

# BANNER LIGHT.

VOL. 94.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 16

## THE WILL.

"Not in time or place or conditions, is the cause of one's work or idleness, serenity or irritation. Cease seeking in conditions excuses for failure and emancipate yourself from the control of circumstances."—Edward Howard Griggs.

Folly and folly, and fullness of folly,  
To deem the time and place to blame;  
Within the mind are loss and melancholy;  
And in the will is power of fame!

In resolution high and strong as mountains,  
Is conquest for the living hour;  
In hopes of love that flow as fair as fountains,  
Emancipation is and power!

We are as strong as will will it;  
We are ourselves the heart of light;  
If aught is wrong, amend or kill it,  
But keep the spirit pure and bright!

William Brunton.

## "Cheerful Yesterdays and Confident Tomorrows."

William Brunton.

It is near the close of the year, when we look before and after. It is the time of memory and hope. We dwell on the past and what it has given us. We think of the future and hope for the best. I desire to help you to the understanding of this situation of retrospect and prospect so that we may be without anxiety. One of the great poems of our English language, one that has had marked influence on our literature, is Wordsworth's "Excursion." In it he describes a character, sunny, bright, hopeful—to whom the past and future were without flaw. It reads:

"He was a peasant of the lowest class:  
Gray locks profusely round his temples hung  
In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite  
Of winter cannot thin; the fresh air lodged  
Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;  
And he returned our greeting with a smile.  
When he had passed, the solitary spake:  
'A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident tomorrows.'"

Here is a picture of happiness in the lowly lot that pleased the poet. He has been called the high-priest of nature, and he believed in field and wood, in mountain and lake, and has sung psalms of praise for the strong and the beautiful, and he has set before us the farmer and the peasant as living in the circle of blessing. To be near to nature's heart is to be near to God. And his own life was crowned with satisfaction of this sort and he has given us a picture of himself in his happy phrasing about another. Can we not take this portrait as the model of excellence we would have in the days before us? It was a fine thing to have cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

The passage of time is what strikes us at the close of the year. It is soon gone like the tiny particles in the hour glass which so speedily pass from the higher part to the lower.

"Time speeds away, away, away;  
Another day, another day;  
Another month, another year,  
Drops from us like the leaflets sere;  
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts,  
The rose bloom from the cheek departs;  
The tresses from the temples fall;  
The eyes grow dim and strange to all.

"Time speeds away, away, away;  
Like torrent in a story may,  
He undermines the stately bower,  
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower;  
And sweeps from our distracted breast  
The friends we loved, friends we blessed,  
And leaves us weeping on the shore  
To which they can return no more.

"Time speeds away, away, away;  
No eagle through the skies of day;  
No wind along the hills can flee  
So swiftly or so smooth as he.  
Like fiery steed from stage to stage,  
He bears us on from youth to age,  
Then plunges in the fearful sea  
Of fathomless eternity."

It strikes terror in the heart of some to think of this. They are too sensibly aware of the flight of time and would forget it if they could. And yet we are all in the business of manufacturing yesterdays. Whatever may be our differences in station or fortune, in health or pursuit; whether we have many friends or few, there is no distinction in regard to the making of the yesterdays—there they are in their equal number for us all, the three hundred and sixty-five to prince and peasant alike. The great things of life are bestowed irrespective of rank, they belong to us because we are men.

But there is a great difference in our yesterdays. Some are exceedingly sad—they would fain forget them, there is nothing in them that they should desire them. Of course there were times of youth and joy, but these only made sadder the times of folly or sin or neglect; and some wonder why they were ever born if this is all there is to life. I pity from my heart the man who thinks he is abused by his circumstances, who feels as if nobody cared for him and he does not know how to arrange the muddle. He would like to be as well off as his neighbor. He wonders why he cannot. "Oh, of course there is this

drink—yes, that takes something, but a man has got to have some pleasure—and this is his." Is it a pleasure? Does anything that throws a man's earnings into the gutter and that leaves him there too—does that constitute a pleasure? I throw not! There are no cheerful yesterdays for the man who is feeding with swine. He robs his life, his home, his whole nature of what would give satisfaction in review. To him in looking backward there is only the mispent.

It is the soul who has done its best to grow and to keep the upward way of duty. It is the heart kind and faithful from early to later years. It is this character which holds the cheerful yesterdays in mind and has the confident tomorrows. They are matters of record, they are history, they are the things we cannot alter now however much we might wish to do so.

We may think of this, and it may fill us with regret; but that were unwise, because while we were regretting, another day has dropped like a pearl into the sea. We have to face the fact that our todays so quickly become our yesterdays. That we must recognize for our guidance in the matter of having cheerful vision of departed days. It is what we are doing now which goes as light or darkness into the day, which makes it smile or frown when it is past. Our present is the determining of what we dread or enjoy as we are looking over the yesterdays.

I think this is a hard lesson to learn—we so dimly see it, we will not be persuaded of its reality, and valuable time and opportunity escape us. It is present conduct which is creative of joy or sorrow, and conduct comes from convictions of duty or from their lack. Memory keeps the doings of the days, and they are written in ink of gold, or ink of black. The writer may be a good deed or it may be a deed of hate and smallness, but light or dark—it passes into the past, and makes the yesterday. Every day in which we have worked for good will be cheerful to us when its hour is over and every day that we have shunned duty and indulged selfishness is a day we shall regret when it becomes yesterday. The breaking of the alabaster box of kindness is for the living moment.

Break now the alabaster box

Of sympathy and love,  
Amid the cherished friends of earth,  
Ere they are called above.  
How many burdened hearts are here  
That long for present help and cheer.

The kindly words you mean to say

When they are dead and gone  
Speak now, and fill their souls with joy  
Before the morning's dawn.  
'Tis better far when friends are near  
Their saddened hearts to soothe and cheer.

The flowers, withheld till after death

Have closed their eyes in sleep,  
If proffered in life's weary hours  
Would still their fragrance keep,  
While hearts can thrill and ears can hear,  
Let loving deed and word bring cheer.  
—James J. Reeves.

It is not a matter of living in a land of flowers which makes the cheerfulness of the past. We may have met many hardships and not considered them as such. I do not think a child has much complaint about its start if it can grow from it. Lincoln would not worry in manhood about the log-cabin. It was hard, to be sure, but the delight of finding books was something simply wonderful. And if a boy loves music or has a passion for art—it becomes all the more interesting to have to fight his way. And how he remembers with glowing gratitude the encouragement he received at the turning of this lane; or how beautiful is the breaking away of the clouds which came on such a day, in such a place.

A man does not whine over the struggles he must make to be anything at all of a man. Not he. If you were in his confidence he would tell you the story as a champion coming from the field of war. It put strength into him to have to rise early and work late; to have to live on so little and be eager to get more. It was the real happiness of study to know his means were narrow, but he was one of the brotherhood of scholars in spite of that. Difficulty and privation do not count when they are over—they rather add a zest to our remembrance, and we are glad to have acquitted ourselves so well under the trying circumstance. So a poet sings:

"If, when the joyous day is gone,  
I count the deeds that I have done,  
And find one act, though small,—  
A loving word, a song, a smile,—  
That did some saddened heart beguile,  
Or to a soul recall  
The sunlight of the Father's love,  
Then I will thank my God above.

"And, when life's toilsome journey's done,  
Its deeds complete, its songs all sung,  
If I can truly say  
With heart and voice I did my best  
To point the Father's heavenly rest  
To all who will obey,  
Then I will praise my God above,  
And ever dwell in his pure love."

There is cheer in thinking we can do so well, that a little of goodness counts for so much, that a seed, sown of kindness springs up to so much beauty after many days.

In regard to our mistakes and failures, do

they not rob our yesterdays of cheer? Not necessarily, any more than our mistakes in learning a trade bring sorrow to us. Is it not a greater thing to learn the art of living than to learn anything else? It is part of our experience to toddle before we walk, and sometimes we are made sensible of excellence by mistakes and can try better the next time. And as long as we keep on trying for the best we are on the foot-path of peace. I can recall scoldings for my compositions in prose and verse, when they seemed utter failures, but they helped me to discern what was excellent. The best friend I ever had in this respect, persuaded me to burn up all the verse I had written when I was seventeen years old, and then it was given me to read our Longfellow constantly that I might know the music of verse. And this is the method of life right along, that we forget the things behind as binding in the way of shortcoming or mistake. We are to forgive ourselves by learning the better and doing it. When we have outgrown a sin even, it can do us no more hurt, nor is there sense of shame in it, because the mind has left it, just as the water lily leaves the ooze and slime in which its roots gained a start and there it is a beautiful white flower. Any reproach of its beginning is answered by its present attainment. This is how Goethe retorted on the critics of his youthful misdeeds. But you see the virtue here is not in the sin, but in leaving the sin and learning the virtue.

And from this thought grows the confident tomorrows. Of course the past is ours indisputably. We have had so many yesterdays and they are ours forever. But who can speak with confidence on the morrow? The scriptures have reproved all such assurances as vain, and their language admonishes us not to procrastinate if we have any good to do. That is correct, but Jesus gives us the real interpretation when he inspires us to live the eternal life this moment, and to have no sense of end to it. I like not the tone that introduces weakness into our life, that is just what the wise preacher would not do at the present time. The world has borne this burden of uncertainty too long. What the soul as a soul should feel is that it is living in the presence of God and practicing immortality. There comes fear to the man shut off from the source of life and progress. We must be in touch with God in order to have the confident tomorrows.

What are the laws of life but the clear answer to all our doubts as to the outcome of effort? There is no favor in their operation and in this lies all favor as favoring all. The physical laws are behind the growth of the harvests; they assure us in the spring of confident tomorrows for the growing of grain and the ripening of fruit. The moral laws are an assurance that the seeds of true endeavor shall bear their return. They are the support of every worthy hope and dream. Our obedience has the universe at the back of it to make us confident of the morrow. When we are dealing with high purposes, we are working with God for results he wishes to have in his world. It is this which becomes a certainty of love to our nature. We learn the value of hope by living it. Others may say there is nothing to it, and act on that persuasion, and their lives are a barren field. But man or woman who hopes in the good, in gentleness, service, love—he or she learns that these are realities of the soul to endure when the heavens have vanished away.

The beatitudes are as provable as the problems of mathematics. I have only to look about me and note the states of mind of my neighbors to see the word of Jesus made good. Blessed are the poor, the meek, the merciful, the pure, the enduring of evil. Do I not witness that where blessedness is there are these states of soul? I can come closer to demonstration than that. I can find answer in my own experience. I never did a good thing without being repaid in good. I am positive of its pleasure and reward—immediately and always when I give myself to it. Religious men are not fools, and they would never have been allured by a blessed world beyond if they had not made sure that it was here and now. Virtue is its own reward and therefore its own evidence of endurance.

It also becomes the passion of the soul. At times we have the idea that as age comes on the power of appreciation is diminishing. I could not think that when I read the lives of painters or poets or preachers. The opposite is true; and when Tennyson has his Shakespeare open on his dying bed, it surely was that the great poet was the friend of the brother poet in a way he could not have been to the youth. It is a revelation to see that the powers become unfolded and dominant, and have the promise of eternity in them without question. There are confident tomorrows for every son of man in any direction he looks for excellence and attainment. This is the reason we have no real reason for discouragement in our dreaming. All is for the purpose of making us more in ourselves; and if the painter cannot sell a picture, or the singer his verse, all the same is it worth while to try for the best each has. Though it takes all the present life to get a start, it

is worth the price, for we must pay God's price for all God's gifts, and the courage to bear disappointment is one of the finest gifts of all. And then there is the perfect touch which is given to character by the hardship.

