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OUR GLAD THANKSGIVING.

Let us be thankful heart and soul—
For all the good that here is ours,
And let the clouds in distance roll,
And thorns be hidden with the flowers;
This is a lovely world forsooth—
To those who gratitude can give;
To age itself as well as youth,
'Tis beautiful and blest to live!

There are so many things each day
To crown with joy and bring delight;
And every April turns to May,
And morning follows every night;
The noble spirit well can see
How everything's remunerative;
In truth and love it is made free,
And finds it beautiful to live!

We're here to show our courage true,
To bear our burden when we must,
But beauty always comes to view—
When we have learned to work in trust;
There's naught to daunt the hero heart,
And all abuse it can forgive,
And like a soldier take its part—
Because 'tis beautiful to live!

Let's bless our God for what we have,
For home and friends, for heart and hand,
For hope and faith and courage brave,
For liberty and native land;
Then better things come right along,
And troubles pass through pleasure's sieve,
And in our hearts there grows the song
That says—'tis beautiful to live!

Brother Sunlight.

The Sunny Side of Life.

THE GLORY OF GRATITUDE.

Let us learn to be grateful, if we have not the feeling in fulness. Let us cultivate it as we would flowers we desired to see in our garden when the May comes. Let us be of a thankful, appreciative spirit, and have gladness all our days. Let us go to the lily for a lesson of purity and sweet outgiving of life; let us listen to the little sparrow even and twitter our joy, if we cannot sing it. This is a lovely world, full of beauty, rich with blessing, and we are poor sticks if we cannot recognize it and respond. I went into a store the other day and there was a harp on the door and balls at the end of dangling wires were set in motion and made music. I thought that is just the way our hearts can be touched if we see to it that we are grateful. Let us live one day as a festival, and then let us make it the model for all other days—so to keep Thanksgiving were beautiful. That is the true way of living and has the glory of the sunrise in it.

At first sight it would seem natural that we should all love to live in the most cheerful and grateful way. And I believe it is. Truly, purely and blessedly it must be so, for here we are in a world filled and thrilled with happiness. We love joy, it is native to us. We receive it on every hand, it lies in our heart as a possibility of divine expression. O it is just wonderful, and all we have got to do is to allow the beauty to reveal itself, and put aside any thought that would hinder it. There is the program of a life just as sweet as the life of an angel.

Now comes the foolishness of the world that disallows the beauty of the great Master of Life. We hear the mournful sound that man was made to mourn, that there's nought but care on every hand, beside much else of the like sort. Don't listen to it; don't you believe, my friend, whoever you are. It is a sick fancy and has no relation to the sunshine of God. Not a bit of it, and we ought to get rid of every vestige of the sad and the dreary.

Why, the things we have grumblingly been sputtering about as bringing grief have the opposite influence. Men say the world is so great it fills them with awe. Millions of suns are revealed by one reflection of the camera. So much the better, so much grander the dream of our journey through the skies as we pass from world to world in the countless ages, as a bird flies from bough to bough.

Then men are driven with toil like slaves we say. Yes, but who is responsible for this? Cannot men assert their manhood and plan for leisure, and plan to wipe out poverty and crime? We talk as if we were helpless in the presence of sin; we are not, there is not a wrong that cannot be righted at once, if we would allow manhood to reign. It is true that we can save children from being driven to the factory. We can send them to school, and we can withdraw the millions of dollars we expend for drink and for the maintenance of armies and navies, and we can apply these vast funds to the health and instruction of the young and for the common comfort of the people.

You say men will not do it. Why won't they? This present course of greed and grab is unsatisfactory every way. It spoils the music of life, it mars the poetry that haunts every hour. But we can be drawn out of this and sent upon our way rejoicing.

I know talk does not seem to make much impression on a state of mind that is like a coal-barge run ashore and sticking in the mud. But I have seen the brave little tug-boat come to its rescue, and with the long hawser get hold of it—and then pull, pull, and keep on pulling with all its might and main, and although it did not seem to help it

at first, by and-by, up she comes and makes a start. All at once the hawser snaps, and the barge spins as struck with disappointment, and seems in worse danger from the shock, but the tug tackling her again, gets the best of her despair, and she follows her leader, and when in the open channels seems actually proud to get into deep water where she is her true self. And it may be so with the disconsolate, they may feel the power of the bow-line of hope and the steam pull of faith and get where they properly belong.

What is wanted by us is a new interpretation of life and its conditions so that we shall seek the things which are best. We need work, but six hours a day would serve our needs. We need food and clothing, we ask for lovely homes and recreation; we need society and leisure to think; we need hours of worship and meditation, and we can have these things by holding them as the belongings of all. We cannot make every day of the same length, every tree of the same height, every blossom of the same hue. We are not attempting the foolish, but we can work for all, and we can arrange gladness for all, and we can preach the higher life for all till it becomes the passion of humanity to bless and love and help all.

If we have our right chance here; if we feel the grand good of living; if we recognize the fact that there is nothing to daunt us or to make us afraid—since all must work together for our good if we will hold to the good—then we will have won the secret of joy, praise will naturally be in our hearts as light is in the star. There is no question about that. And in the atmosphere of joy all worlds are lovely and we can think of them in friendship. And all people are lovely and dear to us, and we have come to the mount of blessing. We have so much to be thankful for that we have no time to be sad. The satisfactions of life are in the soul and not in the circumstance, as we have to learn again and again. Turn your faces to the light and they shall glow with the brightness. Walk with your eyes turned to the morning and all the shadows of care shall fall behind you, and all about in the green fields shall the birds sing their happiness to you!

Brother Sunlight.

A Secretly Marked Child.

Satavrona.

AUTHOR OF "THE WISDOM OF PASSION."

Upon the birth of a child, I once sent a floral wreath to the home of its father, a gay, reckless epicurean, laughing, jovial, Bacchic society troubadour. A sudden glance of the flowers, before I parted with them, threw me into a profound fit of unaccountable moralizing. In that moment I felt myself whirled away by the winds of a great rain-storm of sadness. I drifted swiftly on, like a helpless Autumn leaf upon the vast melancholy stream of an impenetrably deep, sad mood. My momentary spell seemed akin to that which hung over the great heart of the poet, when he wrote "The Song of the Shirt," and "One More Unfortunate." Be this as it may, ever since the hour when I was informed of the birth of the child of the laughing, Bacchic troubadour, I have never, save when maddened by wine, been able to enjoy the merriment of the epicurean society man. For, considering the habits of its parents, I knew that the child of my jovial society troubadour would be secretly marked by a disposition—if it lived—which would whirl it into long years of suffering, tears, moral shipwreck, and secret shame.

Perhaps it was physically deformed in some way, as was Byron? Perhaps it will not live, I mused. God may take it. The majority of the race die in infancy. And the parents, through ignorance, are mostly to blame. Then arose an unbidden vision of countless millions of white baby faces. Kindly fingers had softly closed the shutters of the windows of their souls. They were all fast asleep in little black coffins, lined with silk. The languorous perfume of floral wreaths on the coffins, and the brilliancy and delicacy of the colors of the flowers was the mute antiphonal response to the hushed, tremulous harmonies of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Because they were secretly marked, they had all died in infancy.

Then I saw Pride arise, and by pointing to family records, Pride succeeded in hiding from the eyes of Society the mad, sad secrets of the heraldry of the birth of the secretly marked children. When such children live, they often have to spend long, weary years of moral agony, forever unlearning the suffering, deception, evil, disease, and moral woes of the abnormal, moral tendencies cruelly impressed upon them by their parents, sometimes they die criminals, or insane as the black sheep of civilization. Well did George Sand say, "To know all is to forgive all."

Visions like those cause us to view the moral and spiritual ancestry of man from wholly new standpoints. We are led to see if there is, after all, any common sense in the common, theoretical, religious opinion of

this matter of our moral ancestry. Whilst it is true, therefore, that the popular belief in the absolute or total moral and spiritual depravity of all infants has been justly doomed, we must not remain blind to the fact that the science of evolution and religion agree in the belief of the relative tendencies to moral and spiritual depravity in the souls of all infants. This view practically reduces the heraldic ancestry of all infants to a relative basis of universal potential immorality. The civil legalization of this by marital contract does not alter its essential immoral basis.

The religious doctrine of conversion on the one hand, and the possibility of spiritual development held out by the spiritual side of the doctrine of evolution on the other, both imply that infants are morally and spiritually imperfect at birth. And this moral and spiritual imperfection could not exist at birth, if the parents themselves had been spiritually and morally perfect. Hence it is that Christian Science and Darwinism, Orthodoxy and Buddhism, the Westminster Confession and Reincarnation all agree in the doctrine that the mortal minds or souls of infants at birth possess inherent tendencies to moral evil. For these immoral potentialities at birth the parents are often to blame.

All children, in this way, are therefore secretly marked in some moral sense. The saint outgrows this secret mark. The majority do not. Herein lies the necessity for conversion. Far back in the long gray mists of the centuries, the profound eye of Job, piercing below the falsely proud, white-washed surface of society, flashed inquiringly as he asked this fearful moral question bearing upon heredity: "What is man that he should be clean? And he that is born of a woman that he should be righteous?"

For the infants as they grow up the earth was intended to be a wholesome Garden of Moral Pleasure, and we, as parents—by secretly marking them—have turned all their prospective happiness in life into a deadly valley of Upas trees. But there are stars of moral hope for them in the sky. The doctrines of conversion show that it is possible for these secretly marked children to begin for themselves, on a higher plane than parentage. The modern doctrine of evolution offers them comfort. On its moral, intellectual and spiritual plane, it declares that it is the universal law of things, that the infants' moral darkness must precede its light, that its moral ignorance must unavoidably exist before its wisdom; that the relative must precede the absolute; that barbarism preceded civilization; that animalism preceded barbarism; that intellectual death went before intellectual life; that evil preceded good; that in the history of the race, sorrow has preceded joy, and that night time has always gone before day time. In the garden of each life the appearance of the briars always precedes the appearance of the roses.

Concerning the power of the secretly marked race to outgrow the night time of its social, moral and intellectual parentage, Darwin insists that the fact that man has already risen to this lofty summit, gives man "hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future." The parents of such secretly marked children as we see in insane asylums are therefore the most cruel of human monsters, because as parents they would not comply with the simple, happy, moral, conjugal condition whereby the children should not be handicapped in the universal effort to rise to a higher destiny.

Is it any wonder that we find in some of these secretly marked ones a definite hereditary incapacity for moral willing? An excess of impulse, an impairment of moral will in some form or the other. Deformed in body and mind, the poor little things exist as the result of the irresistible desire of men and women for amorous conquests, utterly independent of affection, love, intelligence, moral experience, or permanent conditions of joy.

Poor, helpless, tender children! But all of them are not in the insane asylums. All are not deformed. Hundreds of thousands of them are beautiful, so beautiful. Lilies are they that have sprung up through the mud of lust to greet the sun, eyes glinting with laughter, black as gleams of tourmaline, or blue as turquoise summer skies. The delicate pink of sea shells is in their rounded cheeks, lips tiny, curved and red with innocent kisses, foreheads rounded and white and full of the promise of genius, bodies frail and delicate as stems of Alpine flowers. But they must bear on and on through the years until their hair is curled in silver the secret mark of the asps within their bosoms, asps that were cruelly placed there, in sly chuckles of Bacchic laughter by their parents, asps that shall secretly bite them and poison their hopes and joys and dig their fangs into their brightest hours all through the long, sad epochs of their lives.

But God, the infinite father, the paternal mind of divine love, has exercised a kinder forethought for the future welfare of the secretly marked child. He is forever the friend of this little one. Foreseeing the cruelty of its parents, the Paternal Mind sowed in the soul of the little one the germ

of an actual constructive mental power. By the aid of this constructive mental power (all latent within the depths of the psychological foundations of the little one's nature) the child may hope to reconstruct a higher and kindlier destiny for itself. This spark of this divine, psychological, reconstructive power would enable the child to finally overcome all sin, error, sickness and suffering. The psychological, reconstructive spark is the one seed of the divine mind, by which the child (through the knowledge of the truth concerning its latent mightier nature) may save itself from the curse inherited from its parents. All things for improvement are possible with God. Behind the mistakes, the errors and the cruelties of ignorant civilizations and unavoidably ignorant parentage and woe, are the truths and greater mercies and power of the Paternal Mind.

GOD IS ALL AND IN ALL.

Great is the mystery of being, and inscrutable the source
Of life and love, and that omniscient power
and force
Deific, which creates all forms and rules the universe.

Incarcate, this omniscient power, in nature's diverse being.
Supplying all, sustaining all, the One omnipresent and all-seeing.

All is God and God is All, the All in All, everywhere,
Life, love, law, the truth, the light, the way,
whose love and care,
Linking and relating all in One, gives each
His life to share.

And thus God, incarnate, fills the realms of boundless space,
No vacuum is, and nothing void, but all both
in time and place,
Divinely ordered and replete in life, in form,
in power, in grace.

In Him we live and move and have our being; He All and in All—
Nature's God—both fold and shepherd is, of strong and weak, of great and small.

And, as we have many members in one body, which are, by wise control,
Linked, part to part, in just relations, with one mind and one soul,
Likewise, in God's universal plan, all are but parts of the boundless whole.

H. W. Finson.

A Wisdom from Everlasting.

Alexander Wüder, M. D.

A century and a half ago Immanuel-Kant, the distinguished metaphysician and exponent of the Transcendental philosophy made the following prediction:

"It will be proved in the future that also in this life the human soul stands in an indissoluble communion with the immaterial beings of the Spiritual World; and that it produces effects in them and in exchange receives impressions from them, without, however, becoming humanly conscious of them, so long as all stands well."

It would seem that while the great Konigsberg philosopher was giving forth this declaration, it was already on the way of being fulfilled. Emanuel Swedenborg held discourse with spiritual beings and while in trances beheld visions of facts and occurrences in the world which is beyond the province of our corporeal senses. Mesmer had acquired the art by which the external faculties may be suspended in their specific functions, and others after him produced in their subjects the peculiar manifestations of seership now known as clairvoyance and clairaudience.

UNBODIED SOULS.

It is hardly necessary now to explain the further advance in this direction, how that it has advanced, and how that it has been found possible for unbodied souls to make themselves perceived and their communications understood by susceptible individuals who are still abiding with the tenement of flesh. It is a faulty way of reasoning to assume that these manifestations are altogether fraudulent, because many of the supposed communications and the extraordinary phenomena connected with them have been so found; for counterfeits always ply their art in relation to things in actual existence. Indeed, if we were to suppose that every one has an instinct of his future destiny, it might be inferred that those who disbelieve in a life beyond the present were individuals in whom was no divine soul, no germ of immortality. Certainly it is a waste of energy to reason with those who are not willing to be convinced, and there are many persons who seem to be morally and mentally incapable of believing. There are those who think spiritually and regard the real causes like Plato, and those who affect the materialistic methods of Aristotle.

