

AN EXPONENT OF THE
PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE

VOL. 92.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 25

DEATH.

I sat with my friend and talked of the day
When the days are done and all passed away;
When, like the mist-smoke from the mountain driven,
We shall see and know the clearness of heaven,
And no more of sorrow and no more of care
Shall mar the beauty we picture there.
My heart was a flame as I touched the theme;
My soul sailed away, as a boat on a stream;
For glad as a bird and bright as the west
Was I to think of the realms of the blest.
I think not of death; no, never a thought
Of dread have I felt, or feel that I ought;
But all is delight, and all is a joy
With blessings untold my heart to employ.
It seems I shall wake and know of the worth
I longed for in vain on this beautiful earth;
I'll know the deep things now hid from my sight,
Inspired with pleasures that come from the right;
I'll be like a bird let loose from its cage;
I'll be like a youth when he cometh of age;
I'll be like a man that wanders again
In old scenes beloved, that lie by the main;
I'll be as absorbed as one in a dream
That sees all sweet things that pleasure seem
That taught that the day in daylight could show,
Or aught that our life in its living could know.
I think of it all as walking toward morn,
When light through the mist in splendor is borne;
I walk in the glow; death fades into light,
And parts till the way stand clear in my sight,
And all I have known, and all I would know,
Are there with welcome that hallow them so.
'Tis no loss of life; 'tis no loss of breath;
'Tis nothing to dread as dark, dolorous death.
Of that I am sure my nature all through;
I know it as clear as flowers know the dew;
I feel it by faith; I sense it by love;
It comes as a fact from regions above.
As earth was to me a friend from the first,
And kisses e'er followed what seemed to be curst,
So surprising and sweet in its welcoming clasp—
Shall be the hard hand that mine shall then grasp.
I'll meet no rebuff; I'll know no despair;
But find heaven is heaven, God wishing me there.
I'll be like a child with rapture made bold—
The earth filled with flowers, the sky tinged with gold;
I'll know not a care, a sigh or a tear;
The day shall not end or nightfall be near;
But ever the morn and songs of the morn,
When I and my friends to that beauty are born.
O precious as pearls, as diamonds that gleam,
To me and my friend came this beautiful dream!
William Brunton.

The Oldest Question in the World.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"
Job 14-14.
"God created man to be immortal,
And made him to be in a lineage in his own eternity."
The Wisdom of Solomon, 3-23.

I ask your attention to the question of Job, and give the answer of the writer of The Wisdom of Solomon which is the expression of the growing conviction of men. I call it the oldest question in the world, not because of this putting it by the desert seer—who comes to the conclusion—"After my skin, even this body, is destroyed, then without my flesh shall I see God." I do not call it the oldest because he asked it, it must have been asked ages before his day; I call it the oldest because it seems primal to consciousness, it is buried there, perhaps, from former existences. At any rate, it holds in the mind as the stars in the heavens—not always seen any more than the stars—but there it is in the shadows flaming in golden glow and demanding attention. The stars are the oldest things in the world visible to the eye, as Edward Rowland Sell tells us. The surface of the earth, escaping from the sea—ground as in a mill, and smudged-strewn by the glaciers—is but of yesterday as compared with the stars! And the wind that blows the fragrance of the flower to us, and rustles in the tree-tops, and which has been on our planet ever since it was born, ancient as it is, is but very young in the universe. It is the harper of creation, the first poet of life, and yet I conceive its years to be as nothing with this question of man-soul and our destiny. We would like an answer as clear as this called Solomon's from life itself—that we might be sure, and base our conduct on this certainty, and put aside our fears and live in content and gladness. So men accept the word of authority spoken by teachers. They live with the feeling it is not what they want, but is, perhaps, the best they can get, and they must let it go at that.

Now I should not be troubled for any one who can live in this frame of mind. I do not think it necessary for every one to be positive about this, because they may not have awakened to the importance of the question, and as they are living, what is the use of trying to know more than you can know; it seems hidden, and as far as they can see, nobody knows anything about it.

The Jews lived a long time without any regard to the merits of the question. They inclined to the thought that they must see the goodness of God in the land of the living, that men in the grave could not praise him; and it was only when they came to Babylon, 500 B. C., that they received the clear conviction and teaching of immortality. The Pharisees took up the new thought and believed in angels and a resurrection, while the Sadducees denied both, after the traditions of the fathers. People can get along without even the prospect, as Harriet Martineau and George Eliot did, and they can live very beautiful lives,

just as the flowers do, though we know that when the summer is ended, they will be no more. And yet I feel it must be a loss to the brave and gifted to have this shadow hanging over them. We want to work to a purpose, to feel that we are contributing to the world's gain; but if all is death and dust at last, then whatever the progress, in the end it is as though it never were in existence. And when George Eliot cried out:

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence—
live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night
like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge
man's search
To vaster issues!
So to live is heaven;
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the
world."

It seems to me that the mind has got deeper than it knows, and is walking very well by faith, if not by sight!

Yet the world has not lost interest in this great question. It feels it must go about the settling of it in a different way from what it did formerly; it must investigate, and see what the evidence is for this great stream of affirmation running through all time, that man is immortal. It used to be a question for the priests only, but we, like David, in our extreme need of hunger must eat the sacred food. And the psychic societies formed over the civilized world are steps in the right direction, though a very slow process for those who desire to know at first hand. They have come to some very strong, staggering conclusions for the average man to hear, and he simply does not take any stock in them. He tries to give them a bad name. It is simply superstition, and while that hardly seems a likely thing of Alfred Russel Wallace for instance, or of our Professor James of Cambridge, yet that is the way the new Thomases dispose of their work! That we can see without the eyes, and hear without the ears, seems to have much evidence in its favor. Of course that can be done as a trick, but between a prearranged trick, which must have its conditions or it cannot be done, between that and a reality is a great difference. I should not wish to believe on hearsay, however eminent the authority. Yet I say I could trust Minot J. Savage as a real reporter of what he saw, and I am sure that he would not overcolor anything or come to any illogical conclusion, and so I recommend to your reading his book, "Life After Death." He deals fearlessly and fairly with modern lines of thought and evidence which assure us that immortality is real.

That does not close the question and make it a demonstrated thing, like the shape of the earth, or its distance from the sun. There are a great many people who, if such evidence were forthcoming, would not look at it or listen to it, they would utterly scout it as being unworthy. These have to take their own way on the great journey. It is, however, like a man walking when he might get on board of the steam-car and arrive there in little time.

There is this to be considered, that whatever God has been pleased to send us in ancient or in modern times, is to be respected as his truth, and is superior to all prejudice, or misconceptions of authority. We are assured now that those in power who reproved Galileo for looking through his telescope, and learning of the heavenly bodies the true place of our planet in the solar system, we are assured they were as much mistaken about the future as they were about our world. The theory of hell and the devil is as much exploded as the theory that the earth was flat, and that sun, moon, and stars moved round it. Hell is an impossibility in any world. It would discredit the universe of any moral significance. It would be a blot on creation millions and millions of times worse than Siberia was; and the moral sense of man has demanded that that in its worst features be abolished. Then the idea of the devil will not stand, because he would be a testimony of the helplessness of the Almighty to subdue him. No, the world is well rid of these two bugbears of what was called religious thought, and we come in possession of a world with nothing worse in it than what we see every day of our living. And we can get along fairly well with it, and grow more and more in love with it as the days are going by.

I consider this an immense gain to true living. It relieves us of such a weight of care people have had to carry. Such burdens of the soul as to the fate of their friends. They were oppressed with the burden of supposed doom that might come to the unchurched. That has all passed away as the darkness of a theological night, and I confess that I have no more respect for the preacher of hell-fire than I had for the darky who held all his life, "the earth do move." It is pure blind worship of a discredited past, and is as much out of place as

if we kept crocodiles instead of cats. The moral problem is on higher ground than fear and compulsion of force; it is on the ground of reason and love, and as God depends on these for the guidance of children, the orthodoxies will have to do the same, and creeds to the contrary notwithstanding!

In darkness children are always seeing things, if we may believe Eugene Field, but when daylight comes, how happy and pleased the little ones are. They can spend the hours of brightness in joy and play. And they grow up to fear the night no more than they do the day, for it is the same old earth, and does well to give us the dark and the silence for rest.

Just so with man in his living. In the past of ignorance he was troubled with fearful dreams and awoke many times to the sense of sorrow that was hardly soothed by the religion of old, since it came in the shadows. But now we are in the glory and beauty of the day, and have no more need to cry and moan, but take to our tasks and delight ourselves in the work given us to do while it is yet day.

A great number of people stand just here; they are glad they are living, though if they could have had their choice, they would have come a thousand years from now, and had all the wonderful improvements that are likely to be found then. They sincerely hope they are going to live right on, that they will carry with them the benefit of what they have learned here, and meet those they loved, and live with them. That is as far as they have got, and there are times of doubt and uncertainty which visit them, and especially when separation comes, they know not what to make of it. They are willing to believe if they could only have something on which to build, a thread, as fine as a spider's thrown over the gulf, they could cling to that, and feel sure the soul would find its way by it.

I wish to say that this is a noble attitude of the modern mind. It is shocked into meekness in the presence of the universe. A man can only have the vanity of considering himself of very great importance in a small circle, and when he is put in the midst of the stars, he is no more than a grain of dust on the earth. That is true, perhaps, if you measure him by size, but that is not the way to look at him. You look at him in the possibilities of a pure mind like that of Plato's, of a heart and life like the Christ's, and then the stars are small, and all of them are but as dust for his feet to walk over!

We are coming to this consciousness that we are the greatest creatures on this planet, born here that we may take our bearings and then move elsewhere. There is that about us which we cannot measure. It seems impossible to tell from whence we came. Birth was but the gateway of our entrance into this world, as we look at it now; it does not account for what we so speedily are of thinking and loving beings. When we question closely the fact, it does not answer what we want to know of our origin. And then with all the explanations of science as to our mode of unfoldment in the last half million of years, there is the puzzle of where the first life came from, vegetable or animal, to make the beginning of a live world like ours?

You see we are brought face to face with the fact of a persistent life out of which our lives come as surely as the rains come from the ocean and fall back into it. To answer for our being here at all, we have to say God, and better yet, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Could we build up a philosophy of immortality from that? I think we could. It brings us into a world where purpose rules, and purpose equal to what is accomplished up to date, and here you and I are amid this divine order, and wanted, or we should not be here, and the Master of the House of Time has impressed us with the feeling that he himself can do no better thing than keep us here, now we have arrived.

(To be continued.)

Soul Hunger.

SALVARONA

Author of "The Wisdom of Passion."

Life is the evolution of Hunger from simple to complex forms; and the spiritual and intellectual height of our Hunger is the mental height of our evolution. Ideals are the food of Love. To hunger for greater ideals of truth, goodness and beauty, is to betray to ourselves the self-evolved tastes of our own divine epicureanism. The gods are all hungry; so are the bacteria. The more complex, varied, spiritual and intellectual are our Hungers, the more universal are our lives. Not to be consciously or sub-consciously hungry, means that we have passed out. The universe was given to man to be eaten up. The Soul is a divine glutton. The ascent of the Soul in its evolution is the ascent of its Hunger. The protoplasmic actinophrya hungers for starch, and Newton for the secret of the physical universe. How our lips seek with a divine, amorous madness, the mental lips of the gods, who for the nonce, satisfy our Soul-hungers! O these aches for sympathies to

chord with our loftiest! Psychologically considered, the passion of Hunger is a complex passion; not a simple one! Its mission is to change forms. Scientifically defined, Hunger is a self-involving force, capable of self-dissolving, and self-evolving the elements of things into new spiritual and organic forms. The miracle of the loaves and fishes is a splendid allegory! A man must make a friend of the Devil before he can know God. There would be no such thing as evolution, if our irrational and mad hungers had not preceded our rational ones. Before the Morning was the Night!

Our Mediums and Their Conditions.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

The first step in spiritual manifestations is to be sure of your medium, or rather sensitive, this being the more appropriate word. If the sensitive be a member of your own family, all the better. This gives assurance of honesty and candid purpose of research.

Insist that "traveling mediums" bring letters of introduction and recommendation from well-established societies, testifying to good habits, and high moral standing, aside from any spiritual gifts. Too many tobacco-pickled, beer and whiskey-impregnated mediums have traversed the country in the past, sharing the hospitality and lazily living off from over-credulous, test-seeking spiritists.

Sensitives are the message-bearers between the world's visible and invisible, and they require not only good health, but the choicest conditions, the most pure, pleasant and harmonious surroundings. The old Egyptians understood this, hence the watchfulness and most tender care manifested towards their vestal virgins. Investigators and many Spiritualists should also consider this, and not presume to go into a seance-room to hold converse with exalted spirits till they have taken a bath, till they have gotten the stink of tobacco-smoke out of their garments, greasy pork and beer out of their bodies, and suspicion, envy, jealousy and all malice out of their minds. These considerations, with others, are necessary to the reception of genuine angelic messages.

Dr. Kane, wintering in the extreme polar regions, discovered that the breath and the electric emanations from his body would cause slight fluctuations in his thermometer. The ordinary surveyor need not be informed that iron and steel in his pockets may affect his needle. The skilled mechanic need not be told that his machinery runs the smoothest after dark. Sea captains know that a heavy footfall, or a quick motion, causes slight magnetic oscillations of the compass. These facts being considered, how much more care should we employ when dealing with phenomena involving vibrations, the recondite laws of thought, the finer forces and radiations in the line of occult phenomena! Mediumistic sensitives are infinitely more susceptible in well-aired seance rooms than Dr. Kane's unthinking thermometers. All sensations in their last analysis are spirit sensations. A suspicious, vicious thought, a hard, coarse word, a disagreeable odor, or the positive criticism of an egotistic, coarse-grained cynic in a seance apartment may destroy the proper conditions for successful spiritual phenomena. Would that I had the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the pointed logic of Bacon, to enforce upon the minds of materialistic, spiritistic and psychic students these burning words: Care, oh, tenderly care for and guard your sensitive and delicately attuned sensitives, for all that I, all that anybody positively knows of a future, progressive existence in the higher spheres has come through the teachings and the testimonies of "mediums," spiritual mediums and their beautiful messages. Clairvoyance is one phase of mediumship.