The fine fur of animals is only to be had from the cold regions and when winter is at its worst, as we say, then the animal is clothed with the shining garment and warm that the wealthy love to have. Take the beaver to a warm climate and it loses the value it has in the North. There is the re-duplication of this interiorly for man, and hardship is the growing of endurance and patience and many a noble power. Why is it that flowers give out their perfume so sweetly at night? It is said to be a process of self protection against the fall of the dew and the change of temperature. It envelops itself in this veil of sweetness to keep its vital forces from loss. And so with the gentleness, the aroma of righteousness so sweet in saints who have been in trial and affliction—they win this crown of glory because they must thus draw near to the inward spiritual sustenance. And oh! blessed be God, there is confirmation of all trust in what belongs to the soul. Love, hope, faith, kindness, right, these are certainties that are made doubly certain by our willingness to abide by them under every trial or changing circumstance. We are thus making friends with God. He is talking to us every day about these dear things and we are learning his speech. In order to appreciate a writer we must know his native speech. It is said to repay study to know the Scotch of Robert Burns. You have a keener relish of him and delight in the fine shadings of his thought in his own idiom. And so when we learn the facts of spiritual things, they are not beliefs or articles of faith, they are the very self of ourselves. This is the constitution of man on his immortal side and makes the confident tomorrows.

There is a sadness, I know, in the outlook of the year. In the yesterdays how many have parted from us whom we so tenderly loved and wished to be with us all the way. They were our own indeed and whatever our hope and faith about the unseen, it was hard to have them vanish from our sight. But it were a million times harder to think they were no more. By so much as we love them are we bound to the heavenly life. In the old days when princes were taken prisoners if they wanted to negotiate for their freedom, they must supply hostages for their return, and so some one near to them must take their place. It was a law of constraint that rarely was broken. The hostages of our love and devotion to the eternal, wisely considered, are those called to the beauty that never ceases. It is a real world because the real people we have known and loved are there. We have confident tomorrows because of them.

Nor can I allow that we have any right to shake our heads or be doubtful about this. I am following the lines of assurance the Master of the Universe has drawn to show us the way in our life. It is his interpretation to us of his own meaning. And we must accept it, and with the more confidence that it is not the play of our imagination; it is the force of our nature with the push of reality at the back of it.

If death ended all, we should never have been troubled with Hamlet's questions. If we were compounded of dust, we never should have known it, and there would have been nothing but death in the world if we could dream such a foolish fancy as a world at all under such conditions. That we have a Cosmos, a Universe, a oneness of life and beauty is the announcement of God to the soul. It is the only sufficient cause of all that is unceasingly caused. It is not merely for the past, it is for present and future as well, and so time is but a flower of eternity, and grows out of its soil, and reaches up in blossom to its sky. We have every reason in reason to be satisfied with the evidence God gives to our souls that we shall live forever.

But there is this that comes with the illumination that we are to be worthy. I notice when a painting is for royalty, it must be all that highest art can do. If it is jewelry for beauty, it must add a grace to her grace. And if souls are to live to God tomorrow, is not the logic of it that they must live today also and be worthy and well-qualified for this particular right and benefit they are to enjoy?

The old orthodoxy had its fear of not having on the wedding garment when called to the feast of the King. It was at no cost to the guest, for such robes were provided by the generosity of the entertainer. It were indeed a sin and for it one should be accounted fit only to be bound hand and foot and cast into outer darkness who despised such goodness. There was a great truth and warning here that new orthodoxy or heresy cannot overlook.

There is the teaching growing up about us that only souls filled with the love of things pure and good have the confident tomorrows. The others shall perish, come to nought, like a seed that has lost its vitality. It looks like another seed, but cannot bear because of some particular lack.

This doctrine has a thought of truth in it, but I cannot in any sort believe it true. Souls are not for time and therefore cannot be dependent on the circumstance of time. It does not seem as if we were just born when we are born, but He that willed us knew His own material that He took to make us souls, and it must be plastic in His hands. The Power is all-power.

"Not only in the cataract and the thunder,  
Or in the deeps of man's uncharted soul,  
But in the dew-star dwells alike the wonder,  
And in the whirling dust-mote the Control."

I cannot fathom its ways of working, but I am sure they are sure, and here I rest content. The ages improve, they are moving on to one far-off, divine event. We are kinder than we were, and individuals are better, and this is the sign that God carries the whole of humanity in its course. We are losing our dream of rest and quietude that a weary world once wanted. We are awakened to the need of effort always and the delight of accomplishment. It is heaven to think of powers ever young, ever enthused with the dream and inspiration of the better before it. There are the tomorrows of confidence in the eternal years of God.

## How to Be Happy.

A well-known and highly-esteemed social reformer, Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, Massachusetts, was one of the first in America to recognize the reality of spiritual manifestations, and he courageously and intelligently avowed his faith in a treatise which was afterwards reprinted in this country, with an excellent preface by Mr. Andrew Leighton, of Liverpool. As he was wise with the experience of a long life spent in more than usually deep social study and philanthropy, Mrs. Tebb, once his pupil, addressed to him the inquiry:—

"What are the true sources of happiness for the individual man or woman?"

In a letter dated 4th June, 1875, she was rewarded with the following admirable reply, which she reasonably argues should not be reserved for private appropriation:

"I. Happiness depends chiefly on the individual's conditions of body and mind and spirit, not very much on mere externals. Most people imagine the contrary, and therefore bemoan their disappointment.

"II. Right internal conditions of body, mind and spirit are those of health, reason, and moral order. Most people neglect or violate the laws of health, reason and moral order, and therefore are sickly, unreasonable, and immoral—i. e., physically, intellectually, and morally sinful and miserable.

"III. How are we to be internally right in body, mind and spirit? By fidelity to the highest light, and openness to still higher light. Most people are unfaithful to their highest light, and repellent of higher, therefore they sin and are miserable. Many of them persistently adhere to customs, fashions, and habits which they know to be unhealthful, irrational, and vicious, yet complain that they are unhappy.

"IV. A minor yet important amount of happiness depends on right association in the circles of home and intimate friendship. If families selected intimates, and business partnerships were made up of rightly-conditioned individuals, or those conscientiously striving to be such, their communion would be pure, sweet and elevating. Few consider this, and many therefore are unhappy. We ought to be the friends of all mankind, but must rely on select association in the family and small circles of intimate friends for happiness outside of individual self-hood. Yet too many seem to make home and select friendship only tents from which they sail out far and wide in quest of happiness. They rove for pleasure, and come home to frown and groan and get ready to rove again. Is it strange they are miserable?

"V. The ancient axioms, 'Study to want less rather than to have more,' 'Abstain that you may enjoy,' point the way to true happiness. But the majority reverse these. They pile artificial wants like 'Alps on Alps' and multiply their indulgences even unto death. It is no mystery why they are unhappy, though in the highest ranks of the world.

"VI. Just and modest self-respect is indispensable to true happiness. But most people seek the admiration of others as their chief delight, live a life of external show, and die of false approbation.

"VII. Honesty acquires competence—the means between poverty and riches—is most necessary to serene happiness; but few really believe this, and make mammon their god, who falls nine-tenths of his votaries, and palsies the other tenth with luxury or avarice.

"VIII. An unenvious, unrevengful, forbearing spirit, which seeks to overcome evil with good, only is indispensable to pure happiness, yet the majority of mankind as individuals, communities, and nations, expend a large portion of their time and resources in resenting insults, retaliating

(Continued on page 8.)



## THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

Heard thou, 'midst life's empty noises,  
Heard the solemn steps of time,  
And the low, mysterious voices  
Of another clime?  
Early hath life's mighty question  
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,  
With a deep and strong beseeching,  
"What and where is truth?"

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth the inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
As our being's end.

Earnest toll and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit which, within,  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin:

And, without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart, and weapon strong,  
In the power of truth assailing,  
Every form of wrong.

J. G. Whittier.

## Christian Evolution vs. Christian Misoneism.

Salvadora.

## AUTHOR OF "THE WISDOM OF PASSION."

Misoneism is the incapacity to sympathize with another man's views; particularly when those views have been acknowledged by the geniuses of the world to possess great spiritual and rational value. Hence the materialist is Misoneistic in his attitude toward the idealist. The idealist, by the same unfortunate condition, has no sympathy for the materialist. Misoneism in Christianity is always opposed to a broader intellectual development outward to the universal in spiritual knowledge. This form of Christianity possesses a vegetable form of spiritual growth. Its evolution and development of life is spiritually vegetable. The rings in the oak mark its years. Christianity, of this sort, goes on, decade after decade, adding the same monotonous rings; the last one striving, in its life effort, to be exactly like its rings of a half century ago. Nature reveals to us, however, another form of spiritual growth than the spiritually vegetable. Life, in its growth on this higher plane of existence, implies a change of nature and states into loftier and more resplendent ideals; an exaltation of the gorgeous butterfly from the chrysalis, of the dazzling hummingbird from the lowly egg. This form of growth, when we apply it to Christianity, implies a form of Life, whose processes are processes of reconstructive sublimation. Now, as Misoneism means the cruel, active antagonism to and an utter absence of all sympathy for those forms of Christian life whose processes of growth imply processes of reconstructive spiritual sublimation, I will briefly explain the three spiritual states in the development or evolution of Christian sympathy, i. e., as institutional; personal and personal; and personal, intellectual and universal sympathy.

## 1. INSTITUTIONAL SYMPATHY OF CHRISTIANITY.

In all cases where Christian institutional sympathy is not born of personally spiritually converted motives to ideals loftier than the institution, it has its origin in mere organic religious imitation. Because it is solely institutional, this form of Christian sympathy is found to express itself in specialized religious conventions. It implies an unvarying tendency to say and to do the same things as the special church we may happen to belong to. It has no psychological analysis of Self. It acts because others act. Its psychological elements are the senses to perceive the ways the majorities are going and an instinct to imitate. It knows no spiritual individuality of experience. Its acts are largely automatic, gregarious, and often spring from forms of unthinking egotism. It is a mad, and foolish prejudice, which attempts to identify enthusiastic institutional sympathy with the grander passion of universal human tenderness; with the nobler passion of universal human pity, with the sublime passion of a universal tender emotion for humanity; with the exalted passion of universal human compassion; with the lofty grandeur of a universal benevolence for the higher ideals of all men. Religious sympathy of the institutional type strictly excludes any such tendencies as a tender emotion for the universal success and domination of other institutions. Hence this class of institutional sympathy per se is a form of egotism.

## 2. INSTITUTIONAL COMBINED WITH UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Sympathy is feeling a passion, which is identical in its moral nature, with that passion which is felt by some other human being.

Christian sympathy, as psychologically expressed in the churches of modern civilization, is however capable of expressing immeasurably grander ideals of universality than those of a former strictly institutional sort. In what (by paradox) I may call the institutional-universal type, the passion of Christian sympathy per se seems to show a spiritual evolution upward from the strictly egoistic institutional form. It has a seemingly universal disinterested regard for the physical, moral, spiritual, and mental welfare of all sorts of human beings; from the lowest savages and animals up to the plane of providing for the welfare of men of genius. Millions of dollars are spent for their conversion and religious education. But all this is done, for the most part, in the hope that the Institution may be helped by the conversion of these types. When these converted persons go to another Institution, they are often considered the foes of the Institution which converted them. In that moment all sympathy dies. Hence the feeling of sympathy for the savage, the criminal, the unfortunate, the man of genius, was—other things equal—conditioned solely upon the hope that these persons would assist in sustaining and propagating the claims of the Institution as a basis of spiritual and social solidarity. This form of Christian sympathy is an evolved stage from the former institutional type.

