sycophantic yielding to false beliefs which the suffering cherish, and to which they hold on with ever-increasing tenacity, in consequence of the encouragement they receive from their tender-hearted but feeble-minded sympathizers. Let it be distinctly understood that no unfeeling or unsympathetic attitude taken toward a sufferer can ever be recommended by a true philanthropist; but there is a world-wide difference between catering to those lower propensities of an unsuccessful person which he needs to conquer or subdue, and wisely ministering to his present necessities, so that he becomes, henceforward, a stronger, nobler, and happier member of society.

In many modern families the conduct of children toward their elders is anything but edifying, and we are probably every one of us, in some degree, familiar with the pampered daughter or niece, whose aunt or mother is a slave to drudgery, while the pampered young woman insults the very hand that feeds her and provides her with many a harmful luxury. The "poor relation" is another thorn in the flesh which stings the foolish hand which works itself almost to the bone to keep some other hand soft in idleness. The borrower who never repays a loan is yet another menace to the peace of society; and concerning all these, the quaint, expressive proverb fully applies, "The trespasser never forgets his benefactor." There is something radically wrong in a form of presumed benevolence which demoralizes the recipient of unearned bounty, and it is high time that sentimentality gave place to genuine philanthropy in our dealings with weak brethren. A parasite life can never be a normal or noble one, and as it is clearly our duty to do our utmost to bless instead of pamper those in whose welfare we feel called to take special concern, we actually deserve many of the rude awakenings which come to us through the agency of those on whom we are lavishing misdirected sympathy. There is certainly such a thing as gratifying one's own self-esteem at the expense of another's self-respect. Whenever this is done persistently it develops a viperish tendency in the one thus morally injured. To relieve actual distress is always noble, but no genuine "Good Samaritan" demoralizes the man he takes charge of. Work is always a blessing, though unremunerated labor be esteemed a curse; therefore, to deprive anyone of work is to do that one a decided injury. We may feel sorry for a bent-backed toiler who rises early and retires late, and spends the long, weary day in catering to the unwholesome selfishness of some treasured idle inmate of her family circle; but though we may compassionate her we cannot approve her course, and if she complains because she is treated with cruel ingratitude by those for whom she slaves incessantly, we can only tell her that she is reaping as she has sown. It requires moral courage in no small degree to cope with this subject adequately, but it cannot be evaded, and the kindest measures in treating it are usually drastic ones.

Let us consider the immoral consequences of ministering perpetually to the baser instincts of those near and dear to us, and then proceed to trace the justice of our own sufferings when we have done moral injury to those whom we profess to love most sincerely. Every young person should be brought up to a life of practical usefulness, the individual tendency of every child should be studied, and education kept entirely free from either forcing or cramming; but unless a son, daughter, or other inmate of a family is engaged in other business, every member should take part in the necessary work of the household. Why should a son do nothing but amuse himself, while the father works hard at his desk or in the field? Why should a daughter live only for display, while the mother does far more than one woman's reasonable share of work? Why should people live in the dependence of others in any relation of life, when those who are provided for are often quite as robust as those who do all the providing? Ingratitude very seldom repays an exercise of any of the heroic virtues either in self or others.

We have long since reached the unalterable conclusion that ingratitude is the inevitable outcome of ministrations to the very tendencies in others which we should resolutely help to conquer. It is a tendency to some form of derangement in the social organism. The old word punishment had better become obsolete so that the lawful word correction may be rightly understood. We cannot reform people by punishing them unless the nature of the punishment is truly remedial, and when it is so it is rightly termed corrective chastisement. We certainly require substitutes for old-fashioned penalties as much as we require substitutes for old-time medicines; all forms of brutal chastisement are as much out of date as the old blue pill or black draught administered by the calomel-dispensing physician of a century ago. We are not civilized unless we are humane, and it can never be humane to condemn people for simply following out automatically their inherited predispositions. But we who know better have a solemn obligation to fulfill toward those who know less than we, and those of us who have had the advantage of a singularly good heredity certainly owe it to our less-favored neighbors to do all in our power to help them overcome their weaknesses. No one really wishes to be criminal any more than he wishes to be sick, but either in the search for what he thinks will prove happiness, or in a lazy following out of unresisted tendency he may do many things which are alike detrimental to his own welfare and that of others.

A new physical environment will very often largely contribute to the vanquishment of undesirable tendencies, because it is the expression of an unseen mental environment to which it very nearly corresponds. Let some benevolent young ladies go into an ugly, inartistic neighborhood, and by furnishing their own rooms beautifully, make attractive suggestions to the people around them, and they will soon find that good fashions can be copied quite as readily as bad ones. Multitudes live in dirty ugliness because they have been brought up in it and have not had presented to them in a practical manner any higher modes of living; but when they see people in their actual vicinity living far more comfortably and attractively than themselves, they are naturally charmed by the fascination of

ancient methods of brutality, now almost extinct.

Children must be taught to love industry and to develop early a sense of individual responsibility. Bad habits of all descriptions are quickly fostered wherever there is an indulgent parent or other relative or friend ready to endorse every folly, pay gambling debts, and supply unlimited pocket money to a useless idler. Do all in your power to renege the fallen, and what is better, guard the unfallen from those pernicious ways of utter dependence on others which quickly lead to falling. No one is really happy who does not feel that he or she is of use in society. Take a person into a family as a limp, useless addition to its expenditure, and your "poor relation" will soon come to imagine that you are his persecutors. It is a truly pitiable sight to see people take up cudgels and smite those who have saved them from destitution, but, had these well-meaning but mistaken people found a way to help a poor creature to grow richer in capability and self-respect, a very different result would have been forthcoming. Helen Wilman, the well-known Mental Scientist of Florida, has said in her bright paper, "Freedom," that it demoralizes patients to put them on the free list; and so it does decidedly, because it gives them to understand that you think their poverty chronic, and by so thinking you assist it to become so. Let the thought always be that though it may be quite right for you to do another a good turn just now, the time is quite likely to arrive when you will receive a service from the one whom you are now serving. We must not divide society into two classes—givers and receivers—but must apply universally the wise counsel, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

It is impossible to say in what form service for service may be rendered. Monetary payment is often quite outside the case, but the thought should ever be held that we are all to grow up mutually helpful fellow-members of an industrial company in which all are joint workers, consumers and producers equally. To help people to help themselves, and also to help others is true generosity, and such is not usually repaid with ingratitude; but to the ungenerous person the inevitable result in another is to injure the moral nature of one you profess to dearly love. Selfishness must no more be encouraged by us in others than directly in ourselves. If we are at any time suffering from the "serpent's tooth" of ingratitude, let us not be too self-commiserating, but carefully review our entire line of conduct toward the one who is now so cruelly wounding us; then, after honest examination into the whole affair, if we find our own weak adherence to another's folly is rebounding hurtfully upon us in our most tender parts, let us resolve to apply, for all future time, healthy, heroic treatment to those who come to us for aid, and who can only be really blessed by what tends to strengthen character. Wise benefactors are always beloved and revered in the long run, and with short runs we need not reckon.

The youth of today needs training. The times are loudly calling for valiant men and women. A new woman (except as caricature) will never be found among the simpering or saucy drawing-room disfigurements who let mother do everything while they loiter about in unearned idleness, waiting to be "taken out" by some foolish man who values the fringed hair on the head far more than the brains inside. Whatever work a person can do well should be that person's means of livelihood and if domestic duties fall naturally and gracefully to the lot of many worthy women, and to some worthy men also, these duties should be regarded in fully as exalted a light as any literary, scientific, or artistic employments which, with equal appropriateness fall to the lot of others. As long as one does something in return for favors received, self-respect and mutual esteem can be upheld, and the demon ingratitude prevented from invading the dwelling, but quid pro quo must be our unalterable motto. Gratitude is a natural response for benefits conferred as soon as they are sufficiently understood to be appreciated; ingratitude is the inevitable outcome of discontent and dissatisfaction with the baneful results of mistaken kindness.

It sometimes seems very difficult to steer the wise middle course between condemnation on the one hand and weak pampering on the other, and it should not be forgotten that we are living in an age when reaction against cruelty is at its flood tide. Lombroso and many other eminent scientists in Europe do not hesitate to say that all criminal tendencies are diseased tendencies, therefore we have no more right to inflict angry punishment on the victims of crime than upon the victim of consumption, meaning that just as a consumptive tendency may be transmitted by one parent a criminal tendency may be transmitted by another. We are very glad that this attitude is now being taken by the wisecracks of the scientific world, because such an attitude distinctly forces the public to either accept the teachings of Spiritual Science in toto, or else to weakly surrender the whole to the new morals. None but the ignorant, these days, dare pretend to draw a sharp dividing line between sin and sickness, because what is at one time called sin is at another time diagnosed as sickness. We are now compelled to admit that there are, in the world around us, numerous persons who are no more responsible for indulging criminal propensities than are others who give way to rheumatism or catarrh, because in both cases the victims of these various maladies are simply living out their hereditary tendencies.

Now comes in the vital question of the attitude to be taken by the practical help toward all cases of inherited tendency to some form of derangement in the social organism. The old word punishment had better become obsolete so that the lawful word correction may be rightly understood. We cannot reform people by punishing them unless the nature of the punishment is truly remedial, and when it is so it is rightly termed corrective chastisement. We certainly require substitutes for old-fashioned penalties as much as we require substitutes for old-time medicines; all forms of brutal chastisement are as much out of date as the old blue pill or black draught administered by the calomel-dispensing physician of a century ago. We are not civilized unless we are humane, and it can never be humane to condemn people for simply following out automatically their inherited predispositions. But we who know better have a solemn obligation to fulfill toward those who know less than we, and those of us who have had the advantage of a singularly good heredity certainly owe it to our less-favored neighbors to do all in our power to help them overcome their weaknesses. No one really wishes to be criminal any more than he wishes to be sick, but either in the search for what he thinks will prove happiness, or in a lazy following out of unresisted tendency he may do many things which are alike detrimental to his own welfare and that of others.

A new physical environment will very often largely contribute to the vanquishment of undesirable tendencies, because it is the expression of an unseen mental environment to which it very nearly corresponds. Let some benevolent young ladies go into an ugly, inartistic neighborhood, and by furnishing their own rooms beautifully, make attractive suggestions to the people around them, and they will soon find that good fashions can be copied quite as readily as bad ones. Multitudes live in dirty ugliness because they have been brought up in it and have not had presented to them in a practical manner any higher modes of living; but when they see people in their actual vicinity living far more comfortably and attractively than themselves, they are naturally charmed by the fascination of

this superior environment, therefore they seek to make acquaintance with those refined people who have recently come among them, and it soon follows that the benevolent young ladies who left Heligraia for Whitechapel have more pupils coming to them for instruction in improved housekeeping than they can possibly attend to without narrowly increasing their own numbers. The blither mistakes ever made by home missionaries of any sort grow out of the belief that people do not love refinement and do not care for beauty when it is presented to them. There is no charm in vice or ugliness, though people may become so accustomed to both that when their faculties are greatly benumbed they cease to be actively annoyed by either; but when these benumbed individuals have been for some little time in an atmosphere of beauty and refinement, they grow so far appreciate it, that were they then to be sent back to the slums in which they were born they would experience a sense of positive repulsion to their old environment.

We are thoroughly convinced that the Universal Mind operating throughout Nature must appear as a power that makes for perfect symmetry to everyone who allows himself to be influenced by the charm of unalloyed nature. We do not have to create beauty, we find ourselves surrounded with it. What, for example, can be more beautiful than purely natural scenery undisfigured by frightful factory chimneys and all their air-befouling accompaniments? Sunrise and sunset views can never be fully copied even by the finest painters. The highest compliment we can possibly pay to a gifted artist is to pronounce his work "true to nature." When children are taken out of great cities and shown the beauties of the country, no matter whether dressed in summer verdure or in winter crumple, they are never heard to prefer black soot to white snow, or the filthy gutters of a city alley to the flower-strewn lanes of the pleasant country. The execrable falsehood which constitutes a hideous libel on human nature, uttered by those who say that it is useless to present high ideas to the multitude, because people are so often like swine, preferring filth to pearls, is one of those utterly idiotic ebullitions of concealed ignorance which the true reformer must destroy without mercy. But it may be said that you cannot always secure an outward change of environment for the staid-up dwellers in city purities, therefore failing this you must make the best of a bad job. That is exactly what we advise, but with a totally different meaning. Pessimists always mean that you must endure, grin and bear, submit to the inevitable, and do a lot of other silly things which no optimist ever thinks of attempting. To make the best of a situation is to make the best out of it, to so transform, transmute, and transmute it that it is no longer the vile thing that it formerly was. To all foolish people who believe in "grinning" and "bearing," and who prate of stoical resignation to a supposed inevitable, we commend Ruskin's wonderful book, "The Ethics of the Dust," a volume which we particularly commend to all people whose religious opinions are so benighted that they believe that some souls will remain forever in complete alienation from all Truth and Goodness.

When we use Henry Wood's well-known phrase, "Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography," we are reminded of the beneficent influence which we can all exert one upon another, both silently and eloquently. Suggestions are of various kinds, and they must all fundamentally agree in purpose or motive, though they may be widely diversified in method. As we become successful leaders of the sick we shall learn more and more how to speak that particular word, which is the right word, at the right time in the right place. We must always learn to work upon the susceptibilities of our fellows in such a manner as to aid them to strengthen themselves at their weakest points. Negations are always valueless; the only power of an utterance consists in its unequivocal affirmativeness. Nothing can be possibly further from a healing ministry than the absurd stress which is often laid upon human weaknesses and vices. We overcame our vices in one way only, and that way is by cultivating contradictory virtues. The more you complain of another's idleness the more idle he will become at heart, because it always arouses antipathy toward yourself when you pose as a fault-finder. You must make activity attractive to the lazy boy; you must be so amiably active and actively amiable that the once idle fellow joins you of his own accord in some useful industry. The cleverest saying, "I am not a saint, but I am a sinner," embodies a great lesson for us all, even though the word flattery is not one of the most gracious in the dictionary.

