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NO. 13

THE LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Where is the light that shone on the hilltop?
Away from all men?
That tower of glory that guarded our dreaming
While we camped in the glen.
The sounds of the night in harmony mingled
As a musical feast,
Even silence brought out her harp from the thicket
And chorused the rest.
The cricket her measure attuned to the others
Piped loud over me,
While the meadow of waters a symphony offered
Singing down to the sea.
The katy-did came in her summer-green kirtle
And drew her small bow,
Tho' what was her string and what was her viol,
We never may know.
The joy in our hearts made sacred the cadence
Of the small and the great;
The leaning stars smiled from Heavenly bastions
On the fullness of Fate.
Pueblo, Col.
*Someone had hung a lighted lantern on a mountain
tower hundreds of feet above our camp.

The Psychology of Sin.

Salvadora.

AUTHOR OF "THE WISDOM OF PASSION."

Psychologically speaking, Sin has five distinct stages of growth. 1. The stage of passion. 2. The stage of sensation. 3. The stage of conception. 4. The stage of habit, or disposition. 5. The stage of pleasure.

The weird plant of Sin has therefore for its nutrition, and soil, self-deceptive pleasure. For its root, self-deceptive passion. For its stem, self-deceptive disposition. For its branches, self-deceptive sensations. For its deadly poisonous flowers, self-deceptive concepts.

The self-deceptive stage of Pleasure may be chiefly characterized by a uniformly laughing, rollicking, jovial, epicurean, bestial and Bacchic desire for "swell" society. Or, by the more cunning and varied good humored modes of the expression of other more malignant passions. Anyway we take Sin, however, it is always "a jolly," or, the deceptive desire for "a good time." Annihilate the deceptive feeling that one can have "a good time" by sinning, and Sin would perish from the face of the earth. To be sinful, therefore, is the correct process for fooling one's self.

Those, who, like you and I, have lived to any sensible age, have long since bitterly realized how easy it is to be malignantly self-fooled in this matter of self-deception of Sin. Our buckets of sinful hopes are forever and forever springing false leaks. With Chateaubriand, we go from shipwreck to shipwreck, in our careers. Inasmuch, then, as Sin is caused by Desire for Change, Goodness and Virtue absolutely depend on the Equity of our Personal Desires. If every woman changed her desire for every other woman's furniture, and house, every time she went visiting, and every woman had the power to instantly get every other woman's furniture and house, women would very soon find themselves in a houseless and homeless world. If every man changed his desire for every other man's wife every time he went into society, prowling and fawning, and aching to be courted, or to court; providing all men could gain their ends in this way, we should quickly see the universal dissolution of human society.

The animal and vegetable kingdoms are based on the equities of hunger desires. For, if the special form, or equity of the food-desire of all the vegetable eating animals was changed today into a carnivorous form, with a special taste for tenderly bodied babies, obviously the human race would have to begin its evolution all over again. Desire for change is therefore the primary cause of Sin. Uncontrollable desire for animal change is insanity; or, the erotic monomania of Bacchic lust, disguised under the name of Love.

The only time when change of Desire, and Desire for change is not a Sin, is when we desire to change the bad for the good; the sickle for the constant; brutality for spirituality; the uncertain for the certain; moral ugliness for moral beauty; the capricious for the uniform; man for God; the false for the true; ignorance for knowledge. Change of Desire, in this sense, is the cause of all Evolution, Progress and Uniform Happiness. The greatest joy of life therefore depends on the Equity of Desire. Hence, it is obvious, that the psychological origin of Sin is to be sought for in the secret moral nature of the Desires for Change of the Special Passion, whose deceptive pleasure gives us such a fierce desire for the perpetuation of Sin. If Sin never existed in our passions, sensations, and concepts, it would never exist in our acts. A sinful concept is a continuous line of thought which leads to sinful action. It does so, because it loves to live over again, in some imaginative, old, or new form, its experience of self-deceptive pleasure and passion. For, our Concepts are always the children of our Sensations, and our Passions.

Life begins with Passions; not with Conceptions. The child at birth begins with Passions, viz., Hunger, Fear, and Anger; not

with thoughts, or concepts. For, there is nothing in the child's thoughts or concepts, that was not to be found first in its sensations; and there is nothing in its sensations that was not first to be found in its passions. A sinful habit is created by a long series of self-deceptive and self-mistaken acts of passion, sensation, conception and false agreeableness, and pleasure. In the terrible slang of the street, Sin is a Bunco Game.

The true philosophy of life, said a Greek, is to unlearn the evil; for the evil of self-deception has been the secret of all our shame, suffering, sorrow, and sin. Every married woman who goes into society for the purpose of being courted and admired by another woman's husband is simply sowing the seeds of alienation in the other woman's home, as well as deceiving herself, and menacing the purity of her own home, and her own future happiness. Our fierce desire to be courted, and to be "swell," and to be admired, is the secret of our self-deceptions. A self-deceptive disposition to get money or to be courted at any cost is a sinful disposition.

Disposition, or temperament, is a word which means that the person is predisposed to be actuated all through life by some one special controlling passion. Thus we have a fearful disposition, a vain disposition, an avaricious disposition, an ambitious disposition, a flirting or courting disposition, an angry disposition. This means, that the thoughts, sensations and acts of the person of fearful disposition are always more or less colored, all through life, by the Passion of Fear. The vain disposition by the Passion of Vanity. The avaricious disposition by the Passion of Avarice. The ambitious disposition by the Passion of Power. The flirting or courting disposition by the Passion of Sex. The angry disposition by the Passions of Anger, Hatred, and Revenge. Disposition is therefore character. And disposition is character, because the acts, thoughts, concepts and sensations of the person will always express in life, phases of that special controlling passion which creates the special disposition. A sad and morbid disposition is one which has been made morbid by its own self-deceptive passions and thoughts; or, by long association with morbid persons, or by a long series of bitter treacheries.

To save our own Souls and the Souls of others we must therefore change our Dispositions. The safety of American home life depends on it. As an instance, where the passion to be socially courted, or to flirt, or the fierce desire for social power, or the fear of poverty, is stronger than the Passion of Affection, then the poor wife or husband will always be cruelly sacrificed to the controlling passion. It is only a question of time. The home is already secretly ruined. Persons who are anxious to self-deceive themselves are sinners. Deception is falseness. "To thine own Divine Self be true." The saint can help to save the sinner. But a sinner can never save a sinner. A sinner may deceive a saint; but a saint never deceives a sinner. Mere church members deceive; but the ratio of saints to mere church members is probably as one to every five thousand. Salvation from sinful dispositions can only be brought about by degrees of personal experience in suffering; and by the help of others, including Divine Ideals, and Persons.

Each man and woman has a Greater Psychological Self than they are aware of. To find this Greater Self is to find a deliverance. To take the hint of the illustrious Hegel, we must aim to realize our Absolute Self; or our Greater Psychological Self. With the immortal Fichte, we must become conscious of our own Sublime Spiritual Ego, which lies in the near background of our suffering, sinful, deceptive Non-Ego of natural disposition. With the great, lamented Frederick W. H. Myers, we must realize in our actual conscious experience, the existence of our Subliminal Self, which lies unperceived by us, just outside the portiere of our Common Mind. With the founder of Buddhism, seek the Forgetfulness of the Mind of Earthly Desires, in the Nirvana of our own Divine Consciousness. With Zoroaster, we must realize, in our own psychological experience, the difference between the Ahirman, viz., Darkness of Self-Deceptive Passion; and Ormuzd, viz., The Light; Reflected Light of Deity in ourselves. With the immortal founder of Christianity, realize, as a part of our own consciousness, the yesterday, today and forever, of the Father's reflected Mind in us. With the modern author of "Introspection and Retrospection," may I ever practically realize (in the Reflected Immortal Mind of the Father within me) my own true Manhood; rather than in the Mortal Mind of my old disposition. Help us, O God, to find and realize within ourselves the Greatness of Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Over-soul;" for, we are tired of the self-deceptive, sinning, cruel, suffering dispositions of our Undersoul; for the Oversoul within us is the Picture of the Infinite Ideal of the Father. This I aver is the true path for Salvation from Sorrow, and Sin.

Personally, I hope some day to be thoroughly saved by this method. It is the path of the mystic's personal consciousness; and

not the path of churches or organized religious systems. It is the path of our Spiritual Passions versus our Selfish Passions. The latter only enslave, degrade, and ruin us; because they deceive us. Life, for thousands and thousands of us, is simply a cruel, malignant game of self-deception and the other's deception. So that, in the awful wicked slang of the society man we are told that we must do the other fellow or the other fellow will do us. Personally I am sick and tired of this method. My own disposition will help me to self-deceive myself horribly enough without the malignant self-deception and assistance of other men and women of self-deceptive, impulsive natures to assist me into deeper suffering. But now comes an important question. Supposing, that, with Professor William James of Harvard my Mortal Disposition, or Mental Life, has been scientifically demonstrated to have, on the Other Side of it, a Greater Mental Life, on which I can draw for help; then in what practical, psychological way can I, in my own experience, know of the existence of My Greater Psychological Self?

I answer, through the personal proof of the self-consciousness of a series of Psychological Sensations. The difference between a physical sensation and a psychological sensation is this. Physical sensations are brought about, generally, by physical causes; and their object is to teach us physical knowledge. Psychological sensations, on the other hand, are brought about (in the majority of cases) by Psychological causes; and their object is to teach us psychological knowledge. In Boston Ideas of October 10, 1903, and in a study of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy as a Great Sensitive, I explained this law; also, first, in the "Wisdom of Passion," page 207. Thus, a change in our feelings and thoughts, or any physiological, nervous, or other change produced in us by the assumed telepathic action of any psychological influence; or, from the action of any of our own Passions, as of Sex, or Fear, or Benevolence, would be defined as a Psychological Sensation; because Psychological, and not Physical causes produced the change. God is a Psychological Cause. Not a physical one. A change in my feelings, produced by the fire in the grate, is a physical sensation; because it was produced by a physical cause.

Now, it is obvious that in all experiences of moral and mental healing the effects are produced by a contrary or inverse action of forces. The old classic method is never to admit that the psychological forces in man can be reached unless we first go through an established, objective, physical order, viz., first, of the physical. Second, of the vital. Then, through the vital to the psychological, as the third resulting factor. Now, in all ancient and modern methods of moral and mental healing, this process is reversed. It is claimed that it can be demonstrated, that when a greater psychological force is brought into play; first, that it will, and does, produce a change in the modes of the person's passions, sensations and concepts. That this can and does produce vital changes. And, third, that these vital forces in their turn produce changes in physical phenomena. In the old classic method, physical sensation is, therefore, always the first supposed cause of the change. In the psychological method, psychological sensation is always the first cause.

Now, in the psychology of sin, it is obvious that self-deceptive passion, arousing self-deceptive sensations, and self-deceptive thoughts, create the sinner, and his suffering. As an example of this form of self-deceptive passion as being a cause of suffering, I found that quite a percentage of the insane admitted during the year to the New York State Insane Hospital were there because of the self-deception of the low animal pleasure, sought through Intemperance and Animal Flirting. Disciples of the Drunken Bacchus and Animal Silenus; to whom self-deceptive, sensual comfort, and libertine lust, are the highest ideals of Love. Very, very few went insane through the betrayal, or jilting, of mistaken, though lofty and honest and sublime affection. Dr. Arthur W. Hurd, the superintendent, wrote me, saying: "Our percentage is very small of cases said to be due to the betrayal of the affections."

A sinner is therefore a self-deceived person. She, or he, is therefore false. They are false; because, being mistaken, they are self-deceived by their own self-deceiving, passions, self-deceiving sensations, self-deceiving thoughts, or concepts, and self-deceiving agreeableness. The self-deceivers are therefore always at work trying to make us the prey of their own self-deceptions; and also of our own. This is the Serpent of the Garden of Eden, the Devil, the Tempter, the fountain of all sorrow, sin, and suffering, is self-deception. Therefore, the only remedy for Sin is to teach the elements of the Psychology of Sin, together with the Doctrine of the Greater, Divine Psychological Self. Let us learn the laws of our self-deceptive Passions; and the sublimer laws of the liberalizing Spiritual ones. Our self-deceptive passions and those of others simply have a tendency, year after year (under all sorts of disguises), to lead us to intolerable hells of suffering; and I, for

one, have suffered profoundly enough, through the delusion, to no longer be willing, either to be self-fooled, or to be fooled by another's self-fooling. To know the real basis of Sin in Life in its laws of passion is the great wisdom; for, with the great Mantegazza, I believe biology and psychology to be names for one and the same thing. Truth about ourselves is the basis of Spiritual Beauty; for with Plato, "Beauty is the splendour of Truth."

Perhaps after all there was a profounder, practical philosophy than we are in the habit of giving credit to, in the positive psychological advice of the Tarsus man, who advised us, so many centuries ago, in these words: "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your Mind. That ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

The Disadvantages of Order.

My brother is a country doctor. I rode with him one day while he made his morning calls. The appearance of the first place, a typical farm house, disgusted me. The front doorway, the back door-yard and the side doorway were filled with cats, dogs, chickens and dirt.

With some complacency I thought of my own neat home. I planted trees, bushes, flowers, and they stayed where they were put, decently and in order. Nothing tore or mused them up.

A bored looking dog came slowly around from the side of the house and gave me a sympathetic glance, as much as to say: "Dull hole; isn't it?"

Just then a screen door opened, and out rolled three pretty well grown kittens. The dog squatted down by one of them and began chewing its neck. Kitten seemed to like it. She tumbled about and cuffed his nose with first one paw and then another in an appreciative fashion.

But the dog was not easily amused. He stretched his mouth, yawning out: "H-a-r-gad, beastly place!" and shambled over to the chickens. In a spirit of pure devilry he created pandemonium among them, chasing them all into a huddle, and then left them protesting indignantly.

