

### INVOCATION.

O, thou mighty power above,  
God of wisdom, God of love,  
Source of human life divine,  
We would bow before thy shrine,  
Lifting up our hearts to thee,  
O thou great infinitely.

For thy wondrous work and ways  
Do we offer up our praise  
Freely as the bright birds sing,  
Bringing thee our offering,  
All our souls ascend to thee,  
Thou all-wise divinity.

May we ever sow as seeds  
Good but never evil deeds;  
For all those who go astray  
Give us charity, we pray;  
Let our motto ever be,  
Truth and love and purity.

Power supreme o'er heaven, earth;  
Source that gave our being birth;  
E'er' bud and leaf and flower  
Show the wonders of thy power;  
Livingly we pray to thee  
In one band of unity.

Lives whose heritage is pain,  
May thy conscious power sustain;  
For the bounty of our store  
Do we bless thee evermore;  
Dwell in us, and we in thee,  
Ours in thine, eternally.

—Louisa L. Kirby.

Battle Creek.

### The Appearance of Our Bodies.

Salcarona.

AUTHOR OF "THE WISDOM OF PASSION."

Our Christian Science brethren tell us that there is no such thing as "matter." If they mean by this that they cannot tell us what the ultimate nature of "matter" is, they are right. If they mean by this that all "material" things are phenomena, i. e., appearances, they are right. If, on the other hand, they mean that the phenomenal sun in the heavens, and the air of the firmament, have no phenomenally vibrational relation whatever, to either the retina of the eye, or the tympanum of the ear by which we are enabled to see the pages of "Science and Health," or to have them read, then they are mistaken.

As opposed to this view, it is kindly submitted that, because the Soul of Man implicitly contains the meaning of the laws of "matter" within itself; and, also, because a pre-established harmony exists between the nervous signs of the senses, and the laws and nature of light and air as matter, the Soul is thereby enabled to see the pages of "Science and Health," and to hear them read.

The human body is obviously a phenomenon, i. e., an appearance of the senses, a vision, a semblance, a similitude, a phantasm, an apparition; but it has laws of feeling which give to it its Sense of Reality. The human body and its phenomenal "matter," are not delusions, therefore. Neither are the sun, moon and stars; because they have had permanence for countless millions of years, and because they will have permanence in their relations to the eyes of man, we speak of them as the Real in Phenomena.

What the sun, moon and stars are, apart from what our senses declare them to be, we do not know, our senses being capable of simply giving us phenomena, i. e., appearances, apparitions, phantasms, similitudes, semblances, visions of the Vast Harmony. Thus the Soul evolved its organs of sense, to enable it, through its retina and tympanum, to actually see the grandeur of the solar system, and to really hear the overtures of the oceans. The retina and tympanum are nervous sign-boards. The business of the Soul is to interpret these signs. Apart from the Soul's interpretation of the nervous signs of its own senses, it can have no foundation whereby it can arrive at any knowledge concerning itself, the Universe or its Creator.

The fundamental passion of the Soul is an unquenchable desire for such phenomenal conditions as may establish its Harmony, and this basic passion for Harmony expresses itself in various ascending planes of Evolution.

Now, the fact that our nervous systems and bodies are phenomena, i. e., soul-created appearances, invented semblances and soul-constructed similitudes, implies the prior existence of an evolutionary unity of constructive forces, which invented, created and constructed them, viz., the prior existence of the Soul.

The appearance of my Soul, as an individual, probably had its origin in some process analogous to a self-division of my parents' souls, or as an independent, evolutionary product from the same source, my soul following the same constructive law of erecting a phenomenal body, as the souls of my parents before me.

So, the first step toward the loftier spiritualization of our thought concerning Man, is not to irrationally say that the appearances of "matter" have no existence, laws, order, system, or beauty; but to emphasize, on the other hand, the higher rational idea, and spiritual concept, that "matter" really has

an existence as phenomena, semblance, similitude, and is governed by sublime laws of majestic order, by rules of action transcendently spiritual in the overpowering grandeur of their rational significance; that, as phenomena and appearance, "the Heavens declare the Glory of God, and the Firmament sheweth His handiwork"; and more, that this heaven—as phenomena—is something actually existing out there beyond the circumference of my own skull, not to be belittled and irreverently treated as an error of the mortal mind, a false corporeal supposition, a blind belief, nothing beyond an image, a false concept, a mere invention of human sensation and mortal knowledge, a wicked fallacious dream of physical astronomical science. This will never, never do! Forgive me, but I cannot place Newton, Herschel, Kepler, Copernicus, Galileo, Bacon—because they were geniuses in physical science—among the most colossal errorists, false corporeal suppositionists, and blind believers of the human race. They all regarded the Heavens as a phenomenon, a God-created and God-guided appearance, not merely an erroneous mental image of the mortal mind!

Can my sister Mary—God bless her—over there in Concord, N. H., "bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" Can she "bring forth Mazzaroth in his season?" Can she "guide Arcturus with his suns?" Canst thou, my sister, "send lightnings that they may go, and say unto thee, 'Here we are?' Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?"

The splendid work of sister Mary has consisted in the glorious fact that she demonstrated the supremacy of Mind over the self-deceptive sufferings of forms of disease and sin. The pendulum of her sublimely worthy thought has swung, unavoidably, in the subjective direction of things. Possibly she has not had the time to study out the meaning of existence in any other than a spiritual, subjective, mental way. Considering the lofty and strictly spiritual character of her work, we could not expect it to be otherwise. Because of its transcendent spiritual value, "Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together."

But the same Infinite Mind which permitted the appearance of Newton, Shakespear and Darwin, permitted the appearance of their nervous systems; and the greatest mystery of the Ages is the connection existing between the Mortal or Immortal Mind, and the nervous system of Man. This nervous system is conceded to be a created substance, albeit it is phenomenal, apparitional, phantasmal. Our senses give to it our special understanding of it. We can resolve it into other phenomenal forms, i. e., into ashes or gases. If my eyes had no nerves, I should never have been able to have read "Science and Health." Other things equal, and, whilst on earth, all my knowledge is conditional upon the existence of the apparitional, phenomenal thing, which I call my nervous system; therefore, "matter," considered as apparitional form, or phenomena, is one of the fundamental conditions of the development of all my human experience and knowledge. Hence its laws are among the infinite forms of Truth. Copernicus and Newton discovered some of these eternal laws which bind the oceans, and the worlds in their habitations.

Hence, I cannot, with sister Mary, consider these discovered laws of "matter," or phenomena, to be "that of which Immortal Mind takes no cognizance." Possibly the Paternal Mind has no hard names after all for Newton, Copernicus, Galileo, Herschel, Bruno, Kepler, Edison, Harvey, Watts, Franklin, because they believed they had caught glimpses of some of the forms of eternal Truth in the phenomena of that strange apparitional thing called "matter."

How hard it is for man in the Twentieth Century A. D. to be thrown into a metaphysical dungeon, because he cannot believe that the eternal laws and the phenomenal or apparitional substance, or "matter," of which the solar system is composed, is "only another name for mortal mind." Ages ago a Being (who had some knowledge of the laws of physical phenomena, and material apparitional form), spoke to the "mortal mind" of a man out of a whirlwind, and asked of this "mortal mind," which considered the "matter" or phenomena of the earth to be only "another name for mortal mind," the following questions: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding, when all the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or, who shut up the sea with doors when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of a womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it; and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'"

The best preparation for a life to come is to live now and here.

### THE GOAL.

Upward strive—drop all below you,  
Dare all, hope all, truth will win,  
Care thou not that error wound thee,  
Turn thou not, though foes confound thee,  
Onward through Joy's shining portal,  
Speed, oh speed, thou grand immortal.

Upward strive, reward is gaining,  
None can be his own sustaining,  
From the flower's tiny bloom,  
From the cavern depths of gloom,  
Each to each must greet its brother,  
Grant their plea, ere truth they smother.

Upward strive, the day is dawning,  
Come thy glorious tints of morning,  
Oa the mountains, on the river,  
Eo the living forces quiver,  
Gather them as "mannas" given,  
Feed each day to bring you heaven.

Upward strive, the goal awaits you,  
Upward strive, no power can shake you,  
In the daring and the doing,  
Ever comes divinest wooing,  
In the arms of Love's sweet guest  
Seek and find thy promised rest.

Upward strive, hold fast to others,  
Bring along earth's wayward brothers,  
Be the strength to weakened soul  
Till they too, have claimed the whole,  
Then the whole of Heaven's treasure  
Shall be yours to claim or measure.

—Abbie Walker Gould.

Molite, Ill.

### Is There a Science of Prophecy?

W. J. Colville.

Innumerable requests having been made for light on the intensely fascinating problem of prophecy, the present effort is put forward with the single end in view of simplifying as far as possible a topic which by its very nature presents of necessity grave difficulties to the philosophic reasoner.

That past events can be recalled and that events now taking place far from the actual scene of vision can be described by aid of that remarkable faculty rightly designated clairvoyance can hardly be disputed by any who have enjoyed to any appreciable degree experiences similar to those which the writer has enjoyed from earliest childhood, but interesting and important in the domain of psychic science though such experiences must be, their wonder is far eclipsed by even the smallest conclusive proof that the future can be accurately foretold.

But what is the future? This a question which has never been satisfactorily replied to. Let us begin with a few easily comprehended examples of the simplest possible sort of prophecy and then rise gradually to a consideration of some of the remoter and much more difficult aspects of this tremendous question. Future in Seattle may be past in New York and future in Boston may be past in London so far as accepted time of day or night is concerned. An event occurs in London at nine a. m. which is only four a. m. by American chronometers on the Atlantic Coast and only one a. m. by reliable time keepers on the Pacific Coast. Now by means of telegraphy the news may be circulated in New York or Boston at eight a. m. concerning what occurred in London or Liverpool at nine a. m. the same morning and a still greater mystery may confront the inhabitants of Seattle or of San Francisco where time is three hours earlier. Easily enough accounted for by those who understand all about difference in time and the mechanism of the submarine cable, but this scientific and mechanical information is not possessed by everybody, therefore, to some minds it is an unsolved problem how Americans can know of English affairs before they take place in England.

We know quite well that we know of nothing before but only after it has taken place, but before and after are often distinctively relative terms. Clairvoyance may forestall the telegraph so that it is quite conceivable that some one either asleep or awake or in a condition somewhere between sleeping and waking has beheld in dream or otherwise the event which occurred in England almost at the instant when it took place, and described it perfectly in America hours before the tidings were communicated through the agency of electricity.

When we consider next such statements as "You will receive a letter from a friend in Australia in from three to four weeks' time and I can see its contents and describe them to you" we are only led to suppose that the "lucide" who makes such a prediction is clairvoyant enough to behold a letter already written in Sydney or some other Antipodian city which will require three weeks or more to cross the Pacific Ocean and reach its destination in our letter box.

The next step in clairvoyance is not quite so easily followed because we must now prepare our minds to deal with simple thought-transference or mental telegraphy unaccompanied by any physical act such as letter writing or the occurrence of a physical event such as newspapers might subsequently publish.

A friend of yours has not written to you at all, therefore no epistle is on its way to you across land or water, still a seer or seeress sees a misdeed clearly indicted and gives

you its full contents days and perhaps weeks or even months before it is actually written. How is this phenomenon to be accounted for? The answer is not far to seek—if we know anything at all definitely about thought projections and the common fact that thoughts are frequently formulated with great precision in our minds though we do not at once proceed to perform external acts to give them physical embodiment. The mental picture of the unwritten letter has been exhibited on the psychic plane where clairvoyance functions to the sensitive receiver of the mental telegram and at this point in our discussion we beg to insist that very often a message is unconsciously transmitted and then beheld by a clairvoyant simply because the very existence on the psychic plane of that mental picture caused it to be beheld by one sensitive enough to discern it. Clairvoyance is often quite involuntary and when entirely so, it is often most remarkably convincing alike in character and in extent.

Whatever degree of truth may reside in prevailing theories of telepathy, thought-transference, mental telegraphy, etc., etc., it must in common fairness be admitted that neither the "two minds" theory of Hudson nor any other ingenious hypothesis has sufficed to account for all the facts such theory has been invented to explain. Truth is that every theory explains some portion of observed phenomena which in their entirety are altogether too wide-reaching to be fully explicable on the basis of any rule of interpretation which is not broad enough to account for many more phases of psychic inter-action than are usually discussed.

The general theory of Spiritualism as commonly defined is reasonable essentially, but it does not apply at every turn. Mediumistic persons who are conscious of the presence of guiding intelligences know beyond all peradventure that they are frequently shown and told of much by their spirit guides which they could not discover without such guidance. But to grant this is not logically to deny the existence of an independent clairvoyant ability which enables the individual called a medium to see something for himself and many indeed are the easily authenticated instances where sensitive people experience clairvoyantly or psychometrically much that they do not purposely invite, the beholding or perceiving of which is no more radically mysterious than the extremely common fact of our observing much in daily life with which we have no conscious or particular affinity.

We shall never be able to clear this enormous subject of surrounding difficulties until we have entirely divested ourselves of all belief that we are dealing with an unfamiliar realm of experience when discussing prophecy. We are just as familiar with the thought-world which encircles us as we are with the surrounding objective which appeals most palpably to our material senses. What will people think? Is just as common an inquiry as, What will people say? And to a highly sensitive nature what neighbors actually do think is more palpable than what they merely talk about.

If every thought were verbally externalized or carried at once to physical fulfillment our subject would be greatly simplified, but we all know that we hold in thought a vast amount of project which it often takes a long time to materialize. The seer or prophet is permanently one who is more at home than usual on the psychic plane and therefore feels those mysterious coming events which cast their shadows before them. That old widely-accepted saying reaches to the very heart's core of a reasonable doctrine of prediction. Where are those proverbial events coming from and what are they that they can cast shadows along the road which they are traveling? There is but one intelligible answer to such a query, viz., that on the psychic plane events occur before they can recur physically. To use precise psychological language all occurrences are psychical, all physical events being but recurrences, which is but another way of stating Swedenborg's declaration that the spiritual realm is the seat of causation, the material world being always and only a region of effects.

This is in perfect accord with ancient as well as modern science which deserves the name, though much of sciolism and nesecience has often been dignified with the name of science which rightly interpreted means neither more nor less than knowledge. Two very simple and easily followed illustrations may help to explain in outline a few of the wonders of prognostication.

Let a head appear perfectly bald on its surface, though there are numerous hair roots beneath the scalp about to give external evidence of their vitality, a seer who could behold those bulbs below the scalp could easily predict a growth of hair on a bare pate though no outward indications at the time would justify the forecast.

Again let two persons be walking together over a sown field in which certain varieties of seed are already germinating and one of those companions is clairvoyant enough to see what is going on beneath the apparent sod, one can make a prediction to the other

which to that other might seem nothing short of miraculous if subsequently the prophecy were literally fulfilled.

More and more certain is it seeming to deep students of this vexed problem that often certain hidden causes are at work leading on to inevitable effects which can be foretold but cannot now be altered, while in numberless instances prophecies are made conditionally and it is this aspect of prophecy which is most important because though what is inevitable is beyond our control there are many causes already set in motion which we are able when forewarned of consequences resulting from them considerably to modify.

The very highest mission of the prophet can be indeed summed up in the statement that he simply knows more than most men know of the relation between causes and effects, therefore his work is not so much to arbitrarily foretell as it is to exhort by explaining to the less enlightened what they need to know concerning psychic sowing and material reaping. Though no words can well be truer than "as a man soweth so shall he also reap," and "you cannot gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles," neither of those famous texts imply that you cannot cause grapes to grow on grape vines and figs on fig-trees in the very places where thorns and thistles were formerly most abundant.

The world never needed clear-eyed prophets more than it needs them now and as present interest in all that seems mysterious is immense and constantly increasing, the opportunity is great for all true seers to consecrate their endowments to a very high and useful purpose. Every department of the vast field covered by the generic title "psychical research" affords means for noble usefulness whenever seers are found who refuse to cater to popular demand in so far as it is unrighteous while they stand ever ready to minister in every lawful way even to scientific curiosity. The greatest lesson of all concerning prophecy and its fulfillment which we need to take to heart is that only the fulfillment of the unchanging law of sequence is necessitated, as we have shown in the past we are reaping in the present. As we sow now we must reap hereafter.