We cannot get away from true sympathy which, at its highest and best, is the superlative agent for cultivating virtue, developing noble heroism, and helping all "lame dogs" overcome difficult stiles. Do you help the dog over the stile when he is a lame dog, or do you encourage your afflicted bow-wow to shed tears on the wrong side of the stile because he believes he can never get over it? That dog of yours may have inherited lameness, or the lameness may be due to a recent mishap while fighting with some cat; in any case the dog needs help, and if you sympathize with his peed rather than with his affliction, he gets on to the right side of the stile in consequence of your kindly assistance. There are millions of "lame dogs" in human form in the world today, and it is for all who are not lame to help their limping brethren to rise superior to their lameness without encroaching too minutely into how to get about that particular foot has been rendered an imperfect servant. Intuitive diagnosis of necessity, and how to minister to it, must take the place of the old medical and clairvoyant diagnosis of disease. We are utterly bored and depressed when diseases are diagnosed, and we all know how frequently it occurs that physicians and others, who are most accurate in diagnosis, after having most carefully described the actual condition of a sufferer pronounce the case hopeless. We ought every one of us, to resolve to pay no heed whatever to dismal prognostications. Suppose a doctor tells you that your case is hopeless, that doesn't make it so. We are craven simpletons if we allow any one to tell us that we are beyond relief, for the very utmost that any educated physician or any other person can say truthfully on the dark side is, that with his present knowledge he does not know how a particular case can be healed. Medical science is itself outraged, and all progress in medicine is denied, when some practitioner, no matter how eminent, affixes a final limit to the progress of the healing art even as practiced in his own school of medicine; and when it comes to ministers of religion (with an open Bible in their hands) calling any case incurable, the climax of absurdity is reached, for the plain testimony of what Christians term the Divine Word is flagrantly contradicted.

There is often a great outcry in Australian newspapers regarding the decline of religion in Australia. The Church of England in the Colonies is often described as being at a particularly low ebb. If the clergy and laity of any religious denomination desire to make their existing organizations really powerful for good, they must preach a far wider gospel than they have preached hitherto. Wherever people feel that they are truly helped and lifted they flock in crowds. There is no excuse for meagre attendance anywhere, or for narrow interest in any movement, except in the inefficiency or false belief of those who hold in their hands the management of declining institutions. Everybody wants some



sort of encouragement, and wherever people get it once they will gladly go twice. Nothing can be more discouraging than to feel that you are a member of a declining movement, or that the people engaged in promulgating what these honest truths are always in financial difficulties, worried almost to distraction to know how to make both ends meet.

We all succeed to the extent that we become embodiments of successful thought, and we all fall precisely to the degree that we incorporate doubt and fear into our solitary or organic efforts. We all need to put into practice in daily life the well-known words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, which constitute the first line of her celebrated poem "Hereditry."

There is no thing we cannot overcome. One of the grandest passages in the Bible reads: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." We truly inherit, and therefore really possess, just as much as we overcome; no more, no less.

We will close this meditation with the following suggestive illustration: A young man has just inherited an estate left to him by his father and mother; all that the house and grounds contain is now legally his to do what ever he pleases with; he has inherited every flower and every weed in the garden, also every article of furniture, every book, picture, rat, mouse, cockroach, and all the dust which has accumulated from attic to cellar. Now, it is an actual fact that such is his inheritance and he is now responsible for what he is going to do with what he has inherited. When he enters the library he finds the book-cases filled with a great variety of literature, including both noble volumes and objectionable literary trash. As he goes over the house he finds much to admire but much that needs alteration and repair. If he is wise he thanks his parents for every useful thing, they have bequeathed to him, but he does not honor them by refusing to get rid of the dirt and vermin with which the house is measurably infested.

Just as that heir to a property is not responsible for what he finds in the ancestral mansion, but is responsible for what he does with what he finds, so are we all not responsible for our inherited tendencies, but only for the attitude we take to them. Just as surely as that youth can burn the bad books and replace them with good ones and rid the house of pests though not without some effort, and keep it clean in future, just as he can cultivate more flowers in the garden and diligently extirpate unwelcome weeds (though not without labor), so can we all deal with the sum of our inherited tendencies, preserving and cultivating those we desire to retain and increase, while we cast out and overcome all to which we gladly say good riddance.

#### Working Too Hard—Weak, Nervous and Restless?

Horford's Acid Phosphate restores strength, quiets the nerves, induces restful sleep. A most reliable constitutional tonic.

#### Resolutions.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Roanoke, Pa., held a memorial service Jan. 4 in memory of Xilla, the arisen child of Brother and Sister Barrett. After service the following resolutions were read and adopted:

Resolved, That the next time the awful calamity that has befallen the home of our beloved brother and sister, came as a shock to us all; we can but feebly realize the blow that fate has dealt them, in removing from their earthly home the form of their dear child.

Resolved, That we extend to Brother and Sister Barrett our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of affliction and hope that they may become reconciled to their great loss, knowing that the angel world will come close to them and minister to their wounded hearts, and we feel sure that the spirit influence of their dear child will come as a balm to their souls. We know that the religion that our dear brother and sister have so earnestly and faithfully advocated will prove a source of comfort that no other religion can bring to those who are in sorrow.

R. Samana Raiser,  
Warren R. Rogers,  
Ella J. Duffield.

We, the officers and members of Progressive Union No. 1 of Kenduskeag, Me., sympathizing fully with Bro. Harrison D. Barrett and Sister Margaret C. Barrett, on account of the great cloud that has fallen on them, in the sudden transition of their beloved sunbeam, Xilla, to her eternal home; Do hereby resolve, extend to Brother and Sister Barrett in this trying season, our sympathy; and we ask the good angels to minister unto them and help them to do the work that God has given, until they shall meet their darling again for all time. Further, resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Banner of Light, and that same be written in our records.

Leon M. Hewes,  
Mrs. H. M. Fuller,  
Committee on Resolutions.

#### For Over Sixty Years

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

#### A Memorial Service.

A beautiful memorial service was held on Sunday evening, Jan. 4, at the Aurora Grata Cathedral, under the auspices of the Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion, in memory of our beloved workers, Miss Abby A. Judson and Mrs. Maria Robinson. Among the speakers were Miss Margaret Gaule of the First Society of New York City, Mr. Ira Moore Courlis of the Aurora Grata Cathedral and Mr. Roy S. Thompson, a young and gifted speaker. Each speaker seemed inspired and during the entire service there seemed to pervade a holy hush over the audience.

Miss Gaule, who was an intimate friend of Miss Judson, spoke beautifully of her unselfish life, her sacrifices for the higher truths of Spiritualism and her devotion to the cause of kindness to animals. She also spoke of the transition of our dear Brother and Sister Barrett's little one and implored the friends to send the kindest and sweetest thoughts to the grief-stricken father and mother.

Mr. Courlis spoke of both Miss Judson and Mrs. Robinson (the latter being a close friend and co-worker in the Cause we all so love in Brooklyn), of her beautiful transition and death-bed visions, leaving behind her a monument made up of good deeds and works of charity. Mrs. Robinson devoted her entire life to the poor and unfortunate after her conversion to Spiritualism many years ago.

Her band of "Little Willing Workers" were present in a body to do honor to her memory. Mr. Courlis spoke of the untimely transition of little Xilla, and in his invocation asked the Heavenly Messengers to bring comfort to the hearts of our dear Brother and Sister Barrett and to help them to look to higher spheres for the peace that angels of light alone can give.

Mr. Thompson spoke and his remarks were comforting as well as appropriate. The Verdi quartet sang beautifully, "No Shadows Yonder," "One Sweetly Solemn

"Thought" and "Only a Curtain Between Us." The church was lighted by electricity and the floral decorations on the platform were profuse, especially one placed sent by the family of Mrs. Robinson with the words: "In memory of our dear mother."

At the close of the service Miss Gaule (who was with us for the first time) gave a seance and her messages were convincing, comforting and most clear and those receiving were favored with proof of immortality that must have sunk deep into their souls.

The large auditorium was crowded, and at the close of the impressive service the friends of those for whom the service was held were requested to come forward and receive a flower in the sweet memory of our arisen workers.

Correspondent.

#### Announcement.

Several months ago the readers of a few selected papers were notified that a bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine could be obtained free by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, 120 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y. Other publishers secured the same privilege for their readers. The results to those who ordered free bottles have been most remarkable and gratifying.

Any reader of the Banner of Light may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid if they need it and write for it.

One small dose of this remarkable remedy, once a day, quickly and perfectly cures indigestion and catarrh of the stomach, cures constipation, so that in less than a week you have no more trouble, clears the liver and kidneys of congestion so that vital organs become healthy and active.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine takes all inflammation and catarrh from the bladder and all pain and trouble from prostate gland.

#### The Progressive Lyceum.

To Lovers of Truth:

The Progressive Lyceum has gone forth to the world with its message of gladness and goodwill for the four weeks of December, and I want to let the workers in the vineyard of Truth know how much progress has been made in this department of our beautiful cause of knowledge. About three hundred copies of each issue is mailed, and from every side come words of encouragement and commendation. Though small in size, all join with me in the thought that as support justifies it will grow and meet the increasing demand for literature for the Lyceum work.

There is no argument necessary as to the importance of the Lyceum. All can see that here is the certain means of taking the glad message which Spiritualism has for the world to its every child, by teaching them to know its beauty and freedom ere the reign of superstition and ignorance has come into its mind.

We must have co-operation; let me hear from the workers and from the several Lyceums over the United States. I am in this work by appointment of the National Spiritualist Association, and it expects me to come in touch with the Lyceums of the United States. The only possible way for me to accomplish this is for them to write me of their condition, their needs, etc., and I shall endeavor as best I know to supply them all.

Come, let us have our own places for instructing the young that their young minds may unfold into a realization of life with its manifold beauty and responsibility. We furnish papers in Ohio, Maine, Texas, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Connecticut, California, Rhode Island, District of Columbia, Wisconsin, New Hampshire, New York, Indiana, Illinois, and Massachusetts. I hope to hear from many other states during the month of January, and from many places in those mentioned which as yet are not enjoying this new movement.

The price of the paper is seventy-five cents per year, and deals with "Life Studies" of our various workers. December was devoted to Andrew Jackson Davis, and he has written most appreciative letters of our kindly thoughts sent out to him. This month we are studying the life work of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Kates. We have cards bearing the picture and favorite sayings of the worker, for use in the Lyceum, at one cent each. Write us a line today. We must do more for the children. They soon are to be the men and women who are to take forward the movement which we love so well, and which has brought so much light, joy and gladness to the children of earth. Wishing each and all a very happy and prosperous New Year.

I am always,

John W. Ring,  
Nat-Supt. of Lyceum Work,  
Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas, Jan. 1, 1903. S. E. 55.

#### Letter from Georgia.

The old year has gone swiftly away, and while we have the evidences of what has been, we care not for its return.

Life seems to be worth more just before its close than at any other time during the short or the long term of earthly existence. Even the spirit guides bring to us the knowledge that when an earthly subject is nearing the change to a new life, he is brought into greater harmony with the spirit world than at any time before.

Some months ago I attended a week of spiritual meetings at a campmeeting in Maine, and noticeable among the regular attendants was an old lady. In her modest, homespun dress she sat in the large audience, day after day. My attention was particularly drawn to her by the fact that while she possessed, so far as I knew, no mediumistic gifts, other than the average person, she invariably received one or more communications each session. I wondered why she was so fortunate, and I could but share in the pleasure she received. It was indeed a campmeeting in her life.

After she had been at home some time, I learned that she had been stricken with a severe mental trouble, and then I knew that her nearness to the spirit world enabled her friends to communicate. She is not dead to earth, but the brain has lost its controlling power. The lesson unconsciously portrayed to me through the working of earth and spirit forces has indeed been a lasting one.

Doubtless all the readers are familiar with the picture which was given in the daily papers, as seen by one of the half-frozen sailors of the two large vessels in Massachusetts bay that went to bottom, with tons of coal. Crazed with starvation and exposure, one of the sailors saw far over the water a picture—a beautiful picture of home, the warm fire, the bounteous table, and sitting there a woman—his mother. He saw the beckoning hand, the glad smile, and with this vivid description to his suffering companions, he stepped from the boat into the surging water and was lost to earth. Powerless to prevent him, the picture lived in the minds of the two schooners' crews. Was it not a picture full of gentle sweetness, attractive and most fitting for the passing out of a life after the torture through which he had passed?

During the past week there has been manifested to me, through spirit power, the sweet, gentle, refined influence of one who is now lost to earth, so far as the form of clay may be spoken. One who has contributed more than will ever be known, to the good of Spir-

itualism and since afflicted by the trials of earth, by kindly writings and assistance to all within her power. Tonight, I again feel that sweet power, and the influence which steals over me as I am writing bids me say to earth friends: "I am well. All hail the Cause. Grandeur, aye grander, is the future home than earthly pictures can describe! May the love of each earthly being be demonstrated more in daily lessons than ever before. It was not sad to go; it was a greeting of old friends; the hands are clasped again, for work to be directed from a distant shore. Lovingly yours, Abby Judson."

We do not claim to give communications, and yet with this sweet and silent influence there comes a conviction that it is best that the hand which has, through the Banner, carried so many good messages of cheer, should not be silent. May the ennobling influences of those who have left us in the past year be with us in the coming year.