With a sidelong glance at me he wrinkled his mouth into a grin, remarking: "It's deuced tame, I know; but I'm doing my best for you."

The kittens appeared to be the best attraction, and he tackled another willing victim. Like her sister, she readily responded, and with graceful turns of her little body, boxed her opponent like a professional.

The chickens had returned quietly to their feeding and had apparently forgotten all about the disturbance created by the dog, when a mother hen, that was confined in a coop, gave the danger call. She had been giving fussy directions to her brood, without receiving any particular notice, but when she sounded the danger signal, every chick scudded under her wings, and every hen and rooster in the yard craned its neck and gave an answering cluck. The air in the chicken world was tense for a minute, but as nothing happened, they "dropped their heads and made slighting comments on nervous mothers."

My brother hurried out of the house with a word of apology for the length of his call. He had been forty-five minutes and it had not seemed ten.

The next place reminded me of home. There were flower beds, a clean lawn, shapely trees. Everything bespoke careful attention. Not a live creature was in sight. Even the trees had a dignified air of reserve that plainly said: "We know our place."

My brother remained in that house fifteen minutes. I swore he had taken up his summer residence there, and very meekly confessed to him when he did appear that I believed there might be advantages in disorder.

THE GLIMPSE.

Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame,
Went your bright way, and left me to fall back
On my own world of poorer deed and aim.

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel
Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smoke-dimmed town,
In a brief pause of labor's sullen wheel,
Scaped from the street's dead dust and factory's frown.

In saintless day
Saw mountains pillaring the perfect sky;
Then journeyed home to cower in his soul
The torment of the difference till he die.
—William Watson.

When the spiritual man attempts any work in which he needs the help of the whole world, the whole world always serves him.

We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.—Martineau.

Work is for life, not life for work.—Spencer.

Comforting Influences of Spiritualism.

T. A. Bland.

Thomas Paine said: "I hope for happiness in a future life. That hope is based upon the immutable justice of God. I dare not go beyond hope in such a matter; yet that hope is a comforting one."

Some years ago, a venerable and dearly beloved friend, a minister in the Presbyterian Church, lost by death his only daughter. He was almost heartbroken, and I felt strongly impressed that I could comfort him; so I called on him. After listening to him with sympathetic interest, as he told me in words, full of pathos, how deeply he felt his bereavement, I said to him:

"My dear brother, do you know anything about a future life?"

"No, I do not know anything about it. I hope there is a future life. I believe there is. I have preached it for more than fifty years, but I do not know it."

"Well, I do know that there is a life after death, and that it is a glorious life."

"For God's sake, tell me how you know it."

In reply, I gave that venerable preacher a brief history of my experience in Spiritualism. I began by saying: "When a boy, my beloved mother died. I then believed, or thought I did, in a future life; but my faith gave me small hope that I should ever again see my dear mother. Years passed. I married and a beautiful boy came to give us joy. After a brief sojourn with us he passed from mortal sight, as your beloved daughter has. My wife and I were then members of an Orthodox Church, but in that hour of bereavement our religious faith gave us small comfort. It was based on testimony nearly two thousand years old, which was uncorroborated by personal experience or scientific data. I became an agnostic. I said, 'I do not know whether or not there is a life beyond this.'"

"I was in this state of mind when through the influence of a dear friend, I began the investigation of spiritual phenomena. My first seance was with a trumpet medium. There my mother met me, and in audible voice said:

"My darling son, we have been separated for almost twenty years; for although during that long period I have watched over you with all a mother's love, you did not know it; hence we were practically separated. I have grieved in my spirit as I saw you wandering in the valley of doubt, questioning whether or not there was a future life, and I have tried, oh, so hard, to convince you of the beautiful truth, that the life you now live, and which I once lived, is but the incipient stage of life; that we do not begin to live in reality until we die; and now, thank God, I have reached you at last and am talking to you face to face, yet, my son, you do not believe it."

"I said: 'I must believe that this is my dear mother who is talking to me.'"

"No, my son, I read your mind and know that you are still in doubt; but I will convince you beyond the possibility of doubt. You shall know this truth for a certainty."

"My mother kept her promise. She gave through that medium and others, proofs so overwhelming that I could not have doubted longer if I had tried. For now more than twenty years I have not had a doubt of this glorious truth of a future life, and of spirit guardianship and communion."

"The happiest moment of my life was when at a seance, my beloved son talked with me. My mother closed a beautiful communication by saying, 'You are now about to have a most delightful surprise. Your own darling child will talk with you.'"

"In the voice and manner of a child, my boy addressed to me the first words I had ever heard from his lips, for he left us in early infancy."

"Papa, papa, I am so glad. Papa, when I left you and mama you thought I was dead, but grandma took me, and she has been to me all that she was to you when you were a babe; and she brings me to your home often. We sit with you evenings and listen to you talk. You are educating me just as though I was with you in the form."

On closing my recital, which occupied an hour, the dear old man, with tears rolling down his age-furrowed cheeks, said: "You cannot know how I thank you for coming to me as a brother, and laying your heart against mine in this time of my sorrow. You have comforted me greatly; comforted me, as my brethren of the church could not. May God bless you, and may I be permitted to know as you know, this beautiful truth."

The hope of the Christian is a comfort to him in proportion to his faith in the legends of experiences of Jesus and his Apostles in the Spiritualism of that far away time. How much greater comfort have we who have been privileged to enjoy similar and even greater experiences than were vouchsafed to those who founded the Christian religion on revelations that came through Peter and Paul and other mediums of that old time spiritualistic era.

GUIDANCE.

Place thy hand in mine, my child,
Walk with me where I guide
And trouble not with anxious fear
Of what may thus befall.
For I am with thee night and day,
In rain or sunshine bright,
And if thou'lt list to what I say,
Thy guidance will be right.

What if the tempest shall descend
Upon thy naked head?
There's safety in the lightning's flash
If with me thou dost tread.
Let the storm beat upon thy brow,
My voice doth thee assure;
It is because the blinding storm
Thou hast power to endure.

When thou hast learned my strength in thee
I lead to shelter's side.
Then silent be and list my voice,
Bide there in shelter hide.
Of this be sure, if thou wilt hear
I will not fail to tell.
Each moment of thy mortal life,
Which course for thee is well.

In silence thou shalt hear my voice,
When thou dost guidance need.
If thou dost make belief in Me
A living, not dead, creed.
To fret with care for coming years
With grief thy head would bow.
My Love will lead thee through all time
As it is leading now.

E. J. Bowtell.

Banker and Printer.

J. Andy Werz.

CHAPTER XII.

My past life came up before me like a panorama. The box was torn from under my feet and I felt a shock, then a choking sensation. Sparks of fire filled my vision, shooting hither and thither. There was an agony, a torture indescribable; it lasted but a moment and I became unconscious.

Now right here something occurred, something very remarkable. When I regained consciousness I was several feet away from and, apparently over the heads of the people, gazing complacently at my own body, which was dangling at the end of that rope! I looked in another direction. A large brick structure was raised from its foundations and with a terrible crash and roar fell in every direction. I noticed that the people were in great consternation; the throng ran from the bridge in great haste, there were cries and great confusion. I also noticed Hamlet, with knife in hand, running rapidly in the direction of the suspended bodies.

I did not indulge in speculation as to the cause that produced the explosion of that brick block near by. I was not frightened nor disturbed. I simply looked upon the scene before me with little interest. I appeared to be an uninterested spectator. I had a vague recollection of what had occurred during the past two hours, but I was as serene as a June morning.

The scene faded away from my eyes by degrees until all was blank—blank as a dark room. I was not terror-stricken, neither was I happy nor unhappy. I seemed to be in a sort of a stupor free from pain, free from care. The darkness, for I certainly was in the dark, began to vanish. A ray of light appeared here and there and I suddenly opened my eyes upon the most beautiful landscape, a scene that I am unable to describe with words. Should I attempt a description? I know that the poverty of the English language would preclude the possibility of my being able to convey anything like a correct idea of what I saw at that moment. There were beautiful groves and flowers and rivers and in the distance a beautiful city. Upon every hand there were magnificent houses, country homes they appeared to be. Then there were small lakes and great tropical plants growing upon the margins of these bodies of water, plants and flowers of prodigious proportions. There were people everywhere, moving about conversing and all seemed to be in excellent spirits. I looked upon the scene with rapture, mingled with astonishment.

Everything seemed new; wholly unlike anything that I had ever seen or heard of. I was spellbound with the grandeur of the scene. I was unable to move. From a beautiful canopy some distance to the left there came the grandest strains of music imaginable. The people under that canopy were singing. I was too far away to discern their dress or features.

I glanced at my side. I was astonished. For there were the loved faces of friends and relatives who had passed through the portals of death years before. They had been with me since my awakening and before. I was so deeply impressed with the scene which I beheld that I had not noticed their presence. I seemed to be weak and was unable to move. My hands held a consultation lasting several moments. Then they informed me that the cord which united my spirit with my body had not been severed and that I should soon be myself again.

The beautiful vision began to fade away. Dimmer, gradually dimmer, grew the scenery, and then all was blank. I seemed to open my eyes as if aroused from a deep slumber. I was in a room. There were several persons standing over a cot. I looked again. There was my body. The face was dead and pale. A physician took up the wrist and held it for some moments. He looked querulous.

"Stand back! Put up that window! Let us have more air!" said the physician. Again he pressed his ear to the heart of the prostrate body.

"It's all right; he's as good as two or three dead men," replied the doctor.

Then I felt drawn toward the form—my own body, and with an awing movement I floated or seemed to float toward the body thus present. I was then drawn toward my body until I came in contact with it. There was a shock and the next instant I was looking through my eyes at those about me in the room.

"You had a close call, young man," said the doctor, "but you are all right now. But it will be several days before you will be able to leave your room."

My nervous system had received a severe shock—a shock from a cause experienced by but a limited number of human beings. I soon learned that there had been a natural gas explosion. A brick block had been blown to atoms and the remains of a man, a stranger, had been found buried in the debris. The mystery of the murder of old Billy Archdale was solved.

The explosion occurred within five minutes after the leader of the mob had given the fatal order. Coming as it did when the crowd had become awe-stricken by reason of the terrible crime which had just been committed the awful crash and roar produced an effect that can easily be imagined. The panic-stricken spectators fled from the scene and confusion reigned supreme. Instantly a man holding a knife aloft ran through the struggling mass of human beings. He mounted a box. No one molested him. Our bodies were hastily cut down and removed to the farther end of the bridge.

The strange taken from the ruins of the building had been instantly killed. A hasty search resulted in the finding of Billy Archdale's watch, together with papers and a large sum of money upon the person of the dead man. It was then that the awful truth

that two men had been done to death for a crime they had not committed became apparent. Then it was that our bodies were hastily conveyed to the nearest hotel. It was found that Cy was alive and conscious; my case seemed to be hopeless, but that mysterious thread which links the spirit to its tabernacle of clay had not been severed.

It came to be understood that the dead stranger must have had an accomplice in the crime committed, since only about one-half of the money supposed to have been in possession of Mr. Archdale was found. It was believed that the murderer had concealed himself in the cellar of that building, which had become filled with natural gas. He probably struck a match, causing the explosion.

The dead man's confederate had evidently secured his share of the booty and left the city at an early hour that morning. He had ridden Mr. Archdale's pocket book and dropped it at the road side, where Cy found it.

The identity of the murderer could not be established and no trace of his pal could be discovered. In the case of the former retributive justice came swiftly and without warning. The latter, if he be among the living, carries with him a conscience forever demanding satisfaction, forever torturing him and all the while refusing to be satisfied.

The people were exceedingly kind to Cy and myself during the days of our convalescence. Cy jokingly remarked that never before in his life had he been so well treated or so often.

I slept little during the first week after my terrible experience. The night watchman, striking his heavy cane upon the paving, passed under my window at regular intervals. I could not imagine why he did this unless it was to warn night marauders of his coming and give them an opportunity to make their escape.

A railroad passed through the centre of the city and the ringing of the bells of the locomotive and the screeching of their whistles grated harshly upon my shattered nerves.

But the time came when I had regained my usual strength. I was not much the worse for my late experience.

I have already noted the fact that the people of that place treated us with great kindness. When we were ready to depart these same people put money into our purses, and bidding adieu to the city in which we had escaped death by the merest accident, we boarded a train and were again in pursuit of employment.

But Hamlet, what of him? As I have before stated, he was a peculiar sort of man. He must have left that city immediately after performing that extraordinary service for Cy and myself. Leastwise no one could be found who had met him. And stranger still, no one witnessed the act which I have just named. That no one should have seen Hamlet approach the dangling bodies of Cy and myself may, however, be explained by the confusion and excitement which prevailed at that particular moment.

CHAPTER XIII.

Six months later. It is now winter. We had spent the summer and autumn drifting about from one place to another, working a few days here and there. But in all that time neither of us were able to secure a permanent situation. The best that we could do in any place was to help the office bridge over a rush of job work or "sub" for printers who were fortunate enough to be in possession of "solid jobs," as they are known among the craft.

It was a cold, bleak day when we walked out of a town where we had vainly endeavored to secure work. Neither of us had a cent. We spent our last dimes for a breakfast and started down the railroad in the direction of a place about twenty miles distant. We expected to reach the town by two or three o'clock in the afternoon. We had been informed that printers were needed there, and, penniless though we were, we started upon our journey with light hearts, buoyed up with the hope that this would be our last tramp and that at last we would be secure what we had looked for so long in vain—permanent situations. It was bad walking. Snow covered the railroad bed and the depth of several inches. A stiff wind blew all the while directly in our faces. Our progress was necessarily slow. It must have been near one o'clock in the afternoon before we thought of dinner. The sky was now overcast with dark gray clouds and soon after the air was filled with snow. The wind had increased to a gale and the atmosphere had grown many degrees colder. We paused for a few moments on the leeward side of a lonely water tank. Cy's cheerfulness was at a low ebb.