WHO ARE TO DECIDE ABOUT CONDITIONS?

Important inquiry, this! Who are to fix the conditions for spirit manifestations? There are, according to the seer, A. J. Davis, twenty-four phases of mediumship. Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Prof. Grimes and others, enumerate some eighteen more, making forty-two, the phenological number of organs in the human brain. These organs constitute the psychic keys which, through vibration and other methods, spirits play upon, or use in their communications. It is but just to say that many spirits dwelling in the lower tartarean spheres use neither wisely nor well these cranial organs, hence the untruths that sometimes reach us from the undeveloped of the other world. Reason and a calm, cultivated judgment, must be our guide as to what spirits teach.

Supposing you were to go to a farmer and propose to buy, or rather contract for his crop of potatoes, but you add in the conversation, "I must decide upon the conditions of raising them. The seed must be planted in the 'old of the moon,' they must be spaded and not hoed, and they must grow, not in the dark underground, but up in the full sunlight." Would not this farmer think you either insane, or foolish? Suppose you go to a chemist for the manufacture of some spe-

cial chemical compound, telling him how to adjust his melting-pot, his blow-pipe, specifying the strength of his acids, alkalis and menstruums, and then adding that "this compound must be made in a blaze of light before your eyes." What would he think of your sanity? Or suppose, again, that you go to a photographer's gallery for a picture, but insist that you—you must fix the conditions, the environments, the shadings, and then see the picture developed before you in full daylight. Would not the artist put you down as an imbecile, or if not, then a fit subject for some insane asylum? The farmer, the chemist, the artist, understanding their business, not only should, but, if sensible, will determine the conditions for the expected results. This they have a right to do, and so, spirits, understanding the chemistry of the heavens, the forces of light, heat, electricity, and the laws of vibration, should cheerfully be allowed to fix their own conditions for producing the phenomena. Only an ignoramus or a stupid bigot would, it seems to me, contend otherwise.

Further, as spirits are the actors in producing the manifestations and messages, they should determine the conditions under which they can best give them; if an individual does not approve of these spirit-dictated conditions, let him stay at home and attend to his own business. I repeat, let him stay at home and "mind his business." It is correctly reported, and is doubtless true, that men have become both wealthy and learnedly wise by having a legitimate business and strictly attending to it.

A SAD CASE.

Here I am reminded of an occurrence many years ago, fully thirty, with the youthful A. B. Wilson, or Willis, of New Orleans, a young man of some sixteen years, gifted with the genius of a magnificent mediumship. His physical phenomena and tests were as unguaranteed as marvelous, converting his Presbyterian father's family, and several of his neighbors to Spiritualism. But later, certain egotistic materialists, and some crochety spiritistic ghouls, got hold of him to further crucially test him. They tied him, shackled him, and put a sticking plaster over his lips, and still got very fine physical phenomena; but finally they insisted upon sewing him up in a bag, putting him into a cabinet, throwing a netting over the cabinet, and nailing it to the floor; and then, putting a small cord around his neck, the ends to project out through a hole in the cabinet behind, one of the party was to hold the cord, and all this to prove that the medium did not muscularly move a particle while in the cabinet. All being ready! White spirit hands were quickly thrust out through the sides and up above the top of the cabinet. Then came from the cabinet the coarse, sepulchral words of a spirit: "Now go to hell." It is said that this was rough talk? It certainly was, and yet quite natural to the hyper-critical, fraud plane of these rough investigators. Like attracts like. Most psychic sensitives have in sympathy with them from three to five and seven spirits, or more, representing different moral states of spirit life, from poor, undeveloped, earth-bound souls, up to the very angels that traverse the starry immensities.

The above manifestation through this young man was the last. The father and family interposing, prevented any further sittings. The neighbors said it was the devil. How true it is that "spiritists, often through ignorance, are the worst enemies of Spiritualism." In this case those hand-shackling, bag-sewing, investigating spiritists were the fraudulent parties instead of the sensitive. There are hundreds of fraudulent sitters and obsessing spirits, in my opinion, to one really fraudulent sensitive. If you have no faith in a home sensitive, in his or her manifestations, let them alone. Attend to your own business!

Ignorance in this age of the world is unpardonable. Spiritists, and especially investigating materialists, should study physiology, phrenology, physiognomy, psychology, sarcognomy, the cosmic laws of vibration, the recondite laws of suggestion, the nature of the etheric body, and those finer occult forces that are propagated in the interstellar ether, as preliminaries to the proper study of Spiritualism through sensitive intermediaries. My earnest plea to mortals is: Be conscientious, candid, just, and above all, charitable to sensitive mediums, remembering, meanwhile, the old prophet's warning words: "Touch not mine anointed!"

To the soul that has realized Truth all things are related and the thought of separateness is never in mind; such a soul is free and exists in Oneness. Emerson said: "To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and alights the circumstance. Every chemical substance, every plant, every animal in its growth, teaches the unity of cause, the variety of appearance."

Candor and good sense give one grace, English and buoyant optimism.

Literary Department.

Variety of Religious Experiences.

Called by the directors of the Edinburgh University to deliver a course of lectures on universal religion, Prof. James, of Harvard, prepared, delivered and has now printed a series of lectures that easily place their author in the forefront of the ranks of workers on religious subjects.

While some critics object to the handling of the subject by one avowedly not of the "leaky" temperament that allows the infiltration of experiences at first hand, I deem that one of the professor's strong points in equipping him for the masterly work he has done. Were he a "convert," a communicant of any church, a Spiritualist, or an Atheistic Materialist, he would be bound by his belief and his work would be that of a retained attorney rather than of a justice who takes evidence and reserves judgment for the reader to make, largely, as one is bound to do.

You remember Emerson's question, "Why should I write on Providence who have little?" Yet the essay following that introduction is highly esteemed by the world of readers. So with the work in hand, the author disclaims the rich blessings of "experience" in religion, but he has brought forth a book hailed by some as "The book of the century." "The work of the age," while others would criticize it, but certainly that is of value to the world, to make men think, therefore whether we agree with the one or the other, we must agree with both in that the work is of such worth that we quote it, or combat it.

Denied the religious temperament, Prof. James has given much study and observation to this matter, for the treatment of which his training has most admirably fitted him. He has not said just what I should like to hear, but about my belief, the other fellow is probably not entirely satisfied, but the author has aided each of us to view the other from his own standpoint. Often I believe the fellow outside sees the most of the game.

Prof. James treats the subject not as a theologian, not as "a scholar learned in the history of religions, nor an anthropologist." Psychology is that field of learning cultivated by our author and his treatment of religion is from the standpoint of the psychologist, religious effect on man's mental states. His mental equipment for such a treatment of the subject matter is unsurpassed, probably, by any living man; candor, fairness and justice mark his work, and I believe that in the consideration of the different states of mind attending various religious experiences, Prof. James sought to discover and report truth, that for which his university claims to stand. With this love for truth apparent, with no creed for whose victory he thirsts, he has philosophically considered the experiences of all classes, that he might widen to the broadest possible limits the horizon of our religious outlook.

The height of the view point that gives to this horizon its scope, also tends to perform other good services, since from the distance those "experiences" that to the man of narrow horizon seem to be but the zigzag way of a drunkard, are seen to be, when viewed from the loftier height, the fairly direct way toward some place of vantage, some definite point. And in the study of so wide a field we are fitted to consider philosophically the matter of religion; herein we are asked to consider the testimony of Catholic and Jew, of Methodist, Baptist, Quaker and Jew, of Psychical Researcher, Spiritualist, Mind Curer and Medical Materialist; and in all he finds common ground and from all he deduces some knowledge that, considered finally, in two propositions, goes to make religious philosophy, according to Spencer's definition, that "completely unified knowledge is philosophy." He recognizes the worth of agitation; why the ocean, but for counter forces and the resulting agitation, would become the death pool of all terrestrial life, rather than the great fountain of health it is; so we are shown the condition of those peoples that have ceased to know, to feel the living fact of religious experiences and have shrunk to the palsied form of "deadly respectability." Whether the patient, wrapt in the pall of Indian "contemplation," or in the Occidental winding sheet of "responses," our doctor's examination reveals the same symptoms of spiritual dry rot. Growth, life itself, depends on agitation on some form of activity, and the religious life is no exception to the rule. Your temperament may not allow you to partake in the spiritual feasts your brother enjoys, but if you claim interest in the subject you can evince the mental enjoyment consequent of the relating of the story of that brother's feast as though it were a material one and you dared to once awaken from the lethargy of "deadly respectability."

As a working basis of a study of religious experiences, we want a definition of religion, and as a basis of his work, Prof. James defines religion three ways: "It shall mean to us the feelings, facts and experiences of individual men in their solitude, so far as they apprehend themselves to stand in relation to whatever they may consider the divine." This is his working base, but other definitions, scattered throughout the book are "as an external art, the art of winning the favor of the gods." "A man's religion involves both moods of contraction and moods of expansion of his being." "Religion, in short, is a monumental chapter in human egotism." "Religion, in fact, for the great majority of our race, means immortality, and nothing else." "Religion cannot stand for any single principle or essence."

With the first definition as a working base, he considers the subject from its different sides, relations, causes, effects and worth. Some of its twenty chapters are devoted to "The Religion of Healthy Mindfulness, The Sick Soul, Conversion, Saintliness, Mysticism, Philosophy, Other Characteristics, Conclusions and Postscript."

While almost any portion of the book is worth quoting in the main, one part is so dependent on what precedes it that to quote at random from the work is like undertaking the demonstration of a problem in geometry to one that knows nothing of preceding problems, but since all are to a less or greater degree proficient in that study of their vital relations, religion, I will venture on a few quotations, that relate to topics of most interest.

One early observation goes far to destroy an argument often heard as to the possibility of such a zeal being shown toward any belief not inherently the truth or the only true one. "The more fervent opponents of Christian doctrine have often enough shown a temper which, psychologically considered, is indistinguishable from religious zeal," and "Stoic, Christian and Buddhist saints are practically indistinguishable in their lives." So much toward unifying experiences. Further he says: "Modern mind cure literature, the works of Prentice Mulford, for example, is full of sympathetic magic," and "The founders of every church owed their power originally to the fact of their direct personal communion with the divine. Not only the superhuman founders, the Christ, the Buddha, Mahomet, but all the originators of Christian sects have been in this case."

That for the similarity of experiences of those leaders whose teachings have become our daily bread; attend now the professor's remarks on the nature of a divine being that shall satisfy the requirements of all worshippers. "The divine can mean no single quality, it must mean a group of qualities, each attitude being a syllable in human nature's total message, it takes the whole of us to spell it out completely. So a 'god of battles' must be

allowed to be the god for one kind of person, a god of peace and heaven and home, the god for another." How much reason one sees, viewing the matter in this light, in that remark of Ingersoll's, "An honest God is the noblest work of man."

Concerning mystical states we quote the following: "One may say truly, I think that personal religious experience has its root and center in mystical states of consciousness. Such states (in our study) form the vital chapter from which other chapters get their light. My own constitution shuts me out from their enjoyment almost entirely. I shall, at least, succeed in convincing you of the reality of the states in question, and of the paramount importance of their function." And "its (the mystical states) quality must be directly experienced; it cannot be imparted or transferred to others. No one can make clear to another, who has never had a certain feeling, in what the quality or worth of it consists. One must have musical ears to know the value of a symphony; one must have been in love one's self to understand a lover's state of mind. Lacking the heart or ears, we cannot interpret the lover or the musician justly, and are even likely to consider him weak minded or absurd. The mystic finds that most of us accord to his experiences an equally incompetent treatment. The range of mystical experience is very wide. Single words, and conjunctions of words, effects of light on land and sea, odors and musical sounds, all bring it when the mind is tuned aright. The simplest rudiment of mystical experience would seem to be that deepened sense of the significance of a maxim or formula. Somewhat deeper plunges into mystical consciousness are met with in yet other dreamy states. The sway of alcohol over mankind is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate. The mystical faculties of human nature, usually crushed to earth by the cold facts and dry criticisms of the sober hour, it brings its votary from the chill periphery of things to the radiant core. It makes him for the moment one with truth. Not through mere perversity do men run after it. To the poor and unlettered it stands in the place of symphony concerts and literature; and it is part of the deeper mystery and tragedy of life that whiffs and gleams of something that we immediately recognize as excellent, should be vouchsafed to so many of us only in the fleeting earlier phases of what in its totality is so degrading a poisoning." And it reminds one of Emerson's remark about "Frying the gate of heaven open with a crowbar."

Of the effect of other material things I quote further: "Vitamins oxide and ether, when sufficiently diluted with air, stimulate the mystical consciousness in an extraordinary degree. No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded. My own experiences all converge towards a kind of insight to which I cannot help ascribing some metaphysical significance. It is as if the opposites of the world whose contrariety and conflict make all our difficulties and troubles, were melted into unity." Religious mysticism, "pure and simple," now is considered, classic instances are cited, and quotations are made from the recorded experiences of many upon which to base conclusions, one of which I will give after one or two statements as to the widespread "generality" of mysticism. "Hindus, Buddhists, Mohammedans and Christians have all cultivated it methodically. In Hinduism, in Neoplatonism, in Sufism, in Christian Mysticism, in Whitmanism, we find the same recurring note, so that there is about mystical utterances an eternal unanimity which ought to make a critic stop and think."

Now for one of the three conclusions reached. "Mystical states, when well developed, usually are, and have the right to be, absolutely authoritative over the individuals to whom they come. They tell of the supremacy of the ideal, of vastness, of union, of safety, and of rest. It may be all that the religious consciousness requires to live on."

Conversion, how influenced by hope and fear: How conversion may be from Christianity as well as to it, and how "Conversion is, in its essence, a normal adolescent phenomenon, incidental to the passage from the child's small universe to the wider intellectual and spiritual life of maturity," and how "Converted men as a class are indistinguishable from natural men. Some natural men excel some converted men in their fruits."

In the same vein is the quotation already made concerning Saintliness, because of the aptness of its use here I trust you will pardon its insertion. "Stoic, Buddhist and Christian saints are practically indistinguishable in their lives."

Just a few statements concerning the god-idea and I must draw toward a close, not for lack of good material, the book is full of valuable thoughts, worthy of quotation; but I have given enough already to show the quality of the work and make you desire to possess and read it. I have quoted largely from one chapter that of mysticism, as being the best and best of the book, and a subject in which Banner readers are supposed to be much interested.