Orrin J. Dickey,  
Thomasville, Ga., Jan. 1, 1903.

#### Briefs.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Chickering Hall, Sunday, Jan. 4, a full attendance greeted Rev. Mr. Wiggin. The Ladies' Schubert quartet opened the meeting with voices attuned to create the harmony which is so necessary to bring the mortal and immortal in rapport; a reading by our teacher and invocation followed. The address of the morning was on The New Year. A seance closed a very instructive lesson. In the evening a full house, with many seekers after truth greeted Mr. Wiggin. Many are attending our services who have been devoutly religious, but are today asking for the sunlight of a spiritual religion, one that will consecrate all days, all books, all places, all labor. In the joy, peace and hope of a deeper thought in our work may we greet the New Year and walk in the path wherein is the presence of the light of truth. Alonzo Danforth, 294 Dartmouth St.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Springfield, Mass.—Mrs. Helen P. Hussey occupied our platform the entire month of November. The lectures were very interesting and instructive. Dec. 7, J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, Mass., was our speaker. Dec. 11, our annual fair and sale, although the weather was stormy, netted us a snug little sum. Dec. 14, Mrs. Helen Russey graced our platform again. Dec. 21, Mrs. Fannie H. Spalding of Norwich, Conn. Dec. 28, Mr. and Mrs. Noyes of San Francisco, Cal., occupied our platform. Great interest is manifested and we can report growth. Lillian E. Whitney, Sec., 353 South St.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Sutton, N. H., at the annual meeting Jan. 3, 1903, chose the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Thomas Burpee; vice-president, Mrs. Thos. E. Sanborn; treasurer, Mrs. Harriett A. Fellows; secretary, Thos. E. Sanborn; trustees, Marshall Parks, J. W. Clay, Leslie A. Burrill; collector, Mrs. Thos. Sanborn. Three new members were admitted to the society. Thos. E. Sanborn, Sec., Sutton, N. H.

Boston, Jan. 4, 1903. The Boston Spiritual Lyceum, as usual at Paine Hall. Services opened with songs and responsive readings, followed by answers on the subject of the day, "Dumb Animals," by Merrill Bill, Alice Bill, Ansel Haynes, George Allen, Fred Taylor and E. B. Packard; each read an article on the topic. Mrs. Bowen and Mr. Foster related stories about dogs. Banner March recitations and songs by Harry Green, Mrs. Taylor and Nellie Bonney. Topic of the day by Mr. F. T. Allen was followed by encouraging remarks in relation to Lyceum work by Mrs. Bonney. Mrs. Bonney as a public worker cannot always be with us, but always sends one or more every Sunday to represent her family. If every Spiritualist aid as well our halls would be filled every Sunday. At the close of the session each member was presented with a copy of "Our Wee Spiritualists" containing the pictures of several of our "Wee Spiritualists," among them being our late little Xilla Barrett, coming to us from the Banner of Light. E. B. Packard, Clerk.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday, Jan. 4. There was a large attendance at both services. The addresses were very interesting, instructive and ably presented, and were followed by many spirit messages. The piano selections by Miss Howe were finely rendered. Dr. Fox, Pres.

The First Church of Spiritual Progression of Newark, N. J.—The Ladies' Aid of this church held a watch meeting Dec. 31, 1902, at the church hall. Services opened with an invocation by Rev. Mr. Dorn followed by singing by the congregation and a short talk by Brother Dorn on "The Duty of the Hour and Spirit Messages;" recitation by Dr. Blakeslee. Mrs. Evans of Brooklyn, N. Y., entertained with reminiscences of the Brooklyn Association and gave spirit messages. Bro. Nutter recited "Banty Tim." Mrs. Cutler gave flower readings. At midnight everybody wished everybody a "Happy New Year" and members and friends to the number of sixty sat down to a collation provided by the committee in charge. Dr. Blakeslee presided at the piano and several of the members entertained by singing old-time songs. At a very early hour in the morning, having seen the New Year safely launched on its way, we left for our respective homes well satisfied at having netted some \$25 for the benefit of our building fund. Mrs. Evans of Brooklyn, N. Y., donated to the Society a log cabin quilt, for which tickets were sold. The holder of the successful ticket was Mrs. M. S. Miller. I cannot say which, as she does not belong to the Society. Chas. H. Miller, Sec.

Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Mrs. J. Frederick, president. Miss Wheeler writes: Meeting Dec. 28 was very harmonious. Mrs. Buck Hall opened the meeting with prayer and address which was instructive and was listened to very attentively. Her husband gave many evidences of spirit return. Mrs. Jones of Cambridge gave a recitation. The electrocution of the Peace Jubilee was Monday evening, Jan. 12. Banners for sale.

First Association of Spiritualists. Mrs. May S. Pepper commenced her engagement with this society Jan. 4 and was greeted by large audiences at each session and received a hearty welcome from her many friends in New York. Mrs. Pepper will continue with us during the present month. I am glad to acknowledge the receipt of several gifts for the benefit of Mrs. Morrell from Mrs. Graves, as a result of my last appeal. I shall be glad to be kept busy returning thanks for such substantial aid, and in the name of this poor woman I thank the kind donor and know that a blessing will follow the gift. Marie J. Fitzmaurice, secretary, 686 E. 138th St.

The Massachusetts State Association, in convention assembled, report that the officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, George A. Fuller, M. D.; Onset; first vice president, J. B. Hatch, Jr., Dorchester; second vice president, Carrie F. Loring, East Braintree; third vice president, Mr. J. Q. A. Whitmore, Newton; secretary, Carrie L. Hatch, Dorchester, Mass.; treasurer, Mr. Hebron Libbey, Dorchester; directors, Mr. Simeon Butterfield, Chelsea; Mr. L. F. Symonds of Somerville, Dr. Alex. Caird of Lynn, Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 7, business meeting as usual at 5 o'clock. Evening meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock, the president, Mrs. M. J. Butler, presiding. Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse opened the meeting with interesting remarks, followed by remarks from Mr. J. S.

## Are Your Kidneys Weak?

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of the Banner of Light May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fall to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for many kinds of diseases, and if permitted to continue much suffering with fatal results are sure to follow. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; makes your head ache and back ache, causes indigestion, stomach and liver trouble, you get a sallow, yellow complexion, makes you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world-famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at

EDITORIAL NOTE—You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives, to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light.

Scarlett, Mr. Albert P. Blinn, who spoke very earnestly and under a strong inspiration; Mrs. Hattie Mason, Mrs. Chapman, messages, all recognized, and strong, convincing tests by Mrs. Butler. Meeting closed at 10 o'clock. Next regular meeting Wednesday, Jan. 14.

Stoneham.—At the meeting of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid which was held Jan. 3, we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. J. Frank Baxter, of Boston, and his work are both too well and favorably known to the public for me to make any further remarks. On Jan. 22 Mrs. S. J. Cunningham of Cambridge will speak for us. Mrs. J. L. Draper, Sec., 15 Pomeworth St.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston met in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday at 11 o'clock. The subject of the lesson was "Gifts," about which Dr. Hale spoke briefly. After the march Tracy Embury and Mrs. E. S. Jones read; Mr. H. Leslie sang "The Ninety and Nine;" Dr. Hale and Mrs. Stillings sang a duet; Rebecca Goodrich, piano solo; Mrs. Chapman spoke to the children on spirit unfoldment. She is not with us often and was much pleased to see so many little ones present. Mrs. W. S. Butler closed with a few remarks on the duet which was sung, "Nearer Home." We are all traveling that way fast and will soon meet in that grand Lyceum on the other shore. Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec., 428 E. Dedham St., Boston.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met as usual on Friday, Jan. 9, in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., the president, Mrs. Mattie Albright, presiding. At the business meeting in the afternoon four new members were admitted. Supper was served at 6.30. The speakers of the evening were Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mr. Albert P. Blinn and Mrs. Dick. Messages were given by Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Bonney. As a token of its appreciation for faithful work and long service, the society presented Mrs. Butterfield with a very handsome badge. Next Friday afternoon, Jan. 16, at 3.30 o'clock, a circle will be held and the evening will be devoted to the demonstration of the phenomena, it being mediums' night. Supper will be served as usual at 6.30. All are most cordially invited. Esther H. Blinn, Sec.

Jan. 8, The Spiritual Industrial Society convened at the usual place for sewing, spiritual circle and business meeting. Mrs. Whitlock presided. Report of Mrs. Mallard, recording secretary, accepted. One new member admitted. Adjourned for one week. Evening meeting Mrs. Dick read an interesting paper on Robert Dale Owen; readings and tests. Mrs. Peak-Johnson; remarks, poems, astrological tests or readings by Mr. Coomis. Next Thursday we are to be entertained by Mrs. Katie Hand, an excellent test medium. We are gaining in numbers and expect a full attendance. E. M. Shirley, secretary pro tem.

Spiritual Science Home Mission, Goodwill Hall, 41 Market St., Lynn, Sunday, Jan. 4, Mrs. E. I. Webster occupied the platform at both services. All the time at the afternoon session was devoted to giving tests and communications, which were all fully recognized. Circles were formed between the services and several mediums gave tests and messages. At the evening session a short address was given and was followed by a large number of readings from articles, which were of a most satisfactory nature.

Providence Spiritual Society.—Sunday, Jan. 4, 2.30, memorial services were held for our departed sister. Opening remarks, E. J. Bowtell. Mrs. M. F. Ring spoke feelingly of the great bereavement of our National President and wife. Further remarks were made by Mr. Sherman, Mrs. Barr and Mrs. Della Smith. A resolution of love to our National President and wife was adopted.—A. T. Marsh, Pres.

Malta Hall, 40 Prospect St., Cambridgeport, Mass.—The sixth anniversary was celebrated Sunday, Jan. 4. Excellent talent made the occasion enjoyable. Music was furnished by the Blind Musicians and Mrs. Hall. At the Peace Council, recitations were given by M. A. Leavitt and Miss Edna. Thursday evening, Jan. 8, the services were participated in by Mr. Hall, Mr. A. Marston, Belle Robertson, Clara Strong, Mr. Nason and Mrs. Akerman-Johnson, president. Peace Council and dance, Thursday at 8. Interest is being developed in our pleasant



the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

#### Free to Everybody.

J. M. Willis, of Crawfordville, Ind., will send by mail to all who send him their address, a package of "Pain-Ex Compound," which is two weeks' treatment, with printed directions, and is a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, grippe and blood poison.

#### Cadet Hall.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association celebrated the ninth anniversary of the organization of the society on Sunday, Jan. 4. Large audiences were present. Services were opened at 2.30; invocation, Mrs. Dr. Chase; President Caird reviewed briefly the work of the Association for the past year, and read the Declaration of Principles. Mrs. Ida Pye of Melrose and Mrs. Maud Litch assisted in the exercises. Selections were rendered by Mamie Warren, Evelyn Tarbox, Grace Brown, Charles Howarth, Ralph Litch and Harold Merchant. The children of the Lyceum also contributed to the interest of the occasion with drills, marches and calisthenics. Circles were held from 4 to 5. Supper was served in the banquet hall to a large number.

The evening exercises consisted of invocation by Mrs. Litch; poem, Mrs. M. W. Fisher; vocal solos by Horace Harmon and Mr. Taylor of Boston; remarks by Mrs. Dr. Chase and J. B. Hatch, Jr., of Boston; recitations by Alice McIntire, Ethel McIntire and Roy Lane; reading, J. O. Allan; duet, Mamie Warren and Evelyn Tarbox; solos by Charles Howarth and William T. Allan and cornet solo by W. H. Thomas. Ettor's orchestra gave a concert before the evening service.

President Caird said the society had completed a very prosperous year, having at the present time the largest membership in the history of the Association, being also in the best financial condition. Rev. B. F. Austin of Toronto, Canada, is serving the society the present month.

We improve our own spiritual strength by the exercise of good acts.

What had seemed to be faith had been in a great measure hope and imagination occupying themselves with the forms of religion.—G. MacDonald.



## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

**THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY**, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory, and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

**TERMS CASH.**—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Bums under \$5.00 can be sent in this manner for 5 cents.

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

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

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be accompanied by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1903.

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**Harrison D. Barrett**.....Editor-in-Chief.  
**Marguerite C. Barrett**.....Assistant Editor.

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

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The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to reach the homes of its many subscribers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interrupted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of persons whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

## Editorial Notes.

## ENTHUSIASM

While the year 1903 is yet in its infancy and the sound of New Year greetings has scarcely died away, no topic can be more timely for consideration than the word which heads this paragraph. What is it to be an enthusiast but to be an optimist and who is an optimist but one who sees good everywhere and regards life as a beautiful onward march to a still more beautiful goal.

The Editor-in-Chief of this venerable Banner of Light, which has now for nearly fifty years pursued its course as pioneer exponent of Spiritual Science and Philosophy, has very recently been called upon to sustain a deep bereavement which has left him at this moment in a condition where he needs rest and complete freedom from anxiety; but though just at this season he requires to retire from his usual arduous and continuous mental work and place his pen in the hands of others, all who read these lines may rest assured that the beloved and honored President of the National Association of Spiritualists in America is being spiritually enriched and more perfectly equipped than ever before for the faithful discharge of the onerous and manifold responsibilities which rest upon him.

It is only when we give ourselves enthusiastically to any work we take in hand that we can discharge that work acceptably, and as we permit our thoughts to revert to the many who have through the long course of the past half century achieved success which is worth achieving, we shall find that though they have not all been of similar temperament, nor have they all advocated the same opinions, their careers have all been marked by that untiring devotion to any cause they may have espoused, which in dark weather as in bright has caused them to shine forth like beacon lights or guiding stars, giving forth a steadfast gleam, a reliable light upon which all travelers could depend no matter whether skies were blue or tempests lowering. The kind of enthusiasm which always conquers is brilliantly portrayed by Longfellow in that ever freshly inspiring song, "Excelsior."