"An awful day," said he, as he surveyed the gloomy prospect. "Still, I believe we can pull through. We have had worse times."

Again we were upon the road. Slowly we trudged along, beating our way against the storm. We were now traveling in that part of the state where thousands of acres of low prairie lands abound and where hay stacks are the only marks of civilization.

The storm was raging furiously, the air was filled with fine particles of snow, the well nigh blinded us. We were suffering from cold and hunger. To be cold and hungry, to be far from home and friends and penniless is enough to fill the stoutest heart with despair. I had become well nigh exhausted and was ready to give up the unequal contest, when Cy said:

"Cheer up. We'll get there all right, and we'll get a good supper and a good warm fire to sit by, too. I weathered many a storm in my time, but as severe as this one."

He appeared cheerful, but his voice did not have the right kind of a ring. I knew that he had almost given up the hope of reaching our destination.

Slowly we trudged our painful way. It is surprising what a human being can endure. I was surprised to find myself on my feet after so many hours of travel in that terrible storm. It was now growing dark. The shades of evening enveloped the prairies and the storm showed no signs of abating. It was not long before it was pitch dark and it was with difficulty that we were able to keep inside the railroad irons.

Cy took my hand. "Do you see that, old boy? That's the switch light. We are all right after all," and he pointed toward a red light in the distance. It was a welcome sight.

At length we were in the yards of the railroad. Though shivering with cold we deemed it best to steer clear of the station. We passed through the suburbs and finally found our way to a street which led to the business district of the town.

It was the day before Christmas—Christmas eve. We passed the homes of the well-to-do, happy homes they appeared to us. Bright fires glowed in the grates and the windows were ablaze with light. Children, happy children, romped about on the carpeted floors, while the master of the house, with his feet incased in comfortable slippers, was diligently scanning the evening papers.

At the next home perhaps, strains of music floated out of the parlor. A young lady was entertaining her beau. Delivery wagons rattled along the streets laden with Christmas presents. The church bells were pealing forth their glad tones of "peace on earth, good will to men." Now there was a silvery peal of laughter. It came from a party of happy young people who had just entered a saloon for an evening ride.

"Oh, mama, mama, papa's just—papa's tum," exclaimed a little tot as she ran out on the porch to meet her father. He had a grip in his hand and was evidently a com-

mercial traveler coming home to spend Christmas with his family. How I envied the happiness of that man!

At last we reached the public square. Bad luck again. There were no morning papers. The printing offices were closed. We walked around the square not knowing what else to do. We were just about to pass a drug store. I felt impelled to enter. I did not know why. I had no business in that place. I was about to pass the store when something told me as plainly as I ever heard anything, "Go into that store."

I entered. Cy remained outside. I was soon in conversation with a stranger. He was a bright man and withal quite sociable.

"Stranger here, eh?" inquired the man.

I presented my card. It read thus: "Albert Markley, editor of the S—Free Lance."

The stranger scanned it with evident interest.

"Looking for a location, are you?"

I nodded an affirmative answer.

"Well, well, maybe I can make a deal with you. I am a real estate man. I have a printing office; got it in a trade a few days ago—don't know anything about a printing office."

I began to feel deeply interested in the man's conversation.

"Your office, where is it?" I inquired in a half-careless tone, thus assumed for obvious reasons.

"Let's see—let's see—number forty-two Main street, up stairs. Come day after tomorrow and look at it." And my spirits went down to zero.

I wanted to see the inside of that office that night. I hesitated a moment.

"You say it's down on South Main, number 42, up stairs?" I inquired.

"Yes, yes, that's the place. You'll be here tomorrow? All right. Here's the key. No, I don't believe I've got it. Wait—" and he began to explore his pockets.

By this time my heart began to beat at a lively rate. If he couldn't find that key—

"Yes, yes," said he, "here it is. Go and look at the outfit. You know more about printing offices than I do."

I took the key and clung to it with a firm grip.

"Stopping at the Grand? Best hotel here. Suppose they'll have a big spread there tomorrow. Glad I met you, very glad I met you. Good night." And the real estate man turned to greet a friend who had just entered.

The next moment I was out of that store and beckoning to Cy to follow. I remember that we walked at a rapid pace. I was sure the man would call me back and relieve me of that key. Just then it was exceedingly valuable to me. What joy filled my heart! We dodged around a corner.

"I've got it," said I.

"I know it," said Cy.

"Well," said he, "you are a good one for an immortal fact. Shake! Why, that man thought you were a man of no small consequence, didn't he?" But let's hurry up to that office right away. Yes, this is the street. Forty-one—forty-two. Yes, here is the stairway."

And then we ascended. The door was unlocked in a jiffy. We lighted the gas and shook down the coal in the grate. Pretty soon a cheerful fire was blazing. The night was intensely cold, but the room had evidently been occupied by some one during the day, for it was quite comfortable even before we started the fire.

We found some tobacco in a cigar box and a couple of cob pipes were pressed into service. A good square meal was all that was needed to fill our cup of joy brim full.

Hark! There were foot-falls on the stairway. Was the proprietor coming and would he drive us out into the storm? We waited with bated breath. The door was pushed open and in walked Hamlet.

"The great Caesar! If this isn't Cy and Bert!" and the next instant we were shaking hands with our old comrade. It was a joyful meeting, glorious, as Cy termed it.

"Hungry? Of course you are," said Hamlet. "Keep your seats. I will be back in five minutes and he vanished down the stairway. He returned carrying a coffee pot, a paper bag filled with hot rolls and a quantity of sausage, and immediately set about preparing the meal.

The odor of that sausage as it crackled and sputtered in the frying pan was far sweeter than the attar of roses, while that coffee pot sang the finest music I ever heard. Hamlet spread some newspapers upon a store box and we sat down to a meal fit for the gods.

How we talked and laughed and cracked jokes! That coffee was simply superb and we drank it to our heart's content.

A happier trio of printers never met each other. When the meal was finished we fell to talking and it was past midnight before we thought of sleep. Then we lay down upon a pile of papers and slept soundly until morning.

(To be continued.)

Dreams that Came True.

The cashier of a bank went home one evening at his usual hour, ate his dinner, and, feeling tired, lay down on the sofa and dropped off to sleep. Suddenly he awoke with a start and said to his wife:

"I've had such an odd dream. I was back at the bank and two men came in. They paid no attention to me, but set to work to open the safe. They seemed to have difficulty in doing it, and one of them then said they must move it before they could do any good. I went up to try to stop them, but they did not seem to see me. Just then I woke up."

Instead of laughing at him, his wife said seriously that it might be a warning. The husband took a cab and went back as fast as he could to the bank. He found the door forced. Hurriedly calling two policemen, the three entered and found two men exactly resembling those the cashier had seen in his dream. They had pulled the safe out of its corner and were drilling it in order to blow it open.

In 1894 a wealthy publisher of Boston suddenly found himself to be the victim of a series of forgeries so large in amount that they threatened his credit. He set detectives to work at once, but all in vain. One morning his little daughter Ethel, aged 7, came running into his study and exclaimed:

"O, papa! I had such a funny dream! I dreamt that I saw Mr. —" mentioning a young man of 27, a great friend of her father's, "sitting in a room at No. 12, Maine Street, and trying to write your name!"

The child's dream was communicated to the police, who were at first inclined to ridicule it, but a watch was put on the proceedings of the young man in question. Evidence accumulated against him, and it was found that he had hired a room in another name at the address the child had given. The room was raided and copies of the forged signature and bank checks were found there.

At the next extraordinary case was the case of a woman named Drew who dreamed that her husband, a retired sailor, had been murdered by a peddler in a saloon at Gravesend. In the morning came the news that her husband's dead body had been discovered in the identical place where she had in her dream seen the murder committed. When the poor wife had calmed down a little she wrote out an exact description of the peddler whom she had seen in her dream, and saying nothing about her vision to the officers of the law, merely told them that this was the person she suspected. Two days later a man answering the description was arrested at an

inn six miles from Gravesend, and, on being taxed with the crime, confessed that he was the murderer.

Here is another instance. A certain farmer conceived a desperate attachment for a young girl who lived in a town eight miles from his house. But the girl mistrusted him from the first, and, after a short courtship, wrote a note to him on which were the words:

"I shall never see you again."

The farmer, roused to fury, waylaid and murdered her in a lonely part of the heath one night soon after and took away her body in his cart.

A few days later he visited her house to see her and feigned great surprise when informed that she had disappeared from home. While there he managed to secure an opportunity to slip a note in a vase on the mantelpiece.

But the next night the mother dreamed that her daughter lay murdered beneath the farmer's barn. On the strength of this the police searched the building to find that her dream had different terms.

The "stunt that dreams are made of," according to the foregoing, occasionally gives proof of an occult world around us.—Star of the Magi.

The Revelation of the Divine.

An Address by the Guides of Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, England, Sunday October 11, 1903, before the First Association of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C.

(Stenographic report.)

Two men, working at the same problem from opposite points of view, reach identically the same conclusions. Two men, dealing with different sets of operations, reach the same reason for the operations that they are severally considering. One man says Matter; the other says Spirit. One man says the unknowable; the other man says the indescribable and undefined. Where is the difference?

Would it not be better, if you will pardon the phrase, if those two were to "pool their issues," realize the value of their several assets, and both make the astounding discovery that they were pursuing the same object, not using different terms to explain the results. You would then be measurably nearer to the abolition of that dangerous distinction which has divided the universe into two sections, one the natural, material, mechanical, the other the supernatural, and altogether mysterious. When you can co-ordinate these opposite views of the manifestations of the divine existence and bring them into mutual harmony you will find the truth of Pope's contention that

All being is but one stupendous whole.
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Then you will have a realization that nature includes the natural and spiritual manifestations which seem to be opposing, but are only differing forms that manifest the one divine existence. Now here let us return to the main body of our argument.

Science—physical and material—has realized the existence of this unknown something which is at the bottom and basis, in and to all things. What is, then, the revelation of the divine, and where do we find it? In musty tomes of ancient literature recording the reflections and thoughts of men of ages past who did not know as much as you know, who had not the acquaintance with the laws and order of nature—the operations of the human consciousness—the phenomena of human existence—who were not as well informed on those points as yourself today? Do not cite to us, if you please, so-called civilizations of thousands of ages ago. Do not speak of "golden ages" that have passed away. Do not ask us to believe that the art, science and literature of the dead and gone nations, exceeded in beauty, spirituality and intelligence the art, science, literature and beauty of the present day, because we cannot hold with you if you do. It is contrary to the possibilities of human development. We grant you that there have been nations and empires, civilizations, arts and sciences that reached very high points of perfection in certain directions, but when taking the general average of culture and of educational development we are certainly inclined to assert that in no previous period of the history of the world was mankind generally possessed of such advantages as, generally, mankind is possessed of today. Do you not pride yourselves upon the diffusion of education, comfort, development, social evolution and unfoldment, art, science and literature. Do you not claim, in this broad land of yours, that the world was never so well conditioned—that is, that the universal happiness of the people was never so complete, as it is among yourselves?

The law of progress works through the ages as well as through the limited experiences of any particular nation or race, and the law of progress presupposes a commencement—presupposes an initial starting point—which is always a lower point of progress than the ultimate that is finally achieved.

The history of the human race begins in animism, traverses through savagery, and barbarism, and eventuates into civilization. You are standing on the plane of civilization. Civilization must be higher than animism and it must be higher than savagery or barbarism. Civilization contains within itself all the virtues of the preceding conditions of human progress and it unfolds possibilities of infinitely greater virtues yet to be achieved. So, then, in the very nature of the case, the progress of man has been an evolution along the lines of his physical, mental, moral, spiritual and religious unfoldment, and that evolution has been the unfolding of the divinity within his nature. Now, similarly, the constitution and development of the world proceeded along similar lines.

Chaos marks the earlier stages. From chaos to order follows, and as natural consequences the evolution of universes and the creation of the independent worlds belonging to their primary centres, their solar centres, their suns. Those worlds throw off from themselves their dependent related worlds, of which, for instance, the world on which you live today is one—create other children—and those children go through the processes of growth just as your children do. They have their measles and whooping cough, their paroxysms, catarrhs, their storms and earthquakes, thunders and lightning—fearful electric shocks—chemical explosions—and all the ills and evils that effect the young; but gradually they triumph over them and become healthy. The clouds and vapors dissipate, the sun breaks through the steaming darkness, and little by little order and organization are manifested, and finally the possibilities of vegetable and sensitive life, and ultimately organized life, are unfolded.

Now the question we put to you is this, and it is a very serious one: Inanimate forms, animal life, fruits, flowers, vegetation, trees, shrubbery, all organic nature existing upon the world today, or beginning its first development in the millions of ages past—where did the possibilities of these come from?

There was a curious theory promulgated by an eminent English scientist some years ago to the effect that the germs of life were brought from distant planets in space and deposited upon this globe; that the soils of this world were formed the matrix for the development of the evolutionary possibilities of these germs, and so vegetable, animal and human life is accounted for. But that is too absurd for very serious consideration. Rather

let us ask: Did the world contain within itself the possibilities of all that has been developed and now exists when it first became a world—when it was first cut off from its primary—or were these possibilities put into it afterwards? The latter seems to us to imply the miraculous. God does not work miracles, whatever priests may say. The established order is never varied. No matter how men may pray, the purposes of nature are absolute: they are the manifestations of the will of God; therefore our contention must be, and is, that not only the world, not only the primal sun from whence the world came—not only the supreme primary from which the sun came—the supreme cosmos—all contained within themselves, latently, all the possibilities that are manifested in them today, or that ever will be manifested in them. What is this possibility? There is only one solution. Whatever the nature of the primary source may be, in power and capacity it must be infinitely greater than the results it produces; if it is not, then it will produce results and exhaust itself. It exhausts itself by production it will weaken its controlling power and the thing produced will become greater than the producing cause and the order of existence will become inverted, for the product will become greater than the thing which produced it.