"The Greek and Roman gods ceased to be believed in by educated persons: it is thus that we ourselves judge of the Hindu, Buddhist and Mohammedan theologies. Protestants have so dealt with the Catholic notions of deity, and liberal Protestants with older Protestant notions: it is thus that Chinamen judge of us, and that all of us now living will be judged by our descendants. When we cease to admire or approve what the definition of a deity implies, we end by deeming that deity incredible. God is natural appellation, for us at least, at least, for the supreme reality, so I will call this higher part of the universe by the name of God. Nature has no one distinguishable ultimate tendency with which it is possible to feel a sympathy. The arguments for God's existence have stood for hundreds of years with the waves of unbelief criticism breaking against them, never totally discrediting them in the ears of the faithful; but on the whole slowly and surely washing out the mortar from between their joints."

Professor James has sought to "add one crumb" to the science of religions," by unifying the varieties of religious experiences, and the world justly calls him as a great teacher and a benefactor. Thomas Paine sought to do as much by unifying the gospels. He has not only been maligned, but robbed as well, of the honor and fruits due him as a patriot. The great difference is not in the masters' treatment, but in the masses that attend. "The world do move."

One man whose contributions to the religious thought of this age I deem invaluable, is nowhere quoted by Prof. James. I refer to A. J. Davis. And it seems to me our author denied himself much valuable material in ignoring the experiences and teachings of this noted mystic. But "Immortality got no mention in the body of the book," because as we are told, "Facts, I think, are yet lacking to prove spirit return."

But perhaps you feel as I do that it is rather a lack, especially since he said, "Religion for the great majority of our race means immortality and nothing else." Whether he accepts spirit return as a fact or no does not matter. His summary of belief draws much of its essence from the teachings that have grown out of Spiritualism, and since principles, not creeds, are our darlings, we are content in their adoption, though their real paternity is ignored.

Religion, when reduced to its lowest terms, consists of two parts. 1. An unconscious. 2. Its solution."

You, reader, want to get this book, study

it, talk it over with your neighbor, think about it, pass the word along, for it is a great work. Its author stands as a "mutual interpreter." It will broaden you and help you to grow.

It is a great book, one in which we may feel justifiable pride since it is an American work, and might well give to Europe another fear for the invasion of American products. But that it is the book of the century I cannot concede. That it covers much of the ground of religious experiences, I agree. Covers it well, too. Sufficient matter is considered to afford the author good basis for his conclusions, and those conclusions are drawn logically and in fairness. But the last word has not been said. The subject has not been exhausted. The author himself admits that in what he says of immortality.

Undoubtedly the book ranks first in its class, but its class is not the first in its dealing with religious experiences. Religion is a personal matter and while no book can be that to us, I hold that the nearer we get to him who did feel the better for us, if we would know of the subject, and I think the author will agree with me in that no review of religious books could equal the books themselves in their uplift, and inspiration if you please. A parallel case, it seems to me, is that of the actor and the dramatic critic. The work of the actor affects us more than the work of the critic, though we grant to the critic the possession of clearer insight and truer ideals. So with the Varieties of Religious Experiences. While we admire it and recommend that you read it, still to me it seems a lesser work, by its very nature, than some of the books of the century, from which it drew material, for example, the works of Whitman and Emerson.

While Prof. James calls his belief pallid, it can but be of interest to know the form taken by the belief of one that has examined such a mass of matter relating to the religious experiences of men of all classes and creeds, as our author has done in the preparation of this work. After telling of the "shallowness of science," he goes on to say (collected).

"Not God, but life, more life, a larger, richer, more satisfying life is, in the last analysis, the end of religion. The love of life at any and every level of development is the religious impulse. The further limits of our being plunge, it seems to me, into an altogether other dimension of existence from the sensible and merely 'understandable' world. Religious feeling is an absolute addition to the range of power. When the outward battle is lost, and the outward world disowns, it redeems and vivifies an interior world which otherwise would be an empty waste. The practical needs and experiences of religion seem to be sufficiently met by the belief that beyond each man and in a fashion continuous with him, there exists a larger, which is friendly to him and to his ideals. All that the facts require is that the power should be both other and larger than our conscious selves. Anything larger will do, if only it be large enough to trust for the next step. It need not be infinite, it need not be solitary. It might conceivably even be only a larger and more godlike self. The universe might conceivably be a collection of such selves, with no absolute unity realized in it at all. I think, in fact, that a small philosophy of religion will have to consider the pluralistic hypothesis more seriously than it has hitherto been willing to consider it. Each of us must discover for himself the kind of religion which best comports with what he believes to be his powers and feels to be his truest mission and vocation."

Selah.

Arthur C. Smith.

A History of Spiritualism.

MODEKN SPIRITUALISM. A History and Criticism. By Frank Podmore, 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Methuen & Co. \$5.

The occult has its fascination for many intelligent persons. The author of this voluminous work says that Modern Spiritualism is based on the interpretation of certain obscure facts as indicating the agency of the spirits of dead men and women, and that the primary object of the work is to provide the necessary data for determining how far, if at all, this interpretation of the facts is justified. The author says:

"I see no reason to doubt that if the existence of thought transference should be eventually demonstrated—and I do not claim that the demonstration is or ought to be considered at present complete—the explanation will be found to lie strictly within the region of natural law. To assist in the elucidation of this particular question, which is, to my thinking, the key to some of the most perplexing problems of Spiritualism, I shall endeavor to present, as fully as practicable, examples of the experiments and observations which seem to point to some faculty of the kind supposed."

Volume I treats of the genesis of Spiritualism, which, it is averred, is historically the direct result of an animal magnetism. The manifestations of possession and witchcraft, of Mesmer and his disciples, are described at length. Chapters are devoted to Spiritualism in France before 1848, to the German somnambules, to the English mesmerists, to clairvoyance in England, to the mesmeric movement in America, and particularly to the part played by Andrew Jackson Davis. The portion of the first volume which refers to early American Spiritualism will be found highly interesting. Famous among the early American Spiritualists was Judge Edmonds, at the time of his first utterances on Spiritualism a Judge of the Supreme Court of New York. The author notes that Abraham Lincoln and Lloyd Garrison professed faith in Spiritualism.

The shaping of the doctrines of the new religion was the work of men, many of whom shared with the Socialists and reformers their large enthusiasms and their generous incapacity to see the trickeries and mean egotisms which surrounded them, but whose aspirations tended to religious rather than social ideals. These men came for the most part from the outlying fringes of orthodoxy, the churches in which, under the powerful solvent of intellectual freedom, the sharp outlines of dogmatic Christianity were beginning to disappear. Sometimes, as would seem to have been the case with Judge Edmonds and Adam Ballou, the intellectual openness to new ideas was quickened under the stress of recent bereavement into a vivid personal craving. In this manner for a time the new faith seemed to focus in itself much that was finest and most generous in the social aspirations of the growing nation, and spread through all classes of society with a rapidity and persistence unapproached by any other religious movement of modern times."

The physical phenomena, the author avers, throughout the history of the spiritualistic movement have been generally the privilege of professional mediums, occasionally of children, or persons whose birth, temperament or circumstances rendered them specially open to the suggestion of the spirit world by a pecuniary kind, to enhance their importance in their social environment by fraudulent methods.

The second volume treats historically and fully of table turning, private mediumship, materialization, spirit photographs, clairvoyance, science and superstition, slate writing, automatism, dream-consciousness, the career of Daniel Douglas Home, Stainton Moses and others, and of the trance utterances of Mrs. Piper. Much attention is given to Mrs. Piper who is characterized as a typical medium. She came under the observation of Professor William James, of Harvard, some

years ago, and later of Dr. Hodgson and other members of the American Society for Psychical Research. Dr. J. H. Hyslop, Professor of Logic and Ethics in Columbia University, New York, published in 1895 and 1899 a record of a series of sittings with Mrs. Piper, forming Volume XVI of the Proceedings of the Society of Psychical Research. The author is not only a minute and faithful recorder of the phenomena which pass under the name of Spiritualism, but he endeavors to be fair and judicial in comment.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Healing and Occult Sciences Simplified.

LIDA BRIGGS BROWNE.

Two valuable booklets have recently been added to my collection which are well worthy the attention of every student along metaphysical and occult lines. One is "Elizabeth Towne's Experience in Self Healing," published by herself in Holyoke, Mass., price 50c., and the other, "The One Divine Purpose," by Meredith B. Little, Glens Fall, N. Y., price 10c.

In the first Look mentioned there is a message for every sick, despondent and discouraged soul, for Mrs. Towne not only tells us how she cured herself and others of bodily and mental afflictions, but also how she healed her purse. The style is original, and she does not withhold any little difficulties of her own that she thinks will help others to overcome similar burdens. She tells just how to accomplish the desired results, and does not hide her genius of truth in a bushel of words. It will help uplift mankind and should be read by everyone needing a guide out of sickness and poverty.

Mrs. Little's booklet deals with the deep mysteries of nature, taking up such topics as etheric atoms, man as a human electric dynamo, the ascent of man through human animal forms, the necessity for a spirit body, the forming of a planetary spirit world, the earth as a propagating house for the spirit world and the communications between the material and spiritual conditions—a mutual necessity. Those interested in occult teaching will be deeply absorbed in this valuable little production.

Why I am Not a Reincarnationist.

It is a long-time since I have written anything for the columns of the "Banner," but having read Brother William C. Woodward's article on "Why I am a Reincarnationist," in the "Banner" of January 17, I am moved to tell my brother why I am not a reincarnationist.

For the present, at least, and unless all signs fail, for a very long time yet to come, reincarnation must remain just what Brother Woodward has called it—a doctrine—and as such is entitled to no greater respect than any other at present unprovable statement.

The testimony of the spirit-world upon the subject is valueless. Sweeping as such words may seem, they are nevertheless true; for spirit opinions differ upon it almost as widely as do those of their earth brethren. Spirits of evident great advancement have declared reincarnation to be a fact, to be compulsory and inevitable. Other spirits of apparently equal advancement declare that reincarnation seldom, if ever, occurs; and that when it does, it is always a voluntary act on the part of the spirit reincarnating. Still others of our spirit teachers say in effect as the writer recently heard one discoursing through the lips of one of our foremost mediums of the day, "I have been in spirit life for a number of years; but I have never known of a case of reincarnation, nor have I ever met a spirit who knew of an instance of it, or could refer me to any other spirit who knew of an instance. Believers in reincarnation I have found among spirits as well as disbelievers, but I have been able to locate no spirit who had anything better than his opinion to offer either for or against reincarnation."

I am a disbeliever in reincarnation because it seems to me to fly in the face of natural law. It is a waste of energy, and in the cosmic economy, waste of energy is impossible. What is the use of making a man do a task over and over again, if between times you destroy his memory of how he did the work the time before, whether well or ill? Therefore, to my mind, is the secret of the folly of the doctrine. The lapse of memory makes the previous life experiences without value.

"If I could only go back and live over again the past twenty years of my life," many a one has said, "how differently would I live them! How much more good would I do! With what greater wisdom would my acts be governed?" Aye, that they would, friend, if you could carry back with you the knowledge, the invaluable experience that those twenty years have brought you. But blot it all remorselessly out—all, all you have learned in that time, go back twenty years and be just what you were twenty years ago, and there is not one chance in a thousand that you would do one single little act differently than your present retrospect shows you you did it.

Reincarnation carrying with it no memory of the past, is useless. It can accomplish no worthy good. It can have no knowledge gained from experience as to what pitfalls to avoid, nor for which goals to strive; and the reincarnated soul would be just as apt to make the same errors, to commit the same sins, to chase the same Will-o'-the-Wisps as in previous earth lives. "The burned child dreads the fire" on account of the memory of the burn.

In Brother Woodward's illustration of the mountain climber, he neglects this vital point of memory completely. His traveler, waking in the morning after his refreshing sleep in the shepherd's hut, is precisely the same man as he was the day before, with the difference that now he is refreshed whereas then he was weary. He clothes himself today the same as he did yesterday. He grasps his staff and sets his feet upon the stony road with a certainty born of experience, for the past is clear and fresh in his memory. If he comes to a precipice today he will not fall over it. He will cross it as his knowledge of those he crossed yesterday teaches him to do; and in such a way, and in such a way only, will he reach the summit and feast his eyes upon the beauty of the scene there spread before him.

As to Brother Woodward's secondary reason for his belief in reincarnation—the idea of inherent justice—illustrated by the necessity of perfected souls remaining here to lead the rest of us onward, where ever lived upon this earth a "perfected soul"—one who had attained "his full development?" Was it Jesus? Surely "never man spake as this man," and yet even Jesus was imperfect. If not Jesus, where was ever another one? Or, if Jesus were perfect, where is His present incarnation, leading and teaching us as He did the men of His day? Alas! He is nowhere upon earth in mortal flesh, that we have any evidence of, nor has he been since the tragedy on Calvary. Is this unjust? Does such a condition arraign the justice of the Great Over Soul—God—the only perfection? By no means.

Brother Woodward has drawn a conclusion to his story of the shipwrecked crew, that does not necessarily follow. It was not at all necessary for the one who reached land to return with the rescuing party to the lonely island where the rest of the crew was. Sup-

pose he remained ashore after giving proper directions to the rescuers as to how to reach the island. Wouldn't that do just as well? There are others to go. He need not do so at all.

Remember the story of Abraham, Dives and Lazarus in Hell. Dives entreating Abraham to send Lazarus back to warn his brethren—Abraham replying that they had Moses and the prophets and that the reincarnation of Lazarus would not affect them in the least.

Moreover, it seems to me that a reincarnationist has by far a more circumscribed view of the Cosmos than a true Spiritualist should have. Reincarnation is the offspring of Materialism, not of Spirituality, and as such must remain forever opposed to Spiritualism in its broadest sense. The reincarnationist seems to limit life (his own, at any rate) to material conditions, occasionally broken by brief sojourns in a sort of Nirvana condition of spirit life. (Notice again Brother Woodward's mountain climber.) In other words, the reincarnationist ignores the possibility of progress in spirit life, but confines it to material spheres. Not in spirit, then, does man approach God, but by progress in and through earthly conditions.