That singularly beautiful child, Xilla Barrett, who remained on earth as an embodied sunbeam for considerably less than three brief years, was singularly enthusiastic in all her childish undertakings and it was that earnestness of spirit and dominance of will, which have been so touchingly and picturesquely described by the gifted writers who have composed her eulogies, that endeared her most of all to the thousands who had learned to love and prize her.

A little child often displays far more enthusiasm than many an adult man or woman who occupies exalted business rank or social station, therefore children frequently succeed while their elders fail. Wordsworth's magnificent "Ode to Immortality" strikes a responsive chord in every lover of children and student of child life. Truly indeed has the poet exclaimed, "There is a heaven that lies about us in our infancy." Not a slumberous, inactive heaven, where rest is known only on its negative side, but a glorious, active heaven where constant activity rules every hour and where whatever is done is accomplished through sheer love of action and ardent pursuit of some definite though seemingly unimportant goal.

The true enthusiast is not a blind zealot or a bigot, but he is so assured of the value of his special contribution to the world's sum of useful industry, and so confident that the cause to which he is specially devoting his unflinching energies is worthy of his best endeavors, that he inspires all who come in contact with him with a sense of the supreme value of the work in which he is engaged and in which he invites the co-operation of his neighbors.

Enthusiasm is absolutely necessary to success in any undertaking, though zeal should ever be tempered with discretion.

## REV. JOSEPH PARKER D. D.

The English papers have recently been largely occupied with biographical notices of the passing on of one of the most successful preachers who ever filled a modern pulpit. Dr. Parker's name was a household word wherever the English language was spoken and his immense tenacity was unquestionably the leading factor in his phenomenal success. This great and good though decidedly erratic man was an individual of a far more than ordinarily pronounced type, and though his eccentricities in and out of the pulpit were often made the subject of adverse comment by his critics, he went along his way as though he heeded not the voices of those who would have stayed his progress.

In theology Dr. Parker ranked as a liberal Congregationalist in whose preaching two distinct schools, the old and the new, reached a somewhat curious blend. The man himself, far more than what he uttered, drew the crowds, for though his sermons were often thoughtful and usually powerful, London possessed all through the period of Dr. Parker's ministry many men who could easily hold their own with him in all respects save that of personal influence, and is not personal influence that which draws and holds at all times far more than simple ability or rhetoric? People go in crowds where they feel stimulated by attendance, and they cannot be expected to go whither they feel not drawn.

On Good Friday last, about nine months ago, Dr. Parker preached to at least 3,000 people during the morning service in the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, in the very heart of the business section of the British Metropolis on a day when all business houses were closed and in a neighborhood where the very general that the churches should be closed and the property disposed of because it was no longer a residential district and choirs were often more numerous than congregations. Twice every Sunday and once every Thursday Dr. Parker preached, with only very occasional interruptions, in the same place for over thirty years, and at the very end of his ministry he was as popular and quite as influential as in the halcyon days of his earliest prime.

This remarkable man did monumental literary work besides preaching and lecturing, and it must be remembered that his oratory was by no means given exclusively to his own congregation. Dr. Parker's name appeared all over England as special preacher on all sorts of representative occasions, and until Mrs. Parker passed to spirit life his energies showed no disposition to wane, but after the loss of his devoted and most noble wife, who was his co-worker in everything, he began to feel that earth was a hard school to remain in and though he struggled bravely to the last and exerted himself with voice and pen as vigorously as ever till he had passed his seventy-second milestone, he had not that joy in life or that interest in things around him which he had always so intensely manifested before he became a widower. After his bereavement his thoughts turned constantly to the spiritual world whither he desired to go, and though he never fully endorsed Spiritualism in its phenomenal phases and he continued to adhere strictly to his lifelong creed, he declared publicly on many occasions that he knew his beloved partner was with him in the pulpit and in their home, and that the knowledge of this was worth far more to him than would be the assurance that he was ministered unto by a legion of unknown angels.

When a great man passes on it is well to ask what made him truly great and to recall Longfellow's immortal saying:

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime."

Yes, indeed we can, but do we? That is the great question which must be asked and answered in every instance individually and alone, for no soul can judge another and give righteous judgment.

## SUCCESS.

What is the success for which we are all aiming? There are certainly four distinct blessings we all alike desire—Health, Happiness, Usefulness and Prosperity—and if these four are united in us we are certainly to be congratulated. How to attain unto a realization and manifestation of this Square of Order, as we may well term it, is the great problem for all to solve. Success in any line of effort depends largely, but not exclusively, on enthusiasm, coupled with industry, for in addition to these continued requisites there is yet another—knowledge of how to reach a predetermined prize.

The kind of success, so-called, which many people succeed in winning, appears to some of their neighbors as blank failure, therefore excites no emulation within them. No envious or covetous person can be successful

in any high or true sense, because enviousness and covetousness make wretched all who entertain such base emotions within them. What can be more ridiculous than to envy another person his voice or his hair, when everybody knows that voices are not transferable from one individual to another and hair does not refuse to grow on one head because it grows luxuriantly on another.

Consider well the course pursued by the successful person, the quality of whose success you genuinely admire, then set to work to pursue a course in some way similar to that which has led to the great achievement by the other which has so fascinated you. There is a financial success—which is only destitution disguised as opulence, and of this variety wise people want none whatever. There is a social success, which is also unreal and entirely unsatisfactory, consisting in mounting certain rungs of the social ladder at the expense of all that makes existence genuinely enjoyable. To covet, or even to admire such false success, is to stamp one's self an idiot, for it is the very quintessence of insanity to sacrifice the more valuable for the less worth while.

How much do we really need to make and keep us well and happy? Very little in one direction but a great deal in another. Without peace of mind there can be no prosperity except a semblance mockery, but where happiness abides "bread" may be enjoyed without much "butter." We often eat altogether too much of the butter of existence and we grow bilious as a result; we need more plain, substantial, wholesome bread. When our aspirations incline toward Spartan simplicity rather than in the direction of effete Roman luxury, we stand a far likelier chance to attain a sort of success truly worth the having.

There is a freedom in simplicity which is never known amid the gauds of luxury, therefore it is certainly wiser when we wish ourselves and our friends a successful year to dwell more upon success of an inward and spiritual than of an outward and temporal character. At the same time it is but reasonable to teach that financial embarrassment will melt away and actual secular business will improve as we increasingly become embodiments of success-compelling states of consciousness. If you are a success in yourself what you undertake succeeds because it is you who undertake it. Business is comparable to the proverbial "cart," but the man or woman who conducts the business is the "horse" which draws the vehicle.

## ENCOURAGING SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

The daily press, especially a newspaper like the New York Evening Journal, which sells everywhere at one cent per copy, may well be studied as a mirror of our times. Gazing into this daily looking glass and carefully reflecting upon what is constantly being mirrored therein, we see much that is encouraging. The efforts of late have been exceptionally fine. It is delightful to contemplate something of the enormous amount of good they are likely to do in the many thousands of places where they are read and pondered.

Two great ideas have just been thrown out, almost as prophecies, by that marvelous electrician, Thos. Edison, who tells us that in the immediate future he not only expects to greatly simplify present methods of obtaining and utilizing electricity, but he also expects that a way will be found to exterminate the germs of disease which bacteriologists are continually discovering and describing, but concerning the effectual destruction of which they seem as yet to know but pitifully little.

The New York Evening Journal dated Jan. 7, 1903, told us editorially that Christian Scientists and others who deny disease, though their language is unscientific, are by absence of fear and encouragement of confidence in the power of health, giving the ferocious but friendly leucocytes in our own blood opportunity to wage successful warfare to the point of extermination against whatever microbes of disease may threaten to destroy our tissues, therefore the great preservative of health is a mental state which keeps the body wholesome and is too busily concerned with useful and blissful undertakings to contemplate the possibility of our physical destruction by means of inimical bacteria.

Health is only obtainable and preservable as we think rationally and allow rational thought to ultimate itself in reasonable action. Science can render no such priceless blessing in this twentieth century as to show humanity how to avoid rather than to cure subsequently those manifold disorders from which, in our ignorance, multitudes of us are still suffering.

## THEATRES AND BENEVOLENCE.

Quite recently a tempest in a teapot occurred in a city far from Boston in consequence of the absurd narrow-mindedness of some women who formed part of a society called "King's Daughters." Many eminent actresses had very kindly contributed to a fund for maintaining nurses in a hospital, but because these contributors followed acting as a profession, some of the straight-jacketed members of the "King's Daughters" refused the offerings. In delightful contrast to such stupidity was the splendid performance in the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, January 5, when Ethel Barrymore and her very fine company presented "Carrots" and "A Country Mouse" for the benefit of the Junior Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for Protecting Children from Cruelty. In both cases members of the theatrical profession acted nobly, as they very often do, but in this case there were no prudes or fanatics to fling back a gracious offering in the face of its donors. Between the acts a representative public man made some excellent remarks from the box in which he spent the evening as one of a distinguished party. The house was filled with a brilliant audience and a large sum was netted for a very worthy cause.

The stage is certainly being utilized in these days more than ever previously, as an auxiliary to all philanthropic endeavor, and that is as it should be, for none who study the amusement-loving public of the present day, with fairness and discrimination, can

fail to discern that there is a great fund of liberal good nature in the public heart, but it often comes to the surface much more quickly when reached through the congenial avenue of popular entertainment than when an endeavor is made to coerce it into activity by direct assertion of the claims of undecorated philanthropy.

To protect children from cruelty is surely a laudable object with which every right minded citizen must sympathize, but those who believe most thoroughly in radical reform in preference to superficial palliation of an existing evil, will find in the long run that to organize a Society for Promoting Kindness to Children will be a step still further forward on the road of humane advancement. It is not a pleasant task to spy on others, to look out for cruelty and then seek to rescue children from its clutches, though in the present undeveloped condition of society such is often unnecessary, or at least so it appears.

The higher way must ever be the way of a nobler education and in this glorious educational endeavor the home can accomplish more than any outside institution. Poor people are quite as kindly in disposition as their wealthier neighbors. There are, indeed, very often much more perfect exhibitions of genuine philanthropy in so-called "slums" than in the most aristocratic and plutocratic districts. Let no one, therefore, imagine that the so distant lower strata of society represent cruelty which must be inhibited and that the upper walks of life blossom radiantly with flowers of kindness; this is not the case by any means. It therefore may sometimes be necessary to remind a fashionable crowd in evening costume that children often need fully as much protection from cruelty in abodes of splendor as in the squalid haunts of financial destitution which, unhappily, abound today in every great centre of population.

The rights of children need to be studied and then protected. Refined cruelty often wounds a sensitive nature in childhood far more deeply than a blow struck physically with a clenched fist. Let us by all means work to protect children from those grosser and more barbaric forms of cruelty which are supposed to belong only to unrefined sections of a community. But our benevolence must not stop there. We need to look closely into the conduct of our own social sets and see whether there may not be some light thrown upon the wrong doing of many young people which seems strangely enigmatical when it is said that many who go most widely astray from paths of rectitude have been reared in model homes and surrounded with every temporal and even spiritual blessing.

## SOME ESCAPADES OF ROYALTY.

The papers have treated us everywhere to full details of scandals connected with a European Court, but the clue to the wild behavior of the Crown Princess of Saxony, whose departure from her home under distressing circumstances has been a subject of universal comment, is surely to be found in those words of hers which declare that she cannot endure the thought that her child shall be compelled to live in the place where she was so intensely unhappy, and we must not forget that that abode of wretchedness for her was not a hovel but a palace.

Foolish and misleading though the doctrine is that teaches that exterior environment is of no moment whatever and therefore people may as well live in the most crowded and unsanitary dwellings as in beautiful mansions, even that extravagance is not quite so deadly in its consequences as the far more prevalent error which insists that happiness is the outcome of physical magnificence. If a palace can become so intolerable to a princess that she not only flees from it herself at the dictates of some romantic attachment which could scarcely be called honorable, but cannot tolerate the thought that her infant child shall be brought up within its walls, there must be something more than wealth and outward glory necessary to human bliss, consequently we may easily acquire all that the outer senses covet and yet miss the main thing in our life's history.

Spiritualists should be in the very front rank of the world's educators in this regard, because if there be any validity in the claims made for Spiritualism by its advocates, it must, more than any other system, be able to prove the real comparative value of outward as contrasted with inward possessions, not only as relates to the present but also to the next stage of our individual existence.

## MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

These two great words head much discussion in the New York press at present and it has been very edifying as well as interesting to follow the arguments of two such able women as Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Walling, who have presumably been regarded by many readers as ranged on opposite sides of a great controversy, when in reality they have only proved themselves fellow contributors to a most instructive symposium. Mrs. Wilcox, a lady of lovable disposition and very happily married to a most excellent husband, has written on the blessedness of the married state out of the depths of her own rich, ripe experience, and very charmingly and practically has the fair poetess made good her case. Mrs. Walling has championed the cause of those unhappy wives whose experiences in the domestic circle have been antithetical to those of Mrs. Wilcox; thus it has come to pass that the uses of divorce have been ably stated and the only conclusion reached by rational students of the problem is that it is better to part in peace than continue to live in strife.