"I can see a man and I can see a horse," says Antisthenes to Plato, "but manhood and horsehood I do not see." The philosopher replied, "Because you have the eyes which see a man and a horse, but the eyes which see manhood and horsehood you do not possess."

We may safely consider it as fairly assured

that there are spiritual beings of the region beyond this present world of externality, and that certain of them are more or less influenced by individuals still living, and are moved accordingly to communicate tangibly with those who are capable of perceiving their messages.

PROPHETCY.

"It is very probable," says Heinrich Jung-Stilling, "that the inhabitants of the invisible world, and especially good angels and spirits, read in the tablets of Providence, and are thus able to know at least certain future events. So much is clear from all credible information from the invisible world, that everything which takes place in the material world is previously arranged there, and that thence the whole human race is governed—yet in such a manner that the will of man is not under compulsion."

Bunyan has also aptly described how spirits instill thoughts into the mind. His Pilgrim while in the Valley was beset by a malignant demon. "One of the wicked ones got behind him and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind." Many of the thoughts that "bolt in" as Paine expresses it, have evidently their origin from beyond our own individuality. We also in analogous ways transmit our thoughts to others telepathically, and in turn are receptive of theirs, sometimes as being originally our own, and sometimes as inbreathed, or even as spoken audibly by them.

WE ARE ALL SPIRITUAL BEINGS.

Dickens has written of the dark and unknown sea that surrounds the world. He also depicts the little Paul Dombey when dying as seeming to himself to be floating away upon a rapidly-flowing river to that sea, and beholding his deceased mother at the shore with a luminance around her head. This description is more than romance or phantasy. We are all spiritual beings, and each of us has, as the apostle declares, "a physical body and a spiritual body." Our physical organism does not bound or circumscribe our consciousness. We perceive objects and persons at a distance. Our spirits actually intermingle with the spirits of other individuals.

There is a counterpart of this in external nature. The gases intermingle without any perceptible addition of bulk. A bag full of oxygen will permit the introducing of hydrogen in quantity equal to what would be admitted if it had been entirely empty, and after that it will allow in like manner a volume of nitrogen.

HUMAN BODY AN OMNIBUS.

When Dr. Holmes suggested in his work, "The Guardian Angel," that the human body instead of belonging to a single individual, may really be an omnibus in which are many passengers, he was far from uttering an absurdity.

It is by such an intermingling of spirits that we obtain conscious perception of persons and occurrences at distant places, events of the past or such as may be impending. We are never alone; but are "compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses." The "sea" which Dickens has so expressively termed it, is truly an ocean all alive and intelligent, for it consists of

INTERMINGLED SPIRITUAL ESSENCES.

We become conscious of these agencies very much as we do of objects of corporeal sense. Within the head and beneath the brain is the sensorium, composed of the striated bodies and the optic thalami. Impressions are made upon it from objects outside, by means of the nerves of special sensation—the nerves of feeling, smell, taste, sight and hearing. The impressions so obtained are carried to the brain, and the genius there enthroned transforms them into corresponding perceptions, and returns them to the sensorium to be projected as sensations, figures, sounds, colors, tastes, as the case may be.

So, too, in the case of psychic percepts. The human soul in its peculiar relations exhibits analogies to the Marconigraph. It affects other souls with its own ardor and concepts, and receives from all with which it is in harmony and sympathetic relations impressions of what they are wishing or thinking. These impressions are made upon the sensorium, and so they seem to be perceived very often, as coming from without. This means of communication extends across the line between this region of time and the interior world. As Jacob in his dream saw a ladder extending into the sky and angels going up and coming down upon it, so are we in this way in direct intercourse with angels, spirits and other potencies of the invisible region.

Upon these facts the true philosophy of life rests as upon an immovable foundation. It may be "modern Spiritualism," it is certainly "A Wisdom From Everlasting."

What if we must bear a burden?
Have not others burdens, too?
Look about and then be thankful
That your burdens are so few.

—Eva Williams Malone.

UNAVAILING.

I dreamed I had hard words with you
Last night, dear love, I know not why;
Some trivial word or set of yours
Had roused my anger, and when I
Awoke at last, my heart and brain
Were smarting with the wrong and pain.

I dreamed your eyes—those tender eyes—
Looked coldly, sternly, into mine,
And in the accents of your voice
Was no conciliating sign.
And yet 'twas strange I do not know
What 'twas that chafed and vexed me so.

Forgive me, love! I had forgot;
Dreams are as treacherous as our joys,
And, dreaming, I remembered not
That for three years your blessed voice
Had silent been, and daisies white
Had hid your sweet eyes from my sight.

—Anon.

Biochemistry.

"THE STONE THE BUILDERS REJECTED."

Dr. George W. Carey.

The constituent parts of Man's body are perfect principles, but the principles are not always perfectly adjusted.

The planks, bricks, or stones, with which a building is to be erected are composed of perfect principles, namely: oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, lime, iron, silica, potassium, magnesium, etc. These principles or elements are eternally perfect per se but may be endlessly diversified in combination.

The stone the builders rejected, symbolized by the stone the builders of the pyramid of Cheops failed to place in position on the top corner—the pyramid being five-cornered—one corner pointing upward, and representing the sense of seeing; as the builders of the science of medicine have failed to place the mineral basis of blood—the inorganic salts—in their place in the human structure or fleshy pyramid.

When these mineral (stone) principles, or elements are perfectly placed in the chemical formulae that compose blood, the animal functions proceed in harmonious operation. When for any reason these cell-salts, stones, are deficient or negative or dormant or get misplaced, i.e., out of combination—the stone that must become head of the corner has been rejected by the chemistry of life builders.

The human body, or Pyramid, is a storage battery and must be supplied constantly with the proper elements—chemicals—to set up motion or vibration at a rate that will produce what we please to call a live body. A failure to keep the storage battery supplied with the chemical base of blood causes a disturbance in the operation of the chemical action of the blood, the effect of which is called disease. To give names to these effects is the insanity of science.

The word Peter, or Petra, means "a rock." "Thou art Peter, on this rock will I build my Church."

This statement, or Word, represents the creative, or formative principle defining the human organization. The twelve cell-salts of the body are stones, i.e., minerals, which in combination may be called a rock. These minerals, or rock, attract by chemical affinity the aerial elements and by their union—chemical operation—the oil, albumen, fibrin, etc., that build up the human structure are formed and changed into bone and other tissue of the body, and thus build the Beth, or Church of God. The true Church of God is the body.

The alchemists of old, whom we in our blindness have imagined were religious teachers, understood the real meaning of the statements—the human body is the Temple of the living God—and again—the Holy Ghost dwelleth in you—and the Kingdom of Heaven is within you—and, our Father who art in Heaven. A Temple and a church or Beth (Beth-el) mean the same. Solomon's Temple is a myth, an Allegory or Symbol of the human body, the Temple of the Living God. Originally, it was Soul of Man's Temple, or Temple for the Soul. Thus we can understand how the Temple is built "without the sound of Saw or Hammer."

The Seers, Scientists, and Alchemists of the early centuries of the Pisces, or water age, into which the Sun and Solar System entered 2,160 years ago, realized that for about that period the inhabitants of earth—Souls in flesh—were a "lost race," and that the earth was down deep in the Pisces air, dense and watery, the material thought would cognize from the individual concept, being so environed that the Unity of being could not be realized.

A lack of the knowledge of the unity, or completeness of Being, or the Perfection, or completeness of the body, or Temple of Being, was symbolized by the Allegory of the Temple, the cap-stone rejected—or not yet placed in proper position.

The mineral salts—rock foundation of the human structure—have been rejected by the medical builders for 2,000 years or more, but are now, as the earth swings into the air (Aquarius, the age of Spiritual Man, being recognized, as the "Head of the Corner.")

Thus we see why the beautiful name, Biochemistry, has shown forth from the slowly crystallizing carbon of dead and dying isms and now glitters like a diamond in the crown of Truth. Biochemistry is the "Stone the builders rejected."

All human organisms are evolved, formed, or, in other words, materialized, by and through the operations and processes of the one unchangeable law of life which manifests through the law of chemistry.

So, then, to the student of the chemistry of life, now well known by the name of "Biochemistry," it is plain to be seen that all human beings are, and of necessity must be, governed by the same law of life. A deficiency in some of the chemical constituents used by the Infinite to materialize the human organism, produces pains or unpleasant conditions, which have for ages been believed to be entities; so the doctors have named them according to the locality in the organism where the deficiency manifests. Not finding any sensible names in their own or modern language by which to designate the disturbance, they have used Greek and Latin, knowing but few people would understand the meaning of the terms.

The cell-salts, of which there are twelve, are found in all our food, and are thus carried into the blood, where they carry on the process of life, and by the law of chemical affinity keep the human form, bodily functions, materialized. When a deficiency occurs in any of these workers through a non-assimilation of food, poor action of liver or digestive process, dematerialization of the body commences in which has been termed disease. So disease is a deficiency in some of the chemical constituents that carry on the chemistry of life, and not an entity.

A lack of these elements, or a lack of proper balance, is the cause of every disease that afflicts the race. The different symptoms manifested in disease, to which medical science in the past has given names without end, are produced by the same identical cause, namely, a deficiency in some of the constituents of the blood.

The microscope, the spectroscope, the X-Ray, and liquefied air have made it possible to determine the agents that are deficient in human blood when it is in a diseased condition. The scientists of the world long searched in vain for this remedy, because they supposed that disease was caused by

something, instead of a lack of something—a deficiency.

The chemical composition of tissue and the various fluids of the body have long been known, but until Biochemistry was introduced no practical use had been made of this knowledge in the treatment of the sick. The so-called science of medicine has no claim to the name science.

There is a wide difference between medicine and surgery. Modern surgery has well-nigh attained perfection. Like watch-making it is purely mechanical. In anatomical exactness and in instruments of precision the advance in surgery has been marvelous. While the diagnosis of disease by surgeons is many times at fault, sometimes fatally so, yet their mechanical operations are beyond criticism.

The cell-salts are Phosphates, Sulphates, Chlorides, etc., of Lime, Sodium, Potassium, Iron, Magnesium, etc., and are set free from the organic portion of food by the process of combustion, disintegration or digestion, and are thus carried into the blood, where they carry on the process of life, or chemistry of spirit, and by the law of chemical affinity, keep the human form, bodily functions, materialized.

The blood supplies the materials necessary for building every tissue of the body and for carrying forward every process in the operation or materialization of the human organism.

Analysis of the blood shows that it contains both organic and inorganic matter. The organic constituents are sugar, fats and albuminous substances. The inorganic constituents are water and the twelve mineral or cell-salts above mentioned. Of a living human body, water constitutes over seven-tenths, the cell-salts one-twentieth, organic matter the remainder.

Chemistry long ago demonstrated the fact that the organic portion of all vegetable tissue is formed by a precipitation or condensation of the aerial elements, the soil simply furnishing the mineral salts.

It can be demonstrated beyond a doubt that blood is formed from the air inhaled into the lungs, and carried through the arteries—i.e., air-carriers—the ancients gave them the correct name—and by transudation into the surrounding tissue builds up or materializes the human temple. The food taken into the body serves, first, as fuel, and by combustion and disintegration and fermentation sets free acids that serve as carriers for electro-magnetic force which furnishes the motive power to circulate the blood and carry on the process of breathing.

Second, food contains the mineral or cell-salts which are set free by digestion or combustion of the organic portion of food, and enter the blood through the delicate absorbents, where they unite with the air and by the wonderful process of life-chemistry form blood. Blood is composed of cells which pass by transudation into the tissue.

When we realize that there is as much matter thrown out of the body in twenty-four hours as is taken into it, we see that flesh is not formed by the food we eat.

Oil taken into the stomach cannot possibly reach the tissue as oil, simply because it passes through a metamorphosis from the action of gastric juice, bile, and pancreatic.

To strengthen this position the following extract is offered from Farmers' Bulletin No. 23, U. S. Department of Agriculture, by W. O. Atwater, professor of Chemistry in Wesleyan University:—

"The function of the fats and oils is essentially the production of animal heat and energy. It is not probable that notable quantities of the fats and oils consumed in the food become a part of the fatty tissues of the body. For instance, one of the principal fats which we eat, is that of butter, and yet there is no deposition of fat in the human body, as a tissue, which resembles in its chemical form the peculiar character of butter fat. The oils which exist in vegetables are also an important article of fat diet, and yet the fats of the human body are not identical, in any sense, with the oils of the vegetables. Even in the case of cannibals, it is quite certain that the fat they eat does not become, in any way, a portion of the fat tissue of their bodies."

However, he concludes that fatty tissues are derived from the ingestion of starch and sugar, which are chemically split up, and reformed into fatty tissues. But until it is shown how organic substance can enter the blood at all, I must contend that blood is formed direct from the air inhaled. The true scientist says, with Emerson: "I will proclaim that I believe to be true today, though it contradicts what I have advocated all my life." The true thing alone is orthodox. Error is not sanctified by age.

The science of Biochemistry will completely overthrow the germ or microbe theory of disease. It will show that germs or infinitesimal organisms found in excretions or fluids of diseased persons are the product of decaying or disintegrating organic matter that has left its vital course, and in finding its way to some orifice of the body ferments and thus becomes vitiated by chemical change. Herein is found the cause of a large class of micro-organisms, germs or bacilli.

Not many years ago the State Board of Health of Louisiana caused cannons to be fired in the streets of New Orleans, expecting the concussion to kill the germs of yellow fever. It has been clearly shown that yellow fever is caused by an excess of water, pure water, as heat lifts only the water from swamps or stagnant pools, and not the decaying organic matter breathed directly into the circulation from air overcharged with water on account of high temperature. When the chemical formula of blood is thus broken a non-functional tissue is the result—oil, albumen, etc., that should be formed by a proper arrangement of aerial elements, is only partially formed and quickly commences to disintegrate and form heteroplasm which swarms with microbes. These germs or bacilli are the product of unbalanced blood, and not the cause of anything.

Cold, dry air cures yellow fever, cholera or ague, chills and fever. These conditions are all caused by high temperature, which overcharges the blood with water taken into the air-carriers, arteries, through the lungs. Dry air—cold air is dry air—furnishes an extra supply of oxygen to the blood, and eliminates the excess of hydrogenoid gases or water. The Biochemic materia medica prescribes Sodium Sulphate, a mineral salt found in all foodstuffs, for all conditions caused by an excess of water in the blood. Each molecule of these cell-salts has the atomic weight to carry two molecules of water and eliminate it from the blood and system.