Does it not seem reasonable, however, when we pause for an instant to consider—as far as our feeble human brain will permit—the infinite Cosmos, the unnumbered depths and extent of Infinity, the unnumbered spheres and conditions of spirit life, to suppose that every necessary requirement for our eternal progress can be met with there? Is it, a. o., not a point worthy of consideration that our progress is not that formerly assigned to the crab—backward? Nature never goes backward. She may change appearances, but evolution, physical, intellectual and spiritual is ever onward and upward, along a path of infinite extent toward an ever unattainable goal. The cause of evolution can never be served by the destruction of a man for a lifetime of all that he consciously was before, with the consequent inevitable loss of the fruit of his evolution up to such time.

Justice is not lost sight of, Brother Woodward, though reincarnation be done away with. Heaven's doorway is as wide open today as it ever was in the past. Angel teachers are with us. We are indeed "encompassed about by a great cloud of witnesses." We are not "left comfortless," and their teachings amply warrant us in recognizing the justice of God as well as as truly as we do His wisdom and His love. Surely they, unnumbered by gross, ever decaying material bodies, yet to whom the experiences of their own past lives on earth are yet clear in their memories, are better, more competent teachers than if they were here clad in the flesh, and the spirit life, its activities and its conditions a sealed book to them—all memory of it blotted out by reincarnation.

The reincarnationist lives in but one world, lives but one life; and that life and world are essentially material. The true Spiritualist, however, knows not alone of this mortal life, but as well of its spirit phase and its ever upward path through ever greater glories, in ever happier companies through countless aeons of years to be. To the dweller in spirit life the past is always his as he needs it. Its experiences of whatever kind are always at his command as he needs them to guide him through the new experiences that each day brings.

"Get close to God" is an old Methodist saying, and a good one, too.

Let us get close to the God whose wondrous life is in you and me, and vibrant through all the illimitable universe—grasp as far as we can the powers and possibilities now within our reach—reach out for others as soon as we have mastered those now attainable and we shall find that reincarnation is not from gross flesh to flesh again, but from "one glory to another glory" onward and upward, closer and closer to God forevermore.

Change of Heroes!

It seems the time has already come to substitute the heroes of peace, good-will and freedom for those great warriors of the past who have slaughtered so many millions of their fellow-men and wrought such untold havoc, ruin and misery in the world.

In past generations it has been the custom to introduce into school books the lives and doings of those men who have slaughtered the greatest number of their fellow creatures, and their example held up for admiration and imitation by the rising generation. These ideas have been enlarged upon and carried into all schools, churches and societies until the common people came to think that the greatest murderer was the greatest hero. Through the influence of the angel world, and that of good men and women a change has come about. HIDEOUS war with all its barbarities, the sacrifice of millions of precious lives, and the mountains of treasure it has drawn from the people, have demonstrated the folly of this inhuman, unjust and unreasonable practice.

The majority of people in civilized nations have advanced from the former low animal plane of life, to a higher and more humane standpoint. They are in favor of the newer and better way of settling difficulties between individuals and nations. Arbitration and peace are the watchwords of the wisest and best people of the present day.

The Great of Russia deserves unlimited praise for suggesting and advocating arbitration: it places him in the van of civilized nations. It would naturally be expected that our own nation would have been the first to advocate this stupendous reform; the masses of the people desire it, but ambitious, selfish and gold worshiping leaders, with their almost superhuman power, and indifference to the common welfare, have otherwise decided. The disgraceful, dishonorable and impoverishing result is before the world.

The time has come to discard from our school books the praises of the world's greatest destroyers of human life. The noblest heroes of all past history have been the immortal Nazarene and those who have followed his example and teachings. That person who does the most for freedom, peace and the uplifting of humanity is the greatest of all heroes. There are scores of eminent men and women who are devoting their lives and energies to this noble work. Much has already been accomplished. Let the lives and deeds of such as these be made prominent in our school readers and the current literature of the day.

The minds of the present generation are receptive to the newer and sublimer ideas, and the vibrations of thoughts of peace, good-will and equality will sweep over the land, finding lodgment and approval in thousands of minds, and do a wonderful work in bringing about the abolition of war and the introduction of peace, co-operation and brotherly love.

Spiritualists are among the advanced thinkers of the day; they are receiving messages from those on a still higher altitude of life, whose vision extends beyond the planes of greed, selfishness and cruelty. They are teaching love and justice, and we, the receivers of these celestial messages, should avail ourselves of every opportunity to extend these heavenly ideas to the hungry souls all about us.

Let us also live the lives advocated by our angel loved ones, and show to the world that we practice as well as believe the noblest religion that has ever illumined and happy the human soul.

Freeman W. Smith.

Rockland, Me.

The Convenience of Ready Mixed Paints.

When all possible objection has been made to ready-mixed paints, the fact of their remarkable convenience still remains unsatisfied. The only valid objections to them are the danger of getting inferior materials in buying them and the fact that special conditions require special treatment. For most purposes, however, an honestly made ready-mixed paint is quite equal in its capabilities to anything the painter can supply, and will cost less per square yard painted than anything of equal quality he can produce.

The only question then in selecting a ready-mixed paint is as to the "honesty" of the product. In other words, the buyer should know and has a right to know what it contains, and first of all whether it is a pure linseed oil paint. It must contain no water, no petroleum, no animal oil and no other vegetable or mineral oil. Water can be detected by the swelling of a bit of gelatine left in the can over night; but for the absence of the remainder of the objectionable list we must trust the manufacturer. Then it must contain not less than fifty per cent. of zinc white or white lead or both in the base. My own preference is for zinc and lead pure in about the proportion of two-thirds zinc to one-third lead. Barites and the other inert pigments, however, will not hurt the durability of the paint; they will only reduce its capacity, requiring more coats to cover. Finally, for thinning, turpentine is preferable to benzine, though the preference has reference rather to working properties rather than to results.

It will be seen from this that the everyday consumer is not in a position to judge of the qualities of ready-mixed paints. Shall he then ignore them? By no means; let him rather select those of which the manufacturer guarantees the composition and quality. He can thus take advantage of the economy offered and at the same time have a legally valid protection against fraudulent materials. If the paint "goes back on" him, a chemist will quickly determine the responsibility.

Stanton Dudley.

Vaccination.

The excellent article in the Banner of Jan. 31 by Hudson Tuttle on Vaccination, appears to be somewhat misleading in the first paragraph. In fact, in reference to children, to say there is no escaping the grasp of the law is quite contrary to the fact, as children are the only persons on the soil of "free" Massachusetts today who may not be compelled to be vaccinated or pay a fine, as the law as amended in March, 1902, provides for an exemption certificate for children, and no school authorities could disregard such a certificate if children and their parents would insist on their rights.

As to the compulsory part of the English law on vaccination, if Mr. Tuttle will look it up, he will find it has been removed, and at least three states, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin have decided through their Supreme Courts that compulsory vaccination laws are unconstitutional. The situation is certainly deplorable enough without our making it appear any worse than it is. What is needed is to get people sufficiently aroused and informed as to what their rights and abilities to resist this law actually are, and in no better way could this be done than through the medium of the Mass. Anti Compulsory Vaccination Society, which has only 300 or 400 members, but should have many more than 3,000 or 4,000.

H. A. Libbey.

Hold Fast

that which God hath given you. A wholesome stomach, prompt bowels, sound kidneys and active liver are your inheritance.

You who read the pages of The Banner of Light are entitled to receive, Free and Prepaid, a small trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine if you need it and write for it. One small dose a day of this remarkable medicine cures the most stubborn cases of distressing stomach trouble to stay cured. Constipation is at once relieved and a cure made permanent.

Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is a specific for the cure of catarrh of the stomach, bowel troubles and urinary organs.

All readers of this publication, who need a cure for sluggish and congested liver, indigestion, flatulence, constipation and kidney troubles should write immediately to Vernal Remedies Company, 120 Broadway St., Buffalo, N. Y., for a bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It will be sent promptly, Free and Prepaid. In cases of inflammation of bladder or enlargement of prostate gland it is a wonder worker. For sale by all leading druggists.

The Progressive Lyceum.

Co-workers for Humanity: Here I am again to tell you a little something about The Progressive Lyceum which is nine issues old. The month of January has been devoted to the life study of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates, and has received many words of commendation. There has been considerable said too, about the size of our paper; yes, we do want to make it larger, and will do so when support justifies; but there are four pages filled with the most helpful, strengthening thoughts that we can glean, not a line of advertising matter or of old, dry jokes, but it is all for the Lyceum, "the school of liberal and harmonious education."

We feel very much gratified at the increase of subscriptions. Canada, Washington and Michigan are represented now, as well as several places in states which were already on our list. Come along now, it is your paper, and I am doing all I can to attend to it for you. During February we will discuss what our friends are doing and their influence over us, and of course will devote the last Sunday to the celebration of Washington's anniversary. In March we will take up the life study of the Fox sisters; and we are to prepare a very nice program for the celebration of this "Our" anniversary, and want societies to tell us how many copies they can use. Can't say just what the cost will be, but as little as possible, and we wish to know how many societies will use them, so we can make an estimate of how many to prepare. We are to have two songs, with music, written for the occasion, responses, historical data and all that is necessary to make an interesting and instructive program. And say, do let us hold services on the 31st. This way of holding them on the Sunday nearest was all right when we were infants, but Modern Spiritualism is in its fifty-fifth year. It has sent its gleam of light into every quarter of the globe and brought comfort and joy unspeakable to the hearts of millions of thousands, and here in its homeland we surely can remember the day of its advent on that very day.

If you haven't seen The Progressive Ly-

Free to Everybody.

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

ceum writes me for a copy and start to work for the children; they soon are to be the men and women, and should be developed to carry the bright banner of spirit communion much farther than we have, for the conditions are constantly growing more favorable. If they are properly educated and filled with devotion—that is what we need—they will make the world radiant with a most beautiful light. I love the children, the buds of promise, and shall do all I can for their cause. Who says amen?

I am always,

John W. Ring,
National Supt. of Lyceum work, Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas.

Transitions.

At his home in South Deerfield, Mass., on Thursday, Jan. 29, 1903, Alonzo W. Bates, aged 82 years, passed to the higher life. Death came to him as a welcome release; he had no fear of what "lies beyond the veil," as he had, for more than a quarter of a century, been an active and consistent believer in Spiritualism. Identified in the past with the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association, each summer found him at Lake Pleasant, where his cheery presence and hearty financial support made him indeed a welcome visitor and "a friend in need." The funeral services were held in Grand Army Hall, Saturday, January 31, the hall being filled by his townsmen, and friends from all parts of the state. The floral offerings were very numerous and beautiful. Rev. R. E. Birks, of South Deerfield, and the writer conducted the services, the music being rendered by Mrs. Slocumb, of Greenfield. Mr. Bates leaves a wife who is an officer and earnest supporter of the South Deerfield Spiritualist Society; and a son and grandchildren, who, though not of his belief, realized that Spiritualism had brought to their beloved parents the "peace that passeth all understanding." May his spirit cheer and comfort them and ultimately bring them to the knowledge which uplifted his soul, enlightened his mind, and strengthened him in his daily life.

Albert P. Blinn, 61 Dartmouth St., Boston. Passed to spirit life at Phelps, N. Y., February 2, 1903. Hulbert M. Brown, aged 77 years. Bro. Brown was convinced of the truths of Spiritualism at Lily Dale, in August, 1896. C. H. Harris.

Mrs. Susan E. Littlefield, an old-time Spiritualist, a subscriber of the Banner, and for several years an invalid, passed to spirit life on the 15th ultimo from Washington, D. C. She was in possession of her normal faculties to within a day of her transition, and looked forward to meeting her loved ones on the other side with fond anticipation. She was a native of New Hampshire, and had many friends and relatives in that state as well as in Massachusetts. Her remains were sent on to Lawrence, Mass., and placed beside those of her husband, Frank G. Littlefield, who preceded her to the spirit land many years. Her many friends will be pleased to know that, though a great sufferer, she was a firm believer in the beauties and glories of the world to which she has gone; and we may naturally hope she will be a helper to those whom she has left to follow. M. A. Clancy.

For Over Sixty Years

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

Premature Burial.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Every well informed student of human diseases knows that there are abnormal conditions where the person appears so deathlike that only by the most delicate and painstaking tests is life discoverable—sometimes not even then. While in such a state the person is in danger of being encoffined and even buried, to come to life again possibly in the coffin.

There is no law in Massachusetts which affords any safeguard from such a fate. Physicians' certificates of death are a safeguard, for it is not unusual for them to even see the person after his assumed death.

In some of the old countries they have "wakes," and the noise and disturbance with the calling on the departed to waken sometimes accomplishes the object. The head porter in one of the large hotels in Boston was "wakened" from a state of suspended animation (supposed death) by this means.

Some Eastern countries have hired "waiters." The Egyptians cut off a finger. The Parsees expose their dead from towers. Some of the European countries have houses of detention. We have none of these—have discarded even "waiters," but with an exquisite refinement of cruelty we tread softly, silently and reverentially in the presence of our dear departed ones, put them in expensive caskets—to another—and we shower cut flowers on casket and grave while they, perhaps, are conscious of it all, but helpless.

A petition broad enough to cover any legislation to secure the desired object has been introduced into the present legislature of Massachusetts and accompanied by the following bill:

HOUSE BILL 572.

To prevent premature entombment, burial or cremation.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

Section 1. That no person shall place the body of any human being in a coffin, casket, or other receptacle by which air, or light is excluded, or by which free movement is prevented, or bury or cremate such body except after a certificate of death as hereinafter provided.

Section 2. Whenever any person in any city or town apparently deceases, the board of health of said city or town or the selectmen of such town, if no board of health exists, shall within six hours of such event being known be informed of such apparent death by any person or persons having the body in charge.

Section 3. As soon as it is possible after such information the board of health, or said selectmen of such city or town in which such apparent death occurred, shall cause an examination of such body to be made to determine whether death is real or only apparent, and certification of the fact of death shall not be made until the following facts are established by actual tests; wherever possible, viz—

One, Heart sounds entirely absent, the test being by the stethoscope.

Two, Respiratory sounds entirely absent.

Three, Temperature of the mouth same as that of surrounding air.