Much is often said concerning the rights of children to both father and mother, and the utmost said on that line is usually well founded, but it surely cannot be advantageous to any child to be brought to maturity in an atmosphere of perpetual strife or constant jangling. The highest way must always be the way of harmony between a married couple, but when it seems impossible for two persons to dwell together in amity it is surely better for them to go their separate ways. Much is said about the permanent attractiveness of the woman who always keeps her hair elaborately dressed and never appears, even at breakfast, in curl papers; but closer

analysis of the home-making problem soon proves that the busy "Martha" of the world do not as a rule do more than "keep house," they very rarely know how to "make home happy."

There is certainly very much to be said in favor of well kept rooms, a well spread table, exquisitely cooked food and above all, a beautifully attired mistress of a household, but all these externals may be present and yet that subtle spiritually pervasive "home atmosphere" may be absent without which "Home, sweet home, there's no place like home," is but the utterance of an unfeeling sentiment. The "Marrys" of the world deserve their innings even in this age of superabundant strenuousness, but the happiest home of all is doubtless that wherein two extreme types of character are delightfully blended in a single charming human being who is such an ideal wife and mother that she reminds us instantly of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs which contains a description of ideal womanhood entirely unsurpassed.

## CAN TELEPATHY EXPLAIN?

In these columns there will shortly appear an account of a new book by Rev. M. J. Savage bearing above title; it is one of the books of the present year that is already being talked about quite extensively in many circles. Dr. Savage is always thought-provoking whatever he may choose to indite, and his popularity as a preacher is still at the dool. In this latest book of his we notice something of a cautious spirit which delights in treading softly upon uncertain ground. Telepathy certainly can explain a great deal; it can throw much light upon our complex mental constitution and it can give us delightful assurances that we are not spiritually separated from our dearest companions because they have gone to Europe, Asia, Africa or Australasia, while our duties compel us to linger in America. But how can telepathy tend to disprove the facts of Spiritualism?

We all know how ludicrously inconsistent are some of the statements of that doughty champion of telepathy and Spiritualism, Thonson Jay Hudson, who over and over again makes havoc of the very basis of his avowed "scientific demonstration of a future life" by obstinately refusing to follow his own arguments to a logical ultimatum. Dr. Savage and Prof. Hudson are by no means in exactly the same intellectual boat and it would be unjust to the former to insinuate that he is inclined to endorse all the limitations of the latter, but "Can Telepathy Explain?" is a question which at once arouses enquiry as to whether the author of a treatise with such a title intends to infer that as evidences supporting telepathy accumulate, the evidences of Spiritualism diminish.

We read with much satisfaction in avowedly spiritualistic papers from all parts of the world that true Spiritualism includes all that is really genuine and useful in Theosophy, Occultism, Christian Science, Mental Science and indeed in every other movement which has come into public prominence as a propagating cult later than 1848 or a few years earlier when Andrew Jackson Davis was inspired to pronounce his "Great Harmonia" and many other intensely interesting philosophic treatises. Now is the time for Spiritualists, all over America and other lands, to make good this claim in practise. The statement is theoretically true, but the actual work of a movement to the world consists not in what it claims so much as in what it demonstrates.

Millions of people today are interested in Suggestive Therapeutics, giving the widest meaning to the phrase, and it is surely the high privilege as well as bounden duty of Spiritualists to let the public see that under the broad banner of professed Spiritualism all the good work in the ample fields of moral, mental and physical healing can be accomplished, which is now distributed over many scattered philosophic and semi-scientific areas. It is often said that people demand tests, proofs, evidences of the life beyond the mortal; so they do in many instances and they have a perfect right to seek and to obtain them; but they also demand healing for mind, body and estate, and this also must be furnished to them, or, at least, instruction must be given as to how we can obtain it.

The year 1903 has opened very auspiciously in many directions and it needs no great prophetic foresight to perceive that there is great promise of more than average activity during the next twelve months in all departments of spiritual investigation. Let no one dream of apathy, or believe in the very existence of indifference to aught that makes for human progress. Nothing so depresses us as to believe that our brethren are indifferent or uninterested in the mightiest themes which can engage attention. If the fires of enthusiasm burn but feebly on the hearth-stones of some of our comrades, then it is for us who are enthusiastic and thoroughly in earnest to let our fires burn still more brightly; that other hearts may be warmed and other minds enkindled through our instrumentality.

## THE MISSION OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Into thousands of country as well as city homes this messenger goes weekly to carry instruction and to give comfort to multitudes who are far removed from cities and have no opportunity to attend gatherings where they can listen to the living word. How mighty is the printed page and how enormously influential is the weekly family paper when we consider its presence in a country home far removed from those great centres of activity like Boston where life is often so full of outward interest that the family reading circle is practically unknown. When we think of how immeasurably further the written than the spoken word extends, we can but seek to impress upon our countless readers the importance of sustaining in the fullest manner possible their time-honored weekly visitor. What gift to an enquiring friend or lonely dweller in a country district can be so acceptable as fifty-two papers, one each week, throughout the entire year? The subscription list of the Banner is large, but it can grow larger, and we expect 1,000 new subscribers within the next few days. New efforts will be put forth this year to make this veteran







## SPRIT Message Department.

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

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

### To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not 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 Seance held December 18, 1902, S. E. 25.

### Invocation.

Into the sea of infinite peace we would throw our souls this morning and would be made strong, tender and true by the baptism. May all that is unkind, uncharitable and unclean be washed away from us. May we grow more sympathetic, better able to understand the frailties and the mistakes of those about us, and even as the dear ones who have arisen to higher conditions of life still have love and charity for us in our weakness, so may we for the lowest, for the most degraded, feel a sympathy and a love and an understanding of their possibilities. Our effort is to unite souls, to make clear the spring of life, to bring into every darkened home the assurance of the continued existence of those who have gone on, to bring to every wounded heart that peace which passeth understanding and which comes only from a knowledge of the spiritual life. May we be lifted out of all material conception into the broad light of spirituality. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

Charles Goddard, Franklin, N. H.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a man about thirty-five years old, not very stout, but strong and muscular looking. His shoulders are square, he has a heavy, thickset face, his hair is dark brown with a little gray mixed in it and it hangs a little over his forehead. He has dark blue eyes, rather heavy brows, and he says to me: "I come not because I want to prove to myself that I can; I know that, but I come because I want to give comfort to my loved ones who are in earth. My name is Charles Goddard and I am from Franklin, N. H. I want to go to my wife, Lizzie. I know that she is anxious to get some word and anxious to know if I can help her in any way. I send this message as an assurance of my power, of my understanding of the conditions fully enough so that I may be of use to her. Thank you."

Emily Clark, Hampton Falls, N. H.

There is the spirit of a woman comes to me who is about medium height and very slender. Her eyes are blue, her hair is a light brown. There is a very tired, sickly look on her face. Her hands are delicate and it looks to me as though she hardly felt able to do a single thing for a long time before she came over here into this life. The first word she says is spoken low, almost in a whisper, and I think her voice went away with her strength. She says: "Will you say for me that my name is Emily Clark and I am from Hampton Falls, N. H.?" She puts her hand across her breast and continues: "It is hard for me to speak, for I suffered for years with asthma and as I stand here the old condition of difficulty in breathing seems to throw itself over me, but I want to send word to Nannie. I want her to realize that she can come into close communication with me. I am not far away as she thinks. I see her when she prays and prays that she may some day be with me, and I always feel that I must speak to her then, and I touch her hand and put my hand down over her face and whisper to her: 'Nannie, dear, I am not far away, but close beside you, loving you and understanding you,' but she doesn't seem to realize it, and so I send this message direct to her, hoping that she will feel better after having received it. Tell her Uncle Charlie is with me and he sends love, too."

Rev. James Curran, Boston.

The spirit of a man dressed in robes like a priest, more like a priest than a bishop, comes to me. He is very, very stout and his hair is a little thin on the top of his head, but what there is of it curls tightly around his face. He is a very kindly looking man, and seems to be interested in this kind of work. He says: "You must not think you are the only people in the world who are teaching spirit return. Are we not in the Catholic church constantly preaching of the attendance of spirits on those who are in need? The difference is that you teach that your friends come when you are about your daily duties, and whatever you are doing, while we make it only on certain occasions when great need demands attention. Then we do not believe in promiscuous communication because we know that most people are apt to imagine more than they really see and hear, and we felt that it might be dangerous, but I can't see that there is any particular reason why I shouldn't come here and speak to you or to let my friends know I am still interested in their welfare. I am from Boston; my name is James Curran. I would bring if I could an influence to you people to help you. I am very well aware of the powerful influence that spirits have, and believe me, I would in no way traduce this country that has been offered me, but would bring an influence of strength and helpfulness whenever I come to you who are carrying on this work. I send my greetings not only to all the Catholic world but to the friends who have something in common with me in this knowledge of spirit return. Thank you."

Abbie Farnham, Pawtucket, R. I., to Annie Brown.

A woman, quite tall and rather stout with oh, such a graceful manner, comes to me now. One would never think of how large she is, but would think only of her beautiful face and her beautiful spirit that is shining out through her body. She has dark hair, it is very wavy and on the sides it is curled a little bit and hangs down. It is old fashioned looking but it seems as if it is her way of having it. She says: "So this is the place where we in the spirit may send a message to those we love. My name is Abbie Farnham, I was much interested in every movement for the upliftment of the race in general."

My pen sometimes spoke for me more clearly than my voice. I am still sending out messages to my brothers and sisters who do not understand all that I perhaps may have learned. I lived in Pawtucket; I have some friends there now and would like to send this word particularly to Annie Brown. She needs to be assured that I am close to her and helping her in the work which she is producing. It will be for my interest and hers that I tell her that my love is constant, my faith undimmed and that I look to her to carry out much that I left undone. Thank you my friends."

David Buffum, Somersworth, N. H.

Here stands a spirit of a good sized man rather proud of his shoulders and his red full face. He is a very handsome man. That is, he looks good, genial, cordial. He says: "Before I go very far I want to tell you that my name is David Buffum and I am from Somersworth, N. H. There have been in times past some friends of mine return through this paper from that place and I thought I would come myself. I want my friends to know that I am just as full of business and just as anxious to have my own way as I was here in the body. They will understand me a little better when I speak in that way. I may have been a little persistent to carry my point but it was when I thought my way best. I was a little surprised when I came over here at the condition of things. They were so different from what I had expected but I soon fell in line and am getting along pretty well. I believe that I can help people in the earth life better than I could when I was here because I can see better and I can understand them better—see their physical condition and what they need. I don't feel particularly interested in the religious side of this but rather in the business part, a scientific understanding of how far a man is able to communicate his thought from this life. I have a little garden over here where I raise a few things for my own use. I was always fond of those things and I am just the same now. Thank you."

Frank Hadley, Birmingham, Ala.

Standing before me now is the spirit of a man. He is young, not very tall, and not very stout and I think he passed into spirit life very suddenly. He puts his hand to his head as though it were a terrible shock and then right down to his back, and he says: "My back was broken, I fell. My name is Frank Hadley and I am from Birmingham, Ala. I was a painter and I thought I knew all about my business and this was no case of carelessness, but an accident. My mother is in the body and I would give all that I ever hope to possess if I could be with her to help her for a while. She was prostrated by my death and has never quite recovered. Tell her, will you, that I have never for a moment been far away and it was only when the first shock came to me that seemed to lose understanding of her. I have then I have grown stronger every day and am able to help her in more ways than she understands. I am getting ready for her coming. When she comes over here to me she will find a home that I have taken pleasure in preparing for her. Oh, it is pretty fine over here to feel one can work and accomplish just the same as in the body. I didn't have much use for my mother's heaven where there would be nothing to do and no houses to live in. It was so soft of vague that I thought I would just as soon be crossed off the earth entirely as to dwell in that place but here we do have streets and houses and I see my friends and am able to work and I say this to you that she may understand that I made the house for her myself. Thank you."

Ethel Jordan, Littleton, N. H.

A little girl comes to me about fourteen or fifteen years of age. She is a pretty little thing, very light and her hair is braided. It isn't real blonde hair but it is light, light brown. She says: "Are you going to speak for me now? Well, first then, my name is Ethel Jordan and I am from Littleton, N. H. I want to go to Will and Mary. I don't know how to talk about what I feel. I am not unhappy, I am not with strangers. It is hard to make mama and papa know when I am with them. It is hard when I see them cry and I know that they have had some new pictures made at Christmas to give to my friends. I am glad to see them. Aunt Laura is with me and she says she will take care of me till they come. I don't know what it was that sent me over here. I only know I came. I wish I could tell them how much I love them and how glad I am that they will come to me by and by. Is this a bad letter? It is the best I know how to send. Thank you."

Mary Gleason, Rhode Island.

A spirit comes of a woman who is about thirty-nine or forty years old. She is very dark, quick as a flash, and she says she wants to take the burden of the whole world on her shoulders. I think before she went away she was so strained that she lost her senses, because she looks just like a woman who is crazy. She smiles when I say that and says: "Well said, little one, well said. I was insane, but I am over it now and that is why I am anxious to come back. I have learned my lesson, talking about me and wondering what condition I was in and I have been anxious to tell them that just as soon as I was free from my body I recovered my senses. It was like awaking from a sleep. I did not remember anything at first that had happened in those years of first blindness, but after a while little bits like recollections of a bad dream would come back to me and I realized that I must have been an awful burden to my friends. I didn't suffer at the time and I only suffer now as I think of what a burden I must have been. It was hardly my fault. At least I cannot see how it was. I am glad that I was kept in a partial bondage because I have nothing to regret in the way of violent act of mine. It would have been sad thing, whether I had been conscious at the time or not, to look back and think I had done something that brought pain to my friends. You are wondering who I am. Well, my name is Mary Gleason, and I am from Rhode Island. That is as much as I want to say. My friends will see and know and you will forgive me if I make it no plainer. Thank you."

John Wheaton, Chicago.

