

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. 94.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 18

## A SHOOTING STAR.

Wee Elsie stood at the window,  
Watching the stars, as one by one,  
They came from their sleepy cradles,  
When the twilight hour was done.

A flying gleam shot downward—  
Baby's hand was on the latch—  
"Oh, murrer, Dad's lit all the tandles,  
An' now He's dropped the match!"

—Helen D. Newcomb.

## Christmas.

Although there are radical minds in our broad, comprehensive ranks, who stoutly deny that any such person as the Judean Master ever lived, yet it is not discernible that the celebration of his birth is observed with any less enthusiasm by Spiritualists, than by the strictest of Evangelical Christians. The spirit of Christmas universally pervades and permeates the air; the era of good-will reigns in every heart and overflows in beneficence to friend and needy stranger alike. And it is well. For the tide of generous out-going emanation flows back in richest blessing upon the giver; it enriches growth, and melts from the heart those icy barriers which the frosts of chilling experience have created.

The Banner of Light extends to every member of its large family warmest holiday greetings, with the hearty wish that the blessedness of the Christmas spirit in its broadest, deepest significance, the fulfillment of its angelic message of peace and good-will, may rest with grandest benediction on every soul. May the habit of worthy expression be fostered in each life, and bear rich fruitage through all the coming days of the dawning year. For expression of the heart's best impulses should have no feast days, no festivals of especial outpouring: it should be constant, unintermittent, as is the baptism of the Infinite Love. Expression is the innate necessity of each soul, made in the image and likeness of a perpetual Creator, an incessant Giver. Repression of human sympathy and love is worse than stagnation, it is a slow decay. Does it not then behoove us all to pause and ask how the soul within is now expressing itself? Could any query bear deeper import? Happiness in the goal which mortals chiefly pursue, but in the wrong direction, through self-seeking, when no true happiness is possible apart from service to others. It must shine from the kingdom within.

Then how shall the soul express itself? By copying the method and manner of the Over Soul, that Divine Voice which said: "Let there be Light," and Light was spoken into being. Let us finite souls utter the same mandate, and let the light from within our souls pour and flood with its vibratory waves each quivering pulse-beat of all Life, until this light is also spoken into human lives. Let us throw the windows of our souls wide open to receive the rays from the Sun of the Light supernal, and then unclose the lower shutters that open out onto the realm of shadows and human need, and let the light and love which is our own shine through every gateway of expression—the radiance of the soul.

This potent spark of the Infinite Flame can not descend to express itself in diseased, impotent conditions, when we have gained soul consciousness and live on the soul plane. Surpassing power, purity and perfection can alone be its legitimate reflection. Thus can we make of every day a glad Christmas festival, a perennial season of grandest beneficence, a perpetual giving from an inexhaustible wealth which is our own. Like that new element, Radium, which spends itself so abundantly and is not consumed by all its powerful radiation, so we should burn ourselves into other lives, blessedly, potently, lavishly, while constantly re-unkindled ourselves from the Primeval Fire.

It is a significant fact, as a correspondence, that as we approach a more spiritual era, as the sixth cycle advances, that this new element, Radium, should gain recognition, a force six times more powerful than the X-ray, even as spirit so far outranks the most brilliant intellect, in its radiating, permeating, illuminating quality. As spiritual disciples, we have tried to cultivate receptivity, have striven to be receptive to truth, to inspiration, to divine influx; and this also is well. But let us likewise try to practice radiation, to give out as well as receive, abundantly, even as the least little grain of Radium, enclosed in a tin box, and carried in Prof. Crookes' vest pocket, burned through all his clothing a blister on his side. Let us endeavor to pierce with our abundant strength, our weaker brother's need, in potent upliftment. If we give out of our strength, more will be given unto us, in far greater measure, than if we tried to hoard, or save our force.

Human negativity to personal atmospheres is a frequent complaint; this or that individual draws upon one's strength, and depletes vitality. Why not let them draw? What is to hinder any soul from drawing in its turn, from an unfailing supply, with all the strength in the universe, as its own, on

demand? That is what we are here for, to be drawn upon, to give out constantly, and it shall then be given to us again, to pour out freely, lavishly, of our love, our power, our helpfulness, to every one within our reach, and that circumference is a very wide one for the least of us.

Let this be the lesson of our Christmas season. Expression, a grander, more worthy expression of all life's possibilities. Let the purity of our thoughts find expression in words fitly spoken, in deeds grandly wrought, and these also, by reflex action, shall express themselves in physical strength and wholeness. Let the spiritual nature express itself in that love and charity which never faileth, let it shine radiantly, through all the density of material conditions, like the sunbeam which penetrates with its potent ray, the dark cellar, and is not polluted, or dimmed, thereby.

Spirit is the great purifier, the illuminator, the potent essence, the supreme power, and spirit is the stuff of which we are made. We are that divine potency. Realization of this glorious birthright will lead to the divine incarnation of the Christ in the narrow manger of every loving heart. Then will peace and good will to all men reign upon earth, and Christmas chimes be never silenced, but ring on perpetually, until Truth shall triumph over all error, the Truth which maketh free.

S. C. C.

## Soul.

"Tired!" Did you say you were tired? Are you brain-weary, body-worn, soul-exhausted? Is it so that your frame is so wrecked by pain that sleep cannot reach you, nor rest quiet you? Are your nerves so tensioned that every pulsing throb of your heart is a stab of pain in your every vein? Do surging thoughts crowd, and jostle one another in your mental arena until you perceive only a struggling mass of phantom shapes whose distorted visages reflect the agony of your own soul? Does every touch upon your person send a poignant pang of agony through your system, and does every mental jar cause you to quiver with indescribable sufferings? Do the discordant thoughts and inharmonious relations of others fill you with a strange, intense, longing for peace, with a sense of pain that is beyond the power of words to express? Does the sound of even a loved voice vex you, and make you feel ill at ease in the presence of the one who is of your own Soul-Self akin?

If you feel and realize all of these, then are you indeed tired. The aching pain, the weary strife, the bitterness of heart, and the agony of soul are known to you, and you do need rest. Yet that rest lies within you! Send abroad your Soul's intensest longing, and ere long, like Noah's dove of old, you will find it swift returning with the olive branch of love, whose tree has its roots within your own heart. Go into the Silence of your inner Self, there clasp the hand of the unseen monitor, the Angel of Life, and find your way to the Olive Tree whose branches shall be to your outer self the magic wands of healing. Then will you become at one with your Soul-Self, in harmony with your seeming self, and peace and rest will be yours. The nerves will sink into delicious repose, the brain will yield to the soothing touch of your own musical rejoicings, and your soul become at peace with itself and God.

Strange revelations will you find in the Silence when you retire thither in search of that rest which the earth with all of its weary noises has denied you. Stored within its sacred caves are all the prayers of your mothers for your future well-being and success. There also are all your own pure thoughts, your own noble desires, your own outcroakings for truer and higher things. There are the unsung songs of your childhood, the unheard shouts of laughter of your youth, and the unrecorded deeds of kindness you wrought in love for the good of others. Mirrored there are all these seeming memories, which are the eternal realms of your being's life, set in frames of golden sunshine, whose reflections shall fill the darkest recesses of your spirit with their rays of effulgent light. With the sweet echoing sounds of a mother's prayers; with the reflected touch of a baby's kiss; with the transit of a dear one's tender smile; with the low, sweet music of your being's unsung songs; with the rippling rivers of purest laughter playing around you, and the Joy-peans of those whom you blessed for love's sweet sake,—with all these around you in the Silence, can you, could you, do aught else than rest? Would you not sink into the slumber of delicious repose, to the sound of the unswayed lutes and mellow chimes of bells never heard on earth? Try this recipe, oh ye storm-tossed, and weary ones of earth! The Silence is God's divinest healer and His greatest teacher for all of His sorrowing children.

"Show me the way, O Father! Teach me the first step, and gladly will I go forth in search of the Silence, upon the quest for the Holy Grail from which my Soul shall drink and be satisfied!" What! Hast thou wandered so far away from thy Soul, that thou dost not know the way thereto? Then art thou indeed of all men the most miserable. If thy sufferings, thy weariness, thy grief, thine agonies, have taught thee nothing, then thou must grope on in darkness until, like the Prodigal Son of the Master's parable, thou dost come to thyself even while herding swine in a far country, filled with a desire to return to thy father's house. To thee, this "Father's House" is thine own Soul, and when the desire comes to thee to return thereto, thou hast taken the first step, and in taking it the way will appear before thee, dimly it may be at first, but as the longing for thine own grows upon thee, thou wilt strive the harder to overcome, thou wilt reach out thy hands in longing for higher things, and thy whole being will burst forth into sweet and tender prayer. Then the scales will fall from thine eyes, the way will be clearly defined before thee, and forward wilt thou go, with a song of joy in thy heart, until thou art again united with thine own, in the hospitable home of the "Father's House," where forever dwells the Soul! How sweet the welcome, how tender the greeting, how peaceful the rest, how calm the atmosphere of love, only those who have earned their way thither can know, yet all may know who earnestly pray to become at one with Truth, with their Souls, with God!

"Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode," in search of those things that ministered only unto the pleasures of the senses. The glitter of gold, the noise of the shop, the whirr of the mill, the costly table viands, the expensive raiment for the person's adornment, were mistaken for the real things of life. They have so immersed the human family, that very few hear the voice of the Soul-Self, but listen eagerly for the sounds of the things that perish. Wealth, position, place, power, physical pleasures of all kinds, obscure the real man from sight, and men persistently engage in the vain work of chasing phantoms under the delusion that they are thereby getting rich, gaining fame, and becoming wiser and better than their fellows. They have armored themselves with the galling iron of materialism, and fear that they will be wounded unto death should they cast their burden one side. Yet all of these who wear this heavy armor must be awakened to the realities of existence. It will take time and earnest labor to accomplish this great feat. Some can only be reached through their physical senses, hence require hard blows that give them the severest possible pain. Some are called to duty by a rude shock, or sudden heart-wrench that almost sunders muscle from muscle, nerve from nerve, in every portion of their being. Some are quickened by the voice of the Soul-Self, heard afar off, whose soft echoes awaken tender memories of the distant Past, and turn them to the true realities of life. Some are forced to wrestle with afflictions, which like the scourge of flame, burns away the dross that concealed the pure gold of being, and left the Real shining brightly 'neath the cheering rays of the King of Day.

Whatever their pursuits, their mirth, their seeming enjoyments and duties, they must all sooner or later take leave of them, and deal with that which is Real. They will grieve, they will mourn in bitterness of spirit, and even curse the Fate that forced them to part with that which was so dear to them. But the lessons of life must be learned by all men alike, and the same Infinite Power governs His Kingdom with equal and exact justice in its every province. Every heart-ache, every pain, every cruel sorrow, every seeming disaster, every bitter grief, is a step towards the Soul-Self, a stride towards the home from which the child has wandered in search of things of little worth. Where the Soul-Self dwells there is ever the abode of Peace, of Rest, of Trust, of Joy, of Love. Wherefore do ye hesitate, oh Mortals, to enter the sacred caves of Silence to find these jewels of priceless worth and eternal radiance? There, in those caves of Silence, where the Soul-Self abides, each mortal will find all that he has ever been, all that he is, and promises of what he may become. There are gathered all the treasures of earth that are real in character, and are necessary to prompt their possessor to take the next step upward toward God. There are the dear ones taken early or late from the gardens of earth, abloom with life and love in the higher gardens of the Soul. There, if the mortal child be worthy, will be found every fond hope, every noble wish, every pure desire, concealed unselfishly for the good of others, firmly rooted in the soil of Reward, bearing rich fruit for the refreshment of all who are in need of aid.

Go forth, then, O child of earth, in search of thy Soul! If thou wouldst drink from the Holy Grail of Truth and Wisdom, mount thy milk-white charger of Purity, as did Galahad of the Round Table, and ride all unarmed, so far as the weapons of warfare are concerned, until thou dost find the Holy Thing. Thrice armed is he who can say in truth:

"My strength is the strength of ten  
Because my heart is pure."

With that song upon thy lips, with a tender prayer within thy heart, with an ineffable yearning for the good and true in thy being, thou art already the victor. Pain thou canst kill because it is only of the flesh, an error of thy mind, a false concept of thy purpose in life. Grief thou canst subdue because it is only a misunderstanding of thy true relationship to the world of which thou art only a part. Sorrow thou canst surmount because it is only a cloud that hides from the glad realities of being. Mourning thou canst put away from thee, because it is only a fetter to thee in thy quest, only a selfish outburst of thine, rather than of the greater need of the loved ones gone. He only truly lives who knows the life of the Soul.

(To be concluded.)

## A Christmas Story.

It was the night before Christmas, cold, dark and dreary; snow was falling fast and night was coming rapidly over the great city of London. In one of the parts of London, populated by people of the poorer class, stood a row of dark, gloomy tenements. At one of the tenement windows a little face was pressed against the pane, but, oh, so wan and pale, watching the snowflakes falling to the earth. Listen to the little plaintive moan which comes from the lips of the little one: "No Christmas for me. Why is it? Other little girls have mamas and papas, but I have no one but Fido. Alone I sit at the window and watch happy little girls go by with their mamas, and I sit alone—why is it? The lady in the big house, where once I went, told me that God always took care of little children. Why has he forgotten me? Oh, my, would it not be nice to have Christmas like other little girls? I would like to have all I wanted to eat, and a great big doll, and lots of playthings; but what is the use of wishing. I am only a little beggar girl who sits alone at the window waiting for her old Granny to return, and perhaps when she does come in, I will be beaten for not being out and trying to sell the little baskets. But I can't—I am cold and hungry."

And then she lays her little head down on the window sill and cries as if her heart would break. Suddenly she stops and thinks. If she could reach this God whom the lady told her about, perhaps he might help her, so the little lips lisped these words: "Kind friend, teacher said you were a kind friend to every one, and if you have time, won't you listen to a poor little girl and give her a Christmas like other little girls?" Then she laid her head down on her little arm and tried to go to sleep because she was getting very cold and hungry, but happening to look up she saw the room was getting very light—so light, that it fairly dazzled her, and suddenly right before her she beheld a beautiful lady who said to her: "Little one, the friend you sent your prayer to has received it, and he has sent one of his messengers to give you all you have asked for. This world in which you live is no world for you, and your dear mother in spirit life has sent for you, and I am going to take you home."

Dazed and bewildered, the little one fell asleep and when she awoke, as it seemed to her, in the morning, she awoke to find herself not a little beggar girl, but transformed, it seemed, into a very rich little girl, for lying beside her she found, not one doll, but many of every description, and all the good things to eat that she had ever thought of, and she asked herself what it meant, where had she gone in the night. This thought was immediately answered by an angel who stood before her, and said, "Little one, you are with and in the country of the kind friend you sent your little prayer to, for he loved little children, and he has transplanted you to be one of his sweetest flowers in his garden of life. So, now have your little Christmas and be bright and happy, and we will teach you, and after awhile you will understand many things which are mysterious now."

Then the angel took the hand of the little one and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!" It was Jesus that spoke to the child, and the child getting in touch, as it were, with the glory of the spirit world, willingly took his hand and followed him up into the Temple of Light, where the joys of Christmastide are forever!

Listen to this secret: Any action, physical or mental, has only Life and greater strength in it if it is done in love.—Health Magazine.

## Dreams.

Idore Korminsky.

The symbolic dream is by far the most common of all dreams. When the sleeper awakes he clearly remembers certain symbols which were intimately interwoven in his soul wanderings of the night; and trivial as these may seem, be assured that they are potent and full of meaning to the man or maid who has received them. It is the common fashion of this too materialistic century to sneer at what are termed trivialities; but a small thing may be regarded as trivial by a small mind only. The philosopher regards not even the tiniest speck in the universe as trivial; for, well he knows, that even the microscopic bit of dust which floats on the wind, is a world—a whole world—in itself. Joseph dreamed that the sheaves of his brethren in the reaping field bowed down to his sheaf, that the Sun, Moon and eleven stars did obeisance to him (Genesis Ch. xxxvii) both dreams clearly symbolizing his future greatness in a very precise manner. In the Egyptian prison the Butler and the Baker told their dreams to Joseph. "In my dream—said the former—behold a vine was before me, and on the vine were three branches; and it was as though it budded, shot forth its blossoms, and on its clusters the grapes became ripe. And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand; and I took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup and I placed the cup into Pharaoh's hand" (Genesis Chap. xl, verses 9, 10, 11). Joseph interpreted freedom for the officer in three days (three branches) and a restoration to the favor of the great Prince of Egypt; but he held out a more gloomy prospect to the poor baker, whose dream symbols were three baskets filled with "fine bread" which the birds did eat out of the baskets which he carried on his head. Pharaoh's dream of the seven lean oxen eating up the seven fat ones were interpreted by the inspired Joseph as symbols of the seven years of plenty and seven years of famine which truly came to pass in old Egypt in those days. All these dreams are examples of the complete symbolic class; but frequently we remember only one symbol of the night when we arise to material wakefulness. Hence it is useful that we should learn how to regard this one alone; and it will be my endeavor to, in my next article, give as complete a set of accredited symbols and meanings as is possible. In conclusion I may say that to dream of mud or dirt is a sure sign of trouble of some kind. If one, in a dream, walks in mud and it does not cling to him, the trouble is not so serious as it would be if his garments were soiled therewith. Even if this latter happens and the dreamer gets through the mire in safety, he may be assured that the foreshadowed trouble will be overmastered. If he dreams that he goes through the mire naked, it is a very sad sign indeed. Even then the dream may not be so evil if the sun is shining brightly or if the dreamer sees the bright moon amidst the myriads of heaven's bright lights in a beautiful blue sky. If clouds pass over the luminaries and the lights, then the trouble will pass off quickly, but if a storm overcasts the sky then much trouble will follow the dream, and the length of time the trouble will last depends on the rate of travel of the dream storm, etc. I will endeavor first of all to give an alphabetical list of symbols—accredited symbols which have stood the severest tests of time and experience—and afterwards to show how they may be variously interwoven, as I have endeavored to do in the examples—chosen at hazard—given above. Perfection I do not claim, but I believe no system of dream interpretation as complete as the one I am about to give has been attempted by any writers on the subject in modern times.—Harbinger of Light.