Suppose we admit the existence of God. It is somewhat unfashionable with some kind of Spiritualists who do not like the idea. Why? Because they consider themselves to be fully as good as Almighty God. They do not wish to admit the existence of any greater power, or any superior wisdom, than they themselves possess.

Suppose we admit the existence of a supreme power. That power, if supreme, must be infinitely greater than all other things combined. It must be greater in capacity, greater in executive power, greater in authority. If you were not greater than your bodies, then your bodies would be uncontrollable by you. That you are greater than your bodies is shown by the fact that you control their movements, do as you will with them, and just in proportion as you develop your will and ability to control your organism are you able to accomplish the best results by the direction of those organizations. This supreme power, then—for nature has a body—is a power greater than nature, exercises an infinite dominance over nature, is superior to all that nature contains, but its life and quality are manifested in and through all conceivable conditions of existence. Therefore, we are to look for the revelations of the Divine, not in the past, or in the future, or in the creeds, utterances, beliefs or theologies of bygone ages. Transcendental speculations will not help us.

When we find the revelations of God laid down in authoritative phrase, unrelated to nature; or, to put it in other words, when we find that the facts under investigation, material and spiritual, contradict the alleged revelations of God, then we can be perfectly sure that such are not revelations of the divine, but are the ignorant and erroneous conceptions of those who thought they were receiving the revelations of divinity itself.

Look into the starry heavens, read the mathematical laws governing the operations of the huge bodies swinging in the depths of space, and there you will see law and order, persistently operating in every direction. Turn your gaze to the world on which you live and watch her proceedings, physical, chemical, organic. Note how all is unfolded in order and harmony and symmetry. The beautiful sky is spread before you, the sun is shining in her golden glory, the dowers blooming in their beds scattered over the landscape yielding their sweet perfume, and there we see fruit ripening on the trees. And human creatures, instinct with intelligence, manifesting grace and glory, read the story of the progress of the earth as written upon her rock-ribbed leaves, of the wonders of evolution as traced by modern science, and see there only these things—order, law, principle, system, organization, association, sensation, intelligence; consciousness manifesting itself through the order of development and evolution. You will see all these things, and you will note the hand of the Master Workman behind them all; the skill of an intelligence greater than human thought can conceive, controlling and directing. You will see the operations of the divine working in the development of nature, in the orders of existence, and in the constitution of man you will find the revelations of divinity.

Now on the revelations of divinity in the constitution of man there is room for diverse opinions, and it is in the clash of differing and conflicting opinions that truth is ultimately evolved. There are many who will say it is impossible to argue that all men are divine. They will urge that to assert that divinity is latent in every human soul is an entirely untenable proposition. Yet these people will speak of "universal rights," "universal justice," "universal goodness," that "all men are equal in their birth," and so on. Now how can you prove the truth of a series of sentiments such as these when you oppose them by the positive assertion that all men are not equal because all men are not good? Is it because you mistake secondary phenomena for primary causes? Is it because this man is uneducated, untrained, undeveloped, improperly equipped for the purposes of life, that therefore the manifestations of what you call his evil nature are considered as indications that he is essentially bad—wicked? If so, then your reasoning must be revised.

You must realize that as all nature is the manifestation of divine power, so all consciousness is the manifestation of the inherent divine consciousness. But as nature has her explosions, her catarrhs, her catastrophes which do not destroy the universe, showing that there is a divine energy behind all these things, so the human creature has his ills, evils and distempers, belonging to the external conditions, which tend to establish the fact that he, himself, the enduring, the everlasting, the reality is divine, and the evolution of consciousness, the development of reason and intellect, the unfoldment of graces of body and sentiments of soul are the manifestations in the human being which constitute the revelations of the divine. You could not manifest these greater and better parts of you if their possibilities were not inherent in you. You do manifest them, your possibilities are therefore inherent, and you—the real, enduring self—are the revelation of the essentially divine. This is the only explanation that will cover the ground. You will be ever capable of evolving the latent goodness within you, which is the outward and visible attestation of the interior divinity of you being.

Now, what we have offered you may be really and truly considered as the essential philosophy of Spiritualism. We absolutely assert that the spiritual philosophy is all-inclusive and in harmony with the highest scientific research in every department of life, physical, personal, moral, social, or whatever. This philosophy will lead to the regeneration of human thought, will help man to realize that the old way along which we have been led are but stepping stones in the path of progress, and that God, spirit, immortality, the reality of spiritual forms, all are parts and parcels of the great realities of life and must continue to be accepted. When this is realized it will be perceived that the spiritual philosophy is the light on the path of human progress today, showing man the road that he must follow and illuminating the way as he proceeds in unfamiliar directions. Then will modern Spiritualism regain her former prestige, become rehabilitated in importance, and stand forth once more a

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"The Great Psychological Crime."

This remarkable book continues to hold the attention of the reading Spiritualists of America. It is being discussed from week to week in the columns of our esteemed contemporary, "The Progressive Thinker," by the ablest minds in our ranks, and many excellent, instructive thoughts are presented for the consideration of those who are really seeking for the cause of things. The question is, Does mediumship demoralize the ones who exercise it? If it does, should it be cultivated? Another interesting query follows: Does not control weaken the will, and is not a conscious psychic state the one to be sought?

Many there are who have been benefited by their submission to their angel guides, and some there are who have been rescued from lives of degradation and shame by these same heavenly visitors. On the other hand, there are many wrecks along the shores of the psychic sea, made such by their failure to rightly use or understand the psychic powers with which they were endowed. It may be urged that the germs of immorality and decadence were inherent within them, and developed under the stimuli of the excitement of public life and their love of approbation. Mediumship in that case would only be the indirect cause of their downfall—not the primary, or immediate one.

The aim of the book is not to repudiate spirit intercourse, nor to do away with the study of psychism. It is rather to develop the conscious psychic state in all human beings, and to acquaint them with their own soul-hood. The soul is the all in the thought of the author, and his book does not in any way seek to overthrow the fundamentals of the higher Spiritualism in which all progressive people should be interested. It does ask Spiritualists and occultists to declare against shoddy goods, and to take steps to protect sensitives from their own innate weaknesses through the development of the conscious psychic state. Such a book cannot fail to benefit all who read it, for it compels every one who peruses even one page to do some careful, independent thinking.

We may not be in full accord with all of the arguments advanced by the able author, yet we do recognize the merits of the work and are desirous of according it its full meed of praise. It is well written, logical, and consistent, from start to finish. Admit the author's premises, and his conclusions must be accepted, as each step leads to the next, and the arguments are so subtly interwoven as to make any other result impossible. We

welcome this work as a valuable text book in the occult world, and an authority in its clear definitions of the terms of psychism. Whatever its faults may be, it can neither be laughed nor sneered out of court; it must be met, tested, and refuted, if possible, or accepted, if Spiritualists have nothing to offset its carefully prepared and convincing statements. Abuse and satire are not arguments, and this book deserves courteous treatment at the hands of all Spiritualists.

Tribute to Frederic G. Tuttle.

As a friend of our most faithful and active brother who has so recently passed on to join the great majority, I must add my mean word to the glowing tributes to his genuine worth. From the very first time when I was introduced to the Banner staff in Boston to the very last visit I paid to that great, historic city, Frederic G. Tuttle has always been prominently associated with my work.

It is indeed pleasing to be able to look back twenty-five years and say of a man with whom one has had innumerable business dealings what I can most solemnly and truthfully record of that indefatigable worker who has now gone to join the countless hosts who have been faithful on earth and are now working in states of existence where robes of flesh constitute no portion of the soul's equipment: Mr. Tuttle was always kind, faithful, true to his word in every particular and indeed a model man of business as well as a genial friend and a truly noble citizen.

I have been privileged to visit him in his delightful suburban home and to lecture within its hospitable walls as well as to partake of the gracious hospitality accorded to an honored guest. The publication and circulation of many of my largest and most widely distributed literary efforts have been directly due, in large measure, to Mr. Tuttle's efforts and I have, indeed, numberless reasons for remembering him always with profound respect and gratitude. Our business relations were always perfectly harmonious, and I cannot recall a single instance where he and I had the slightest difficulty in adjusting anything.

The community has indeed lost a truly noble member in the departure of this good man, but as Banner readers KNOW death (so-called) is not annihilation of individuality, we can still realize the presence of our friends who have vanished from mortal vision and still feel that they and we are comrades on the road of life.

W. J. Colville.

Good Reading for Winter.

Every progressive thinker in America should make an effort to plan a systematic course of reading for the coming winter. There are long evenings and many stormy days ahead for him, and with several volumes of choice literature in his home, the hours of his enforced idleness can be profitably spent. Now is the time to order his books. Crops are harvested, and, for the most part, marketed. No better opportunity for investing in good reading for the winter will ever present itself. Every Spiritualist and Liberalist in America should be abreast with the times in science, philosophy and religion. By a careful study of the twenty-nine volumes of Andrew Jackson Davis, every reader will become a well informed, perfectly equipped, and spiritually illumined being. These books are for sale at the remarkably low price of twenty dollars for the entire twenty-nine volumes. Every one of them is worth its weight in gold, and no Spiritualist can claim to be well informed in regard to the basic principles of Spiritualism until he has made a thorough study of the works of Dr. Davis. He is one of the wise souls in full control of a mortal body, and he has given his fellowmen words of wisdom that will be grasped in full after the passage of the centuries. "He is a thousand years ahead of his time," said a careful thinker the other day, "and he will take higher rank when men grow up to him than Buddha, Jesus, Swedenborg and Channing. Dr. Davis is the greatest man that has ever lived on earth." Buy his works!

Compulsory Vaccination.

This great American scourge or plague, as it may be called with absolute propriety, is doing its deadly work in the logging camps of Northern Maine. The Board of Health (7) of the State issued its ukase that all of the workmen must be vaccinated or quit work. Many of them resigned their positions and sought their homes to escape the evils of vaccination. Twenty-six men were vaccinated in one camp, and of that number twenty-one were made seriously ill, and recovery in several cases was and is now considered doubtful. Some of the men have lost the use of their left arms, perhaps for life, while all of them have lost their wages for the entire period of their incarceration in the hospital. The authorities did guarantee them free medical treatment in case they were made ill by vaccination.

If such outrages are to be continued under the guise of the law, the State should compensate every man for the time he loses through illness caused by vaccination. No progressive man in medical circles today claims that vaccination is a sure preventive for the small-pox. There is ample evidence that it renders the victim, in many instances, more susceptible to its attacks. The danger to those inoculated is now far greater than the ravages of small-pox upon their systems. The only possible help that vaccination can give is along the line of suggestion. The vaccinator assures his victim that he will become immune to the small-pox if he submits to his demands, and this suggestion allays the fear of the individual, whose dread of the disease made him receptive to it.

Why not extend the influence of suggestion to the disease itself? Let each man make himself positive to it in thought and he will not take it. He should make his physical form healthful and cleanly in every respect, and cultivate a cheerful mind in regard to all matters that are brought to his attention. Health can be made as catching as disease, and there is no one who can say that the one

is not far more profitable, as well as desirable, than the other. Individual rights are being flagrantly violated throughout New England at this time because of the pseudo small-pox scare that is now everywhere apparent. The Anti Vaccination Society, through its able attorney, Hon. Geo. Fred Williams, is trying to take a test case to the Supreme Court of the United States to determine the rights of a citizen to preserve the integrity of his physical form. We hope that sufficient money will be forthcoming to make this result possible. Let those be vaccinated who wish to be, but let us cease forcing it on those who do not believe in it as a principle, in the name of the law. People have long been taught to believe they must have props upon which to lean, and have hypnotized themselves into the thought that they cannot get along without them. Vaccination is one of these props and when the psychic impress of the idea is changed to one of self-dependence, self-immunity, there will be no danger of any further trouble, either from the small-pox as a disease or from vaccination as its deadly ally.

The Meaning of Love.

Life and love—who can define them? They are two spiritual things that cannot be gained. We live and have being. O, wonderful life, who shall tell me what you are? Love, O, love divine, who shall describe you to me?

Jesus says, "I come that ye might have life more abundantly." Was it that He could give us more life? Ah! no, for life already was, and is now. This life we "live" and "see" is only, in our dim sight, a shadow of what really is; and, living as He would have us live, more and more of this divine life unfolds to us.

And love (men play at love) is the grandest emotion that plays upon the harp of life; and, because of its grandeur, every soul longs for its expression. Men have misunderstood God's kingdom is the kingdom of absolute right; and, if man errs from that, it is as if an angel had fallen from Heaven, the bliss of which he can but dream. O, then, let us be true! If we make mistakes, they are made in error; and, of themselves, they come to naught.

"Every plant which my Father has not planted shall be rooted up." Not that we are to root them up, but they shall be rooted up. If men would only remember that and be faithful to themselves and their God, the greatest love for which God created them (male and female) would come to them in its fullness.

Love is not love that seeks anything but absolute right. It descends to passion and is soon consumed; but that love is everlasting that can make a man lay down his life for love's sake and live on, saying, Thy will (the will of absolute right) be done. Not my human will of Self Seeking.

Well could God say of any man like that: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

E. H. May.

Cold Water Fosters Vitality.

"Habitual colds are due to an ill-kept skin on the outside and dyspeptic mucous membranes on the inside, the result of indigestion, coupled with carelessness," said a well-known physician.