No one, therefore, can have the symptoms called ague, cholera, or yellow fever whose blood is properly supplied with the Sulphate of Soda, no matter how many germs of microbes may assail him. Germs, bacilli, microbes, swarm through all nature. They are omnipresent life in operation, the process in life's chemistry. They adhere to membranes in unhealthy conditions, but do not effect healthy tissues or tissues. Decaying organic matter produces microbes that exist while the process of disintegration goes on, feed upon it, disappear with it, and return to the elemental substances or gases from which they are materialized.

Names of disease have no meaning in Biochemistry. When there is a deficiency in a certain cell-salt, the organic matter dependent on that particular salt is not properly distributed, or distributed, and it must be thrown out of the vital circulation. It may be proper and right for those who do not understand, to call these chemical operations Bright's disease, or catarrh (to drop down) or cancer (crab) or la grippe, but chemistry knows nothing whatever about the names.

The following questions and answers will enable the reader to grasp the fundamental principles of Biochemistry:

First. What remedies are used in the Biochemic materia medica?

Answer. The inorganic salts, as found in healthy human blood.

Second. What is the meaning of Biochemistry?

Answer. The chemistry of life.

Third. Where are the inorganic salts found?

Answer. In all nature. In the earth, rock, soil and vegetables; in the food we eat.

Fourth. Then why need we take them as medicine?

Answer. You need not take them as medicine. No medicine, in the common use of the word, is or can be needed, they are taken as a food, to supply a deficiency.

Fifth. Why does a deficiency occur, if the food we eat contains mineral salts?

Answer. Because the digestion and assimilation sometimes fail to set them free from the organic parts of the food, so that the absorbents can take in a sufficient quantity to keep the blood properly balanced; or some extra demand has been made upon the system—overwork, physically or mentally, atmospheric or electric changes, etc.—which has too rapidly consumed the vitality of the body. It is then that Biochemistry comes to the rescue.

The inorganic vitalizing principles of food having been set free by chemical process, or prepared directly from the mineral base, are given as a remedy, and are taken in by the absorbents at once, not passing through the process of digestion at all, as they are ready for the blood when taken.

There is no such thing as disease, as commonly understood; therefore, there cannot be any cure as commonly understood. The symptoms called disease, and named in Latin or Greek, so that the masses may be awed and frightened nearly to death by them, are not things, are not something to be combated, but the words, discharges, language calling for what is needed.

Do you see the difference between something and the lack of something?

Yes, you say, but people die from these words, discharges, language, as you put it.

Answer. Let us illustrate: A man goes without food for three days and nights, and has pains, fever, headache, etc.; you know he is not possessed of something, but lacks food. If you do not know it, you proceed, according to the old pathology, to try to cure the pain, the fever, or headache, and give him a stone. He asked for bread, and ye gave him a stone. He asked for fish, and ye gave him a serpent. Nor mental hypnosis, magnetism, electricity, nor mental treatment can cure hunger, but undigested food may be digested by these agencies by starting into action the dormant energies of life-chemistry. A man may touch a button that will start a complex machine to operating, and yet know nothing of the science or mechanism of the machine.

So many systems of so-called healing may be the means of starting the workmen in the human organism, that may have become dormant or misplaced, into vital action and harmonious co-ordination. But where there is an actual deficiency in the chemical constituents that form the chemical base of the blood, they cannot be supplied by any means except the actual deficient material. All systems of healing are good in their time and place to start dormant energies or cell-salts out of proper molecular combination, but when an actual deficiency occurs, as in hunger, no science of healing, divine, or Christian, or mental, will supply the deficiency, except through and by the operation of the law of chemistry, i.e., intelligence operating with material.

Christian Science recognizes Jesus of Nazareth as an example of truth. When this great teacher found hungry people he multiplied the loaves, and he sometimes used the cell-salts to cure disease, as in the case of the healing of the blind man by applying salt, which contains the mineral salts, to the eyes.

Biochemistry is the "stone the builders have rejected and must yet become the head of the corner."

A shadow cannot be removed by chemicals; neither can disease be removed by poisons. There is nothing (no thing) to be removed in either case; but there is a deficiency to be supplied. The shadow may be removed by supplying light to the space covered by the shadow.

Symptoms, called disease, disappear or cease to manifest when the food called for is furnished. Prof. Virchow, in his lecture on Cellular Pathology, says (see lecture 14): "The cells of the organism are not fed, they feed themselves. The absorption of matter into the interior of the cells is an act of the cells themselves."

Thus we see that the cells are intelligent organisms, and can choose their own nourishment. This being the case, how foolish, if not criminal, to place only poisonous agents within their reach.

Having learned that disease is not a thing, animate or inanimate, but a condition due to a lack of some inorganic constituent of the blood, it follows naturally that the proper method of cure is to supply the blood with that which is lacking. In the treatment of disease the use of anything not a constituent of the blood is unnecessary, and to give poison to a sick person is simply barbarous and inhuman. True, many have survived it; but equally many have been hurried to their graves.

Biochemistry would seek to ascertain what is lacking, and supply it in just the form needed. This science is in perfect harmony with the chemistry of life operating in each human organism, and cannot antagonize any phase of higher thought. Mind or mental cures, Christian or divine science, suggestive therapeutics or magnetic healing, must all operate according to the divine law (life chemistry), or not at all. The operation of wisdom has many names, but the chemical process is one.

It is not claimed that the inorganic or cell-salts possess any magical curative power. Let the sick bear in mind there is only one way to be cured or restored to health, and that is the natural way, i.e., nature's method of materializing flesh, bone, blood and the fluids of the body.

The food called for, by symptoms must be supplied. Calomel does not cure; it simply sets up a diarrhoea in place of constipation. Opium puts paralysis in place of a nerve pain. Mercury, quinine, alcohol, belladonna, salicylic acid, acetonum opium and the rest of them are not constituent parts of the blood and are worse than the so-called diseases for which they are recklessly prescribed and swallowed. When we burn a body we find the mineral constituents—tissue builders—in the ashes, but we do not find poisons. These mineral or cell-salts are the basis of the cells of flesh. The difference in the cells, muscle, bone, nerve, are determined by the kind and proportion of the different mineral salts that enter into their composition. When a twig or branch is broken from a tree, we know it may be replaced by supplying the tree with water in order that the minerals may be thus carried up through the physiology of the tree to unite with the elements in air and rebuild the structure of the branch. No one expects to build up a new branch by any kind of hocus pocus or legerdemain—for instance, by trying to feed the roots of the tree with a poison or feeding beneath its bark a nameless lymph wherein sports the festive bacilli and all prevailing microbes.

The cause and cure of disease was never known until the Sun of Biochemistry shed its beams upon the world. It comes as a great light to the dwellers in the darkness of medical error. Before its refulgent rays poisons

see away. Disease is now shown to be caused by a deficiency instead of an entity. The aged and infirm rejoice and hope comes to dwell in their habitations. Huxley, Virchow, Liebig and Shuessler laid the foundation broad and deep upon which is now being reared the fair temple of Scientific healing.

Banker and Printer.

J. Andy Werts.

CHAPTER XIV.

The storm was still raging, but it had no terrors for us now. We felt secure in our shelter, a haven of rest after our terrible battle with the elements.

A change had come over Hamlet. He was no longer the gloomy, distant and mysterious individual that we had known him in times gone by.

"You may be surprised," said he, "when I tell you that I have plenty of money right here in my pocket," and he drew forth a roll of bills.

Cy as well as myself was greatly surprised. We had always regarded him as a shiftless tramp.

"I have not been without money in ten years," said Hamlet. He then informed us that he never spent a cent for railroad fare, preferring to travel on foot, and he never spent a dime for a lunch unless he was able to first earn the dime. Then we began to talk over our plans for the future.

"It's start a daily paper," said Cy.

"All right," replied Hamlet. "I have five hundred dollars to invest in the enterprise." And then we organized the Evening News Printing Company.

The next day the owner of the office came to see us. We succeeded in leasing the plant for twelve months with the privilege of purchasing the same at any time during that period.

Inside of ten days the first number of the paper was issued. We made it a newspaper. Our sleepy contemporaries predicted death for the new paper. There was no room for it. The field was occupied. It would be a burden upon the public, and so forth.

Then these same papers decided to pretend that there was no such paper as the Evening News. But somehow the people became acquainted with the fact that there was such a paper, and they wanted it. Boys also know a good thing when they see it and they swarmed around the side door in the alley and scrambled and fought as all newspapers do when they are anxious to get papers which can be speedily converted into cash.

The paper was a success from the first—a phenomenal success, it appeared to some people. I was the editor, Cy the foreman of the office and Hamlet was job printer and pressman. The paper treated all alike. The local department bristled with personal paragraphs and hundreds of poor, but honest persons saw their names in print for the first time.

The highly respectable—that class of people whose comings and goings had been duly noted in the old and highly respectable papers of the place for years, were shocked when their names appeared in the same columns with their plebeian neighbors. And when the News published the facts connected with some misdemeanor or crime in which one of these respectable might figure as principal or accessory, they were more shocked than ever. The names of these well-to-do people had become sacred. Money must be respected. The poor man had always been the legitimate victim. But when the News treated the rich man just as it treated the poor man, when it assumed the ground that a man is a man regardless of real estate titles; that money adds nothing to a man's moral character and that true nobility is inherent only in moral integrity, it was denounced as a vile sheet that ought to be suppressed by law.

I often thought of the old times. I wondered what had become of my old friend, James Farrender. And there was not a day when the name of Elsie Mendon was not in my mind. More than once had I decided to write her. I was anxious to acquaint her with the fact that I was on the high road to success. But as often, I relinquished the idea. We had agreed that correspondence would be of no material benefit, that we would await developments. The social gulf that separated us was of such a character that it often seemed as though the time would never come when we might meet upon common grounds. I did not dare to entertain the thought of doing anything that might in any way compromise her in her social relations.

The News had passed its first anniversary. It was now on a solid basis. We had made money. Hamlet had an occasional fit of melancholy and upon one or two occasions had an attack of "tramp fever," as Cy called it, and it was with difficulty we persuaded him to remain. Cy was contented and happy. But notwithstanding my success I was unhappy and often wretched. My desire to see Elsie had increased to such an extent I knew not a moment of comfort.

I was alone in the editorial room at the close of the day's work. Cy came in for a chat.

"I've just been thinking of Sandy," said Cy, meditatively. "Good-hearted, whole-souled man. He is as honest and as true as—I was going to say the angels in heaven. You can bank on every word he says, and—"

"The great Jehoshaphat! If this haunt Cy and Bert! God bless both of you."

Sure enough it was Sandy. He had bolted into the office and cut short the compliment being paid to him by Cy, by the hearty greeting given in his words just quoted.

CHAPTER XV.

After giving us a vigorous hand shake Sandy began to talk. He had much to tell us.

"Where have you bin all this time, anyway? I didn't know you was in this place till half an hour ago. Picked up a paper at the depot and the first thing I read was your names. Then I just lit out and come straight to your office. What, this yours? Up and agoin' agin, ain't you? Shake agin, old boys. Can't keep good men down, haw-haw-haw, can you? Where have I bin? Bin to Chicago—stopped off to make connections. Still holdin' my old job. The old man called me to Chicago to look after the shippin' of some horses down to one of his farms in our neighborhood. And say, Mark, you can't guess whom I met?"

I thought I could, but said nothing. "I met Elsie. You remember Elsie, don't you? Say, Mark, she is four times better lookin' than ever. Bin with the old man four days. All through the house—big as all out 'o doors, a regular mansion. Talk about fine things! Keep a dozen hired girls and I don't know how many niggers. Say, boys, I like one of them girls. Elsie introduced me—Elsie's my friend, do you know that? Well, she is. What do you suppose she told me? She said Glorianna—that's her name—was as good as gold, and she hoped it would be a match and, it's a goin' to be, too."

"What! Are you engaged?" asked Cy, in astonishment.

"Y-a-a-s, of course we are. Met her the first day I was there. Kept company with her every night—four nights hand runnin'—and so last night I made up my mind it was now or never and so I just fired the question at her sort o' off hand and rung the bell the first shot. Pretty? There ain't a prettier gal in five states. I was a little skeery in the start, but I soon found that there was nothing to get skert about."

"Is it to be one of those long engagements?" I inquired.

"I'll be a married man in just two weeks from today by the watch. And I want both of you fellows to come to the affair. I'm goin' home to fix up things. I built a fine house on that forty of mine since you was there last. Got it all finished and fixed up in apple pie order."

We promised to attend the reception.

"And, boys, we will have a grand supper and then dance all night; how's that for high? Say, I almost forgot to tell you, they had a high old time at the old man's night before last. They called it a per—no, re—Say what is that word? Yes, reception, that's it. But it was a sight like a dance to me. I kept sort o' shady most of the time. Was in the laundry room with Glorianna and we got several good square looks at the show. They first had a big supper, late in the night, and then they coupled themselves together, and marched into a big room. The fiddler sawed away for dear life and a feller thumped away on a three cornered thing. Then some more fellers played on horns, and the deuce only knows what all they did play on. Around and around they marched, like soldiers. The men had on sharp tailed coats and white neckties, and the women—why they didn't seem to have on much of anything—nothing at all from the lower part of their shoulders up. They all seemed to be havin' a good time, but they didn't have any better time than me and Glorianna had. Say, Mark, that same Englishman was there, with his hair parted in the middle. The same one that used to come to see Elsie, you remember him, don't you?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, it's all over for him now. Tell you how it was. I and Glorianna went up in the place where they keep the flowers—a regular greenhouse up stairs. We heard somebody comin' so we just slipped behind some big plants and took a seat. In comes Elsie and that Englishman. They talked a long time and we heard every word. He told her a whole lot of stuff I can't remember. He said he had come across the wide sea to see her; that he loved her better than he did his life and that without her he didn't want to live a day longer. And then Elsie talked some. She told him she liked him very much as a friend, but she could not marry him. She wouldn't marry anybody she didn't love. Then he said he would blow his brains out, and the fool pulled out a little pistol. Elsie squared up to him like a man and told him to put it away or she would call the police. And then she cried. After a bit they got to talkin' and went down stairs. Mark, I thought of you all the time they was havin' that pow wow. I knew more than two years ago that Elsie wouldn't marry him even if he has a title. But let me tell you somethin', Mark. I know one man she would marry if she got the chance, and that's you."

Sandy's conversation was growing interesting. I ventured to inquire how he came into possession of information that would warrant him in making such a positive statement.

"Maybe it ain't fair, but I'll tell it anyway. I overheard her tell the old man how the land laid the next morning after that big blow out. The old man was worked up. He was crazy to be that Englishman's father-in-law. 'Pears the noodle head went to the old man and told him Elsie wouldn't have him. Then the old man wanted to know why. At first she wouldn't tell. But he got ugly and demanded a reason. Elsie's got some temper of her own and, she said she would die before she would marry a man she didn't love. She didn't love the Englishman, and there was only one man she did or ever could love. The old man got maddened' ever and wanted to know his name. She was obliged to tell him and she did. She said you was that man."