It has added to it (as a passion) a genuine interest in man, as conditioned upon the hope that man may be of some assistance in adding, either to the Institution or to its strength. But (as in the former type of institutional sympathy) its claim of absolute spiritual disinterestedness, is unfortunately vitiated by the fact, that sympathy of this class, strictly excluded any such growing tendency, as a tender emotion, which prays and hopes with tears, for the absolute universal success and domination of another Institution. There is no abiding principle of psychological union. No tie of affection or tenderness. The converts who have joined other institutions, are sometimes shunned and deserted, as are wounded animals forsaken by a herd. If they have made terrible moral mistakes, or have sinned, these awful mistakes and sins are exploited by the Institution with which they are no longer connected. Attempts are often made by conversation, letters and newspaper articles to ruin the future of these human beings. Therefore the sympathy, which has its origin in such psychological elements is in its last analysis a self-deceptive form of egotism. An institutional sympathy of this sort rests upon the same psychological principle as that of the

man or woman, who, in order—using the slang word of the hour—to "work" you, makes deliberately what he or she knows to be a malignant and false profession of eternal love. Turning their eyes in your face, they say, "O, you have so idea how much I love you." This means, "I wish to awaken your love for me, so that the love I have awakened in you for me will cause you to be my friend and to do all you can for me all the rest of your life."

## 3. UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY OF CHRISTIANITY.

At this stage Christian sympathy has spiritually evolved entirely beyond the limits of a mere fellow feeling for institutionalism. The welfare of man simply because he is man is its sole ideal. By reading in Chambers' Encyclopedia the sketch of the life of Saint Francis of Assisi, one gathers a classic example of the evolution of religious sympathy up from the institutional type to the universal. The welfare of a beggar or a criminal was more to Saint Francis than the welfare of a prince of the church or the Vatican. The emotions of this man were so tender that he had the kindest words even for insects and wild beasts. He gave his clothes to beggars. His love embraced the whole of nature. Imagine a man capable of adding to this emotional sympathy of Saint Francis a form of intellectual sympathy which rises to the height of practically sympathizing with every lowly and great conception of science. Then we have the all round saint of eternity. Misoneism is no more. When this man shall appear,—

"Then shall the reign of Mind commence on Earth;  
And starting fresh as from a Second Birth,  
Man, in the sunshine of the World's new Spring,  
Shall walk transparent like some Holy Thing;  
And gladdened Earth throughout her wide expanse  
Shall bask triumphant in His countenance."

## His Lesson and Hers.

Elizabeth W. F. Jackson.

(Concluded.)

"Doctor," said Richmond, laughing nervously, "I guess you were right when you said I wasn't the man I used to be: here I am getting the horrors when my game looks at me."

Taking their hunting knives, they deftly skinned the dead tigress; the cubs, meanwhile, hung about, whining in a helpless, babyish way at their mother's sad fate. When their task was done, the Doctor rolled the pelt and strapped it to his saddle. Ted and Richmond each took a cub, and the three men mounted and rode home.

At dinner that evening the Doctor looked at Richmond critically as he said, "You look worn out, old man: we must have worked you too hard this afternoon."

The next day the Doctor was obliged to visit Richmond professionally. The fever was of a serious type from the first. After a hard pull of several weeks he was pronounced better. "A few days more and he will be out of danger," the Doctor joyfully announced. But before that time came the General was tossing about in a high fever again. Those who watched by his bedside looked pityingly as they listened to his feverish ravings. "I thought it was an angel when you sang last night, Marguerite. Why do you look at me like that? Oh, those eyes, that look! It's Marguerite!" and the watchers shook their heads sadly at each other as they spoke of the sinking spell which was sure to come afterward. And one day, after his eyes had been shining brighter than usual, his face grew very white, and his heart beat slower, and slower, and slower, until it stopped.

And the spirit that had never known patience must seek other form and place, where this lesson may be learned.

## III.

"Although I know not in what time or place,  
Methought that I had often met with you,  
And each had lived in other's mind and speech."

—Tennyson.

"Get me the lance from the case on the table: what's right. Now, if you will attend to the other: see that he has enough to keep him quiet, but not too much. Keep close watch of the pulse."

Sister Anna stood beside the operating table. It was her daily task, and one for which she was admirably fitted. She was so calm, so self-possessed at all times that the chief surgeon had asked if she might be detailed to the operating-room as his assistant. For nearly half an hour the surgeon bent over the unconscious man, performing one of the most delicate operations in optical surgery. "There," he said, as he stood erect, "I hope it will turn out as well as it did the last time I tried it. But conditions are different this time, and there's nothing sure about it. Why, Sister Anna?" he exclaimed, as he looked across the table. "I thought you were proof against nerves, and there you are trembling like a leaf and your face is as white as your apron. Aren't you feeling well today?"

"Quite well, thank you," she replied, "but I'm a little bit unnerved, though I don't know why. Will he suffer very much pain?" "Yes, quite a little, probably. He must have the best of care for a week at least. I am going to have you look after him, when you are not busy here with me, for I want some one who will keep him quiet, and not let him fret and worry."

"I will do my very best," replied Sister Anna. When the patient regained consciousness he heard someone moving about the room, someone who was singing softly as if to herself. At a slight movement of his the singing ceased, and Sister Anna, coming to the bedside, laid her hand gently upon his head as she said: "It is all over; the pain will grow less every day."

"How long will it be before I shall know whether I am to see again, or be blind all my life?" he asked. "The bandages must not be removed for ten days." A low groan escaped him. "Oh, well," she continued, "the time will pass quickly, and I will help you to be patient." The time soon passed, even to the sufferer, for Sister Anna did her best to lighten his burden. This did not prove to be a hard task, for in her patient she found a man of high ideals and refined tastes. As the greater part of her work had been among the poorer and more ignorant classes, she enjoyed the novelty of his companionship all the more.

It was several days before he showed any sign of impatience; but one day when her back was turned he began to pull the cloth from his eyes. Sister Anna ran to the bedside, just in time to prevent him from removing the last covering. "You foolish boy!" she said, in that calm, sweet voice he had learned to love so well. "It is only three days more, and you must not spoil everything by being impatient now!"

"How can I be patient when my work is waiting for me?" Then it all came out—how he had struggled for years for Art's sake; how disappointment after disappointment had come, and poverty and want; and how, just as success was coming to him at last, his eyes had begun to fail; and how he had worked late one evening, trying to finish a picture, and how he had waked next morn-

ning to find darkness all around him, for he was blind.

"Sister Anna, if my sight comes back, and I can finish that picture, I shall be famous. The president of the acceptance committee at the Salon saw it one day, and he said it was marvelous; that he had nothing to compare with it."

"What your subject?" she inquired. "It is a picture of a tiger in his native jungle. I used to spend much of my time at the Zoo when I was a lad. I would stand and watch the tigers for hours at a time, for they fascinated me; why, I know not. Now I know that I was preparing myself for my life-work."

At last the day came when the eyes could be uncovered. The surgeon came early, for Sister Anna had begged him to relieve the young man's anxiety, as soon as possible. "Did you see the shadow—the light will be quite dim," said he. Sister Anna, who had then seated herself by the side of her patient. He reached out and took her hand in his. "It will help me to be strong, if I am still blind," he whispered. In silence, the surgeon removed the bandages from the young man's eyes, then he said, "You may open your eyes now." The lids trembled weakly for an instant, then slowly opened. "I see!" he cried. "Oh God, I thank Thee." When in low tones from Sister Anna her hand pressed his convulsively. She withdrew it immediately as she said in her usual calm voice, "Doctor, I congratulate you upon the success of your experiment." The surgeon bowed his thanks, and after cautioning her to keep the room darkened, he went away.

"Sister Anna," said her patient that evening, "I shall be sorry to leave this place. Do you know, it seems as if I had always known you: even when I first heard your voice, it had a strangely familiar ring; and I used to lie and wonder where and when I had heard the same tones before, but I never could satisfy myself in regard to it."

"It is very strange," she replied, "but there seemed to be something very familiar about you to me. It seemed only natural that I should have been sent here to care for you while you were ill; and I, too, shall be very sorry when you go away tomorrow."

"As soon as my picture is finished I shall be famous, and riches will soon come. Why must we part? Since we feel so drawn to each other, must mean that we could be happy together. You must have seen, days ago, that I love you."

"You forget," said Sister Anna, "that when I took my vows I renounced all earthly joys, except the happiness that comes in ministering to His unfortunate ones. Had we met years ago, when I was of the world, it might have been different. Now, as it is quite late, you will not need me any more tonight, and I shall be busy in the operating-room until after you have gone in the morning." Sister Anna bent over the couch where he lay and pressed her lips to his forehead. "I shall think of you often," she said, "and I shall be very thankful when I read of your success."

Turning, he tried to grasp her hand, but she had left the room.

## The Sunny Side of Life.

## 7. WHY THE PATH OF THE MILKY WAY?

You may say it is only an old legend, told by we know not whom, and carried about as a ghost of the dandelion blossom, but finding root in my fancy; and I tell it as it speaks to me in its parable poetry, for your sake, that it may be encouragement to those who are of a fearful heart. It is as sweet as music, if only for a moment it flashes its radiance in the soul that love under all conditions of trial may be supreme.

So this is the thought beautiful that comes to me as I look up at the brightness of the heavens on a summer night, when all the world seems repeating its prayer of praise, this is the word they are whispering to me in the splendors of the milky way.

On a time, pure and precious and golden in the heart of all the eternities, and in the spaces hidden in the smile of God, two angels of strength and glory, loved each other wisely and well with that perfection of spirit that made each life complete in the other. There was no flaw in their harmony, no sense of lack, and yet each heart waited for the other as the land waits for the flowing tide. Glances of grace, ever felt, and melody of words matched the music of the minds in perfect accord. Their friendship was like the mountains, great and grand and triumphant. And so ages fled before their feet as the Autumn leaves are blown by a gust in the path of the traveler and swirl aside and are lost.

Their felicity communicated its glow to the sphere they filled, but cast a shadow in the midst of a group who understood not how the gain of one is the gain of all, if all will give to the good, to the best, to the true, mingling with the children of light on a day of grace, besought the Most High God, out of the white mist of their jealous thought, besought Him to separate the pair who thus pledged their troth to each other and kept it. This would test the strength of their love, for how are we to know that it is what it seems until the cloud of adversity overshadows it? It were easy to enjoy in the enjoyment, but put it to trial and then it would be known for what it was, whether gold or brass. And so the Good who is never tired and desires strength and purity in His children, He, blessed for ever and blessing for ever, even He allowed the trial of goodness, and these true loving ones were placed apart as far as the east is from the west of all space, and wide was the gulf between them, and as they gazed on its depth of the blackness of darkness, for a moment they trembled and were exceedingly sorrowful of heart. The morning, when the sun shone brightly on the spirit, it is death. But who are they who doubt the omnipotence of love? Surely not those who have known its delights—and they aroused themselves from the gloom. They each bethought them of the peace they once enjoyed, the blessedness of the happy hours of trust and divine friendship that had been given them, and the wise converse of the good, dear old times. Then love arose as a lion from its lair, it became its true self—strength and all-conquering might, and it said, no space shall sever our hearts to leave us in loneliness. Surely love can travel far, surely its messages will flow from spirit to spirit. The one thought was in the mind of the twain. And so it was that while night yet darkened the deep and made the profound abyss as a huge sea of terror, one spoke to the other with a beam of light, and the light, sparkling as diamond dust and rays of the morning, shot out over the black sea and pierced it, and flowed to the soul of the other. Then was there reply, as ever and always there must be from love, and the beams all golden were crossing and crossing, and meeting and meeting, and lo! the floor of heaven was a path of brightness, which we call the Milky Way, and over the road of glory they each came to the other, and the Good was pleased to have it so, and they were in His abode near the throne once more, and there they must be abiding even now.