"Cold water, proper food and common sense are the foundations upon which a cold cure must rest. A cold sponge bath, one to three minutes long, with a brisk, dry rub down immediately before and after, is excellent—usually all that is necessary to keep the cutaneous circulation alive and the skin reactive to sudden changes of temperature."

"Cold water intelligently used does not steal vitality, but fosters it. It stimulates the nerves that control the expansion and contraction of the blood vessels, and regulates the cutaneous circulation. A dry rub is a fair substitute for those who cannot take a cold sponge."

"Hot water may be employed once or twice a week when a full bath is taken and soap used. This bath should end with a cold sponge."

"For cold feet, wading ankle deep in cold water in the bath tub for one or two minutes before retiring will be found effective. If reaction does not set in after brisk rubbing, wrap the feet in flannel; they will soon thaw out. Do not use hot water bottles or other debilitating forms of heat."

Acquired Weakness.

Many persons, naturally inclined to moral strength and integrity of character, often acquire weaknesses through the suggestions of their associates. This is especially true in the case of children, and parents cannot be too careful in regard to what they say, to them, or of them, in addressing visitors in their presence. A case in point: A caller at a certain western home remarked to the wife and mother, "You have two noble hearted, manly boys here, Mrs. Brown; you should be proud of them!" "Oh," exclaimed the mother; "they are well enough now, but I don't know what they will make of themselves. I am worried to death every time they go to town for fear they will come home drunk, or get into some mischief!" The boys' faces fell and they plainly showed that they felt the injustice of their mother's words.

That mother, by her unkind, thoughtless words, suggested the very thing she wished her sons to avoid. They felt that she doubted them, and that she expected them to do wrong. Under this feeling it would not be strange if they acquired the weaknesses named, or learned to distrust themselves. Too much care cannot be given to the psychic side of a mother's words. She can make or mar the lives of her children, and her responsibility toward them and the world is great. This is true of all persons, fathers, mothers, friends and neighbors. They should measure their words that their effect may always be for good upon all to whom they speak. Murder, suicide, theft, arson, and all other crimes, are often the direct result of suggestion. The cardinal virtues of life are

susceptible to the same law, and may be evoked from its constant application.

Many children are reared in an atmosphere of doubt, distrust and cruel pessimism. They hear nothing good said of any one, and when their own capabilities are mentioned, they are met with the idea that they cannot do this, that, or the other, or, if they try, that something will happen to thwart their plans. Parents often throw cold water upon the ambitions of their children by refusing almost daily to give them a chance to prove their abilities in various fields of endeavor. Some are met with a curt refusal, generally prefaced by an oath, when asking the simplest and most innocent favors. Constant repetitions cannot fail to affect the wills of the children, and they become self-distrustful, morose, and pessimistic. They doubt everything, and become old even before they are young. Innocent pleasures stimulate the higher natures of all children, and, under the restraint of love, become incentives to noble deeds. Let the thought be what they can do, not what they cannot do, and our young people are safe. Let them be told that they have too much self-respect to drink, carouse or gamble, and they will never yield to these temptations. Goodness, not evil; strength, not weakness. "I can," not "I can't," should be the psychic and mental suggestions given to all human beings. When they are given in place of their opposites, this will be a happier and better world.

A Popular Book.

The Best selling book on the literary table at the recent National Convention in Washington, D. C., was "The Gentleman from Everywhere," by James Henry Foss. The chapters in that work that are devoted to spiritualistic phenomena attract the investigators, as well as old time Spiritualists to whom the phenomena are as sacred as is the Bible to the Christian. These special chapters are decidedly interesting, but they are by no means the only points of value in the work. The author's experiences as a preacher, teacher, traveler and politician are so cleverly told as to fascinate the reader from the very first. His descriptions of the scenery of the different States and localities visited by him are worth three times the price of the book. It is for sale at this office. Price one dollar per volume.

Words of Commendation.

Imogene C. Fales on "Discovery of a Lost Trail."

I rejoice to know that one by one the Illuminati are leading mankind on to the heights of a higher civilization.

The author has soared high and dived deep in the mysteries of life and has brought to the world gems of thought of "purest ray serene."

From Andrew Jackson Davis concerning "Discovery of a Lost Trail."

This beautiful and brave book is like a box of the most imperishable gems. Every word—owing to its living associates—is a seed germ. What a harvest is stored up between the covers!

Let him who will and can eat freely of this "bread of life."

"The Soul's Song of Triumph."

This little pamphlet by H. D. Barrett has been well received by the reading public, and we still have a few copies of the first edition on hand. We can fill all orders on short notice. Let us hear from all who have not yet secured a copy of this work. It is only ten cents, plus a two cent postage stamp. Send in your orders before the first edition is exhausted.

"The melancholy days are come," according to the poet Bryant, yet no day is of itself melancholy. All days are what people make of them, and even the days of rain and snow have behind them the promise of warmth and genial sunshine. Melancholy has no place in the economy of the soul. Every man owes the world a sunny optimism by means of which he can cheer and ennoble the lives of others, thereby making the world better, and himself happier.

"He loves God best who best serves his fellowmen." These are golden words of truth, and when all mortals remember them, pessimism, with its sombre robes of despair, will vanish forever from the earth. A good deed, a hearty laugh, a sunny smile, are worth more than all the tears, sighs, and groans the race has ever known. The former make for progress and happiness—the latter chill and destroy the soul's best offerings.

The suicide of H. L. Green and wife, the able, fearless and progressive editors of "The Free Thought Magazine," struck a chill to the hearts of their thousands of friends throughout the world. That they were in need of sympathy, good cheer, and the sunshine of practical friendship there can be no doubt. They were the friends of liberty for body, spirit, soul, under the restraints of conscience, and have made the world better for their having lived in it. They could not withstand the psychic and planetary influences of an adverse nature, that swept over the earth a few weeks since, so they were hurried out of life by their own hands. They were kind, honest and sincere. Peace to their memories.

Every Spiritualist in America should extend a helping hand to John W. Ring, our able and efficient National Superintendent of the Lyceum work on this continent. Mr. Ring labored against heavy odds last year, but he accomplished wonders. The Lyceum movement took on new life, and signs of promise are many for the coming year. Let us rally around him, hold up his hands, and cheer him on in his work. He is the right man in the right place, and deserves the loyal support of every true Spiritualist. Send him a letter of cheer, and place a substantial pledge of your faith in him and in Spiritualism in the form

of a generous bank note to aid the Lyceum work. Our children should not be neglected. Let us make the Lyceum in Spiritualism what the Sunday school is to the church—its main support. We can do it if we will but loyally sustain Supt. Ring in his noble work.

It should not be forgotten that the N. S. A. is pensioning several worthy speakers and mediums who are now unable to care for themselves because of ill health. Its fund for this noble purpose is far too small to enable it to do the work that should be done in this special field. There should be an endowment fund of generous proportions from which our sick and needy, who are worthy of aid, can be supported. We do not need "Mediums' Homes," but we do need a "Pension Fund" of generous proportions. Let us take care of our own, and thereby earn the respect of the world at large, and of our own consciences. Fill the treasury of the N. S. A. at once!

The Morris Pratt Institute has entered upon the second year of its work, with a larger attendance than was recorded last year. The same teachers, with the exception of Mrs. Johnson, whose place is filled by Mrs. Jahncke, are in charge of the school. All Spiritualists who believe in an educated ministry and a higher education spiritually for the masses, are interested in the success of the Institute. We trust that the attendance will increase throughout the year, and bespeak for the school and its patrons the good will of all Spiritualists. We trust that the work done will redound to the good of our Cause, and be made a tower of strength to our platform everywhere.

Of What Good Is It?

George A. Bacon.

Making an informal, friendly call the other evening upon an amiable, intelligent, motherly lady and her two grown-up daughters, the social converse took on not only several of the more prominent questions of the day, but also specially considered one of a past generation. Exchanging views as to the respective merits and demerits of certain branches of religious thought, the conversation soon drifted to the generally tabooed subject of spirit phenomena, spirit influence, etc.

During the hour, we were personally called upon to relate several exceptional experiences of our own, which, because of their intensely vital significance and import, proved to be of unusual interest, and which were given, perhaps, with more than ordinary warmth of manner.

One of the younger ladies whose opportunity, or rather inclination, had led her to defer making any personal investigation of the subject, and who, like every one else, was thus naturally less hospitable, if not more prejudiced than the others against accepting the theory that the manifestations, both physical and mental, proceeded from those who were once related to us in the flesh, with perchance, others who from various causes were attracted to us through the subtle law of relationship. Quite unable for the moment, at least, to realize the full significance of the spiritual facts as rehearsed to her, while equally unable to divest herself of the notion that an accepted belief in anything that bordered on mysteries that baffled one's limited knowledge of Universal Nature to adequately explain—she felt convinced that such acceptors were to be pathetically regarded as fatally afflicted with a superstition that was the surest indication of mental weakness.

Finally she asked, as naively as seriously, what good was there to be found in all these marvelous doings and revelations? To her it was cause for disquietude. To us it was cause for gratitude. We simply suggested that words could not express our sense of obligation and indebtedness; that it had given us a peace that passeth worldly understanding; that it had displaced fear with courage; gave certainty for doubt; rejoicing for sadness; inspiration for stagnation; that it had substituted knowledge for traditional belief, and blessed reality for blind faith; that it had brought back to our heart and home again from whence the dearest of earth had visibly gone—and "Paradise Restored" had become a realization.

In reality, we could but feebly hint at its goodness to us personally, at the radiance it had shed on our otherwise darkened pathway, the comfort it had been to our wounded heart, the inspiration it had been to our brain and life. Measuring the blessing it had thus proved to one, and multiplying it by the countless thousands to whom it had likewise been a saving grace, some faint conception of its good to the human family might possibly be imagined—it could not be expressed.

The Bible believer should naturally welcome, with profound thankfulness, any authentic spiritual revelations of today, as all verifiable facts of this character corroborate those of apostolic times, which, as every one knows are, as related, incapable of being proved. Logic and reason have gone to seed when spiritual phenomena reported as occurring thousands of years ago, are readily accepted, while those of today at our own firesides and at the homes of our friends, are contemptuously rejected. But prejudice is no substitute for the multiplication table. That which is a matter of doctrine, a question of faith with the churches, is to the Spiritualist a matter of daily experience. To the belief of the Christian, the Spiritualist supplements knowledge. Hope becomes fruition, and faith merges itself into consciousness.

How pitiful those specialists in Physics, professionals in Evidence, and Scientists generally, who are clamorous for a new experiment, who fight for a new fact, act like half lunatics over a new bug, grow half crazy over an alleged new discovery, yet have here facts innumerable at their command, of the grandest import to mankind waiting to be tested—which these ignoble students of Nature as they are allow their deep-rooted prejudice to prevent them from studying. Not a few, however, of those who are recognized as the world's greatest worthies in their respective departments of science, who have had the in-

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FATE.

"Lo! as hid seed shoots after vainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth
again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or
sour."

Fate is the lever pushing the world along,
Fate is the music set to each song,
Fate is the emblem on every shroud,
Fate is the anchor of which men are proud,
Fate wields the sceptre, the plough and the
hoe.

Points out the currents through which all
must go.
Fate breaks relentless the hearts of all men,
And binds up the bruised "of the least
among them."

Fate conquers all obstacles in its degree,
Fate lifts up the fallen and makes the blind
see.

Fate governs, emancipates, leads by the hand,
It crushes a nation or bids it to stand,
Fate governs all rulers and kingdoms and
Powers.

Fate stands at the throne-side and tots off
the hours,
Fate limits the sun and the stars of all skies,
And tempers the wind or bids it to rise.

Fate smiles in the features and stamps on all
hearts
Fate's seal with its message of Destiny im-
parts.

Fate comes oft red-handed some wrong to
avenge,
Fate covers with pall the caress of false
friends.

Fate conquers all obstacles, casts them aside,
Fate lives through the waters of death it
abides.

Fate lightens all sorrow, lends ofttimes a
charm,
It comforts the spiritual and protects such
from harm.

Fate lifts up the fallen and in its decree
Fate conquers all storms on life's mystic sea.
Fate triumphantly marches to the tune of
the spheres.

Fate bathed in the dew of misery's tears,
Fate yields not her sceptre, is never abashed,
But holds in abeyance, till all checks are
cashed.

M. Josephine Cruikshank,

184 So. 8th St., Brooklyn.

May 4, 1903.

The above was written in silent reply to a
lengthy editorial in a New York evening
paper, entitled "If."

The recent effort of a woman to point out
the condition of the little textile workers
again created the desire to publicly suggest
what perhaps may be reason for the exist-
ence of the conditions, altitude and depths
of human experiences, and I therefore offer
same.

M. Josephine Cruikshank.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim Peebles.

NO. 23.

Greatly did I always admire these stirring
words of song from Emerson:

"United States! the ages plead—
Present and past in under song;
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue."

"Be just at home; then write your scroll
Or honor o'er the sea,
And bid the Broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free."

I am just in receipt of the official report of
the Lake Mohonk Conference on International
Arbitration, and of which I have been hon-
ored with a membership. The purpose of
this organization, of which ex-Secretary of
State, the Hon. John W. Foster of Wash-
ington, D. C., is president, is to create the
sentiment of universal arbitration and peace
throughout the world—to induce the sov-
ereign heads of all nations to an agreement for
the maintenance of general peace; to pro-
mote the friendly settlement of all interna-
tional disputes; to show the unreasonableness
and injustice of all wars; to strengthen the
sentiment of international justice, and an
international court to hear all grievances and
instead of the barbarism of war.