Four, A bright needle plunged into the body of the biceps muscle, left there, shows no sign of oxidation.

Five, Intermittent shocks of electricity at different tensions passed by needles into various muscles and groups of muscles, give no indication whatever of irritability.

Six, Fillet test applied to veins of the arm causes no filling of veins on distal side of fillet.

Seven, Opening of vein shows the blood to have undergone coagulation.

Eight, Subcutaneous injection of ammonia causes a dirty brown stain indicative of dissolution.

Nine, Careful movements of the lower jaw and of lower extremities and of occipito-

frontalis indicates the presence of rigor mortis.

Ten, Scarlet line (diaphanous test) is absent.

Eleven, Decomposition has set in. And provided, further, that, if there is an absence of any of the signs of death except decomposition, all known means of resuscitation shall be tried while such proofs are absent.

Section 4. The test provided for in section three shall be made by not less than two doctors of medicine in person, who shall have lawfully received the degree of M. D., one of whom may be a member of the board of health.

Section 5. No provision of this act shall be construed to prevent any means being used by any person to restore life to the supposed dead body.

Section 6. Every city and town shall provide suitable rooms for the carrying out of the provisions of this act, wherein tests may be made. Said rooms shall contain conveniences for resuscitation of bodies and for funeral services; provided, however, that the provisions of this act shall preferably be carried out in the domicile of the supposed deceased, his relatives and friends; but in no case shall any provision of this act be omitted. The expense of said rooms shall be included in the annual expenses of the town and provided for in the annual appropriation of money for town purposes.

Section 7. The fee for the services provided for in section three shall be fair and reasonable and shall be fixed by the board of health and be at the expense of the town.

Section 8. Any violation of this act on the part of any person responsible therefor, shall be deemed an act of homicide and shall be punished as such.

Section 9. All laws or parts of laws inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed in so far as they apply to this act, but no farther.

Section 10. Copies of this act shall be conspicuously posted in all cities and towns of this Commonwealth by their respective boards of health.

Section 11. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

It is earnestly requested that every person will do something to secure the needed legislation. Send in petitions. Write to your representative. Attend the hearing on the bill (before Com. on Probate and Chancery) and at the hearing if you know of any facts or well grounded suspicions of premature burial, or cases of suspended animation, tell the committee of them. Geo. W. Allen. East Bridgewater, Mass., Feb. 3, 1903.

Briefs.

Boston Spiritual Temple. The "Ladies' Auxiliary" connected with this society gave its first social and supper on the evening of Feb. 2 in Paine Memorial Building. Although the evening was inclement a large gathering attended much to the gratification of all. After the usual formalities supper was served to one hundred and fifty people. The president, Mrs. S. P. Dunham, called the meeting to order, and after a few remarks congratulating the ladies upon their first and very successful effort, Miss Gem Barker, a solo which was enjoyed. Mr. Allen, the president of the Temple Society, made interesting remarks. He called upon our ardent workers to join with the company present. Our teacher, Bro. Wiggin, gave his unqualified approval of the ladies' efforts and was impressed that this work would bring a united feeling in the society. Miss Susie C. Clark spoke of the coming woman: Another filling, we might say, many places of trust and honor in communities, her aspirations tended all the way along up the stairway to universal freedom for her sex. Our quietest was waited upon and prevailed to do a little for the evening's entertainment, which was gracefully done. Mrs. Dick gave us an improvised poem. To close, a beautiful doll was sold at auction, the auctioneer being no less a person than our much beloved speaker, Rev. F. A. Wiggin. With harmonious concert of action, with fond remembrances of our ascended workers and recollections of the past, and bright, hopeful anticipations for the future, may it be the earnest, fervent desire of each and every one that another may be coming in the near future. Alonzo Danforth, 204 Dartmouth St.

The Malden National Association Spiritualist Society, Charter 215, held meetings in Browne Building, Marcus Hall as usual through January and will continue in the same comfortable building. Our speakers have been Mrs. W. S. Butler, who has been of great assistance to us, Mrs. N. A. Noyes, Mrs. M. A. Bonney, Mr. Harvey Redding, who has been with us every service, Mr. A. S. Kenney, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Mosher of Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. Ida M. Fye, Mrs. Whitaker of Lynn, Mrs. Mosher and Mr. D. F. Putnam, our solo singers, Mr. Royal Putnam, pianist. Thursday evening, 7.30, Esther parlors in the same building. Our deepest sympathy and constant prayers are with the dear president of the National Association and his beloved wife in their affliction. Wm. M. Barber.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, Spiritualistic meetings conducted by Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson. Sunday evening a good audience was present at the developing and test circle; many interesting thoughts were given out. Those taking part in the exercises during the day were Mrs. Nettie Merrow, Mr. Marston, Dr. Frank Brown, Miss Sears, Miss Jennie Rhind, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Julia Davis, Mrs. Nellie Kneeland, Mrs. Whitmore, Mrs. Horton, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Roy, Mrs. Hughes, Miss Annie Burns, Mr. Burt, Mrs. Grover, organist; Mrs. Hall, soloist. Tuesday a great power was felt at the Indian Healing Circle. Dr. Geo. Clark, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Jackson and others were engaged in giving treatments. A meeting is held every Thursday at three. An Indian Peace Council will be held Monday evening, Feb. 16, at 7.30, followed by a social dance, lasting until 11.30. Feb. 15, at the evening service, the blind musicians will be present. About March 1st the colored singers will give a concert. Reporter.

Spiritual Science Home Mission, Goodwill Hall, 41 Market St., Sunday, Feb. 1. Very good audiences were present at both sessions. Mrs. M. A. Bonney was the medium for the first Spiritualist Society. There was a very large attendance at both services. The subjects of her addresses "Be Thyself," "What Came Ye Out for to See?" and "A Reed Shaken by the Wind." There was a very interesting and ably presented, holding the closest attention of all present. The piano selections by Miss Howe were pleasingly rendered. Dr. C. L. Fox, Pres.

Rev. Catherine McFarlin gave a musical and literary entertainment at the First Spiritualist Church, La Crosse, Wis., Monday evening, Jan. 26. Mrs. McFarlin has been pastor of the church for the past two months, during the absence of Rev. W. J. Erwood. The musical numbers were rendered by several of the leading vocalists of the city, while Mrs. McFarlin charmed the audience with her numerous selections from favorite au-

thors. Her impersonations of child life, particularly pleased the audience, and there are few eloquentists who enter into the heart of the poems of Eugene Field, and James Whitcomb Riley, as does Mrs. McFarlin. She departed for England, Ill., Thursday evening, where she will conduct services during the month of February. Wayne W. Wheeler, Sec. First Spiritualist church, La Crosse, Wis.

Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion held services in the Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday eve, Feb. 1. Following the organ selection, which opened the services, the Verdi quartet rendered a beautiful selection. The invocation was offered by Rev. Ira M. Courlis. After a poem, read by the pastor, the quartet sang a selection entitled "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," which gave the harmony so necessary for the spirit world to come in close touch with this. Mr. Courlis reached many during his service, each one who received being convinced of the continuity of life. Under the auspices of the church, Rev. Ira M. Courlis will hold a class each Wednesday eve in February at the Monroe Building, 9 East 59th St., New York City. The work that has been done in these classes in the past has been wonderful, many hundreds being convinced of the truth of immortality. Miss Emma C. Reich.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society held a most enjoyable "Thomas Paine" meeting at the hall last Thursday evening. The afternoon was devoted, as usual, to sewing. A circle, and supper at 6.30 p. m. The evening session was called to order a little before 8 p. m. by the president and one hundred copies of Paine's Age of Reason distributed. Before beginning the exercises of the evening, Mrs. Whitlock desired the friends to join in silent thought, bearing the same on wings of music to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett in their bereavement. Our deepest sympathy went to them for their restoration to health go out to them. The program was then begun with singing, "Star Spangled Banner." It being Pres. McKinley's birthday, Mrs. Whitlock asked the audience to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Mr. Paine then read a very interesting paper; song, by Arthur Swartz; a poem received from C. Fannie Allyn was read by Mrs. Whitlock; a fine paper by Mrs. M. E. Dicks; Mrs. Sanger, president of the Waltham Society, read a poem written under inspiration, entitled, "What Profit It," etc., which received much applause; excellent remarks by Mr. S. Scarlett and Mrs. Chapman; song, by Tina Swartz; remarks by Mr. Hill, Mr. Moranz, Mr. Kellogg; song, by Miss Anna Swartz; then Mrs. Dick was called to give an inspirational poem. Subjects given from the audience were Paine, McKinley and Love, to which she grandly responded, thus ending a most instructive and enjoyable evening. A whist party, with four prizes, was given Thursday eve, Feb. 5. C. M. Mallard, Sec.

The Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, president, attended the meeting of the Golden Rule Society on Sunday, Feb. 1, where the president and the following members assisted Mr. Graham in his services: Walter I. Mason, Emma Rogers, Minnie Ladner and A. M. Strong; Misses Ladner and Morgan sang a duet, accompanying themselves on the autolamps. A. M. Strong, Sec.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Friday, February 6; the business meeting was called to order at 4 o'clock in the afternoon by the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albe. Supper was served at 6.30 and in the evening the monthly whist party was held. Our whist parties are very popular and as the money obtained is used for charity, the goodly receipts have assisted us materially in this good work. Next Friday evening will be a special occasion, and those who are interested in the test phase of mediumship have a treat in store. "Sunshine," the Indian guide of Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, is to hold a reception under the auspices of the society, and the evening will be devoted to messages and manifestations of spirit presence. On the first Friday of March we are to have a crazy supper and the evening will be devoted to whist and dancing. Esther H. Blinn, Sec.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum, which meets in Paine Hall every Sunday afternoon, held its session as usual last Sunday, Feb. 1; the lesson was upon "The Life and Habits of Dumb Animals," as this was "Band of Mercy" Sunday. Some interesting articles were read, which were very instructive. Those taking part were Merrill Bill, Miss Alice Ireland, Miss Alice Hill; recitation by Nellie Bonney, Reatrice Spooner; musical selection by E. W. and C. L. C. Hatch. The conductor has received communications from Mr. John W. Ring, Lyceum promoter, and our school sends greetings to him and wishes him all success in his work. We would be pleased to have all interested in Lyceum work come and visit us and then join with us in the work of the children. The sessions are all free; come and bring the children. C. L. H.

Remember that to change thy opinion, and to follow him who corrects thy error, is as consistent with freedom as it is to persist in thy error.—Marcus Aurelius.

Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.

It is not a question how much a man knows, but what use he can make of what he knows; not a question of what he has acquired and how he has been trained, but of what he is, and what he can do.

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Hardest Things Easiest.

It is often easier to do a hard thing than an easy one. An easy thing does not call for the gathering up of one's powers, as a hard one does; and the easy thing is let slip, where the hard one would be taken hold of with energy. It is the little things requiring attention day by day at one's office desk, or in one's home work, that are likely to be neglected, while the great demands on one's time are met manfully as they come. A good-hearted servant girl, who showed herself to better advantage than ever in a home where the critical illness of its head demanded work unthought of before, illustrated this truth in her cheerful remark: "I'm never quite contented in a house until something turns up." Many a person does best in an emergency. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," but it is not always true that he that is faithful in that which is much is faithful also in that which is least.—Ex.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 35 cents.

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute What you can do, or dream you can; begin it; Boldness has genius, power and magic in it. Only enounce, and then the mind grows heated; Begin, and then the work will be completed.—Goethe.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1908.

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Marguerite C. Barrett, Assistant Editor.

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Errata.

As a few errors have inadvertently crept into the Banner's usually accurate columns, partly through hasty revision of the writer, the reader of "Toujours Travaille" in last issue, will please omit one "r" from the initial word of title, and also add "occupation" after "legitimate" in first line of third column. In sixth line of second column, omit "the" before "mortal," and add quotation marks after "strength" in second paragraph below.

S. C. C.

The Triumphs of Man.

The attractive little brochure bearing above title from the poetic pen of our gifted brother, Dr. Dean Clarke, merits more than a casual notice, for though so modestly presented to the world, it is indeed an unusual production. Its verse is well-nigh perfect, its rhythm faultless, for the author has a musical ear which is essential for attainment to the soul of poetry; the accent of one is the measure of the other, and no metronome could keep one in unison with prescribed tempo more unerringly, than does our brother's limpid verse which flows on as smoothly as a placid brook, making music on the ear while carrying its message to the heart. The entire English language seems here to lend itself to furnish quaint and unusual rhymes, which constantly yield a pleased surprise while the added touch of inspiration brings a still deeper enjoyment to the reader.

This work portrays the ascent of man from the insensate clod to god-hood. With most skillful touch, it traces his progress from the "naked savage,"

"On weaker brutes committing ravage," up through the slow eons of evolution to civilized and cultured man, no least stepping stone in his progressive ascent being forgotten or omitted by the ingenious writer. The earlier physical triumphs of the race give place in this recital, to mental unfoldment, to arts, sciences and inventions, which

"come them thick and fast,
Each new one greater than the last,"

to commerce also, which introduces the age of steam, until

"man's ambitious, active mind,
Discovered in the lightning's gleam
A mightier, swifter force than steam."

The wonders of this electric cycle are all portrayed and a nearby triumph promised for this aspiring race "when the air can navigate." Man sits at last "on nature's

throne" and "is of earth the Lord and King."

But the writer wishes to emphasize the fact that man is more than a cultured intellect, that he is a spirit, not a scientific brain, merely. So his little work—this multum in parvo—portrays a higher unfoldment in its second part, labeled "Still Onward and Upward," in which man begins to question of the Beyond: "Does Death end all?" In turn he appeals to the Church, and to Science, that

"could not see

The grander life that is to be,"

until, when hope despaired, the assurance of immortality was gained through that startling sound—the intelligent "Rap." The

"glorious truth it is to know

The life of man ends not below,"

was thus proven to him, the higher goal perceived of a spiritual growth to be attained, of new truths to be discovered, and a glorious victory won over death. Thus while in his long laborious ascent, he mounts "from beast to man, from man to God," he is now

"raised by inward leaven,
From King of Earth, to Heir of Heaven."

