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## 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;  
Every 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.

Salvarona.

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?" or 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, Shakespeare 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 galling,  
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,  
So the living forces quiver,  
Gather them as "mauna" 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.

Mollie, 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 Antipodan 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 mislaid clearly indited 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 nonsense 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 brightings 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.











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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 pronounce 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 waft 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 grist of laws. Measures useful and useless, 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 heavenly 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 sense of bliss,  
And ope a door in God's blue sky?

What can we do to cheer the heart,  
And get it into 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 meanly 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.—Gekle.

## 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 work 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, shrouded within the veil of sense,  
Gave out more comeliness than form or face.

She, by the way 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 memorial I raise to her  
Who died 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.

## 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 in league with Satan, and for this crime were burned at the stake 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 temptation of a curious or seaweed, 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 "hoor" or a 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 up, Mrs. Nichols 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 at first told Mrs. Nichols that she was a "medium" 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 must 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 felt a desire to pray. Her control was a nun. But since that time, if I remember it 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, 1908. 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 the city, but he replied: "No, do not 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 more than 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,—"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 symbolic 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 its divine command, or to watch the procession 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 looked at with 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 communication 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 we shroudly personate and work wonders as, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. But they cannot be deceived because they will not put themselves under the power, not 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?"

"We 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 ascer-tained, 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 to 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.

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, an 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 it has been 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 its 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 side light on their own experiences, and for its claim to show what the life after death will most likely be. Boston, E. H. Bacon & Co. Price \$1.25.

Child Culture, by Newton N. Riddell, is a word of wisdom to parents how to make the most of their children, how to train them for a healthy, noble, useful life. It is a word gained by much study and by much experience in this realm, 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 of 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 Sadduceism, 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 should be 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.

## Bank of Comfort.

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.

The more you put into this Bank of Comfort, the more you can take out. The interest on a small deposit is far greater than that of any other earthly institution. To those who want comfort enough to give comfort, even so much as a heartfelt wish for universal comfort, will find the supply from this bank more than equal to the demand. When one desires a comfort check for a friend, the application must be made in the friend's name—not by written word, but by direct thought application. The results depend entirely upon the steadfastness, regularity and generosity of your investments. These assured, you can draw upon this institution morning, noon, or night, and for any amount of comfort that you desire. Not a dollar is required for its administration, and yet it will yield dollars galore, for dollars represent comfort.

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 keynote 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 "puts on their vesture bright to join the myriad throngs 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 off 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 as 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 pretended 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 leading 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 illumines the spiritual within man such a suggestion is



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OUR GUEST.

We love her so! unmingled not  
Our love, methinks with awe.  
We feast our eyes upon her  
And see no earthly flaw.  
So fair, so innocent is she,  
There is of sin no trace:  
So true, "Their angels do alway  
Behold my Father's face!"

whole landscape twinkled over with wonderful little lamps—long lamps, short lamps, red, blue and green, high and low, doubles, singles and groups; wherever he looked were lamps, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, here and

the rugged and lofty beauty of the Trossachs, the grandeur of the Scottish Lochs and Ben's, to the more quiet and picturesque scenes of his own home.

Chester and its walls, one and inseparable,

"Man like you go to the bad, when there's no need of it. Come, be yourself just for to-day, 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."

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