I had become a trifle nervous. Sandy paused for a moment, then resumed his subject.

"What did the old man say? He said she could marry you if she wanted to, but she would never get one cent of his money if she did. And then she cried like everything. I tell you I felt awful sorry for both of you. Well, it's about train time and I must be off. No, can't stay over night. Got to get home and git things ready for the weddin'. So, good bye. Don't fall to come."

With a hearty shake Sandy passed out of the door and disappeared around the next street corner.

Sandy had only told me what I already knew—what I had known from the time that we met in the park, ay, even from the time of our first meeting in that dingy printing office. The only thing for me to do was simply to do nothing. Meeting Sandy was the next best thing to meeting Elsie herself. I had noticed a change in Cy's manner. He was more cheerful than usual. He went about his work whistling or softly humming some old love song. And I had noticed letters addressed in a little fine handwriting to Mr. Cyrus Manning that came in the mail delivered at our office. One day the envelope was much larger than usual.

"Might as well make a clean breast of it," said I, you remember that face?"

"Certainly I do. That's the young lady we met at old Sammy Jones' wake."

"Correct, and her full name is Lena Perkins, and she has promised to be my wife."

"You, man! Why you take my breath," I exclaimed, for I was surprised beyond measure. The idea of his getting married had never entered my mind.

He then told me all about it. How he had written her and later had visited her at her home. It was the same old, old story, love at first sight and then the engagement ring. I thought there was too much difference in their ages, but Cy assured me that Miss Perkins was past thirty, though in appearance much younger.

(To be concluded.)

Disorder.

The widespread disorder of this civilization is primarily due to lack of order in the minds of the inhabitants of the planet.

There cannot be order external to man while his mind is in disorder, for man images forth in all things he does the perfection or imperfection of his mental state. The house that the builder builds is the counterpart in matter of the mental image of the house as it was in the mind of the architect; the pattern of the cloth that the weaver weaves, is the exact correspondence of the mental pattern formulated; and so on.

The rich blame the poor; labor antagonizes capital; the people blame the politicians, and vice versa, but in this useless strife, the real cause of all the troubles of humanity is lost sight of, and that is that "he that thinketh an evil hath already committed it."

The enemies of human beings are within their own minds, and they are ignorance, prejudice and greed. They are simply fighting the effects of their mental inharmonies, and permanent prosperity, happiness and contentment cannot be until the mind is orderly.

The symphony of Love will charm the world when each individual member of the Universal Orchestra has put in tune his own instrument. —Lucy A. Mallory in The World's Advance Thought.

Love the world and the world will love you. The more love we have the broader, straighter and smoother the Path—the more of omniscience and omnipotence we have.

Constipation Needs a Cure.

A simple relief only is not sufficient, especially if the relief is brought about by the use of salts, aloes, rhubarb, or some similar purgative or cathartic. They temporarily relieve but they weaken the bowels and make the condition worse. In constipation the bowels require strengthening, toning, and something that will assist them to do their work naturally and healthfully—in short a tonic laxative of the highest order. That is what Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is. It both relieves and permanently cures by removing the cause of the difficulty. It positively cures dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, headache and all other diseases which grow out of sick and clogged bowels. One small dose a day will cure any case, light or bad. It is not a patent medicine. The full list of ingredients goes with every package with explanation of their action. It costs nothing to try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y. All leading druggists sell it.

Items from Springfield, Mass.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield opened the fall and winter lecture season Oct. 4, with Mrs. T. L. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., to begin the work, which had practically been laid aside during the vacation months. As always, Mrs. Reynolds' work is very good; her afternoon and evening discourses were instructive and the psychometric readings given were convincing. Oct. 11 and 18, Mrs. Fannie H. Spaulding of Norwich, Conn., gave the audiences something to think over in her lecture on "The Test Work was appreciated." Oct. 25, Mrs. C. F. Fannie Allen of Stoneham, Mass., lectured. Mrs. Allen is too well known to need comment. While here, an endeavor was made to reorganize the Children's Lyceum. The Lyceum appeals to Mrs. Allen very strongly. The movement has been greeted by very fair audiences and the interest seems increasing. Some few are looking for philosophy and are not so desirous of "tests," but the majority are, as usual, looking for something convincing. Mrs. Katie M. Ham of Haverhill, Mass., lectured during November. Her first Sunday was fully appreciated; of this we will write later.

The annual election of officers was held on the evening of Nov. 10. Our hall in McKinney Block being occupied by another society, we gratefully accepted the kind offer of Dr. E. K. Parker to meet in his parlors. Nearly all members were present and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Sarah G. Haskins; first vice, C. T. Holly; second vice, Mrs. Jennie Adams; at large, Mrs. Clara Kellogg; treasurer, Mrs. Ella Wightman; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Minerva E. Proctor; board of directors, Mrs. Sarah G. Haskins, F. Cornish, Frank Nichols, C. E. Noble, Mrs. M. E. Proctor; building committee, C. F. Holly, T. Cornish, Frank Nichols, C. E. Noble, Welman C. Whitney. A vote of thanks was tendered the retiring officers and active workers who have so ably assisted during the past season, also to Dr. Parker and wife for their kind hospitality. We shall hold regular weekly meetings on Sunday afternoons and evenings at 3 and 7 p. m. Lyceum at 4:30 p. m., which is steadily gaining in both attendance and interest. Thursdays we serve supper from 5:30 to 7 p. m., followed by social and dance, when our hall is taxed to its utmost capacity.

Mrs. M. E. Proctor, cor. sec.

How a Woman Paid Her Debts.

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer business. In the past three months I have made \$600 selling Dish-washers. I never saw anything sell so easily. Every family needs a Dish-washer and will buy one when shown how beautifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes. I sell from my own home. Each Dish-washer sold brings me many orders. The dishes are washed without wetting the hands. That is why ladies want the Dish-washer. I give my experience for the benefit of anyone who may wish to make money easily. I buy my Dish-washers from the Mound City Dish-washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them for particulars. They will start you in business in your own home. L. A. C.

"Songs Before Unknown."

When Isaac Watts began to write hymns, he said that he wished to write "songs before unknown." Every one of us has for the world a song before unknown. We do not need great genius nor uncommon powers in order to sing our song. It is in our nature. God placed it there. If we are true and earnest, it will sing itself. It may not come in what is ordinarily called music or poetry, or in anything else that attracts the attention of many. Our message to the world is not so much in one thing that we can do, as in the spirit of our hearts showing itself in all that we do. Our message is our self, and because it is our self no other human being can deliver our message for us. Let us not think that we are not needed on the side of all that is good. Truth is older than the light, but the revelation of truth which God makes through every one of us, if we let him, is newer than the morning.—Ex.

Cancer of the Breast.

So many people are dying of this terrible disease. The disease is increasing with wonderful rapidity. Mrs. B. F. Southard, of Buffalo, Mo., has recently recovered from the most advanced stage of this disease by the Oil treatment of Dr. By, of Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Nancy F. Billings, of West Bridge-water, Mass., was cured by home treatment. Persons afflicted should write Dr. By for 112-page, illustrated book on the treatment of cancer in its various forms. Address Dr. W. O. By, Kansas City, Mo.

Briefs.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Boston, held session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday, Nov. 15, at 11:30. After the lesson and the answers by the children which were very interesting on the subject, "Heaven," there were readings by Bessie Truckman, Lottie Weston, Iona Stillings, Mabel Emmons, Mrs. Jones; piano duet, Mrs. Emerson and Jennie Tarplin; remarks, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Packard, Mr. Long, Mr. Berry, assistant conductor, and Mrs. Butler.—Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec.

Fitchburg, Mass. The First Spiritualist Society had large, appreciative audiences at both services Sunday, Nov. 15. The subjects of the speakers were Mrs. Annie L. Jones, Lowell, "Godliness with Contentment is Great Gain" and "Spiritualism as a Religion" were interesting, and ably presented, supplemented by spirit messages, correctly given. Mrs. Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections.—Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

First Spiritualist Society of Lowell. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller of Onset, our old time favorite speaker, occupied the platform Nov. 8 and lectured to two large and appreciative audiences.

The Boston Spiritualist Lyceum met in Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, at 1:30.

Nov. 15, with an increase in numbers. The session was interesting. The usual singing and marching were followed by recitations by Florence Bonney, Susie Tonder, Marian and Hazel Ormes (new members) and Miss Nellie Bonney; solos, Mr. Fred Taylor and Miss Parker (a new member). Remarks upon the subject of the day "What are some of the laws governing Mediumship?" were made by several present. The topic of the day was given by E. B. Packard, Lyceum closed with singing.—E. B. Packard, clerk.

Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists held its regular meeting Friday, Nov. 19, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Ave., Mabel Merritt president. Geo. A. Porter delivered an interesting lecture and gave many messages. Miss Susie Clark will be the speaker Nov. 27. Business meeting 5 p. m.; supper will be served at 6; evening lecture 7:45. A cordial welcome is extended to all.—Emma E. Zwalhen, clerk, 16 Wright St., Cambridge.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Spiritual Conference, Nov. 15 at 11 o'clock—largest attendance of the season. Subject, "Marriage and Divorce," was ably discussed by the following speakers: Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. E. S. Allen, Mr. Greives, Mr. A. F. Hill, Rev. Geo. Brewer, Prof. Henry, Dr. Brown, Mr. Baker, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Baker, Mr. Sears, Madame Carbee, Mrs. Wilkinson. Mediums and speakers taking part in spiritual meetings during the day were Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Brooks, Mr. McCullough, Madame Girard, Music, Novelty Trio; Prof. Terrill, soloist; Mrs. Grover, organist. Circle every Tuesday p. m., Wednesday evenings, and services every Thursday at 2:30. Mrs. Wilkinson's twelfth anniversary, Sunday, Dec. 6, afternoon and evening, with a fine program.—Reporter.

Armory Hall, 67 Warren St., Roxbury.—Nov. 15 meetings were held all day and were interesting to the large audiences that attended. Morning circle 11 a. m. Sunday school meeting 12:30. We are proud to say that interest in this meeting is increasing very rapidly. Afternoon and evening services were held at 3 and 7:30 p. m. Mediums assisting were Mrs. Edmunds, Mr. Marston, Mr. Clarke, Dr. Huot, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Craus, Mr. Mason, Miss Strong and Mrs. Strong.

For Over Sixty Years

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

The Anti-Vivisection Society.

EXHIBIT AT ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

The Anti-Vivisection societies of this and other countries are preparing for an Exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition next year. The project is under the management of the International Anti-Vivisection Society, headquarters in Chicago, whose Secretary and Treasurer, Judge E. L. Spence, of Tolwene, Ill., is now actively engaged in arranging the details. Mr. Spence has the sympathy and co-operation of such well-known and active humane workers as Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Lydia A. Irons, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, Mrs. E. Irene Root, Mrs. C. E. White, Pres. H. O. Houghton of the Maryland Anti-Vivisection Society, Mr. J. M. Greene of the N. E. Anti-Vivisection Society, Miss M. J. Carr, American Anti-Vivisection Society.

No pains will be spared to make the exhibit a success. Life-like models of animals under Vivisection will be displayed, as well as actual instruments used in that practice, and an abundance of literature on all phases of the subject. A resting room for friends especially interested will be furnished. The management will make efforts to provide an attendant, able to converse in French and German, and appropriate literature in those languages will be supplied. The subject of humane education, especially for the young, will find a place in this exhibit, as its promoters are confident that by that means only the greatest progress in anti-cruelty work of whatever kind can be made.

Such an Exhibit, rendered attractive with humane pictures, free literature, etc., will necessitate a considerable outlay of money; therefore all friends of the cause, in all parts of the world, are earnestly invited to contribute. Years ago a small anti-vivisection booth, established at the Chicago World's Fair by Mrs. Fairchild Allen, created so great an interest as to result in a wide correspondence and the rapid growth of the Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society. The proposed exhibit, therefore, cannot fail to greatly advance the cause. All contributions and pledges should be sent to Secretary Spence by the 1st of December, so that an estimate can be made of the resources; one-fifth of each contribution to be paid when the pledge is made, the balance to be called for when the subscriptions reach \$2,500 and the exhibit is assured.

The N. E. Anti-Vivisection Society, Per E. C. Dix, sec.

The Emerson Union for Ideal Culture.

I think sometimes could I only have music on my own terms, could I live in a great city and know where I could go whenever I wished the ablation and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Soul alone knows soul,
To none but soul is soul revealed.—Persian.

The one condition coupled with the gift of truth is its use.—Emerson.

Be a gift and a benediction.—Emerson.

AIM.

To evolve the Emersonian Spirit, and to develop, by class-work and lectures, a love for Truth, an understanding of what true Education means, and a desire for true Living.

PLAN IN OUTLINE.

A class in Exoterics will study Nature through her symbols, or outward expression, learning therefrom her laws and how to apply them.

"The business of the state is the culture of the individual."

A class in Esoterics will study what is distinctly Emersonian in the Concord Seer's writings, and thus learn of the Light within.

"The soul is the perceiver and revealer of Truth."

Another class will study Emerson and his writings.

A general class will study Music with a view to its uses and how to apply them; and also study the ways and means, methods and practices whereby right Living, true Citizenship, true Fraternity, and Ideal Being may be realized.

On all occasions music will be invoked to especially prepare the mind and spirit for the reception of Truth.

"Go, speed the stars of Thought
On to their shining goals;
The slower sootier broad his seed,
The wheat thou strew'st 'neath his seed."

The introductory quotations shall serve as a text for mutual effort in making it a reality, in Boston, that in one city, at least, the public may know where it can go for Music's healing balm. (Heal, to make whole.)

Subscriptions to further this Ideal will be gratefully accepted.

"Moral sentiment shall write the law of the land."
For printing and running expenses, the small fee of one dollar is asked of students, for the year. This admits to all regular class-work, yet the pupil unable to pay this amount shall be welcome on payment of such sum as he can afford. Students of ample means shall gladly pay more in proportion to same.

Persons far and near are invited to become students. Typewritten reports of regular lessons will be made when practicable and sent to non-resident students. Price of these to the public, ten cents a copy.

"He (the scholar) shall understand that the teachers will accept a fee, that he shall proportion it to the sense of benefits received and his means."

All meetings open to the public. Admission ten cents.

A circulating library for use of the pupils is part of the plan. Gifts for this will be valued.

Meetings are held in Pierce Building, Copley square, near Public Library, Sundays, 4 p. m.

Address all communications to Emerson Union, Back Bay P. O., Boston, Mass. Care Christine Brown.

Music is a direct mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life.—Beethoven.

Music brings out what of heroic lurks anywhere.—Thoreau.

There is no truer truth obtainable by man than comes of Music.—Browning.

I cannot conceive the Spirit of Music as aught but Love.—Wagner.

November Announcement.

EMERSON UNION FOR IDEAL CULTURE.

The class in Exoterics is conducted by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, the general topic for study being Human Culture, According to Nature's Laws.