## MY LIFE.

As from the chrysalis fast bound to earth  
The butterfly emerges winged for flight,  
So from its past of error, pain and night,  
The soul breaks through in loveliness and worth.

Out of the bud, the perfect blossom springs;  
Out of the bitter cells the luscious fruit:  
And from the self allied unto the brute  
Evolves the self which soars on viewless wings.

From folly, evil and mistakes diverse  
We slowly grow to wisdom and to right,  
Obedient to a law of boundless might,  
The law of love which rules the universe.

—William E. S. Fales.

He, Emerson, came and touched a string on Humanity's Harp so long unused that e'er its notes awakened sleeping souls, he had departed on his way. Even now many there be who must tiptoe and hold back the breath that they may catch even faint echoes of the strain from that smitten chord that shall nevermore cease to vibrate with the music of spheres.—Dr. George W. Cary.



## GIVE ME NOT TOO MUCH FINISH.

Give me not too much finish. Let me be  
To cold perfection strange, if so I must  
Hedge away the order of the soul  
And catch the plague of wordy nothingness.  
Let me not learn the trick of cunning terms,  
That in a careful anguish mince along,  
If so I place a barrier to truth,  
Or bate the springs of natural eloquence.

There is a primal fury of the mind,  
A rich despair, an all-consuming fire,  
Won out of knowledge and of vital force,  
Born of the heavens and of solitudes:  
That let me keep for language with my kind,  
For bridge from them to thee, Almighty Love,  
O'er the stupendous gulfs of whirling  
Thought:  
Ner sell it for the pottage of fine tongues.

Reply to W. J. Colville's Article on  
Reincarnation, Etc.

J. M. Peebles, M. D.

In the "Banner of Light" of October 17,  
appears an article from W. J. Colville, writ-  
ten for the Spiritual Quarterly Review, but  
published in the "Banner," replying to my  
essay in the Manchester Quarterly.

Mr. Colville's reply was evidently written  
in the interests of Theosophy, and of which  
Dr. Helen Densmore wrote (see London  
Light, February 22, 1898): "Madame Blavatsky  
was a medium, pure and simple. In her  
presence paintings were precipitated—both  
upon silk and canvas; bells were rung, and  
objects brought from a distance. She even  
had the earmarks common to a large majority  
of the mediums for physical manifestations,  
namely, the ability and willingness to sup-  
plement the manifestations when the condi-  
tions were not favorable to the production  
of genuine." All true, but not a tenth of it  
is told by Dr. Densmore.

Mr. Colville tells the public that the "as-  
sertions of Dr. Peebles are not arguments."  
We shall consider this later,—but in the  
meantime, for the very prince of assertions  
and speculations to make such a statement  
as the above, is amazing. My critic in the  
make-up of his article, rings in as proofs of  
reincarnation, the novels of Marie Corelli,  
the poem of Arnold, the dubious lubrications  
of eccentric Alwyn, etc., all of which is  
poor, knotty timber for scientific demonstra-  
tion. I suppose it was the best that Mr. Col-  
ville could do,—and so he is pardonable. He  
thinks that if "human consciousness (human  
beings) continue, though the form of a beast  
be for a while assumed, the object of such  
humiliation (re-embodiment into animals) is  
not unenlightened or useless, but benevolent."  
Heaven save us from such benevolence—a  
benevolence that transmigrates or re-em-  
bodies even the lowest human beings into  
cats and dogs, polly-wogs, and hissing, slimy  
snakes! This, instead of being evolution and  
progression, would be retrogression, with a  
rush. The lecturer, Miss Christie, told us in  
public that a portion of the Atlanteans were  
"reincarnated back into animals." Certain  
Hindu-Buddhist Theosophists taught this in  
my hearing when on one of my visits to  
India. And Brother Colville thinks if this be  
"assumed," it is "benevolent." I cannot see  
where the "benevolence" would come in for  
any human being to be re-embodied into a  
serpent to hiss, a hog to grunt, a cat to  
scratch, or an owl to hoot. In this connec-  
tion he talks of "beneficent experiences,"  
doubtless endorsing Mrs. Richmond's state-  
ment that "every human being born is fated  
to go through every possible experience,"—  
mark well—every possible experience! If  
such a doctrine is not a moral monstrosity,  
what is?

Mr. Colville asserts that it would "be ex-  
tremely easy to answer the objections to  
re-birth,"—but, "easy" as it was, he did not  
do it—nor attempt it! Such a stroke of  
diplomacy is admissible only in a very ques-  
tionable cause.

But now to this "series of progressive  
propositions"—is it the propositions that  
progress, or the man that conceived them?  
First, "All souls are essentially equal and  
all are entities in the spiritual universe per-  
petually." That is a straight-out "assertion,"  
and who is the author of it, Peebles or Col-  
ville? This is not logically a "proposition,"  
but a bold assertion. Now, Mr. Colville, how  
do you know that "all souls are qualitatively  
or quantitatively 'equal'?" Souls are either  
self-created or created by God, or by in-  
ferior gods and demons. But it matters not  
just now, how souls come into existence, but  
how you know that "all souls are essentially  
equal," and "perpetually exist as entities?"  
One older and wiser than you is reported to  
have said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."  
Dead souls naturally disintegrate, and  
perpetuity cannot be predicated upon disin-  
tegration.

Take another assertion in this so-called  
proposition: "The mineral, vegetable and  
animal regions of nature . . . are expressions  
of radiant emanations from these entities  
who propel emanations," etc. This  
statement is a puzzle. I cannot figure out  
psychically or metaphysically just what these  
"scintillant radiations" that "propel emanations"  
are. To what kingdom in nature do they  
belong? What are their constituents?  
What their color and shape, if they have  
any? Or, lifted up thought-ward, to an-  
other plane, what their origin, and from  
whence the power of these "scintillant radiations  
to propel emanations?" Tell us what  
these scintillants are,—and how these things  
are done?

This whole third proposition can only be  
characterized as little more than a string of  
unreasonable assertions, and as devoid of  
solid, inductive, deductive or syllogistic rea-  
sonings, as a Greenland snowdrift is of Cali-  
fornia roses.

Take the fourth proposition,—which, by the  
way, contains three or four distinct asser-  
tions, and these "are not arguments." Mr.  
Colville, himself, being the witness. "At the  
moment of conception," writes Mr. Colville,  
"a soul is present, and by means of its activi-  
ties, a living form begins to generate." How  
do you know, my friend, that "at the moment  
of conception a soul is present," and that  
through its "activities" it enters into the  
darkness of a nine-months' uterine incarna-  
tion? I press the point,—do you know it?  
And if so, how do you know it? Did you, or  
any clairvoyant with whom you are ac-  
quainted, ever watch, see, and converse with  
a conscious soul once a dweller in a well-  
rounded physical body on earth—waiting to  
plunge down into the fleshy abyss for a nine-  
months' rest, previous to another birth, and  
babyhood experiences on a trip through  
meshes by land, and maelstroms by sea, con-  
sonant upon another physical life voyage in  
the body? "Seeing is knowing," said the old  
cultured Prof. Blackie of Edinburgh. "Ex-  
periences of mothers have been collected in  
great numbers and variety, tending to prove  
the harmony of this proposition with their  
own definite actual experience." Why did  
Mr. Colville not tabulate some of these "great  
numbers," giving names and dates—why?  
When tabulated, I will guarantee that they  
simply prove the modifying influences of  
heredity, and that only,—which, by the way,  
is very distasteful to Theosophists. And fur-  
ther, unless Mr. Colville were a mother in  
some of his past incarnations, what does  
he know about the "experiences of mothers?"

The re-embodiment theory, however, is that  
every man was or will be a woman; every  
woman was or will be a man; every man was  
or will be a mother, and every woman was  
or will be her own daughter. Sitting once in Mrs.  
Bushyhead's parlor, San Diego, she pointed  
to the picture of her daughter on the wall,  
and said, "My daughter there was once in a  
previous embodiment, my mother." For credu-  
lity and gullibility, always commend me to  
a reincarnationist.

The great London scholar, author, editor  
and medium, Wm. Stainton Moses (M. A.,  
Oxon), must carry weight in his personality  
and mediumship with Mr. Colville and every  
Spiritualist. When entranced, this question  
was put to his exalted, controlling intelli-  
gences:

"Is there any such thing as reincarnation?"  
The reply was: "It is possible by premen-  
tal impression for individual spirits to reincar-  
nate their qualities, powers and attributes  
upon the unborn babe, and hence give tenden-  
cies in certain directions; but as to the entire  
individuality being reincarnated into the  
foetus—into the babe—it is to our mind not  
only absurd, but impossible." This is sensa-  
ble and rational. And this is a fair expres-  
sion of the teachings of English editors, and  
also of the spirits through J. J. Morse, E. W.  
Wallis, and all British mediums of note and  
confidence.

Compare the above from the intelligences  
communicating with Mr. Moses with the  
speculation, wordy mysticism that charac-  
terize most of the productions of American  
reincarnationists.

Another proposition deals with karma—  
sequence, cause and effect, sowing and reap-  
ing,—a doctrine old and new, taught ration-  
ally for a hundred years by Unitarians and  
Universalists and fifty years by Spiritualists,  
—but not as taught by Madame Blavatsky,  
whom, no doubt, Mr. Colville accepts as  
authority. She says in her "Key to Theoso-  
phy": "Karma is the ultimate law of the  
universe,—the source, origin and fount of all  
other laws which exist throughout nature."  
(Page 291.) It is "but another name for the  
great unknowable, causeless Cause. . . . All  
is karma." (See W. E. Coleman's article in  
Theosophical Journal, Feb. 24, 1898.) Again,  
"Karma is that divine, omnipotent, omni-  
scient power which adjusts each effect to its  
original cause." In other words, karma is  
God! Still again, "Karma inflicts upon the  
incarnated Ego the karmic punishment for  
every sin committed during the preceding life  
on earth." (Key to Theosophy, p. 140.) That  
is to say, karma, "an omnipotent, omniscient  
power," inflicts punishment for every sin  
committed in a previous life, and of which  
the poor victim has not the faintest recollec-  
tion. If this is not retaliatory devilism, I  
cannot conceive what is. And then why does  
Mr. Colville ring in these old Sanskrit and  
medieval words, karma, astral, devachan,  
etc., when English dictionaries give us 300,000  
legitimate words?

Mr. Colville presents to us, among others,  
the name of Mrs. Besant. All right—Mrs.  
Besant charged William Q. Judge, vice-pres-  
ident of the Theosophical Society, with fraud  
—fraudulent precipitations and communica-  
tions from the mahatmas, and in turn W. Q.  
Judge brought the same serious charge  
against Annie Besant (Light of the East,  
Jan., 1895, p. 153). Therefore, as these two  
witnesses pronounce each other a fraud, their  
testimony upon reincarnation and karma is  
ruled out of court.

Mr. Ursula Gestefeld of Chicago is re-  
ferred to by Mr. Colville as an opponent of  
re-embodiment. She certainly is and a  
powerful opponent, too, of this Hindu cult,  
and no reincarnationist has presumed to  
meet her arguments so pungently put against  
it, published in her Exodas.

As there are a few—very few metaphysico-  
Theosophico-spiritists, who are ever writing  
of the "astral"—the "astral body" (starry or  
lunar body) of the old alchemy era, I would  
suggest that they emigrate to and reside in  
that land of caste and child-marriage,—the  
land of transmigrational reincarnation, karma,  
karmendriyas, kriyamana and mukti (eman-  
cipation from rebirth). See,—just see, what  
oriental words of astounding potency can  
make use of with the slightest tongue-twister.  
There is another word that these quasi-spirit-  
ists might introduce into their Hindu vocabu-  
lary. It is Kundalini. This would jibe  
in rhythmically with "astral," "karma," and  
other English-primed words of thundering  
profundity. Kundalini is thus defined,—liter-  
ally, "coiled up,"—"the residual energy lo-  
cated according to the yogis, at the base of  
the spine, and which in ordinary men pro-  
duces dreams, imaginations, psychical percep-  
tions, etc., which, when fully aroused and  
purified, leads to the direct perception of  
God" (Vivekananda's Vedanta Philosophy, p.  
357). This great Yogi-karmic discovery that  
the "residual energy" (psychic force) which  
induces "psychical perception" is located,  
they say, at the base of the spine. In the  
coccyx or caudal point, probably. Amazing!  
This will interest (?) physiologists, psycholo-  
gists and phrenologists, and possibly Dr.  
Babbitt, who is to have a prominent position  
in Smith's College, Geneva, N. Y. Irony is  
admissible and efficacious in some wretched  
mental inversions, such, for instance, as  
Hinduphobia.

On one of my tours around the world I  
spent two months in Col. Olcott's palace  
residence, Adyar. The library is magnificent.  
Once a week I read the Upanishads with my  
brother Theosophists. Here is an extract  
from one of the chapters Upanishads  
("Yama, the King"). "The self, the knower  
is not born, it dies not; it came from nothing,  
it never became anything. The old man is  
unborn, from everlasting to everlasting; he  
is not killed, though the body be killed.  
Some are born again as living beings; others  
enter into stocks and stones according to  
their work (karma) and according to their  
knowledge." There you have it,—the wisdom  
—the mighty, transcendental wisdom of the  
adepts and mahatmas! What do you make  
of it?

What has been the scientific, moral and  
religious effects of a two or three thousand  
years' Hindu belief in re-embodiment or re-  
incarnation, and karma? Religiously, it has  
become the very hob of the most degrad-  
ing superstition. In Madras I saw one of  
their god-crowned cars dragged through the  
streets in worship. Their temples are hells  
of unearthly sounds, and inside of them I  
have seen elephants and white bulls walk in  
all the lordliness of beastdom.

What has reincarnation Hindulism done  
for science and discovery? Did it discover  
steam and its mighty potencies; did it dis-  
cover the railway system and put it in prac-  
tice? Did it discover and send the first Morse  
telegraphic communication? Did it discover  
photography? Did it discover and patent  
the telephone in 1876? Did it discover and  
manipulate the petroleum that so brilliantly  
lights English and American homes? Did it  
discover the spectroscopic, enabling us to  
learn the composition of the stars? Did it  
discover Lister's anæsthetic that benumb  
pain in surgery? Did it discover the liquefac-  
tion of oxygen, liquid air, liquid hydrogen?  
Did it discover the presence of argon, kryp-  
ton, and metargon in the atmosphere? Did it  
discover ozone that so intensifies the vital-  
ity of the air we breathe? Did it discover  
the non-friction of the enzoning, infilling  
ether? Did it discover wireless telegraphy?  
No,—no! It has been bibernating under the  
stupefying, deadening influences of reincarna-  
tion and karma for some thousands years and  
more. And yet, there are spiritists, few, and

this few fading in numbers, who are striving  
to vacillate these old Hindu intellect-  
crushing credulities into our glorious, uplifting,  
heart-comforting Spiritualism!

Again, what has re-embodiment, karma-be-  
lieving India done for the world morally?  
What great reform did it ever originate and  
carry forward to victory? Look at its bu-  
bolic plague caused largely by dirt, filth and  
social shiftness. Look at its karmic pov-  
erty. Look at its child-marriage and degrad-  
ing curse of caste.

Col. Olcott, writing of the lower castes, the  
pariahs, and school statistics, says:

"The unprejudiced Hindu, believing that  
the present birth of the evolving entity is  
the result of its aggregate merits and demer-  
its, in previous stages of rebirth, would say  
that the school statistics now shown indicate  
that the souls of these pupils had taken birth  
in the pariah race as a punishment for a  
course of cruelty and injustice towards their  
fellowmen." (Olcott's "Poor Pariah," p. 21).