The last spirit that comes is a man who walks right in and says: "My name is John Wheaton and I am from Chicago." He is a real fat, full round face, and puff, puff, puff like a little engine every time he walks. He laughs when I say that and says: "Well, it takes a good deal of steam to get a fat body around so a man can be excused for puffing when he has a good lot to carry. I am anxious to send word to Jennie, who has the same name as I, and tell her that I am glad about the insurance. I might have known I would have to come, but I kept thinking I would be better and better and did not get better. I wish I could have left more, but it has helped some. Tell her I know the step she has taken and as long as she has a good man it matters very little to me. Our relations remain the same. My love for her is just as it was and just as true. I expect her to be fond of me just the same, whoever else she has taken into her life. God bless you, good friends, for trying to give me a chance to speak and tell her that always and unceasingly I am her friend."

### OVERCOMING.

"Blessed is he that overcometh" all the restlessness and pain and fret Of this most ill-conditioned life, And gains the will and power to forget.

"Blessed is he that overcometh" sin, The sin of every wild desire That rages in an untamed heart, And so clothes life in beauty's fair attire.

"Blessed is he that overcometh" hate And gives his love and sacrifice To make his brother's burden light, And win for him an earthly paradise.

"Blessed is he that overcometh" pride, And all the attendant brood that swarms In evil guise across his way of life, To fight the world with vague alarms.

"Blessed is he that overcometh" lust, The lust for power, place and name, Who sees in lowliest form his one-time self En route toward attainment just the same.

"Blessed is he that overcometh" pain, And all the ills of body and of mind, Who sees no shadow but God's Hand, And knows that every cloud is silver-lined.

"Blessed is he that overcometh" fear, And walks the earth with perfect truth In God's great goodness, power and love, And his own strength to rise above the dust.

"Blessed is he that overcometh" tears, The tears that blind the inner sight, Who sees the faces of his loved and lost, Smile on him, radiant with Heaven's light.

"Blessed is he that overcometh" death, And loses in the grave life's heaviest cross, Who journeys on beyond the stars, To know no more earth's pain and loss.

"Blessed is he that overcometh" self, The last and bitterest foe of man, And overcoming this, wins worlds and crowns, And so out-works in full, God's perfect plan.

Emma J. Knowles.  
Chicago, Jan. 2, 1903.

### Why I Am a Reincarnationist.

WILLIAM C. WOODWARD

I believe in the doctrine of Reincarnation primarily because by no process of inductive reasoning can I arrive at any other conclusion. The answer is obvious. It is to attain perfection, mental and spiritual. Why were we not endowed by the Infinite and all wise Spirit with absolute perfection at the inception of our conscious existence? Does not the answer to this query also suggest itself to every thinking mind?

Has not been given these priceless blessings, in the very nature of things we would not have appreciated them. Too light winning would have made the prize light. We have been vouchsafed a far grander boon; we have been granted the priceless privilege of achieving perfection. Through blood and tears, through war, pestilence and famine we are marching on, every experience a chisel blow upon the hitherto shapeless marbles of our souls. In the grand march to the infinite goal a percentage of the race is constantly dropping behind. But they do not drop out of sight, they are not lost. As the comet drags the most remote atoms of its tail, so does society drag its lagging members.

The mountain climber, toiling to the snow and ice crowned summit, pauses at intervals for a rest. Drawing aside to some shepherd's hut, he enters and stretching his aching limbs upon the floor, sleeps until refreshed; he awakens with the morn to begin anew the ascent. The weary traveler on life's upward path, overcome by wounds, sickness, care, grief or any of the thousand ills to which flesh is heir, draws aside and lies him down for the sleep that the universe calls Death. As the traveler has his poor shell of flesh, battered and worn in life's struggle, he enters the spirit world, the land of pleasant pastures and still waters—the Garden of the Gods, the sanatorium of tired souls.

Here the exhausted spirit absorbs fresh energy from the infinite supply and when favorable physical conditions arise, re-expresses itself upon a new and better body, and begins afresh its onward and upward climb.

If the new earth conditions of the returned spirit places it in the Van of Progress, those in the rear are helped forward by its efforts; if, on the other hand, adverse conditions places it in the rear column, it will nevertheless remain a unit of the grand army. The lowest type of man upon the earth today is higher in the social and mental scale than was the highest type of his Reptilian ancestors who flourished in a vanished geological epoch.

The most degraded of our species fifty thousand years from now will wonder if he could have ascended from such lowly organized types as the twentieth century denizens of earth. Onward, ever onward; upward, upward is the cry that rolls forever down the centuries.

As a secondary reason for the belief in Reincarnation, may be mentioned the idea of inherent justice that supports like a foundation of granite the possibilities of the proposition. Would the occasional soul that has reached its full development on this plane re-appear in a mortal body to leave forever behind those who are entangled in the quicksand and meshes of human passions and desires? What would we think of a person who, having escaped unharmed from a railroad wreck, where the groans of the dying and wounded filled the air, should calmly walk away and leave the sufferers to their fates?

Let us suppose that the reader of this article is a member of a small remnant of a ship's crew which has escaped in a life boat after the ship went down. After days of drifting, of sleepless nights and thirst-parched days, a small island is sighted and the boat being headed for it the party land. Dry land at last and a spring of fresh water at hand! There is no food on the island and only enough for a few days in the boat. The reader, realizing the perilous position of his comrades and himself and preferring a quick death to a slow and agonizing one, volunteers to sail alone in the boat in the direction where as near as they can compute the nearest inhabited land lies. The fearful crew, given and one lone voyager begins his desperate venture. The wind is fair and within a few hours he sights the mainland. An hour later he is ashore, surrounded by willing hearts and helping hands. He is saved, succored, revived and restored. Has he a moral right to remain amid plenty and take his ease while his storm-tossed and shipwrecked companions are holding up their hands in supplication to the dumb skies for succor?

No! No! No! Every reader of the Banner of Light will cry. As quick as human hands can work, a relief boat must be fitted out. Our seven and one lone voyager is assisted in saving those he left behind. His duty is not performed until the last soul on the little island has been rescued and carried with loving care to the mainland. There will be no room in the realm of spirit

for perfected souls as long as imperfect souls remain behind needing succor and guidance. The spirit world would be a Hell and not a Heaven to the just made perfect if such conditions existed. The common sailor, grog soaked and mentally blurred, as he often is, will go into a frenzy if, when seeing a ship sinking a couple of miles away, he is not allowed to put off to the rescue owing to the roughness of the waves. "Your boat could not live in such a sea," I once heard a captain shout above the roar of the tempest to his crew, who wanted to put off to the rescue of the men on a sinking brig a mile to windward.

"Then let it die, and we with it," shouted back the mate. "We prefer dying like men than to live cowards."

"Your resolution is well taken," replied the skipper, "go to your watery graves like sailors then. The davis swung out, the life boats dropped and the picked crew tumbled in and away they sped. They never returned and the brig went down, but the spirits of the gallant would-be rescuers rested that night in elysian fields on beds of asphodel. There are saints upon this speck of cosmic dust that the mass of mankind still proudly believe to be the centre of the universe. These holy ones are neither the product of church nor state of Bible or Koran. They are the result of cosmic processes, the fruition of prenatal physical conditions, and with occasional rests in Restland, return here to receive their fainting brethren. Here and not there will be their field of action until the lowest and most debased mortal upon this planet can stand erect and shout, "I have conquered the world; I have risen from the brutes; I have learned the grand spiritual truth and the truth has made me free."

### The Man Himself.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

#### Chapter III.

Intelligence apart from matter or substance is unthinkable, and impossible. The blending is always molecular; and as the particles gather, fall apart, and perpetually come and go, a never the same for any two seconds. We recognize this in the human being. We notice added intelligence coming as the form of the child increases in size. We see him through life adding experience after experience; that is to say his intelligence is in perpetual activity. At last old age appears. Intelligence commences to grow silent. The man we knew is no longer there. We call the form "childish," and presently bury it out of our sight. So much we count as strictly normal. It is matter and intelligence mutually affecting each other in every day life, and at certain recognized rates of speed. So many months and years and we have just so much effort. Nature was tapping upon the molecular form all through that life, until, one day, it fell apart.

So much is the surface examination by one limited folk looking at another limited form. We mean "limited by senses" which can only discern certain rates of molecular movement. Above or below such a vibration our perception seems to cease. But the movement is the same on all the same, whether we notice it or not. It necessarily deals only with the same intelligence, substance and energy, for there is nothing else in Cosmos. Yet if it be true that the molecules of his form are perpetually coming and going, we naturally ask "What is there remaining which we call man?"

It is evident that either man remains unaffected by such changes, or else he is a mere leaf on the tree of life, his own little personality of importance to a greater individuality only while it lasts—exactly like the leaf on a tree. A leaf is most assuredly an individual leaf, but it is only a leaf so long as it is of use to a greater individuality. One day it grows old and dies. Who cares for the history and experiences of a leaf? Yet in the aggregate these experiences were of immense importance to the tree. The contention of the writer is that our studies have always been of leaves on the tree of life, and never of the tree itself. The leaf appears at its season. To an ignorant mind it appears just as important as the twig, the branch, the root. But they remain after the leaf disappears. Man as we see him is literally but a leaf. The tree is the planet. It is not even an evergreen. Its leaves appear and disappear with the seasons. They are essential to what we call "growth" of the tree, meaning by "growth" a vast series of molecular blending. The mystery of man is precisely the mystery of every other leaf. You can easily distort the shape of a leaf. You can even compel it to appear on some unwonted part of the limb or trunk. You can make it a perfect or imperfect leaf. You can affect and color it before it is born as easily as you can destroy it after it is dead. Its existence as important as the tree for good or ill. Take off all the leaves and the tree itself disappears, because that tree is itself only a leaf belonging to a greater individuality, which, for want of a better name, we call Cosmos. We have changed our illustration from a rock that can be split to a leaf that can be distorted and misshapen, but it is precisely the same idea. The point we are trying to grasp is that man is but an infinitesimal expression of life. His personality is just that of one leaf. He comes and he goes, just like every other leaf. No one, save perhaps a Theosophist, talks of reincarnation for a leaf, yet it contained a personality as much as a man. The personality of that leaf was expressed in the history of that leaf and the history of the tree.

It should be obvious to every student that you cannot trace any personality in a leaf before its brief antenatal experiences, when the spirit began its career. Go back to that speck and you are face to face with tree life, and not with that of a leaf. So this is our real starting point with man. At a certain antenatal point the leaf we call "man" appears. All before that was not leaf but tree, not man but cosmic intelligence, substance and force, in planetary form. His brief history constitutes what we call "fact," out of which science is born.

Now let us, once again, note where we stand. The writer claims that man, like every other leaf, has no personal history till, like every other leaf, he makes an appearance. That is one end of his existence. Most certainly no more of immortality or eternity at that end than with every other leaf in the forest of life. He has become personal man, as every leaf is a personal leaf, no more, and no less. But like a leaf, he is always in direct relation with the life of his planet tree. But instead of now being ready to pass on to the dropping of the leaf, and the enquiry "what comes after death?" we are, as yet, but at the beginning of our investigation.

The leaf was, and is always, a fragment of a greater life, no matter whether we call that greater life tree, God, Nature, or any other name. Man is precisely the same. At a time when we do not sense, his personality merges into the greater personality we count as his larger self, or oversoul. A single leaf is the little import upon a tree, yet all the leaves together express the total life of that tree. Without them there would be no tree. We coin words and talk of "Manhood" as embracing a single man, and something more. It's that "something more" which becomes prominent in cases such as those of Mollie Fancher and Miss Beauchamp, though always present in each one of us.

In the leaf is always present the life of the tree. The leaf has its own life, and some things more. That something more is its "subliminal life." The subliminal or tree life exercises the larger manifestation of intelligence, which looks after not only single leaves but the needs of the whole tree. The growth of the whole tree—its proper foundation when grown—is elaborate system for self preservation—and for its posterity, are all thus latent in the leaf. Out of certain changes in the leaf comes the tree, as we sense it, but it is always the subliminal of that leaf which does the work. That is to say, the work is done by the intelligence of the whole tree, which includes that of the single leaf. As soon as you try to get back of the leaf you are in the presence of the greater self, that is to say, in presence of the whole tree.

There are those who, for theological reasons, can imagine nothing as between man and God. Yet every time they talk or think of Manhood, they are making personal man but a fragment of that manhood, and really counting him as but one leaf on the tree of life. The lesson herein is that it is not the subliminal of the man with which we are dealing when we discover the larger manhood. We are really passing out and beyond man's little personality into the powers that inhere to Manhood itself. We commence to study a leaf, and for a while we think ourselves learned. Then in a moment we pass the limit of a single leaf, and must either begin to study the powers of the united leaves, that is of the tree, or else cease our investigations. It is no answer to say we are studying the subliminal leaf. That is only hiding the fact that we are beyond the single leaf altogether.

Surely the student can now see that when we get to the limit of our study of man the mortal (if we ever do), it is not a subliminal man who faces us, but the powers of manhood as a whole. This is the truth the writer presents as a key to the mysterious powers of a Mollie Fancher, or a Miss Beauchamp and myriads of similar cases. It is a startling truth, but it demands investigation, and the strictest investigation, as we shall now see.