The class in Esoterics opens in December, the inspiration for its study being found in the Emerson Centenary Souvenir Card's quotations. For sale by the Union, 25 cents each.

The General class is conducted by Christine Brown.

Classes meet every Sunday at four o'clock, Room 46, Pierce Building, Copley square.

Service for healing through Music, Sundays, from 12 to 1, Room 46, Pierce Building, Copley square.

Week-day classes will open as the demand for them is made. Class-work will be conducted wherever the number of students applying will guarantee it.

May the Guiding Star of Truth beckon all to some effort of realization, and with Music's kindly help, send a wave across the lands for Truth, Health and Justice.

The union will be addressed during the season by the following friends to its work and spirit:

Mr. B. O. Flower, Founder of the Arena, Lecturer and Author.

Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Physicist and Inventor, Tufts College.

Prof. D. L. Mauley, Doctor of Literature, Tufts College.

Mr. M. Woodbury Sawyer, Metaphysician, Mr. Homer B. Sprague, Author and Lecturer.

Mrs. E. J. E. Thorpe, Teacher and Author, and others who will be announced in connection with the weekly reports of the Emerson Union.

Many mothers administer Piso's Cure when their children have Spasmodic Croup.

Good News.

One of the truly progressive and spiritual societies of our state will be found in the city of Marlboro, holding meetings in G. A. R. hall on alternate Sundays from October to May and a week evening monthly supper and social. The society is well officered by representative men and women of Marlboro and occupies a high standing among the religious and social organizations of that city. Its membership is composed of men and women who not only believe in unity of action but endeavor to carry their belief into uniform practice. This organization is one of the few that have abolished the door fee at their Sunday meetings, which is notably a move in the right direction, the expenses being met by subscriptions and collections.

Those who are fortunate enough to be called to the Marlboro platform always find a warm and cordial welcome awaiting them and undoubtedly are recipients of the power emanating from the high and noble impulses of these hospitable people. The reason is very plain, why everybody is pleased to pay a visit to this well organized body, all strangers within their gates are made especially subjects of care and receive their unbending hospitality, thereby creating that harmonious atmosphere which is so requisite for the best results.

Sunday afternoon and evening, November 1, the services were conducted by the writer. Large and appreciative audiences were in attendance, especially in the evening, when the hall was filled to its capacity.

May this body of true and earnest workers long live to spread the glad tidings of liberal thought, and their efforts be crowned with unbounded success.

E. Bralntree, Mass. Carrie F. Loring.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Last Sunday Rev. Frederick A. Wiggins, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, 177 Huntington Avenue, spoke upon the subject, "Power of Spirit," and said "Spirit is back of every expression of power, and every orderly expression of power implies intelligence."

Intelligence is associated with power, even in its most erratic and destructive antics. There can be no action without power, and again, every action implies thought and purpose.

Electricity would have remained to this hour an untamed element of nature, spending itself in affrighting the children of earth with its fantastic displays of light and rumbling thunder, produced by its impact upon the atmosphere, had it not been discovered by its destruction of life and property that it was a power.

The mighty rivers would now be flowing on, causing no wheel to sing the glad song of honest industry, had man's attention not been arrested by the phenomenon of the water's power, as it supported him upon its surface, or with its flowing swept him to his physical death.

The thousands of wind-mills throughout the land would not now be nursing at the liquid veins of mother-earth, bringing forth refreshing waters for life, had the wind in its mighty sweep not demonstrated its power as it swept down forests or razed buildings to the ground.

There must, in the very nature of things, have been an intelligent person even in the untamed exhibitions of these elements of power.

It seems like a proclamation from High Heaven that all nature is bent upon the destruction of every physical expression of life until man is aroused to such a thoughtful state as to be able to solve the problems involved in these expressions and turns his destroyer into a servant, or perhaps better stated, into a friendly co-operator.

If it is claimed that the law of chemical affinity is all that is necessary to account for all the intelligent application of power, as well as for all future application, to the needs of life, we are under the necessity for inquiring concerning the Author of this marvelous "Formula," which compounds and affinitizes Consciousness to the general adjustment of all things.

It has been discovered that hydrogen 2 and oxygen, with unerring precision, constitute water. Man, however, did not formulate this chemical law; he merely discovered it. The formula is in the mind of Infinite Wisdom, or the Universal Spirit.

Man cannot establish a formula for creating power (or anything else), but the power of spirit working through him may formulate systems by which power can be applied in such manner as to always prove beneficial and never destructive. Everything is either power or the expression of power, but deprive everything of spirit and everything would be void of power.

Until the formulative spirit can be better comprehended, we shall be compelled to live in the midst of "Form." We can know but little independent of form until we can come to know something of the spirit in, by and through which we live, move and have a being.

At best, man's present ability for comprehending spirit, leaves him with but slight power to comprehend every action of spirit as little, if any, in advance of an automatic process of nature to an attempt to escape chaos and establish order.

There will yet dawn an unfolding of consciousness sufficient to understand, not only the consequent results of properly applied formulas, having in view the cosmos, but also to appreciate the formulative mind which gave to the formula its power. Until then, perhaps we can do no better than to use the loose language of "Automatic processes of Nature," "Chemical Affinity," etc.

An interpretation of the purpose of all power may be to properly direct and potentiate, truly cultivate and justly respect all "Form," holding constantly in view, that by cultivation of these virtues, we are being graduated from such appreciation as is solely related to "Form and Formula" to a consciousness of the principle or spirit of which these have been but only a reflection.

Change or Progression.

Recently I saw advertised this subject for a discourse by one of the pastors of the city, "Have Orthodox Ministers Changed Their Theology?" I was very much interested in the subject and would like to have heard the discourse but circumstances prevented.

No matter in what phase of life we go, we find change and advancement. The idea was common in Biblical times as well as in our own time of getting some of the necessities of life out of the ground. The earth was made to bring forth fruits and vegetables to help us provide nourishment for the body. But in what a great many ways has the manner of this providing changed. Compare the implements used in this work at that time and at the present time and note the great and varied improvements. And yet the fundamental idea is the same. To obtain from the ground some of the edibles we all so much desire.

As in the tilling of the soil, so in every other avenue of life. Why should we feel that our religion should be exempt from this universal law? Of course all religions have changed. But you will find that the fundamental truth of all is the one and the same grand old theme: The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God. No matter what the theology may be, these with the Love of God to mankind are the fundamentals. Of course the setting of these truths are so altered to fit the various doctrines, but it is there in every one.

So far as fundamentals go there has been no change and furthermore there never will be. So far as the expression of those fundamentals are concerned I would not give much for the theology that could not advance with the time. The old idea that although we may hail any advancement along any other line except religion as fast disappearing and are about ready to accept any progression.

Testimonials.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Sept. 30, 1903.
Having in use one of Mr. Perry's Gas Extracting Syringes, I can cheerfully recommend it. An article calculated to benefit the general public, and think a more general use of such an article would be a great promoter and preserver of health.

DR. W. H. ROTHERMEL,
No. 30 West Market St.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Oct. 17, 1903.
This is to Certify, That my daughter was taken very sick last May with what the doctor called appendicitis. He said that an operation would be necessary, and that if the case did not improve by the next day, he would call in a surgeon. We then heard of Mr. Perry's Gas Extracting Syringe, and were advised to get one, which we did, and operated it according to directions, which brought immediate relief. When the doctor called next day, not knowing what had been done, said it was typhoid fever, as all the bad symptoms had disappeared. In a few days she was fully recovered from the fever and soon got well.

A short time afterwards my sister-in-law was very sick after confinement, and the doctors, not being successful in relieving her, I advised the use of my Gas-Extracting machine, which was used with good results. I can speak from my own experience and recommend it to the public as a valuable instrument, and that it will do all that is claimed for it.

MRS. H. J. PHILLIPS,
No. 21 South Sherman St.

Dr. J. M. Peebles of Battle Creek, Michigan, an old and successful healer, says of the Perry Extracting Syringe as follows:

Battle Creek, Mich., June 12, 1903.

Mr. J. R. Perry,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Dear Sir:—Your letter with enclosed circular at hand. This apparatus which you have seems to me to be a most useful and valuable addition to the surgical and other instruments which we now have. It ought to prove invaluable in a great many difficulties.

Wishing you unbounded success in the introduction of this instrument, I remain,
Very truly yours,
J. M. PEEBLES.

37 Beach St., Battle Creek, Mich.

Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavor to create something perfect; for God is perfection, and whoever strives for it strives for something Godlike.—M. Angelo.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND NEVER SUSPECT IT.



An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. E. Austin of New York City.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1902.
A little over a year ago I was taken with severe pains in my kidneys and bladder. They continued to give me trouble for over two months and I suffered untold misery. I became weak, emaciated and very much run down. I had great difficulty in retaining my urine, and was obliged to pass water very often night and day. After I had used a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which you so kindly sent me on my request, I experienced great relief. I immediately bought of my druggist two large bottles and continued taking it regularly. I am pleased to say that Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I can now stand on my feet all day without having any bad symptoms whatever. You are at liberty to use this testimonial letter if you wish.

Gratefully yours,

Mrs. E. Austin.
19 Nassau St.

The mild and prompt effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Recommended and taken by physicians, used in hospitals and endorsed by people of prominence everywhere. To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you, a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and be sure to mention reading this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., in every bottle.

Effect of Emotions.

I have discovered that bad and unpleasant feelings create harmful, unwholesome products in the body which are physically injurious. Good, pleasant, benevolent and cheerful feelings create beneficial products which are physically helpful. These products may be detected by the chemical analysis in the perspiration and secretion of the individual. To sum it up, it is found that for each bad emotion there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body, which is life-depressing and poisonous. Contrariwise, every good emotion makes life-promoting changes. A noble and generous action blossoms the doer as well as the beneficiary. Every thought which enters the mind is registered in the brain by a change in the structure of its cells. The change is a physical change more or less permanent.—Professor Elmer Gates.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

God always opens the doors of hope when we are bowed down with grief and sorrow if we but appeal to Him. The Angels are always striving to reach, teach, help, lead, direct and guide us. We fumble and stumble and faint, only as we keep our hearts and minds closed to the All Good. "Oh, Father, help me!" uttered in silent fervent prayer is all-powerful, and helps us more than a million years of thinking, theorizing and philosophizing.—Frank Harrison.

THE MELODIES OF LIFE.

A new collection of Words and Music for the Choir, Organ and Piano. Combining "Golden Melodies" and "Spiritual Echoes," with the addition of thirty pages New Music. By S. W. TUCKER.

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BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO., 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., has for sale a complete assortment of books, pamphlets, and other literature, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogues and lists of books on request.

THREE CASES.—Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or as much cash as the bill amounts to, if any, and be paid C. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

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

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

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1903.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

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No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce Building, Copley Sq.

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and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

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A. W. Brown.....President.
Erving F. Symonds.....Treas. and Bus. Man.
Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Apage Line.
DISCOUNTS.
3 months.....10 per cent.
6 ".....25 " "
12 ".....40 " "

900 lines to be used in one year, 10 per cent.
500 lines to be used in one year, 25 per cent.
1000 lines to be used in one year, 40 per cent.

50 per cent. extra for special position.
Special Notices forty cents per line. Minors, extra insertion.
Notice in the editorial columns, large type, inserted matter, fifty cents per line.
No extra charge for extra or double columns.
Width of columns 2 7/16 inches.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 9 A. M. on Saturday a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

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

Thanksgiving.

As a forerunner of Thanksgiving the Salvation Army girl appeared on the street with her collection box. She had a tired, cold, dumb look. We waited some time for a car on the same corner and in the same chilling wind. It made us think. We went home and, with one arm extended, held a broom for five minutes, as she held up the pole on which the collection box is fastened. During the next five we leaned against the wall. Then we started out to learn what the world thinks of Thanksgiving, of its observance, of the Governor's proclamations, of the public dinners, the Salvation Army girl, the spiritual significance of the day, etc. You may like to hear the spontaneous expression of thought just as it was given to us by a few of those whom we encountered.

M. C. B.

Physician's View.

When seen at his office a few days ago, a well-known physician was found busy dispensing medicine and good cheer, perhaps more of the latter than the former, to his patients. As a successful, popular member of his profession, one who is ever ready with a smile, a hearty handshake and pleasant word for all who come to him, and who takes a genuine, sympathetic interest in their condition, whether physical or mental, we judged that he would have something to say that would be of value to our readers.

He welcomed the writer, and between telephone and office calls, responded to his queries with cordial sincerity, until called away to the bedside of a dying baby.

What do I think of Thanksgiving as an institution? I think it is a fine thing to have the whole nation, as one individual, join in a great holiday. We do not have holidays enough. They have a tendency to make people hopeful, happy and cheerful.

In the hurry and worry of our everyday work, we are too serious. We are inclined to drift towards pessimism; but when the holiday comes round, people throw off care, put on their good clothes, visit their friends and neighbors, rest and think of brighter things. They are more cheerful and optimistic around a holiday table than during the daily hurried business like meal.

THE TRUE SPIRIT.

How would I proclaim Thanksgiving? Something in the same manner as it is now proclaimed, only putting a little different

spirit into it. We naturally give thanks. Each individual gives thanks in his own way. The old fashioned idea was that we should make it a religious festival, but to me that is not the best way to show thankfulness. The ideal way is to make others happy, and we can do that by inviting them to our homes, and offering them good food, good feeling and good spirits in abundance.

It is a splendid custom to have that kind of a holiday at the end of the season—the harvest. It, of course, started when the country was largely rural. The farmers and their families had worked hard, had planted, cultivated and finally harvested their crops. It was natural to take a day of rest. There is a feeling, more or less, of spirituality, of thankfulness in people's hearts at such a time, and it seems very proper to have a holiday and to call it a thanksgiving day.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

It is a day on which people should not only have banquets and guests, but their minds should turn to the wants of those who are not as prosperous, and they should take an interest in the giving of gifts and the spreading of tables for the benefit of the poor—not necessarily those in distress only, but those who do not have the luxuries of life.

One of the best things that have come down to us from Christ's teaching is the feeding of the multitude. More can be accomplished in a moral way with the lower classes when they are well fed. People who are well fed are not apt to be vicious. In that respect man shows his animal nature. If his stomach is full, he is more contented. It is the hungry man, in my estimation, that is naturally vicious. So I believe good dinners given to people who are poor and unaccustomed to good meals accomplish more than sermons.

COLLECTION BOXES A BLESSING

I think those people who stand on the street corners collecting money for holiday dinners are a great blessing to the "better class" so called. They rush along with minds full of business and with no thought of the more unfortunate ones. They come up against those boxes and they are brought to their senses. They think of the other half of the world and perhaps stop to drop in a dime or a quarter. They feel better for it. I do not believe anybody ever regretted putting a piece of money into one of those boxes.