Again I ask, what has India, weighed  
down with its karma, its reincarnation, and  
its religious superstitions, ever done for the  
education and elevation of the masses?  
What do their sacred texts, their authoritative  
books say about the pariahs, the slaves, the  
lower castes? Listen—the distinguished  
Hindu law-giver and sage, Manu, says (10th  
chapter of his Institutes):

"Outcasts must live outside of the town,  
their sole property dogs and asses; their  
clothes such as have been left by the dead;  
their ornaments rusty iron. They must roam  
from place to place; no respectable man must  
hold intercourse with them; they are to be  
the public executioners," etc. (Cyclopedia of  
India, p. 7).

Here is a practical exemplification—the  
practical outcome of these unreasonable, ir-  
rational, soul-degrading, all-interpermeating  
of karma and reincarnation,—the  
latter only a modern modification of trans-  
migration.

Do I hear a carping critic say, "You do  
not take a broad view of Hinduism?" I take  
and state the facts just as I have seen them,  
just as others have seen them, and just as  
they stand recorded in their sacred books,—  
and only the semi-brainless can fail to draw  
the legitimate inferences.

Mr. Colville wisely draws the distinction  
between memory and recollection. His "sub-  
jective, subliminal self" theory, however, is  
yet in the crucible, the psychologic laboratory  
of investigation. Hudson Tuttle and other  
authors, scientists and psychologists, deny its  
reality, and consequently its potency. It  
mystifies, but explains nothing. Some of the  
statements of Mr. Colville (the most of  
whose writings I so much admire) in his  
propositions, will not be disputed by either  
Spiritualists or liberalists.

Be it remembered that in this controversy  
reincarnationists affirm its truth, hence (dis-  
tinguishing between fancies and facts, be-  
tween assertions and logical arguments), they  
must lay deep their foundations; they must  
lead; they must gather up their axioms,—  
produce their well-established facts—if they  
have any; marshal their well-proven prin-  
ciples—if they have any; and then move on by  
the Baconian, or inductive method of reason-  
ing to establish their hypothesis.

Battle Creek, Mich.

## The Spiritual World.

There is a general tendency says Henry  
Schaffetter, in the Baltimore "American,"  
to wrongly interpret the meaning of the word  
spiritual in conjunction with man's soul and  
his future abode, and thus the mind becomes  
receptive to mistaken ideas concerning both.  
Hence the popular conception of a spiritual  
world, and a man's spiritual body is extremely  
vague and based more or less upon specula-  
tive imagination and assumption. As you very  
truly say, Mr. Editor, "The Bible does not tell  
us of a spiritual world. Spiritual life in the  
Holy Scripture is placed far beyond the  
earth." Consequently, the theory you speak  
of as being now quite commonly held in re-  
ligion has no scriptural foundation whatever  
and is purely imaginary and speculative.

The theory in religion which is quite com-  
monly held now, and which is gaining ground  
all the time, is that the soul, in its future  
state, will be bereft of its every earthly at-  
tribute or material part; that it will not be  
flesh and blood, will have no earthly organs  
with which to live, no eyes with which to  
see and no brain with which to think. This  
is being preached from many pulpits today,  
and it is as reasonable as any other theory.  
God can provide the soul with any faculties  
it pleases him to do. Flesh and blood cannot  
inherit the kingdom of heaven. What does  
inherit the kingdom of heaven must be a  
sealed volume to all mankind.

Now, while I fully agree with your state-  
ment that the soul has no earthly organs  
and that flesh and blood cannot inherit the  
kingdom of heaven, it seems only reasonable  
to suppose that the soul or spirit of man  
must have organs similar to those it had in  
earth life. Nature never makes sudden  
changes in the course of evolution, and, as  
you rightly say:

"There are laws—and natural laws we may  
presume—for the spiritual world, because we  
observe natural laws as established by God  
in the material world."

And, I would add, natural laws are immu-  
table and eternal; not even God could change  
them. Your concession as to "Natural Laws  
in the Spiritual World" opens the way to  
new light upon the subject. It tears away the  
barriers built by superstition and ignorance  
and places the human mind in condition to  
conceive of the naturalness in the spiritual  
world, instead of the supernaturalness of the  
past, that has created the delusive phantoms  
and shadows of heaven and hell, which have  
enslaved the human race for ages with a  
pall of darkness and gloom. However,

Step by step the world advances  
On progression's endless way;  
Slowly the dark curtain's lifted  
That reveals the light of day.

But how is it possible to know anything  
about those natural laws or conjecture any-  
thing about them when we are absolutely  
ignorant of the things to which they are  
applied?

I am delighted to have you ask this ques-  
tion, as it affords me the opportunity to pre-  
sent to your consideration some ideas con-  
cerning the action of natural laws in con-  
junction with man's soul. I can well  
understand your position when you say:

"It is a very common thing to imagine a  
spiritual world side by side with the world  
in which we live. Some assumptions are of the  
purest and noblest sort, while others are  
fantastic and ridiculous. All depends upon  
phenomena which are regarded with sus-  
picion by the vast majority of mankind.  
Those worthy of most respect are said to  
come from the inner consciousness of those  
who propound them, but it must be obvious  
that thought, dreams or mental evoca-  
tions of any sort are subject to the mind or  
individual that give birth to them. Ghosts,  
visions, startling phenomena of any sort, out-  
side of the person, are a question of the  
sight, and have so often been proved to be  
untrue as not to justify serious consideration.  
The assertion of a spiritual world all around  
us from inner consciousness is the only hy-  
pothesis which need be considered."

Anyone who is not familiar with the pre-  
sent chaotic conditions of spiritual phenom-

ena may easily confound the genuine with  
the spurious, especially as the latter easily  
outnumber the former. The well-established  
fact, however, that genuine phenomena do  
occur brings the whole subject to the front  
rank of problems that will have to be solved  
sooner or later.

The human heart is yearning for those phe-  
nomena that are supposed to prove the ex-  
istence of a spiritual world all around us, and  
this longing of the soul for a response across  
the chasm of death will not be silenced. It  
is a mighty current of force that sweeps out  
into the invisible realms of spiritual life and  
brings back its response. We in this mat-  
terial world, however, are only at times re-  
ceptive to the finer vibrations of spiritual life;  
hence our inner consciousness is not so easily  
reached, because our minds are constantly  
absorbed with duties of earth-life conditions.  
This accounts for only the few being able to  
enjoy the realities of the spiritual world  
through their inner consciousness. I am not  
one of those fortunate ones, however, but  
from the very start of my investigations I  
have endeavored to solve the problem of the  
continuity of life beyond the grave from a  
scientific standpoint rather than from a re-  
ligious basis. I have been uncommonly fa-  
vored in my efforts, and have arrived at con-  
clusions that are in fullest accord with the  
spiritual experiences of those who can come  
in touch with the spiritual world through  
their inner consciousness. With your kind  
indulgence, I will briefly state a few im-  
portant principles that form the basis of all  
phenomena of life here and hereafter.

Man is a dual being, and partakes in this  
respect of the same essentials as all matter.  
Spirit is the all-pervading agent of infinite  
life (God), coexisting and coeternal with mat-  
ter. The human spirit or soul (the real man)  
is simply the highest expression of omni-  
potent deity, an organized entity of elemen-  
tary principles and evolved from the crude  
conditions of matter to its present height of  
development through the process of plane-  
tary evolution. Spirit in connection with  
matter generally is termed force, and obeys  
in its progressive stages of growth the eter-  
nal principles of being.

The planet, which has been considered a  
lifeless mass for ages, is pulsating through  
every particle of matter, continually evolu-  
ting refined particles of substance, which,  
formative by nature, become part of the in-  
visible planet, or spirit world, which encir-  
cles Mother Earth and harmoniously whirls  
in space with it. The existence of the spirit  
world, similar in feature and form to the ma-  
terial, can scientifically be demonstrated by  
studying the formative principles of matter.  
Chemistry has established the fact that mat-  
ter may change its appearance and become  
invisible, but its inherent elementary forces  
can never be lost.

It is upon this principle that invisible mat-  
ter forms again and, by the magnetic induc-  
tion of the planet, becomes its supplement in  
form and feature.

Man, as an organized entity of the ele-  
ments, is dual in nature and begins his ca-  
reer at the time of conception.

All theories as to the pre-existence of the  
human spirit have been proven to be a fal-  
lacy. Man's spiritual organism is identical  
with its physical expression as to chemical  
properties, but invisible to ordinary vision by  
reason of its higher vibratory elementary  
action.

Death is simply the separation between the  
spiritual and material expression of man.  
The freed spirit, following the law of at-  
traction, readily responds to its new environ-  
ment and hardly notices the change at first,  
because everything is natural and correspond-  
ing to the experiences of earth-life.

The relationship between the two worlds is  
most intimate, both acting upon each other  
continually, whether man know it or not.  
Beyond the visible appearance of matter are  
forces at work yet to be studied by material  
science. Though invisible, they present a  
legitimate field to scientific research, and to  
determine their nature and relationship to  
man is the real and glorious mission of  
science. Grand and beautiful is its scope of  
research, hardly yet realized by any of its  
disciples.

## Automatic Writing.

Present: Miss T., Miss R., Mrs. T. (Miss R. asking questions.)

Is Egypt here?

"Yes."

Does Egypt know me?

"Yes."

Is he interested in me?

"Very much so, if you will have confidence in him."

Is this the first time he has ever come to me?

"Yes, but he has looked on several times."

Will he tell me something about himself, how old he is and what he is doing?

"He can."

How old is he?

"Old as the everlasting hills and the rock-ribbed mountains."

Do you mean by that that you have lived in previous lives?

"Yes, we believe in transmigration, and our lives are long and well filled out."

When you lived in the body did you live in Egypt?

"Egypt was my dwelling place but the world was my station."

Explain a little more about the world being your station?

"Egypt was my birthplace, but I was free to roam the world over."

Did you roam the world over when you were in this body?

"Yes, everywhere, and also through the solar system."

You do not mean by that that this physical body went, do you?

"No, only the spirit form, which goes where it listeth."

When you were a human being did you have the power to go out in your spirit through the solar system?

"Not until the change we call death came. Before this my spirit was confined in the bonds of flesh and there was no freedom of soul."

Then it is since death that you have wandered around through the system is it not?

"Yes, that is our privilege, to be free and untrammelled. We wander everywhere and have all the freedom of light and air."

What attracted you here?

"The interest taken by the questioner in the religion of the ancients and the philosophy of the heathen devotees and the old visions of the priests."

Do you mean me?

"Yes, you, the questioner."

Do you think I have gained anything from that religion?

"Yes, it brings harmony and peace if one enters into its spirit, and a repose of mind follows which is worth striving for."

Can he tell me something more about that religion, the main characteristics of it?

"The main idea is serenity, peace and harmony. These, combined with an earnest faith in the power of self-sacrifice and the subjugation of selfish appetites form the chief essentials to be observed in the religion of the ancient Hindus and also in part of the Egyptians."

When one gets the real true religion is it not the same the world over?

"Yes, the spirit is the same in many forms."

of expression. Worship can be observed in many ways and be as devout in some as frivolous in others."

Do you think the religion of Christ was the highest there has been in the world?

"No higher than Buddha, who came after."

Are they the two brightest lights, or are there others equal?

"There are others, but none their equal in purity of religion and motive. And as an example, none can reach the high ideal given by Christ to the world."

Aren't we commanded to reach it?

"No, to strive after it. None can hope to reach the pinnacle that Christ attained in purity and goodness, love and self-sacrifice."

Do you have anything to do with the affairs of this world now, or with any people here?

"Yes, we have an oversight into many things, and we can guide and counsel, advise and protect those in whom we are interested and who are also allied to us in kindred thought and spirit."

Have you ever been to help me before in any other way than this?

"No, this is our first talk with you. We have not met you in person before to understand your aspirations and ideas, but we have had an oversight, hoping that we might be called upon."

I mean, have you ever been attracted before in thought, without coming through any medium in this way?

"No, not in that way. We are ready to respond to those who wish us to convey to them our hopes, loves, ambitions and desires."

Well, if you have anything to convey or any advice to give I would be very glad to have it.

"We like to have our ancient faith looked upon, for there are some grand truths there. The old Egyptians were a grand people, not half understood in these days. Could their ancient writings come to light there would be an insight more than has ever been dreamed of into philosophy, religion and economics, social science and the like. We Egyptians are a people of slow but sure growth. We believe in solidity, not in frivolity. Our monuments show this and are a test of our character. We build for ages, not for a day, and we wish to leave behind us an enduring memorial of our strength as a people and as a power in religion. Egypt is a country where memorials are lasting and will endure for ages. The climate favors longevity in all things, as shown in life and in the enduring power of perishable materials, such as stone and wood. Egyptians believe in the solidity of character. Given this, all else is built upon that. Gaiety is not encouraged and all light and trifling things are frowned upon, believing that the future will contain all the happiness and pleasures that we have not in this world, and that to prepare for this dwelling place a solidity of character and firmness of purpose is needed here, and we have lived thus and left to future ages the result of our religion, and the enduring monuments to perpetuate the grandeur of our beliefs. Egyptians are solid as the earth and as firm in their foundations as the ancient mountains and the fertile Nile. Time cannot efface them nor calamity touch them. Their imprint upon earth is as enduring as the footsteps of time. Egyptians will not be forgotten. Their strength of character and purpose cast an influence even upon those who are alive today. Their grandeur of soul and their belief in purity and integrity will never fade from the minds of men while earth shall last. Egypt is a favorite topic with me and it is hard to leave it. I am ever glad to praise and ready to commend, for there are no faults in their character or vices. I can expatiate at length on all their virtues and extol them to the heavens, and even then praise will fall short of what it should be as a testimony of their great beauty of soul and their wonderful purity of purpose, and their simple childlike innocence and faith, and their lovely, peaceful serenity of mind so beautiful to see and to know has been realized once upon earth."

I want him to come again sometime.

"Yes, we will come and talk with you. Egypt until the topic will be a tried and sore one to you. You will be tire of it, but if you call upon me this will be my topic and you must try and tolerate it."

We want to find out if Zelna is here?



THE SNOW MAN.

Arthur E. Locke.

A snow-man stood in a boy's front yard,  
And gazed with an icy stare;  
His eyes were coals, and his nose was hard,  
And the frost was on his hair!

He was so cold that he couldn't walk,  
So he stood quite still all day.  
As I passed, I thought I heard him talk,  
And I paused to hear him say:

"Although I'm cold to my marrow bone,  
I feel, around my belt,  
Where the sun upon my waist has shone,  
As if I should surely melt!

"I'm losing weight 'most every hour;  
And now I stand in dread,  
That, if the sun shines with such power,  
I soon shall lose my head.

"Ah me!" he sighed: "I felt it then,  
That moment 'mong snow-made men,  
'Tis pleasant to be snow-made men,  
This water on the brain!

"Alas, alack!" and a coal-black tear  
Ran down his pallid cheek;  
"I fear that a sunstroke now is near,  
My knees are very weak!"

Just then the boys came with a shout,  
And made the snow-man smile,  
By patching him to make him stout,  
And dressing him in style!

Some Things You May Do for the Sick One.

A bird box, with its little feathered tenants just outside the window, will brighten many a wintry, stormy day for a sufferer. The box may be fastened to a stake planted in the ground so that it will come within reach of the window, or it may rest on slats projecting from the wall of the house on a level with the sill. It should be placed as near to the window as the birds can be induced to come, and not so far away that they cannot be fed with crumbs and nuts. A starch-box can be converted into a charming bird's residence by a clever boy.—Ladies' Home Journal.

If you can read or sing or play well, you may help some one to have a pleasant afternoon. Fill a fancy silk bag with little notes to be read at different times, telling the sufferer of your love and need of them in more active life.

"We are Seven."

"I met a little cottage girl,  
She was eight years old, she said,  
Her hair was thick with many a curl,  
That clustered 'round her head."

By the time the soul has grown to maturity, and responsibility adds its weight of care, the old home ties, so necessary in childhood, return with four-fold force, and entwine themselves in the heart, bringing pleasure and pain.

There is magic in that word home. No shipwrecked mariner in sight of land can feel a greater thrill of joy than the homesick soul, conscious of the approach to the loved place.

Some one asked Cardinal Newman for the history of his beautiful poem, "Lead, Kindly Light," and he replied brusquely that he was both homesick and senile, that was all. He added that it was written during a storm at sea. One can readily imagine it.

"The night is dark and I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on.  
I do not ask to see  
The distant scene. One step enough for me."