But the angels of complaint were not satisfied to have it thus, for here in the heavens was the story of love's power, of its illuminating grace, and the glory it leaves in the path of trial—and these came again to the Good and besought him to wipe out the marks of their defeat and of love's victory. "Not it out," they said, "for it mimics thy creative grandeur, and it will tell to all worlds of them and their constancy."

"Then be it so," said the Blessed, "My children are to imitate my works, think my thoughts, show forth the majesty of my grace, and whatever they do of good is as from me. I empower them with the creative force. What they have done is of love and has my love in it, and it must be for the ever and the ever."

And it was so and abides until this day and has its millions of sons which are the words of love in the poem of eternity. They are the blossoms of celestial fidelity, and their beams illumine all the ways of trial and cast the white leaves of comfort in the path of love. And the Almighty is pleased to have it so; from one end of the heavens to the other is this circle of blessedness to cheer the lonely and the doubtful and make them brave and true.

Brother Sunlight.

## A Few Facts and Some Lessons.

J. J. Morse.

While attending the recent Convention of the National Spiritualist Association of the United States and Canada, it was my fortune to make the personal acquaintance of the National Lyceum Superintendent, John W. Ring, of Galveston, Texas, who is also the editor of the only journal, "The Progressive Lyceum," issued in this country in the interests of Lyceum work. As a Lyceum worker of some experience, and long associated with the work in Great Britain, it was a great pleasure to meet the above named earnest worker for the children, and listen to his most noteworthy report of his past year's work.

President Barrett was good enough to invite me to address the convention, but, after the reading of the capital report referred to, and two eloquent speeches by Hudson and Emma Tuttle respectively, I asked to be excused, owing to the pressure of business to come before the Convention, and added that, if the editor of "The Banner of Light" would accord me space enough I would write out my speech, and so place on record a few interesting facts regarding the position and progress of Lyceum work in Great Britain. That permission being cheerfully accorded the present contribution is the result.

The first Lyceums were established in England in the middle sixties. Nottingham, the centre of the lace and hosiery trades, has the honor of commencing the first; while Sowerby Bridge, a centre of the woolen trade district, founded the second. Each Lyceum is started in its efforts to build up the period the number of Lyceums has rapidly increased, and a National Union has been established, the latter coming into existence in the year 1890. At the Union's convention in the following year the number of Lyceums was returned at 47, but out of that number only ten had affiliated with the national organization. At the convention held in May of the present year the number of affiliated Lyceums was returned as 117, and the non-affiliated at 23, showing a grand total of 140 Lyceums in operation in Great Britain at that time. The roll of membership is, unfortunately, incomplete, owing to the carelessness of secretaries in failing to send in their statistical returns, but so far as published the record is: Officers, 1,041; members, 5,598; total, 6,639. These Lyceums are fairly well distributed throughout the country, and are found between London in the South, Scotland in the North, and Hull in the East, to Cardiff in the West.

The British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union largely if not entirely owes its conception and inception to Alfred Kitson, one of the most faithful and devoted workers in the cause of our children that has arisen in our ranks in any portion of the world where Spiritualism has gained a footing. With no personal prestige, or influential friends to sustain him, relying on his unquenchable love for the children, and full of confidence in the guidance of the spirit world, this earnest, single minded man persevered, in season and out of season, in his efforts to build up the Lyceum cause, and the splendid position of the movement in Britain today is mainly the result of this earnest worker's efforts. When the choice of the first officers was made no more fitting selection for National secretary could have been arrived at than Mr. Kitson, who has now held the position for upwards of thirteen years.

The Union's annual Convention is held in May of each year, on the second Sunday of that month. The assembly for 1903 was held in the beautiful new Temple, built and owned by the Spiritualist society of Blackburn, Lancashire. The building cost some \$15,000, and is a fine structure of brick and stone. The Credential Committee reported the following as the attendance: Council and officers of the Union, 9; auditors, 2; district visitors, 5; delegates, 70; total, 86 present. All offices—that of secretary excepted—are honorary, and nearly all the delegates defray their own traveling expenses, but the local friends provide free hospitality. Only the affiliated Lyceums send delegates. The business transacted comprises the usual matters which come before such bodies. My purpose is, however, only to deal with the facts appearing under the head of finance, for there is to be found the practical workings of the Union as a business organization, apart from the educational and sentimental aspect of Lyceum work.

The Statement of Accounts for the past year comprise "The General Fund," "The Lyceum Banner Fund," the "Publishing Department," the "Lyceum Home Fund," and "The Permanent Secretary Fund," with the usual balance sheet showing assets and liabilities. In each case round figures are used, and the amounts are given in U. S. currency. The income and expenditure of the Union is received and expended in the departments mentioned above, and the net receipts (including business brought forward), were as follows: From the General Fund, which includes the primary source of the Union's receipts, the sum of \$220, made up from collections at four quarterly mass meetings at the annual Convention, and the affiliation fees from the federated Lyceums. The secondary source of income, which is rapidly becoming the principal one, is the Publishing Fund, the receipts of which department were \$995 for the year, and derived from the sale of the "Manual," the "Physical Exercises," the "Spiritual Songster," and other literature produced and sold by the Union, for the Union supplies all requisites for quipping and working a Lyceum. The Lyceum organ, "The Lyceum Banner," is now owned and issued by the Union, who received it from the previous owner, the present writer, in July, 1902, so the account shows for six months only, and gives a net return, after all expenses were paid, of \$2.75. Subsequent financial results have shown a steady increase. The permanent secretary fund exists for the purpose of paying the salary of the secretary, which is fixed at the modest sum of \$300 per annum, the net contributions received being \$247.50. These figures give the total net income of the Union for 1902 as \$1,687.50, in round figures. To that amount must be added the balance in hand of the Lyceum Home Fund, \$170.75. The balance sheet shows that the assets consist of \$534.00 cash, and goods \$2,340.00, a total amount of assets of \$2,874.00, against which is only the small liability of \$22.50 due the treasurer on the account of the permanent secretary fund. The gross income for the year, including balances brought forward and bank interest, was, roughly, \$2,255.00, a result not a little noteworthy when compared with the fact that the National Lyceum Superintendent for

the U. S. only had at his command the sum of \$316.32, but with which amount he achieved most satisfactory results.

Now allow me to call attention to one or two things which must be borne in mind if the significance of the preceding items is to be fully understood. The territory of the United Kingdom probably equals that of the State of New York and a portion of Massachusetts. The number of active Lyceums in Great Britain is probably only one-third of those in the United States. The purchasing power of a dollar is greater in England than in this country. Consequently the foregoing figures really represent, in comparison with their value in the two countries, a much higher ratio of importance than would be at first sight apparent. It is fair to say that twice the amount of financial receipts would have been necessary to assure similar results in the United States. For instance, no started secretary who devoted his time to his post to the same extent as does Alfred Kitson, could be secured here at a salary of \$300 a year. While the cost of printing alone would mean an advance of 25 per cent. at least. Consequently, British Spiritualists deserve praise for their substantial support to the Lyceum work.

Again, it is safe to say that seventy-five per cent. of the Lyceum workers in Great Britain are working men and women, whose means are not too large, and who, in supporting the work, make many personal sacrifices. But it is always that the poorer people make sacrifices for the truth in the days when it is unpopular. The well-to-do supporters of the Lyceum work and its Union are comparatively few, a dozen or so at the most. Nevertheless, poor or not, those who love the children, and believe in the Lyceum, do their best to sustain it with their labor, service, sacrifice and money.

Briefly put, the foregoing are the facts regarding Lyceum work in Great Britain. If there is any one in this country whose heart must rejoice to read of the wonderful progress the Lyceum has made across the water, that one must be the honored founder of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Andrew Jackson Davis, who will ever stand foremost in this connection. While, too, our honored co-workers, Hudson and Emma Tuttle, are entitled to due esteem for their efforts. But why has this work declined in the birthland of modern Spiritualism? National superintendent Ring reports only sixteen Lyceums throughout the United States as against one hundred and forty in Great Britain. Why is this? To my mind the answer so far as my own country is concerned is this: We have taken the Lyceum seriously, considered it as an educational agency, have infused a religious-spiritual influence into it. It has not become a parade ground for sensational literary, vocal, musical or mimetic ability. While, perhaps, best of all, it is now clearly understood that the Lyceum is the training ground in which the cadets are prepared to enter our ranks and become members of our societies. The Lyceum is the spiritualist Sunday school in Britain, in which the children are taught not only the fundamental truths of our gospel, but are also educated mentally, morally, and physically, so that they may be assisted to grow up fitted to deal with the important issues of life which all good citizens must deal with sooner or later in their career.

It were needless to assemble on my part to draw deductions which must be obvious to every American reader of these lines. Nor need it be urged that while many Spiritualists are entirely absorbed in seeking spirit communion for purely personal and material ends, the day when their Cause will become a reformatory, educational, progressive, liberal, religious movement will remain distant. Something more than sensation, amusement, quasi fortune-telling, is needed if Spiritualism is to achieve the hopes expressed at the late N. S. A. Convention at Washington, and, only when that "something more" is manifest, will the United States see the recovery of the Lyceum work from the oblivion to which it is seemingly tending at this time. The local society is the focus of adult effort, but the Lyceum is the one salvation of the work, for therefrom will come, or should come, those who have been trained in their youth to learn the facts about death, the future, our relations to the other life and its conditions, to this, the communion-between mortals and spirits, facts which have cost much pain and many tears for us who are soon marching hence. For the love of our children, for gratitude to the angel world, that we may hand down unimpaired the truths we have gained, let my final word be—support Lyceum work and thereby strengthen the Cause within and beautify it without.

## Love and Business.

Is it possible that success in life depends upon the power of mind over mind—not mind over matter?

The man who can convince another that he wants something he does not want is the most sought after in the business world—and the business world rules. Trade, not loot, has become a greater incentive as well as preventive of war than principle.

Trade is king, and its subjects are those who live by it, thrive on it, and make all else subservient to it. Its vice-regents are the trust magnates, its prime ministers the so-called self-made men. The principal minor offices are held by those who can assure the most goods—psychologist other tradesmen into buying—the biggest robber of other people's minds drawing the biggest salary.

Conscience dare not manifest, it being a punishable crime in matters of trade. Think of a salesman exercising it on the most pitiable customer in a concern depending upon its daily income from such! Why, such a salesman's conscience would plague him for ever. It is at least a working word in the world of its discovery, followed by his discharge. His bread depends upon his having no conscience.

Conscience, like love, has largely become a mere sentiment through force of circumstances—unfortunate though it be.

But "what is, is right," says a maxim. How right is another question. Might, too, is said to be right, but is often very wrong. It all depends. Trade rules the world at present, and claims to be right in consequence. Mention conscience to a man who has something to sell, and he smiles! Such a moralist need not hope for employment if in search of it. He must apply in the second story—the sphere above it, where conscience finds some recognition. But if he is unfortunate enough to be absolutely honest—I, e., fears to offend his own conscience by anything that is not absolutely right, God help him to a job! This man, in taking the extreme view of things, but it obtains in many quarters, with a rising tide favoring it. How it will end, and whether this department of life's activities will need a revolution to overthrow it as it has others, are questions of the future. It is certain, though, that many poor conscientious individuals are suffering in the present in consequence of these conditions, and are treated with disdain besides for being too scrupulous in point of morality or righteousness. What is, is not right for them. Their attachment with Nature does not brook such discords as vibrate for deception, imposition or that which would cause another sorrow upon awakening to the reality of the case.