Did you ever notice the effect of stopping in a big crowd that is coming and going, speaking to one of those women and putting some money in the box? By merely stopping you have blocked up the way. Others stop, observe you and perhaps follow suit. I have purposely stopped, put in a dime, stepped one side and watched to see how many dimes that dime drew. One time I counted ten that I believe were due entirely to the first dime.

PESSIMISM.

No, I do not think there is room in the mind of any intelligent man or woman for pessimism. Perhaps if you just take individual days, months or even years of your own life, you could be pessimistic. But those are your barren seasons, and during such seasons you should not try to bear fruit, for you could not bear good fruit and there ought not to be a market for bitter, sour, useless fruit.

If we were to keep a careful account of debit and credit on the causes for pessimism and optimism for a single month, we would find that we had so many more things to be thankful for than otherwise, that there would only be enough on the side of pessimism to account for its bare existence.

That is the way I feel about this world as a whole, and while, as I said, I do not look upon the religious side of Thanksgiving as many do, a man who is not an orthodox Christian can be thankful, and it is just as proper for an atheist, an agnostic, a Spiritualist as for a Catholic, a Protestant, a Mohammedan or the believer in any form of religion.

I repeat that I feel every man at the end of every day has more to be thankful for than otherwise.

As a Lawyer Sees It.

Lawyers are often regarded as cold-blooded logicians on all subjects and devoid of sentiment, save when a display of it serves them in addressing a jury. In reality, outside of the court room they are found to be wonderfully natural, amenable human beings.

We were admitted into the office of one who has the reputation of winning and of being, as a rule, on the right side of the case. He is a small, quick motioned, pleasant voiced man, with a keen eye and alert manner. He began his career in one of the law departments at Washington but not being able to submit easily to limitations, he escaped, took an office in the law center of Boston, and by his own efforts made his way toward the front. There is every indication that he is a man with a future.

When asked his view of Thanksgiving, he replied with a quizzical smile: If you would ask me something about law, I should feel quite at home, but as for giving thanks in spoken prayer, I have not done it since I was ten years old. Until then I had not gotten over the fear of God, because he was a great, big, solemn thing. I was brought up a Presbyterian. Now I am a Unitarian when I stop to put on a label.

Seriously, I do not think the formulation of prayer is necessary. I do think that in an emergency everybody does things which amount to prayer. I get into an emergency and I often receive the clearest conceptions of a situation. I believe it is due to the assertion of the upper brain power rather than the lower. At all events the solutions come like flashes of light.

As for holidays, they are a break in the monotony of work, and a good thing. People may talk against the manner of proclaiming Thanksgiving, (and it might be well for each governor to put something of in-

dividuality into his proclamation), but I believe that the great mass would be dissatisfied if the idea of giving thanks "for the blessings received" were not embodied in it. Whether from the religious instruction they have received at the age of first impressions, or not, I do not know; certain it is that, whether atheist or agnostic, the majority of people recognize a higher, creating, directing power. I shall always remember the words of Robert Ingersoll over the body of his brother. He thought the world of that brother. He claimed to be an atheist; he was really an agnostic, and his utterances of hope at that time were perhaps an indication of what every man feels—conviction in a higher power and hope of a future existence.

HOLIDAY DINNERS

I certainly think the public dinners given on Thanksgiving and other holidays are beneficial. They give the children—especially a great deal of satisfaction while they are going on, and afterwards satisfaction in the memory; and I am thoroughly in favor of helping to provide a pleasant and an unusual memory.

I often drop a dime into the collection boxes. They represent to me simply the method of obtaining the means, and I never thought much more about it. I don't think the mass of people do. Perhaps it is cruel to expose those women to all kinds of weather, but it had not occurred to me before. I always thought it was necessary for some body of people to reach a class that none of the organized churches can reach. Several of our denominations have started from such beginnings. After a while they make a form of their religion, and end by establishing a church and a clergyman and devoting a few hours of the week to religious observations. Then another body comes in and takes up the drag work.

My early recollections of Thanksgiving were on the farm. And there are some very pleasant memories of the coming together of the members of the different branches, the exchange of thought and ideas, the relation of experiences and all that sort of thing. It certainly has left a prejudice in my mind in favor of Thanksgiving that all the rest combined never has.

A Business Man's Opinion.

As we enter the office of a typical, up-to-date business man, we note the neatness and method manifested in the place and in the man. In his large roll-top desk there are no pigeon holes to accumulate dust. Instead there are numberless little drawers each bearing a label. Within reach of his hand, and quite properly labeled, there seems to be everything he can possibly want in his work, from a directory to a stenographer. The office is conducted by private wire with every place but heaven (and perhaps heaven by invisible wire). Surely perfect order is a law of heaven. The Postal Telegraph and the Western Union companies respond to the turn of his hand; and as he whirls about in his revolving chair, we feel as if we are being drawn into the wonderful world of business, and are so fascinated by a sudden realization of the immensity of it all, that we long to ask him to initiate us into the mysteries instead of opening a discussion upon the subject of holidays.

He mechanically slips his pencil back in its place, restores a little notebook to his pocket, turns upside down some paper upon which he has been making calculations, and with that rare power of concentration which comes from a thorough training, devotes his thought to the question of Thanksgiving as if it were the only thing of importance at that moment.

Yes, I believe in Thanksgiving. It gives people a chance to rest by working harder when they play than they work when they work.

Can't say I do believe in giving the newsboys a big dinner once or twice a year, because there is not enough to go around. Of course it gives them a good time, but really it is an unjust discrimination, and it is a waste of good material. The same material spread around, by the Army's usual methods of distribution, would go much further and do a great deal more good in relieving actual necessity.

Go on to the street and watch the crowd that comes away from one of those dinners. The kids have played a grab game, and in each one's pockets are several trumpets, woolly lambs, jumping jacks and a lot of other things, more than they need, a surplus. Their stomachs are overloaded in the same way, and the next day they are sick. It simply is a good thing overdone.

Such a time may possibly teach the children to attach a certain significance to the day, which later in life may make them more charitable and kind to others. But when you hear them boasting to each other over what they got, and when you see them bartering their presents back and forth, you wonder if the right purpose has been accomplished. I question whether it reaches the right spot in their hearts. I would a great deal rather contribute to the support of the regular, organized work, because I believe such work is doing good.

I cannot say I object to the girls standing on the corners collecting money. It is all a part of the game. There has never been any great movement of revolution or reform that did not involve the apparent reckless, needless sacrifice of comfort, health and life. Without any question, were I endowed with sufficient time and money, I should probably try to revolutionize a great many things; but the men who are real reformers, who are at the crest of the wave, are compelled to work with the weapons they have at hand. They cannot wait until somebody comes along with millions. If the leaders of these movements were all merely dreamers and idealists, and there were no hard headed, hard fisted practical people to put their shoulders to the wheel, they never would accomplish anything.

The work of the Salvation Army is not what many people think it is. It is not a work of words, although they do talk a great deal on the street corners, but it is a work of deeds; and they are working among a people that cannot eat words, or drink words, or sleep on words. Something has to "be doing" in order to reach them; and quietly, unaccompanied by the blare of trumpets, they hunt along the byways of life and administer not only to physical but mental and spiritual needs of the common people.

I believe in giving perpetual thanks, but it is well enough to set a special time and have a special occasion for that purpose, because there are many who do not give perpetual thanks. The trouble with most thanksgiving sermons is that a pretty big dose is dealt out at one time. It is about the same as the feeding; they get too much to digest in the way of mental food, as the children do of physical food.

But anything that brings the people harmoniously together, reunites the family circle, brings them into friendly intercourse where there is a fraternal exchange of thought, is calculated to do good; it does do good.

One Woman's Idea.

Any holiday is good if the main thought of the people is to help others and there are beautiful, sacred home centres from which the radiations of Divine Love are beacon lights for the world. But too often the thought of selfishness is instilled into the minds of children and older people. Their whole idea is how much will we receive? Instead of being imbued with the purpose of loving service for others.

The Salvation Army is doing a splendid work, but I never see one of the girls, with little, blue, pinched faces, standing in one position for hours, during the bleak, cold weather, that I do not feel like saying to her: "Go into the house. This is no fit place for you; you are jeopardizing your health, breking yourself down, and the country needs, more than anything else, healthy men and women."

Some of the methods of the Salvation Army, I think, are wrong. I do not believe the end ever justifies the means. If all reform has been attended with the sacrifice of earth life, it is because the history of the world is the history of an undeveloped people. As we advance we need not pursue the same methods. It is not necessary to kill in order to save.

The real idealist is more practical than the man with a sledge hammer. One of the best examples of the practical idealist is Froebel. He ever kept the Perfect before the children and by the great art—unselfish love—unfolded every beautiful faculty. The same loving methods employed to teach the infant should be used to educate all people, old or young, if we would have a real reformation.

The belief that reformers are pressed for time is a mistake. It is not justifiable, in order to save those in the slums to shorten the earth lives of the girls and boys of the Army. The workers in the Salvation Army are taught to disregard all comfort and physical welfare for themselves, which, to me, is wrong. The soul can never perfectly express through an imperfect organ and it is a sacred duty to be well, strong and beautiful.

Reformers should take time to devise methods of work. I say, more slowly, consistently, harmoniously. Do what you can do without breaking a law. We see people everywhere hurrying, and scrambling to gratify their desires; in their mad haste really destroying the beautiful things of life—glorious men, women and children. To gain the real, to develop people in the mansions as well as in the slums, God's (Nature's) laws should ever be adhered to.

What an Insurance Agent Observes.

An agent who solicits life insurance, and collects the premiums from week to week among the industrial class, has an opportunity of observing the home life of the people from the inside. One agent remarked: As a matter of course, after a time we are taken into the kitchen and asked to share the family troubles. Our calls are not made dress-up affairs, and we see the people as they are in their every-day lives.

I have become great friends with one couple that carries insurance with our company. They are dear old people. She is eighty years old; he is eighty-three. I was there this week and she was telling me that at eighty years of age she is doing the work for five people. "Father and I," she said with a little air of confidence, "we sometimes get a little cross, but it only lasts a minute. Then we are all right again. We never did have any real trouble. I never knew what it was to want for anything to eat, and now Thanksgiving's comin' and we just wish we could do somethin' for others. Thanksgiving's our great day. My boys all come home, and we have an old-fashioned dinner: turkey and cranberry sass, and turnip and tomatoes and all the fixin's. Father's eighty-three years old, but he always carves the turkey just the same."

An old friend that he hadn't seen for years was visiting him. They had been chums when they were boys, and they just enjoyed getting together again. While I was there they got ready to go down town, and she helped them off. "Now father," she said, "you be careful what you do today," and she fussed around them as if they were boys twelve years old. As she watched them going down the street, she smiled and nodded her head in a happy, motherly way: "Now those boys will have a good time today. They'll come home tired and I will have somethin' nice for 'em."

Then she showed me around the house. It is a really old fashioned home in the city of Boston. There aren't any fancy things in it, but it is comfortable and cozy. When you get in there you want to take off your hat and coat and stay awhile. They are of the common people and still they have a little money.

"Father and I have enjoyed life ever since I can remember. Of course we have our little squabbles like everybody does, but they don't matter a mite."

She always has the money ready for me when I come; if she didn't she'd have a fit. She'll run and get it, and then sit down by me and talk as if I was an old friend. Suddenly she will remember that she didn't get the "books for me, and she'll futter after them and protest: "Now just think how forgetful I am growin' to be!"

She is one of the dearest old ladies I ever met, and I love to go there.

EATING PROMOTES SOCIABILITY.

The dinners? I think they are great. They create a good fellowship that doesn't exist in any other way. It may be a coarse observation, but there is more truth than poetry in it, that "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach". There is nothing that makes the ordinary person expand more, be more sociable, and inclined to do the right thing than to sit down to a scrumptious feast with a lot of people.

Go to a strange country where you don't know a soul. You meet one or two people and they go in somewhere with you and have dinner. You get acquainted, and talk while you eat and you feel better.

One time I was in Chicago and, to tell the truth, my funds were pretty low and I was half a mind to feel blue. I didn't know anybody, and I didn't think much of the situation. A man happened to speak to me; we got to talking, dropped into a restaurant, and had a cheap luncheon. We had a real sociable time and I know it did me good. I have never seen him since. He said he was pleased to have met me; I returned the compliment, and it connected me in a natural way with the world again.

STREET BOYS.

The Thanksgiving dinner has done a great deal for the newsboy, to my certain knowledge. There is no city in the United States today where the newsboys are so prominent as in Grand Rapids, Michigan. They have a Newsboys' Band, their own gymnasium, their free reading room. Their band is an excellent one too. There are about forty or fifty boys in it. And the Thanksgiving dinners brought all this about.

The boys are just as proud as can be of going to that dinner, and bank on it as other children bank on getting Christmas presents. Boys that never thought of washing their hands will scrub for half an hour and slick themselves up the best they know how before going to the dinner. They march in as proud as William K. Vanderbilt. They laugh and talk and have a good time, and they start out the next day with more vim and the feeling that the world has an interest in them.

The street boys appreciate the good hearty food they get, because a good many of the little shavers don't know what it is to have a good feed; but they benefit more by the sympathy and good fellowship if the dinners are carried on properly. It gives them an idea how to behave when they do go where dinners are served. They are educated in those matters as they could be in no other way so well.

It pays to train the newsboys too. There aren't any braver or more intelligent people in the world. They know all the news of the day. On politics and governmental affairs in general they can tell you more than can half the voters of the country today. They are self educated by their wits and general observation, and they have more influence than people realize in making aldermen and mayors, in deciding the success of a play, and so on. If you want information go to those boys. They may twist the names a little, and their language may startle you, but they know what is going on.

They are cheerful and make the best of what comes to them. I remember at the time of the big snow storm in Boston, I saw two little shavers crossing the park carrying a bundle of washing. The snow was flying and it was cold. The bundle was about four times larger than the boys, and they had to set it down every few minutes and slap their hands together. But they looked up at me with a smile when I spoke to them:

"Pretty hard work, isn't it, boys?"

"Yes, sir, it's kind a' cold, but we're takin' the washin' home fer mother. She's got to have the money", and they trudged along taking it as a matter of course.

That is the spirit of the American street boys today. They are impudent of course, but who wouldn't be, if he slept half the time in dry goods boxes and didn't know where the next cent was coming from?

I saw one of them a few days ago and asked him what he was going to do Thanksgiving:

"Going to have a big dinner."

"Where are you going to get it?"

"Salvation Army, of course."

"Do you go there every year?"

"You bet!"

"How do you get in?"

"Oh, we just get into line and march up, and we have a bully dinner."

One Salvation Army Girl

When questioned said she had to come on duty with the collection box at nine in the morning and remain all day until nine in the evening with half an hour for dinner and supper.