It was the cry of the soul for its distant home. It was also the expression of firm belief in its ultimate destiny. It is good to get homesick when one can go home to be cured. The soul knows it as it gazes over the dark waters and saw the spirit of God moving thereon. The darkness was beautiful, for there was nothing to fear. The kindly light illumined the soul, and laid its healing fingers on the quivering heart, and no little child nestling in its mother's arms responds more gratefully. The blessed, blessed peace that passeth all understanding!

The consciousness of a love that guides and sustains us makes our place a home wherever we may be, even though far away from those we love most. And to be blessed one who calmly acknowledges this, in his own heart and to others, there is no pain, no sense of loss or bereavement by death. His home is built upon a rock, and storms may break over it, all the evils in Pandora's box may threaten it, but nothing can do it harm—for who can injure that which is immortal? "We are seven."

It is said that the home is the unit of society—and as it is, so will the world be. It is true, but in a larger sense than is usually accepted. It is the concentration of love in the abstract. There are homes without love, or places where people live, misnamed homes, but we are not talking of those. It is only by love that we live. Wooden people merely exist, and perhaps die and are no more—I do not know; but people who love are immortal, and their homes are immortal.

One by one the fleeting years take from the home the loved ones there, leaving a feeling of desolation as we view the empty chair, but we know they are not "lost," or "dead," simply gone before to the home prepared for them, and all we have to do is to wait in patience until we, too, can join them, glad to go where there will be no more pain, or homesickness, or things to try to be brave over; no more weary effort of hampering flesh; no more struggles where love can only give pain and trouble and misunderstandings that wear upon the soul; no pain of any kind. Are we so selfish that we grieve because others and not ourselves enter there first? If we believe as we do, and wish to go, why should we regret the passing of a parent or friend? Simply that the ties that bind us here are very strong, and our souls are weak and selfish and narrow and we cannot help it. We are homesick and the time seems very slow and the way very long. There is no one near to whom we can call, and the horizon looms up darkly.

Give us to drink and eat of the hidden manna that we may grow stronger. Give us friends who keep before us each day some proof of their graceful friendship! Give us hearts that beat firm and true against our own. Give us love, dear, earthly human love. Give us proof that the human quality, the dear personality, survives the change called death! Give us the consciousness of the love that absorbs all, reflects all and creates all. Give us faith to see, the faith of the little cottage girl who answers, "We are seven," when the learned questioner tries to puzzle and confuse her. The sweet, calm trusting faith, that is rooted not in ignorance or negation, but in knowledge and affirmation. Some one said, somewhere, that when we consider our friends as dead, in a manner we kill them over again. There is something to consider about that. Beside the gloom and the chill it gives to our own hearts, consider the depression it must give a spirit friend, who tries to comfort us, to be pushed away like that by the thought, "Nonsense, are they not dead?" It seems such a serious thing to

repel any one who makes advances to us for our love and friendship. Why should it not be the same after the person had passed away? The sweet, true souls we gain by making friends here, smooth away a thorny path. The blessing and help it would be to make friends with those who have left the body, and entered into the spirit world, would be inestimable. We can scarcely be too receptive or too impulsive in our advances there, while we may here, though here, as well as there the rule is that like attracts like. Noble souls will be visited by noble souls. Only the unworthy have need for caution. It is our home, our rightful home, and we need make no apology for intrusion as we cross the threshold. It is the place where we belong with a father and mother and sisters and brothers to greet us. Oh, weary, homesick soul! Grieve no more; distress thyself no more. Tomorrow shall dawn. Thy tears shall be wiped away, and there shall be no more sea. "We are seven." What began in the number of the family circle so necessary to your happiness, shall so continue.

"But they are dead. These two are dead. Their spirits are in heaven."  
"Twas throwing words away, for still,  
The little maid would have her will  
And murmured, 'We are seven.'"

Ida Ballou.

Was it Clairaudience?

Some months ago a very dear and intimate friend forsook her tabernacle of flesh and I saw her no more. The day of reading the Herald article I am quite sure I had not thought of her, neither did she enter my consciousness that night as I composed myself for sleep. I dwelt for a while in the beautiful, glorious realization of Omnipresence, when suddenly, outside of my left ear, as it were, a tone and with as perfect articulation as I ever heard, came the following words: "Mrs. B— wishes me to say to you that she has a beautiful home."

This was all—not another word—but it was a voice that gave the communication utterance, apparently as much outside of myself as any human voice that ever addressed me. I say "apparently," because I am every day more convinced that it is not best to speak the final word upon any subject. I know I heard a voice utter that short, crisp, news-imparting joy-producing sentence. A letter of a dozen pages would not have been more satisfactory. It could not have told me more that I wanted to know. A beautiful home had always been the desire of my friend's heart. She was happy and wanted me to know it.

For a long time I have realized that it was one great society and right here. Now I have stepped on to another round of what seems to me the ladder of knowledge. Our friends are not all playing upon golden harps or tramping golden streets. Some of them are at work at the business end of this enterprise of life, and trying practically to establish "peace upon earth and good-will toward men." This means happiness, and people who believe in death are not happy and never can be. With that bugaboo scientifically as well as sentimentally exploded, there will be nothing to prevent the fullest enjoyment of life. So listen with both pairs of your ears, my dear friends. The scientific experiment may be demanded of you at any moment.—Eleanor Kirk's "Idea."

Tests.

It seems a simple thing to define a word so universally used as this. It is a short word, using in combination but three letters of our alphabet. It primarily means setting up a standard to be equal in order to prove quality. As it is used among Spiritualists, or investigators of spiritualistic phenomena, it means pieces of evidence.

A test quite satisfactory to the ordinary observer may be far from convincing to a scientific investigator. A test to placate the objections of a physicist might be not at all satisfying to a psychologist. One who suspects fraud may require for his conviction far more testimony than he who hopes, and hoping, expects only honesty.

The objects of tests ordinarily considered are two. First, one must be convinced that communications may be received from the disincarnate spirit; and second, the identity of the communicating spirit must be established. Confusion in this twofold character of the test which is sought often leads to the conclusion that the whole test is unsatisfying, while perchance if considered, each requirement by itself, it might fulfill the conditions required to satisfy the first object, even though the latter is left in doubt. On the other hand, for many investigators, satisfaction on object No. 1 can only be obtained by an absolute proof under object No. 2. It is this confusion of the parts of the two-fold object that has led a writer on "Modern Spiritualism" in that doughty, old Scotch quarterly, the "Edinburgh Review," in its latest issue, to make himself more ridiculous than he is evidently trying to make the subject of his essay.

Let us be fair to the author, fairer than he is in his treatment, and, omitting his attempt at cheap wit, give his own language.

"The only convincing proof that a given communication is the work of a spirit must be found in clear evidence that no human intelligence would have been equal to produce it. The man of science at once suggests satisfactory tests. If any medium would answer twenty questions about the near future—stating such facts as the maximum temperature at Greenwich on three days a month ahead, the price of Consols next settling day but four, the winner of the Derby and the Oaks and the St. Leger, the sex of the next child born in a royal family, and the number of claims made on a given insurance company in December next—there would be general conviction that some supernatural intelligence was at work. All these facts are beyond the present knowledge of any human being, and it is inconceivable that chance could produce correct answers to all of them."

To a child even, who thinks twice, this mere statement, showing its absurdity, carries its own refutation. But let us argue seriously. Even this man may yet learn. His idea of a "spirit" evidently is high, very high. It seems quite certain that he supposes that the moment the soul leaves its earthly envelope, it at once becomes possessed of the powers of a God; and "though he speak with the tongues of men," yet he can transcend, in all earthly knowledge, the prophetic powers of a Jehovah. And prophecy seems to be his only test. Here, indeed, is a man who requires proof. It would almost seem that nothing would convince him short of the process suggested by Dr. Samuel Johnson for getting the point of a joke into the head of a Scotchman. That Scotchman have so often resented the learned lexicographer's jest is the best evidence of the necessity of his process.

Let us reason together, my friend of the Review. Suppose just before you enter a room where you are told a friend is sitting, that friend, whose identity is to you unknown, flits lightly out by another door, closing it as he goes. From the other side of the portal, he stands and you are to learn (1) is any one there and (2) if so, who? Is not this a fair, though homely, parallel

of the so-called problem of modern Spiritualism?

If you are a skeptic, you may declare dogmatically, "I do not believe there is any one there, and if there is, the door is too thick to try to find out." This is not, however, an inquirer's attitude. Neither is it scientific to give up a problem without attempting its solution.

Our Review friend would probably say, "I will not believe there is anyone there unless he can 'answer twenty questions about the near future.'" In such an event, it will surely go hard with the friend in hiding. Because he has stepped through a door into a room larger, perhaps, brighter, perchance, probably with a wider outlook than the one he has just left, undoubtedly possessing greater opportunities for learning, is he, forsooth, to have his very presence there doubted by his searching friend because he cannot prophesy correctly on twenty abstract questions of trade? That is the position of our Review friend.

Now, if reason should for a "lucid interval" regain her throne in the mind of our Review, would he not say, "I'll just see if I can hear anyone the other side of that door. If I can, I will pump into his ear a lot of questions about things that no one but he and I know. If he answers those, then I will know whether it is my friend, or an impostor."

Is there anything unreasonable, unnatural or "uncanny" (that is the frequently used word) about this course?

"Ah, but wait," says our telepathic expert. "You are not listening at the door. A medium is doing that for you. You ask the questions, but the replies are received through the medium; and he has the power of reading the replies from your mind, or the mind of some other man on this side. He tells you these things, not what comes from beyond the door."

This is the refuge of a doubter, convinced but unyielding; and yet, so strong is the belief in the power of the friend on the other side, that we will agree that, in order to remove this last doubt, this test shall be used, viz.: Let something which no person on this side ever knew or can now know, be inquired about; something which the friend on the other side may learn and yet no person on this side can know, until after the medium has spoken. Then we will verify the statement of the medium, and if true, you, my Review friend, must agree that the answer came from the other side.

This test is not an absurd attempt at prophecy, but a convincing fact to be immediately verified. This requires that the friend on the other side should possess only those powers we have always known him to have, an identification in itself. It does not require him to have acquired suddenly gifts greater than those of any except the Creator, the very possession of which would seem to make it impossible that we should know him to be the friend who has but just now left us.

This test has been made and passed successfully. This the writer affirms of his own knowledge. And the doubting Thomas of the Review can, if he will, have the same evidence himself. Will he then be satisfied? Yes, if he be honest.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Last Sunday morning, the Rev. Frederick A. Wiggins, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, said: "I take as a text this morning, two lines from the gospel, according to Shakespeare:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

"A man is never an 'underling' unless he admits himself to be one. It is not the lack of money or its possession, shortness or height of physical stature; ugly, mis-shaped Richard, or the well-formed and pretty Adonis; the servant or the master; the girl in the kitchen or the lady in the drawing-room; a passenger in the cabin, or in the steerage, which constitutes the individual an 'underling.' Only a self-admission that we are 'seconds' and underlings can relegate us to the plane of an 'underling.'"

"It is not the greatest importance what others may think of us, what we think of ourselves will determine just what we are. One can be a servant and at the same time be the master of his employer. This can be realized, however, only by being the master of the work along whatever the line of our employment, thus binding the employer by the necessity for our service."

"The tendency is too general to consult astrology, with a view to finding out if success is indicated by the zodiacal signs which were in evidence at the time of birth; too many are consulting psychics to find out, if possible, what their future is to be. While the logic of astrological or other influences may not be questioned or denied, their absolute governing power over the individual, is an idea which should be spurned with contempt."

"There is no puny planet, sun or moon, or zodiacal sign which could control the God in us. If we bring that to bear upon events, we would them to our wish. 'Tis when the infinite 'neath the finite gropes  
That men are governed by their horoscopes."

"The triumphs and victories of the great men and women of both the past and present, bears testimony to the value, in an unqualified manner, of the WILL. With life, upon the mundane plane, the will is the lever with which all advance is made, all achievements attained, and all altitudes gained."

"One of the most common words in the vocabulary of Spiritualists is 'Conditions,' and the tendency is to make of the individual a weak child of conditions, rather than the master or creator of them."

"We would not be understood in this connection, as attempting to cast any reflection upon Spiritualism, for if anything ever demonstrated its power to succeed in spite of conditions, it is Spiritualism, and furthermore, if it had not contained the elements of a great truth, it would long since have been buried beneath the rubbish-heap of nonsense which its bad friends have heaped upon it."

"Spiritualism's followers have been a mixture of good and bad company, but its triumph and its victory, as is always the case with the right, will yet be complete."

"In the springtime of Nature, there is the dry, rattling-leaved, pessimistic oak, which complains of cold March winds and drizzly April rains, but turns for optimistic pussy-willow, which so readily turns all the elements into giving to us the assurance that the cold snow has departed for a season, and the gladness of spring and summer are at hand. The pessimistic oak casts off its dry leaves and gladdens the beholder with fresh verdure, only when the Master-leader of Nature's symphony awakens it by an extra hard touch of its baton, while the optimistic willow, with instrument in perfect tune, responds to the first call, and weaves its sweet and plaintive notes of cheer into the waiting heart of the world."

"It is a pertinent question for each and all to ask: Am I the pessimistic conservative oak, or the optimistic willow; am I in the

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will Do For YOU, Every Reader of the Banner of Light May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

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

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

DEAR SIR: 14 EAST 120TH ST., NEW YORK CITY. Oct. 15th, 1903. "I had been suffering severely from kidney trouble. All symptoms were on hand; my former strength and power had left me; I could hardly drag myself along. Even my mental capacity was giving out, and often I wished to die. It was then I saw an advertisement of yours in a New York paper, but would not have paid any attention to it, had it not promised a sworn guarantee with every bottle of your medicine asserting that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable, and does not contain any harmful drugs. I am seventy years and four months old, and with a good conscience I can recommend Swamp-Root to all sufferers from kidney troubles. Four members of my family have been using Swamp-Root for four different kidney diseases with the same good results. With many thanks to you, I remain, Very truly yours, ROBERT BERNER.

You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test its virtues for such disorders as kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, poor digestion, when obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame

EDITORIAL NOTICE—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light.

heat of Life's battle earnestly engaged? Can it be truthfully said of us:

"Nor did he wait till freedom had become  
The popular shibboleth of courtiers' lips;  
But smote for her when God Himself  
Seemed dumb,  
And all His arching skies were in  
Eclipse."

"Are we

"The pessimistic locust, last to leaf,  
Though all the world is glad, still talks of  
Grief."

"Or are we

"Smiling with promise in the wintry blast,  
The optimistic Willow speaking of  
Spring."

"Longfellow said: 'The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.' It is an old proverb; 'God is a good worker, but He loves to be helped.'"

"A sense of being an 'underling' cannot be escaped until we are doing all the good we can; are doing the best we can with all that we attempt."

"Nobility of character is nobility of feeling. Such nobility is felt when engaged in wisely directed, earnest action, with a view to brightening the world."

"One who has come to a realization of the truth of Spiritualism and fails to render to it all that it demands of life and devotion is an 'underling,' and cannot escape feeling himself as such."

Dr. C. E. Watkins

The famous Physician and Psychic has been giving his ILLUSTRATED LECTURE on "The True and False in Spiritualism" to crowded houses all through Ohio the past six weeks. Dr. Watkins is now making out his route for a tour through Massachusetts and the State of Maine. All societies interested should write the Doctor at once to Cleveland, Ohio, 134 Churchill St. The Doctor pays his own expenses, charging admission, and dividing the profits with the lecturers. While in your city he will give free lectures on Health and Disease and Psychic Healing, and will dispense disease free. Why not write to the Doctor at once? His lectures are something new and most attractive and entertaining and are causing the greatest interest wherever he goes. Dr. Watkins has no equal in his phase. Direct all letters to C. E. Watkins, M. D., 134 Churchill St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Secrets of Success.

What is the secret of success, asked the Spirit?  
Push, said the button.  
Take pains, said the window.  
Never be led, said the pencil.  
Be up to date, said the calendar.  
Always keep cool, said the ice.  
Do business on tick, said the clock.  
Never lose your head, said the barrel.  
Doing a driving business, said the hammer.  
Aspire to greater things, said the nutmeg.  
Make much of small things said the microscope.  
Spend much time in reflection, said the mirror.  
Make the most of your good points, said the compass.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Wife—Do you know of what you remind me?  
Husband—No, but I know of what you remind me.

Wife—What?  
Husband—Of every little thing I happen to forget.—Clipped.

"Is your wife a good cook?" asked the visitor from out of town.  
"Is she?" echoed the flat dweller. "Say, you just ought to be around when she roasts the janitor."—Clipped.

SPEECH.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough  
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough:  
Look for the places that are smooth and  
Clear,  
And speak of those to rest the weary ear  
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain  
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without  
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.  
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,  
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf  
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall  
Come;  
No one will grieve because your lips are  
Dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale  
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.  
You cannot charm, or interest, or please  
By harping on that minor chord, disease.  
Say you are well, or all is well with you,  
And God shall hear your words and make  
Them true.