How many unfortunate do not regret a purchase after it is too late? How many salesmen ever feel the sorrow thus occasioned? Where there is a tender conscience such created sorrow is sensed sympathetically. But who has a tender conscience in







The best gift one man can bestow upon another is love. All men hunger for love. He who loves is rich and bestows riches. "Not a day passes when the opportunity does not come to every one of us to do something that will make life a little brighter, a little sweeter for somebody." It is the Christ Way to go through life here in a cheerful, hopeful and optimistic way. Pessimism is the sure sign of a lack of love for God and man, a lack of faith in God and man, and darkness, blights and withers all it touches. So, our best gifts to God, to man, to the world, are our hopeful smiles, our words of cheer and comfort and encouragement. Blessed is he who never murmurs or complains, whines or pines, for he is a blessing to himself and the All.—The Blissful Prophet.







## GREAT LOVE.

It takes great love to stir a human heart,  
To live beyond the others and apart.  
A love that is not shallow, is not small,  
Is not for one or two, but for them all.  
Love that can wound love, for its higher  
need:  
Love that can leave love, though the heart  
may bleed;  
Love that can lose love, family, and friend;  
Yet steadily live, loving to the end.  
A love that asks no answer, that can live  
Moved by one burning, deathless force to  
give  
Love, Strength, and Courage—Courage,  
Strength and Love.  
The heroes of all time—are built thereof.  
—Charlotte P. Stetson.

## Items and Ideas.

In the October number of "Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Orators," Elbert Hubbard writes of Starr King. The little booklet is good all through, but the extracts from the lectures of Starr King is its best part. Starr King has so logically and nobly declared the superiority of spirit over matter. "Science," he says, "steps in and shows us that the physical system of things leans on spirit. We talk of a world of matter, but there is no such world. Everything about us is a mixture or marriage of matter and spirit. A world of matter—there would be no motion, no force, no order, no beauty in the universe as it now is; organization meets us at every step and everywhere we look. Organization implies spirit—something that rules, disposes, penetrates and vivifies matter. "You grasp an iron ball and call it hard; it is not the iron that is hard, but cohesive force that packs the particles of metal into intense sociability. Let the force abate, and the same metal becomes like mush; let it disappear, and the ball is a heap of powder which your breath scatters in the air. If cohesive energy in nature should get tired and unclinch its grasp of matter, our earth would instantly become a great slump, so that which we tread on is not material substance, but matter braced up by a spiritual substance, for which it serves as the form and show."

"When we turn to the vegetable kingdom, is not the revelation still more wonderful? The forms which we see grow out of substances are supported by forces which we do not see. The stuff out of which all vegetable appearances are made is reducible to oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen, and we know that this common stock is worked up in such different ways? Why is a lily woven out of it in one place and a dahlia in another, a grapevine here and a honeysuckle there, the orange in Italy, the palm in Egypt, the olive in Greece, and the pine in Maine? Simply because a subtle force of a peculiar kind is at work wherever any vegetable structure adorns the ground, and takes to itself its favorite robe."

"We have outgrown the charming fancy of the Greeks, that every tree has its Dryad that lives in it, animates it, and dies when the tree withers. But we ought, for truth's sake, to believe that a life-spirit inhabits every flower and shrub, and protects it against the prowling forces of destruction. Look at a full-sized oak, the rooted Leviathan of the fields. Judging by your senses and by the scales, you would say that the substance of the noble tree was its bulk of bark, and bough and branch and leaves and sap, the cords of woody and moist matter that compose it and make it heavy. But really its substance is that which makes it an oak; that which weaves its bark and glues it to the stems, and wraps its rings of fresh wood around the trunk every year, and pushes out its boughs and clothes its twigs with breathing leaves and sucks up nutriment from the soil continually, and makes the roots clinch the ground with their fibrous fingers as a purchase against the storm, and at last holds aloft its tons of matter against the constant ravages of nature in triumph, in defiance of the gale. Were it not for this energetic essence that crouches in the acorn and stretches its limbs every year, there would be no oak; the matter that clothes it would enjoy its starchy slumber; and when the forest monarch stands up in his showy lordliest pride, let the pervading life-power and its vassal forces that weigh nothing at all, be annihilated, and the whole structure would wither to inorganic dust."

"So every gigantic fact in nature is the index and vestment of a gigantic force. Everything which we call organization that spots the landscape of nature is a revelation of secret force that has been wedded to matter, and if the spiritual powers that have thus domesticated themselves around us should be cancelled, the whole planet would be a huge desert of Sahara—a bleak sand ball without shrub, grass blade, or moss."

"As we rise in the scale of forces towards greater subtlety the forces become more important and efficient. Water is more intimately concerned with life than rock, air higher in the rank of service than water, electric and magnetic agencies more powerful than air; and light, the most delicate, is the supreme magician of all. Just think how much expenditure of mechanical strength is necessary to water a city in hot summer months. What pumping and tugging and wearisome trudging of horses with the sprinkler over tedious pavement! But see by what beautiful and noiseless force nature waters the world! The water looks steadily on the ocean, and its beams lift lakes of water into the air, tossing it up thousands of feet with their delicate fingers, and carefully picking every grain of salt from it before they let it go. No granite reservoirs are needed to hold in the Cocchitans and Crotons of the atmosphere, but the soft outlines of the clouds hem in the vast weight of the upper tides—that are to cool the globe, and the winds harness themselves as steeds to the silken chariots and hurry them along through space, while they disburse their rivers of moisture from their great height so lightly that seldom a violet is crushed by the rudeness with which the stream descends."

"The prominent lesson of science to man, therefore, is faith in the intangible and invisible. . . . Every particle of matter, the chemists tell us, is strained up to its last degree of endurance. The glistering bead of dew with which the daisy gently nuzzles its strength, and which sunbeam may dissipate, in the globular compromise of antagonistic powers that would shake this building in their enchainment. . . . The stuff that we weigh, handle and tread upon is only the show of invisible substances, the facts over which subtle and mighty forces rule."

I cannot but use the quotation, also, which Mr. Hubbard applied to Starr King, as taken from the lecture of Socrates: "Down the river of Life, by its Athenian banks, he had floated upon his raft of reason serene, in cloudy as in smiling weather. And now the night is rushing down, and he has reached the mouth of the stream, and the great ocean is before him, dim heaving in the dark. But he betrays no fear. There is land ahead, he thought; eternal continents there are that rise in constant light beyond the gloom. He trusted still to the raft his soul had built, and with a brave farewell to the true friends who stood by him on the shore, he put out into the darkness, a moral Columbus, trusting to his haven on the faith of an idea."

A little book of beauty and worth is the "Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by Lillian Whiting. Everything Miss Whiting writes is splendid, but she writes so tenderly and interestingly of the gifted spiritual poetess, that it is a pleasure to read. She has demonstrated Mrs. Browning's belief and interest in Spiritualism. She touches sympathetically on the bond of affection between Elizabeth and her gifted husband. She has quotations from letters from Hale and Field, who were personally acquainted with the Brownings, descriptive of both the poets and their only child.

"First, God's love,"  
'And next,' he smiled, 'The love of wedded souls.'"

As everyone knows, Robert Browning outlived his fragile wife; the aged poet, to quote the words of Lillian Whiting, at length "entering on the higher life, Dec. 12, 1889, with the vision of his angel wife before him, and the words on his lips:

"O, thou soul of my soul!  
I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest."  
—Ida Ballou.

## Immortality.

## THE GREATEST, MOST VITAL OF ALL SUBJECTS

It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well,  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality;  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrink the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,  
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter  
And intimates Eternity to man.  
—Addison.

Only a mother when she hears the earth falling on the coffin lid that holds her darling babe—and the youth standing by the side of an open grave, and hears the falling clouds that will hide forever on earth all but the cherished memory of a mother, know the full meaning of that Hope.

Since the publication of my thoughts on Immortality, I have been in receipt of many letters; in some were questions asking answers; some apparently from those not familiar with all in ancient history; doubtless young. Will give some of the questions with answers—one a near approach to being personal.

Were you ever a minister?  
A radical from infancy. Have been told by those present that when taken to be baptized I kicked over the font containing holy water. As a consequence never had a special or divine call to labor in that particular field. Was Socrates condemned to death because of his belief in immortality?  
Was Christ more than man?  
What of the miracles and inspiration of the Bible?

The accusations were in general terms, that the doctrines he taught had a tendency to corrupt the youth. He disbelieved in the gods, and believed in the soul's immortality. Some of the incidents of his life and death have no parallel in history, but stand alone. When told by Crito that the jailor had been bribed, and being innocent he should avail himself of the opportunity and escape, he rebuked all their tears and pleadings, and answered: "Would you have me die guilty? And do you know of any place out of Attica where people did not die?"

Only man; He may have been endowed with some healing power such as is now known as magnetic and hypnotic by which some maladies are cured, but his power is doubtless greatly magnified. It is not believed those actually dead were restored to life.

The miracles disprove themselves. Rev. O. B. Frothingham, an able scholar and critic says: "Where it reads changed water into wine, should read substituted water for wine." In that one place it will do, but not where it reads from five small loaves and two fishes five thousand men, besides women and children "did all eat and were filled, and twelve baskets full remained."

But there is another not mentioned often by theologians still more difficult to believe than the last:  
"Now in the morning as he returned into the city, he saw a fig tree in the way and found nothing thereon but leaves only." Wherein, according to the narrative, he became angry and pronounced an anathema. Let no fruit grow on the tree henceforth forever. And presently the fig tree withered away."

A greater manifestation of folly was never recorded. It hardly seems possible that the man who had said and done so many good things could have been guilty of such supreme folly, which in another would have been a crime, because the same power that could kill the fig tree could make its branches bend with the weight of ripe and luscious figs, and apparently with less effort than needed in the bread and fish performance. Stupendous tables all. And equally fabulous are some pretended happenings given as actual occurrences when Christ was in and about Jerusalem. There are times when a humorous incident helps to illustrate a grave subject. I had a friend in the person of a colored theologian who, when asked if he believed in the literal truth of those alleged happenings said:

"I do, sah!"  
"Then you must have a theory as to how Christ came down from the pinnacle of the temple, after being placed there by his Satanic Majesty, the devil; the record being silent in that respect."

"He came down the lightning rod, sah! when the devil was in a drunken debauch in a saloon just over the way, sah!" Are theologians honest when declining to point out such glaring incongruous statements? Hardly.

"And now, please, what became of and where are those who arose from their graves and were seen by many?"  
"Well, sah! I have always thought those Arabs that danced the can-can on the Midway Plaisance in Chicago were some of them."

## INSPIRATION.

Only that which can be proved true in a literal sense can be called inspired. A proposition in mathematics can be made to prove itself, but not always in logic. Many truths intuitively perceived by the mind can hardly be proved. Like a fly fast to a revolving wheel—under that mysterious law of attraction of gravitation everything is glued to the earth, rolling over and over, moving rapidly through space, but not recognized by one of the so-called senses which make us acquainted with our surroundings and the outer world.