### The Choir Half-Visible.

Alice S. Woolley.

My father told it to me like this: "For many months I had been my mother's constant attendant during her illness. I was worn out with the continued watching and went to my room, leaving father and a brother to care for her that night, but about three o'clock I was called. I quickly dressed and stepped out on the porch to get more thoroughly aroused from my heavy sleep. My attention was instantly attracted to a bright light in the sky, which seemed to be a reflection of a fire in the town of S., two miles away. I became alarmed, for my business interests were there. As I looked the luminous appearance moved and came toward me. The moon had set two hours before, and I was puzzled. I stood as if riveted to the spot, as to my ears came a soft melody of the sweetest sounds in blended harmony. The cloud of brightness slowly sailed through the air, and almost rested over our neighbor's home on the next farm, and the plaintive melody increased to an immense volume of music. Nothing I had ever heard approached it in purity of tones and swelling cadences, dying away to rise on the next light breeze. Seemingly pausing just long enough to announce its approach, it floated nearer, and soon it was all about me. Over the house, in the yard, as far as I could see, half invisible, shining forms moved rhythmically, and the words of a magnificent anthem were almost audible. Soothing, comforting tones brought to the assurance of Peace and Rest; then Home must have been the theme, followed by such alluring sweet echoes of 'Come, come, come,' and I was charmed into ecstasy. Ah! soon they began to drift up, up into the starry heavens, half chanting a loving benediction. I felt drawn toward the shimmering, almost visible choir, but could not move. I gazed into the night sky until sight and sound could no longer distinguish them, when I went quietly to my mother's room, and found her spirit had just triumphantly taken its departure from the suffering body. And I told them: 'God's angels are conveying her Home.'—Ex.

The best preparation for tomorrow's work is to do your work as well as you can today.

It is this desire for the happiness of those whom we love which gives to the emotion of love itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of its gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of any one cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it. Reason itself, with all its light, is not so rapid in discoveries of this sort as simple affection, which sees means of happiness, and of important happiness, where reason scarcely could think that any happiness was to be found.—Thomas Brown.

A slender form of perfect grace, Beyond the artist's skill to trace; The truest gift of the muse, To my fond eyes...

Banker and Printer.

J. Andy Weris.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when Cy, Hamlet and myself boarded the train. Hamlet had for his destination a town about thirty miles distant, whither he was going to do a business errand. Cy and myself were going to Sandy's reception. Hamlet was dressed in a business suit and with his hair neatly trimmed he bore little resemblance to the Hamlet we had known in former years...

I noticed that Cy was silent. I was at a loss to account for his strange manner. A half hour before he was in excellent spirits. "Something is going to happen," said he in a peculiar tone. "I don't know what it is, but I tell you something is going to happen." I laughed and began to upbraid him for indulging in such idle fancies. But I caught his eye and closed my lips. I had seen that awful weird look before and I knew it meant something—something that portended direful consequences. My heart became like a piece of lead and a feeling akin to horror crept into my mind. I looked out at the window. The train was going at a terrific rate of speed. "I wish," said Cy, "I could get rid of this feel—"

Crash!—bang! Screams, confusion and a terrible roar filled my ears. There was a blaze of light, followed by darkness. Was it a dream? At the moment I thought so. Then I awoke as from an awful nightmare. There were shrieks and piteous cries for help. The awful truth flashed through my brain. The train had been wrecked. I crawled out through an aperture in the roof of the coach. I was still in a dazed condition, but in a moment I was on my feet. I heard Cy's voice ringing out in clear tones. He was directing the work of rescuing. The smoking car was now on fire. We rushed thither. With an axe in his hand Cy was cutting away the obstacles that prevented the egress of the imprisoned victims. One by one the dead and wounded were taken from the living mass of debris. "My God! Where is Hamlet?" Cy had scarcely uttered these words when the unfortunate man was discovered. He was wedged in a mass of shattered timbers. The scorching heat made it next to impossible for us to continue the work. We worked by turns, a few seconds at a time. One more moment of time and Hamlet would be saved. Nearer came the awful blaze. Our hands were blistered from the intense heat. Great beads of perspiration stood upon Cy's forehead. One more effort. Quickly! a blow of the axe was delivered in the right place. The timbers were loosened and with a powerful effort we drew the apparently lifeless man from the seething, burning mass. We carried him to a safe distance and hastily returned to the wreck. The dying screams of helpless victims fell upon our ears. An old man and a young lady had just been rescued from the palace coach and were being carried away. My heart sank within my breast. I knew them. The elderly gentleman was Mr. Mendon. The young lady was his daughter, Elsie.

"My child! My dear child! I want you to be happy. Mr. Markley is here. Mr. Ferrander you are requested to perform a marriage ceremony." Elsie was assisted to her feet. We joined hands and Mr. Ferrander uttered the words that made us man and wife. "My children, God bless you—do all—you can—to make others happy. Oh God! forgive me—save my soul—oh, my son—oh, God—good bye, be good—"

CHAPTER XVII.

He did not finish the sentence. A deathly pallor spread over his face. There was a slight shudder and the spirit of the millionaire fled from its tenement of clay. Mr. Ferrander approached me with a surprised look. "I understand all now," I replied, in answer to his interrogations concerning the name signed to the will. His name was not Mendon at all. As before indicated, it was a name that he had assumed for reasons not now necessary to discuss. It was, however, the name which he bequeathed to Elsie's mother, whom he married soon after settling in the west.

Now a word in regard to the accident. A culvert had been burned and hence the disaster. Nobody was held responsible. The mystery concerning Hamlet was solved. The surgeons found that he had received severe, though not fatal injuries. They also found a depression in his skull. Furthermore, they had learned something of the man's eccentricities. A trepanning operation was performed. The man, when he became conscious was totally unlike his former self. It appears that Hamlet, as we had known him, met with some accident some fifteen years before. While passing a building that was in process of construction a brick fell from the scaffold, striking him upon the head, causing a depression in the skull. For a long time he was unconscious, but eventually regained his mental faculties, but only to a limited extent. All that occurred in his life prior to that accident had been blotted from the tablets of his memory. Now that the operation had been performed and his memory was restored he was no longer the melancholy, eccentric individual that he had been for fifteen years, but a bright and highly cultured gentleman.

When asked his name he promptly answered, "William Melton," thus confirming the dying statement of his father. He remembered everything that had occurred in his lifetime prior to that accident, but he had no remembrance of anything that had since occurred. He was greatly surprised when told that for years he had been a journeyman printer. The strange conduct of his father to me seems unaccountable. But there was now no doubt in the minds of Cy and myself that the banker recognized Hamlet as his son upon that occasion when he visited the Free Lance office and it was through fear that his relationship to the tramp might be discovered that he closed the mortgage on the printing office, hoping thereby to get rid of the printer's presence in the village. Five years have passed since they occurred described in the last chapter. Elsie and I are living on the old Johnson homestead. We have for our neighbors our old and tried friends, James Ferrander, Albert Lansing, Sandy Simms and their families. Cy disposed of his interest in the Evening News some years before and is now the editor and proprietor of the village paper, printing his papers with the same outfit described in the initial chapters of this narrative. It is needless to say that Albert Lansing is living at his old home, that he is restored to him and that he and his wife are happy. Mr. Ferrander is likewise in full possession of his old homestead. Sandy is the same happy individual that he always was, and moreover is prospering. It is a beautiful bright morning in June. A happy group of people are at the depot awaiting the morning train. They are going to Turkey Lake for a three weeks' outing. The company consists of James Ferrander, Cy Manning, Sandy Simms, Albert Lansing, myself and our families. Elsie and myself have for our guests upon this occasion a gentleman who recently arrived from the west. He is here to spend his vacation. He had been elected to Congress and he had just completed his work in the cause of the people for himself a name known and respected everywhere in the Union. This gentleman is my brother-in-law, Hon. William Melton. I should like to tell my readers how happy Elsie and I have been during five years, but the train is coming and I must close. Sandy has charge of the baggage. We are all out upon the platform. The train rushes to the little station. The children are dancing about on the platform in gleeful anticipation of the journey. "All aboard!" shouts the conductor. Cy and myself are seated together. "Say, Mark," said he, "just five years ago today we were in jail. Well, well, all's well that ends well." (The End.)

A Spiritualist Ritual.

If the Spiritualist platform is as broad and liberal as most professing Spiritualists claim it to be, it should be wide enough to admit of our studying any subject presented on it from more than one side. That of usages or ritual should be no exception. It and every question should be examined, not in a trifling, contemptuous manner, but calmly, dispassionately and without prejudice. Its necessity in order to obtain legal recognition as a religious body may be omitted from our present consideration, for, as it is unimportant, but because it has been presented before and will be again, no doubt, on many occasions, and also because important as it may be, there is another aspect of still higher importance. The question for or against a ritual, authorized by the N. S. A. should be decided not merely, or chiefly, on account of its influence upon others outside our ranks in procuring us certain material advantages, but on account of its intrinsic value, or lack of it, in carrying on practical spiritual work among ourselves. Some will say in response to this: "Here the whole position is abandoned. Forms and ceremonies are of no spiritual value. They are even anti-spiritual." A prejudice against a thing is as bad an impediment to wise judgment concerning it as a prejudice in its favor. Rites and ceremonies, like creeds and dogmas, have been bogies too long used to frighten infant Spiritualists. As we grow bigger and wiser we may learn that even these imagined imps of darkness have their uses. Rites and ceremonies are unspiritual only when their spiritual origin has been forgotten and their spiritual significance neglected. Individuals, in their own spiritual life, sometimes outgrow and can dispense with them. No organization of men and women has probably yet advanced so far. While the form is retained, the spirit may be concealed, but it is discoverable. When a form is discarded by a body of people it is not because the spirit has triumphed over the necessity of formal expression, but because it has departed and is no longer there to be expressed. The Scribes and Pharisees were not blamed for what they did but for what they omitted. They were not culpable for observing the letter of the law but for neglecting its spirit. "These ought they to have done and not to leave the other undone."

Whatever ritual may be used in any religious service, many will go through it as a matter of habit. It will be a mere ceremony, nothing more. But there are always some whose living souls will find therein a channel for utterance. We need not refrain from saying "Good morning" to our friends because these words are often spoken with no good will attached. A fault in our meetings is that people simply listen, not to the lecture or sermon only, but to the more devotional parts of the service, if any such parts there be. The chief use made of the invocation seems to be as an aid to the speaker's own inspiration. I would by no means discard extempore prayer or inspired invocations, but there is always this defect attached to them that the congregation do not know what is about to be said and therefore cannot, mentally or otherwise, join in it. They may afterwards approve of it, provided they have paid it sufficient attention, but the simultaneous aspiration, the power of united thought and vocal expression are wanting. Responsive readings would to some extent supply this deficiency. People would see what was about to be read and what they were about to respond. Besides this, words and thoughts often repeated increase in power with each repetition. This is a truth in occult science with which we ought to be acquainted, but which we are too apt to lose sight of in a mad rush after novelties. Congregational singing, if the words are appropriate, and the singers can sing, acts in the same direction as responsive readings, but as we usually have it, it seems worse than nothing. Trained choirs and proper musical selections are much to be desired.

Spirit is formless, but all its manifestations with which we are acquainted are in forms. The spiritualist who most earnestly protests against ceremonial observances is most anxious for his loved and lost to reappear in the forms through which alone their recognition is possible to him. He cannot even conceive of his own continued existence without form, yet desires its absence from his religion. Religion may be in a formless state in the soul, but when it expresses itself in external life it creates for itself a form. In a spiritually minded age these are simple ceremonies for revelation. In materialistic times they become complex for concealment which preservation demands. An agreement as to the use of certain formalities is essential for co-operative action in any work whatever. Not only then for recognition as a religion, but for its existence as a religious movement, a Spiritualist ritual is a necessity for Spiritualism.

E. J. Bottwell. New London, Conn.

The Legal Status of Healers and Other Mediums.

There has been so much misunderstanding or perhaps wilful misstatement on the part of the secular and representative medical press in regard to healing by any other method than the supposed or assumed methods of the licensed graduates of the pill box and drug schools of slaughter, that it is necessary to say a few words to open the eyes of not only the audacious and autocratic medicals, but also the healers themselves. As in all wrongs the power of reform is apt to sweep over the good as well as the evil, so in the cases of all persecutions and prosecutions for healing without drugs, the clamor of certain bodies of men, or individuals, who have banded together in the form of what may aptly be termed a "medical trust," has been so sensationally presented that it has always been made to overshadow the true, in order to suppress the false; and to such an extent have these operations and misstatements of some of these licensed subjects, combined with the highest integrity, purity of motive and sincerity of purpose. This exemption and protection extends to and includes all forms of mediumship mentioned or referred to in the accepted version of the Bible and New Testament, but does not include card reading, palmistry or such other similar practices as are not therein mentioned. In confirmation or corroboration of the above statements I herunder give the points of argument which I submitted to the Senate of Albany in March, 1901, when an attempt was made to pass the "Bell" Bill prohibiting "healing," but which bill was withdrawn subsequent to my presentation and arguments.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED.

- To the Chairman of Senate Committee on Codes, Albany, N. Y. 1. That under the Constitution of United States of America (article 1 of amendments) it is stated (inter alia) as follows:—"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." 2. That in article XIV it is further stated (inter alia) "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." 3. That in the commentaries on American law by the late Hon. Chancellor James Kent of State of New York it is set forth as follows:—"In a government having a written constitution, the constitution controls all laws. The law with us must first conform to the Federal Constitution, and then to the constitution of its particular State. If it violates either it is so far void." 4. That said Chancellor Kent further states in his Commentaries as follows:—"The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship may be considered as an absolute right recognized in our American Constitutions and secured by law. The principle is generally announced in them with limitation." 5. That Spiritualism is a religion that has existed for more than half a century, and has a very large membership in U. S. A. which the census does not disclose. 6. That the religion of Spiritualism consists of the same worship as is disclosed in the accepted version of the Bible and the New Testament, and particularly embraces the various gifts mentioned in St. Paul's first epistle to Corinthians, 12 chap., verses 1 to 11. 7. That the gifts of healing and of prophecy (or in the language of the present day "clairvoyance") are fully disclosed in the said statement of gifts which constitute a portion of the religion of Spiritualism. 8. That Spiritualists do not claim that all persons who possess these gifts are clairvoyants or healers but such gifts. 9. That such gifts are only possible by Divine sanction, and bestowed upon those that are worthy to receive and practice same.

10. That Spiritualists as a body and those of their members who may divinely possess any of the gifts named in article 6 hereof are exempt from any legislative interference by virtue of articles 1, 2, 3 and 4 of this statement. Subsequent to the presentation of above arguments, viz., on March 8, a case was heard by the Court of Appeals at Albany before Justice O'Brien and others involving precisely the same principles operating against the rights of citizens of this State and Justice O'Brien said (inter alia):—"We think the Statute is void for the further reason that it is in conflict with the Federal constitution."

Chief Judge Parker also stated (inter alia) that a Statute is law which the courts must administer "unless it violates the Federal or State Constitutions, in which case it is void." Therefore it will be clearly seen that as not even Congress, or any State, can make or enforce any law which shall conflict with the federal constitution in the free exercise and enjoyment of any establishment of religion, or with any person who in the free exercise of his religion shall exercise or practice the gifts of healing with which he is endowed, in the hands of his fellow creatures, such person cannot be lawfully interfered with without violating the said constitution; and therefore anything in the form of a law that may have been forced upon the Statute Books of any State, or in the form of a city ordinance, through the instigation of the "medical trusts" or any member thereof with such object in view, is absolutely null and void; while any conviction obtained under such a law against a person possessed of and practicing the gifts of healing can be quashed and substantial compensation for damages recovered by the person aggrieved or injured.