Truth has been distorted by man's conceptions, but every conception, no matter how false, has a background of Truth. A counterfeit is the imitation of a true dollar. We are now searching for unadulterated Truth, for originals, for the beginning, or source of things.—Fulfillment.

THE MELODIES OF LIFE.

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

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In this book are combined "Golden Melodies" and "Spiritual Echoes," with the addition of thirty pages of new music, set to original and well-known tunes. It is a book of words and music for the choir, glee club, and social circle. The author has tried to make it a book of words and music for the choir, glee club, and social circle. The author has tried to make it a book of words and music for the choir, glee club, and social circle. The author has tried to make it a book of words and music for the choir, glee club, and social circle.



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**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE**  
Per Year ..... \$2.00  
Postage paid by publishers.

Owned by  
**THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.**

**IRVING F. SYMONDS,**  
Treasurer, Business Manager and Managing  
Editor.

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

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

Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we do not necessarily endorse all the varied views of opinion to which correspondents may give expression.

Notation is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled articles.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1903.

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

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

### The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

The following represents the principles adopted by the 1889 national convention of the Spiritualists of America, and reaffirmed at the national convention held at Washington, D. C., October, 1903.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.
3. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expressions, and living in accordance therewith, constitutes the true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continues after the change called death.
5. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.
6. We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

#### Brevities.

A Merry Christmas to the readers of the Banner and their friends all over the world.

The same good wish to the occupants of the editorial chairs of the Spiritualist press at home and abroad.

Greetings and good will to all worthy laborers in our vineyard, and may mortals and immortals combine to bring sunshine into the lives of us all.

Some things in this life are not so, and some things in this life are occasionally too much so. If some friends of the Banner do not see their contributions in this issue they will understand that a goodly pile of mail matter is still awaiting attention.

A lengthy and appreciative sermon upon the life and work of Herbert Spencer was delivered recently in South Congregational church in this city, by Rev. Edward Cummings. The statement that "he," Spencer, "was the first to recognize the enormous significance of the evolutionary hypothesis for life as a whole. To him it came as a great light. It illuminated the mystery of creation; it explained the origin of life; it laid bare the guiding principles of progress; it proclaimed the destiny of man and the fate of the universe. It brought order out of chaos—serene, calm, cosmic order and progress. Before this light the mists of superstition vanish," is an honorable admission of the value of the work of Herbert Spencer to science and humanity.

Lycium work across the water is evidently in a satisfactory condition, judging from the December issue of the Lycium Banner, which is full of good things suitable for Lyciumists. Editor Kitson produces an interesting paper, and he is ably seconded by numerous capable contributors. The paper is published by the British Spiritualists Lycium Union.

Please look over our advertising columns and read the book advertisements you may see there. A good book is a useful present, and now is the time for reasonable presentations. The world is waiting for just such things as can be told by Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, J. M. Peebles, W. J. Colville, J. Payson Longley, Carrie E. S. Twing, and scores of other authors whose works can be purchased at this office.

It is good to think good. It is better to do good. It is best to be good then you will complete the circle by doing and thinking good. Our unseen forces must be expressed in our deeds, and our thoughts must be in harmony with our actions. The title of an interesting book is "The History of the Human Mind," by Mr. J. J.

Morse, who is at present in this country. It also contains reports of interviews with his two noted spirit controls, and two fine portraits, one of Mr. Morse, the other of "Tien," the lecture control. Cloth bound, printed on good paper, it can be obtained at the "Banner" office, price 25 cents, postage four cents.

"When statesmen prate and war create,  
Let them the battle bear;  
The laboring man and artisan  
Their country cannot spare."  
—John Spollen.

For forty-seven years the "Banner of Light" has bravely dug out its folds week by week championing the great spiritual outpouring which commenced in the mid years of the nineteenth century. Today it stands for all that is sound in our philosophy, demonstrated in our phenomena, for a progressive Spiritualism free from creed or creeds. A Spiritualism that is in harmony with the truth wherever found, with malice towards none and true charity towards all. The record is too conspicuous to permit any deviation from the principles which have been the inspiration of the conduct of this paper.

There is an atheism which still repeats the creed. Many of us who call ourselves theists are like the savages who, in the desire to honor the wonderful sun-dial which had been given them, built a roof over it. Break down the roof: let God in on your daily life.—Phillips Brooks.

#### Snowed Under.

Accounts of recent severe weather in the middle West includes the report of three feet of snow on a level at Lily Dale, the home of our bright contemporary, "The Sunflower," and yet, though trains leading thither are blocked, or held up altogether, this truth-nourished, sun-loving "Sunflower" unfolds its petals with marked regularity and fidelity to its strong type. The sunflower of our gardens always sturdily faces the sun, even when clouds lower; could its namesake do less?

One who recalls the rare beauty of this attractive camp ground in its summer loveliness, encircled by its triple lakes, whose ripples are blue as sapphires, when they are not molten gold in the sunset light, finds it hard to picture the present ice-bound aspect of this pleasant place. It is difficult to imagine its verdant greenward, which in summer borders the intersecting paths, flecked with shadows from the overhanging trees, and vocal with winged songsters and the echoes of merry human voices, as silent, and buried deep beneath the Storm King's reign. But this Snowy Dale is not deserted during the winter months, although the Lady Queen of these precincts has flown away to the land of flowers (may all good angels attend her), for quite a colony of warm hearts are clustered here and hold frequent meetings in Library Hall, for social interchange and study, one evening each week being devoted to the perusal in public of that new work which is exciting so much comment, pro and con, "The Great Psychological Crime."

Mrs. Clara L. Stewart has made a recent visit to this home of the Sunflower, in the interest of the cause she has so much at heart—the Morris Pratt Institute—whose present need is the immediate payment of a few bills now due, amounting to a thousand dollars, in consequence of which demand Editor W. H. Bach makes an earnest and manly appeal to his numerous readers, requesting each one to send even so small a sum as ten cents, which in sum total would make up the deficit required.

Cannot the readers of the Banner also, in this season of universal giving, contribute each his mite toward the cause of higher education among Spiritualists, and thus, in addition, cheer the heart of that veteran warrior in our spiritual crusade, the Institute's leader, who is now on a bed of sickness, cast down, but not destroyed? Every giver is always made richer by his bestowal. Let no one in our ranks unwisely deprive himself of the "more blessed" portion which attends the generous giving. Mr. Bach will have no objection to receiving one dollar, or five, and will acknowledge the same in his sunny columns, but let no reader fail to enclose at once the requested dime. May these white-winged messengers fly thither in such abundance that the genial editor may again be "snowed under" by the unprecedented weight of his beneficent mail. S. C. C.

#### Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

On Saturday, December 19th, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore celebrated at her home on Emerson Street in Melrose, the completion of her eighty-third year. The event was made the subject of congratulations from her children, grandchildren and friends and neighbors in Melrose early in the day, and every post brought quantities of notes of congratulation from her friends who are at a distance, and from the Women's Christian Temperance Union and other organizations with which she has long been intimately identified.

Mrs. Livermore's labors along reformatory lines are too well known to require recapitulation, while her sweet personality and charm of manner have endeared her to multitudes who have known her and been associated with her in her varied spheres of action. At eighty-three still vigorous in mind, zealous for the reforms to which she has devoted her life, she is an honor to womankind. Indeed, her career as woman and wife has been all that could win honor and esteem in public service and private life.

But it is worthy of note that this grand woman has, for many years, rejoiced in the Larger Hope, of which she first learned from a sermon preached by her (afterwards) husband. Doubtless such an inspiration entering her life was largely instrumental in developing the sweeter and kinder side of her character, and so, it may be, prepared her to receive, after the departure of her beloved husband, those evidences of spirit return with which she is familiar. At the ripe age of eighty years, when most people

are inclined to think they are entitled to rest, this splendid woman turned her attention to Spiritualism, finding, as previously remarked, evidences of a personal character demonstrative of spirit communion. But, if her heart was comforted, her head asked for something more,—with the result that she engaged upon an enquiry of the deepest philosophical nature as to the fundamental facts and claims of our gospel.

What a noble example is here! This brave and sterling soul, standing in the slanting rays of her physical life's declining sun, rises, in her strength of mind and fearlessness of soul, to grapple with the questions pertaining to the great beyond. Her noble daring may bring a curl to the lips of lesser people, but the wiser and better sorts of either world will say to her, and of her, well done! The Banner felicitates this noble woman whose loving soul has risen above the limits of creed, and looks open-eyed, but unafraid, upon the truths for which Spiritualism stands.

#### Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

To have gained distinction as soldier, patriot, scholar and writer, implies a combination of aptitudes which may make astonished even those who cannot be considered ordinary men and women. To live to enjoy undiminished the honor of such celebrity beyond the customary "three score and ten," and still be hale in body and vigorous in mind, is, further, something of which to be justly proud. While to claim that four score years represent undiminished youthfulness may, indeed, excite our passing wonder. Nevertheless, the foregoing matters are but sober truth, for yesterday the great man, whose name heads this all too brief note, celebrated his 80th birthday, in company with a semi-private function in Symphony Hall, Boston. He can now add to his notable "Cheerful Yesterdays" the records of the happy experiences of the yesterday just passed, to the delight of his friends and readers, whose name is legion. The world needs such a man. Our broad land has been blessed by his life and work, and north or south he will ever be held in loving remembrance for his services to our country and our people.

#### Sunbeam's Christmas Festival.

The members of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society and all their friends are notified that Sunbeam's Christmas Festival will be held in the "Banner of Light" building, on Christmas night. All the many kind contributors who have helped Sunbeam in this project are cordially invited to be present and assist in the work. As an evidence of the deep interest taken in this event it may be noted that, to procure tickets for the occasion, four little children, each less than five years of age, walked from South Boston to Somerville, and were of course at once accorded the desired boon.

#### A Pleasant Occasion.

The spacious parlors of Mrs. Otis H. Marion, of Allston, were thronged on Wednesday last by a very large company of ladies, including prominent exponents of advanced thought as well as society leaders, who were invited to discuss spiritual truth, the special introduction to this symposium being the repetition, by urgent request, of a lecture recently delivered by Miss Susie C. Clark, on "The Scale of Being," although there were few kindred subjects that were not also briefly touched upon by the comments and queries propounded. The philosophy of Spiritualism, psychic laws and spiritual unfoldment, inspiration, prevision, the aura of color, dreams, and practical suggestions for helpful living, each in turn were discussed, and much good seed was sown in fruitful and virgin soil, the truest office of the sincere missionary in the field of Truth.

#### Mr. George A. Porter.

The Sunday evening meetings now being held by this gifted psychic in the Metaphysical Club Hall, in Huntington Chambers, increase in interest and attractive power. The inspired lectures are logical and instructive, the messages clear and convincing, while reports have been received of the benefit gained from the Silence, which is held for healing and unfoldment, with the practical suggestions which precede it, the entire service thus making a rather unique combination which appeals to the needs of a diversity of minds.

#### The Material and Spiritual.

The development of humanity, says Harry T. Fee, writing in this month's Mind, must come through spiritual achievement. And this in turn must come from the individual. Each atom in the mass will partake of the perfection the mass exhibits. The atoms individually must first hold and give the activities the whole makes manifest. What is done by the race in the end, is first done by the individual. Hence, the nurture of principles of spiritual growth in the individual is the sure road to humanity's development; to the realization of ideal conditions, and the perfection of humanitarian principles.

The principle of our existence is spiritual. The direction of our energies, the promulgation of our thought, the inspiration of our lives—the soul. The rest is subsidiary and transitory. In the spiritual rests man's greatness. And it is a poor economy that gives time and effort to the lesser at the expense and to the detriment of the greater. Material success may follow this regime, but the deeper, fuller, richer meaning of life and living will be his whose being is pregnant with the subtleties of spiritual growth and the beauties of spiritual law.

Not in conditions of material fulfillment, or the knowledge of their acquisition, but deep in the recesses of spiritual endeavor lies the better part. Not in the world of externals but deep in the being within lies the soul. And in this spot of untrammelled thought and unhampered truth is the birth of higher resolves and nobler ambitions that bring to the luciferator the guerdon of peace.

#### A Worthy Proceeding.

Spiritualists are not one whit behind others in the community in doing their part towards making the festive season one of happiness, as far as possible, to the needy in our midst. It is pleasant to record the fact that the Ladies' Industrial Society of Spiritualists, of Cambridge, in this city, will on the evening of December 23d, hold an entertainment and dance in their hall for the commendable purpose of raising funds to be given to as many poor families as possible, without any regard as to what denomination they belong to. This effort to provide a "Merry Christmas" for the poor should receive a full measure of support, and the "Banner" in publishing the facts cheerfully does its part to assist so commendable an enterprise.

#### Reception to Mr. J. J. Morse and Family.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 16, in Dwight Hall, Washington street, Boston, a reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. Morse and their daughter, Miss Florence Morse, under the auspices of "The Ladies' Lycium Union" and "The Ladies' Aid Society," and a very large and representative audience of Spiritualists was present to greet our friends from across the sea. Preceding the exercises of the evening, the friends were given an opportunity to meet the guests of the evening personally, the introductions being made by Mrs. M. J. Butler, President of "The Ladies' Lycium Union," and Mrs. Albee, President of "The Ladies' Aid Society."

At 8 p. m. Mrs. Butler called the gathering to order, and after the usual singing, introduced Mr. Albert P. Blinn as chairman of the meeting. In taking the chair Mr. Blinn expressed the great pleasure he felt in being present and to preside at a reception given to his old and valued friend and his family. The following well known and prominent Spiritualists responded to the call of the chairman, all expressing their great pleasure in being present and extending to Mr. and Mrs. Morse and their daughter a warm welcome to Boston: Harrison D. Barrett, President of the N. S. A. Association; J. B. Hatch, Vice-President, Mass. State Association; Mrs. M. J. Butler, President, Ladies' Lycium Union; Mrs. Mattie Albee, President, Ladies' Aid Society; Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, President, Ladies' Industrial Society; Mr. E. L. Allen, President Boston Spiritual Temple; Mrs. N. J. Willis, Lecturer Ayers Temple; Mrs. Alice Waterhouse and Mrs. A. E. Barnes.

The chairman read a letter from C. Fannie Allyn expressing regret that a previous engagement prevented her from being present. Miss Etta Willis read a very fine original poem, specially written for the occasion. Songs were rendered in a pleasing manner during the evening by Miss Florence Morse, Mrs. Stone and Miss Lottie Weston. Mr. Morse, when introduced as the guest of the evening, was greeted with loud applause and a handkerchief salute, the audience standing. Mr. Morse responded in his usual happy manner and expressed his deep appreciation of the kindness shown to himself and family, and entertaining the audience for nearly an hour with accounts of his travels, narrating numerous amusing incidents which had come under his notice. Miss Florence Morse responded for her mother and self in a very pleasing manner.

The reception was closed with a benediction by Mr. Barrett, all feeling that it had been an occasion of pleasure and profit and all wishing Bro. Morse and family all the good that can come to them in this life, and if perchance we do not meet again on this side, we shall meet and renew our acquaintance beyond the shadows where partings will be no more. H. C. Berry.

#### Maine Notes.

Maine has been suffering from the cold wave that has enveloped New England, but we are still having pleasant gatherings. During the Christmas time we shall once more gather in the home circle with those who are with us in heart and the dear friends whose presence must be made known by the gentle touch, or the whisper of love.

Mrs. Francis H. Gould, of Stillwater, who is known to many friends who visit Temple Heights and Etta, has gone to Marinette, Wisconsin, to be absent a year. She will visit there with her daughter, and later with relatives in St. Louis. With a gain of health it is hoped she will return at the end of the above period to spend many more years in the East with her many friends.

Orrin J. Dickey, of Belfast, who has spent many winters in the South, and will return there again this winter, is planning to take down an excursion party during the month of January to attend the campmeetings at Lake Helen. Mr. Dickey will accompany a part of the way, a party which he has arranged, to leave New York on the 29th, and then returns to look after the next party.

On the evenings of Dec. 9th and 10th, that whole-souled Maine Spiritualist, B. M. Bradbury, of Fairfield, for several years president of the Temple Heights Spiritual Corporation, gave many friends a rich treat in the two meetings which he gave at his home in that town with Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H., as the speaker and reader. On the first evening Mr. Bradbury gave a reception to a large number of friends of the Cause in that locality, with other invited friends. At six o'clock the party, numbering about twenty, sat down to a bounteous turkey dinner with all the "fixins," and one of those excellent dinners, just such as Mr. Bradbury is capable of compiling himself in his neat little home. Due praise was given the genial host for his efforts in behalf of his guests.

After the repast was over, many friends of the Cause joined the party present, the spacious parlors were thrown open, and Edgar W. Emerson addressed the assembly in a pleasing and instructive manner, closing with readings which were nearly all recognized. On the second night he made another address, and the readings were again given to a large assembly.