There is more inspiration in the writings of Sir Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Whittier, Longfellow and Emerson than in the Bible. Inquiries for additional proof and arguments that God and Nature are one (Pantheistic) are abundant and overwhelming and visible manifestations of such force may be seen and heard in most everything and everywhere: In the lightning's flash and in the reverberating thunder, and in its echo from cloud to cloud and from cloud to earth again; in the rain drops as they fall from the mov-

ing clouds on the dry and parched earth; in the mad winds when rolling the mighty billows that break only when striking the distant sands on the beach or cliffs of granite rock; in the warble of the song birds who sing because they can't help it—as in the grand chant of the grand orchestra; in the multitudinous flowers in all the varied colors of the rainbow, basking in the luxury of their own fragrance and beauty. And as pronounced in that modest little flower, the lily of the valley, whose snowy petals scarce reach above the ground—of which may truly be said as Burns said of the mountain daisy when turning one down with the plow:

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower!  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
Thou bonnie gem.

As in the giant pines of California whose tops are above the clouds:

The Infinite always is silent,  
It is only the Finite speaks;  
Our words are the idle wave-caps  
On a deep that never breaks.  
We question with wand of science;  
We explain, decide and discuss;  
But only in meditation  
The mystery speaks to us.  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

John Van Denburgh.

Milwaukee, Wis.

## GOD'S MYSTERIES.

Silent shadows flit between earth's children  
And the great unknown,  
Spirit forms ever hover near until God reaches his own.

We know not what may be revealed when  
The veil's lifted away,  
We only know if He wave His hand, we  
Vanish as the spray.

The fleecy clouds, myriad stars, sun and moon in yonder blue,  
The briny deep, the verdant earth, the blossom and sparkling dew,  
Life animate, inanimate, death and inner conscious soul  
Teach that God is, and at His command the mists away will roll.

And that we're a tiny spark of the Infinite life sublime,  
That God, nature's magnificent law, earth, space, heaven and time,  
Are mysteries too great, too profound for mortal to comprehend.  
We are born, exist, die and our spirits with the great Source blend.  
—Cynthia A. Carr.

Spiceland, Ind.

## Spirit Healing.

The following account of spirit-healing was published in the Courier some time ago, date not at hand; but as the facts related are interesting and instructive we republish for the benefit of our readers.

The North family at Mt. Lebanon are rejoicing in the relief from a state of intense anxiety, by the rapid steps toward recovery and renewed health being taken by their beloved and revered Eldress Anna White. For three weeks she has been apart from, although in the midst of her family, the victim of a severe attack of nervous exhaustion resulting from long overwork, the stress of heavy burden-bearing, and the sorrow that comes to the heart of faithful Eldress, spiritual Mother, as changes occur in the family so dear to her.

The malady made its centre of operations in her left arm, which was slightly injured by a fall six or seven weeks ago. Pain began, which was borne in silence for several days and nights, until its rapidly increasing intensity made necessary medical treatment. Severe inflammation of the nerve developed, and intense suffering followed. Hot water packing was the treatment employed, until relief from the agonizing paroxysms of nerve inflammation was obtained. But the worn out system was in a state of exhaustion scarcely less alarming, while the arm was helpless.

Among the gifts of the Spirit, with early believers, that of Healing was common and many well-authenticated cases are recorded, both in Lebanon and elsewhere, of severe cases of apparently incurable physical ills being entirely overcome by an influx of spirit force.

Eldress Anna White has always been a leader of those among us who have believed in the present continuance of that healing gift. She has borne many a testimony that if we kept the soul avenues open to the touch of the spirit world, we should have little call for doctors and medicines. In her own personal experience she has repeatedly exemplified this and demonstrated this truth. Of a delicate though vigorous constitution, she has lived beyond the age attained by all her family, and her alert, vigorous, intensely active mind and body have overcome much that a delicately organized physical system imposes, besides the results of accidents. In the many attacks of illness that have come to her through the years, those who have ministered to her bear witness that her cure has always come from the spirit world.

In a severe attack of facial neuralgia, weary of the futile efforts of her attendants, she at last forebore the compresses from her face and threw them aside; a spirit touch fell upon her cheek. She recognized the hand of a beloved, departed sister in the faith, and the cure was instantaneous and complete.

During the intense heat of the past summer the atmospheric pressure on the brain caused such prostration, that one day she seemed to be hovering on the verge of the unseen world, when there came to her two spirits, Eldress Antonette Doellittle and Sister Martha J. Anderson, each giving her remedy to take. The flush of returning life swept through her veins, her vigor returned. A sister, entering just as the visitors had become visible, found her beloved Eldress and recognized the instant change from pallor and weakness to her normal color and expression.

A sister, who for years has watched closely over her physical condition, has said: "It is always so; no matter what her trouble is, nor what you do—may try every thing, but Eldress Anna is never cured until help comes from the spirit world." During her recent prostration, repeated healing ministrations have been given through one and another organism. But the inflamed nerve of the injured arm, in spite of scientific massage, electricity and medicine, remained obstinate. More advance had been made in two weeks than in six or eight ordinarily, but still the elbow could not be bent, nor the hand raised beyond a certain point. One very gentle effort to flex the joint had produced only a day of suffering.

Almost by accident a group of sisters formed a circle about her one evening, and, joining hands with her, united their hearts in a concentrated turning to the spirit world for aid. It came. The circle was continued on successive evenings. More and more positive manifestations of healing power were felt and heard. The current at times pulsing through the clasping hands was like a strong charge from a battery.

On last Monday evening, sitting thus, one sister was acted upon by a spirit who gave

utterance to a vigorous and hopeful testimony to the continuance of our work and faith. Tone and manner were emphatically not those of the one so moved upon. "Eldress Mary," exclaimed one of the circle, in recognition. Then the power moved to another, and a healing hand was passed slowly over her face, and she was healed. A very old song of inspired and inspiring faith was sung. Eldress Anna herself was then seized by a strong and powerful influence. Her muscles grew firm and tense; her arms were moved; the helpless fingers tightened in a firm, strong clasp on the hand that had been gently holding them. The lame arm was stretched and shaken. Then it was drawn out to the circles "Touch every hand in the circle" was heard, and when the electric circuit was complete, a commanding voice, that of a strong man, spoke through her lips—"Use your arm! Bend your arm! Bend your arm!" At the same time the arm was bent and shaken with great violence, though without pain. A moment before, she could not have moved that hand within twelve inches of her face. Now it went to her face, stroked it all over, to her head and all over that, and as limber as ever, answered the impulse of her will as promptly and easily as of old.

A night of sweet and restful sleep followed: the sleep of succeeding nights has been increasingly restful and natural; the lameness has not returned. The strained, worn, unnatural look of nervous exhaustion has ebbed from her face, her natural look has returned, and she is once more seen among her grateful and happy family. She desires this witness to be borne to the reality that spirit-power and healing is actual, "force to be counted on as much as gravity or electricity; and will we but bring our wills, lives, minds, and souls in conjunction with those spirit forces of love and beneficent activity, their power will be ours to strengthen and to heal, as well as to direct and guide."

Leila S. Taylor.

## Questions and Answers.

W. J. Colville.

Questions by Lucretia Fitzsimmons, San Francisco: Will you be so kind as to give a few suggestions for the governing of thoughts to overcome a feeling of unfitness and inferiority in mixing with other persons, and an over-sensitiveness as regards the love of approbation?

2. How long would it take one, who has for forty-five years been accustomed to feel poverty a burden and hindrance to self-expression, to express freedom in one's daily life?

Answers:  
1. The most important thought to hold, or suggestion to give for regulating one's thoughts is to positively make up your mind, (and not allow it to get unmade again), that you will concentrate entirely for an allotted time upon a special theme which you have deliberately chosen for meditation.

Now, as to overcoming the unpleasant and weakening beliefs enumerated in the question: In the first place it is essential to think more of the approval of one's own conscience and less of the opinions of the world outside. Cultivate a reasonable degree of self appreciation, by which we mean that you should place yourself neither higher nor lower than your neighbor in your own esteem. "To thine own self be true" is a very necessary counsel. Self approbation or self esteem is the best and most efficient antidote to that lamentable, misplaced and over-developed "approbateness," which many people industriously cultivate to their own deterioration. That ridiculous sense of inferiority to others, which is so very painful in society and from which many excellent and even highly gifted people suffer, is chiefly due to a sub-conscious submissiveness fostered by entertaining and encouraging false estimates of the relation of one human being to another.

The folly of blindly accepting whatever is preached or believed whatever one may hear proceeds from an altogether false estimate of the importance of other people when contrasted with ourselves. Very much so called New Thought philosophy owes its usefulness to the simple fact that it inculcates righteous self appreciation which is never equivalent to under valuation of our neighbors.

Read Henry Wood's latest book "The New Thought Simplified," and you will find in its inspiring pages many suggestions exactly the sort you most require, if you are deficient in reasonable self esteem. Read also Emerson's Essays, and particularly the one entitled "Self Reliance." We need, whenever we are inclined to unduly look up to others and down on self, to suggest to ourselves that we are just as good and valuable as any one else, though no better than our companions. There is also some concealed and unsuspected vanity very often lurking behind the guise of such immoderate humility, for when one is so intensely anxious to appear well in the eyes of others and so deeply distressed by fear of appearing otherwise, there is certainly something of self occupies too much of one's thoughts and gets altogether too much of one's attention.

It is far better to think of loving others, of giving forth affection than of receiving it into oneself. Nothing is so unpleasing as inaction and nothing so charming as dispensation of good feeling. If you love others truly, you will receive love in return, for love begets love, but true affection must be selfless.

Take a greater interest than you have yet done in some pursuit or study which will hold your interest, and occupy your thoughts; for a time you will do well to ride a hobby, provided it is not a mischievous one.

The great open secret of health, success and happiness is to rise out of and above the contemplation of self and self's concerns and realize something of the joy which always comes from conscious identification of one's self with the great universe of life within us and around. This attitude of mind strengthens individuality as it causes each unit in the great human organism to feel its due importance as a member in a most important whole.

The holy congregation includes you as one of its active, indispensable members, and the part you play is precisely as important as the part played by any of your fellow members. This mental attitude is what constitutes the chief factor in the phenomenal success of some really great actors who succeed in delighting multitudes, while he or she is perfectly natural and lives out an individual ideal regardless of others' praise or blame.

2. It is impossible to reply to this question definitely in accordance with its wording, as there cannot possibly be any time-limit fixed for the accomplishment of individual liberation.

Henry Harrison Brown, of San Francisco, celebrated as an exponent of New Philosophy, has written a pamphlet called "Dollars Want Me." We advise all who are in the mood of our present questioner to peruse that curious and thought provoking brochure, which by its very title suggests a mental attitude exactly the reverse of that held for forty years by the present and by multitudes of conscientious and industrious people whose mental backs are almost broken by the load of fear of poverty. It is certainly ridiculous and possibly immoral to expect wealth to come to us unless we work for it.

and earn it faithfully, but it is always normal to affirm that work is calling us to do it, and as we do it we shall be rewarded with all we need financially.

Worry and work are antithetical because both make use of energy and he who spends his force in worry has contracted a wasteful and destructive habit which saps vitality as its very source. Do not think of yourself as poor even though your income may not be extensive. Five dollars a week need not be minimized by calling it "only five dollars." It is not the actual amount which is so inadequate as the poor estimate placed mentally upon the amount. If your means are small and you live comfortably and cozily within your income, though your house may not be large it may be very cheerful in fact, and though your garments may be inexpensive, they may fit you well and be very artistically draped upon your person.