One of the finest speeches, and briefest
also, made at this Conference, was made by
the Japanese Consul-General. He said
there were but three ways of settling inter-
national disputes: "First by arbitration
(moral intelligence); second, by political
diplomacy (civilization); third, by war, which
is only the savagery of barbarism. The
eyes of all reformers are turned towards the
peace tribunal at the Hague."
The great-hearted, if not inspired, Albert
K. Smiley of the Lake Mohonk House, was
the founder of this International Arbitration
movement. All honor, as well as peace and
prosperity be unto him and his excellent
family. His liberality is only excelled by his
spirituality.

We, the lovers and promoters of peace, al-
ways remember the good and royal-souled
Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, whose per-
sonality is a practical revelation of fraterni-
ty and good will, and whose handshake is a
benediction of the "Hague."
Speaking of Friend Love, and the Quaker
City of brotherly love, reminds me of what
the Edinburgh Review said of the peace
treaty between William Penn and the In-
dians. It was this: "Such indeed, was the
spirit in which the negotiations were entered
into and the corresponding settlement con-
ducted, that for the space of more than
seventy years, so long indeed as the Quaker
retained the chief power, the government
was a model of peace and justice."
What an example was this to a Quaker
often considered a heretic by orthodox sec-
ularists, and by an Indian chief considered a
savage! I repeat—what an example to the
Christian world!

In the face of the above-referred-to Mo-
honk Arbitration movement, and the Uni-
versal peace society, and peace unions,
Christian denominations are forming in their
churches "Boys' Brigades," and "Church
Cadets," and training them in the use of
fire-arms. Morally speaking, this is abso-
lutely loathsome! And to make this matter
worse, if possible, some of these church-
ian sects quote in justification of their boy-
brigade organizations, such Old Testament
texts as these, "The Lord is a man of war"
(Ex. xv. 3), "There fell down many slain,
because the war was of God" (I Chron. v.
26). Some missionaries should furnish these
Old Testament fighting Christians with
copies of the New Testament containing the
words, "put up thy sword," "return blessing
for cursing," "overcome evil with good," etc.

Some materialistic spiritists quite astonish
me with their belief in miracles—such
miracles, for instance, as the evolving of
Shakespeare, Emerson and thousands of
savants out of the La Placé fire-mist; out of
a rolling mass of intensest flaming, fiery
stuff, a fluid that after ages cooled down into
igneous rock-formations. Tell us, O Solon
spiritists, as nearly as you can, how this
miracle was done, and about how long it took
matter and force to accomplish the astonish-
ing feat. It seems a long way from thought-
less fire and force, to Emerson. Tell us
about it—be specific.

This poem of "Vespers," appearing in the
New Orleans Picayune, is far superior to
many of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's efforts.
These from the Picayune are easy-flowing,
musical lines:

Softly rings the evening vespers,
Softly, from the tower old,
Comes the sweetest, sweetest story
That the world was ever told.

Faintly through the twilight splendor,
Like a dream it comes to me;
And again my soul is kneeling,
Kneeling at my mother's knee.

Like a hymn of praise it rises,
Like a song of peace it dies;
Playing on the harp of feeling
All the hymns of paradise.

Every note is deep and tender
With a something strange and vast,
With the grieving and the glory
And the paths of the past.

Far away the tones of beauty
Into silence disappear;
But the soul of music lingers,
And I know that God is near.

"As long as I am an American citizen,
and so long as American blood flows in my
veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak
to write, to publish whatever I please on
any subject—being amenable to the laws of
my country for the same." Such were the
famous burning words of Elijah P. Lovejoy,
touching the freedom of the press. Killed by
mob violence, later these words were chiseled
upon his monument in Alton, Illinois, "A
Martyr to Liberty."

The brave, grand-souled Lovejoy would
write and print in the Observer whatever his
conscience considered right, and for the
exercise of this right, this American citizen's
right, five bullets were buried in his body and
he fell a corpse in Alton, Nov. 7, 1837.

Edward Beecher, one of the celebrated
Beecher family, and president of the Illinois
Jacksonville College, in speaking of this
murderous act, said:

"Though Lovejoy be dead, he still speaketh
and a united world can never silence his
voice. Ten thousand presses, had he em-
ployed them all, could never have done what
the simple tale of his death will do. Up and
down the mighty streams of the West his
voice will go. It cannot be checked by
sword or plume. It will penetrate the remot-
est corners of our land. It will be heard to
the extremities of the civilized world."

"Yes, it was heard, and slavery, American
slavery, died in the smoke and blood of six
hundred battlefields. That voice, a martyr's
voice, still reverberates from accident to
accident. Remember that Lovejoy slandered no
one—libeled no one through the press; but he
did contend for justice, for a great principle,
for the right to be heard as an American
citizen, and for the exercise of that right he
died—died into monumental immortality on
earth. It is the narrow-minded tyrant, the
time-serving oppressor, that dies, and not the
martyr."

Quoting Lovejoy's undying words: "As long
as I am an American citizen, with American
blood coursing my veins, I shall hold myself
at liberty to speak, to write, to publish
whatever I please upon any subject, being
amenable to the laws of my country for the
same."

This right I have exercised for more than
half a century, and never was an essay or
an article of mine written for the press re-
fused publication by secularist, liberalist or
Spiritualist, except one, the last named, and
be this journal nameless for the time being.
The declined article was upon the existence
of Jesus Christ, and was the key to my
book, "The Christ Question Settled."

Like William Lloyd Garrison, "I am in
earnest, I will not equivocate. I will not
excuse, and I will be heard." I was heard,
and am being heard upon the undeniable
proofs of Jesus' existence in all enlightened
lands through this book, "The Christ Question
Settled."

Tell me not that the world does not move—
and upon the whole, upward. Here comes a
paper from England with these head lines:
"A Criminal Sanatorium in France, with
electric lights, shower baths, gardens and a
lecture course!" And why not—why should
not criminals have all these intellectual and
moral advantages? Does not evolution apply
to criminals and prisoners? In my opinion,
there are worse criminals out of, than in
penitentiaries, such as land-grabbers, specu-
lating robbers, and political grafters.

"This criminal sanatorium is situated about
eight miles from Paris. There in the largest
prison in the world, covering over half a
square mile, over 2,000 offenders are lodged.
Restoration of health and character are
sought, and absolute isolation is enforced.
Thus, it is contended, after release, the
prisoners go forth better prepared to battle
with the world for an honest livelihood and
without having formed associations for future
predations."

Lectures are provided largely by the
Parliamentary Society for Lecturing in Prisons.
The evil of drunkenness is one of the favorite
subjects discussed, and such a lecture is here
depicted. To these lectures and the "sanato-
rium" system is attributed the diminution of
crime that is being experienced in France.
Mutual recognition of prisoners upon release
is impossible, and whatever else may be said
of the plan, it does away entirely with the
prison as a school for crime, from which com-
paratively mild offenders against the law are
often turned out hardened criminals through
association and communication with incar-
cerated desperadoes."

The intellectual defaulters, the intellectual
bank embezzlers, the intellectual syndicate
organizers, the intellectual forgers, the intel-
lectual war-implement manufacturers, the intel-
lectual mob-leaders and the intellectual
bank robbers, by electricity, are pretty strong
proofs that knowledge is not "the world's
savior." Knowledge, unless guided by wis-
dom, and governed by a high moral purpose,
is dangerous. One of the thieves that blew
open Joseph Becker's safe in Chicago, using
the electric motor to accomplish the robbery,
was a college graduate. No, no! knowledge
is not the world's savior, but justice, good-
ness, and purity, inspired by the Christ-spirit
of love—these constitute the foundation forces
of the world's salvation.

The older I grow in years, the more mirth-
provoking fun I have when conversing with
a certain class of sophists about nature and
the origin of the human spirit. Listen:
Nature—material nature is too stupid to
give any intelligent history of itself. It has
no explanation of its own origin. Did it just
grow without any purpose, as did the novel-
istic "Topsy"? Though chemical elements,
physical agencies, and polarizations may pos-
sibly account for mountains, whirlwinds and
destructive and murderous earthquakes, it is
absolutely unimaginable that a world of in-
tellectual and moral beings grew up out of
mud and gravity, something as do mushrooms
from a pile of compost. To derive intelligence
from non-intelligence, and profound wisdom
from the foolishness of the fool is the out-
ragedness of foolishness itself. From whence
came that inspiring, upward-pushing potency
in protoplasm? Even the cell in embryology
implies the parent cell, or some adjusting
cause; and so the savant rests upon the
towering, final thought that God is the un-
caused Cause.

And now, "Who made God?" shouts some
slippant sophist. As well ask who made
space, or who made axioms. Axioms are,
and require no demonstration. In a series of
inductive reasonings, all causes must finally
rest in the incomprehensible, uncaused Cause,
Whom Jesus called Spirit, and Proclus four
hundred years afterwards pronounced Causa-
tion.

"Have you got religion?" was the common
inquiry when I began my public work over
sixty years ago. The inquiry seemed to in-
dicate that religion was a "thing"—a thing
that people could get through a preacher, a
mourner's seat, or a prayer altar. How un-
reasonable!

The word religion was not derived from
religare, as many theologians following
Cicero and Lactantius taught, and meaning
"binding back"; but it was derived from
relegere, to select, to pick out, etc. It was
down your New Testament reading, follow the
dust off from the cover, and see how religion
is defined by St. James, first chapter, 27th
verse.

"The Book of Books," to which I briefly
referred in a previous Pen-Flash, merits, be-
cause of its eccentricity, a further notice.

It is a book of 147 pages, uniquely gotten-
up, the ink blue, and lavishly in waste of
paper. C. W. Dunn, once a member of the
Board of Trade of Chicago, was the spirit
medium through which the contents of this
book were tunneled from the people above to
the people below, and pronounced, "The
Spirit Government of Love—the Millennium."

This book, richly bound, I take it but pre-
liminary to others forthcoming. These will
have communications from nearly all the
great (?) men of the world. This volume has
a communication from the patriarch Abra-
ham, commencing thus: "I, Abraham, in
compliance with the commands of Mary
Baker Eddy, the Supreme Ruler of the
Heavens and controller of all things on the
earth, declare unto the people of the earth
that it was I who gave to the mind of Moses
the vision of the burning bush; and that it
was I who commanded him to speak to the
children of Israel," etc. This Government of
Love is to be located around the southern
portion of Lake Michigan, taking in Chicago.
It is all mapped out in this book, with ex-
press directions how to make the side-walks,
pavements, sewer pipes, etc. Descriptions of
and commands how to make the break-water
harbor, how to make bridges, pumps, street
cars and flouring mills, and other mechanisms
seemingly much more human than divine are
fully explained. Schools and social matters
are described as they are to be in this "Spi-
ritual Government of Love." Here is the
marriage ceremony that is to be (verbatim):
"Date, 10th day, 3d month, year one.
"Place, City of Hadden.

"Names of persons, John Good and Mary
Stuart, of the City of Hadden.

"Do you, John Good, declare that you want
Mary Stuart to be your wife during mortal
life? Yes.

"Do you, Mary Stuart, declare that you want
John Good to be your husband during mortal
life? Yes.

"I, public lecturer, William True, then de-
clare you, Mary Stuart and John Good, to be
husband and wife during mortal life,—for
it was so to be." Is not this ceremony both
brief and unique.

This book certainly contains some good
things about railroads, river-boats, estates,
in place of carpets. This is practical.

Among the officers well known to Spiritu-
alists I notice the names of Belva A. Lock-
wood, Abby W. Gould, Mary E. Lease, and
Marion Tod. I doubt if they knew that they
were officers. The book will generally be
considered by scholarly Spiritualists as a huge
diakka joke. Other volumes are to follow.
The price of the book is \$2.00. Address room
42, 95 Washington St., Chicago.

Psychic Science.

Psychic Science is the new psychology; new
because in every essential it is the antithesis
of the old, that conducted investigation on
metaphysical lines and emphatically ignored
the modern methods of research. The spiri-
tual side of the universe was considered com-
pletely distinct from the material, and not sub-
ject to law or order. The existence of spirits
and their condition in the life beyond were
entirely speculative, and the dreams of the
philosopher were of equal value as those of
the book. The innumerable volumes on the
subject are valueless inasmuch as they are
speculations without an attempt to demon-
strate by facts, or to gather and co-ordinate
the facts pertaining thereto.

SPIRITUAL BETTER THAN PSYCHIC.

I do not think anything is gained by the
use of psychic in place of spiritual, which is
the more emphatic and preferable word.
Spiritual is the correlative of material, not
the opposite.

For indefinite thousands of years the ma-
terial universe had been studied speculatively,
and yet scarcely a century ago did it first
appear on the minds of the more advanced
thinkers, that facts were fundamental func-
tions, and the methods of science dis-
placed those of philosophy and metaphysics.
Not until the advent of Spiritualism was
there a suggestion that the same methods of
investigation were applicable to its mysteri-
ous domain. Before this an impenetrable
fog hung darkly over the Beyond. Religion
held sway over ghost-land. All that was
known was taught by the priests, who held
the keys to the gates thereof. Ghosts came
and went fortuitously. Hell, heaven, tar-
tarus, paradise, the homes of the blessed,
were rewards for belief in dogmas bestowed
by priests on devotees, from the gods.

SPIRITUALISM CAME TO DEMONSTRATE A
FUTURE EXISTENCE.

which had formerly been received by blind
faith and made the foundation of countless
religious systems by which priesthoods
swayed and made slaves of mankind.
The Psychic Research Society was formed
for research in this field: to sustain the
claims of Spiritualism or disprove them.
Blasphemy by the materialism of the age in
reaction to theological tyranny so long
dominant, at the beginning, probably not a
member of the society expected to find any-
thing but delusion. Its members were
among the foremost scientists of the world.
Its object, to gather all facts relating to the
subject; all stories of ghosts, of haunted
houses, of trances, of double-appearances,
of thought-transference, of spiritual manifes-
tations through mediums, and by careful ex-
amination discard the questionable and pre-
serve the residuum which withstood the
tests demanded of material science. Prob-
ably not a member expected that there
would be a residuum and many were deter-
mined that there should be none. Yet after
everything which could be accounted for by
material explanation had been eliminated,
there was an astonishing remainder. Vol-
ume after volume of accepted facts were
published and many of the members came
out boldly and accepted the conclusions to
which these facts inevitably led.