No, I don't think I get discouraged, she said. Sometimes I am pretty tired and awfully cold, and I don't like standing here at all. But it is a part of my work, part of what I agreed to do when I became a member of the Army. I feel that I am doing my duty, and when you're doing your duty you generally feel pretty good.

Yes, I catch cold at times; but we are out in all kinds of weather and of course we get accustomed to it before the extreme cold weather comes. The hardest time is the beginning of the fall of the year, when the middle of the days are warm and the nights come on cold.

We get fifty cents a day. That is considered enough for our needs. The rest of the money goes to the poor of the city.

DEAR THANKSGIVING.

Let us sing of hope and trust,
Let us speak of love and cheer;
Let the dust return to dust,
While we feel the loved are near!

Never one of those we love,
Can escape far from our sight;
All the stars that shine above,
Beam on us with golden light!

Beauty lingers in the thought,
As the sunset in the gold;
When our dead to us are brought—
In the feast we now behold!

They are with us here today,
So we can true bliss afford,
As they sweetest greeting say—
While we sit around the board!

Let us sing of hope and cheer,
Let us bravely do our part,
Those we love are always near—
Making music in the heart!

William Brewster.

Here and Hereafter.

Charles Dawbarn.

PREFACE.

A very talented author, in a work just published condenses all that Science knows and guesses up to date. He assures us that neither mentally, morally, nor physically has the human race varied, to any great extent, in the last ten or fifteen thousand years. The change in that time, he tells us, has not been more than from that of a Bushman in Africa to his Zulu neighbor.

Such progress as the world has gained has depended altogether upon invention and the use of mechanical appliances. Any such advance was impossible in the past for there was a cultivated contempt for what are called practical things. Even Plato denounced them as debasing geometry. So physical mechanism was counted as merely a branch of the military art, and despised by philosophers.

The real obstacle to progress was the very limited senses of man. His five senses give him a very inaccurate and unreliable notion of the world in which he lives, so that until he had invented new and better senses progress was impossible. These invented senses are really all we have today in which we surpass the past. Man's sense of seeing, hearing and feeling is far better than anything which he was endowed by his mother Nature. For instance, some four thousand stars were about all the ancient man was able to see and count. The man of today could do no better were it not that the eye of the camera he has invented shows him hundreds of millions. And he has even invented new senses, and it is the knowledge gained through these new senses, which largely constitutes the science of today. A few such items will be alluded to as showing both the author's claims, and also his effort to destroy all belief in immortality, which destruction seems to be the real object of his book.

He is especially eloquent in describing what he calls "the world beyond our senses," and elaborates the divisions of space by the scientist into micro-microns, which bear, he tells us, the same relation to an inch as an inch bears to fifteen miles. This is not merely to show how far the man of science has traveled, but to explain that by such careful and accurate weights, measures and analyses he has discovered that all things are merely electrical. Every affinity is merely a question of positive and negative electricity. This he declares accounts for attractions and repulsions, but it seems rather hard on the lad and lassie who fancy that love is all in all. They are evidently mistaken, and should be taught that love is merely an expression of electricity. Perhaps meters may be presently invented that will measure the quantity of electricity in a lover's kiss.

Still our learned author is apparently disgusted at the limits to his scientific investigation of natural phenomena. For instance, he runs against "critical points!" which block his progress. Nature occasionally and in the most arbitrary manner changes her method of advance, whereupon the poor scientist proclaims it a "critical point," and makes a hop, skip and a jump across the intervening space. For instance, we can mentally halve anything, but half a molecule of water is no longer water, but gas. There is the same result if you try to halve a molecule of, say, sugar, cotton or salt. When you break up their molecules you have merely oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, etc. So the molecule is in itself evidently one of Nature's critical points, a fact of which we shall presently see the import.

Science has discovered, so our author tells us, that life is nothing but a series of fermentations, a different kind of yeast plant for each organ in the body. He repeats the old claim that without phosphorus there can be no thought. He defines nervous substance as "matter which thinks." He acknowledges that there is no longer a dividing line between plant, animal, vegetable, inanimate and inanimate objects, because, as he declares, "all matter lives."

The remarkable truths gathered and presented in this book, as well as its astounding omissions and conclusions, will be the subject of the following chapters by the present writer for the author makes a fierce attack upon "spirit return." He declares that if spirits really exist they could certainly and easily make use of the newly invented sensitive instruments, and thus give positive proof of their existence.

CHAPTER I.

IMMORTALITY.

The stars of Cosmos appear to be a compilation of the same sort of "world stuff" as our own little planet. Such, at least, is the lesson taught by the spectroscopic and astronomical confirmations. Some of such lessons are founded on solid fact; others are mere theories with which the facts seem to agree. But all these investigations and conclusions rest upon the knowledge we gather through our limited five senses, supplemented by artificial ones invented and manufactured by Homo whereby he sees, hears and feels at distances impossible to normal man. Neither the natural nor the invented sense reach out into the Hereafter, although man is immersed in that Hereafter as in the ocean of eternity. Normal man is deaf and dumb and pulseless to the invisible, but from what certain abnormal men and women have told him he fancies he can map out his own future. The trouble is that although spirit return may be accepted as true, yet it is always, and always must be a meeting between an abnormal mortal and an abnormal spirit. The student must be perpetually on his guard, for in every spirit communication he is listening to echoes from the hereafter that are unprovable by his every-day experience.

The writer proposes to take our normal life and experience in this little world, and start our investigations from this end of the line. In other words, we will see what the Hereafter has to say about the Hereafter. Instead of listening to what the Hereafter has to say about the Hereafter, all religion and all spirit return has consisted of inspiration and phenomena produced by the Hereafter. Suppose for a little while we open our door and shut theirs. In other words we will keep to the

strictly normal until we reach the dividing line. For a brief hour or two it is understood the physical, mental and spiritual man, as he is in this life, is to have the floor and make his little speech.

Everything in the Here, including the planet itself, may be said to be mortal, that is to say, it is always a blending of units of the perfect which come and go and some day drop apart. But as long as the molecular grouping remains we have the physical form. There come changes at certain points when we are surprised by a sudden change of form, as arbitrary and as great as that from ice to water. The changes within these points are called "evolution." Those outside are spoken of as having passed a "critical point," when without apparent rhyme or reason, form itself is lost in the change. So when we commence our study of the Here we find the incomprehensible unit is only known to theory until it has blended with its fellows into a molecule, when the scientist proceeds to subject it to his cross-examination. He declares it has poles which repel and attract, as with magnets of larger size. This is his foundation rock, for he asserts that it is electricity which is manifesting itself by polar attraction and repulsion, back of which he cannot go. If you assert there is something more manifested than mere attraction and repulsion he hurls his dictionary at you, and retires into his den to write another volume on the potency of matter.

The careful student perceives that attraction and repulsion are weapons wielded by a SOMETHING, whereby it selects friend from foe. This something he recognizes as INTELLIGENCE, which stands back of attraction and repulsion, and yet is present and associated with substance and energy, every incomprehensible unit of Cosmos. That is to say, the student at his starting point goes back of the attraction and repulsion of the materialist, which for him are but forces wielded by the eternal unit.

A little further on in his quest the scientist is compelled to recognize intelligence as a factor in evolution. He cannot tell at just what station it got aboard the train, so he assumes it was manufactured in the baggage car while the train was running. By whom or how he does not pretend to guess further than that certain molecules put their heads together and invented or evolved it. All this vivid mind play, which he calls "scientific imagination," is totally unnecessary and useless, for the intelligence at which he marvels was aboard the train when it started from its headquarters in eternity, and was associated in every unit with substance and energy. So our starting point is just a stage back of that of the materialist, who spends much of his time prospecting in Cosmos for "mind stuff," though so far without discovering a trace of it.

Let us start with a definition, so that our position cannot be misunderstood. Mind is intelligence in activity, after it has passed a certain critical point. Where there is no mental activity there is no mind. But intelligence is and has always been present long before the evolution of mind, but with only so much of output as the conditions will permit. But we do not call it mental activity until intelligence has given evidence that she has achieved the evolution of mind, which is itself a step in her wondrous uplift of evolution.

So our starting point in our study of HERB is the unit as an eternal and apparently indestructible trinity, and the scientist shall himself be our guide as we advance. That the planet was once "world stuff" in space 300 degrees below zero seems to be an astronomical verity. And geology tells us that it has got hot by compression of its units into the little round ball called earth. And we all know for a fact that it is still hot inside, at least in spots. But the unit neither freezes nor roasts. If it be very hot or very cold he and his companions keep apart just as far as possible. But as soon as there is a chance, two or a dozen get together and start a molecule, whereupon Cosmos cries a new citizen. He would not be much to look at, even with a microscope warranted to stand temperature, but he grows, and evolution is born. The more molecules in one Cosmic spot the more substance, energy and intelligence to outwork evolution.

Some day that "world stuff" cools down. The process is going on now—out yonder—and the spectroscopic confirms geology, and tells us of the matter of the earth. The scientist preaches of law and order which he assures us, superintending a planet childbirth in Chaos; but, if you will watch the process, you will find he means "intelligence" every time. So Science has a foundation of scorched corpses for her igneous rocks, seething and bubbling in an atmosphere of rather wet units posing, as steam, but full of the possibilities of all that can be and shall be in that planet's history, for intelligence never lets go of its partners in the work.

What Intelligence, Energy and Substance are, no planet man knows, any more than he can think bounds to space or analyze electricity. But the time comes for that planet when the firm can evolve beyond the attraction of cohesion, which is its very first manifestation. The firm has opened a new department, and we find visible life on its barren counter. It is a step up for intelligence, with, perhaps, a trifle more of energy and less of substance.

San Leandro, Cal.

(To be continued.)

Questions and Answers.

W. J. Colville.

To W. J. Colville, Esq.

Dear Sir and Friend:—I must say I seem to have known you a long time as I have taken the "Banner of Light" for many years and have read your answers to questions with pleasure. I have seen some beautiful visions. My good lady has been passed over thirteen years, and when she had been over one year (all but seven days) I saw a vision of her down to the waist; it looked too beautiful for my girl, but it made a great impression on me. I have seen others beautiful also; but for nearly one year I have been having white lights coming out of my right eye very many times per day. They come sailing down the side of my face like a rocket when it bursts in the air. They look very pretty, but my eye is getting duller and I should be sorry to think that is the cause. Could you kindly explain? I have been twice to the eye hospital but that doesn't seem to improve it. I am an old man, born in England 15th of August, 1823. If you will kindly answer in the Banner I shall be very pleased.

Yours respectfully, C. Twigg.

Highlandville, Mass.

Answer:—In reply to the above we can only say that our correspondent is undoubtedly clairvoyant and has truly beheld visions of some of his beloved ones who are now living in spirit life. As to a spirit form appearing far more beautiful than an earthly body, this is a delightful and by no means an unusual phenomenon and from it we may learn many instructive and consoling lessons concerning the superiority of our inner to our outer bodies.

The body which persists after physical dissolution is in all cases where the aspirations of a life have been noble, far more beautiful than the physical frame can ever express and though in some instances for a brief period after physical death the exact resemblance to the physical frame which many clairvoy-

ants behold is retained or assumed, it quickly gives place to a nobler expression as the spirit becomes more completely disengaged from earthly thoughts and interests.

When a special endeavor is made by a communicating friend to prove identity in a manner comprehensible to such on earth as have not yet grown to appreciate higher tokens of spiritual presence, many more physical resemblances, an almost exact duplicate of the physique as it last appeared on earth is often presented for purposes of immediate recognition, but let any spiritually minded individual or company of investigators pursue investigation beyond the veriest threshold they will soon begin to see visions similar to those our questioner has beheld.

Your friends in spirit life are progressing beyond earthly limitations but they are not outgrowing their regard for you nor their keen interest in your welfare; therefore, you can and do still hold converse with them, but you behold them in more beautiful array.

As to the second portion of the question we do not consider the appearance of white lights which seem to proceed out of one of your eyes as any sign of optical derangement and the fact of having gone more than once to an eye hospital and getting no benefit by treatment given there should go far to satisfy a logical mind that the eye doctors did not understand the case there were experimenting with. Such clairvoyance as our questioner describes frequently accompanies excellent physical eyesight and it is also possible to those who are, outwardly speaking, entirely blind.

Clairvoyance is ability to discern objects on another than the commonly acknowledged physical plane and can manifest itself in light or darkness and when fleshy eyes are open or closed. If you are losing your physical sight it is certainly not because you are clairvoyant and if with advancing years bodily sight becomes duller, spiritual vision may become clearer. Keep your mind as restful as possible and do not allow yourself to be disturbed about the condition of your sight, for nothing so ruins the optic nerve as worry and nervous apprehension.

Mental suggestion for GOOD SIGHT is always helpful and you need to keep your body well nourished and your mind tranquil. At eighty years of age it is, according to prevailing race belief only natural that faculties should wane, but it is well to dwell on the tradition concerning Moses that when one hundred and twenty years old his eye-sight had not grown dim, nor had his general force abated. Think of renewing youth like the eagles, meditate upon the everlasting youth of the immortal spiritual entity and welcome all evidences of clairvoyance which may come to you.

These words are intended not only for our venerable correspondent whose letter we were very glad to receive, but also for many others whose experiences as they have been related to us are almost identical. Make your minds perfectly easy on the subject of clairvoyance, the rightful exercise of which is invariably a blessing.

The Angel in the Dark.

A LETTER.

"Dear one, I love you so much; and I see your daily struggles with pain with such solicitude! It seems as if my heart will break—you suffer so, and I am so powerless to help! But I know, too, that ere long it will be shown you how sweet a friend to you pain was in these days which then will have passed away. You are losing your knowledge, how could I bear it all—how could I?"

"I write you this letter, for it is the only thing I can do to express what my heart is burning to utter. You do not know, you cannot, because you think of me as having gone out of your life. You think I exist at all it is in regions far away. Dear one, if you could only know that I am here, here with you, how much better it would make you feel! My heart would be heavy over you, too, only I know you are blind, your blindness will pass away. It is not so very long now when you will open your eyes in glad surprise to greet me. And I, after all, even in that happy meeting I love to dream over, even there, there will be a great deal I cannot tell you for you will not understand."

"Dear, dear heart—with a sadness that had a glint of laughter in it, for you were ever so difficult to comprehend—I saw your despair when I went away. You were bidding me goodbye forever. You ever kept me from dropping strange tears from eyes unused to weep, for me, for me! And I was right beside you, and you could not know! Oh Love, death is such a good, true friend, and pain is his hand maiden. It is given me to know this and it helps me so in my sympathy for you. I want so much to tell you so that you will understand. If you could only know how the throes of anguish you pass through now will help you to see clearer when the mist is taken from your sight. You did not know it—you had sent everyone else away, but I was with you in that dark, horrible night when everything dear seemed falling from you and you prayed so hard to die. I was with you, and knowing as I did the good your suffering would be to you, I could forget myself and think only of you. I smoothed the damp hair on your forehead, I held your head on my breast and for a little while you felt my presence sufficiently to check the sob-sobs that shook your strong frame and made you as a little child. Oh, my dear, but for the blindness before your eyes, the error in your thought, the mistake you make in deeming superstition that which is most real, you would have seen me that night, and we would not have had to wait so long before being able to be happy together. But the dear God knoweth best! I used to think that we were together in that dark days when it was such a pitiful, must suffer, you must suffer so, while I stood helpless by, because you did not understand. I see now wherein we both failed, but there was good in it even then, for I learned so much in my struggles to overcome the unhappiness. So you, too, will learn when you throw aside the fleshly garment. Why it is—why we cannot know in the beginning it is idle to ask. God knoweth."