We have got to put down our foot firmly on this at once and for all time, and thereby prevent any such convictions being wrongfully used as precedents in future prosecutions. In making these statements I wish to be clearly understood when I say bona fide gifted persons, for undoubtedly many pretenders are abroad, who for the sake of greed and dollars, seek to impose on the confiding public, and thus bring the beautiful sublime gifts and powers of nature into disgrace and disrepute. To avoid such a contingency I would suggest that all bona fide healers must be known for some reasonable time as legitimate members of such religious bodies as embrace the gifts of healing in their teachings in order to claim and be entitled to exemption from prosecution.

The true healer has nothing to fear from any so-called medical profession or Trust. Nature's remedies will in every case supersede any experimental drug doctrine. Drugs, at best, are only temporary relief at any time and whilst affording such relief frequently create an established other evils in the system of a patient. Moreover it is not the efficacy of the drug at all that produces any change, but the manner in which it is given and the power of the suggestion which accompanies its administration, that works the change. Many eminent physicians of the regular school have already admitted this, and are themselves today taking up the practice of the newer methods and gradually giving up the drugs. This new system of healing is now coming rapidly to the front and is being constantly recommended and adopted by high class up-to-date physicians who properly appreciate their patients' interests and value their own reputation. The day of the powder, and pill, and knife is nearing its end. The world is becoming too intelligent to be drugged and hacked to pieces in search for health when more agreeable methods can be obtained at same price. The world wants this now. It is absolutely harmless, and is more in harmony with nature than are drugs. Do not sneer at the idea of this kind of healing. Establish a feeling of mental comradeship between your patient and yourself. It is too late in the wonderful new day in which we are dwelling to cling to the old mouldy methods however long established, and to teary the new schools of nature. Omission of the surgeon's knife is needed, wonderful operations are performed now and then, and this department of medical science is worthy of respect and admiration. But the reckless slashing of the human body by ambitious surgeons, and the removing of some important organs, temporarily diseased, have had their day. Physicians in order to keep pace with their fellow practitioners find that they have got to be liberal and not bigoted—ready to receive new ideas and put them into practice. So it is not surprising to see the number of physicians who are taking up the study of the new science of "drugless" healing. Disease, which the physicians have hitherto regarded as an intruding entity, or thing to be driven out by poison, is only the struggle of nature to rid itself of impurities. It is the defensive action of nature—an act of self preservation.

This being so, how illogical it is to make war on the symptoms and attempt to drive it away by drugging or cutting. The cause of disease should be removed by right living and right thinking, and the symptoms will disappear. "Disease" is not a cause, it is an effect, created by incorrect habits. On the contrary "Health" is the absence of these incorrect habits and is of course the "natural state." Nature requires good air, sunlight, food of proper quality and quantity, plenty of good pure water, exercise, cleanliness, and sleep. When these conditions are provided the normal result, "Health," follows; but when they are denied or neglected nature's remedial efforts are brought into play in the shape of sickness and disease. The right to participate in such newer methods of treatment is a God given right; to every citizen of this broad and free land; which right neither Congress nor any state can interfere with. Moreover every citizen has an unimpeachable and indefeasible right to select his own physician, and the kind of treatment he desires. If he can be healed of his sickness without poisonous drugs or unnecessary mutilation by the surgical knife, no authority or institution can lawfully deny him such relief from his sufferings. Drugless and Mental Healing protected by the Highest Court in the Supreme Court at Washington, D. C., on Nov. 17, 1902. Justice Peckham stated in reversing the judgment of the lower court: "It cannot be said that it is a fraud for one person to contend that the mind has an effect upon the body and its physical condition greater than a vast majority of intelligent people might be willing to admit or believe. The claim of ability to cure may be vastly greater than most men would be ready to admit, and yet those who might deny the existence or virtue of the remedy would only differ in opinion from those who assert it. There is no exact standard of absolute truth by which to prove the assertion false and a fraud."

As a matter of fact most of the excitement and persecution is created by impecunious pill box practitioners who are more concerned about getting a fee than healing the patient; while cases are not unknown where others unobtrusively soak the patient in poisonous concoctions in order to retain them on their books as remunerative patients and employes. While it is true I graduated as a physician and surgeon over forty years ago, I never gave drugs or practiced medicine in the

common acceptance of the term. As a Psycho-Therapeutic Physician—blessed with the priceless treasure, the gift of healing—I am able to relieve and restore to health the suffering creature without any laying on of hands or magnetic operations and either by personal or absent treatment, as distance is no barrier in my case.

While the paragraph on page 4 of "Banner" for Oct. 24 states that the Christian Scientists have "won a signal victory," etc., in the supreme court of New Hampshire, I would respectfully assert that Christian Scientists had no victory to win for the procedure was contrary to law and therefore if properly argued by a conscientious and fearless advocate upon the basic principles embraced in the constitutional rights of these religionists, it must necessarily fall and the case be dismissed. This point was clearly maintained and sustained under calm concentration and deliberation when the notations Bell and Warner Bills were presented to the Senate at Albany in March, 1901, as previously stated, at which time I personally submitted the arguments and contentions against the passage of the bills (see your paper, March 23, 1901, for full report) and the result was when Bell's Bill came up on the order of final passage, March 27, Bell asked that it be laid aside! My efforts in this direction were very ably supported and corroborated by Bro. Moses Hull and E. W. Richardson, see their report also in Banner, March 23, 1901.

That is precisely how the matter stands today and no true healer who is a recognized member of any religious body, whose teachings embrace healing, need fear any lawful molestation or interference by law. I would not go so far as to say that medicines of the right kind (not drugs) may not be usefully and judiciously employed and stand up the expiring flame in a too far exhausted vitality, but only to such a point where the helping hand of nature can take hold and lead the sufferer safely on to recovery. Neither would I be so bigoted as to say that the services of an experienced surgeon should be refused in cases of severe complication or disaster. Common sense dictates otherwise to any intelligent and competent healer who is not saturated with insane bigotry.

In conclusion as this right of exemption, and privilege and protection applies to every State in this glorious American union, I respectfully suggest to all healers who are members of any religion which embraces among its teachings the gift of healing, that they take careful note of the facts named in this article and preserve it for reference, or possible guidance and use should they at any time be persecuted or molested by the instigation of the medical trusts or any department of the State in which they reside and exercise their precious gifts. Respectfully submitted,

J. Knapton Thompson, LL. B., Ph. D. 331 West 57th St., New York, U. S. A.

P. S.—The foregoing article was written a week previous to the receipt of the Progressive Thinker of October 31 and it is therefore especially gratifying to observe in that edition on page 1, paragraph 6, that Judge Pollard of St. Louis corroborates and sustains my arguments in one of his recent decisions.

And as the subject is one that is referred to in the President's report at the annual meeting of the N. S. A. at Washington, D. C., under the headings "persecution" and "prosecution" of mediums this seems to be the very best time to proclaim the truths of this article with all the force and vigor we can command.

J. Knapton Thompson.

The Great Psychological Crime.

I note in the Banner of November 21 an editorial which seeks to be just and generous towards the book and its author. That is a commendable purpose always. But some suggestions in said article seem to me misleading, that is, it does not give persons who have not read the book a correct estimate of its teachings. For instance, it is said: "The question is, does mediumship demoralize the ones who exercise it? If it does, should it be cultivated?" Another interesting query follows: "Does not control weaken the will, and is not a conscious state the one to be sought?" The "Great Psychological Crime" teaches that mediumship in all its phases—conscious or unconscious—is destructive to individual life, injurious to health, and demoralizing in its influence and tendencies! To be accurate I quote: "The mediumistic process is, for all practical purposes identical with that of mesmerism and hypnotism, with the exceptions noted." (These exceptions are that mediumship being hypnotism by an exanimate operator does more than hypnotism by an incarnate hypnotist.)

"This process is under all conditions and circumstances a subjective psychic process. This is true regardless of the form of mediumship established, the character of phenomena presented or the degree of control exercised." "The principle back of this process is the Destructive Principle of Nature in individual life." He holds and teaches that all hypnotic influences are harmful to the body and still more harmful to the soul, and lead to death in this and the spirit world. And that mediumship is also, under all circumstances, in all of its phases, and in every degree of its exercise, destructive to the brain and paralyzing to reason and moral sense! He defines hypnotism and mediumship as the control of the will, voluntary powers, and sensory organism of one person by the will of another.

But he claims that it includes automatic writing, independent slate writing, inspirational speaking, materializations, personation, impersonal clairvoyance, and all mediumship that is not "independent" of all hypnotic agencies. The key to his philosophy is in two opposite principles in nature—constructive and destructive. One is evolutionary in its process, the other devolutionary. One leads to life and individual development, the other leads to death and individual destruction. He teaches that the hypnotic bond once established cannot be broken in this life or the next, without the consent and joint effort of both of the parties—the hypnotist and his subject, and that it requires great effort, often prolonged for years, to break the bond and give the victim freedom and individual life and independence.

He claims that in every case the hypnotic process progressively paralyzes the brain, beginning with the cerebrum, and progressing backward and downward through the cerebellum and medulla oblongata, and steadily advances until total paralysis is accomplished and the subject becomes a fool! He does not assert that this final fate overtakes all, in this life, but will if continued long enough. Now, I agree that this book is highly suggestive, and should be read and studied by all who are capable of analyzing and forming opinions in accordance with facts, evidence and sound reason. If all that is set forth as scientific truth in the book is exactly true no one would want to be a medium or ask another to exercise the faculty for his instruction or benefit. For who would be willing to sacrifice his Soul, and perfect his individuality, and go down and out in eternal night for anything that Heaven can impart through mediumship? The author of this book is a man who can be taught to others, and which all intelligent people can attain—by which he can freely converse with the denizens of the spirit

world at any time he chooses, and "in a perfectly normal condition". The book bears the impress of candor and truthfulness of purpose, supported by a clear intellect and logical ability. But his claims—some of them—seem too extraordinary to be real; and his charges against mediumship are directly refuted by many facts well known to Spiritualists, and cannot be true.

A Perfect Regulator of the Stomach and Bowels

In Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It promptly relieves and permanently cures all weaknesses, irritations, inflammations, obstructions or diseases of the stomach, bowels, kidneys, bladder, liver and prostate gland. It will restore perfect health and vigor to any person afflicted with general debility or nervous debility. It cures constipation so that it stays cured by removing the cause of the difficulty. Only one small dose a day will cure any case, no matter how light or of how long standing. It cures by toning, strengthening and adding new life and vigor to the intestines, so that they move themselves healthfully and naturally. All such conditions as dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, chronic indigestion, constipation, Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the kidneys, catarrh of the bladder, irritation or enlargement of the prostate gland, torpid liver, pain in the back, female weakness and female irregularities begin in clogged bowels. They are cured by Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by all leading druggists.

Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles has been serving the Toronto Spiritualist Association since Oct. 4 last, and has been re-engaged for the month of December. She is drawing large audiences, and is held in high esteem not only by Spiritualists here, but by the large number of liberal-minded citizens who have been attracted to the meetings by her most excellent lectures. Mrs. Stiles is a thorough and painstaking worker, and presents only the much-needed and long-sought higher Spiritualism. She is commended here on all sides for her clear and clean-cut presentation of the grand truths embodied in the Spiritual Philosophy. The Cause of Spiritualism is much in need of many more workers like Mrs. Stiles.—N. A. St. Clair, sec.

Cancer Microbe Said to Have Been Discovered.

The Cancer Germ said to have been discovered by an Eastern Physician caused great surprise. Heretofore this disease was supposed to be caused by a cell growth. Careful experiments are being made. Dr. By, the Eminent Cancer Specialist, of Kansas City, Mo., is being besieged by hundreds of people suffering with dread disease. The Doctor is curing many cases, thought to be incurable, with the combination of a Medicated Oil. Persons suffering or having friends afflicted should write for an illustrated book on the treatment of cancer, tumor, ulcer, piles, fistula, and all skin and womb diseases. Address Dr. W. O. By, cor. 9th and Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

Lynn, Mass.

We have had a pleasant month in every way in Lynn during November. It has been our first engagement with this society, and it seems that a mutual regard has sprung up between us. The society members have given us their hearts, and won thereby our soul's best endeavor. The Cadet Hall society, led by Dr. Caird as president, and Mrs. Averill as secretary, with a large corps of efficient workers, is entitled to congratulations for activity and devotion. It is a hopeful sign for our Cause to find such zeal and kindness displayed. The public worker is lucky, when called to serve here, hence we feel like wishing long life to the Lynn Spiritualists and will ever hope that success may crown their efforts. We are glad to accept a call to serve them again during March next. G. W. Kates and wife.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Briefs.

The Society of Spiritual Truth that meets in Crosby Hall, 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, had a large and intelligent audience Nov. 22. Mr. DeLoe lectured. His subject was "Can Spirits Return?" Mr. Rasmussen gave a number of spirit messages.—Aug. Recht, sec., 21 Conseyea St., Brooklyn. Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 22.—Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society. There was a large attendance at both services. The subjects, "Inspiration" and "Love Universal" were well presented. The lecturer held the closest attention of all present. The closed with spirit messages. The piano selections by Miss Howe were pleasingly rendered.—Dr. C. L. Fox, president. The regular session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston was held in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday at 11.30 o'clock. After the answer by the children on the topic for consideration which was, "Who Are Our Ministers?" Dr. Hale gave a short lecture. Louise Southwick reading; Sybil Manas, song; Mrs. Marti and Rebecca Gaultz, piano duet; Mrs. Stillings and Dr. Hale, duet; Beatrice Allen, song; remarks, Mr. Packard, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse and Mrs. Butler.—Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its weekly meeting in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton Street, Boston, on Friday, Nov. 20, both afternoon and evening, with a large attendance. The afternoon was devoted to the business meeting under the direction of the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albee. A splendid supper was served at six o'clock and promptly at 7.45 Mrs. Albee called the meeting to order, gave out the notices and then called upon Mrs. M. J. Butler to take charge of the program. Mrs. Butler had volunteered her services, and the services of her children, and a fine entertainment was given. The program consisted of solos by David McNavin, Mollie Stodin and Clara Weston; posing and fancy dancing by Iona Stillings, the Allen Sisters, Becky and Marie Levy; recitations by Jeanette Tarplain. At the close of the entertainment Mrs. Butler was given a rising vote of thanks, and responded with remarks pertaining to the education of the children. Dr. C. L. Willis, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse and Mrs. Chapman spoke briefly. On Friday evening, Nov. 27, the monthly whist party was held with a large attendance. Next Friday, Dec. 4, we expect to have with us several of the old time workers and mediums, and the evening will be devoted to speeches and messages. Supper will be served from six to seven o'clock. All are cordially invited. Esther H. Blinn, sec.

Nov. 22 interesting meetings were held in Armory Hall, 67 Warren St., Roxbury. We are glad to say that these meetings are growing in interest and attendance each week. The Sunday School is rapidly growing and a deep interest is being manifested in the study of the Scriptures. At the afternoon service many beautiful thoughts were given by Mrs. Bonney. Mediums assisting during the day were: Mrs. Edmunds, Mrs. Bonney, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Randlet, Dr. Huot, Mr. Litchman, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Mason and Miss Strong.—A. M. S., sec.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall Nov. 23. Business meeting called at 6 o'clock. In the absence of president, Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. Ella A. Weston presided. Supper served at 6.30. Evening service opened at 8 o'clock. The following assisted during the evening: Mrs. Hattie Mason, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Frances Fisher and remarks by Mrs. Weston. Next meeting is Wednesday, Dec. 2, whist at 2.30 with prizes. Supper at 6.30. Evening session at 8 o'clock.—Laura F. Sloan, cor. sec. Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Sunday morning conference was largely attended, the subject was "What is Sin?" Those taking part were Mr. Hill, Dr. Brown, Mr. Marston, Mr. Greives, Mr. Baxter, H. B. Deering, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Herbet, Mr. Bakesstrom, Rev. G. Brewer, Prof. Henry Mrs. Cooper, Miss Sears, Mrs. Wilkinson. Spiritual services afternoon and evening; mediums and speakers were Mr. McCullough, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Hardy, Mr. White, Mrs. Edmonds, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Sanger of Waltham. Music, Mr. Peak and Mrs. Grover. Mrs. Wilkinson's class is held in Room 1 every Wednesday evening. The healing circle every Tuesday at three and Thursdays at 2.30 for spirit messages.—Reporter.