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

Spiritual Science suddenly became, not a
branch of material, but the fundamental
science of existence. Its first problem, to
solve which all the sages of the world have
vainly attempted and the lips of the sphinx
given no assistance, was that of the con-
tinued existence after the death of the phys-
ical body. On that existence all religions

have built their temples and on their altars
sacrificed to their gods.

Then came the question of origin of spirit,
and the sweeping away of the speculations
on pre-existence, reincarnation, salvation by
belief and all the dogmas which had amused
the past.

EVOLUTION—APPLIED TO SPIRIT.

The theory of Evolution had been consid-
ered as forever settling the question of
spirit-existence. Man being a direct evolu-
tion from the animal forms below him, gained
the summit as the last term of the series,
and nothing was possible beyond. Spiritual
science seized the work of the evolutionists
and said, "Your conclusions are drawn in
contradiction to your vaunted scientific meth-
ods, for you have not waited for all the
facts. You have built what is a foundation
and on it I rear my temple."

What means this evolution from the proto-
plasmic cell of the primal age, through
countless forms, to man? What means this
travelling through endless ages, if when man is
reached, he returns at death to the elements,
as returns the protoplasmic cell and all in-
termediate forms? Is it not a failure when
to climb so high, means falling to the same
level? Do we not find in the beings of one
age the prophecy of those of the next? Does
not the line of nerve matter in the lowest
foreshadow the brain of man? Is not instinct
in the animal the dawn of reason? In man
is not a prophecy made of a future existence,
which shall carry forward the promises made
in this life?

A COSMIC MIND.

Is it not as maintainable that there is a
spiritual, as that there is a material uni-
verse? Is it possible that matter is all and
mind not the most important factor? Is it
more assumptive to claim that there is a
self-existent mind or spirit than that there
is a self-existent matter? Is it not patent
that these two factors make up the dual
unit of the cosmos?

EVOLUTION OF SPIRIT.

Evolution is the method by which the
physical body is detached and individualized
from the material world, and by the same
process as a part thereof, is the Cosmic mind
or Spirit, given an instrument through
which it can manifest itself.

As the aim and purpose of all progress to
man, is for the perfection of his type, so
the indication in the type of man is the pur-
pose through him to evolve a spiritual en-
tity which shall have the possibility of ex-
isting after the scaffolding by which it is
reared, the physical body, falls away.

To demonstrate these sublime problems, the
most vitally important that can be presented
for the consideration of a human being, to
prove that spirits of those called dead, return
and hold direct communication with those in
the life, is the task of the new science. It
carries with it the destruction of old beliefs
and destruction of the accumulated rubbish
of ages of ignorance, credulity and decep-
tion.

We are standing on the threshold of this
unexplored realm of spirit. All the study
and investigation of the past have been given
to the physical side. The key to the
door of the psychic was given by
Spiritualism scarcely more than fifty
years ago. As yet the door has no more
than been unlocked and the vestibule entered.
As yet the explorers have not shaken off the
fetters of old beliefs; the prejudices of tradi-
tion and education. What splendid achieve-
ments await future investigators who go for-
ward with clear, unbiased minds into the
trackless fields of the spiritual universe!

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE FUNDAMENTAL.

Physical Science may devote itself to
physical things; it may stretch its arm across
the abysses of space and weigh the stars; it
may calculate the oscillations of remote suns
through countless years; it may harness the
elements, and bridle the fierce energies of
the lightning, and make them slaves to do the
work of the world, yet for man, the one be-
ing through whose sensitive brain thought is
the master of all this achievement, it has no
word, no hope, no reward, more than for the
worm, which after its brief day, returns to
dust!

Spiritual Science takes for its task the in-
vestigation of the spiritual side of the Cos-
mos, which includes the study of the past,
present and future of man, the crowning
glory of evolutionary energy.

Hudson Tuttle,

Editor-at-Large of N. S. A.

From the N. S. A. Office.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTIC PUBLIC.

Dear Mr. Editor and Friends at Large:

It gives me pleasure to again address you
from this Home Office of the National Spiritu-
alists' Association, and to extend to you one
and all the hearty fraternal greetings and
expressions of good will of our Board of
Trustees, and of all connected with this or-
ganization. We acknowledge and highly ap-
preciate the grand work of our spiritual press
and the ever-ready and kindly courtesies ex-
tended by the editors in our ranks toward the
N. S. A. and its constituents, and it is with
much satisfaction that I hereby publicly an-
nounce that at the last N. S. A. convention in
Washington, the president and secretary each
made special mention of the help constantly
received from the spiritual papers, and that
the delegates with one accord passed a spe-
cific vote of thanks to the editors of each of
the spiritual papers for efficient and unflin-
ging service to this Association.

It is now my duty to notify the public that
the N. S. A. has appointed as special mis-
sionaries for the year, under salary, Mr. and
Mrs. Sprague, and for a specified time, which
will probably be extended, Mr. Max O.
Gentzke, the able editor of the good German
spiritual paper, Licht-Strahlen. Mr. Gen-
tzke's missionary work will be principally
among the Germans, and his addresses are to
be mostly delivered in that language. We
trust that all who are interested in every work
will aid our German missionary in every pos-
sible way; he can be addressed in care of the
N. S. A. office.

Mr. and Mrs. Kates, who have for two years
ably served this association as special mis-
sionaries, have decided to abandon that par-
ticular line of work for the present, but they
may again take it up at a later period. It is
quite possible that President Barrett may do
much missionary work during the year, under
the auspices of the N. S. A. Mr. George H.
Brooks of Illinois, and Mrs. C. E. S. Twing
of New York, have been appointed general
missionaries, without compensation from this
organization.

MASS MEETINGS.

From all we can gather from different points
there seems to be a demand for mass meet-
ings in some of the larger cities, and espe-
cially where State associations exist. We
therefore desire that all societies where there
are State associations, that think it feasible
to arrange for one mass meeting or more in
the State during the year, to correspond
and co-operate with the managers of the
State organization to the end of holding the
meetings mentioned. The N. S. A. will
assist in the work, through the State Board.
In cities where no State association exists,
where there seems to be enough enthusiasm
and energy to unite in getting up a mass
meeting, the friends are invited to correspond
with the N. S. A. Secretary at this office,

stating their grounds for believing a mass
meeting, or more, could be held in their lo-
calities, and pay its expenses, when, and
what place, also what talent would be pre-
ferred.

ARTICLES ON SPIRITUALISM

from the secular and religious publications
should be sent to our able Editor-at-Large,
Mr. Hudson Tuttle of Berlin Heights, O.,
that he may reply to or consider the same, if
he deems best. Our friends everywhere can
largely assist Mr. Tuttle in his grand work
by acting upon this suggestion. The work
of the Editor-at-Large last year extended far
and wide and was productive of great good
to our Cause.

With the opening of the New Year of work
for the N. S. A., we find much to be accom-
plished, the officers are united in thought and
action, and stand as a unit for effective hu-
manitarian work. Our Vice President, who
is widely known for his grand work as Pres-
ident of the Illinois State Association, Dr.
G. B. Warner, is one who can be trusted to
follow only the lines of the higher spiritual
works; our new Trustees, Mr. Grimshaw and
Mrs. Twing, are also an honor to the Cause,
and will be great helpers in our labors for hu-
manity. The new year opens auspiciously
for the N. S. A. Too much in praise cannot
be said of our retiring officers. Our late
Vice President, Hon. T. M. Locke of Penn-
sylvania, ever stood nobly ready to lend aid
and influence to every good work. His part
in the labors of the N. S. A. cannot be over-
estimated; Trustees Pruden and Kates did
their parts always for the good of the Cause,
acting with conscientious integrity upon each
question that arose for their consideration.
We trust that the best of good things may
come to them.

With fraternal regards to all,
Mary T. Longley,
N. S. A. Secretary.
600 Penn. Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

W. J. Colville in California.

On Sunday, Nov. 1, W. J. Colville opened
his present season of engagements in Cal-
ifornia by lecturing at 3 p. m., in Flood
Building, Market St., San Francisco, and at
7:30 p. m., in Loring Hall, 11th and Clay Sts.,
Oakland. The subject of discourse in both
places was "Ideals and How to Realize
Them," and each lecture was followed by an
improvised poem on a combination of sub-
jects suggested by the audience. Both halls
were well filled and the speaker was cordially
welcomed by many friends of former years as
well as by many new acquaintances.

On Monday, Nov. 2 at 8 p. m., in Flood
Building, W. J. Colville gave an address on
some of his experiences and of the plat-
form during the past twenty-five years. The
announcement which appeared in the Banner
of Light concerning a projected celebration
of W. J. Colville's twenty-fifth anniversary,
was largely the cause of drawing together not
only a large audience in a hall three thousand
miles distant from the Banner's home, but
also a number of kind congratulatory letters
from friends in all parts of the United States.
Many of these epistles contained donations to
the Testimonial Fund which has now reached
decidedly handsome proportions and one of the
pleasantest of its features is that it is made
up of small offerings from a very large num-
ber of appreciative friends with here and
there a good-sized donation from some ex-
ceptionally wealthy or particularly generous
contributor.

A pleasant feature of the evening's interest-
ing exercises was the speech of Mrs. R. S.
Lillie who reviewed the past in most felici-
tous sentences and spoke of the old days
in Boston—twenty-four years ago—when she
first met W. J. Colville and started out upon
her own successful public ministries from
Boston as a center. Mrs. Mayo Steers also
spoke pleasingly and several other friends
testified in glowing language to the benefits
they had received through the written as well
as spoken words of the much traveled orator
who was again among them. Mrs. Francette
Webb-Leveridge who welcomed W. J. Colville
to California in 1886 made the presenta-
tion address in blank verse of her own com-
position. The closing number on the well-
filled program was an impromptu poem in al-
ternate stanzas by Mrs. Lillie and W. J.
Colville, which was enthusiastically ap-
plauded. During the evening Miss Martha
Wadham sang two singularly beautiful so-
prano solos. The hall was tastefully adorned

Children's Book.

"The Feast of Cherries."

Hamburg was besieged. Wolf, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight of it was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy were suffering from thirst. Why would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him, while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer he remembered his cruel vow and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But when he saw the little ones so close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he could hardly keep back the tears. Then as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterwards, as the day came round on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of Cherries."

Every age of the world's history has its tales of war and bloodshed and cruelty, of wild struggles and of great victories, but nowhere among them all do we find the story of a more beautiful victory than that which was won by the little children who saved Hamburg.—The Peacemaker.

The Singing Lady.

"Jennie, dear, do you want to be mama's brave little woman?"

The child nodded eagerly and squared her bits of shoulders ready to bear the weight of the world. Jennie was eight, and small for her age.

"Well, dearie, sister May is sick—so sick that she must have a doctor. Will you be good and brave and not cry if mama leaves you for a while? You know the doctor lives 'way down the track ever so far, and mama can't be back for half an hour."

Jennie's eyelids distended just a bit with fear, but she nodded her curly head with all the more vehemence.

"I'll be good—honest, I will." With a murmured "Dear little thing! I hate to do it, but there's no other way," Mrs. Moore cast a hurried glance at the tossing figure on the bed in the corner, and with a shawl over her head sped swiftly out the door into the night.

For a moment after the door closed behind her mother Jennie did not stir; then she looked furtively over her shoulder at the queer shadows that the firelight cast on the wall, jumping nervously as the wood on the hearth snapped sharply.

"Pooh! Who's afraid!" said she, loudly. "Te-he-he-ha!" she laughed, merrily, and a big tear splashed down on her apron. Then she ran to the door after her mother and looked out into the dark.

The little house stood all alone, a tiny black speck beside the railroad track that stretched to the northward and again to the southward in long, uncurving miles. For two days and nights now it had been raining. Jennie could hear the creek that flowed through the gorge just above the house raging angrily and beating its black swollen waters against the rocks and the piers of the railroad bridge. Suddenly the child sprang back into the room and shut the door with a bang.

"Pooh! Ain't no one 'fraid!" she declared valiantly, with her small back forcibly pressed against the closed door. Then a voice from the corner startled her into trembling attention.

"Come here, little girl."

Was that her sister speaking? How queer she looked, too, with those fiercely gleaming eyes, and her hair streaming down over her shoulders!

"Come here, little girl," commanded the shrill voice again.

Jennie advanced to the middle of the room.

"I want to hear the lady sing," said the voice from the bed, coaxingly.

Jennie opened wide her eyes, but said nothing.

"I must hear the lady sing," insisted the voice in louder tone.

Jennie retreated to a far corner.

"Well—can't you?" she queried timidly.

The girl on the bed shook her head mournfully.

"She won't stop. She'll go right by the house." Then her plaintive tone changed to one of eagerness.

"Little girl, won't you please stop the train and tell her I want her to get out and come and sing to me—please?"

"Why, I—can't," May said. Jennie, timidly, "What are you talking 'bout?"

A look of horror passed over the wan features of the other.

"Little girl—you'll have to stop her! Oh, oh!—the singing lady—she'll be killed! The bridge—the bridge! Stop the train! Oh-h-h!" she screamed, ending in a long wail that startled Jennie from her corner, and sent her with a white, scared face out into the night.