And here our author leaves us with the conviction that the poem itself is among the notable "triumphs of man." But, recalling an earlier passage at arms with this trenchant pen, the reviewer feels a mischievous impulse to remind the poet that even Heaven is only a brief inn of refreshment on the soul's long journey, that there are other worlds to conquer, other planets to inhabit, other attributes of god-hood to express, that of creator of forms, even of worlds, as manipulator of fire-mist and cosmic ether. To be "heir of Heaven" is not enough to satisfy the dauntless, regnant soul. But all this and much more our gifted brother doubtless intends to write, when he returns for his next incarnation.

Meanwhile every one is cordially advised to read this comprehensive little work and gain therefrom inspiration to unfold every latent faculty, and strong incentive to forge on and on, toward the heights of the soul.

S. C. C.

The Worried Cow.

SUSAN C. CLARK.

The mental attitude in which many excellent people look out upon the world strongly resembles that of a poor old cow in a picture once observed. This forlorn bovine stands with her chin resting dejectedly upon a rail fence, looking mournfully over into a barren uncultivated field of dry stubble, while behind her are five large ricks of rich, juicy hay, enough to last her until grass comes again. But turning her back on all the plenty that surrounds her, she looks sadly toward the barren waste until hunger and emaciation ends in death. Beneath this picture are the lines:

"The worry cow might have lived till now
If she hadn't lost her breath,
But she feared her hay wouldn't last all day,
So she worried herself to death."

How many human worry cows are there, who are blind to the blessings all around them, while they look forward with anxious gaze, into a realm of pessimistic possibilities? Beneath their photographs should be inscribed:

"If thou forebode the day of woe,
Then thou alone must bear the blow."

The worryment of mind, the anxious foreboding with which a trial is met, weighs more heavily than the original burden. As physicians, who for years have tried to suppress disease by expending their skill on its symptoms, are now seeking to eradicate the primal germ, so metaphysicians are striving to bring emancipation from all forms of disorder by uprooting the mental germs.

One of the able writers of this beneficent school, classifies all human foibles under two heads, the aggressive and depressing emotions, or Anger and Worry. And by Anger is not meant fierce passion, a violent outburst of temper, but any ill feeling toward another, vexation, irritation, malice, spite, envy and all the rest of the numerous progeny of that one germ—Anger. But worry is a still more prolific parent; it is the progenitor of fear, our most formidable foe, for fear is the gateway through which diseases innumerable gain entrance to the system. Worry gives birth also to anxiety, direful forebodings, to the "blues" of the deepest dye, which so cripple our energy and power, often severing prematurely the thread of life. How strange indeed is it that mortals hug to themselves this enemy to all true living, this weapon which they persistently polish and burnish by constant use, and which ruthlessly slays them. All mental or spiritual growth is suspended, and physical soundness is impossible, while yielding to the sway of Anger or Worry, but rich testimony could be furnished of lives transformed, of character perfected, of painful maladies cured, by overcoming these two mental habits. Mortals can never awaken to the true meaning of life until they have mastered these and other besetting errors.

The true gardener keeps his plots and garden beds free from every noxious weed and when these are found, he does not cut off their heads merely, for they would sprout again as luxuriantly as before, but he carefully eradicates their roots. This is the task which awaits every cultivator of a soul-garden, to eradicate these mental weeds by the roots. It may be easier than he thinks, since there are but two main roots which propagate so many troublesome sprouts of hardy growth. And then in the vacancy which their effacement leaves, let the fairest flowers of the spirit be carefully, hourly nourished.

Replace anger with love and unfeeling charity, which is love in motion, with sympathy, a free and full forgiveness of every injury or slight, and a hearty good will to all the world. And in that huge cavity now vacant, where worry and fear were wont to flourish and wax exceeding strong, plant abounding trust, a divine confidence so firm, unflinching, that it can never be overthrown by the fierce storms of mundane atmospheres

that will assail it. Rejoice in the knowledge that no test of endurance can come so great as the Omnipotence back of it, with which you are one, no trial is ever sent that sufficient poise and power are not also vouchsafed to meet the same. The supply always exceeds the demand in divine markets.

Then cease to worry, look up and not down, trust always with that perfect unshakable trust that casts out every fear, the trust which can exclaim with sorely-tried Job, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Let the higher self which is always in harmony with every divine plan and purpose, regard the struggles of the lower self, its fears and disappointments, as calmly, complacently, as the refiner watches his gold separate itself from the alloy. But until such high possibility is reached through growth, let the mentality be thoroughly cleared of poisonous, usurping weeds, let fear be outgrown, for as has been well said, "there is nothing in the world to fear but fear," or, as an earlier writer reminded us, "a contented mind is a continual feast." In fact, we might almost reverse the classification of the first writer referred to, and claim all worries as the result of fear, but both fear and worry have been many times proven false, unreliable prophets. Then be deaf to their promptings. Fill the mind with more profitable building material. "Whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report, think of these things." Allow no entrance to the mental citadel of impatience or annoyance, and above all—don't worry!

"Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you've endured
From evils that never arrived."

Editorial Notes.

MAGIC

Magic and all pertaining thereto, is now the topic of discussion in New York, wherever one may go in and out among people who are alive to the psychic excitement, which now pervades the social and even the business atmosphere. The eminent operatic singer, the illustrious Mme. Calve, is reported engaged to be married to M. Jules Bois, well-known in Paris as a student of many mysteries. Recent advices from the gay French Metropolis, keep us informed that Parisian life is completely saturated and honeycombed with Occultism in one or other of its numerous forms, and this Occultism, under the generic name of Magic, ranges all the way from Satanic Sorcery to pure Leucomania, or in other words, from an endeavor to hold communion with the Very Low to an attempt to become illumined by the Most High. The two extremes of Magic are Theosophy and Satanism, using those terms in their original significance without reference to any specially restrictive interpretations which were given to those ancient words in the course of the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Spiritualists are, of course, interested in the discussion now in progress, because it includes both scholarly and frivolous attempts to unveil the secrets of clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, telepathy and every phase of psychical or spiritual intercommunication between people now living ordinary terrestrial lives in their mental intercourse with each other, and also the union in thought and feeling between us who are now incarnate, and our friends who have passed beyond the veils of sense. All varieties of mystical phenomena also come under the generic caption Magic, so we find in these opening years of the twentieth century, a complete revival of the startling interest taken more than fifty years ago in Mesmerism, Electro-Biology and all the scientific and semi-scientific researches, which were in vogue in the days of the pioneers of modern Spiritualism. People are now re-reading Elliotson, Gregory, Edmonds, Hare, Phelps and even Mesmer, Reichenbach and Delucze are being resuscitated.

Those who do not discuss psychic topics in New York today are quite out of the mental "swim," and are being looked upon as behind the century. Whether all the sensationalism now gathering thickly around renewed interest in all that pertains to Spiritualism will result in popular enlightenment or not, yet remains to be seen; but as the newspapers are wide open to accounts of the marvelous, and pulpits are also open to discuss the "psychical," the time is particularly opportune for Spiritualists to do good missionary work by directing present nebulous inquiries and excited interest in weird phenomena into somewhat more wholesome and stable channels than those in which it flows considerably if we may believe those purveyors of news whose integrity is scarcely open to suspicion.

EDGAR SALTUS.

This very interesting gentleman who is always bright and breezy, treated the legion of readers who peruse the columns of the Sunday edition of the New York Herald to a very remarkable, though not exceptionally profound treatise, on New York's "Mystic Priesthood," on Sunday, February 1st. Mr. Saltus has evidently been recently on tours of investigation to the East Side and the West Side, and had sittings with seers and sybils whose fee for consultation ranges from twenty-five cents to five dollars.

It is quite pathetic to watch the crowds of poor, distressed people who consult "fortune tellers" in the Bowery district, but as some of the old women (who actually give good clairvoyant sittings in some instances) are by no means dishonest or unkindly, many people get a good twenty-five cents' worth of encouragement and consolation from the altogether unfashionable card readers, who are so far in touch with advanced modern thought concerning the value of suggestion, that they almost invariably tell a bright fortune for their clients, usually painting the picture of the future in such very glowing colors that the more suspicious among their consultants are apt to wonder whether they have not a stock of stereotyped good luck in store for everybody who visits them, and their glowing predictions would undoubtedly be heavily discounted were it not for two important facts, viz: The seers usually tell us we have had troubles, thereby giving

shade as well as sunlight to the picture she is painting for us, and also we must employ some charm, which is a crude way of saying we must do something for ourselves to woo that good fortune which awaits us.

In fashionable parts of New York, palmists are particularly in evidence. Some of these are of Hindu, others of Mongolian race, and certainly many, if not all of these hand readers, do make predictions which prove extremely accurate. Astrologers are also much in evidence, and among the best of them are many wise people whose scientific lore is by no means despicable.

Edgar Saltus is rather noncommittal as to his own opinion on the reliability of professional seership; he adroitly and diplomatically caters in the same article to the friends and foes of all the practices he describes and types of people he enumerates; but as he can rarely write an article entirely free from some degree of sarcasm, he tells us we get "the same old destiny" for five dollars from the fashionable Chinese palmists that we can obtain for twenty-five cents, if we are willing to go into a squalid section of the city and climb rickety stairs to the sanctum of anything but an aristocratic interpreter. Even granting that such may be the case, no evidence of fraud in either part of the city is evidenced, for if clairvoyance, chiromancy and astrology have a basis in reality, the mere fact of gorgeous draperies in one house, and bare stairs and rag carpets in the other, cannot affect the outlined destiny.

The problem is an intricate and perplexing one: there is a great deal of truth in the claims of all the wonder-workers, but the public at large is not approaching the temple of Psyche with any very large amount of intelligence. Reverence for mysteries there certainly is among many rather superstitious people, and the age of the seer is giving place to the age of the student; but not yet has come that thoroughly sane and rational attitude of thought toward all that seemeth mystical which is necessary to an ingathering of the richest and ripest fruits from the tree of Spiritualism. All these various methods of seeking to penetrate the veil which screens the psychic domain from the physical region are germane to Spiritualism, though some modern cults prefer to investigate along certain limited tracks, and inform the public that they are "experts" and have a "specialty" which is all well enough if one expert and one specialist refrains from denouncing "the other experts with other specialties."

Mr. Saltus sums up a graphic account of some of his peregrinations in these quite sensible words: "However superstitious or howsoever sceptical you may be, you are bound to accept as well as to reject about half and half of all you have heard. But you do not begrudge the fee you have paid, neither does any one else, which accounts for the prevalence of the fortune-teller in so many guises. There is no tithe, no money obligation of law or duty which we pay as willingly as that with which we cross the palm of the man or woman who makes the pretence, he it never so apparent, of power to foretell our destiny."

Such words from such a source as that of a popular journalist and romantic novelist, who keeps his eyes and ears open wherever he goes, should certainly suggest a very sober, philosophical inquiry, viz: How much light does such an admission throw upon the naturalness and legitimacy of our inquisitive concern about the future? It is impossible for either Church or State to put down interest in the mysteries of prophecy. Mediums may have to be licensed, they cannot be suppressed, and the same remark applies to palmists, astrologers and all of similar genus.

FLETCHER THE PALMIST.

In years gone by, the name of J. W. Fletcher was often prominent in the Banner of Light, and this remarkable clairvoyant was at one time quite a lion in avowedly spiritualistic circles. Now on W. 42d St., New York, resides "Fletcher the Palmist." Why this change in title? The man who has altered the wording of his advertisements informs those who question him, that there is more wealth and honor attaching to the profession of the palmist than that of the avowed medium. Theatre programs advertise the "palmist" extensively, and his clients are among the well-to-do, very largely. There is a genuine language of the hand which can be studied and usefully applied, therefore there is no dishonesty in advertising palmistry, and as Ella Wheeler Wilcox has told her numerous readers in her "Uses of Occult Sciences," the palmist and the astrologer can be very useful people when they devote their arts and talents to helping and encouraging by good advice the many who have recourse to them.

A very fair view of mediumship is, that it is literally unconfineable, therefore it demonstrates its power under many guises and shines through many veils. Reasonable and humane Spiritualists cannot do other than admit that our spirit friends who are truly interested in our best welfare, reach us whenever, wherever and however they can, but the better conditions we afford them, the more perfectly will they be able to commune with us, and if at any time an angel guardian saves us from danger or guides us into a righteous haven through the instrumentality of somebody who gets the message and transmits it without crediting it to any special source, the celestial friend is satisfied with the good accomplished, for not being a self-seeker in search of adulation, the benevolent spiritual director rejoices unselfishly in the good accomplished and reaps the highest of all rewards in such enjoyment. The medium on the earthly side must adjust all his own acts to his own conscience, and a conscience is so utterly individual a possession that it is sheer impertinence for others to undertake to speak as its substitute. We may approve and support, or fail to approve and therefore decline to support the outward work of some of our neighbors, but we have entirely overstepped the line of enlightened judgment when we presume to pronounce sentence upon a brother's or sister's motives.

Let all workers do their respective parts in the great vineyard. Wise, angelic reapers at harvest season may discriminatingly separate tare from wheat when wheat and cockle have

alike attained mature expression; but during the growing time it is not possible, according to a world-renowned metaphor to pluck up tares without doing injustice to wheat, which grows beside them. Moral lesson being that there is an element of good in everything, but the whole of truth or even perfectly unimpaired righteousness is not discoverable in any finite system organized and operated by human beings whose present stages of development leave them far from infallible, and still further from omniscient.

A WHISPER FROM EGYPT.

Readers of the Banner twenty years or more ago, will well remember how much discussion entered into its pages concerning Prof. Piazzi Smyth's then famous book "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," and how interested crowds of people were in predictions based on the interior architecture of the massive structure at Gizeh, which was said to contain monumental proof of the duration of dispensations and the starting points of new ages in this earth's progression. Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, Lady Cathness and other eminent lecturers and authors took up the theme, and elaborated it most attractively on the lecture platform, aided by diagrams, or through the press. The voice of Mrs. Britten and the pen of Duchess de Pomar were busily engaged in pointing out how a cycle might terminate about the middle of 1882, and a period of transition immediately commence.