Salvation in Busy Hands.

Every bit of useful knowledge that we have is a help to us in doing right. A boy with some knowledge of gardening or carpenter's work can find clean, wholesome occupation for himself, where a boy without this knowledge might get into idle mischief. A girl who can cook, or sew, or care for a house, can easily make herself useful and happy. In Germany, poor schoolboys learn trades under competent masters in vacation time. What a blessing this must be to the boys and to their country! A child who can do well some sort of work has a hundred chances to be virtuous where an ignorant child has one. If we can open the way for one of these little ones to learn some simple, useful thing, we may save a soul from death, and avert a multitude of sins.—Ex.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier) says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Diseases will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He has nothing whatever to sell you.

Spiritualism in Waltham.

Waltham Spiritual Progressive Union Church was ministered to by Sadie L. Hand, lecturer and test medium. She had a large, appreciative audience. We note an improvement every time we hear her. Last Wednesday, for our circle, Mrs. C. C. Bemis was test medium. Her services were so satisfactory that she was engaged for another date.

Our Lyceum grows dearer and dearer to us every day. Although we are but few in number we are very harmonious. We have two classes, an adult class and the children's class. Mrs. Carrie Adams is teacher of the adult class, and her pupils are more than pleased with her way of instructing them. Instead of using books or lesson papers she gives subjects and lets each one give his own ideas.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn has promised to write some questions and answers for Mrs. Millie Guilford for the children's class. We think our little ones are of a progressive nature. Last Sunday they proposed to have a Junior League Society and held meetings every Sunday afternoon. They held their first meeting last Sunday, and elected the following officers: Miss Gladis Eldridge, president; Reta D. Guilford, first vice-president; Edna Boothby, treasurer; Alberta How, secretary; entertainment committee, Arthur Jackson, Mabel Jackson, Eva McQuin; musical committee, Bertha McQuin. Mrs. Millie Guilford, No. 51 Adams St.

For Over Sixty Years

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

Power.

Beyond the highest "ministering spirits," beyond all personal intelligence of the greatest conceivable intellect, there is a Power which pervades the Universe. It cannot be held as within the limitations of a personality, for personality must have metes and bounds. It moves the planets in their orbits. It compels suns to give forth light and heat. It is as mysterious, incomprehensible, and unexplainable in bringing the material extension of life from the thicket need placed in the ground, as it is in regulating the intricate movements of innumerable planetary systems. Men sometimes call it the "First Great Cause," which they have never been able to discover. It works in silence. It is the great Supreme Power, the Spirit of Infinite Good. It is impossible, and probably ever will be, to explain its workings, for so soon as one mystery is made clear a deeper one appears behind it. But one thing we do know. This power will respond to every demand we make upon

It. For we are parts of it—parts of an Infinite Life, and as you, a part, recognize this your relationship to the Supreme Power, you will come to know that yours is the right to demand as much as possible of this Supreme or Divine Power to be expressed through you. You are a part of God "made manifest in the flesh," and it is your business to draw to you every attribute and quality that you can conceive of Deity. You want to be fearless. You want perfect health. You want complete control of appetite. You may want to be eloquent. You may want power to be pleasing to others. You may want power to do business on a just, righteous, and therefore successful basis. You may want power to cease from ugly thoughts. You may want power to rid yourself of a mind which sees only the discouraging and gloomy side of everything. You need many other qualities of character, and to gain, increase and improve these you have but to ask persistently for them. Supreme Power will be given you; to knock imperiously at its door, and it shall be opened unto you in time.—The Herald of the Golden Age.

Spirituality.

The word "spiritual" is of such uncertain significance that one must first define it, and show what it is meant when one uses it, as well what one chooses to have it mean. If we observe people who are said to be spiritual we find a great variety of opinions and customs. It is surprising to find how different are the likes and dislikes, the methods and terms of those who claim to be seeking the spiritual life. Again, it is interesting to find so many people of diverse ways of thinking insisting on just their way as the only true method. Thus the extreme of one is the hermit, the ascetic and the mystic on the one hand, to the self-denying social worker, the aesthetic devotee, and the thinker who seeks to make a science of spirituality, on the other. It will be worth our while to consider some of these types of belief and conduct before we turn to the more positive characteristics of the spiritual life.

There is apt to be a certain narrowness in the life of those who make a specialty of the spiritual life. It is unnecessary to look far back as the ascetic of the Middle Ages to find narrowness. Nor is it necessary in our Western world to prove the one-sidedness of asceticism. That experiment has been given up once for all. In our day this narrowness has assumed new forms. For example, some insist so rigidly on the coming of all things from within—the finding of the Kingdom of God in a particular way—that they will not lift a finger to co-operate externally. They refuse to enter into the kingdom of peace to be added will gravitate to them by a kind of mechanical process. Yet all the while they are shutting God out by condemning part of His word as "external." For example, such people are frequently heard to speak in a high-strung voice, full of nervous tension. Suggest to them that it would be well to lower the voice, and you will be told, "That is of the external." But who gave man his voice? What more direct way is there, sometimes of entering into the kingdom of peace than to lower the voice and speak in gentle tones? That object to physical exercise, because that is "doing things with the body." But what is the body if it be not "the temple of the Holy Spirit?"

I was once impressed by the comment of an energetic woman on the doctrines of a little paper devoted to a particular type of spirituality: "Why, it leaves one so little to do!" The criticism was perfectly just. To that woman it would have been a backward step to lead so limited a life. The spiritual life is rich, it takes nothing from our activities, it adds to them. Consequently one is justified in turning aside from these narrowing modes of life.

Others declare that the spiritual life partakes of the "impersonal." But this word conceals many illusions. Those who declare themselves "impersonal" are usually the illusion of mortals. Penetrate behind the illusion and you will find dogmatism, egotism, pride. It is because people want things to go their way that they claim to be "impersonal." I have yet to find a single person who made this claim who was not in reality "throwing dust in the eyes," as the French say. The man who is honest with himself knows that persons constitute the world. It is personal desires which prompt us, it is for personal reasons that we claim to be disinterested. Or, if it is more theory, borrowed from the Orient, for example, where we are told that the mother should love all children as she loves her own, that her children ought to show no preference for her. These are the ideas of people who subordinate family life and trample on the sacred ties of love. Nothing could be further from the spiritual ideal than this.

Far from this position is the noble ideal that true love deepens one's love for humanity. The mother who loves her children, she loves all children; but only on condition that she love hers first and in a special sense. That would be a strange child who should not show preference for those who have bestowed tender care upon it. To this tenderness a large social sentiment is in due time added. Thus the universal is added to the particular, but it does not absorb it. Be untrue at home, and your universality shall count for naught. Be true a person as you may conduct that we believe that the universe is nothing nobler than to be a person. One who is truly such is an agent of justice; he is fair, impartial. But to be a large-minded lover of truth and of your fellow-men is to be very far beyond that stage which has been denominated "impersonal."

Again the spiritual realm has been thought of as afar from man and from the world. Spirituality has been for Sunnys, or for "sacred people." The idea of spirituality has done more than most any other notion to raise a barrier between God and man. Only when we consider the entire universe, both large and small, as a revelation of the Holy Spirit, are we in the right state to be truly spiritual. Each moment we live is a spiritual moment. Each hour may be made sacred by remembering how that hour came to be. Indeed, to become spiritual is precisely this: To show by our conduct that we believe that the universe is one, that there is one God, one supreme law. When we live in fragments we are not yet spiritual; we are materialistic or selfish. The Spirit unites. Hence the very heart of Spirit is love; hence it is that love is regarded as the supreme test.

Aristocracy is another of these negative signs whereby people show that their spirituality is not quite genuine. "We are the chosen people!" others happen to be barbarians, heathen or infidels. On the other hand, the truly spiritual man is democratic. He recognizes that every man is a son of God. There are no barbarians in the realm of the soul. Every person has faith, somewhere in his heart. If ignorant of his sonship, he needs our brotherly sympathy and help. As a son of God, he has a perfect right to work in his own way. The superiority of his critics is in the air, that their hearts have not yet been touched. The greatness of our Master is most of all evident in those touching incidents where he welcomes the sinful into the Kingdom, where he associates with those people whom some of his modern followers (in word, not in spirit) would deem unfit to share his society.

Nor is the spiritual life more submissive. Humility and receptivity are points along the way rather than goals of the spiritual life. The spiritual individual must become as a child, but he is also a man; and the active individuality of our Western world

WHY SWAMP-ROOT GIVES STRENGTH.

Almost every one, from personal experience, knows that the effects of any kind of severe physical strain are felt, first of all, in the small of the back—in other words, in those Vital Organs, the Kidneys. This is as true in the case of the very powerful as it is with one of less strength, and it is especially true whenever the kidneys are weak. The Great Kidney Remedy Swamp-Root, strengthens the kidneys and through them helps all the other organs.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root not investigated by the Banner of Light, the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers, speak in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler, of 117 High Rock Street, Lynn, Mass., writes: "I was extremely sick for three weeks, and when I finally was able to leave my bed I was left with excruciating pains in my back. My water at times looked like tea, and I could not pass but little at a time, and then only after suffering great pain. My physical condition was such that I had no strength and was all run down. The doctors said my kidneys were not affected, but I felt certain that they were the cause of my trouble. My sister, Mrs. C. E. Littlefield, of Lynn, advised me to give Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root a trial. I procured a bottle and inside of three days commenced to get relief. I followed up that bottle with another, and at the completion of this one I found I was completely cured. My strength returned, and to-day I am as well as ever. Swamp-Root is so pleasant to take. My business is that of canvasser. I am on my feet a great deal of the time, and have to use much energy in getting around. My cure is therefore all the more remarkable, and is exceedingly gratifying to me.

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler.



MRS. H. N. WHEELER.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

We often see a friend, a relative, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's Disease.

The Effect of the Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root.

"Having heard that you could procure a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, free by mail, I wrote to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and it was promptly sent. I was so pleased after trying the sample bottle that I sent to the drug store and procured a supply. I have used Swamp-Root regularly for some time and consider it unsurpassed as a remedy for torpid liver, loss of appetite and general derangement of the digestive functions. I think my trouble was due to too close confinement in my business. I can recommend it highly for all liver and kidney complaints. I am not in the habit of endorsing any medicine, but in this case I cannot speak to you in praise of what Swamp-Root has done for me." W. F. Johnson, Springfield, Ohio, Feb. 21st, 1901.

EDITORIAL NOTE—If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the wonderful discovery, Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are getting better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

You may have a sample bottle of this great remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives, to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read 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. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

may become as true a servant of God as the self-abnegation of the East. Devotion is the positive word, not self-denial.

What, then, are some of the positive characteristics of the spiritual life? From what has already been said we see that broad-mindedness is prominent. The spiritual man is tolerant. He is conservative of the faith, he keeps the great ideal ever in view, and will not allow himself to be turned aside. Yet just because he believes in the universality of the Kingdom, he knows that many pathways lead to the same summit. The conditions are secondary; the kind of life manifested under these conditions is the test. One man may seem to another to be an atheist, yet his critic may be compelled to confess that the one he condemns lives an exemplary life. As a matter of fact, some of the most pious men in all the ages have been scornfully condemned as atheists. Narrow indeed are our theological standards, but how broad is the life wherewith men truly show that they believe in the heavenly Father!

Again, we note that the Kingdom of God is far from being confined to the inner life. Yonder saint in his library chooses to serve God by tirelessly searching for truth. Another worships the Father through an elaborate ritual, with incense and symbolism. But, as a Roman Catholic once remarked, such "externals" are only external to him who does not put the spirit into them. The person who gives exquisite care to all the details of external life is often classified as "not yet quickened" by one who emphasizes the inner life, and who perhaps permits everything about his home to fall into ruin. But all our idols are made of wood or stone. If one man is inwardly unquicken, another may be outwardly as undeveloped. It is not for the apostle of the inner life to cast the first stone.—Horatio Dresser in Angazine of Mysteries.

For a persistent cough, Piso's Cure for Consumption is an effectual remedy.

An Odd Labor Exchange.

There is in Melbourne, Australia, an odd labor exchange, which is described in the Scientific Australian. It is intended primarily for the unemployed and includes as members accountants, architects, bankers, dentists, engineers, printers, authors, artists, journalists, geologists and piano tuners. Any member in need goes right along at work at his trade. If he is a shoe-maker, for instance, he takes a pair of boots to the exchange and receives a certificate equivalent to their estimated value. This he can offer at any time in return for its value in such other goods as may be deposited at the exchange by other members, and thus actual cash is rendered largely unnecessary, though how the accountants and piano tuners can serve the others on the barter principle is not so plain.

What Home Is.

Home is a place of peace, a shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer world penetrate into it and the unknown, unloved or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have rooted over and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by household gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love—so far as it is this and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, shade as of the rock in a weary land and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea—so far it vindicates the name and fulfils the praise of home. And wherever a true wife comes this home

is always around her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night cold grass may be the only fire at her feet, but home is yet wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than celled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless.—John Ruskin.

Study Man.

The twentieth century is going to recognize the importance of the study of individual man.—Dr. Alex. Tyndall. One must begin with self. It is thought there is no end to self. There dwells within the germ of infinite possibilities. A time has never been recognized when more and better were not in view. No event of nature ever occurred that did not open to deeper consciousness and a broader life. Every birth is a birth up; every marriage has its increasing strength; every death is upward life. In man is found all. Study man! Analyze self! Test self! Infinite processes are all on this line—they ever grind, sift and try. From the study of man individual strength and power is increased. By the study of man comes financial success. Study man and the inside life, "from which every higher and finer flow," comes to be a part of the great individual selfhood.—Marion Enterprise.

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

A correspondent asks why I have nothing to say of the abuses of labor and of grasping monopoly; why I am not trying to free the people? To which I reply: Mental Freedom is the only true freedom and I am teaching mental freedom. If I had it in my power to break every bond of which the people are complaining it would only be to liberate them to unbridled license. No person is worthy of freedom until his mind frees him, and what is more, no person obtains freedom unless it comes mentally. When mental freedom is attained external freedom follows.—Helen Wilmans, in Freedom.

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204 Dartmouth Street, Boston.

THE SPIRITUAL WREATH.

A new collection of Words and Music for the Choir, Congregation and Social Circle. By S. W. TUCKER.

Table with 2 columns: Song Title and Lyrics. Includes songs like "Angels, Come to Me," "The Happy By-and-By," "The Soul's Dwelling," "The Angel of His Presence," "There is No Death," "The Better Land," "The Guide of Our Hearts," "Freeman's Hymn," "The Vain," "They Will Meet Us on the Shore," "The Eden Above," "The Other Side," "Will You Meet Me Over There?", "Who Will Guide My Spirit Home?", "Whisper Us of Spirit-Land," "Waiting on the Shadow," "Welcome Home," "Freeman's Hymn," "We Long to be There."

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Banner of Light

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A Case in Point.

A wealthy Spiritualist residing on Long Island bequeathed by will the sum of twelve thousand dollars to the cause of Spiritualism in the town where she resided. She appointed two trustees to take charge of the fund, and directed them as to the manner in which it should be expended. With the assistance of her lawyer (who was not a Spiritualist) she attempted to create a special Trust and to provide for its legal execution. Her will was contested by distant relatives, all of whom she had generously remembered, and finally broken upon the ground that the Trust had not been fully and legally created. The usual silly arguments of "undue influence," "insanity," "mental incapacity," etc., do not seem to have been emphasized in this case, although it is probable that they were advanced before the Court.