Let us recognize as an acknowledged fact that there is far more both to a leaf and to a man than the theologian has ever dreamed. When we see and handle a leaf we are using our physical senses. Its color, shape, size, and every detail are "sensed" by us. We all know, or ought to know, that each of our senses has its limit—a very narrow limit indeed. We are traveling outside that limit when we manufacture an artificial sense, and call it a microscope, a telescope or an X-Ray. That manufactured sense shows us there is more to a leaf and a man than our physical sense had permitted us to discover. The student presently discovers that when the leaf shrivels and the man decays, it is only an appearance, due to his limited sense. That which vanished was only just so much of the leaf and the man as he had been able to sense. The leaf and the man had always been but an appearance of a leaf and a man to his mortal sense. But outside the little form had always been leafhood, and manhood, which neither shrivel nor decay. We call the appearance which we sense a leaf and a man. We now recognize they are both integral portions of the tree of life. We had sensed only certain fragments. Our limited sense was their personality, and that personality now vanishes. Necessarily leafhood and manhood have expressions that cannot be sensed by the leaf and the man. But we must now, for the present, leave the leaf to its own life expressions and experiences, of which we are almost totally ignorant, and follow our thought out in the line of manhood.

San Leandro, Cal.  
(To be continued.)

### Book Notices.

RUSS. H. GILBERT.

With Force and Arms, by Howard R. Garis, is a historical novel of nearly 350 pages, every one of them very alive. The author, who is a newspaper man of Newark, N. J., imparts a snap and vigor to his story that catches the mind at once. The hero of the story, which is laid in Salem in the days of witchcraft, was compelled to leave England because he happened to be on the losing side in one of the many attempts to convert the natives, and that that little island has witnessed, and come to America and offers his sword to the Governor of Massachusetts and is sent to Salem to raise a company to fight the Indians and French. He falls in love. Oh, Cupid, you little trouble-some comfort! what won't you get a man into?

This soldier of fortune has the usual number of chances for distinguishing himself and he comes mighty near extinguishing himself instead, and winds up by saving the day for a garrison in New Jersey. He rescues his sweetheart from a "hated rival"—I believe those are the two correct words—kills his rival, is forgiven by his king, and what is more to the point, receives from him £10,000 cash, is married and—why not?—Everybody is happy and not more so than the readers, for if they are human they have enjoyed every word of it. They have sympathized with the love and loved in their trials and rejoiced with them in their happiness. The story is wholesome in its tone, instructive in its historical feature and—good to read.

The Unsealed Bible, or Revelation Revealed, Disclosing the Mysteries of Life and Death by Rev. George Chalmers.

This is the first of a series of volumes, each consisting of a book of the Bible, with the author's interpretation of it and remarks upon the same.

Genesis, or the book of beginnings," as he calls it, offers a fertile field for liberal interpretations, as indeed does the entire Bible, and whether the author will or no, he approaches the line in a delightfully free way when he says "the past is condemned and also forgiven, the new is welcomed and man forgiven."

Again: "The mortal is touching the hem of the garment of the immortal and the immortal is pressing hard upon the one vulnerable spot in the body of death."

It would be interesting to learn what he calls the "one vulnerable spot in the body of death." There is a sense of disappointment that many will experience when they reach that point.

The writer gets down to science at once in the first interpretation which he calls "spirit of light" and includes verses 1 to 5 of the book of Genesis.

Speaking of God he says that the word God translated means Elohim—Strong Ones. He also says the first seven great principles in which the Spirit of God divides itself for the work of creation.

The sacred seven as he calls them have expression in the seven colors of the rainbow, the seven notes in the scale of music, the seven days of creation, the seven churches of Asia. He also says these seven are sons of God with names and offices as follows: Satan—Spirit of Light, Michael—Spirit of Revelation, Zadkiel—Spirit of Knowledge, Salmiel—Spirit of Might, Anael—Spirit of Counsel, Raphael—Spirit of Understanding, Uriel—Spirit of Wisdom.

In what sense he calls Satan—the devil—a spirit of light, it would be interesting to know.

The operation of the seven makes the







### Why Paint Cracks and Peels.

The observer who remembers what he sees will have noted that paint applied to new work seldom cracks or peels, while paint applied over old paint very frequently exhibits these faults. If you ask the painter why paint cracks, he will probably answer, "because it is cheap, ready-mixed stuff." If you corner him, however, he will admit that any paint will crack under certain conditions. It is his business to see that these conditions do not exist, but he seldom takes the trouble to do so.

The reason that paint cracks and peels over old paint is very simple: The repainting has been too long delayed, and the old paint having lost its oil is brittle and very lightly attached to the wood, so that the contraction of the fresh coat pulls it away. The cure for this defect is the proverbial "ounce of prevention"—do not too long delay repainting. If the critical point has been passed, a little probing with the blade of a pocket knife will demonstrate the fact, and then scraping or burning off is the only resource.

The rule applies to straight lead and oil quite as fully as to the cheapest ready-mixed paints, and there is no possibility of saving money by delaying too long the inevitable repainting. Pure oil combination paints compounded with zinc white and white lead or other ingredients will stand longer without repainting than other materials, but it is poor economy to delay beyond the danger point the job of repainting, no matter what paint is used.

Stanton Dudley.

### Thomas Paine Celebration at Whitewater, Wis.

The Morris Pratt Institute and the Spiritualist church of Whitewater, Wis., have agreed that the 29th day of January shall be celebrated as a regular holiday. It was on that day in the year 1737 that the great man Thomas Paine was born. This man who did more than all others to give us freedom, and the country republic, has been reviled, traduced and slandered more than any other man born within the last five hundred years.

The Morris Pratt Institute and Spiritualist Church unite in inviting their neighbors and all others who love truth, justice and freedom to come to the Morris Pratt Institute building, Thursday, Jan. 29, and assist in celebrating the one hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary of the birth of that great man, Thomas Paine. The first session of this celebration will be held in the Spiritualist Temple, Morris Pratt building, at 2.30 p. m. The second session will begin at exactly 7.45 p. m. Program: Music; Miss Agnes Chaffee will read Thomas Paine's poem, "Liberty Tree"; brief remarks by Prof. A. J. Weaver and Mrs. Mattie E. Hull; reply to the late Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's attack on the character of Thomas Paine, by Moses Hull; remarks by Rev. W. J. Erwood; closing song.

Evening session—singing; original poem by Mrs. Mattie E. Hull; "Thomas Paine, His Life and Works," by M. Florence Johnson; recitation, "The Author Hero—Thomas Paine," by Miss Amelia Penning; comparison of the lives of Thomas Paine and John Wesley, by Rev. Moses Hull; select reading, "Thomas Paine's Interview with St. Peter," M. Florence Johnson; closing song.

Any part of this program is subject to change as the exigencies of the case may require.

### Good Will.

Do you really want to be happy? Do you want happiness enough to pay the price for it? Happiness is a jealous god. He simply will not live in the same heart with fault-finding, growls, dislikes. Do you want happiness badly enough to make you turn out all these things, no matter what happens? Then happiness will come into you and grow up in you until it fills every crack and cranny of your being and makes you feel so good that you will entirely forget to growl and find fault and dislike things.

Happiness and Good Will are Siamese twins. You simply must have 'em both, or live without either. Growls and dislikes always send Good Will into the dark closet and then happiness flies away. You must choose Good Will, and keep on choosing, until it fills you and radiates such positive energy that growls and dislikes simply shrivel and cannot get into your mind or heart at all.—Ex.

### New Year Greetings from N. S. A.

Dear Mr. Editor:—All connected with the management of the N. S. A. extend greetings and best wishes to you, in the New Year; our greetings and goodwill also go out to your many readers, all of whom we feel sure are interested in this Association and its good work for humanity. Inclosed I send a copy of some of the resolutions that were adopted at the last annual convention in Boston, which few will deny are good and worthy of their source.

There is but little news to report at the present time; the routine work of the home office goes on as usual; the missionaries are busy, which the public knows from their frequent articles in our good spiritual papers. There is need of more missionary work, and we hope to see it extended in time to every quarter of our land. Our free library is doing its usual good work, and each day brings seekers after truth to this office to borrow the books that are here on loan; every city in the country should have a free circulating library, where spiritual and liberal books and papers could be found. Our free literature in the shape of leaflets, tracts, and so forth—is called for freely, and we hear of its missionary work in many places, mostly remote from mediums or meetings of Spiritualism. As Mr. Hudson Tuttle is busy with his work as Editor at Large, the N. S. A. expects that this new year will prove one of greater triumph and blessing for the Cause, and that the Lyceum movement will also take a new start, since that earnest worker, J. W. Ring, is foremost in the labor of love for the children, and is making his weekly lesson paper a power for good for adults and children alike.

I am happy to report that our fund for the defense of wills—which had become quite exhausted—has been blessed by a donation of two hundred dollars from a friend of the N. S. A. Secretary, who does not desire to have her name appear. The Mediums' Relief Fund occasionally receives a dollar, but of late the friends have given it but little thought—perhaps they will do so after the holiday drain upon the purse is no longer felt.

As our friends know, it had been decided not to build a Mediums' Home on the N. S. A. land at Reed City, Mich., which was wise, since the property on that land has been burned. As it is, this association will receive its insurance on its building, and we expect to have no loss to report in this direction. It is requested that The Public Take Notice, that the N. S. A. will not erect a Mediums' Home anywhere in Michigan, nor at any other place at present, not only because the public did not respond to the call for funds for that purpose—except in occasional instances—the result being only about five hundred dollars outside of the fifteen hundred

given by two members of our Board; but also, because the money thus obtained has been turned into the Mediums' Relief Fund, from which the N. S. A. is pensioning—and caring for—several aged veteran mediums—intending to increase the work as circumstances allow. One of our pensioners has been taken in charge by some of her relatives, and is now in California among the flowers, seeking health, while the N. S. A. is relieved of her care.

The terrible bereavement which has come to President and Mrs. Barrett in the violent death of their only child has brought sorrow to thousands of hearts; universal sympathy is with them, for while we know that the loss is only temporary and temporal, yet we realize the anguish it has brought to their darkened home. Our tender thoughts and blessings go to them.

Mary T. Longley,  
N. S. A. Secretary.  
609 Pa. Ave., S. E., Wash., D. C.

### Libraries for Spiritual Societies.

FREE PUBLICATIONS OF THE N. S. A.

In direct line of work of the Literary Bureau of the National Spiritual Association, is the establishment of libraries by local societies and progressive lyceums. The National has already the most complete collection of books on Spiritualism in the world.

The churches have been quick to see and take advantage of the great value of books and journals in extending their doctrines. The lecturer or minister may come or go, the paper every week, or a book is always present to be taken up at a spare moment. It is a patient teacher and asks the attention of the reader only so long as it can interest and instruct.

The literature of Spiritualism has rapidly increased until it forms a library of itself and there are many works of great value in what may be called outlying fields.

Spiritualism has come to stand for more than its manifestation. It presents a science and philosophy of life here and hereafter, and the Spiritualist must be a student as well as an observer.

Every local Society and Lyceum should have a library. It is not necessary to wait until a large number of books can be made with ever so few, and the advantage of the plan will lead to constant additions. Where a society is able to maintain a reading room, files of Spiritual literature, kept in alphabetical order, may be formed, pursuing the topics of certain books, discussing, comparing and reviewing.

In this connection the efforts of the National Association to circulate educational literature may be mentioned. It does not appear to be generally known that this Association has a goodly list of tracts and pamphlets published for free distribution. As the fund with which these are published is entirely contributed in order to maintain this branch there must be a constant support. The more that is given the greater the work that can be accomplished. Hence, while every one who cares to read or wishes to distribute these books, will be furnished free on application, any contribution he may feel impelled to make, will assist in this work. The character and value of these tracts may be inferred by some of the titles: "Presentation of Spiritualism to the World's Parliament of Religion," by Cora L. V. Richmond; "Plain Talks About Spiritualism," by Geo. W. Bates; "The Living Word," by Dr. Geo. A. Fuller; "The Spirit World," lecture by spirit, John Pierpont inspiring Mrs. Mary T. Longley; "Possible Conditions of Another Life," by Rev. Minot J. Savage; "The New Thought of Immortality," by Rev. R. Heber Newton; "The Spirit World, Where Is It?" lecture by Prof. W. F. Peck; "What is Spiritualism?"

Then tracts should be scattered by the million. Who will assist in this work? The National Association furnishes them and Spiritualists who feel Spiritualism is worth laboring for, must be their distributors. The outside world judges Spiritualism by the fakes and exposures published with sneering comments by the secular press. It condemns because it does not know anything about the subject except what it learns from opposers. The only way to advance the Cause is to present what it really is, its objects, aims and purposes.

Spiritualism must be extended by educational means. The press, today, is the great educator. All organizations recognize this and the churches have endowments for the free, or nearly free distribution of their secular literature. The Swedenborgians circulate the voluminous works of their seer for the postage. We can in fancy picture the advantages of such a publication fund, and it may be realized by zeal and effort on the part of Spiritualists.

Hudson Tuttle,  
Editor-at-Large National Spiritualists' Association.

### The Massachusetts State Association.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists was held in Berkeley Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1903. There were members present from all parts of the state—Boston, Cambridge, Somerville, Lynn, Lawrence, Haverhill, Lowell, Melrose, Fall River, Attleboro, Braintree, Fitchburg, Chelsea, and Onset. The weather was bad, but the members felt the importance of the meeting and were present in large numbers. The meeting was opened at 10.30 a. m. by the president, G. A. Fuller. Mrs. Litch of Lynn gave the invocation. The President then read his annual report which was referred to a committee—Miss Susie C. Clark, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mr. Jos. S. Scarlett.