"But I ramble on, and time, as you count it, is flying. This twilight hour, when the shadows gather here in the library where you sit writing, writing, always writing, and are forced to desist because you can no longer see, I like best to come to you. You sit so sadly there, your dear face is so old and careworn, I take the strong hands that used to close over mine like a vice, I take them in both of mine and, limp and unseeing, I carry them to my lips. But your gaze is straight ahead and I cannot help a little pang at your unresponsiveness, you who were always so responsive, you feel nothing, you know nothing, there is no hope in your heart, for you do not believe. Dear Heaven! why are men so blind!"

"Yes, I am with you always, and I try to help you all I can. In your grief and trouble there is little I can do, for you sit here in such bodily and mental pain looking straight ahead into a barren, hopeless future, makes me try all I can to help as much as possible. Dear, whether you feel some of the effect of my efforts to communicate with you as I write, you do not, as is your custom, illuminate the room. When you turn on the light, it causes me to shrink farther from you, and make it more evident you will not see me, and depresses me. I usually go away, then, for I know it is no use to try to communicate with you, the light brings back your care. And tonight you seem less inclined to work. Is it that you feel some com-

fort from my presence and instinctively cling to the darkness as a medium for encouraging the feeling? Well, I will do what I can to improve the time. I come to you and I take my place as I used to occupy it, here at your feet, reaching up to caress your face, and I want to tell you that it is a strange and pitiful mistake for so great and good and gifted a man to neglect the most important things in life. You used to say, dear, that love was all there was worth while anyway; then don't you see what a mockery you make of love when you deny yourself a belief in its continuous existence? You considered immortality a dream as unscientific. Your mind was logical, and you could soon argue down the hopes love placed in your heart. You were a foe to all delusion. My dear, my dear, you are so blind—so blind! If from your splendid mind you could eradicate that prejudice against what you deem a delusion, and try to comfort your poor aching heart with the sweet hope that death is not death but life, if you would let love speak, if you would let—"

"Oh, my darling, what is this? You have fallen on the floor! Oh, Father in Heaven, has it come at last! Open your eyes; open them, open them! See I am here—here beside you. Yes, yes, it is over! Do not be frightened, dear! Take my hand, see the beautiful world! Isn't God good? Dear love, let us go away—we need not linger here. Come!"

Ida Ballou.

THE TENTH PART.

"And they shall bring tithes of all they possess, unto the Lord."

Unto Thy house, dear Lord, from my abundant store,
According to the teachings of Thy worthy law.

Bring I my tenth.
Before Thy throne, oh King of kings, I pause in awe.

I give to Thee a tenth:—Thou gavest me much more—

My sustenance.
Think not, Most Righteous One, that this poor gift you see

Is given for duty's sake, or grudgingly.
Oh, look at all

The faith, the trust, the abundant love I bring to Thee;

Oh, see my life's devotion.—Then Thou'lt rightly see

My tenth so small.

Elizabeth W. F. Jackson.

Gratitude.

She was only a society girl performing a self-imposed Lenten task, but to the young man in cot 37 she seemed an angel of light. Each day he watched for her coming; and as she passed slowly between the long rows of snow-white beds, distributing flowers and words of good cheer, his eyes followed her. Each day, as she passed by his side, his big, hungry-looking eyes shone with gladness, and his pale lips smiled a welcome. Sometimes she stopped a few moments and talked with him. Learning that he was fond of reading, she brought him books to help pass away the weary convalescing time.

After the manner of sick people, for weakness is prone to magnify each little thing, be it a favor or a slight, he made much of the little kindnesses she showed him. How he loved her! Not as a man usually loves a woman, but as something far off, above him; as a nun might love a saint, or a lonely shepherd a star. He could not see that her gentle manner was but the outgrowth of native grace and social training; nor did he understand that the kind, sympathetic little things she said and did showed her love of admiration more than her love of humanity.

"I shall remember you always," he said to her the day of his release. "If the opportunity ever comes when I can repay you for your kindness, I shall be very glad."

Many times after he grew stronger he called at the door of her home and left flowers or some other little token of his regard. It was seldom he saw her.

One day, after several weeks had passed, he heard that she was dangerously ill. "My last day may repay my debt," said he. "My soul shall reach out to her, through space, and the Great Physician, through this humble instrument, will heal her."

Day after day the young man sat long hours in concentration; silently, prayerfully, hopefully, and the girl's fever left her. Still he kept on, giving his time, his energy, his very life for her. The strain was fast weakening him, for he had not fully regained his strength. He realized this. "When she is in good health again I will rest," he said; and he kept on, always healing, always uplifting. As her face began to show returning health, his grew pale. As her steps grew firm, his began to falter. One morning he could not leave his bed.

"Just read this note," said the girl one evening to her betrothed. "It is from that young man I used to see at the hospital—that little, insignificant looking fellow who called so many times and left flowers for me. He is sick again and he has the audacity to ask me to come and see him. I shall not go."

Elizabeth W. F. Jackson.

The Reviewer.

Soul Return: Fred Max; E. H. Bacon & Co., Boston; by Hudson Tuttle.

From the vague wording of the Preface, the reader may infer that "Fred Max" is a medium who has been used and the book is written by Spirits yet more excited. They wrote it, as he says to "acquaint the reader with his occupation when the play is out; with his future state in general, and with his self."

By the way, "Fred Max," as assumed, as it is not thought advisable to give the real name of the Medium-Author. In the beginning it is said:

"This is a Primer of Soul-Science, not a Manual. It demonstrates that after death the soul continues living; that it may return; and that man is a Soul."

If this was actually accomplished by this book it would be one of the most valuable ever published. It is said to find, however, that such grand promises are left unfulfilled. So far as science goes, there is not a vestige from the first to the last page; as for demonstration, there is nothing but dreary assertion. To illustrate, take this passage, page 21-22.

"The most conspicuous organ-aura is the brain-aura. It crowns the head after the manner of the tongue flames of a torch. It contains myriads of ether currents resembling fine lines of thread, each about two feet long. The depth of an ordinary human-aura is about six inches, measured from the surface of the body outward. It increases as the soul unfolds. The aura of a well developed mediumistic person may attain the depth of three hundred feet."

Page after page of such assertions without the least attempt to prove except by other assertions, even to the dreary end, "The life beyond! If that life is truly represented, better far annihilation, or the fabled fires of hell!"

There are ten per cent. of "well developed souls," and "the ninety per cent. of undeveloped souls are stronger than the ten per cent." In what a terrible position man is

placed surrounded by this ocean of "raw" souls!

"These crude and /rudest portions are ever present where they are not wanted, inserting themselves between sinner and instrument, trying to spoil whatever they can spoil; controlling instruments for the purpose of issuing false statements, fraudulent communications and lying messages. . . . Their furnishings did not destroy their vices. . . . Every soul should remember that in passing along the public walks of cities he moves in a throng of hurrying departed souls, many of which annoy mediumistic passers by, and escort mortals whose company they particularly enjoy. They swarm around us prompting the impressionable to crime, and making life miserable."

Nor is the condition of the "well-developed souls" on the other side any less free from this pestilent mob of "raw souls." A well-developed, disincarnated soul is constantly annoyed and harassed in its mundane operation by a majority of the raw ninety per cent."

"On either side the clouds the duel between brute force and the peaceable ten per cent. is waged with intense vigor."

Spirits of the just, is this the home we long for, dream of? When we expect rest in the activity of the highest mental achievements? But here we meet a gleam of "science."

The writer attempts to tell us why "this is the home we long for." He ventures on an explanation.

"If a man's diet is coarse his blood is coarse; and coarse blood engenders coarse thoughts. For example, if a man eats onions his blood and aura become filled with onion fumes. A coarse dish for the human aura, so fares he that eats coarse food; the flesh of warm blooded animals; heavy vegetables such as beans, cabbage, beets or corn. Heavy diet produces pernicious domestic policies, needless civil wars, needless foreign wars. The United States of America, the grandest attempt at government by the people, was convulsed by a long civil war because of centuries of pork and beans."

Where was this spirit during the years that led up to the rebellion, that he comes as ignorant as a child of the fact that it was slavery and not "beans" which was the cause and occasion? If "beans" had anything to do with the matter, they gave the strength of will and brawn to beat down the wrong. New England bakes beans should have a "crisis of glory!"

The dietary advice on page 234, where the spirit directly answers a Mediumistic person should avoid meat of warm-blooded animals; heavy vegetables as cabbage, beans and beets; heavy fruits such as cherries, pears and apples; alcoholic beverages; tea, coffee and tobacco. Cocoa should take the place of tea and coffee; and fowl be taken once a week. The spirit reveals his knowledge of science by excluding "fowl" from the "warm blooded animals," and fails to explain why a pear is warmer than a plum, or beets coarser than carrots.

The richest and spiciest part of the book is the last chapter devoted to direct questions and answers.

We commend some of the definitions for clearness to the consideration of lovers of puzzles and conundrums.

"What is mind? Mind is the aggregate of one's brain-traces, together with the vibrations of the brain-aura."

In explanation why a thief is a thief, the spirit says:

"His aura is spotted. He was a thief here below because his aura was spotted." That is, a leopard has a spotted skin. It is a leopard because its skin is spotted!

"What is telepathy? Telepathy is the sensation or impression experienced by a mortal who senses attenuated ether currents, generally those coming from a distance."

"Why does common prayer land nowhere? Common prayer lands nowhere because it does not go anywhere."

It appears that when souls get to the "tenth sphere," they leave the earth by "installments" for Jupiter and Saturn. Jesus has not yet gone, but will do so during this century.

"When will the earth be depopulated? The earth will be depopulated after the transition of the last surviving mortal!" After the last human being is dead, of course, there will be no one left!

We have searched the volumes of theosophy for a lucid explanation of how the waiting soul becomes reincarnated. Nowhere have we found a clear and definite statement. But the "spirit" makes a direct explanation, if not clear.

"Souls receive no information of their impending condensation of incarnation. A divine soul that makes a specialty of this kind of work, condenses the soul to about the size of a walnut; another divine soul takes it and places it in any 'convenient garden spot' where it grows into an ego and in due time beholds what in common parlance is called the light of day." But it, the male soul, rolled into "about the size of a walnut," will surely develop into an infant boy, and the female soul into an infant girl. This is somewhat different from the theory as taught, for the soul reincarnates that it may gain all experiences. The reincarnating man gets his punishment by reincarnating in a woman who enjoys life by being miserable. What a glorious future to have "a divine soul" unexpectedly come along when you are on some pinnacle of delight, and without an apology roll you into "about the size of a walnut," and place you "in a convenient garden spot" to become clad in flesh, and resume the earthly life!

On the last page, at the close, the spirit answers to the questions, "All departed souls without distinction of grade or sphere like for a man to devote himself to agriculture. All departed souls, except earth-bound class, like woman, to follow the occupation of motherhood."

Our strenuous President would scarcely recommend all women to lay aside any occupation but that of saving from "race suicide."

Such is the insane drive that we are informed was inspired by the highest sources. From his constant introduction of the fact that he is held back from leading an installment of tenth sphere souls to Jupiter, we are led to infer that Jesus of Nazareth is one of, if not the source of the writing. However this may be, it purports to come from the highest courts of the spirit world capable of approaching mortals!

If it were required to prove that "raw spirits," mischievous, lying, ignorant spirits, were near earth seeking to communicate and thereby deceive, this book as a whole would be in overwhelming evidence.

If the teachings of the book are true, death has new horrors, such as imagination never before conceived.

Transitions.

MRS. LYDIA MORSE DEWING.

We, as Spiritualists, have lost another long-time and devoted friend. Mrs. Lydia Morse Dewing, of Natick, has "crossed the bar." Mrs. Dewing loved life, was keenly alive to all that gave life a purpose, but a year's painful illness made life, in the physical, a burden, and release a joy. She espoused the cause of Spiritualism in its early days, was, for many years, a subscriber of the Banner of Light, and tried to interest others in the philosophy for which it stands. She was no dreamer, but strong, courageous, hopeful, and a part as far as in her power lay, of everything that tended to the uplifting of humanity. True to her home duties, true to her town's interests, she was yet so broad in her ideas of right and justice, that her sympathies extended as far as human needs. She often wished for more

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LITTLE-NESTLESS.

Kate Taylor-Robinson, in The Lyceum Banner (Eng.).

It was really more of a sacrifice than they knew, for Tommie had spent the long day with a querulous old man who could not get out of his chair, and who never did anything but eat and smoke and find fault. He was, as possible, a little more cross than usual, and he asked to have his pipe lighted just twenty-five times, for Tommie counted them. He had never been used to tobacco, and the vile scent which filled the room was a poor excuse for the pleasure which he took in it. It was the most pleasant part of the day's festivities for the men, and Tommie had to be their mother's tidy child.

Tommie had given strict orders that Johnnie was not to come home until the evening's

On Nov. 24, A. W. Carrique and wife, A. Wheeler and wife, Chas. R. Warren and wife, G. C. Lower and wife, Arthur C. Simmeau and H. M. Clark, S. A. Littlefield and wife and Master Littlefield sailed for Lake Helen on the Arapahoe, of the Clyde line. Most of them went by way of St. John's river, that charming route.

My next excursions will sail from N. Y. city, Dec. 8, Dec. 22, Jan. 5 and Jan. 19. I

We next rowed out on the lake at Coniston, past the house where Tennyson lived as a boy, past where Carlyle and Turner had painted and at last came to Ruskin's Brantwood. It was a lovely lake looked very near the shore, so we landed. We were in the boat for a day before we found ourselves in a sheep pasture, with Brantwood far in the background. Not knowing whether we had better retreat or not, we stood still, whereupon the sheep immediately ran as fast as they could towards us. We were in the boat. After a stumbling two or three stone walls we at length reached Brantwood. It took us some time, though, to summon up courage enough to ring the bell and present our letters. Fortunately for us, perhaps, only the two women came home, and were allowed to visit the house, while the men, as we were left it, the room of an artist and writer, and it seemed as if we were treading on hallowed ground, though that did not prevent us, when the maid had occasion to look away, from sitting down for one brief second in the armchair where Ruskin had so often

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