The writer secured a copy of the will, examined it with care, and obtained an offhand opinion from an attorney as to the validity of the Trust. He felt as did the writer, that the purpose of the testatrix was plain, and her specifications clear. The case was referred to both the N. S. A. and to the New York State Association of Spiritualists, but neither body appears to have taken any action in the premises. Perhaps they had no jurisdiction, or felt that they had none. The trustees named in the will were not any too anxious to have the will stand, as their letters clearly indicate, and the local Spiritualists, who were directly benefited by the bequest, had no organization, and made no effort to form one, even after they knew the contents of the will. No doubt their indifference had something to do with the breaking of the will.

It is said that the lawyers for the heirs (?) were exceptionally bitter in their denunciations of Spiritualism and Spiritualists. Their comments were taken up and elaborated upon by the secular press in all quarters of the nation, generally to the discredit of the Cause. Some of the editors proved their up-to-date spirit and intelligence by asserting that Spiritualism was now almost unknown in this country, having no organizations, no churches, and only a very few people who professed to believe in its teachings. These remarks go the rounds of the press and are accepted by thousands of the unthinking as literally true. The editors refuse to publish articles in rebuttal, and decline to accord ordinary courtesy to the Spiritualists who seek to state the facts to the

public. Our gifted Editor-at-Large, Hudson Tuttle, has, no doubt, to contend with scores of difficulties of this character. All such ex-parte trials place Spiritualism at a disadvantage before the masses, and seldom have the effect of educating the Spiritualists themselves to do better in making disposition of their property.

This Long Island episode is certainly an object lesson to all who will but study it with care. The intent of the testatrix was clear; her bequest wronged no one; it was for a public good; yet the prejudice against Spiritualism was so great, and the indifference of Spiritualists so apparent as to lead to the overthrow of this will! The Cause loses by this neglect of duty, and people who already had money enough add a few more dollars to their store. The only way to avoid these contests and consequent disasters is to dispose of what one has to give away while remaining in the form. Every Spiritualist of means should profit by this case in point. It is only one of many, and, while the N. S. A. has won several victories in court sustaining wills, the cost has been so great as to eat up almost the entire bequest. It is therefore safest and best to give lawyers no chance to tear an estate or bequest to pieces. Give what you have to give while on earth. Do not allow any one to quarrel over the disposition of your hard earnings. The N. S. A., the several State Associations and the legally incorporated local societies are all qualified to receive and hold donations. Endow them while you live and see to it that your desires are carried out in full. If you have real estate to give, deed it outright to the N. S. A., and take a life lease back for your own protection. This is the only safe way to avoid courts and lawsuits. If you have money to give, give it for a specified purpose, requiring it to be funded and invested, you to have the interest, should you need it, so long as you remain on the earth. Spiritualists, consider well this case in point, and act promptly in the premises that your estates may not suffer as this one has.

Dr. J. M. Pullman.

The sudden and therefore unexpected transition of Dr. J. M. Pullman, the eminent Universalist clergyman of Lynn, Mass., aroused a deep feeling of regret in the souls of thousands of people in all sections of the land. Dr. Pullman was one of the great men of his denomination, and impressed himself upon all classes of people as a man of ideas, catholicity of thought, and progressive views. His influence could not be hemmed in by the narrow lines of a sect, but was felt wherever there was need of action. He was a member of the Mass. State Board of Charities and is recorded as being a most tireless worker for the relief of human suffering. His relationship to the late George M. Pullman of sleeping car fame, the multi-millionaire (the two were brothers) did not cause him to swerve from his own chosen path of duty, nor lead him to retire under the shadow of a name.

Dr. Pullman was essentially a man of action. He believed in doing things, and was in his very soul a natural Reformer, with a capital "R." With some of his views and methods the writer was not in accord, but with many of them, he was and is in full sympathy. His earnest advocacy of the whipping post for wife beaters stirred the public pulse from a low state of lethargic indifference to the full, steady beat of normal action. He convinced thousands of the correctness of his views, by showing that not only justice, but expediency and modesty were all best served by the whipping post for the offenders in question. Delaware's experience is mathematical evidence of the fact that Dr. Pullman was right in this respect.

His well-known opposition to capital punishment, to all class legislation of a pernicious partisan character, and to sumptuary measures in general is in full accord with the position held by every true Spiritualist. He certainly did his duty manfully in those respects, and is entitled to credit for honest effort. He may or may not have taken any interest in Spiritualism. It does not matter whether he did or not; his life work shows that he had caught the spirit of true Spiritualism, and had the ability to express it to the world through his daily work. The world is seeing every day that it is not the label a man wears in the realm of religion that counts for anything, but what he really is in Soul—what he does for his fellowmen—what he expresses in conduct, as well as in precept. A man may be a Catholic, a Jew, a Presbyterian, a Universalist by profession, yet be more spiritual in thought and life than some Spiritualists are. The children of men are advancing morally, intellectually and spiritually, hence are approaching the time when a universal religion will be the demand of all. Spiritualism will be that religion, if its followers rise in spirit into the realm of the universal, and recognize all men as their brethren who are seeking to live and to do the right.

Small-Pox.

One of the amusing features of the recent small-pox scare in Maine has been the readiness with which the doctors have diagnosed every slight ailment to which their attention was called as small-pox. One community was reported to have a general epidemic of small-pox. Pest houses were in demand, a general quarantine was issued, and everybody ordered to be vaccinated. A rich harvest of dollars from vaccination was the result, followed by a still richer one from the after effects of vaccination. The patients were violently ill from the virus injected into their blood, while those who were said to have small-pox were not even comfortably sick. A closer examination of the trouble proved that it was not small-pox at all—only an epidemic of the old time cutaneous eruptions, whose modern sobriquet is itch! The wise (?) doctors frightened the people into being vaccinated, made them seriously ill from the poison, then proceeded to fatten upon their patients' miseries. The vaccinated victims have no redress; they must endure

quarantine with patience, suffer from the pain caused by the deadly poison, lose the use of their arms, sacrifice valuable time; lose all of their wages, and be a burden to their friends simply because of a pseudo-small-pox scare! How wonderfully skilled are those doctors who cannot tell the difference between small-pox and old-fashioned itch! They deserve medals from Congress and life long pensions for having caused so much misery to mankind.

Dr. J. M. Peebles.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the serious illness of the venerable "Spiritual Pilgrim," whose name lends this article. Dr. Peebles purposed spending the winter in San Diego, Calif., and journeyed thither about one month ago, hoping to escape the rigors of the Michigan winter, and to enjoy a much needed rest. He is under treatment of two eminent physicians, one a psychic, who pronounces his chances of recovery quite probable. Grave apprehensions are felt by the "Pilgrim's" friends because of his advanced age, but everyone is wishing him a speedy recovery. Dr. Peebles has been before the public as a speaker for sixty-five years, and is yet in the harness. His perfect health, up to the time of his recent illness, stands him well in hand now and will do much to restore him to his work and friends. Let the kindly thoughts of every Spiritualist and reformer in the world go out to this veteran worker, freighted with the balm of healing he now needs. Dr. Peebles should remain yet many years on earth, and all lovers of progress should unite in willing him to stay with us.

Moses Hull.

From our esteemed contemporary, "The Progressive Thinker," we learn that our good brother, Moses Hull, is, and for some three weeks has been, seriously ill at his home in Whitewater, Wis. It is thought that a surgical operation may be necessary in order to save his life. Mr. Hull has thrown all of his energy into the work of building up the Morris Pratt Institute, and his illness is probably largely due to overwork. He has drawn heavily upon his vital, physical and financial strength to carry on his work, and is now face to face with a grave crisis—a condition, not a theory—with but little of the sinews of war at his command with which to defray living and surgical expenses. It is evident that our able brother is in financial distress, with possibly a long illness before him. No one has done more valiant service for Spiritualism with pen or tongue than has Moses Hull. He deserves well at the hands of all who love a progressive Spiritualism, and we hope there will be a generous outpouring on the part of the people of the substantial means he needs to make his struggle for life successful. It is not charity that is sought, but only just compensation for the hard labor he has put forth for the good of our beloved Cause. Let us wait him the healing balm of kindly thoughts, with our offerings of cash, that his pain may be eased and his worry lessened during his illness.

Legislation.

Early in January the Legislatures of fifteen or more States will assemble for the purpose of grinding out a new grid of laws. Measures useful and unuseful, good and bad, necessary and unnecessary will be introduced, some of which will seriously cripple the liberties of the people, if enacted. Medical bills, compulsory vaccination plots, etc., will be numerous. Attempts to abolish capital punishment will be made in some states, and in others efforts will be put forth to suppress mediumship in many of its public phases. In all of these measures, the Spiritualists of America are vitally interested. Medical legislation is already a menace to life and liberty in nearly all of the States. The same is true of compulsory vaccination. Capital punishment is in vogue in all states save four, and it is hoped that number may be increased this winter. Colorado has gone back to barbarism by licensing capital punishment. Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island and Maine are now the only states free from this stain. Mediumship is already outlawed in several States, and may be in others before the winter closes. There is work ahead for our N. S. A. and for all State Associations on these subjects during the coming winter. All Spiritualists should be on the alert to protect their own rights, and to defend those of their fellowmen. It is to be hoped that State Associations will be on the alert and act promptly in all of these matters.

Masonry.

There is one man, at least, in the United States who entertains an exalted opinion of Masonry. That man is Hon. James D. Richardson, of Tennessee, who is about to retire from Congress in order that he may devote his entire time to the duties of this office as Sovereign-Grand Commander of the Thirty-third Degree Masons. Mr. Richardson has been in Congress about twenty years, and for the past six years has been the leader of the Democratic party in the House. He has been its candidate for Speaker on two occasions, and has made himself an influential man among the members of his party throughout the nation. He calmly turns away from party leadership, from politics with all of its flattering alignments, from a salary of five thousand dollars per year, and perquisites amounting to fifteen hundred dollars more, to accept a more onerous position at a salary of three thousand dollars per year. No one can accuse Mr. Richardson of self-interest in taking this step. It may be said as an offset that, should he reside in Washington, the fraternity will provide house rent free, and when he is called to visit Masonic bodies in the thirty states, over which he has jurisdiction, all of his traveling expenses will be paid. This is something, to be sure, but it does not make up for the loss of the prestige of leadership,

nor of the influence he has held in party councils. He does gain much through having the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing his duty to the noble order of which he is the head, and of having the love of all of its members to sustain him in his new work. He is now the most exalted Mason in America, a worthy successor of the great Mason, Gen. Albert Pike, and has the confidence in full of his brethren in all parts of the world. It is not often recorded in history that any man has voluntarily relinquished high civil honors for those of a position that would virtually retire him from public view.

There is certainly something in the spirit of Masonry itself that is sufficiently potent to produce this result. A man to be moved as Mr. Richardson has been, must be susceptible to the influence of this spirit, and led to see the grand realities of the inner, or soul-life of man. He who knows the Soul as the real, can read all outward symbols aright, and apply them to his own spiritual needs as well as to those of his fellowmen. Many of the wisest and best men from remotest antiquity have been members of the Masonic order. In psychism, there has always been a sublime symbolism that only the initiate into the esoteric mysteries of being was able to interpret. Exoteric symbolism is, or should be, a duplicate of that of the Soul. When it is recognized to be such, the kinship of the race will at once be perceived, and caste, creed, social distinctions, and all false barriers between man and man will forever disappear. Perhaps James D. Richardson has taken a step that will do much to advance the ideal of human brotherhood, not only among Masons, but among all of the people on the face of the earth.

Sentiment.

It is said that a certain German laborer, whose sole capital was his two hands, refused to part with his dog, even though he was offered five dollars for him. The dog was of no particular value—a mongrel cur—yet money would not induce the honest German to sell him. "He is absolutely of no account," said the would-be-purchaser, "and you are getting a big price!" "Ya, I know," said the German. "Ze dog is wort nodding, und five dollars one peeg bill, yet I no can sell him!" "Why not?" asked the visitor. "Because I could no see ze wag of hees tail ven I comes home mit night!" This is sentiment perhaps, yet there is in it the recognition of the higher riches of the spirit. The dog's welcome home was beyond money and indicated the honest laborer's innate perception of life's true relationships. In this age, when the majority of men are making money getting and money saving the all and end of their lives, it is refreshing to find a bit of sentiment now and then, that exalts the soul above the sordid events of every day existence and the dross of mere material wealth. When material possessions are spiritualized to the divine realities of the spirit, there will be no more warfare among men or nations, and the cruel struggle for existence will be superseded by the great commonwealth of a divine humanity. Human brotherhood will be everywhere established and peace and good order will be everywhere apparent.

WHAT CAN YOU DO IN TROUBLE?

When we are sad, and hardly know How common life is going on; When days and weeks their shadows throw, And pretty dark is every one; When no one seems to care at all— The whether we are live or dead; Or what may seem to us to fall; Or what about us may be said; When it just looks as if the world— Were set against us right point blank, And we as stones were somewhere hurled— Till down and down and down we sank— And landed nowhere at the last— Chock full of every feeling sad; When we in such a plight are cast, What in the world can make us glad? What in such time of dark distress— And misery near to death, What can we do our life to bless, And fill the soul with heaven's own breath? There must be some straight road to walk, That reaches to the heaven's land, About which all the preachers talk, And where they say the blessed stand; And we that are in trouble sure, Are just the ones to call for light; And some encouragement secure— To make us feel that all is right! Well, when we feel as bad as this, And would as lief lie down and die, What can impart to us a sense of bliss, And ope a door in God's blue sky? What can we do to cheer the heart, And get it lute light of day? Why straighten up, and do our part, And throw our foolish fears away. We're not as bad as we would think, Nor folks about us half as bad, And change can come quick as a wink, And make our spirits more than glad! We must believe the best there is— Just in the place that seems so dark, And ne'er a beam of sunshine miss, And for sweet voices always hark! We've got to do the best we can— To mend the matter here and now, And face the music like a man, And not to meekly cringe or bow. We need not bother with our head About the this and that of life, But be by love's religion led To do our duty in the strife. There's One above this world of ours, Who knows how all our trouble goes, The One who brings the loveliest flowers— From where have lain the winter snows; And if we hold to His good care, Just as a child to mother must, Our bubble grief will fade in air, Or blow away like summer dust! Brother Sunlight. Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.—Gekke. Brother Sunlight.

The Sunny Side of Life.

6. A PARABLE OF LIGHT.

It was a tiny piece of radium that was in the pitch blends of the waste dirt thrown out of the uranium mines of Bohemia, it was this little piece of brightness that was talking cheerfully to its neighborhood; it was shining in its own blue light and with its nature warm as love, just as if it did not matter a pin where it was in God's world, all it had to do was to be true to itself and live in its own radiant way and not be afraid but what this was the right thing for it to do. As indeed it is for any of us and always must be. There is no dark place when you come to think upon it, because the All-Seeing One sees and understands.

So the little chatterer was at it preaching to the dirt its gospel of light and cheer; it was not to pick and choose its hearers, it was there for the purpose of a blessing, and nothing was going to hinder right doing on its part. So it said: "Think, neighbors, what good fortune is coming to me; I have truly been discovered and men are talking about me all over the world. A little while ago I ought to come in for some praise, for you have changed as if by magic, a man and his wife at Paris have found out my family, small and insignificant as we seemed to be, and now I am three thousand more valuable than gold, and there isn't more than a spoonful of my salts that men have got yet, but they are all excited over me and think wonderful things are coming to pass by my helping. I am to cure disease, I am to teach new lessons of physics; I am even to preach to them and say a word about good living; isn't that a rare fortune for me, old friendly dirt? You ought to come in for some praise, for you have been my home and my friend from time immemorial, and you know that I care for you because I give you something of my light and heat and make you akin to myself. That is what real friendship always does. It makes the humblest neighbor to partake of its own gladness. It radiates its joy, its good, its riches, the full impact of its nature indeed, and you know that I have done this, and we have been mutually blest, you and I.

"And now better things are in store for me. I am to be taken out of my hiding by the hand of science, and I am to be like a city set upon a hill—at any rate I am to be widely known. I am useful as well as wonderful. Oh, there are many things in this old world that people don't half prize because they have not found out how useful they are to them; however, real worth can always wait, it need not fret over the ignorance or indifference of men. Its golden day of recognition is sure to come, and perhaps be a little better and sweeter for the delay and the neglect. I shouldn't wonder but what that is so, for this is how the truth is coming home to me. However that is a small matter—we all have got to do our appointed work any way, and I am willing to do mine.