The Secretary read her annual report which was referred to committee, consisting of Mr. F. A. Wiggin, Dr. Alex. Caird, Mrs. E. S. Loring. Treasurer Mr. Hebron Libbey's annual report. Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1902, \$190.97; received from the Secretary, \$430.12; total, \$621.09; total paid out, \$389.41, leaving a balance on hand of \$231.68. \$150.25 of this money were raised for hall rent for the N. S. A. Convention. This report was referred to the Auditing Committee. Recess of twenty minutes was taken. The committee upon Secretary's report reported as follows, and was accepted and ordered published in Banner of Light:

To the Officers and Members of the Mass. State Assn. of Spiritualists in Convention Assembled:

Your committee appointed to consider the report of the Secretary of the N. S. A. have carefully reviewed the report and most heartily commend it for its clear and lucid statement of the financial standing of the N. S. A., as well as for its most complete statement of the general work and condition for the past year and we most respectfully recommend its adoption, as a whole, by this Convention.

Signed,  
F. A. Wiggin,  
Dr. Alex. Caird,  
Mrs. E. S. Loring,  
Committee.

Auditing committee's report:

To the Massachusetts State Association in Convention assembled:

The undersigned, the Auditing Committee of this Association, to whom were referred the annual reports of the Secretary and

### CHANGE OF LIFE.



Some sensible advice to women passing through this trying period.

The painful and annoying symptoms experienced by most women at this period of life are easily overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially designed to meet the needs of woman's system at the trying time of change of life.

It is no exaggeration to state that Mrs. Pinkham has over 5000 letters like the following proving the great value of her medicine at such times.

"I wish to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me. My trouble was change of life. Four years ago my health began to fail, my head began to grow dizzy, my eyes pained me, and at times it seemed as if my back would fall me, had terrible pains across the kidneys. Hot flashes were very frequent and trying. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken six bottles of it and am to-day free from those troubles. I cannot speak in high enough terms of the medicine. I recommend it to all and wish every suffering woman would give it a trial."—Bella Ross, 88 Montclair Ave., Roseland, Mass.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Treasurer of this Association, respectfully beg leave to report that they have examined the accounts of those officers as presented and find them in due form correctly cast and duly touched, and they recommend that these reports be accepted and filed in the usual manner.

Irrving F. Symonds,  
Sarah P. Billings,  
John F. Simmons,  
Auditing Committee.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were then unanimously accepted by the Association.

The amendments that were presented were then taken up and acted upon:

Amend Article II to read as follows:—The objects of this Association are:

First. To found churches in the name of Spiritualism as a legally recognized system of religion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was moved and carried that the Article be adopted as a whole.

The next was to amend Art. IV to read as follows:

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

It was moved and carried that the Article be adopted as read.

Art. V, Sec. 1. After much discussion it was moved that this Article with the other two amendments be referred to a committee of three, as Art. V, Sec. 1, seriously conflicted with the amendment of that Article the previous year, 1902. Committee appointed, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, Mr. L. F. Symonds, Dr. Alex. Caird.

The committee upon President's report moved it be adopted as a whole:

To the Officers and Members of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists.

We, the committee appointed to act upon the annual report of our worthy President, find the paper so scholarly, so inclusive and complete that it leaves us little to do but to heartily commend and endorse the same.

The three points which seem of especial importance are:

First. The great need, the duty of devoting painstaking effort in the formation and maintenance of those nurseries of our faith—the Sunday Schools or Lyceums—we as a committee preferring the former designation, the word Lyceum being one of pagan origin, holding no suggestion of Spirit, and we question if the movement might not gain new impetus and strength by a change from the title under which it now languishes. We also suggest a co-operation with the organization now being started by John W. Ring of Texas, and the appointment of a District Superintendent of Massachusetts to go through the State in the interest of the Lyceum or Sunday school work.

Second. We especially feel the wisdom of our President's suggestion that a committee of three be appointed to prepare for publication and distribution a list of helpful books to guide the investigator in his study of our philosophy, science and religion. As all workers in common with our President must constantly meet such appeal, "What books shall we read?" "How can we ascertain what Spiritualists believe?" Even our own devoted disciples are not always so familiar as perhaps it would be wise to be, with our excellent, instructive literature.

Third. In the perhaps still more important

matter of permanent headquarters, we would suggest that the worthy efforts of our efficient Secretary be supplemented by the appointment of a soliciting committee to endeavor to raise funds or promise of support if such public home for our Association could be secured. That intelligent propaganda which characterizes our friends in Christian Science establishes reading rooms in every city and town in our land—even our own Western prairies. Why cannot Spiritualists do the same? We feel that with headquarters once established, they would become a magnet to attract contributions, since in many homes today there are books, paintings and furniture awaiting bestowal when the much desired opportunity arrives.

With deepest feeling we heartily concur in our President's expression of sympathy for our afflicted brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Barrett and other sorrowing friends.

Lastly, we would personally express our deep appreciation for the devotion, fidelity and great ability of every officer on the board of our Massachusetts State Association.

Respectfully submitted,  
Miss Susie C. Clark,  
Mrs. Minnie M. Soule,  
Mr. Jos. S. Scarlett.

The Committee on Amendments reported as follows:

We recommend Art. V, Sections 1 and 2 in proposed amendments be referred to a committee of three, appointed by the chair, which shall report at the next annual meeting.

Respectfully submitted,  
F. A. Wiggin,  
Dr. Caird,  
Irving F. Symonds,  
Jan. 6, 1903.

Committee appointed to take these amendments under advisement: Mr. F. A. Wiggin, Dr. Alex. Caird, Mr. L. F. Symonds, George A. Fuller, M. D.

Other matters of importance to our State were the appointing of Committees on Literature: Miss Susie C. Clark, Mr. Wiggin, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule. Committee upon permanent headquarters, Mr. Simmons, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, Mr. J. L. Hatch, Jr. The society also adopted resolutions endorsing the Anti-Vaccination Society in its endeavors to overcome this evil, and voted ten dollars toward the defense of the Albert Pear case before the Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of the present compulsory vaccination law. This ended the business for the year. The next was the nomination and election of officers for ensuing year. Tellers were, Mr. Fred Libbey, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, Mrs. Rodgers of Fall River. The following were elected: Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., President, Onset, Mass.; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Vice-President, Dorchester, Mass.; Carrie F. Loring, Vice-President, East Braintree, Mass.; J. Q. A. Whittemore, Vice-President, Newton, Mass.; Carrie L. Hatch, Secretary, Dorchester, Mass.; Hebron Libbey, Treasurer, 231 Washington St., Boston, Mass.; Simeon Butterfield, 22 Pembroke St., Chelsea, Mass.; Irving F. Symonds, 14 Green St., Somerville, Mass.; Dr. Alex. Caird, Lynn, Mass.

This closed the morning meeting which was the best business meeting ever held by the State Association, as more practical work was done than formerly.

The afternoon meeting opened with congregational singing and an invocation by Mrs. C. F. Loring. The President announced that the afternoon session would be a conference, and that anyone who wished to speak would be allowed the opportunity; but we had unexpectedly as our guest, Rev. B. F. Austin of Toronto, Canada, and he would take the opportunity to call upon him first.

Mr. Austin said: "I counted myself very fortunate upon coming to your city to learn that your State Association was holding a Convention, and that I should therefore be able to meet many of the friends that I undoubtedly should not, if such was not the case. Your President said in introducing me that I had sacrificed much in becoming a Spiritualist, but, friends, I do not count anything a sacrifice that brings such joy and blessing as the spiritual philosophy." He made a report of the progress of the work in Canada; he said their hearts were warming toward this new truth. "Spiritualism is making much rapid advancement in the churches, and outside of them." He told of a minister who advertised to preach at certain date upon Spiritualism; Mr. Austin attended. The reverend gentleman said it was true that these manifestations took place, that spirits came and talked, showed themselves, etc., but he said it was the spirit of the devil working miracles. He told his people not to go and witness these manifestations, "because," he said, "you will be converted, so stay away." Mr. Austin said the friends in Toronto wished him to reply, so he sent a challenge, but received no reply. Dr. Austin then spoke of the power of thought, and of what valuable use it could be put to.

Mr. Talbot of Lawrence was the next speaker. He told of some of his experiences and then said: "We talk so much of love and harmony, these two things, that we neglect to cultivate ourselves. The day has passed when we have to apologize for being Spiritualists. We can prove our statements and the public listens. . . . Another thing, we should treat our mediums with more kindness than in the past. These mediums that are selected on account of their sensitive natures, should be treated as house plants. The home circle should be established, and we would find wonderful manifestations."

Mrs. Belcher of Marlboro gave many messages which were all recognized.

Mrs. Kate Ham of Haverhill spoke on "Spiritualism, What it is and What is its Mission." Among other things she said: "If the soul is eternal, it must have duties, duties to perform, and rational Spiritualism proves this is true. Spiritualism pure and undiluted recognizes the great Over Soul, Good, or God, as we choose to call it. It is a religion that stands for a wholesome, sweet home life; it stands for broader aspirations; it closes the gaping wounds made by death; it inspires the faint-hearted in every department of life; it is life and love and truth and wisdom." She closed her remarks with tests which were all recognized.

Mrs. C. P. Pratt of Attleboro, one of our members said: "It is a pleasure to be present. The name of Berkeley Hall is enough to draw me here, for it was my church home for many years and I have always been interested in the State Association. With Dr. Fuller at its head, I surely could not fail to respond to the call. Do not believe friends realize how much importance these meetings are, and how much good they do. I do wish we were more united. I sit at my window at home and at a certain hour I see the great masses of people start out from their homes. They go with one purpose and one thought, and I think to myself: Here are people that understand the law of concentration and this is why they accomplish so much along their own particular lines. It seems to me if we who preach so much of the power thought would only practice we could accomplish much."

Dr. A. A. Kimball spoke briefly along his line of work in the spiritual field and told of cases of obsession that he had cured that were perfectly wonderful, and it also teaches us a lesson in regard to the growth of the spirit, and also how spirits can attach themselves to mortals to the detriment of the individual.

Mrs. Dr. Caird said although she was a public medium, she still felt the salvation of Spiritualism was the home circle. She gave many tests which were all recognized. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham spoke briefly in reference to the home circle, and the great good that can be accomplished from the same. Mrs.

### Free Fit Cure.



Dr. Charles Green, the renowned Brain and Nerve Specialist of Battle Creek, Mich., is so sure that he has found a positive cure for this terrible affliction; that he will give a free trial to any who will write him. The Doctor has used this remedy in every case of Epilepsy he has treated for the last ten years, and he has yet to find a case he can not cure.

If you are subject to Epilepsy, write for the free trial treatment at once before some fatal accident occurs while in an attack. Address Dr. Charles W. Green, 218 Monroe Street, Battle Creek, Mich. D-21

Berry spoke briefly, said she was a Spiritualist, and had been one many years; that the angel world first touched her in her home circles and they had been very dear to her. She believes in a Spiritualism that will make her a better woman tomorrow than she is today, and knows that Spiritualism can sustain us through all trials of life.

(To be continued.)

Blindfolded and alone I wait.  
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late.  
Too heavy burdens in the load,  
And too few helpers on the road,  
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,  
And years and days are long, so long;  
Yet this one thing I learn to know,  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That I am glad the good and ill,  
By changeless laws are ordered still.  
Not as I will.

—Helen Hunt.

### Spiritual Science of Health and Healing.

Considered in TWELVE LECTURES, delivered inspirationally by W. J. Ring, D. D., San Francisco and Boston, during 1898.

The author in his preface says, "Those whose minds are fertile and receptive to the ideas of spiritual science, and who have the gift of tracing conclusions to their sources and following thought further than its outward form can convey it, will be able to successfully treat themselves and others if they carefully read and meditate upon the contents of this volume, as a perfect system of treatment is definitely outlined in its pages." 72 pages, cloth. Price \$1.25. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

THE SIXTH SENSE; or, Electricity. A Story for the Masses. By MARY E. BUELL.

This is a fine and pleasing story so interestingly told that each reader will find it a drama, a romance, a mystery, and all of them as every-day associates. One of those rarest spiritual gifts, being both clairvoyant and clairaudient, and added to these, a clear perception of the philosophy and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. In the course of the narrative much is explained that is problematic to those newly investigating the subject, and in some instances to those established Spiritualists. 128 pages, substantially bound, cloth. Price 50 cts. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### THE HIMALAYA WONDER WHEEL;

OR, THIBETIAN PERISCOPE.

THIS is the latest attraction in the Occult line. In the shortest possible time it teaches people, in the most practical manner, the Basic Laws of Astrological Knowledge upon which all sciences of the occult are based. It is a Scientific Drawing of the Heavens, and the Heavens are the true Wonder Wheel. It teaches the signs of the Zodiac, and the degree of the signs corresponding to the days of the month, the lordships of the signs, their characteristics and the various aspects from which they are calculated; the rulings of each year of life and of age; shows how the earth and where the Sun was at any hour of birth, and the various aspects from which they are calculated; gives at a glance the ruling Planet at any hour of any day in a manner never before attempted. By this Wheel, and with any tabulating material, every astrologer, seer, teller, character and life of himself or others, and speculators, merchants or lovers may find a very best friend for their desires. It is the very Essence of Astrology, a nutshell, and the basic law of all Psychic powers. No house well equipped without it. New unaltered edition, single copy, 25 cts.; twelve copies, \$2.50; fifty copies, \$10.00; one hundred copies, \$18.00. Dr. C. P. Pratt of Attleboro, one of our members said: "It is a pleasure to be present. The name of Berkeley Hall is enough to draw me here, for it was my church home for many years and I have always been interested in the State Association. With Dr. Fuller at its head, I surely could not fail to respond to the call. Do not believe friends realize how much importance these meetings are, and how much good they do. I do wish we were more united. I sit at my window at home and at a certain hour I see the great masses of people start out from their homes. They go with one purpose and one thought, and I think to myself: Here are people that understand the law of concentration and this is why they accomplish so much along their own particular lines. It seems to me if we who preach so much of the power thought would only practice we could accomplish much."

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