The little girl had no clear idea of what she was doing, but she meant to reach mama and hurry that doctor—something must be very wrong to make sister May talk like this! Up the track she sped, in quite the wrong direction, but that she did not know. The rain had ceased, and the moon showed as a faintly luminous mist far in the sky above.

A few steps from the house Jennie, with a sharp cry of terror, came to an abrupt stop just on the edge of a yawning black chasm—the bridge was gone! At that moment she heard, far behind, the faint whistle of the midnight express.

Like a flash came to the almost crazed brain of the child her sister's words: "The singing lady—she'll be killed—the bridge—stop the train!"

But how?

Back to the house flew Jennie, her heart beating almost to suffocation. She remembered that she had seen her mother rush out with a lantern one other night like this, and the mighty engine had stopped, panting, at their very door.

When the child reached the house, the far-away rumble of the train was in her ears. Up the steps she stumbled, dashed open the door and gave a hurried glance around the room; then, with a cry of joy, she caught up the old broom in the corner and thrust it into the brightly blazing fire on the hearth. In another moment, with the flaming torch held tightly in her two small hands, she was rushing straight down the track toward the oncoming train.

Short, quick shrieks of the whistle, and a series of shivering jerks told that the engineer had seen and understood. Then the little feet stumbled against a wooden tie, and the blazing broom hissed and sizzled into blackness in the wet brown earth.

When the engineer and fireman tumbled hastily out of the cab they found a curly-headed child prone on her face not two feet from the nose of the cow-catcher, her fingers tightly clasped around the handle of a blackened broom. She was dazed, but not unconscious. They lifted her with tender hands and looked eagerly into her face.

Jennie opened her eyes and saw the huge engine towering above her. A look of intense satisfaction showed on her countenance at once.

"You did stop, didn't you? Now I want the singing lady."

"The what?" ejaculated the engineer in amazement. Then he asked, "What'd ye stop the train for, little girl?"

"Sister told me to; the singing lady—she'd get killed. The bridge is down, you know!" said Jennie, a little wearily.

With an oath the fireman started hastily up the track, and the engineer turned to the gathering crowd that was pouring from the cars to learn the cause of the sudden stop.

"There's something kinder queer here," said the man, relinquishing the child into the hands of the conductor. "This baby's talkin' about the 'singing' lady gettin' killed. By George! it made me creep. You know we've got them opera folks aboard, and—"

A shout from the fireman up the track interrupted him.

"She's right! The bridge is gone—clean swept away! Go, see for yourselves!"

Ten minutes later Mrs. Moore's eyes looked upon a strange sight. Down the track a little way below the house the long, lighted train stood motionless. Crowds of men and women made shadowy spots of blackness here and there. At the threshold of her home Mrs. Moore paused in speechless amazement.

Her young daughter, Jennie, sat in placid contentment upon the knee of a blue-coated conductor, who was feeding her chocolate drops with keen enjoyment. In the far corner of the room a being in a cloth traveling gown was singing with the voice of an angel to May, who lay in rapt ecstasy, listening.

Men at their breakfast tables the next morning read this item in their newspapers:

"The Imperial Express was saved from certain destruction last night, ten miles north of Groton, by the bravery of an eight-year-old maid who, with a blazing broom, stopped the train just in time to prevent its going over the edge of an abyss where the bridge had been washed away. The engineer and the fireman cross themselves whenever the thing is mentioned, for there is an uncanny story mixed up with it somehow, about a 'singing lady' and the premonitions of a sick girl. Just what the story is, no one seems to know, but it is a fact that the train bore the Blues Opera Company, and that a certain prima donna—who usually lifts her glorious voice to the tune of a cool thousand dollars a night—on this occasion visited the invalid, and warbled entrancingly in magnificent abandonment, to the supreme delight of the sick girl as well as to that of the golden-haired midwife of eight—before whom the entire company bowed the knee in adoration as the savior of their lives."—Eleanor H. Porter in Magazine of Mysteries.

The Cost of Delay.

Painting costs more than necessary when repainting is too long delayed. The moral of this is that repainting should be done too soon rather than too late. If a building is properly painted with good paint in the beginning and a fresh coat is applied before the old coat is "done up," there is scarcely any limit to the durability of the paint.

Paint is held in place by linseed oil. Linseed oil, in drying, oxidizes and becomes tough and elastic; but as time goes on the oxidation continues, the toughness changes to hardness, the elasticity to brittleness. Then the paint begins to break away and to flake off. The only way to prevent this letting go of the undercoat is to keep it protected from the oxygen of the air by applying fresh oil paint. That is all there is to the cracking and peeling of paint—keep the oil alive. A good combination zinc paint applied to the surface has been known to hold well for twenty years. But whether five years or fifty years, the time comes when the oil is dead and the paint breaks its hold on the wood.

It should be repainted before this time arrives to save the life of the oil beneath and enable it to maintain its hold. Loss of lustre is the sure sign of decay in the oil, and when the lustre disappears, or in painters' parlance, when the paint "goes dead," the time for repainting is at hand. If allowed to proceed too far, repainting will only hasten the calamity. The fresh paint will pull off the dead paint.

It is economical to use a paint like those based on zinc, which carry much oil, because they go far and hold their lustre for a long time; but it is the height of folly to allow deterioration to proceed to the breaking point; because that means the expense of removing the old paint. The wise property owner will save on something other than paint.

Stanton Dudley.

Tonic.

THE DETECTIVES AND THE ANTICIPATED REVIVAL.

"How is the work progressing in Dakota?" one minister asked of another at the late Baptist anniversary.

"Pretty well, but rather discouraging," was the answer.

"Is there not any religion out there?" the questioner enquired. "Can't you awaken it? Or won't the people come to meeting?"

"No," said the other, "it isn't that. The first week I went to Dakota, I had big congregations. One day there were over one hundred and fifty on their knees weeping and praying. A man came in and said there were two detectives coming down the road, and then every blessed person got up and skipped."

WHY NO FREE PASSES IN FRANCE.

"I see," said one legislator to another, "that it cost France \$120,000 to send President Loubet to England."

"Well!" said the fellow-member, "I guess the railroad and steamboat companies over in those countries can't think of any more laws they'd like to get passed."

AMUSKETO CHANT.

The little girls living on one of the streets of Newark, N. J., have composed a chant to commemorate the nocturnal guest. Of an evening they may be heard in chorus declaring:

"New Jersey musketoes!

Ten cents a piece!

They'll eat you up tonight!"

A DISTINCTION AND DIFFERENCE.

An indulgent parent who is prouder of his little girl than she seems to be of him, tells this story:

She had made a saucy remark to her father and her mother rebuked her accordingly.

"I am surprised, Mary; you never heard me talk so to him."

The little girl thought a moment, and then replied:

"Well, mother, you see you choosed him, and I didn't."

The train had stopped to take water.

"What is the name of this place?" a passenger asked of a native.

"Turnipville," was the reply.

"What is the population?"

"Well," answered the native, "you can count for yourself. They are all here at the depot."

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 247 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Sunny Side of Life.

SNOW IN THE AIR.

Let us make the best of everything, and that which is constantly near us and before us—surely let us make the best of that—as one of the lessons we can work on every day. The weather, whether or no, might be a ceaseless source of delight to us, as with its changes, we have changing views of the same thing, the pleasure of it in different colors, yes, and of form—so that it is wonderful if we will only so see it.

But is there anything we waste so much useless, thoughtless, silly grumbling on as the weather? It is a foolometer to measure the stature of those who have got to stand up straight to be up to the standard. There is no pleasing those who have not the right spirit of appreciation, but with that it is easy to be done. It is not the grumbler who improves things even in his speech, for when it is hot, he wants it cold, and when cold he wants it hot, and that without any reference to the needs of the world and the growing of man's food, the golden grain and the fruits. He is thinking of his little pampered feelings of selfishness and wishes to bring the ocean of divinity into his little bottle of pride. And so it goes.

We follow in the beaten path of conversation and are continually saying things that are just the opposite of what we mean. But even New England weather might have its defenders, and find them in the people who have to live in a climate that is rich in its variety of change. Why, it is wonderful! I care for nothing better than Boston, and a hundred miles more or less, north or south of it. Certainly it is the gem of all the earth, according to my way of thinking, and I am satisfied with its good. I like the spring when it comes stealing in like a tide over all the land, it is the miracle of mirth and goodness. I like the summer that smiles with the work of its smiling sister, and who takes hold with it, as kindness ever does, to make it more. Then begins the work of the brother, and the man spirit of Autumn turns the beauty into use and abiding blessing, and gathers in the harvest home so that the world can take a rest. And then comes in the burly King of the North with his gruff ways but kindly, and I consider him the white poet of the year. They are all full of the grace of growth, silently and sweetly going on in spite of all disturbances that might seem to hinder. Even winter is busy that way. But if you look at it right it is marvellously interesting to think of the forces at work to produce the pride of the first three seasons—then comes in winter that seemingly wipes from the face of the earth these great results, only to show, however, that it can all be done over again just as well or even better. The ever renewing quality of nature is the mystery, the marvel, the blessing. It fills the soul with gladness to see it. The forces are unfailing and ever beneficent, and man may trust that what seems an end is but taking a new lease of life and beauty. This is a variable. This is a rich suggestion of comfort, and should last us through all the days. We have a certain assurance and satisfaction that all is well. And thus fortified, we are able to meet changes in the right spirit and enjoy them. So we pass from one season to another, as if we were passing from one country to another. The changes are great enough to give us this sense of travel—even while we stay at home. The whole landscape has now enchantment.

The Autumn days are called the melancholy days of all the year. The poet has thrown a pathetic spell over the fading grass and the falling leaf. He has given us pity for the flower that is called out of the dust and that is so beautiful and yet that so soon must die. His imagination controls our vision and fills us with sadness as if we felt it all. But that is not to be the outlook, it has a certain appearance of truth, which might deceive the very elect unless they would keep their eyes open and see beneath the seeming. He might just as poetically appeal to our sense of gladness in the wealth of the world and show how the divinity of love doth hedge us about and provide richly for the change. It is not that we are bereft of good but that we are taught to see all fulness in the Power that fills the urn of day with light and the earth with food pleasant to our sight in its growing. Man might have been a clay-ester and had a barren world; but he has his table provided with the fruits of the earth that make it a paradise, new every year, and the trees are the trees of life and knowledge.

There are days in Autumn that are simply perfect; even the grumblers, the growlers are held in check and forget their indignation when the warm Indian Summer comes. It is an ideal state of content and blessedness. From morn to eve and all night long we have the music of the eternal year; out of the silence comes the voice of God saying that all is good. One day like this of sunlight warm and tender with just the touch about it of snow in the air perhaps—one day of this fineness, when taken in by the soul, is evidence and conviction of grace to that soul of the divineness of all the days. When I know a friend to be a friend, I build on that reality. I can have no fear or doubt after I have looked into the eyes of love and recognized the love. It is for once—and then it is forever. And when "I touch God's right hand in the darkness, I am lifted up and strengthened." I have no more doubt or question of existence, I can trust it and believe in it where I cannot trace it. The same Wisdom and Love that made Summer made Winter; the same Heart of Joy that scattered the apple blossoms of Spring on the grass brings a touch of snow in the air.

The snow is beautiful in its time, and when it comes let us welcome it. What we call trouble is good in its time if we will

brace up to it and be brave and wise to meet it. We are to look at it from the sense of inward power to meet it. We are in no Sunday school world, sitting on little chairs with our feet just touching the floor saying words of an syllable, and a verse of a few words at that. We are men and women in the great house of time, whose rooms are worlds, infinite in number and spaciousness, and we are getting the iron of strength and resolution and patience in our bones. We must have snow in the air and down on the ground to come up to this. We must have the ally weak baby thoughts driven out of us, and we must put down on our feet so that the crash of worlds will not trouble us. It is just grand to feel this potentiality of conquest in us—and we want a chance to manifest it—and we have it day by day.

Stop crying little girl if your doll is broken—it was only a training of the mother instinct, and the smiling babe may be yours in the coming day. Stop that noise boy of weeping, you have to learn to be a man of the soldier spirit and you can't afford to allow the white feather now. Men and women, cease your lamentations and conserve your strength for duty; hold to the bright side of life by using your forces of resistance to evil till it disappears, and let the new occasions of trial teach you new duty of valor and hope and you will rejoice and have a tingling pleasure in your blood when there is snow in the air!

Brother Sunlight.

Radium—Is It an Element?

Radium belongs to the alkaline group,—such as calcium, strontium, barium, and thorium,—coming between barium and thorium, and having a special affinity for the former.

At the International Chemical Congress in Paris it was proposed by Mr. Gramont and agreed that no new substance could be described as an element unless its spark-spectrum had been measured and shown to be different from every other known form of matter. This was considered to have been one of the most important transactions of the international congress. It is remarkable that the application of this rule was first illustrated in the recognition of radium as a new element. It rested with Demarcay to find that radium was characterized by a special spark-spectrum of fifteen lines, with no lines of any other element.

Radium, as a metal, belongs to the alkaline group of elements, and its place in the table, according to Mendeleef's periodic law of atomic weights, is between barium and thorium, as carefully determined by Madame Curie, who makes the atomic weight of radium, by chemical methods, to be 223 (barium being 136.4, and thorium 232.8). Prof. W. N. Hartley, however, from a remarkable study of the spark-spectra of these and related elements, assigns to radium a weight of 257.8, considerably above thorium. As to its truly elementary character, however, and its close relation to barium and the other members of this group, Professor Hartley's spectrometric results yield full confirmation. From "Radium and Its Wonders," by George F. Kunz, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for November.

"When shall we be like them, When understand that whether we grow Upon the topmost bough of that great tree, Or be so lowly placed as to kiss the daisies At its foot One origin is ours, one aim, one work."

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