The chief cause of so-called genteel poverty is that people attach most inordinate value to external things which are quite unnecessary and often prove inimical rather than beneficial. Supposing your present income only permits of your having very simple wholesome fare, do not be ashamed or apologize when you invite a friend to partake of some refreshments with you. Many of the world's greatest thinkers and ablest workers lived very simply from choice though they could honestly live in material luxury if they so desired. Conquer your own belief that you are poor. Think more of your interior resources and less of your visible environments and learn to realize that you are yourself worthy of esteem and that people care more for you than for any of your appearances. Having taken the necessary first step, you can proceed directly to mentally outpace to yourself improved exterior conditions. Regard your present actual surroundings as only very transitory; build "castles in the air" before you go to sleep, and then sleep in one of them. Your intuitive perception of how to improve your circumstances will thus increase and will positively become more useful and attractive, and draw far more money and other useful accessories toward you than you have been drawing in the past. Learn to express freedom in giving utterance to your conviction. Think much more of mental treasure than of material wealth; thus, if you are not in any position to give monkey dinners and entertain society snobs, you can still draw around you pleasant, cultured people who care far more for what you are than for all you have. It is a direct insult to the intelligence of one's guests to provide an immense amount of extra varieties of food because company is to be entertained. Really intelligent people do not go visiting just for what they can get to eat at other people's tables. A simple repast, well cooked and nicely served, is perfectly rational, but we are not entertaining either hogs or dogs, but intelligent human beings who desire "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," when they are invited to partake of our hospitality.

Really poor people can, and often do, entertain so beautifully that it is a true delight to take simple meals with people in very humble circumstances in place of going to the unwholesome, stupid and wearisome banquets where the stomach is gorged and the mind is starved. Simplicity in the art of entertaining is very greatly a lost art, and it is for refined, amiable and interesting people to revive it out of their hearts and heads rather than from their often slender purses.

## Legislation.

I herewith present a copy of an act passed by the Ohio Legislature April 16, 1900, which I presume will be of interest to the readers of the Banner of Light.

## SENATE BILL NO. 162.

An act making it a misdemeanor for one to represent himself as an astrologer, a fortune teller, a clairvoyant or palmist:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio:

Section 1. That whoever shall represent himself to be an astrologer, a fortune teller, a clairvoyant or a palmist shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and, on conviction thereof, shall for each and every offence be fined not more than one hundred dollars, or not less than twenty-five dollars, or imprisoned in the county jail for a period not longer than three months nor shorter than thirty days, or shall, within the discretion of the court, be both so fined and imprisoned.

Section 2. Nothing in this act contained shall apply to an astrologer, fortune teller, clairvoyant or palmist to whom a license to practice has been legally granted.

Section 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.  
A. G. Reynolds, Speaker of the House of Representatives.  
John A. Caldwell, President of the Senate.

Passed April 16, 1900.

Published in Volume xiv of General and Local Acts Passed, and Joint Resolutions Adopted by the Seventy-fourth General Assembly at its Regular Session, Begun and Held in the City of Columbus, Ohio, January 1, 1900, Columbus, Ohio. Published by the State Printer, 1900.

It will be seen that the practise of these gifts is not forbidden. It is a law forbidding any one to "represent" himself to be an astrologer, fortune teller, clairvoyant, or a palmist.

After condemning the one who "represents" himself as being a clairvoyant, etc., and providing punishment for the crime by fine and imprisonment, these law makers make provisions for laws already enacted in the state, licensing the practice of these same powers, gifts and practices by adding Section 2 of this Bill, which we repeat: "Nothing in this act contained shall apply to any astrologer, fortune teller, clairvoyant or palmist to whom a license to practice has been legally granted."

According to this the great state of Ohio grants license to commit crime. Such wisdom as is wrapped up in this Senate Bill No. 162 (?)

This Legislature evidently felt the power and was certainly influenced by organized Spiritualism, as the Ohio State Spiritualist Association is legally chartered under the laws of Ohio, and has power to ordain or license those who "represent" themselves as clairvoyants, platform test mediums and speakers, this Legislature could not legally pass an act to punish its legally licensed clairvoyants. The clairvoyant is one of the principal teachers of our religion, and if as per the Constitution of the United States, we are allowed to worship according to the dictates of our conscience, and if the State of Ohio grants a license to our teachers, all of which is true, then this Ohio Legislature overstepped its legal rights when it passed that vicious and unjust act.

This act is an abomination and disgrace to the man that originated it, and to those who voted to make it a law.

Senate Bill No. 162 makes it a crime for any one to represent himself as a clairvoyant, etc., unless licensed to commit the crime (?) What a travesty on the dignity of that great body of law-makers of Ohio.

The reason to Spiritualists is plain. Organization gives protection to our medium, therefore every medium and speaker should unite with some organization and assist in teaching such men as voted for this infamous law that clairvoyance and fortune telling do not deserve to be classed together.

Let the Spiritualists of every state organize and stand for their rights that our me-



THE STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF DALLAS, ss. I, \_\_\_\_\_, Clerk of the County Court, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original as the same appears from the records of the County Court of Dallas County, Texas.



## HINDOO MAGIC AND INDIAN OCCULTISM.

DR. L. W. DE LAURENCE, Agent, High Castle Yoghi and Master Lama of the Temple of Hags, Delhi, India, who is the Initiator and Working Master between the Great Occultic Adepts of India and the Western Students of Occultism, has been granted the Great Right to place in the hands of all sincere and interested Occultic Students and Visible Masters, a complete and accurate knowledge of the Indian Occultic Science, Magic, and Mysticism. This instructive and intensely interesting literature also pertains to Hindoo Magic, Astrology, Witchcraft, Personal and Vital Magnetism, Psychic Diagnosis, Black Art, Magic and Sorcery, Necromancy, Pneumatology (Astral Influence), Disincarnation and Cerebral Magic, Incantations, Conjurings, of the Spirit or the Astral Plane, Medieval Theosophy, Philosophy of Disease and Medicine, also Clairvoyance, Propelling Astral Body, Occult Influence, Mediumship and Occult or Theosophical Powers, To Bind, To Constrain, To Appear and Discharge Evil Spirits, The Nature, Possibilities and Dangers of Spiritism, Magical Art, Demonology and Witchcraft, Mundane and Sub-Mundane Spirits, Methods Used by Magic and Necromancers to Call Up the Souls of the Dead, Recordings, Astral Aurae, Clairvoyance in Dreams, Magical Powers, Evil Desires, Astral Entities, Black Magic, Comets, Ours of Obsession, Curses, Chances, Disincarnations, Earth Bound Spirits, Haunted Houses, Astral Visions, Mediums, Mediums of Crystals and Spheres, Magnetic Lamps, Karma, Images, Love Charms, Living Spirits, Prophecy, Psychometry, Remedies Against Witchcraft, Vampires and Witch Trials, Etc., Etc. Surely, if ever, will the Student of Occultism, Necromancy and Spiritism have the opportunity of obtaining such handsomely illustrated literature as this Master Lama has been granted the right to place in the hands of every sincere and interested Student of Hindoo Magic and Indian Occultism. Dr. De Laurence will send this literature while it lasts to interested persons on only \$1.00 per copy. DR. L. W. DE LAURENCE, Agent and High Castle Yoghi, 544 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Dr. L. W. De Laurence, Agent and High Castle Yoghi.

## VISION.

It isn't raining rain to me;  
It's raining daffodils.  
In every dimpled drop, I see  
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of grey engulf the day,  
And overwhelm the town;  
It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,  
But fields of clover bloom,  
Where any buccaneering bee  
May find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy!  
A fit for him who frets!  
It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining violets.

## The Painter and the Paint.

A few years since in a convention of master painters, one of the most successful painters from a large city, to illustrate the great importance of getting the paint into the wood, told how he had had his own house painted by his best workman with the best lead and oil. A German who lived next door to this master painter, finding that the new dress on his neighbor's house made his house look shabby, bought a few cans of cheap, ready-mixed paint and a small brush and in his leisure moments put his own house into fresh apparel. "At the end of two years," said this master painter, "my house decidedly needs repainting, while the cheap stuff on my German friend's house still looks very well. If you could see the two jobs you would realize that the laugh is on me." In accounting for this difference, he thought it might be due to one or all of three facts: the German used a small brush and "plenty of elbow grease;" he worked slowly and at intervals, thus giving plenty of time for drying between coats; and the ready mixed paint was probably "loaded up with zinc."

Now, in relating this instance, there is no intention to belittle painters. The man who is accustomed to doing any particular thing knows better than any novice how to do that thing. But painters are not always so conditioned that they can do their best. At times, when everybody is crying for their services, no one gets well served. It is far better to wait until the rush is over, give the workman all the time he wants, and insist that he shall do his best. Such a course will insure the avoidance of damp weather, which spoils about half the paint used in the world; careful brushing out of the paint, and ample time for drying between coats. The painter, if he wants to do it and is given the time, can do better work than any amateur, German or other, that ever daubed himself with paint.

Most painters assume—and knowing nothing about it, the public concedes the assumption—that because they know how to use paint, they naturally know how to select it. The deduction is not sound; some painters know all about paint, but far more know little about it, and that little wrong. The men that know most about paint are the paint manufacturers, whose bread and butter depends on the knowledge; and the engineer-architects, who are continually running up against vital paint problems. Painters, as a class, don't like ready-mixed paints. They think it is because these paints are inferior; but behind the entire objection lies the belief that it pays them to do their own mixing. It doesn't, and has been a painter's friend for years. The man who is ready-mixed paint at the capital at Washington has just been painted through-out with a ready-mixed paint, and the painter is profuse in his expression of satisfaction with the goods.

Nothing better or more satisfactory for all-round use has ever been produced than the better grades of ready-mixed paints, and the painter who can get rid of his prejudice long enough to test them fairly, will never go back to his paint bucket and mixing paddle. The man who is reaping the results of good or bad, of a job of painting, should know what is used and why. The painter's skill and judgment he needs to produce the right effects and to give the best results obtainable from the materials; but he should know what the materials are and why selected. If he has looked into the question as an interested outsider, he will know that the whole world, after fifty years of experiment and hesitation, is coming to zinc, because it looks well, weathers and is economical. Whatever the painter may think about it, will demand a liberal proportion of zinc in his paint, and so be in-line with the great majority.

## Worcester News.

Worcester Association of Spiritualists, G. A. R. Hall, No. 35 Pearl St.  
Miss Blanche H. Brainard of Lowell served the society the first three Sundays in November. Her lectures were well received by the large audiences that greeted her at each service. Her communications were accurate and readily recognized, bringing comfort and knowledge to all who received them.

The last two Sundays of November, Dr. George A. Fuller, of Onset, occupied the platform. In his closing lecture he announced as his subject, "Is Spiritualism a Fanaticism?"—a reply to an article recently published in the December number of the Century magazine, by James M. Buckley.

Dr. Fuller said in part: "We are not called upon today to enter into any controversy relating to the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. Science has demonstrated the fact, and no further evidence is required. But in this article I refer to Dr. Buckley's inclusion of 'The so-called phenomena of modern Spiritualism' under the head of Fanaticism. I do not like the word so-called applied to the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, as it always implies a doubt, and that fact is demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt for all time."

"He also states: 'Its votaries accept the most meagre evidence, which is sufficient proof to their credulous minds.'"

"I emphatically deny the charge. Meagre evidence, indeed! I will say that I believe there is not a Spiritualist present in this hall tonight who has not given years of his life

to a critical investigation of the phenomena before accepting it, and the Spiritualists as a body do their own thinking and do not pay any one for doing it for them. Is the testimony of thousands of intelligent people all over our land today to pass as nothing? Our evidence piles mountain high in comparison with the evidence received by the other isms of the world.