"Don't think me tiresome with my rambling speech, I can't help being glad and telling you about it. And why shouldn't I? We are to communicate one to another the best we have, and gladness is goodness, it is health and cheer for all of us."

And it went on and on in its talk with the innocence of a child and the philosophy of the wise. Anybody with half an eye could see that. There it was shining and shining and sending out its sunny influence just as if it cost nothing at all. "And it does not cost me anything to be glad," said the radium, "I am made of the heart of light, I am its hiding-place, if you please, and always overflowing with it. All I have got to do is to shine, and I am never the worse off for it, never a mite the poorer, and never shall be as long as the world stands. Thank God for that, which I do most heartily. I think it is splendid to have the Eternal Goodness energizing one's nature and bidding us be generous to the utmost, to fear no loss, no poverty, no rebuff that others may give us. At least I've learned that, and it is a pretty good thing to know. Perhaps this is one of the lessons men are to take from me."

This moralizing was cut short by a shovel passing through the mass of dirt and it was thrown into a wheelbarrow and taken to the cars and soon was on the road to Paris. There it was passed through process after process of purification and refinement. It was to come out its own real self without intermixture of baser matter, and all care was given that this end should be achieved. Apparently it was much labor for little return, as it was in the pitch blends, but in as small a quantity as gold is in the waters of the sea, yet it pays to find even the smallest particle of truth, and we must be willing to follow it to the utmost and pay its true cost, whatever it may be. All good that is in us is worth the finding.

And so it came to pass that at last it was released. The strength of man and the patience of woman, their united care and thought, made it to be itself, and there it was in purity in a tiny glass case, enclosed securely at the ends with lead for easy and safe handling. It seemed as if it could be taken hold of anyway, but it was not so, for injury followed careless handling—and then pain. "For," said the radium, "I am not to be tampered with. Men injure themselves when good is placed in their hands and they do not mind what they do with it. They must be thoughtful, anxious to put it to its true use and to no other. There is a blessing for wisdom and sharp rebuke for neglect and carelessness. Men must be aroused by danger, for living is activity of love. And I can destroy evil, I can kill the unconquered parasites of the flesh if I am carefully controlled."

At this, it must have ceased to speak, or perhaps it was busy following out its suggestions and failed to note its words, but I am sure that what I had received from it was a lesson of a bright nature asserting itself in all times and places, and giving of itself to everybody and everything in good, but asking for knowledge to put it to the best use; and so the parable was spoken to linger in my heart as the light of suggestion for many and many a day! Brother Sunlight.



IN MEMORIAM.

She was a woman worthy to be loved, And not alone for some external grace. For virtue, shined within the veil of sense, Gave out more comeliness than form or face.

She, by the wayside of life's human trend, Crowned all its milestones with perennial flowers. Their fragrance, to our higher sense, becomes A recompense amid these tears of ours.

Her life became a prayer without surcease, Work was her worship, and her hands have wrought An answer to the cry of human need, Her work so quiet—silent as a thought.

This the memorial I raise to her Who did with life such benediction blend, Yes, even now, yoked in some tender tie, We work and worship unto life's great end.

For spirit life is thought and thought is power, And though in flesh once twain, we now are one; And on the ladder where the angels pass, She comes to Bethel lest I walk alone.

E. T. Danforth. Wrentham, Mass.

What a Medium Suffered in Toronto.

Miss H. S. Albarus.

It is a deplorable fact that the history of Spiritualism contains many records of mediums who have suffered for the sake of the truth. We need not go back to the times when women, on account of their more developed psychic powers, were accused of being burned as witches in the Common of Boston, there are examples of mediums being persecuted by public authorities even at the end of the nineteenth century.

Mrs. Nichols, born at Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, was one of the victims within recent times. She was an imaginative child and her home near the sea, where she spent many a lonely but delightful hour watching the change of the tides, the glorious colors on the water, if she was not absorbed in the contemplation of a cure or a sacred record, tended to develop her latent psychic powers even more than a life in a busy circle of friends would have done. She began to show clairvoyance and clairaudience in her early childhood years, being, however, entirely ignorant as to the significance of those powers. She used to say that she could always see "people" around her and her friends, of whose presence the others were evidently not aware.

Her mother, a strict Scotch church woman, could not understand "what ailed the bairn," and forbade the girl to tell her "fancies" to anyone, saying that they would burn her as a witch if she did not stop speaking about the "ghosts" she saw.

Once she wandered alone quite a distance along the shore according to her custom, till she came to a flat rock projecting into the sea, where she used to play. She was busy with her pretty shells when suddenly she heard the quick, sharp voice of her mother calling her name. Jumping to her feet, she looked around; of course there was no mother, there was no house within a quarter of a mile; but the water came swishing around the rock, it was high tide and the child had not noticed it. Her life was saved by her guardian spirit, who this time had assumed her mother's voice, for no other voice would have made her move so quickly, as she affirmed afterwards.

Another time she had seen a young man jumping over a "hoop" or brook. When she was alone she thought she would do the same. But she was mistaken about the distance across, and in spite of a voice saying near her, "Ah, you must not do that!" she jumped and got a thorough wetting. She thought that somebody was hiding, not knowing that it was the voice of her spirit guide, who wished her to understand that a little girl could not do what a young man could. After she had grown to be a young woman, she was married, she went to Bradford, England, where she consulted Mrs. Webster, a well-known medium whom she had never seen before. This woman told Mrs. Nichols then, that she was a medium herself, and had the phases of clairvoyance and clairaudience. Mrs. Nichols was very much astonished at this, her orthodox bringing up had not tended to make her think highly of mediums, so she was even somewhat mortified. Mrs. Webster after foretold Mrs. Nichols' coming to Canada, and that there would be poverty and trouble ahead for her.

It proved to be so later, although her husband at first scorned the idea when she told him about the prophecy. There certainly were financial losses for them, Mr. Nichols' father having died and left another will which practically disinherited the son. Now Mrs. Nichols thought of going to Canada, to which her husband at first was very much opposed, but finally yielded, considering that there might be better openings in a new country for their two growing boys. After having seen a cousin of hers in Nova Scotia who also told Mrs. Nichols that she was a medium, she finally settled with her family in Toronto. Her husband being out of a position, her sons not yet started in life, she had to bear the brunt of the struggle for an existence, and it became clear to her then that her rare psychic powers could enable her to gain a livelihood for herself and family.

She began to attend Spiritualists' meetings and saw Mrs. Prior the founder of the Toronto Spiritualists' society. In one of the circles there Mrs. Nichols went under control for the first time. She had a peculiar feeling, her head seemed to be pressed down, as if a mantle had been thrown over it, and she desired to pray. Her control was a nun. But since that time, it is remembered correctly, Mrs. Nichols has never been in a trance; she being perfectly conscious when she sees her wonderful visions, may therefore be said to possess the true Scotch gift of "second sight."

When she started out on her career of giving sittings she said to herself: "I shall never tell a lie in it," and she has kept that promise faithfully. After having practiced two years undisturbed, except for some jealousy within the ranks of the Spiritualists themselves, she was called upon by two men one evening in December, 1898. She was sick and Mrs. Olive had called as a friend. When the latter went, she called one of the men into her sitting room at the back of the house to give him a reading, while his companion stayed in the parlor that was in front. The man seemed well satisfied after the sitting and paid her; but it was impossible for the man in the front part of the house to see him do so.

A week later, two detectives came in, asking her whether she was a fortune teller. They had come with a warrant and wanted to handcuff her if she was not willing to follow. She said, however, that she would follow them and got ready. It was a bitter cold night, the snow was lying over a foot high in the streets and kept on falling thick and fast all the time. But she started out between the two detectives. One of them, being more humane, said to the other: "Let her go before us to the police station." When they had arrived there, they asked her name, then the police van came to take her to

prison. She was thrust into a cell with a palmist and another medium. However, in a day or two she was free, her husband having got \$2,000 bail for her. A week from then, on a Saturday, the trial was to take place. The other "criminals" that were to be tried were two spiritual lecturers, a phrenologist, a palmist and a few mediums. What a wicked set! The indictment against Mrs. Nichols and the others was: fortune-telling, enchantment, witchcraft, conjuration.

Mrs. Nichols was put into the witness-box, when the hour came. The hall was full of men, but no eye of sympathy was directed on her. The jury consisted of ignorant men, the Crown Prosecutor was bitter, but the judge somewhat lenient.

One of the two men who had come to her in December and who had waited in the front room while the other had a sitting with her in the back room, said that he had seen the latter paying money to Mrs. Nichols. This was impossible, since the door between the rooms was shut tight, and a sofa put across the door on either side.

Our friend, Mrs. Nichols, however, did not appear downcast during the trial; she held her head high, she felt she was innocent and had done no wrong. For lack of evidence she finally got free.

But two years afterwards, the same authorities sent two women to her house, summoning her to appear at the police court for the same "crime." The same detective appeared against her, and she was tried again before a jury of ignorant men. She said that she had the power of clairvoyance and clairaudience, was convicted of witchcraft and fined \$25.

Naturally, our friend felt badly about such treatment, she belonging to a respectable family and being a resident of Toronto. In a private conversation with Judge McDougall, after the trial, she said that she would leave Toronto, since that time our friend has been left alone by the authorities.

The most deplorable thing in this matter is, it seems to me, the general impression of the public in Toronto that a Spiritualist set the authorities on Mrs. Nichols' tracks, because he did not entertain any kind feelings towards her.

However, all this may be, our friend got successfully through all her trials, and is enjoying me than ever the respect of her many friends, and of clients who consult her at her home, 18 Gould St. But in the summer she generally spends a short time at Lily Dale, where she does not put up a sign, but helps and benefits many through her rare psychic gift of "the second sight."

Man's Soul.

The rounded world is fair to see Nine times folded in mystery; Though baffled seers cannot impart The secret of its laboring heart. Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast, And all is clear from east to west. Spirit that lurks each form within Beckons to spirit of its kin; Self-kindled every atom glows And hings the future which it owes. —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The nature of the human soul or spiritual entity has always been a question of deep interest to man, but eluded and defied analysis, because it was held sacrilegious to pry into its mysteries beyond certain theological dogmas pertaining to it. This seeming mystery concerning the human soul has been transmitted from generation to generation, and in consequence the world at large is still in ignorance as to the true nature of man's soul, and its relationship to God and the Universe.

But there should be no mystery about it, as the study of the soul is as legitimate a field of research as the study of man's body. In fact, soul and body are so closely allied that both act and react upon each other continuously. Soul and spirit are synonymous terms and express the ego or life principle of man, which is indestructible and eternal in nature. It is the same life principle that is diffused throughout the universe as the motor power that holds the mighty solar systems in position as well, as it causes the acorn in the bosom of mother earth to bring forth the stately oak. This eternal spirit of life force (electric in nature) in conjunction with material elements gives us the Key that unlocks the mystery of creation, which, however, reads like an open book, as soon as we understand the mighty and eternal principles that underlie the chemical processes of the elements.

It is in this realm of scientific research that pertains to the finer forces of nature, where man is now solving the seeming mystery of his existence. Henry Scharfetter. Baltimore, Md.

Angels.

M. Woodward-Weatherbee Rice. Who were the angels that met Jacob on his way? "God's host," he called them. And who that multitude of the heavenly host that were with the angels that announced the birth of Christ? A host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will toward man." And who the cherubim and seraphim in Isaiah's vision that cried, "Holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory."

There is no knowledge imparted and no conception can we have on this earth plane of the dwellers in Celestial spheres. We have simply this definition of the word "angel"—a messenger of God. It is clearly manifest that there must be not only angels celestial but angels terrestrial.

David, the Psalmist, refers to "fire and hail and stormy wind" as fulfilling his word;—and to the stars, to the birds of the air and the fish of the sea, to the cattle and all growing things and to man,—as "these wait all upon thee." Ministers they are to do the pleasure, the will of the Almighty. Such, too, was Milton's conception of the offices of angels when he symbolizes Faith and Hope.

"Oh welcome, pure-eyed Faith; white-handed Hope. Thou hovering angel girl with golden wings." Such, too, Ben Jonson in his couplet:—"Thou dear good angel of the Spring—The Nightingale."

Whatever the purposes of God's Creation, this much is clearly apparent, that all things serve His high behest; that the prophets were his angels; that the winds and the sea obey him, the stars and every natural law,—every created thing, animate or inanimate,—and human intellect,—these all wait upon God, to fulfill His high purpose. May we not suppose that these all are of that innumerable company of angels that serve Him day and night.

Whatever our conceptions of Deity out of the infinity of whose mind, as a supreme, persistent Intelligence, all things took form; whatever our conception of God to whom heaven and earth bend in perfect obedience, we somehow feel that "the invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made"; that the physical

world is symbolical of the spiritual; that the spiritual world is the counterpart and the consummation of the meaning of the whole. From the consciousness of God in our own souls we come to the consciousness, that He is everywhere present; that in and through all things there is the One, all-pervading spirit—the Inspirer and Controller of Nature; that this all-pervading Intelligence is manifest in the law that controls the growing plant, in the development of higher and higher modes of life as well as in the energy that holds the planets in their courses; that spirit energy inheres in the minutest atom; that it fills all space; for it is of God, and Universal Spirit is everywhere.

From the energy in the minutest atom to the yearning of the human intelligence, all is Spirit waiting the directing control of the Spirit Universal.

What is this reign of Law as manifest in the formative impulse of the minutest organism up to the reverent obedience of the highest order of life in man, but the intelligent response of an obedient messenger of the Infinite Spirit.

This is the angel of the Most High, whether as a drop of water on a thirsty land, or the human intellect following the message of the spirit within.

Whence is the beauty and order and harmony in the Universe, but from the orderly and loving response of the commands of the Maker of Worlds.

One has but to watch the development of the seed to its harvesting to be assured of the seed's fulfillment of the divine command, or to watch the progression of the seasons, but to see the reign of law, which is another meaning for service to a higher intelligence.

These all wait upon God, and fulfill their mission, as truly as man, when he gives a cup of cold water to his fellow man in obedience to a recognition of an injunction to do as he would be done by. We do not know why the universe exists, but we are forced to believe that in the functions and relations and concerted actions of nature in all its varied appearances there is an answer to the question we call God, to whom every act is subservient as of an angel fulfilling God's high behest.

A Subject of Vital Importance to Spiritualists.

Hudson Tuttle.

The Sunday School Illustrator goes out to multitudes of Sunday schools, and furnishes the teachers with material for their class instruction. A late number presents what they are to teach on the subject of Spiritualism. A more slanderous statement it would be difficult to make, and yet these are the views which are to be instilled into the minds of millions of children!

"Spiritualism is as old as the days of Moses. It is not a new thing to be lashed at, nor simple pleasure to while away an hour, nor a communication of the dead with the living for the benefit of the latter. It is a terrible reality, a possession of evil spirits, a dominion of demons who control men and lead them to destruction. And those who go to the performance of magicians and necromancers, who take part in table turning and spirit-rappings, who consult the mesmerist and clairvoyant, who indulge in planchette, who seek in any way for contact with the dead and in the ways of death. A witch is a spirit medium, one who possesses supernatural power by control of evil spirits.

"We are warned against giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrine of demons, through the hypocrisy of men they speak lies." And there are spirits of demons working miracles abroad today. Rev. 16: 14, pretending to be the spirits of departed friends, whom they shrewdly personate and work such wonders as, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. But they cannot be deceived because they will not put themselves under the power, nor wishing that spirits shall take possession of them and work through their physical and mental faculties. And there are those who have the power today to deliver others from demonic possession, even as Paul had. Ac. 13: 8, 10; Jesus gave his disciples authority over unclean spirits and bade them cast out demons. Mat. 10: 1-5. W. B. Lindsay, through a writing medium, cross-questioned the evil spirits and insisted in the name of the Lord that it speak the truth.