Egypt is again being ransacked for information on this attractive subject, and a man of considerable culture and wide travel, who has spent years in the near vicinity of pyramids and sphinxes, is preparing a volume which forms a sort of a supplement to that issued by the Astronomer Royal for Scotland about twenty-five years ago. The calculations are interesting, and the present state of the world seems to verify them quite extensively. The passage between the Grand Gallery and the King's Chamber in the Great Pyramid is between fifty and sixty inches in length. Each inch denotes a year. The last cycle in this planet's history, ended with the summer solstice of 1882. We have now, therefore, passed through twenty-one years of the passage between two dispensations. The first half of the road is to be traveled in shadow (between twenty-five and thirty years), but the remaining portion is to be traveled in lambent and ever increasing light. 1910 is fixed as the time when the turn in the tide of human affairs will be quite conspicuously noted; and 1935 is fixed as the approximate date of the next world cycle.

Though some people may regard these dates as arbitrary, and consider the calculations on which they are founded only fanciful, the fact remains that so far predictions based on Egyptian studies have proved astoundingly accurate. Wars, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, strikes and all the convulsive movements which have marked the passing of the nineteenth into the twentieth century, have all been distinctly foretold, and not only have the darker aspects been foreseen, quite as much, if not more, has been prophesied concerning the revival of interest in all things spiritual which is now so evident, even though many crude methods are employed, oftentimes, by seekers after the interior realities of life, who have not yet learned that there is a more excellent path toward attainment.

HONORE DE BALZAC

Interest in the novels of Balzac is now considerable in many places. New editions of the works of this wonderfully subtle, as well as brilliant Frenchman, are selling rapidly. Booksellers declare that during the holiday season just over, their sales of these novels have been remarkably larger than during any similar previous season. This fact is suggestive and impressive. It is highly important what people read and average people will be entertained even though they are quite willing to be instructed at the same time, if instruction is presented palatably. A study of the writings of Balzac, whose period was from 1799 to 1855, would constitute an almost complete philosophical education. As far back as 1832, when this fertile author was in the midst of his great creative literary productivity, he discussed the deepest spiritual problems which are now under consideration in the most advanced schools of applied metaphysics.

Mrs. Ursula Gestefeld's splendid little book of three essays entitled "The Metaphysics of Balzac," gives a singularly lucid exposition of the inner-suggestiveness of three of his greatest works: "The Magic Skin," "Louis Lambert" and "Seraphita." In the first volume of this triad, we are introduced to intellectual animality and its certain doom. In the second book, we are shown that superior intellectuality, which reaches toward the spiritual, but still fails to completely grasp it. In the third book, we witness the consummation of spirituality, crowning the intellect and dominating sense till death becomes life, and male and female are blended in eternal union.

Balzac was thoroughly familiar with the works of Swedenborg, and from that great seer's extraordinary treatise "Conjugal Love and its Obsolete Delights," he evidently gathered some literary inspiration for the production of "Seraphita" which is certainly his masterpiece. How immeasurably sublimer is Balzac's conception of spiritual marriage, and of the conquest of the soul over all things material than is that vague, unsatisfactory and usually unintelligible dream of immortality in the flesh, which some fanatical mental scientists profess to desire and to be striving after. We do not wish to remain incased in clay forever, therefore, we have no will to set in operation to bring about a result self-evidently undesirable; but we do long to be masters where we have been servants, and as mastery is only gained by facing temptations and triumphing over obstacles, they alone are conquerors who have attained the heights of victory by actually encountering a strong array of obstacles and rising superior to all of them.

WORK NOT WORRY.

Though we hear less of "Don't Worry Club" today than we heard six or seven years ago, the spirit infused into the move-

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SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held January 15, 1903, S. E. 55.

Invocation.

To Thee, oh Infinite Spirit, we turn in the midst of our pain and distress, our suffering and sorrow, and ask that the light of sunshine and strength and truth may once more shine upon us.

May we stand with open heart and responsive soul and let righteousness be poured through us, and so in our effort after all beautiful things and all good things may we cease our effort and striving, and stand serene and wait, and let everything be poured through us leaving us better and stronger, more beautiful and more clear for the passing. To the sin-sick souls as well as to the sorrowing ones we would send our thoughts of peace and love and hope. Whatever may have come into the life of anyone, now it shall be crowned with hope, hope for all that is best, that is bright, that is useful, and with this message of hope we send our spirits out into the world to do service to mankind. Amen.

MESSAGES.

William Stacey, Portsmouth, N.H.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a gentleman about fifty-five years old. He is rather stout, with full beard and dark brown hair with just a very little gray hair mixed in over his forehead. His name is William Stacey; he came from Portsmouth, N.H.; he has a son there by the name of Albert, to whom he is anxious to send communication and a word of advice. He looks at me with a comical little glance as though he didn't understand much about Spiritualism until he went over to the other side of life. He says: "It took me a good while to be clear on the subject then, but I shall be glad if you can make it evident to those I have left that I am still in existence and still able to argue to a finish the things I am interested in. With me are Annie and Frank; they are both as anxious as I am to communicate but they say they will wait and see if this message is noticed. I was with Albert the other day and saw him when he went to make the purchase which interested him because of me, and I hope much good will come out of it. I send word to all my friends that I am just as well and just as talkative as ever. Thank you."

George Garland, Ellsworth, Me.

There is a spirit of a man about the medium height, not very stout, and very light. His hair is reddish and he is bald-headed, too. He says his name is George Garland and at first when he got over into the spirit it seemed so strange that he could hardly make up his mind he had left his people. He continues: "I had a little illness and might have been prepared for my going, but I had had the same thing before and gotten over it, and so believed I would be up and around in a little while. It seems strange to be able to go to other places. At first I stayed right around the old home and was interested only in those I had left and could see nobody else to amount to anything, when one day a cousin of mine named Charles took me to another place to see what was going on, and from that day I found it an easy matter to go about from place to place, and to get some pleasure out of what I saw. I wish Josie would keep on with the music; she doesn't think it amounts to much, but I see that with an effort she could do what she wants to. She doesn't live in Ellsworth now but has gone away. I also want to send word to Effie. Say I am trying to help her and find I have helped her, although she isn't conscious of it, and it has been a comfort to me to know I can do so. I am much obliged and hope I can come again some time."

Arabella Cole, San Jose, Cal.

A spirit of a woman a little above the medium height stands beside me now. She is rather stout and dark with dark eyes and hair, and she doesn't seem to be over thirty-five years old though she may be a little more than that. She is very much interested in this effort and very much concerned over some of her people and anxious to get to them. She says, "I have come a great distance. I had no idea of just what I must do but I centered my thought on this circle and started this way. My name is Arabella Cole and I am from San Jose, Cal. I want to get to my husband, Arthur Cole. I want to say to him that it is true. He will know what I mean. It is useless for him to make the effort to find out if he might have saved me. Nothing could have saved me and every effort he makes to find out only gives him pain and trouble. Arthur dear, it is so hard to speak to you from over here. I thought it would be easier but it is so hard to say just what I want to and to say it clearly. You must know how interested I am in every step you take. I think there is never an hour I am not conscious of what you are doing, and whenever I find the least thing that will help me to get to you I make the effort. Don't keep the piano closed up and don't put away the things that were so dear to me. Make it easy for me to come to you by inviting me with familiar conditions. I am glad you went away. It was better for you and better for me. God bless you, dear. I love you more than ever."

Tommy McGrath, Charlestown, Mass.

Now a boy about sixteen or seventeen stands beside me. He is light and not particularly pretty, but has an interesting face. His eyes are blue and he has rather a ruddy skin, but he is thin as though he had worked out or run off all his flesh. He says: "Will you please say I am Tommy McGrath. I was hurt while playing ball and died from the injuries. I'd like to get to my mother, Margaret, and tell her

I can see her. It is about all I know to tell that I can see her and hear her, and I know the prayers she has offered for me do help me. She mustn't think of me though as any different from what I was when I went away. I am made stronger when she thinks and prays for me, but I am no different except that I am free to go to places. Uncle Peter is good to me, and says he will always take care of me until she comes. I wish I could have stayed, because I wanted to do so much for her. I don't know how to do it now, but perhaps somebody will teach me by and by. I send my love to Lizzie and Johnny, and I thank these people for helping me."

Mrs. Emily Morrill, Albany, N. Y.

I see a spirit of a woman about fifty years old. She is plump and pretty, one of those kind, motherly-looking people; you just feel glad to have her come where you are whether in a street car or in a home, she brings such a good influence. She has dark blue eyes, gray hair and a very pleasant smile. She says: "I suppose the first thing I should do is to tell you my name. Well, it is Mrs. Morrill, Mrs. Emily Morrill, wife of Charles M. Morrill of Albany, N.Y. It is a little queer to be speaking so familiarly of myself and my people when I have been over here so long. It must be eight or ten years since I came over and yet I haven't lost the least bit of interest in anyone who was dear to me. Naturally some have come over since I, and among them is Ella; she and I thought we would try to come back if we could. We almost feel as though we were usurping the rights of others because we know nothing of this Spiritualism except as we have discussed it, but knowing through your spirit friends that we had a welcome we put aside our objections and are here. Now we would like Nellie to be aware of our presence in her home. When the baby was sick a week or two ago and she didn't know what to do, I tried to make her think of a remedy and what was my surprise to see her get up and get the thing I suggested. The baby got better and I was so pleased I decided I would see if I could not help people who were sick by suggesting things I knew could help them, being able to see the cause of their illness, and I have been amused at the number of things I have been able to do. I think the time will come when the spirits on this side of life will be able to communicate telepathically with their friends still in the body without the least effort, and I wish Nellie would put herself in as responsive a state as she can to see what we can do. I send love and greetings from mother and father to all the grandchildren and friends. Thank you."

Carrie Jacoby, Brandon, Vt.

There is the spirit of a girl about twenty years of age who comes to me. She is very light with very blonde hair and blue eyes, and such an eagerness to return. She says: "My name is Carrie Jacoby; I am from Brandon, Vt. I have been trying to get here for some time. It seemed to me I never could wait because I had so much I wanted to say. Please send word to Will that I love him just the same as before I came; I know he tries to forget me, tries to think it will be easier for him if he puts me entirely out of his mind, and I don't want it so. I don't want to wait till he is an old man and comes over and meets me. I would rather have him know I want to take his hand and walk with him and am glad to be his helper. The ring wasn't put away with me and I am glad of that. It would have been foolish. I hadn't much feeling about being buried, although I had always been so frightened at the thought of being put into the ground, but really I didn't seem to have any feeling about it at all. I was so conscious of my own existence it did not seem that it was I at all that they put away, and I didn't stay to see it done. I thank you for the flowers, more than I can tell you, and I wish you could know how often I bring them to you. Don't look at the picture so much as if it was all you had, when you really have me, and tell Susie I often see her too and when she is sitting there working on the blue as she has been lately thinking of me and how much I liked it, I have realized she thought of me and wanted to say to her that it was just my color. Thank you."

George Clark, Memphis, Tenn.

A spirit of a man about forty years old is here, who says: "My name is George Clark; I am from Memphis, Tenn. I was interested in all sorts of wooden ware, pails and tubs, and those things; I represented the sale of them. If you can send word to Henry, my brother, and let him know I am all right, and am sort of glad to be out of the mess that has come since I went, and yet not at all ashamed to confess it, you will me a great favor. Tell him our mother is with me and sends love and, whether he believes it or not, it is true that we can see him and can find him wherever he goes. I don't like the way Andy treated us. I don't think it is just 'according to Hoyle,' but never mind, those things always twist around and hit the one who created them. Much obliged to you."

Abbie Trumbull, Bangor, Me.

Here comes a woman who says she is from Bangor. She is old and rather worn looking, and she wears a little black cap on her head of lace with purple ribbons, just about the kind of a cap that many old ladies wear, and she seems dressed up as though she had done her work and gotten through and had spent the rest of her life in just sitting around and doing the little things that come to the old lady of the family. She says: "You city folks don't have old ladies the way we used to. You keep dressed up and going until age doesn't seem to mean anything at all. Why, I thought I was an old lady when I was fifty-three, and lived some years after that in quiet conscious dignity of my great age. My name is Abbie Trumbull, and I'd like to send this word to my boy David. I want him to know that his mother is just as happy to be getting his home ready for him as if she were back in the old home preparing for his homecoming. His father is with me, and we are as happy and united and agree just as we always did. David dear, your father is studying and studying and studying all the time, and seems to be so full of knowledge now that he can't hold any more, and yet he keeps learning a little more and a little more, and I take care of the house and keep things straightened up. I tell him he mustn't get too far ahead of me or I shall lose my part in his life, and he always laughs and says, 'Abbie, you will always have to stay by me to take care of me, because if you weren't here I should forget to take care of myself.' You know that is just like him."

Edward Ham, Lawrence, Mass.

A man comes now who is about forty-five years old, rather broad-shouldered, with a strong energetic manner, and he says his name is Edward Ham. "I am from Lawrence, Mass., and I came out so suddenly to spirit life that I have been dazed ever since, and I thought if I could just touch hands with you people and express myself a little I would perhaps feel better and more reconciled. I was very fond of music. I have an idea that I would like to send word to Ella and tell her I am all right. I don't know what else to say to her. She is all right too, and I love her and would come very close into her life, but I don't know how yet. I shall keep near to you people who understand this law until I know more about it. It is quite a little school of philosophy that you

people have established, and crowded around this little circle every morning that you hold it, is a great company of spirits who are as anxious as I to return to their loved ones. You would be surprised if you could know how many there are and how anxious they are and how it is almost impossible for them to be clear and explicit enough to be received. I am very grateful for my opportunity. Thank you."

Children's Book.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man? I'll tell you a wonderful trick That will bring you contentment if anything can— Do something for somebody quick.

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl? Weary, discouraged and sick? I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world— Do something for somebody quick.

Though it rains like the rain of the flood, little man, And the clouds are forbidding and thick, You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man— Do something for somebody quick.

Though the stars are like brass overhead, little girl, And the walks like a well-heated brick, And our earthly affairs in a terrible whirl— Do something for somebody quick—Ex.

An Elephant Story.

In the month of Bahdra last (corresponding to August and September of the year 1902), two wild elephants—one a big tusker and the other a smaller animal—appeared at Lohasolli, in Jhargram, Midnapur district. They began to destroy the crops and orchards of the villagers, and made it altogether too lively for the latter. In time the news of their depredations reached Jhargram, and Babu Ganjan Lal Malla came to the spot to rid the villagers of the pest. He shot at the tusker and wounded the big animal in the leg. The elephant, after this, survived a month before mortification set in and cut its career short.