"Dr. Buckley also speaks of 'The exorcism of free love, which followed the movement in its earlier years.'"

"We cannot deny this charge, but thank God we are free from it today; and in this respect we are no different from other denominations. The reverence of free love has attached itself to every religion that has been given to the world. And we, as Spiritualists, are in a goodly company, when such men as Robert Ingersoll, Henry C. Wright, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, were termed fanatics; we should be proud of the name. Methinks when I pass to that 'Higher Life,' I shall not spend much time in looking around for such men as Dr. Watts or John Calvin, but I shall be glad to meet and clasp hands with such men as these. And when the name of Dr. Buckley shall be forgotten by the world, these names shall stand out on History's pages never to be forgotten through the coming years."

For the month of December Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding and Miss Susie C. Clark will be our speakers.

M. Lizzie Beals, cor. sec.

292 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

## A Correction Corrected.

Alexander Wilder, M. D.

In the Banner of November 28, I find my paper "A Wisdom from Everlasting," with an important alteration. I had quoted a phrase from Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians (xv:44), correcting the common version so as to read "a psychic and a spiritual body." This alteration makes it read "a physical and a spiritual body." It is a sad mistake. Let me quote the text with the context: "It is sown a (natural) psychic body; it is raised up a spiritual body. There is a body psychic (psuchikon) and a body spiritual (pneumatikon). So also it is written 'The first man, Adam, became in a living soul (psuchen); the last Adam in a spirit (pneuma) which makes alive. But not first the spiritual, but the psychic, then the spiritual; the first man being out of the earth, earthy; the second man out of heaven.'"

The Greek adjective "psuchikos," from "psuche," occurs but four times in the New Testament. In the second chapter, 14th verse, the same epistle is the passage: "But the psychic man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; for to him they are folly (or fatuity), and he is not able to know (or form a judgment) because they are to be spiritually determined."

It is the evident purpose in all these passages that the apostle contrasts the soul and the spirit—two distinct entities. He never uses one term for the other. In another place he is more emphatic describing the whole or entirety as "the spirit and the soul and the body."—I Thessalonians, v:23.

Undoubtedly these are distinctions with differences worthy of careful noting. The non-classical reader by comparing Matthew xvi:26, with Luke ix:25, will readily perceive that the soul is the self. Indeed if we read the term wherever it occurs in the common version of the Bible, changing it to "self," it will generally make sense. If I do not have a soul as a possession, I am myself. The soul is the superior principle, the "rational soul" as some writers prefer to express it.

The adjective "psuchikos," about which I am so insistent, occurs only twice more in the Greek text of the New Testament; in both of which instances it is rendered "sensual," which cannot be quite correct. I will quote them, venturing somewhat egotistically to take the liberty to give my own version. In Jude 18 we read: "These are ones who separate themselves into factions; psychic, not spiritual." In the epistle of James the remaining example occurs: "This is not the wisdom from above but (a wisdom) of the earth, psychic, demonic."

Doubtless the translators in these two instances gave the term "sensual" as the English equivalent of "psuchikos," from regarding the soul as the subject of sensation, the entity which sees, hears and touches. The wisdom which James was speaking of was the sense-perception, such as demons were believed to possess, as distinguished from the higher wisdom of angels.

It has come in my way several times to correct individuals who were constructing their arguments upon this erroneous rendering of the passage, "a psychic body." Hence it need not be considered remarkable if I am restive when an utterance of my own is made to reiterate the same blunder. I have been a pretty diligent student of the Bible and am generally careful to quote it correctly, and so far as I am able to judge, with the meaning which the writers sought to convey rather than one which has been read into it. And in the case in question, the correctness of the language is a matter really important.

## Be Faithful to Ideals.

The great fault with human beings is that they are not faithful to their ideals, to their knowledge. We know enough for ages to come. Then no need to go in search of new doctrines or ideas. What is needed is practice, experiment, patience in application. Pause for a moment to consider how we know what vast possibilities are involved in modern science, philosophy, and religion.

We really possess the truth about life, but do not pause long enough to realize it. This truth may be summarized as follows:

1. God exists. God is wisdom, love, beauty, power, goodness.
2. The Universe Exists. It is a progressive manifestation, in order and degree, of the divine nature; it is through and through divine, and reveals the divine in every detail. In all things there is a principle of continuity, harmony, goodness. In accordance with this principle, God is gradually working out all problems, both individual and social. We may safely trust God to bring all things out right. To be anxious, to be impatient to go in search of new doctrines is to distress God. The truth is here.

The power is here. That power is in every way adequate.

3. The soul exists. It is working out a divine ideal through a mind of progressive experiences. The meaning of experience is education, character, beauty, productivity.

4. The present life is in part a dream existence. But the soul's real life is continuous, and there will be a passing to the more spiritual world, without a break. It is economy, wisdom, righteousness, to adjust one's self to this rhythm of progressive spiritual experience, approaching each new day as a new opportunity. Thus shall freedom come, and happiness; and wisdom shall increase from more to more.

All is implied in the above. It all unfolds through the opportunities which come day by day. Therefore cease striving. Therefore cease to be a follower, a seeker for external truth.

Know that truth is revealed from within, to the individual soul. Therefore listen at home. Be wise, poised and thoughtful.

Life is an unceasing revelation unfolding from the being of God. Listen to and keep that revelation. Obey the voice within thy breast. Find this and all else shall be added. For this is the law of existence.—Horatio Dresser.

## Children's Book.

## SNOWFLAKE.

"Pretty little snowflake,  
Floating softly by,  
Bringest thou a message  
From the fleecy sky?"

"Yes, ah yes, a lesson  
In the faithful as true;  
Silent be but busy  
When you're work to do."

Avalanche and snow-drift  
Grow from single flakes;  
Every crystal helping,  
Yet no noise it makes."

—H. E. B.

## A Wall of Snow.

There is a pretty, curious old town in Germany. The streets are narrow and the houses very quaint, with their pointed gables and tiled roofs. One house stands somewhat isolated from the rest. It is at an angle where two streets meet, and is built with so many projections and jutting windows and carved friezes that it is quite a study.

One cold, cold afternoon in midwinter, when the silent frost was penetrating everywhere, and men moved quickly, muffled up in furs—a time for people to close their doors and gather round their firesides—all the quiet inhabitants were astir. There was a bustle of preparation in parlor and kitchen; and young and old, wrapping their garments about them, were ready to go out in the cold. There were dismay and confusion in all the streets. Why?

In the queer old house of which we have spoken there was no bustle of preparation. By the fire, in a large old room, sat an aged woman and her two grandchildren. Unable from her infirmities to leave home, her grandchildren would not forsake her. Her faith in God enabled her to feel that they might be safer there than when fleeing from danger.

"O God, fill darkness goeth hence,  
Be thou our stay and our defense;  
A God, who foes oppress us sore,  
To save and guard us evermore!"

These, the last notes of their evening hymn, died away amid the rafters of the shadowy room.

"Alas!" said the boy, mournfully, "we have no wall about us tonight to protect us from our enemies."

"God will be our wall Himself," said the aged woman, reverently. "Think you His arm is shortened?"

"No, grandmother; but the thing is impossible without a miracle."

"Take care, my boy; nothing is impossible with God. Hath He not said He will be a wall of fire unto His people? We must trust Him, and He will be our wall of defense."

They sat quietly by the fire. The wind moaned down the large open chimney, and the snow fell softly against the window-pane. Steadily it fell all night, and the wind drifted it in high banks, covering the shed, streets, walls, and paths of the silent and deserted town. And yet there was peace by that quiet fireside—the peace that can only be felt by the mind that is stayed on God. Few words were spoken. They held one another's hands, and led each to the fire, and listened, in the pauses of the storm, to catch the blast of the French trumpets. At nine o'clock the sound was faintly borne to them on the breeze; a few hurried blasts swept past them, intermingled with sounds of tramping feet and loud voices—and all was still.

Their hearts beat almost audibly; and they drew closer together as they felt that they were now in the midst of their enemies. Helpless and defenseless youth! What armor had they wherein to trust? The shield of faith! And safely they rested beneath its shadow.

Every house was a scene of revelry. Great fires were kindled. Altars were ransacked. The soldiers, with their songs and winecup, their oaths and blasphemy, made the streets ring, striving to drown the remembrance of intense cold and terrible privation in those hours of drunken merriment.

Still the little group in the quaint old house sat peacefully through the long, long hours of the night, till morning dawned and showed them the wall of defense that God had built round about them. Exposed as was their house, from its position, to the eddies and currents of the wind, the snow had drifted about them that the doors and windows were completely blocked up; and the French soldiers had not found it. With the

daylight they had left the town.

Wind and storm had fulfilled God's word, and encircled those that put their trust in Him with a wall that protected them from their enemies—a wall, not of fire, but of snow.—Mind.

## A Boy's Reading.

The great treasure of English literature is the birthright of our boys and girls. So much of the store as each one can, by reading and understanding, make his own is freely his, and forms a large part of his intellectual capital for pleasure and profit throughout life. But much the possession of which will be most greatly to his pleasure and profit is beyond his reach after the

"Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy."

Careful fathers give thought and sharp endeavor to equip their sons with that material capital which is supposed to ease their struggle in the business world; but too many fathers neglect to help their sons to gain that intellectual capital which saves their lives from mental poverty and from starved imagination.

Let us at the outset take an example: every boy of seventeen should have had an opportunity to read Robert Louis Stevenson's essay on "Gentlemen." The boy has been taught to read; the book is in his father's library, or at least he has access to the public library, but still he lacks something to complete the opportunity which is meant in the title of this article. The boy is entitled to a personal introduction to the essay, which will make him eager to know it. It is usually idle, not to say foolish, casually to recommend any healthy boy to read "an essay" on any subject, and especially one on "Gentlemen,"—a subject about which he probably supposes he has heard quite enough already. Moreover, this particular essay is laid away in the "Thistle Edition" of "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," which, as a whole, has little or nothing else specially appropriate to the boy.

The boy's natural affinity for

"Schooners, islands, and maroons,  
And buccanniers and buried gold."

will probably have drawn him to acquaintance with "Treasure Island" without any particular introduction further than the verdict of some other small boy.

The first time that the boy comes to the study of the Civil War and its dramatic close Appomattox Court House, his heart will be warm with enthusiasm for Grant and with sympathy for Lee. Then is the time to tell the boy what his friend, the author of "Treasure Island," has said about the one sentence that Grant added with his own pen to the articles of capitulation before he signed them, and how in that one sentence, "All officers to retain their side arms," the "Silent Man" wrote himself down to all the world as a great gentleman, if not a fine one.

The chances are good that, under such circumstances, the boy will read the essay; but whether he reads it or not, he has had the opportunity, which is our point in question.—From "Some Things a Boy of Seventeen Should Have Had an Opportunity to Read," by H. L. Elmsford, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for December.

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A profound book, suggestive and original.—Horatio Dresser.

Teaches the formal creative power of the Soul.—Public Opinion, N. Y.

Many passages show a marvellous insight. An intuition that is really wonderful. It seems with wise sayings and shrewd observations a motive of men. I expect to go over it again in order to mark and margin the epigrams, the gnomic sentences, the gems of poetic beauty. I shall do everything in my power to bring its profound truth to the attention of others.—Prof. Edward A. Ross, University of Nebraska.

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The fundamental thought of the author is sound. . . . all men are ruled by feeling. The worth of the man is what he is worth of feeling is.—The Outlook, N. Y.

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