Sumner Poland, of Montville, one of the Spiritualists of Waldo County, passed away at his home in that town on the fourth of December, at the age of 61 years, two months and nine days. He was a kind and loving neighbor, and one having many friends, while his home relations were true and honest in character. He married Miss Rebecca Thomas, who survives him with seven children. He was twice married; his first wife

being Lucy Thomas. He served during the war in Company H., Second Maine Cavalry, and was the Commander of E. H. Bradstreet Post, G. A. R., of Liberty, serving his third year, and had also served in several prominent town positions. The service over his form was largely attended, and Mrs. M. J. Wentworth, of Knox, one of the oldest platform speakers in the state, spoke on lines appropriate to the belief of the deceased.—Orrin J. Dickey.

#### Briefs.

The Ladies' Lycium Union met in Dwight Hall Wednesday, Dec. 16. The evening was devoted to a reception by the Union and Ladies' Aid to Mr. J. J. Morse, Mrs. Morse and Miss Florence Morse, of England. Nearly all the societies of Boston Spiritualists were represented. [See further report of the above meeting in another place.—Ed.]

We meet as usual Wednesday, Dec. 23, in Dwight Hall. Whist party with good prizes at 2.30 o'clock for the benefit of the Lycium. Friends welcome and invited cordially. We hope to have a large gathering next week. Supper served at 6.30. Evening meeting at 8 p. m.—Laura F. Sloan, cor. sec.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its usual weekly meeting in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton Street, Boston, on Friday, Dec. 18. A public circle was held in the afternoon. Messages were given by Mrs. I. C. Berry, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason and Mrs. Lizzie Shackley. Miss Florence Morse gave the benediction. Supper was served from six to seven o'clock. The evening meeting opened with a service of song led by Mr. George Cleveland, Miss Gertrude Cloan presiding at the piano. Mr. Gowing of Woburn gave a demonstration of free healing. Mr. Albert P. Blinn spoke briefly upon the power of thought. Miss Florence Morse rendered a solo which was greatly enjoyed, and gave several descriptions of spirit friends, each one being recognized. Miss Morse is an excellent medium, and her messages are definite and explicit. Mrs. Hattie C. Mason made a few remarks and was followed by Mr. J. J. Morse whose talks each week at our meetings form an attraction that has caused a decided increase in attendance and interest. Mrs. Waterhouse made the closing remarks. Our next meeting will be held on New Year's day, at which the officers will be elected in the afternoon. A special supper will be served and we anticipate a grand meeting in the evening with many of our well known workers present, including Mr. J. J. Morse and Miss Morse. All are cordially invited.—Esther H. Blinn, sec.

The Children's Progressive Lycium, No. 1, of Boston, held their regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., at 11.30 a. m. on Sunday last. After the lesson, which was "Dumb Animals," Dr. Hale gave a short lecture. After the march the usual literary exercises were held. Mrs. Butler closed with remarks about Christmas.—Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec.

It is some time since there has been a report from this city, Elmira, N. Y., but it has not been spent in idleness. Home circles and home meetings have been held at which home mediums and young developing mediums have been doing a good work. There is material here that at some future time will be recognized in the field of labor for our Cause. After a vacation of five months, the doors of the First Spiritualist Church were again opened on Sunday, Dec. 13, for the promulgation of the truths of Spiritualism with Mrs. Clara L. Stewart of Whitewater, Wis., as inspirational speaker and message bearer.—Louise E. Zimmerman, sec.

The Society of Spiritual Truth, who meet every Sunday at Crosby Hall, 423 Clason Ave., Brooklyn, held a well attended meeting Dec. 13 when Mr. Delaney and Mr. Hassmussen lectured. Mr. George P. Clark, of Newark, N. J., occupied the platform for the afternoon.—Aug. Recht, sec.

On Sunday, Dec. 13, 1903, a very interesting meeting was held at Armory Hall, Warren Street, Mrs. Clara E. Strong president. A very pleasing concert was given before the afternoon and evening services. Solos were rendered by Mr. Murray, Mrs. Morgan and the spirit control, "Butterfly," which were very much enjoyed. Mediums assisting during the day were Dr. Huot, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Craus, Mr. Mason and Miss Strong.—A. M. S., sec.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. A good audience gathered Sunday morning, Dec. 13, although it rained very hard. A rousing meeting, with a crowded hall, was held by the Anti-Vaccinationists at 7.30, after which many mediums and speakers assisted in the spiritual part of the meetings. A Watch Meeting will be held Thursday evening, Dec. 31. A good entertainment will be given, also many good mediums will be present. A collation served at 9.30.—Reporter.

The Boston Spiritual Lycium met as usual on Sunday, Dec. 20, at Friendship Hall, Old Fellows Building, at 1.30. A very interesting session was held. The subject of the day was "What is our idea of the spirit world?" Notwithstanding the weather was against us we had quite a school. Next Sunday we celebrate Christmas.—E. B. Packard, Clerk.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, of Springfield, Mass., held regular meetings in their hall, McKinney Block, 535 1/2 Main Street, during the month of November. Mrs. Katie M. Ham, of Haverhill, has done splendid work for the Cause. She has many warm friends here and we look forward with pleasure to her return later in the season. We held our annual Fair and Xmas sale Dec. 10th and 11th, which was largely attended. Banner of Light always on hand for sale.—M. E. Proctor, cor. secy.

#### Mr. Colville in California.

Mr. Colville's labors in San Francisco, Oakland, and Alameda, are proving extremely successful, attracting large audiences at frequent intervals. The lecture upon "Ben Hur," recently delivered, attracted overflowing audiences and received extensive notice in the city papers. Mr. Colville's Sunday lectures are given in the Flood Building, Market street, San Francisco, at 3 p. m.; at Loring Hall, 11th and Clay streets, Oakland, at 7.30 p. m. Week-end lectures are given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 and 8 p. m., and 2123 Clinton avenue, Alameda, on Fridays at 3 p. m.

O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples th' upright heart and  
pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the  
first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings out-  
spread,  
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low, raise and support;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.  
—Milton.

"The great majority of men who have passed forty are old or young according to their belief. Those who think themselves old are old; those who think themselves young are young."



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## HERE AND NOW.

Here in the heart of this world,  
Here in the noise and din,  
Here where our spirits were hurled  
To battle with sorrow and sin;  
This is the place and the spot  
For knowledge of infinite things.  
This is the kingdom where Thought  
Can conquer the prowess of Kings.  
Wait for no heavenly life,  
Seek for no temple alone;  
Here in the midst of the strife  
Know what the Sages have known.  
Stand not aloof or apart;  
Plunge in the thick of the fight;  
There is the street and the mart—  
There is the place to do right.  
Not in some cloister or cave,  
Not in some kingdom above—  
HERE on this side of the grave,  
Here we should labor and love.

## Great Minds and Spiritualism.

J. C. Kenworthy.

(Reproduced from "Light," London.)

"The common people were able to share with the sages in the councils of men and the councils of spirits."—XII 69 of App. III to the Chinese Yi-King.

"How abundantly do spirits display the powers that belong to them! We look for them, but do not see them; we listen to, but do not hear them; yet they enter into all things, and there is nothing without them. . . . They seem to be over the heads, and on the right and left of their worshippers."—Confucius, in XVI of "The Doctrine of the Mean."

"When a man departs from this body, he departs upwards by the [psychic] rays, towards the spheres which he deserves by self-conscious fitness, not by external imitation."—Khandogya-upanishad VIII Prap. 6 Kh. 5.

"On the dissolution of the body, after death, the ill-doer is reborn into some unhappy state of suffering or anguish. . . . The well-doer is reborn into some happy state in the free spirit-world."—The Buddha, "The Book of the Great Discourse," I 23-24.

"That the fortunes of their descendants, and their friends generally, contribute nothing towards forming the conditions of the dead, is plainly a very heartless notion, and contrary to the trend of convictions. . . . It is plain, then, that the good or ill fortunes of their friends do affect the dead somewhat."—Aristoteles, "The Ethics," Book I, Cap. IX.

"So we see death exempts not a man from being, but only presents an alteration."—Bacon, "On Death."

"There probably never was a righteous soul who could endure the thought that with death everything would end, and whose noble mind had not elevated itself to the hope of a future."—Kant, "Dreams of a Spirit-Seer."

"It would have been for God but a poor occupation to compose this sad world out of simple elements, and to keep it rolling in the sunbeams from year to year, if He had not had the plan of founding a nursery for a world of spirits upon this material base."—Goethe, "Conversations with Eckermann."

"In this life  
Of error, ignorance, and strife,  
Where nothing is but all things seem,  
And we the shadows of the dream,  
"It is a modest creed, and yet  
Pleasant, if one considers it,  
To own that death itself must be  
Like all the rest, a mockery.

"For love and beauty and delight  
There is no death nor change; their might  
Exceeds our organs, which endure  
No light, being themselves obscure."  
—Shelley, "The Sensitive Plant."

I.  
By "Spiritualism," I mean the practice among human beings of holding articulate intercourse with the spirits of human beings who have passed out of earth-life. That practice is the means of origin and of revival of all forms of religion known to history and literature. The central and classic literature of every race and time, and the fact with unbroken proof. Any writing or teaching that would throw doubt upon or neglect the fact, is trivial, unconnected, and impermanent. To establish what I say, I should only have to ask any competent mind to examine a few ancient and more recent books which stand on the shelves of my own library.

By "Great Minds" I mean those of the men whose attainments cause their names and their teachings to live in history and literature; men who bind their own thought upon races and ages, upon nations and generations. Of the very greatest of these there are but few; their names and teachings are now worshipped in religion and revered in philosophy. All such minds are practically, purely, and at first-hand, Spiritualists. Around and beneath these central figures are grouped a more numerous company of great minds who follow the teaching of the greatest, use it, and lead and shine in their own proper department of life. Outside the work of these minds there is no body of literature anywhere that survives the centuries; the details and the short and insignificant excursions of the mere materialist mind perish within their day. Only the important survives, and that is always Spiritualist.

Yet it sometimes occurs during the ages, and is especially the case in society, here and now, that the Materialism of the moment obscures the Spiritualist fact. Let the reader look again at the quotations, with the names appended to them, that stand at the head of this article, and remember what is, even today, said about those Great Minds, and their views of life.

Of the Chinese classics and of Confucius it has been said, and widely accepted, that they were Rationalist, Materialist, and Annihilationist.

Of the Hindu classics and of Buddha it has been similarly taught that they were Non-scientific, merely Poetic and Annihilationist.

Of the Greeks, as Aristoteles, it has been said they were Scientific, Artistic, and Materialist, or unintelligibly Mystic.

Of Moderns, Bacon has been thrust aside as a fool by the very Materialism that owes all it has to him. Kant has been proclaimed as the champion of Atheism, and his declarations about religious matters are put down to dotage and to dishonorable truckling to the powers that be. Goethe is regarded as a cold, egotistic Materialist. Shelley, the greatest modern spirit in literature, is still called Atheist and Materialist.

Only partisanship and bad scholarship, working among a half-taught literary mob of the moment, can account for all this denial of the actual facts. It would seem that liars' minds, speculating and asserting where they will not take the trouble to ascertain exactly, are, by a Nemesis, moved to declare the opposite of the truth, so that they themselves may be found out for what they are—truthless in intention.

To the candid student—to him who so follows the fact that argument becomes needless, the fact falling into his hand—nothing is plainer than that the world of man holds together, and grows, by the teachings, given from time to time, of men who claim the spirit world as the directly drawn upon source of the illumination they have to give. Than such teachings, with writings and records depending upon these teachings, the student

finds nothing that coheres, and that can be traced and dated to as central, in all history and literature. If all this that the student finds be called the work of Superstition, and he be invited to remove so-called Superstition, and all its works out of his subject-matter, his only possible reply must be, "I should have nothing left." What else can he say, when he finds all China cohering round Confucius, all India round Buddha, all Islam round Mahomet, all Christendom round Jesus, and all Philosophy round Aristoteles? For any honest man there simply remains to try in experience the teachings of the great teachers, and to endeavor to open up communication with the world of spirits, as they did. Nobody can have the right either to support or to oppose the great teachings, except from this ground of direct, self-acquired, personal experience. To act otherwise is worse than impertinence; it is crime in the region of the Mind; it is fraud and theft about the furnishings of the Soul.

## II.

The Great Minds of the two orders I have mentioned—the greatest, and the next in order—have always one feature in common, namely, that their first and last concern is always for facts. They are veracious, and throw over anything that stands in the way of their veracity. Thus they are always found as enemies of false and empty creeds, and of unjustly held-together churches and governments. According to the measure of their being; they reflect things-as-they-are. From this oneness of method, it will be found that minds of the second order, who may or may not be directly and articulately correspondents with spirits, always fall into clear and right relation with minds of the first order. Thus Sankaracharya is at one with the Buddha, as Kant and Goethe are at one with Jesus. No man who has vitally affected European life has quarreled with the Gospels.

Not only is this so, but the Great Teachers themselves, however divided in space and time, are absolutely at one with each other. The radical classical documents of China, of India, and of Europe—the books popularly and particularly known to be the fountain-heads of the literatures of these peoples—might be printed in three parallel columns, disclosing an absolute identity in their declarations as to the nature of man's life in this world and the next. And those declarations are entirely at one with others which begin to appear among us today, through the table-rappings, "automatic" writings, and trance addresses of Spiritualism.

It cannot but be an ever-vital and an ever-passionately agitated question, as to how the masses of men, incapable of separate and original illumination, shall relate themselves to the Great Minds who bring so-called "revelation." Here arises the history of Religions, with their efforts to discover and to follow the Christ, and to keep out the Pope; with their efforts to regulate the State, destroying the Tyrant, and securing a true kingship. All men know that in the physical relations of society it is necessary to place men effectively and justly; in their industries or their ranks of war. And they discern that men are moved by Ideas; thoughts must arise before actions can be taken. Mind must rule, or chaos and death attend. It is, therefore, of first and last importance that men should stand rightly related to each other in Mind, in Intellect. Hence Religion, which seeks to adjust the problems of Mind, and to bring men into harmony of Ideas, of Thoughts. And hence, the few Great Minds that appear as heads in Religion are made centres of battle-royal; men would, and do, tear their Christs to pieces to see what is in them; and they would, and do, destroy each other by nations in their errors about Christ.

"So that men, thus at variance with the truth  
Dream, though their eyes be open; reckless  
Of error; others well aware they err,  
To whom more guilt and shame are justly  
due.

Each the known track of sage philosophy  
Deserts, and has a byway of his own;  
So much the restless eagerness to shine  
And love of singularity prevail."

To recognize a Christ, a direct illuminate, when he appears in history or in the living present; to understand his facts; and to loyally interpret those facts into the life of the world—that is the obvious best wisdom of one who is not a Christ. That is simply to say that the astronomer who has learned the scope of all he knows from Newton, had better teach Newton, and not himself, to others.

## III.

That the world should rightly understand its Great Minds, then, becomes a mere truism. The truism must be insisted on, however, in face of a foolish supposed democracy of mind which says, "Every man has the right to think as he likes." Every man has not the right to think as he likes; he has only the right to think truly. Thinking truly is, in a certain right of choice as to what he will think about. This condition of our lives is most disastrously violated when we play and intrigue with the Great Teachings, upon a correct reception of which all human welfare depends.

In our own time, we have had several men, Great Minds of the second order. Of these I would mention Leo Tolstoy, John Ruskin, William Morris, and Alfred Russel Wallace, as men within my own personal relation, of whom I can speak with authority. Of them I can positively affirm that they were minded Spiritually. These all proclaim their faith in the continuity of life after the death of the body. Perhaps the vaguest declaration on this matter came from Morris; who, nevertheless, wrote plainly that he was unable to believe in death, and felt life to be continuous, and superior to death. I have somewhere mentioned a conversation with Morris, about fifteen years since, in which we discussed Spiritualism. I frankly confessed belief in the facts, and he said, "The worst dream I ever had in my life was a dream that Spiritualism is true." Yet he discussed the evidence for Spiritualism and made no denial.

To still speak of Morris; far and away above any other evidence of a man's faith in a spirit-world, are the actions and words of his life. Through all Morris's work, as far as its scope extends, is the most faithful acceptance and reflex of the facts and the view of life presented by the Masters of the Ages. The way his themes breathe him is, times explicitly, exactly the manner of "vision" in "ecstasy" known to the Master Mediums who are the Master Teachers. It is the way of the Artist; who is either consciously spiritual, or else, no artist. Morris is now a greatly-important mind in the circle of the spirit-world.