When the tusker was sick and disabled it could not leave the neighborhood and the smaller animal, instead of getting away from the proximity of danger, bore it company, night and day, leaving it for a time daily, to collect corn and edibles for the wounded animal or to bring water for it from a neighboring tank. With water thus brought in its trunk the elephant would not only slake the feverish thirst of the other, but even cleanse the wound. If the villagers, impelled by curiosity, ever approached the tusker, its companion would raise a terrific howling sound and charge at them. When the wounded leg was swollen and mortification set in, the tusker came to refuse food, and then, with almost human intelligence, discrimination and affection, its companion began to gather tender herbs, leaves and tendrils for its suffering friend. These it would put into the mouth of the latter and twining its trunk with that of the other, would raise a plaintive cry, as if heart-broken at the prospect of speedy separation and requesting its friend to partake of the delicacies brought by it. On the last day, without ever leaving its side, the smaller elephant kept fanning the wound with its trunk, while tears trickled down from its eyes. When, at last, the wounded animal died, the other left the neighborhood, never to be seen there again.—Amrita Bazar Patrika.

THE TWO SIDES OF IT.

There was a girl who always said Her fate was very hard; From the one thing she wanted most She always was debarred. There always was a cloudy spot Somewhere within her sky; Nothing was ever quite just right, She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say, Whose lot was quite the same, Found something pleasant for herself In every day that came. Of course things tangled up sometimes For just a little while, But nothing ever stayed all wrong, She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled Through all their lives together; It didn't come from luck or fate, From clear or cloudy weather— The reason lay within their hearts, And colored all outside; One chose to hope and one to moan, And so they smiled and sighed.

—Priscilla Leonard.

The Fairy Princess.

MARY MARSHALL PARKS.

"O Fred! come here. Hurry! hurry!" cried Bonnell wildly. A slat on one of the shutters of the house where the Fairy Princess lived had twinkled hard, and what if the shutter should open, and Fred not there to see!

The Fairy Princess's window was directly opposite Bonnell's, and so near—just across the narrow alley—that they could have talked together if only the cross old ogre who kept the Fairy Princess shut up there had allowed her to open the blinds. But he never did. Fred and Bonnell had never caught a glimpse of her, for not once in the two months they had lived there had those shutters been opened the least little mite. Now, who else but an ugly old ogre who had captured a charming princess would keep the blinds closed for two months? Fred and Bonnell were sure no one else would do such a thing, and they were sure they knew what the princess looked like. She was beautiful, of course.

It was a delightful game, and very exciting, and the children spent many an hour on stormy days watching with round eyes for the shutters to open, and telling wonderful stories about the ogre and the princess. Once in a while the shutter-slats would twinkle a little as they had done just now, and that was quite sufficient to keep up the interest.

Nothing happened this time, but the next evening, Bonnell glanced out of the sitting-room window and saw that the mysterious shutters were open. Fred came running at her call, and they hurried upstairs and cuddled down by Bonnell's window in the dark, and waited breathlessly to see what would happen next. Something did happen this time. The gas flashed out suddenly, and there in the bright light stood the Fairy Princess—a little, wrinkled old woman with a green shade on, and the children turned hastily from the window, and crept down stairs, too disappointed to speak.

The next day was very stormy, so they could not go out, and they felt very dull. There seemed to be nothing left to wonder about. Then something happened again. The door-bell rang, and a boy left a large parcel, marked, "For the Children, 871 Harrow St." They had the string off in a trice, and inside the box were luscious little winter

pears, and delicious little yellow sweet apples, and brown, shining chestnuts, and sharp-nosed hickory nuts. There was a note too, and it said:

"For the dear little children whose sweet faces have brightened many a lonely hour. "Lucrilia Baird, 876 Adams St."

"Why, who can it be? Why, that's the next street. Can't we go and thank her this minute, mama?" cried Fred, all in a breath. Mama consulted the weather, and then said yes, and the children started on their voyage of discovery. They found the right number without the least difficulty. A bright-faced girl showed them up two flights of stairs, and told them to knock at the door at the end of the hall. Fred rapped, the door flew open, and there stood—

"The Fairy Princess!" cried Bonnell, before she thought. Then she blushed furiously, and Fred, blushing too, had to explain. You see, they knew only the back of the Fairy Princess's house, and as it was one of a row of brick houses all alike, they did not dream it was the same until they saw the little old woman again.

Fred told everything—even about the golden hair and the golden crown; the little old lady had such a way of getting things out of one, and all the time she laughed, and rocked back and forth in her chair like mad. Then she told her story. It seemed that her eyes had been bad, so bad that she had nearly lost her eyesight, and for months she had been obliged to stay in a perfectly darkened room; then she was allowed to open the slats and look out a little on cloudy days. And that was why the slats had twinkled, and why she knew Fred and Bonnell so well, for, although they could not see her, she could see them quite plainly. At last her eyes were so much improved that, the day before, the doctor had told her that she might open her shutters wide at twilight, and that she might have the gas lighted. She was all alone in the world but for one brother in the country, where she visited every summer, and that was where the nuts and apples came from.

The children soon discovered that she knew more stories and games and conundrums than "Arabian Nights" and "Andersen's Fairy Tales" and "Parlor Entertainments" all rolled into one; and that afternoon visit was the beginning of a friendship that lasted as long as the little old lady lived, and gladdened the last days of a rather lonely life.

"A real fairy princess is a heap better than a make-believe, even if she hasn't a golden crown," declared Fred, as they trudged home through the falling snow.—Sunday School Times.

Question and Answer Department.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Questions by Arthur Merchant, Camden, N. J., concerning "The Subconscious Mind":

1. In the phrase "I said to myself," which is either the subconscious?

2. What is the part played by the subconscious mind in suggestion? in auto-suggestion?

3. Which of the seven principles of man (Theosophic) is the equivalent of the subconscious mind?

Answer 1. The term subconscious mind is often employed, in our judgment, to cover too wide an area, because the Latin prefix "sub" means literally "under," as we have another equally popular prefix "super," which means "above," we ought to use the latter in preference to the former in the situation to which our questioner refers. If "I" speak to my "self" for the purpose of instructing or aiding that self, then I as a self-conscious spiritual entity am working to educate or improve the condition of a subordinate.

In the terminology employed by writers on suggestion at large, there are many ambiguities which it would be well to clear away. If I am conscious of giving a treatment to a feeble or ailing or refractory "self," I am certainly conscious of being its teacher and superior. I may speak to my subconscious plane of functioning beneficially, if I feel that I am its lawful master, and that it should obey orders given to it by me. For convenience sake, we should hold clearly in thought three distinct planes of consciousness. On the rational or intellectual plane, which is our distinctively human plane, we are conscious of a higher and a lower. From the super-self, the intellect receives illumination intuitively, to the sub-conscious plane or sub-self the same intellect gives directions and commands. Self-control, self-mastery, and all kindred compound terms in constant use, can have no clear meaning unless we realize vividly that there is a controlling power vested in a higher self, and a possibility of obedience in a lower self, or if another terminology be preferred, we may say that the ego or true entity, which is the real abiding immortal individual exercises rightful sovereignty over all its vehicles or sheaths of personality. Sometimes the higher self is referred to in the phrase, "I was speaking with myself," in that case there is a distinct consciousness that reason is being illumined from above in order that it may become illuminator to the sense plane which is below. "Super" and "sub" ought to be held apart in language more than they frequently are, and we think all will find it helpful for lucidity's sake to use "super" exclusively when we mean higher, and "sub" when we mean lower.

Answer 2. The part actually played by the subconscious mind in the field of therapeutic suggestion is not now very easy to define, because different practitioners assign different meanings to the term; but in our own use of it, it means about as follows: The rational intellect instructs the subconscious mind to carry out its command, as for instance, you resolve to wake at an earlier or later hour than usual next morning, therefore you direct your "sub-self" to call you at that time, and if you put it on its honor, it will surely carry out your directions as soon as you have learned to confide in it as a faithful servant. When you give suggestion to another he may receive your suggestion willingly into his subconsciousness and act upon it as though it were his own. This largely forms the basis of what is often called hypnotic treatment; auto-suggestion and self-induced hypnosis are often practically identical. Our entire sensitiveness to such impressions as we do not set ourselves to receive, thoughtfully or deliberately, pertains to the sub-conscious plane of our mentality, which is also the seat of all our natural instincts which we share in common with animals, and which when permitted and invited to operate unrestrictedly, are our safeguards in many important directions and particulars.

Answer 3. The seven elements entering into the constitution of the incarnate human being, are generally divided by theosophical writers into a higher three and a lower four. The subconscious mind is technically the equivalent of the "animal soul," or fourth principle in this septenary classification, while the superconscious mind is synonymous with the "spiritual soul" or sixth principle. The rational mind or "human soul," is bounded, according to this theory, on its higher side by the seat of moral feeling, and on its lower side by the seat of animal propensity. We act instinctively on our animal plane, and we are enlightened intuitively on the plane of our higher consciousness. The rational plane is always the seat of arbitra-

tion and judgment. Knowledge enters the citadel of reason through two gates, a "super" and a "sub" gate, and it is on the rational (manasic) plane that our intellectual self-consciousness is developed, and we become, through experience gained through temptation, finally victorious over all our animal propensities.

A Variety of Things.

I have hardly been convinced of the rationality of animals. Yet horses and dogs seem often to reason. A telegraphic despatch of October 25 from Komoko, Indiana, tells of a bill poster named William East, who stepped back from the fence to view his work. He went near a street car but dodged it. A moment later he stepped back in front of another car, when his dog, seeing the danger, sprang upon him, knocking him out of the way. The dog himself rolled under the car, but was not hurt. It was a tramp dog that Mr. East had given a home.

Thomas B. Reed—I hate to nickname a man to make him look dignified—says many good things. "Newspapers," he justly declares, "are what they are by virtue of a power greater than themselves. They are more the product of the readers than of the editors and publishers."

The greatest war the world has ever seen, says the late Thomas Dewitt Talmadge, is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' war, for it is a war of centuries. It is a war of the five continents, it is a war in the air. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between two extremes, are diminishing, and if things go on in the same ratio as they are now going, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels.

"Do you believe in dreams?" This was a taunting question to a witness in a recent murder trial. The lawyer might have been answered: "There are dreams and dreams."

The late Professor Agassiz was visiting the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. The fossil of a fish engaged his attention. There was a peculiarity that he conceived ought to be found, but he was not able to find it. He dreamed of finding it, yet for two days was unable to verify his dream. He dreamed the same thing again and again. Finally a point was impressed upon him, and on going again and removing a shell-like substance, found it as he had dreamed. I regret that I have not the account in hand so as to be more exact.

Elias Howe was endeavoring to construct a sewing machine. He got on well till he came to the needle. He found that a needle constructed like the ones in common use would not do. While perplexed with this problem he dreamed one night that he was in a distant country which was ruled by a savage king. This monarch commanded him to make a sewing machine. Unable to make the needle, he was ordered to execution. As the guards came to take him away, he observed that the spears which they carried were pierced near the head. Immediately he bethought himself that the needle problem could be solved by a like orifice, and a few moments later he awoke. It was four o'clock in the morning, but he arose and hastened to his workshop. By eight o'clock he had modeled a needle for the machine with the eye near the point. Some years afterward he prosecuted several companies for infringing his patent. He won the suit solely upon this matter of the needle. He then compromised the differences amicably.

Many years ago the wife of Samuel Adams, a printer, dreamed that she saw her husband murdered, his body cut to pieces, and packed for transportation. Investigation revealed that he had been slain by John C. Colt, and the body treated as she had dreamed.

The truth is that we are in connection mentally with the universe; call it electrically if you prefer, I will not contend. Our consciousness thus extends indefinitely far beyond our bodies. Hence what occurs can be pictured to us or perceived by us, when in susceptible conditions; and we may even perceive the future as well as what is present or past.

War, always the crime of nations, is also the chief source of exorbitant expenditure. No people would be heavily taxed if there were no fighting. The European nations are military camps to all intents and purposes, and on this account persons from a foreign country are required to have passports to have permission to pass the cordon. In the General Deficiency Bill of Congress, the appropriations for military purposes amounted to \$23,350,000; and for naval purposes, \$3,973,145. Besides these the regular appropriations for military and naval purposes and for pensions amounted to \$396,943,103, in all \$420,293,248. The New York World computes that this makes \$28 for every family of five persons. No other nation pays such a sum; and if each head of a family should be assessed that amount directly for such appropriations, the revolt against it would overturn the Government.

Tariff duties enable a blindfolding of taxpayers. A more costly system of taxation does not exist outside an Asiatic despotism. The importer pays duties, and then the amount with 20 to 50 per cent added against buyers. So the consumer is robbed unequivocally.

Alexander Wilder.

What is Contempt?

Who has not felt an emotion for this delectable outpouring, and considered himself justified in so doing?

But are we always justified in it, or even in extending it under any circumstances? Do you know its origin—its cause? Do you know that hatred is an effect of selfishness—the antithesis of love or charity? Well, contempt is but the unspoken vibration of hatred—its emotional manifestation. You may feel yourself justified in having contempt for the extremely selfish individual or the one who is cruel, inhuman, hateful; but it is not charity, despite the other's unconformity to your sense of right-doing, justice or purity.

Sorrow, pity, wonder, shock, are higher feelings; for they show that love is superior to the vibration of uncharity, and are checks upon the unspiritual emotion—contempt.

But we said "delectable outpouring." If "revenge is sweet," it must be to some. Well, so is all evil, when it constitutes an individualized part of the operator or enactor of the same. The unspiritual or extremely material finds as much delight or pleasure in exercising the sensual, the hateful or the contemptuous, as the spiritual-minded finds in giving a moral lecture or a dissertation on soul-development.

Contemptuousness is, therefore, an evil—not a virtue—and in whatever form it is exercised or however expressed, it does not symbolize spirituality.

We need not humiliate ourselves to be humble or condescending, we can regard or address human weaknesses in many ways besides treating them with contempt or in a manner that will lower us in the eyes of the culprit or place us beneath him in the "balance" of spiritual law.

Contemptuousness is not love, whatever the reason d'être, and he who probes deep

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