"In the name of the Lord is the Bible true?" "Yes."

"The Bible forbids consulting familiar spirits. Which shall I believe, you or the Bible?" "The Bible."

"You did you tell me that it was right to consult spirits?" "I wished to deceive you."

"What is the business of spirits with men?" "To deceive."

"In the name of the Lord is there a good spirit, the spirit of a departed Christian among all those rapping, and writing spirits?" "No, not one."

"Where are the spirits of departed Christians?" "The Lord has taken them."

We quote only a small part of the lengthy screed, which tacitly shows the importance with which the subject is regarded, and the fear that the young people will gain a truthful understanding of its teachings. If it were possible to reply in the Sunday school papers, the truth of Spiritualism might be presented in contrast to the asser-tions which are wholly false and brazenly ignorant interpretation of the Bible opposed by a correct exegesis. But as the Sunday school papers are edited by those who believe that lying and traducing those who do not agree in belief, commendable for Christ's sake, to use them is out of the question. To reply to these thread-bare assertions in spiritual papers, would be repeating arguments already stale by repetition. This is not my present object.

I want to call the attention of Spiritualists to the instruction given their children at Sunday school. You think after your home-teaching, they will be unchangeable to the persuasions of others against free thought and spiritual doctrines. If this is true, why do all the sects so urgently press the Sunday school on the attention of their followers? Is it not because experience has shown that the mind of the child is as pliant as the young plant, and receptive to the influences with which it is surrounded? If a child of six or eight years, begins attendance at Sunday school and continues regularly until fifteen, he or she will be prepared to be led into the church, and the denomination of that church will be that of the Sunday school which preceded it.

You who have come up from the fog-land of theology, passed the Gethsemane of cruel creeds, and after years of struggle escaped the old belief which clouded your early years with fear, doubt and foreboding, do you desire your children to pass through the same experience? Or do you prefer that they begin where you now are, free from the blighting dogmas which cast a gloom over the fairest prospect? Shall they start from the mountain tops of dogma, to absorb the truth which is found unfiltered by the mis-understanding of the past, with self-dependence on their own righteousness, or shall they start from the bog-lands of theology? Will you provide their training and instruction, or will you turn them over with fond reliance on their independence, to the training of those

who hate, with a bigot's unforgiving hatred, your beliefs and will herald as a triumph of their religion, if they bring your children into the church, and make them despise you because of your beliefs?

If you do not provide a place for your children to go, you should not complain if they attend the Sunday school and that the teachers there make the most of their opportunity. You should not be surprised when your daughter joins the church and marries a cleric preacher, or your son cajoled by the Presbyterians with an offer of a free scholarship, enters a theological school and becomes a gospel minister—being called by God and a salary!

If you do not relish this prospect you must supply a school of your own. Children are gregarious. They like associates, and contact and friction with others is a spur to their endeavors. At the Sunday school they are told that the only path to preferment, position or honor lies through the church, and that it is a disgrace not to be a member.

To counteract all these influences, you have not only to build up societies, strong and influential as the churches, but of more importance—associations for your children.

The plan of The Children's Progressive Lyceum has been well prepared by the Secy, A. J. Davis, and there are books which furnish the required information. The National Spiritualist Association most wisely appointed superintendent of this work, John W. Ring, who publishes a weekly paper, "The Progressive Lyceum", as a lesson leaf to assist with helpful hints and suggestions. There could be no better selection for the place. Capable, earnest, with the seal of an enthusiastic disciple, absorbed in the work, he devotes all his energies, and I may say, his life to the Cause.

A Progressive Lyceum should include adults as well as children, and it can be sustained where a society cannot. Why? Because it gives every one something to do, making each a working factor.

The method of the Lyceum is distinctly spiritual; to draw out from within; to cultivate thinking, in opposition to the old method of teaching, which is to bring some outside revelation, to be parrot-like, learned. The Sunday school scholar is expected to bring his little cup to be filled by the teacher with scraps of Bible lore and commentaries on texts. The Lyceum attendants are led by the teachers to think for themselves, and have no reverence for anything, new or old, except the truth.

Lectures are desirable at times, but at a Lyceum session, every member is expected to contribute something in answer to the question discussed, a motto, a selection, an original thought, an essay, a recitation, and the whole forms a satisfactory and interesting meeting. The demand for social affiliation, intellectual and moral culture, are answered in a most complete and perfect manner and there is little necessity of going to outside sources to awaken interest. Editor-at-Large, N. S. A.

Book Reviews.

William Brunton.

Man and the Divine Order by Horatio W. Dresser. This is one of the best and most suggestive and satisfying books that I have seen our good fortune to read of late. Here are helpful essays in the philosophy of religion—a religion that has relation to life and its duties and aspirations. It is a grand plea for God's universe in its integrity, and for the good of our being here and the richness of our experiences as leading to the glory that awaits us and then still awaits us. Every chapter of the nineteen is a clear noble statement of its own truth, and then the several pearls form one necklace or the truth become one great truth, a heaven in which the stars of thought lie. We recommend it to our readers most heartily. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price \$1.60.

The New Thought Simplified, by Henry Wood. Mr. Wood and Dresser are the two representative writers in this field that we are always glad to read. They are full of sweet reasonableness and noble leading. And in this book we have a very happy expounding of the way, the truth and the life of the New Thought. We follow each step of his unfolding of a better life, and we say, "This is true; it is clear, it would be a good thing for me to try." He carries us along with the simplicity and strength of his statement, and we find that we have had sunshine poured into our souls by communing with him, and that this book will bear rereading and be helpful every time we turn to it. It is an educating and inspiring book. Boston, Lee and Shepherd, Cloth, 80 cents.

A Visit to a Gnan, by Edward Carpenter, is a very interesting account of how the writer came upon one of these emancipated minds in Ceylon and what he learned from him. It speaks with the voice of the Orient, but has suggestion that we are taking to heart in our busy rounds. It well repays reading. Chicago, Alice B. Stockham & Co. Price \$1.00.

The Christ of God, by Charles H. Mann, is the setting forth of the deity of Jesus Christ evidently from a Swedenborgian standpoint and it does this in a fine religious way. It holds to the value of the inward revelation of truth, and as we understand it, means that God was in Christ making himself known to men. It would help those thinking in these lines, though the world takes hold of the fact in a new form. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Soul Return by Fred Max. This is a book we opened with a great deal of interest, and found it was not afraid to speak out in open meeting of the fact that the soul can return. It expounds the law of clairvoyance and all relating to this phase of our unfoldment. We cannot say that we agree with it in toto, but we certainly recommend it to Spiritualists for its own sake, and we read perfectly satisfied that he knows what he is talking about. All reforms ultimately to prevail are to begin at the cradle, or before, and the child is to grow up into all things of worth by the nurture into their need and immediate reward. It is a plea for wise living, and shows the parent how it may surely come to pass. Chicago, Child of Light Publishing Co. Price 65 cents.

Faces Toward the Light, by Sylvanus Stall, D. D., is a helpful book of a devotional tone, and made up of bright and suggestive articles taken from a religious magazine, and is good to pick up at times and get the cheer of the spirit of devoutness. It is for those who love the church and its ways rather than for the outsider. The Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia. Price \$1.00.

Rejected Men, by Howard Pyle, is a story to tell as a story why the truth was rejected and crucified two thousand years ago. It is a happy satire on modern bigotry and self-satisfied Saduceism, together with what belongs to the Scribe and Pharisee. It reveals the fact of the antagonism of the

well-to-do to the poorer neighbor and of the cold reception the truth-speaker must expect. Such reading convicts us of opposition to the world's growth on the ground of our vested interests, which must not be disturbed. New York, Harper & Brothers. Price \$1.50.

A Little Lower than the Angels, by Clarence Lathbury, is a Swedenborgian interpretation of the body of man to show how there is a divine man within a man, and that we played, as students of ourselves so as to know how to make the advance in the direction of the angel. Germantown, Pa., Swedenborg Publishing Association.

The Rev. John Henry, by Percival R. Benson, is a good story of the evil of religious bigotry, and of the stones of stumbling in the path of a preacher who wants religion to stand for a clean life and true. There is many a good passage in it. New York, A. S. Barnes & Co.

Sir William Crookes' Researches into the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, is a very interesting account of the tests made by this eminent scientist to demonstrate beyond any peradventure that these things are so. It is good reading for the sceptic who thinks that it is only the light-headed who believe that tables are tipped, that instruments are played, and that bodies are lifted; here is a name known to all the world that vouches for their genuineness under test conditions. Manchester, England, The Two Worlds Publishing Co. Price sixpence.

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Invite all the people who desire peace of mind and health of body to deposit in this bank. It is simple. Those who wish to use this bank must make a deposit each day in the shape of a joy vibration. At first it may perhaps be only a thankful thought or a wish for a higher intelligence—but send it along. It will be placed to your credit, and if it is necessary for you to draw against it for yourself or any of your friends, make your demand and your own will come to you. But remember this—should you forget to deposit, your draft cannot be honored. Right here is the secret of reciprocity that underlies every transaction in the universe.

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Come one, come all, and let us see what we can bring to pass. Comfort is the rarest of all possessions and the only one which will enable us to realize health and prosperity. To those who are inclined to brand this thought as a foolish fancy, I shall quote the words of St. Paul: "The things which are seen are temporal; the things which are not seen are eternal." Eleanor Kirk.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

The Rev. Frederick A. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, 177 Huntington Avenue, spoke Sunday morning upon the subject, "Heaven with Fear, an Impossibility," and used as a text St. Luke xi, 10, "And the angels said unto them, 'Fear not.'"

The keystone which holds the vast archway of life, the principle of Divine Love, is to be found within. Divine Law involved it there; Divine Law is evolving it through the experiences common to the various vicissitudes of life and it is a pleasure to contemplate that man's belief does not and cannot alter the purposes of Divine Law.

A large majority believe in the verity of heaven and yet they are prone to thrust it far off; they want heaven and yet seek for it almost everywhere except just where it is. When a dear loved one "pyramids through in worlds ethereal," when the circuit, so to speak, is broken, and the wire no more responds to the call, instead of seeking connection over the wire of inner consciousness, the loved one is mentally put into some far-away realm of indefiniteness. Thus death is viewed as a horrible experience of suffering and of separation; heaven, if there is one, a place far away; the whole future covered with a heavy mantle of gloomy doubt, and there remains for many but one step to the vortex of despair.

It has been discovered by most people that heaven is not a place but simply a condition, and that it has nothing to do with either time or place so is its enjoyment dependent in some sense upon time or locality; being a state of mind, heaven is impossible until the mind is dispossessed of fear.

Fear is hell, and he who adds one thought of fear to a single life does so add fuel to the cruel fire. Fear is the demon that leads to a misconception of all God's plans and purposes, throwing men out of balance with natural law, and at the same time out of attunement with God.

Fear causes all that is best and highest to fall like leaves bitten by the frost; it keeps humanity from the path of happiness and even hinders so-called Christians from practicing righteousness among their fellow men. Christ was able to see the divine spark in the penitent thief upon the cross; He saw true womanhood in the Magdalene, and fear did not hinder Him, as it does some of His rejected followers from extending a full, frank and open sympathy.

More than any other emotion of life, fear poisons the very breath of happiness. The only antidote to fear is to turn the gaze within and there is His real kingdom, behold God seated upon His throne.

Fear cannot be mixed with true religion, but the more it is allowed to stalk side by side with it, the less effectual will be that religion. Children have been taught to think that this is a dreadful sort of a world in which to live, that in ambush at nearly every turn there is located some danger, and that that which is beyond the grave is the greatest danger of all. This kind of teaching has inoculated the human family with mental and spiritual disease, from which some will never recover until they stand upon the shores of the land celestial.

It is certain we cannot arise and claim our own rightful dominion—a dominion of happiness and freedom—until we have ceased to cause others to fear. What thoughts are herein suggested! How much it might suggest to some teachers of religion who are teaching even little children to distrust the divine love of God; leading them to believe that with the change called death separation from friends may be eternal. That God could put up any bars of separation between parental and child love is preposterous in that light which illuminates the spiritual within man such a suggestion is

not only extremely illogical, but by the very nature of things, utterly impossible. Expressive of the working out of law.

"Stars come nightly to the skies, The rivers to the ocean run"

and it is a certainty that no power will dim the lustre of the firmament of love; no hedging about can keep our loved from where love draws.

Just to please a priesthood which has been more feared than loved, gorgeous churches, many more than were ever needed, have been built; hard-earned money has been wrung from the masses to support this stupid yet stoppable splendor; Nature's noblemen, to a number which no man can justly estimate, have been robbed of all manhood, courage and even self-respect. Priesthood has been magnified, and the rivulets of virtue vitiated; brightest intellects have been shrouded in darkness and all independence of thought denied. Man has been subject to all this and much more simply because of fear.

Every breath of Nature is redolent with the love of God, while much of the ylogism is but the thread in the web of fear which the priesthood has sought, and is still seeking, in some instances, at least, to clothe humanity.

No true church will require anyone who joins it to subscribe to anything more than the religion of Christ and His simple teachings. Man has so long drunk from the cup of fear that his demand now for a sweeter draught is most strenuous.

Perfect love casteth out all fear, and a life of love is a life of continual dying—a life of love one of continual living. Fear rusts the chain that binds humanity to heaven; love brightens it until it is seen by all as a burnished ribbon of gold uniting all in one common bond of fellowship. Fear cast out, hope is no longer simply hope—but Certainty. Today a dream, tomorrow a reality. Overcome fear, and 'tis but a step to heaven.

Transitions.

MARY ESTHER CARTER

Passed to the higher life in Merriam, Mass., Miss Mary Esther Carter of Amesbury, at the age of 86 years and 7 months. She was at one time a contributor to the "Banner of Light," sometimes sending translations from the French, generally poems, also original articles over the signature of Marlow, thought by her to be the name of her guardian spirit. She was a friend of Luther Colby, and also of John G. Whittier and his youngest sister, Elizabeth, of whom he so touchingly alludes in Snow Bound. Her funeral was from her late home, 116 Friend St., Amesbury.

She was the last of her generation and longed to leave her body and join her many dear relatives and friends in the next existence. She was also a life member of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, joining when Dr. Storer was president.

MRS. SUSAN S. CHASE.

Passed to spirit life from her home at Onset, Mass., Wednesday, Nov. 11, Mrs. Susan S. Chase, aged 91 years and 2 months. Mrs. Chase came to Onset the first year the grounds were opened to the public, and built her house the second year of the meetings, where she lived until her transition. She was very deeply interested in Spiritualism and was the first to the last, an excellent clairvoyant. For the past few years her health has been very poor, consequently many of the newcomers at Onset knew little about her. She was cared for to the last by her two daughters, Mrs. D. X. Carney and Mrs. S. A. Coleman. May her spirit be often with them to bless and guide. The funeral services were conducted by the writer.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D. Onset, Mass., Nov. 24, 1903.

Act Your Own Part.

The fact is, if we have the courage to act our own part, without a doubt "our own" must come to us. The trouble is and has always been that we are afraid to part with what we have been accustomed to for years, and so our ground is cumbered with what is of no value to us, at the same time preventing the fruits of the Spirit from manifesting. "Love, Joy, and Peace cannot live in the same abode as Hurry, Worry, and Fuss." "You should do this, and you shouldn't do that."

My, what hells we have all—more or less—made for ourselves, and the ugly thing about it is that the devil who reigns in these sultry regions is no other than our own most beloved self!

I know it all—for I've been there—and yet I know I was as good as gold and as sweet as honey. I have all things for the sake of peace. I would do anything rather than provoke to wrath by word or deed. Imagine my surprise when one day my daughter looked me in the face and said: "For heaven's sake drink whisky and smash something. Swear! Kick me!! anything, if it will change that desperate expression on your face."

I fondly thought that my face beamed with heavenly resignation, for I had so repressed and compressed my earnest desire to let fly my hot temper, that it got me "the swelled head" (had to burst out somewhere), and I might be still suffering from the same complaint but for the timely remark of that not too reverent girl.