John Ruskin was an absolute and professed believer in the Resurrection. That he carried on intercourse with the spirit-world directly I do not know. That he had the news of current Spiritualism is certain. I have encountered no passage in his work where he speaks directly of Spiritualism. There may, however, be some such passage; perhaps in an unread number of "Fors Clavigera." With his knowledge of the world of literature he could not have been uninformed; and from the rumors as to his illness (in about 1870), I suspect that what he then went through was the same "pneumonia" which Turgenev and Leibnitz discussed in correspondence as the disease which had befallen Sir Isaac Newton. That was simply a psychic development of the brain, which foolish and dishonest "friends and relatives" spoke of as disease, and even lunacy. I have understood this by going

through the same process myself; and I recognize in Ruskin's life and work certain sure signs of his having been in spirit-relationship. But in all such cases, the world is cursed by the liars who surround such a man; who will not give the world the facts, but only their own selfish and ignorant opinions upon the facts. Certain indications lead me to believe that the disgraceful controversy which, through Mr. Proude, has arisen upon the domestic conduct of the Carlyles, is made possible by the suppression of the fact that the Carlyles went through a very difficult passage of practical Spiritualism. No other construction can be put upon the note in Mrs. Carlyle's diary, "Nothing today but two blue marks on the wrist." Things have been attributed to Carlyle's "brutality" which are honorably understandable by any Spiritualist. There are other criminal suppressions about Carlyle, which will be made plain some day. Leo Tolstoy, while explicitly declaring to me (in conversation about five years since) that an appearance, even as that of Christ, to himself, would be regarded by him as hallucination and disease, has also, three or four years since, told me the experiences of his that were very like some of my own more subjective experiences of the spirit-world. Dr. Wallace is, of course, confessedly and professedly, Spiritualist, in the way I am myself. His position is singularly clear; and he has been ably fortunate in reaching the public with small intermediary of foolish gossip about himself. A strict, but not dogmatically limited, materialist scientist, his conduct of his literary affairs has compelled attention to his work as to matter-of-fact. The late David Tennison, Poet Laureate, was, in his middle period, in proper places, didactic of Spiritualism; the practice of "holding communion with the dead" is expressly insisted upon in the well-known passage of "In Memoriam." His methods of literary production were those of the consciously spirit-inspired and spirit-guided artist, such as all artists were taken to be in the great Italian period which began about Giotto and culminated in Michael Angelo. His work flowed in two currents; one, in which it played among the pedantic fools of the magazines and the pretenders of the drawing room, and the other, in which it reached those who had his personal acquaintance and knowledge of his life as commentary with the work; through whom a Spiritualist leaving was exercised upon European thought. But there are certain restrictions upon the relations of Tennison to the public, and upon the effectiveness of his work, which particularly raise the question which has in measure to be asked concerning all Great Minds of every order; the question, namely, How is it that the great public does not know them, as Spiritualists, better?

## IV.

Victor Hugo said, "The appeal of genius is always to the people." To the student of the human intellect in history, the operations of human life may be likened to a succession of outbursts of light in singular individuals. To these, the working masses, the quiet, industrious common-folk, turn, as men must turn to the sun they live by. But between the genius and the people, and the masses, a cord of men who find their interest in acting as intermediaries. Who are these interlopers?

They are the class of minds who incorporate (I think) pretty well all that is in religious teachings called "devil." They are that intellectually half-able class which gathers to itself vested interests in properties and creeds, in governments and churches. On the one hand they want to claim the teachings of genius as theirs. On the other hand they want power and rule over the masses. Thus, in the archetypal case, even in our day and hour, that such men as Ruskin, Morris, Tolstoy, Wallace, Tennison, or reach their public with difficulty, and over the bodies of such rascals slain by them.

A genius arises; with clean hands and a pure heart, he does his work as from God to man, and from his communion with the spirit-world he knows himself to be right. At once he is heard by the long-suffering mass of mankind. He moves them; they unite and act upon his word. That is to say, human beings, as they are, all can be sold; people can be gathered into political parties, churches and societies, and their peace and pounds collected; fame can be had by standing in the light of the genius, and claiming his words as one's own. Rascals come along who trade in all this. In their circle they catch up the voice of the genius when he speaks, and give it out again falsely to the public, to suit their base ends, the ends of Simon Magus—trade in the Holy Spirit.

The culmination is, that a man of genius must unmask and repudiate those who trade upon him. In return, they attack and malign him, and the people, who are the masses, are seen as inevitable and august, and human nature being what it is and as it is. This is the hidden conflict in every Promethean life—the life that draws down fire from heaven. It behooves, then, all Spiritualists to be on their guard against the class of people who will, if they can, exploit their mediums—their Mediators between God and Man. Such people can be easily known, as by the following signs:—

1. They have no practical spirit-experience.
2. They talk as if they had, and knew all about it.
3. When they speak, they deal in opinions, having no facts of their own acquirement to handle.
4. They talk of people's characters, instead of the ascertained facts about them.
5. They are fond of offices, and they rule societies by the cash-nexus, instead of by the spirit.

Spirit-interests among men can only be carried on by practical Spiritualists who are consciously and intelligently at one with the Great Minds who rule on the other side. People, then, whether practical Spiritualists or not, who are not versed in the Spirit-Scriptures, ancient and modern people of bad scholarship and no philosophy; men—more, pretenders and intriguers—how shall these ever "bring life and immortality to light?" So it is that, in Spiritualism, circle after circle is opened up, here, there, and everywhere; the spirits come, they manifest; but no mind is found capable of co-operating with them; they are received and handled as "devils" and dangerous; they withdraw, and a body of people sinks back into the darkness and darkness of "the valley of the shadow of death."

In all this that I say, I have the Minds of those whose names stand at the head of this article. In proof of which I offer the internal evidence of the article itself. If historical fact and philosophic reason will not convince men of spirit truth, no amount of table-rapping or ghostly appearance will. He who can read the Ancient Teachings and dismiss them as nothing, has no ground within himself in which to root Knowledge and produce Belief. Conviction only comes of fact received into the memory and reason, and digested through conduct.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being, with the tolls of the mind, as with the words of the field, which it destroyed and consumed upon the place where they grow, enrich and improve more than if none had ever sprung there.—Dean Swift.

## The Beauty Within.

Susie C. Clark.

There is something about the personality of Socrates, unthought, brilliant with ideas, clear, and hard to live with as he must have been (and one can almost feel a comprehensive sympathy for Xantippe, unless literary men have changed in their domestic adaptabilities since her day of trial) which nevertheless endears his memory to the modern student far more than that of many ancient philosophers or of his more brilliant pupil, the immortal Plato; and his physical unloveliness makes more touching and impressive his earnest prayer, "O God, make me beautiful within." It voices the same aspiration that David expressed in his "Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me," also the beatitude of the Judean Master, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." In other words, they shall see only beauty and perfectness and by seeing it, become one with the Source of all Good.

How can we become beautiful within? By transplanting the outer beauty which we behold into our human garden, or by uncovering the innate beauty already there, the germ of divinity within, now so cumbered and eclipsed with mundane rubbish, and allowing its fuller, freer manifestation? The kingdom of Heaven is within you, the kingdom of health also, the key to which is in your own hands. Health is not a commodity to be purchased at the nearest drug-store, or of some skillful physician. Alleviation is the only good they can ever supply, exemption from future attack, never! As man is a spirit and not a lump of clay matter, his true health must come from the spiritual plane, whence through the mental channel, it is reflected in the perfect, physical expression.

The Mental Scientist, affirming correctly that thoughts are things potentially, insists that holding certain thoughts will keep the body in health. Very true, but while thoughts are causative, there is a cause back of thought, a source from whence thought springs, a spiritual state which decides whether thoughts shall be pure, strong and uplifting, or weak and imperfect as is the undeveloped spirit whose offspring such thoughts are. As the Psalmist sings, we need to "have a right spirit renewed within us," daily renewed by conscious union with the Great Spirit, the only source from whence strength and health can come. There is only one power in all the universe, call it by what name we will, Deity, God, Divine Energy, or Principle, only one reservoir of health and power, and we by birth and inheritance are generally one with that omnipresent, ever-abiding Omnipotence. Then how can we fall or falter or weaken, until it does? What have we to fear? How can we become ill with this divine health working itself out in us, how weary with unflinching strength at our command? The fountain can never run dry that is supplied from a perennial, unfailing reservoir. Those fountains that do run dry, those human lives that suffer physical shipwreck, have simply lost their rightful connection with the infinite Reservoir of supply, they are seeking without for that which is an innate possession of the soul within.

This is the chief primal cause of all sickness or prostration, a sense of separateness from the Divine Energy, a human consciousness of inefficiency to meet daily demands upon its limited powers, and yet fails to clothe itself with the unlimited power rightfully its own, to have and to use in every hour of emergency. Would that each and every mortal could feel itself an invincible soul, could realize how omnipotent it can become, what freedom from aches and pains and depressions is the portion and privilege of one whom the conviction of this truth makes free indeed, how fearless is he whose unflinching trust becomes a realization of one-ness with a Perfection that makes protection unnecessary, whose life currents are fed and replenished, moment by moment by an inexhaustible fulness of strength, of peace and wholeness, which is what health means, a wholeness of life's possibilities, a whole reflection of the Divine image and likeness, that beauty which lies latent within.

But while these external temples of the soul should be fair and healthy and pure, as is the casket in which any jewel is enshrined, the fleshly tabernacle is the lowest vehicle of expression for the manifestation of beauty. The finest cosmetic for the face is a sunny disposition, an unselfish heart. The glow of health is not alone sufficient. The kindly impulse which is ever on the alert for coveted opportunities of service to another, gives a glow to the complexion, a radiance to the eye, that transforms the plainest features, with a beauty all their own. Such a face preaches many an unwritten sermon.

If only harmonious thoughts are allowed habitual entrance and occupancy of the mind, if the impatient indulgence of petulance or vexation is forever excluded, if, in short, the life is lived above the ordinary mental plane with its hourly fluctuations, its tempests and cyclones, its attachment to the agitated vibrations of mortal existence, and established on the spiritual plane, that beauty which is an innate property of spirit will then shine radiantly through the eclipsing veil. The mentally ill will then take on new life and potency will be inspired and quickened from inner springs to bless the world with higher messages of truth, to also become a tuning-fork to raise the thought-life of others to a higher, truer pitch. As Phillips Brooks once said: "A thought provoked is worth ten thoughts imparted." The highest office the incarnate soul can serve is to become an inspiration to other lives, to eagerly promote such possibility, to devote less effort even to personal unfoldment and individual growth, than to help other souls to grow, to unfold, and blossom in rarest beauty.

The fairest flower of the soul is selflessness. It is a century plant, and blossoms late, as the culminating fruitage of many years and many lives, but it fertilizes all the soil in which it grows, so that around this parent germ, this surpassing flower, spring up all beautiful expressions of spiritual life—generosity, loving kindness, forgiveness of bitter wrongs, out-reaching beneficence, and universal love. For all growth leads away from the personal to the universal, to one-ness with the All of Life, the All of Truth, which can never be compassed by a single philosophy, however true and advanced it may be, even as one earthly expression cannot begin to exhaust the possibilities of soul revelation, its capacity for power, the diversity of its gifts, its kindly beauty.

A winged circle has often been chosen to represent the soul as typical of its immortality and pre-existence, being without beginning or ending. Do we realize how small a section of that circle is gaining expression in our human embodiment today, how meagre a conception of soul power we are now realizing, how we creep and crawl where we might use the wings of our soul and soar in consciousness above mundane levels, even while our feet are tethered here? And in this narrow limit the Now of earth, how little of the innate beauty, the essential property of all embodied life do we express.

Even as the kingdom of health is within us, as it is through attaining conscious one-ness with the Infinite Energy that strength invincible becomes our own, so likewise from such inner fountain wells up other divine attributes. Thus do we become one with the

Divine Goodness, Tenderness, Charity, thus does the Christ-like spirit unfold in us, thus is revealed the blessedness of ministration to humanity, the gladness of service and sacrifice to advance the cause of truth and thus lift the world higher, to become one of the divine agencies in releasing them that are bound and letting the oppressed go free, to serve as redeemers, educators, emancipators to other souls now mounting slowly and painfully, some of the lower rounds in the endless ladder of progressive life, and thus worship the Source of all Life in the beauty of holiness.

## "Psychic Life and Laws."

W. J. Colville.

The above is the title of an excellent work by Dr. Charles Oliver Sahler, of the Sanitarium at Kingston-on-Hudson, N. Y. Now that so many minds, in and out of spiritualistic circles, have recently been exercised over the diatribe against hypnotism and mediumship published in that unreliable book, "The Great Psychological Crime," it is refreshing to be able to point to a volume very temperately written by a broadminded doctor of wide experience, and one who knows so much concerning suggestion in its many phases. Dr. Sahler's book is the one to place before the inquirer into psychic science who requires the words of a man of sober judgment, who is not addressing a society of experts, but is speaking to the public everywhere. Spiritualists can scarcely fail to see that Dr. Sahler is thoroughly fair, that he is in no instant blinded by prejudice, and that he speaks understandingly of the spiritual philosophy and phenomena.

The book opens with an Introduction, in which the author outlines his philosophy. The following thirteen chapters are each devoted to a special branch of the general subject. Hypnotism is fairly treated, and many wise things are said concerning it. Dr. Sahler's own method is purely suggestive, and many have been the difficult and obscure cases which he has successfully treated. A personal knowledge of the author and a like familiarity with his methods, enables me to commend this work in terms of cordial praise. It is always easy to produce a book whose spirit is partisan, advocating or denouncing any practice or philosophy under the sun. But here is an impartial review of an existing situation, steering a wise middle course between the two extremes of advocacy, or condemnation. In chapter 7, concerning "Suggestive Suggestibility," the author says (p. 109): "A good deal of unnecessary alarm is current among persons not understanding the nature of the psychic treatment and its limitations, growing out of the belief that a subject's own will and intelligence can be overthrown by an operator, and thus the very throne of the being usurped and the life accordingly thrown open to harmful influences. Even if the assent of the subject, either directly or indirectly, were not absolutely necessary (and thus the original responsibility of the state could be thrown on the operator), the power of an operator is limited always by the nature of the instrument with which he has to work, and that is the brain of the subject. . . . A person whose nervous centres containing the undeveloped faculties are not made to sing in the psychic or hypnotic state; a person who detects deceit and dishonesty cannot be made to lie or steal. In short, what would be impossible in the normal state is equally impossible in the abnormal state." While we should like to substitute extraneous for "abnormal" to relieve the phrase of all pathological suggestion, we know that Dr. Sahler's statement is correct.

Chapter 11, "Psycho-Therapeutics," Chapter 12, "The Key of Faith," Chapter 13, "The Spiritual," are full of the finest ethical teaching, coupled with practical information concerning the beneficent practice of suggestion.

The book extends to 219 pages, including "Clinical Notes," which are of great value and interest. The presswork and binding are excellent and substantial, as befits the character of the entire work. It is published by Fowler & Wells, price \$1.00, and is on sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

## A Little Artist.

Sir John Millais, the great painter, began when quite a child to show signs of the great talents which were later on to produce "Bubbles," "Cherry Ripe" and other pictures which are well known even to children.

At six years of age Johnny Millais lived with his parents at Dinan, in Brittany. The great delight of the little fellow and his elder brother was to watch the French soldiers who were constantly marching through the town. The roll call generally took place in a square, and on being disbanded each soldier was presented with a loaf of black bread, which he stuck on the top of his bayonet and then shouldered his rifle.

On one occasion the two boys gazed with amazement and delight at a great drum major who was covered with gold trappings and wore a huge bear-skin, while he flourished a gold headed cane.

John Millais at once got out his sketch-book and proceeded to jot down the giant into his book. Meanwhile, unknown to the little artist, two officers had come up behind him and were greatly astonished to find such a baby sketching so well. They patted the boy on the back, gave him some money and asked where he lived, and the boy took them to his father and mother.

Then the officers took the sketch back to the barracks with them and showed it around as the work of a boy of six. But their brother officers would not believe this to be possible, so beta were taken, and one of them went to fetch little Millais and prove their words.

In fear and trembling he came, but soon showed he really had done the drawing by making then and there a still better sketch of the colonel smoking a cigar.—Selected.

## THE RECKONING.

There is no storm, however dark and dreary,  
But sunshine sure at last.  
There is no grief, however deep and teary,  
But yields to smiles, when past.

The griefs which slay us when, with sadness broken,  
We weep and wail and cry with anguish loud,  
Yield up their terrors when we see the token:  
God's sunshine ever in behind the cloud.

O take the lesson, suffer, e'en though blindly,  
And bear the burden, till God's best behest  
Kiss thou the rod, 'Tis wielded only kindly.  
By sorrow we're made stronger, better, blest.

Diggs—My wife is a wonderful vocalist.  
Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours.

Biggs—Get out!  
Diggs—After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep.

In the geography lesson the teacher asked:  
"Johnny, what is a cape?"  
"A cape is a body of land that objects to the water," replied Johnny.—Light of Truth.



in doubt or sorrow."—*Richard Hodgson, LL D.*  
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## Message Department.

Report of Seances held December 19, 1905. E. M. S.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

### Invocation.

Once again we lift our hearts to thee, oh Spirit of life and love and tenderness. Once again we would be bathed in the influence of all that is best and sweetest and truest. By aspiration and faith we would put our hand into the hand of those stronger, and would be led up to the heights where truth reigns supreme and all is peace because of truth. Bless us in our undertaking to make more plain the word of the spirit. Help us in our effort to carry the message of love into the darkened homes; to make light the burden of the heavy heart; to carry away the shadow and leave sunshine in its place. And, above all, to make the human heart that suffers know that through this pain and suffering the soul oftentimes becomes acquainted with God. And so we sit here waiting for the word of the spirit, hoping for a clearer message than ever before, seeking always to see clearly the path to take, the way to walk, may we be infinitely blessed with that success which alone comes from doing one's duty, prayerfully, faithfully and carefully. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

Abram Chase.

The first spirit that I see is a gentleman. He is about six feet tall, not very stout, and has a long, gray beard. His eyes are sharp and piercing. He has a very dignified bearing and seems to be very earnest and intent on his mission, and so anxious to reach the people who are dear to him. He says that his name is Abram Chase, that he lived in Newburyport, and that he is anxious to get to Henry, who still lives in that place. He says, too, "This is entirely new to me. I passed out of the body with absolutely no knowledge of the spiritual life. I had lived one of those earnest lives, striving to do what I could from day to day, believing that God would take care of the rest, and I expected fully that when I died I would be released from all sorts of care, and would be in a condition of happiness before unknown. You can imagine my surprise when I saw friends whom I had left in the earth life just as plainly as I had ever seen them before. It grieved me to see their tears and to know their sorrow, and I became convinced that if it were possible for me to see them it ought to be possible for them to see me. After that I went often to the home and made some manifestations, and I believed that I had attracted the attention of my own. That encouraged me to come here. Now I do not feel any particular interest to give advice, and no one has any particular distress that I should feel to give comfort, except in the general way that the knowledge of spirit life would bring comfort and strength to any wayfarer.

I want Henry to understand that I know the effort he has made to do everything just as I would like to have it done, and that I appreciate it, but, if I were still living, I would release him from some of the obligations which he has put upon himself. So tell him not to be hampered by a dead man's wishes, but to be led and encouraged by a spirit man's better understanding of the needs of his life. I have Lena with me, and she sends love and thanks you.

Caroline Abbott.

There is a spirit who comes and stands beside me now. It is a woman. I should think she was about fifty years old, not very stout, and one of those active almost nervous sort of women. She seems to be always doing something, on the move, wanting to work all the time. She laughs when I say that, and she says work can become a habit just as much as laziness. Her name is Caroline Abbott. She says, "I am from Hartford. I have been some years since I passed away, but I do not lose my interest in anything that was mine or anybody who was my friend. My sister Lizzie is beside me and she says that she finds more happiness in seeing what there is new over here, than looking back to see what she passed through, but Lizzie always was one to get all there was out of life. She passed away suddenly, while I lingered and suffered. George ought to be able to get a good communication from me by himself. I have seen Clara and Mr. Cushman, and they are often together."

Frank Woodward.

There is a spirit of a young man who comes up to me in a very rapid, excited way. He says his name is Frank Woodward. I think he must have passed out in a very sad way, very much excited and troubled. He is very profane. His profanity does not seem to be so much that he is bad, or in a temper, as it is just a habit of saying these words, and whenever he loses hold of himself they come bubbling out as fast as his breath. He says, "I am from Marlboro. You could not expect anyone to come back with a very Christian-like attitude when he went out in just the way I did. It was such a surprise to me. I didn't know what had happened, and when I waked up and found I didn't have any chance to do the things I had planned and wanted to do, I tell you what I lost my head. I have got a good many friends, perhaps I had better say acquaintances, and I know they were as much shocked as I was when I came here. They did get a chance to bury me though, which is a pity, so they think. For myself I would not give two straws to have my body put away in any different way than it was, but I would like to have had time to have said 'how do you do,' and 'good bye.' I thought at first that I could twist Jack right around my finger. I used to go to him and get so close to him that he felt me and responded to my thought. Then after a while I seemed to lose my power and could not get any more influence over him. The thing I want most is to get to Hattie. My heart breaks every time I think of her. I wish I could talk to her for half a day and tell her if there is anything in the world I can do over here to help her where she is, I will do it. I had a dog that I used to think a lot of. They had to kill it since I left and I have got it now, and while they felt so bad to have it, I tell you what it was like meeting an old friend to have it with me. This is a tip-top place and I will come again when I can."

Pearl Atwood.

There is a little girl comes. I should not think she was over eight years old, pretty and sweet as a flower, blue eyes, light brown hair, and one of those delicate faces and forms. You might almost feel when you look at her that she could not stand the shocks of life. She says her name is Pearl Atwood, and that she lived in Braintree. She says, "Oh, I am not unhappy, but I thought I would make my father happier if I came and told him that I can see him, hear him, and often go with him. I have been to church with him lately. I came over here through lipthecia. My grandma and Mrs. Hyde are

taking care of me. I want to send kisses and love as a Christmas present, and I want to tell my mother and father that I will always stay near them, always, as long as they live."

Augusta Grover.

There is a woman, very weak indeed. She looks as though she just died in her bed, but there wasn't a particle of strength left to even draw a breath; just wasted away. Her hands are thin and her face is drawn. It does not seem to be anything like a cough, but more like some internal disease that just pulled her life out. Her name is Augusta Grover. She says, "I am from Lexington, but not Massachusetts. Oh, such a long way and such a hard time I have had. It seemed that I could never find the opportunity to speak. I have children and I cannot rest until I get into communication with them. Oh, the mothers that are left to take care of their own cannot know the pain of the mothers who are impotent in spirit life and are obliged to go away in order to grow to understand that it is alright that they should be taken. My little Willie is so sensitive I sometimes wish I had her with me, but I can't quite make up my mind. I dare not absolutely wish for her to come because I think perhaps life will hold something that will be important for her. I have come today with a hope of establishing some sort of communication. Her father, William, is alive and is better than the average father in understanding her, but if he would give me a chance to take his hand and help him to understand better, I am sure we could work a marvelous change in the child. Her love of music will be her salvation, and I would ask you, Will, to give her every opportunity to express that love. Do not forget Mabel and Arthur, and my love to you."

James L. Rice.

I see a spirit now who says to me, "I am from Kalamazoo; that is Michigan. My name is James L. Rice. I have got nothing to find fault with in spirit life. It is beautiful beyond anything I expected. If some of these people who come back with tears and sobs and moans would stop thinking of what they had lost and what they had left behind them, and look about them to see what is beautiful in the spirit life, they would be happier. It is just the same as the people back here on the earth, weeping and crying and breaking their hearts over what they have lost, until they do not see anything in earth life worth living for. I tell you what it is my friends, the trouble is with the individual, not with the place. I feel just like taking some of these people by the hand and asking them to get out of this and forget their pain, and let God do a little something for the world after all. You might think that I was a bachelor without any friends and that it made very little difference whether I lived or died, but that is not true. I loved the most of my friends, and I traveled a good deal. I did not have very much of a preparation. I died with kidney trouble. One day the doctor said my days were numbered, so I made the most of my days. I had decided if there was anything I could find out about the place I was going to, I had better be about it, and I began to investigate Spiritualism. I found out a good many things and was prepared for the things that I found out after I got here. Then I just tried to establish conditions to get into communication with my people, and I never have heard of any specially prepared place where spirits could speak, but I have tried to send some word or give some message. My Julia is just as much interested to hear from me, and I go to her regularly and she is getting so that she can see me. I feel almost a sense of guilt in coming here when so many spirits who do not understand might use this opportunity, but I thought perhaps I would give a little tone, take away some of the fears and show good will. There is no more beautiful word in our language than peace. To bring peace into the world, to carry peace to your friends, to feel at peace with yourself, that is heaven; and the last part of that wonderful message makes the first part possible, for certainly we can never be at peace until we feel good will toward everybody. It is not simply to feel good will toward mama and papa, and those in our family, but toward everybody in the wide, wide world. We love our friends the best because we know them best, but if we could know everybody real well, and they could know us just as well, I am sure we would find many lovely traits in people who seem strange and queer to us.

Italy and Greece seem a long way off to people who have never been there, and I know some of you little people have never seen any children from those countries and perhaps you have wondered what they were like and if you would want to play with them.

In Boston we have very many of them and I was much interested in a story Mrs. Livermore tells of some of them. Of course Boston has changed very much since Mrs. Livermore was a little girl and the street where she lived has for a long time had no American people living there, but has become a tenement house district for all sorts of foreigners. A few years ago some young ladies who love Mrs. Livermore very much thought they would go to the old school where she was a pupil in her childhood and celebrate Christmas by having a Christmas tree for the poor children of that neighborhood. Mrs. Livermore was present at the exercises and she says it was a wonderful sight when all those little foreign children were gathered around the tree and with big, dark eyes just shining with happiness, they were given the tokens of love and good will. Not many of them, she says, could speak English, but they made their thanks manifest, and were as polite and graceful and sweet mannered as any child she ever saw. It happened that one little girl was without a doll and the little girl who sat next her put her doll in her lap and said in the sweetest way, "You may have my doll for a little while, and then they sat and took turns playing mother with one doll until someone was so touched by the scene of unselfishness that another doll was bought.

## Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE M. SOULE.

### To My Little Friends Everywhere.

My Dear Little Friends:—

A Merry Christmas to you all. May your dear little hearts be so filled with the Christmas spirit that every shadow of unhappiness will become a wave of light. I have been thinking so much of the message we all love so well, because it is so sweet and strong, and I hope that none of us will ever forget it. You know the message I mean, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Say it over to yourselves again and again and think, when you say it, of some way you can help to bring peace and show good will. There is no more beautiful word in our language than peace. To bring peace into the world, to carry peace to your friends, to feel at peace with yourself, that is heaven; and the last part of that wonderful message makes the first part possible, for certainly we can never be at peace until we feel good will toward everybody. It is not simply to feel good will toward mama and papa, and those in our family, but toward everybody in the wide, wide world. We love our friends the best because we know them best, but if we could know everybody real well, and they could know us just as well, I am sure we would find many lovely traits in people who seem strange and queer to us.

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Some of you who have so many dolls cannot realize what it is to a little girl to never have had a doll and then the moment it is given her for her very own, all her own, to see her playmate without one. I have seen many children who had to be punished for pulling things away from their brothers and sisters and I suppose you have too, but do not you think the little Italian girl had the true Christmas spirit when she wanted to share her joy and through good will toward her little playmate gave her peace? I do and that is the spirit I am yearning for you to be filled with on Christmas day. Whatever you have seen if someone else can be happy with it too. If it is a book, let everybody read it who wants to. After you have read it someone might be reading it all the time. That is what books are for, not just to receive and read and put away to keep always.

Remember, then, that anything which you can share and do share with another increases the joy in the world, and to make more joy in the world today than was in the world yesterday is better than to be able to have the prettiest dress or the best sled or any other material thing. I shall think of you all on Christmas day and Christmas night. If I am able I am to go and see the Christmas tree which some dear friends of mine are preparing for some little folks we know. I will tell you about them next week. Always with love.

Your friend,  
Minnie M. Soule.

Friday, Dec. 18, 1905.

### LOVE AND GIVE.

What is the lesson you must know,  
Would you the fullest life?  
Christ taught it first on earth below,  
He taught us "Love and Give."

He taught us that of God abide  
These three, and only three.  
Faith, hope and love. O'er this world wide  
The greatest, Love shall be.

He taught to give such as thou hast,  
Give to thy neighbor near.  
No surer words sound from the past  
Than "Give for love, not fear."

Christ had no palace. In the heart  
He raised his royal dome.  
His mansion, vast in every part,  
Provides for all a home.

What name the Mansion? Palace? Hall?  
Nay, soul, look up and live,  
And learn that Christ doth sweetly call  
It "House of Love and Give."

—John F. Simmons.

### Weeping Willows.

"Did you know that all the weeping willows in this country are descended from a twig planted by the stepson of George Washington, at his place at Abingdon, a few miles from Mount Vernon?" asked a tree lover, who has just returned from these interesting estates. "It was this way: Young Custis, as a member of Washington's military family, sometimes carried messages, under a flag, between the belligerent commanders. In this service he became acquainted with a young British officer who, like others, had come over with an impression that the "rebellion" would be speedily crushed out, and that he would then settle on the confiscated lands of the rebels. He had even brought a twig from the weeping willow near Pope's villa, at Twickenham, carefully wrapped in oiled silk. As his visions of a castle in America faded away, he gave a twig to John Parke Custis, who, on his return to Abingdon in the spring, planted it near his house. It grew and flourished. Just how it multiplied may be seen from one end of the country to the other."

### Language of Crows and Fowl.

"Of all the birds of the air," said the game-keeper of the Massachusetts Sportsmen's Association, "I think crows are the greatest conversationalists."

"Do you mean that crows and other birds have a language?" he was asked.

"I do, and if ever you study these black freebooters when looting in a grain field, I dare say you will think as I do. They never attempt to do business in a field of corn without first establishing a system of outposts. If one sentinel can overlook the surrounding country only one will be posted; but if circumstances require more than one the necessary number will be assigned to duty."

"These sentinels reconnoiter for the best positions for outlook, and settle down to watch. If one sights a man approaching without a gun, a rather lazy, indifferent 'caw' is sounded, and the looters in the grain or corn take their time in winging away. But mark the difference when a watcher sees a gun. Then there is an unmistakable emphasis added to the danger signal, and there is no loitering among the robbers this time. All are in a hurry, and every one in the bunch seems to have something to say."

Turning to the partridge and quail and several varieties of water fowl, which will be exhibited in Mechanics' building next month, the game-keeper continued:

"Did you ever hear an old biddy partridge tell her chickens to get under cover? Never! Well, she says it in a very few words when surprised with her brood, and the little fellows disappear on the instant. While you are wondering what became of them she begins to fake lame and tries to induce you to catch her. If you are not up to her tricks you give chase, and when she has led you far enough away from her hidden chicks she'll likely startle you with a sudden thunder of wings, and a burst of speed that will leave you standing wide eyed with wonder."

"Retrace your steps to the place whence she coaxed you, and sit down, keep quiet, wait. The mother bird will return in a few minutes, settle down noiselessly and caw. The note this time differs from that given when she was up and directly she sounds it all the little chicks bob up from under leaves and out of odd hiding places and chase around with the old biddy after food."

"Ducks and geese talk. There is no doubt of it, and if ever you saw an old gander entreating a flock of young and inexperienced goings to heed not the wheedling honks of the Cape Cod decoys, you would be convinced. An English scientist named Nelson Wood, who has made a lifelong study of bird language, is competent to understand many bird signals and to give them himself. Birds that do not fly and consequently are in greater danger have a more extended vocabulary. Turkeys and barnyard hens have a note for overhead danger, as when a hawk appears, and another for danger on the ground."

He who lets the world, or his own portion of it, choose his path of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation. He who chooses his plan for himself employs all his faculties. He must use observation to see, reasoning and judgment to foresee, activity to gather materials for decision, discrimination to decide, and when he has decided, firmness and self-control to hold his deliberate decision.—John Stuart Mills.

### An Arctic Baby.

The Arctic ocean doesn't seem to be the most desirable place for a birthplace, but a baby was born there not long ago on Herschel Island. This was nearer to the north pole than any baby was ever born before. Of course, there are Eskimo babies in the arctic region, but not so far north as this and besides, this was a white baby.

Herschel Island is off the north coast of Alaska, 1,500 miles farther north than Sitka. There are a few white people on the island, families of the whalers who cruise in these waters. There was great excitement over the arrival of the little stranger, and the wives of the four whaling captains who were there were ready to almost idolize her; an Episcopal minister was in the camp at the time, having been sent there as a missionary. With all the ceremony possible in such a place, the little girl was christened Helen Herschel Sherman, her father being Captain Sherman. The baby came at the season of the year which has continuous daylight, and seemed very much pleased with such a sunny world. She may be lost in wonder when the long night comes.

### THE PASTING KISS.

Kiss me once more!  
The night is dark and chill  
And paved with shadow is the lonely road.  
Your lips will pour  
The wine of fiery will  
Into my soul and lessen all my load.

Kiss me once more!  
My joys, alas, are few  
And many are the cares which fret the way.  
Your lips a store  
Of nupture, deep and true  
Convey to me which through all time shall stay.

Kiss me once more!  
The glow of love and flame,  
The beauty and the fragrance of your breath,  
Shall tide me o'er  
Earth's sorrow, sin and shame,  
And bear me smiling through the door of death.

—Wm. E. S. Fales.

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

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