What a time it has taken me to learn that seemingly small lesson. "Let each man learn to know himself." We have to mount many steps before we can arrive at the clear sight which alone can know what is best for another. Do we know ourselves? That is the question.—F. Stewart Vowell.

Belief versus Practice.

"To be a Spiritualist is to be working to attain a spiritual state of consciousness. No one has really any just claim to the title of Spiritualist until he works to attain the consciousness of Spirit. All others are merely 'believers' in the phenomena of Spiritualism, and in no wise differ from the 'believers' in the spiritual phenomena that Jesus Christ manifested. To 'believe' in Spiritualism is one thing; to 'be' a Spiritualist is quite another proposition. To believe in carpentry and witness what a carpenter can do is a very different thing from being a carpenter."

Further on, the same contributor says: "Holy coats, holy books, holy homes, holy wafers, holy ceremonies, holy churches in all places; but what we need most of all, for our happiness, is a holy humanity, who will consider life—in all forms, human and animal—as the One Holy, Divine expression of the Most High, and think and act accordingly." And again:

"Hated makes ugly the most beautiful face; love beautifies the most homely countenance." Lucy A. Mallory.

Remember that life is a matter of consciousness, a mental condition, and you can easily see how your happiness rests with yourself first; that you need not be dominated by outside conditions or other people. Your possibilities of mastery rest on this mental foundation of life.—Fred Burry.

It is the singleness of motive, not of action, that makes the true simplicity of life.—Phillips Brooks.

VANISHED.

My true love lies asleep In some most heavenly place: She hath a lily in her hand, A smile upon her face.

The dear white roses come And climb about her there, The sweetest winds you ever heard Go singing down the air.

The roses climb so high, The grasses grow so deep, You cannot see her where she lies, A-smiling in her sleep. —Lisette Woodworth Reese.

A Five Year Old Chess Champion.

The Chess Review, of Brussels, has the following astonishing item contributed by Dr. Tarrash, a skillful chess player, to Psychische Studien.—Theosophist.

"Chess has now likewise its child prodigy. Dolo Falk, a little boy of five years old, son of a chemist in Stanislas, beats the best amateurs of the town and its vicinity. The father is himself a good chess player, and the little Dolo has long been in the habit of sitting on his knees when he was playing. At four years of age he already knew the rules of the game."

Dr. Tarrash then narrates another incident in his own experience which throws the preceding one into the shade. He was deeply interested over an unfinished game of chess to which he would have to return in a few hours to complete, and which he could see no chance of winning. He says:

"For a good hour I gazed at the board, without seeing any possibility of turning the game in my favor. I was about to resign myself to my fate and throw the pieces together, when suddenly the child (only one year old) who for some time had appeared restless, reached its little hand over to the side of the board where the white queen's pawn stood, and looking at me with intelligent eyes, cried out several times in a commanding tone of voice, 'A.' The vexed mother jumped up and carried her child away with her; she had completely misunderstood it. I, however, perfectly understood what the clever infant had meant to say to me. The scales seemed to fall from my eyes; and I saw that the move indicated by the baby was the only one which could win me the game. Sure of victory, I returned to the tournament, and after a few moves it became clearer and clearer that the game was mine."

Keeping Near to Childhood.

Older people are not so far away from childhood as they sometimes like to imagine. Often we find it easier to get near to the heart of a child if we acknowledge how near we are to him in weakness and ignorance. We can often increase our store of knowledge, as well as our good influence over a child, if we study with him some of the things which make him so enthusiastic. It is a privilege and a duty to instruct children. But it helps us wonderfully in gaining the friendship of a child if we look sometimes into his eyes when he questions us, and say, "Little one, I don't know. Perhaps we can find out together." We ought to know more than children know, but since the number of things knowable is infinite, we cannot have less to learn than children have. A good teacher is always an eager learner.—Ex.

While we are never actually sure of what is going to "happen"—never absolutely certain, for instance, of the success of a certain enterprise—we can always be sure of the good and useful trend of all events, and thus we can dwell in the consciousness of assured security. With this Faith, moreover, we shall be able to co-operate with the Natural Order, and our personal activities will be but the conscious expression of the Infinite. Hence, our activities will gradually become infallible, and failure will at last be an obsolete word.—Frederic W. Barry.

WORKS ON HEALTH.

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Children's Noah.

OUR SUBST.

There came to us one autumn day A tiny stranger guest— A bit of heaven waited From the City of the Blessed;

God gave thee, little one, to wake Within these hearts of ours The purest love that hearts may know

We love her so! unmingled not Our love, methinks, with a we. We least our eyes upon her And see no earthly flaw.

—Julia A. Williams.

Amused the Pony.

There is no American boy or girl who does not know of the great poet, Alfred Tennyson, and who will not be glad to hear of his gentleness to animals.

Christmas Gifts.

It is not the gift, my friend, but the love that goes with it. It is being remembered, the token of kindly thought, the visible sign of nearness and dearness.

A gift without love is valueless. Let us tell you what we have done, and in the doing have found much pleasure.

The price of one expensive gift for some one who can afford to buy it for himself, will make many a person know that it is indeed Christmas, and the friend of wealth will feel relieved in not being obliged to return the compliment of giving.

Corvallis, Benton Co., Oregon.

The Fairy Lamps.

From Ernest Thompson Seton's "Fable and Woodmyth" in the December Century. There was once a little bare-legged, brown-limbed boy who spent all his time in the woods.

One day, as he passed by a spot that he had been to a hundred times before, he found a bird's nest. It must have been there all the time, and yet he had not seen it; and so he learned how blind he was, and exclaimed: "Oh, if only I could see, then I might understand these things! If only I knew! If I could see but for once how many there are and how near! If only every bird would wear over its nest this creeping little lamp to show me!"

everywhere, until the forest shone like the starry sky. He ran to the nearest, and there, sure enough, was a bird's nest. He ran to the next; yes, another nest. And here and there each different kind of lamp stood for another kind of nest.

A Horse Hero.

The following story comes from Tennessee. A stock-man named "Bob" Hunt, owned a beautiful gray stallion and a fine Jersey bull. "The latter is a vicious animal, and one day when crossing the pasture, leading the stallion, the bull pursued and 'charged' upon his master.

An Autumn Trip Through Britain.

Mabel F. Knight.

From Keswick we passed into the lowlands of Scotland, stopping at Dumfries, the Mecca of all lovers of Robert Burns. Our first day in that quaint Scottish city was Sunday, and we went early to the house where Burns died.

From there we walked along the Nith to Lincolden Abbey, where Burns went so often. It was during this walk that we found "we modest crimson dower," that we climbed stiles so rickety, that they must have been there during Burns' lifetime, and that we picked the "Blue-Bells of Scotland."

Scott was now the one whose haunts we were to visit. At Balloch Pier we took the steamer Rob Roy, and sailed up Loch Lomond, sailed past the noble Ben Lomond, saw on the shore Rob Roy's rock, and at last came to Inversnaid. To visit Rob Roy's cave was the thing to do here.

On the next day we saw our "Lady of the Lake" tour. We saw where Fitz-James rode alone after passing the "Brigs of Turk," saw where he continued the pursuit by Loch Achray. We rode through the Trossachs where the stag was lost to view, and could see where Fitz-James' horse fell, and the cliffs he climbed in hope of succor.

Mary Stuart was the historical character connected with Stirling Castle. Way up at a dizzy height above the city was the royal walk, along which the poor queen delighted to go in the days of her imprisonment. It was at sunset of a clear day when we walked around it. Far below us flowed the long but narrow snake-like Forth, concerning which our guide remarked, "That, ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest river in the world."

Now came Melrose with its grand old ruined Abbey, the scene in part of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the burial place of the Douglases of "Marmion," and the place where some of the scenes from the "Monastery" and the "Abbot" were enacted. It is a grand old Abbey of itself, but rendered doubly so by being so redolent with memories of Scott. It is in perfect harmony, the chancel and transepts, the nave and aisles, the cloisters and chapels, all one grand, sweet song.

While at Melrose we did not neglect Alnwick, and drove there in a typical English wagonette. We saw the little room into which Scott always went first thing in the morning to "speak-a-bit." His study, "drawing-room and parlor" we visited. Sir Walter had many valuable relics given him by friends. There was a clock belonging to Marie Antoinette, the crucifix Queen Mary carried to the block and other presents too numerous to mention. But we must leave the fair land Scott has immortalized, look at the rugged and lofty beauty of the Trossachs, the grandeur of the Scottish Lochs and Bens, to the more quiet and picturesque scenes of his own home.

yet we were a day in the city without seeing them, and it was only upon minute inquiries that we found them at all, and then we wished we had not, for we felt in duty bound to walk around them, and a more gloomy mood than I have ever known before never left me. Even the fact that the walls were of Caesar's time did not recompense us for the trouble we had taken, and we hurried to the Dee and had a four mile row to Eton Hall. There on the river we saw the English life as Jerome K. Jerome describes it in his "Three Men in a Boat." We went over the Marquis of Westminster's Estate, not all over it, for Eton Hall is too immense for that. I suppose it is grand, but there was a sameness that was wearying, a regularity that was painful.

It was a refreshing contrast to go next day into picturesque Wales. Ludlow was our goal and the Welchtown was interesting of itself, aside from the castle renowned in history, and famous for having Comus performed there in 1634. The castle has a fine site. Opposite it are cliffs, beyond which are the woods where Comus and his crew revelled and where the Lady and her brothers lost their way while "coming to attend their father's state." Below Ludlow, Ferne, where Sabrina must have dwelt, as it is the "rushy, fringed bank" that Milton describes. The people there were very hospitable. They lent us anything we wanted, and told us the entire history of the place. They all take great pride in their castle and every year they have tableaux there, representing scenes from Milton's immortal Comus.

Of course no one passes through England without stopping at Stratford-on-Avon, and of course we saw Shakespeare's birthplace. In the kitchen was the following inscription by Lucian Bonaparte:

"The eye of genius glistens to admire How memory hails the sound of Shakspeare's lyre. One tear I'll shed to form a crystal shrine For all that's grand, immortal and sublime."

We saw the Shakespeare museum, the memorial theatre, the church where he lies buried, but a drizzly rain setting in, obliged us to shorten our sight-seeing here and hasten to London, with its Westminster Abbey, its Tower and bridges, its art-galleries and museums, St. Paul and the interesting thoroughfares of Dickens' time. It was a climax to all that had gone before, and when it came time for us to leave it for Germany, we felt indeed as if we were leaving behind a foster-parent, one who had extended a loving maternal care over us during our stay in her great city, and we look forward to the time when we may visit again all that is noble and grand in the great metropolis.

His Lesson and Hers.

Elizabeth W. F. Jackson.

"But, Marguerita, I am terribly in earnest. You must not think I am like the dozens of others who have worshiped your fair face and sweet voice; they have loaded you with flowers and jewels for a while, but, afterward, they have gone back to their old sweethearts, and love them none the less for having knelt to you in vain. I am not like them, Marguerita. If you will not love me I shall pine for the rest of my days long for love of you."

The fair prima donna, who had caused the hearts of half the men in London to throb faster and their hot blood to go tingling through their veins, laughed—a slow, deliberate, cruel laugh, as she replied: "General Richmond, you are very amusing this afternoon. I can't remember when I have been so entertained. Pray do make more of those charming speeches. They sound like the ravings of a stage hero, and they are very amusing."

General Richmond bit his lip and tried to curb his anger. After a moment he said: "You have accepted my gifts, you have received me as a frequent visitor, you have asked me to call you 'Marguerita,' you have allowed me to show that I loved you, and for what? To be amused? Today I begged you to be my wife, and I offered you a life's devotion; and you were amused! Marguerita, I must know, once for all, your feeling toward me. Tell me, I warn."

Marguerita listened, pained, raised her pretty white hand to hide it, then she said: "Seriously, General Richmond, don't you see that you are a little bit absurd? How can you expect me to give up all the fascinations of my life, and bury myself in India and be nothing but the wife of an army general? If you could stay here it might be different; but to expect me to go to India—it's too absurd!"

"Is that all you can tell me?" asked the General, grasping her hand. "Yes, I think so, except that you may come and take me to the opera tomorrow evening. Really, I think you are too hot-headed for a man your years. You must be five and thirty at least."

The General rose and walked toward the door. "Allow me to say," said he, pausing before he left the room, "that you have a form and face like an angel—and a nature like a devil. Good afternoon."

The General took the first east-bound steamer, and joined his regiment before his furlough was over. The tones of Marguerita's sweet voice continued to thrill all hearers. For three entire seasons the theatre where she sang was filled to overflowing, and her admirers were legion. One night it was announced before the curtain that the prima donna was not well; she had been ordered back to sunny Italy, her native land, for her lungs had suddenly grown weak. Her friends in London watched the papers for news of her. From time to time they learned of her condition. At first a trifle better, then worse. After many weeks had passed news came that she was slowly sinking, and two or three days afterward the papers told them that the fair, sweet singer was no more. The world was better for her having lived in it, for her voice had brought happiness to many and happiness helps to make man good, as surely as goodness helps to make him happy. But kindness and consideration for others were traits unknown to her. Perhaps, in some humbler, less beautiful dwelling, her soul might acquire these.

II.

"That which ye sow, ye reap. See yonder fields! The sesame was sesame, the corn was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew! So is a man's fate born."

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

"Now see here, Richmond, you can't expect to get strong sitting here and moping day after day. You haven't been like yourself since you came back from England. You used to be the example I held up to all the regiment, temperate, good natured, and a living example of a most exemplary fellow. But now, why, man, you're not the same being you used to be! You fly into a perfect fury upon the slightest provocation, you are hardly civil to your best friends, and—pardon me, old fellow, but you are drinking altogether too much lately. I hate to see a good man like you go to the bad, when there's no need of it. Come, be yourself just for today, anyway! Ted and I are going hunting, and I came over on purpose to persuade you to take your rifle and come with us. It will do you good, old fellow, come."

"I believe I will," said General Richmond. "I guess I need a little waking up." The horses were soon ready, and the three men rode away. "I'm in for big game today," said Ted. "What do you say, Richmond?" "There's not much big game to be had nowadays," remarked the General. "Since we started the weekly hunts, two years ago, the best of the game has skulked away into the upland. If it wasn't for a stray tiger now and then we wouldn't even have a bit of fur to send home to the old folks."

They rode on for several miles, but nothing but the sound of birds in the tree-tops reminded them of game, except, now and then, a hare, which leaped across the path in front of them, and disappeared in the underbrush, or a tiny squirrel, which, bolder than his fellows, peeped at them from behind a tree, almost within reach.

They were about to turn back, when the Doctor's dog, which had been running along the road in front of them, began to bark furiously. "Chase it up, old boy!" cried the Doctor, but the dog ran back to his master, and began to whine pitifully. "It must be big game," said Richmond. "Let's see what it is!" The three men dismounted and peering into the dense underbrush with their hands, they crept slowly into the forest, peering, cautiously ahead; the dog, meanwhile, skulked about by the side of his master. They had not gone far, when Ted, who was leading, whispered, "Cock your guns, boys, it's a tiger!" Not far from the three men, and separated from them by a clump of bushes, crouched a tigress of enormous size, and close to her were two cubs, rolling over each other, and biting and cuffing each other like a pair of huge kittens.

Ted raised his rifle, and fired. The tigress uttered a shrill cry, which told that the shot had been well aimed. After an instant she rushed forward, as if to attack her enemies. The Doctor fired at her, but the shot fell wide of its mark. After a few seconds, however, the tigress turned, and, running back to her cubs, she called them to her side, and, cuddling them close, she tried to cover them with her huge paws, but strength seemed to fail her, and she lay quite still. Seeing that the beast was mortally wounded, the men went closer, and Richmond, who was nearest, fired the finishing shot, which made the tigress stretch her great length upon the ground. Richmond ran quickly to the spot, and stood looking at her. The dying brute looked up at him. "Oh, God," he cried, "they're Marguerita's eyes! That look!"

"What are you talking about?" said the Doctor, "are you crazy?" (To be continued)

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