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A SHOOTING STAB.

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

A flying gleam shot downward— Baby's hand was on the latch— "Oh, muvver, Dod's lit all the tandles, An' now He's dropped the match!" -Helen D. Newcomb.

Christmas.

Although there are radical minds in ou 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 frost 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 fulfilment of its angelic message of peace and good-will, may res 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 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

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 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.

itself in d potent conditions, when we have gained soul with your Soul-Self, in harmony with your 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 inexhausti- God. ble 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-enkindled 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, force six times more powerful than the Xray, 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 Prot. Crookes' vest pocket, burned through all his clothing a blister on his side. Let us endeavor to pierce with out 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 negativeness to personal atmos pheres 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 weary ones of earth! The Silence is God's its turn, from an unfailing supply, with all divinest healer and His greatest teacher for the strength in the universe, as its own, on all of His sorrowing children.

lemand? 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 pollated, 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 may you were tired? Are ou 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 should have no feast days, no festivals of 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 crowdened 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 o quiver with indescribable sufferings? 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 s our own shine through every gateway of approximately approximately approximately approximately approximately in discard in the special speci of healing. Then will you become at one 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

. . . 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 sucess. There also are all your own pure thoughts, your own noble desires, your own outreachings 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 reals 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 unswept lutes and mellow chimes of bells never heard on earth? Try this recipe, oh ye storm-tossed, and

"Show me the wax, 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 wand-ered 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 will 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 paceful 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 biman 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 urge 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 dis-aster, 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 find every fond hope, every noble wish, every pure desire, conceived unsel fishly 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

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 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 rayer 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 Listen to the little plaintive moan earth. 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-way is it? The lady in the big house, where once l 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 Christnas 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 sas 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 or 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 ge to sleep because she was getting very cold and hungry, but happening to look pass off quickly, but if a storm overcasts the up she saw the room was getting very light—sky then much trouble will follow the dream, 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 sleep 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 eemed, 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 folowed 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. of spheres.—Dr. George W. Carey.

Dreams.

Isidore Kosminsky.

The symbolic dream is by far the most

ommon of all dreams. When the sleeper awakes he clearly remembers certain symbols which were intricately 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 needful 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 and the length of time the trouble will last: depends on the rate of travel of the dreams storm, etc. I will endeavor first of all fo 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 notes awakened sleeping souls, he had departed on his way. Even now many there who must tiptoe and hold back the l that they may catch even faint echoes of the strain from that smitten chord that shall nevermore cease to vibrate with the music

NVB MB NOT TOO MUCH PINISH.

To cold perfection strange, if so I must Refine away the arder of the soul And catch the plague of wordy nothings. Let me not learn the trick of cunning to That in a careful anguish mines 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,
Bern of the heaven; and of solitudes:
That let me keep for language with my kind,
For bridge from them to thee, Almighty
Love,
Over the sympondous guifa of whirling

stupendous gulfs of whirling O'er the stupendous guifs of whiri thought; Ner sell it for the pottage of fine tongues.

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

J. M. Peebles, M. D.

In the "Banner of Light" of October 17, appears an article from W. J. Colville, written 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

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 objects brought from a distance. She even had the garmarks common to a large majority of the mediums for physical manifestations, namely, the ability and willingness to supplement the manifestations when the conditions 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 "assertions of Dr. Peebles are not arguments."

Mr. Colville tells the public that the "assertions 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 amusing. 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 control Above, etc. all of which is 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 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 revengeful or useless, but benevolent." Heaven save us from such benevolence—a benevolence that transmigrates or re-embodies even the lowest human beings into 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-Buddhistic Theosophists taught this in my hearing when on one of my visits to India. And Brother Colville thinks if this be "teasured!" it is "honeyalent". I cannot see "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 connection he talks of "beneficent experiences," doubtless endorsing Mrs. Richmond's statement that "every human being born is fated 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,

Mr. Colville asserts that it would "be extremely 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 questionable 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 rutities in the spiritual universe perpetually." That is a straight-out "assertion," and who is the author of it, Peebles or Coland who is the author of it, Peebles or Col-rille? 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 could." and "perpetually exist as entities?" oqual," 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-

Take a another assertion in this so-called proposition: "The mineral, vegetable and animal regions of nature . . . are expressions only of scintillant radiations from these entities who propel emanations," etc. "This statement is a puzzler." 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 another plane, what their origin, and from other plane, what their origin, and from whence the power of these "scintillant radiations to propel emanations?" Tell us with

This whole third proposition can only b 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-

Take the fourth proposition-which, by the Take the fourth proposition—which, by the way, contains three or four distinct assertiens, 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 activities, a living form begins to generate." How do you know, my friend, that "at the moment of conception, a soul is present." and that of conception a soul is present," and that darkness of a nine-months uterine incarcera-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 fleshly abyss for a nineplunge down into the fleshly abyss for a ninemonths' rest, previous to another birth, and
babyhood experiences on a trip through
peshes by land, and macistroms by sea, consonant upon another physical life voyage in
the body? "Seehig is knowing," said the old
cultured Prof. Blackle of Edinburgh. "Experiences 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 furtier, unless Mr. Colville were a mother in
some of his past reincarnations, what does
he know about the "experiences of mothers?"

The re-embodiment theory, however, is that every man was or will be be a woman; every woman was or will be a man; every man was or will be a man; every man was once 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 credulity and guilibility, 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 intelligences:

"Is there any such thing as reincarnation?" "Is there any such thing as reincarnation?"
The reply was: "It is possible by premental impression for individual spirits to reincarnate their qualities, powers and attributes upon the unborn babe, and hence give tendencies 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 sensible and rational. And this is a fair expression 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 mysticisms that characterize most of the productions of American

Another proposition deals with karma-sequence, cause and effect, sowing and reaping,-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 —but not as taught by Madame Blavatsky, whom, no doubt, Mr. Colville accepts as authority. She says in her "Key to Theosophy": "Karma is the ultimate law of the universe,—the source, origin and fount of all other laws which exist throughout nature." (Page 201.) 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, omniscient 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 recollection. 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,

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-president of the Theosophical Society, with fraud—fraudulent precipitations and communications from the mahatmas, and in turn W. Q. Judge brought the same serious charge against Annie Besant (Light of the East, Jan., 1895, p. 158). Therefore, as these two witnesses pronounce each other a fraud, their testimony upon reincarnation and karma is

testimony upon reincarnation and karma is ruled out of court.

Mrs. Ursula Gestefield of Chicago is referred 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 Exodus.

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 (emancipation from rebirth). See,—just see, what karmendriyas, kriyamana and mukti (emancipation from rebirth). See,—just see, what oriental words of astounding potency I can make use of with the slightest tongue-twist. There is another word that these quasi-spiritists might introduce into their Hindu vocabulary. It is Kundalini. This would jibe in rhythmically with "astral," "karma," and other English-prigged words of thundering profundity. Kundalini is thus defined,—literally, "coiled up,"—"the residual energy located according to the yogis, at the base of the spine, and which in ordinary men produces dreams, imaginations, psychical perceptions, etc., which, when fully aroused and purified, leads to the direct perception of God" (Vivekenanda'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! Tiffs will interest (?) physiologists, psychologists 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." cipation from rebirth). See,-just see, what mental inversions, such, for instance, as Hinduphobia.

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 Upinishads with my brother Theosophists. Here is an extract from one of the chaptered Upinishads ("Yama, the King"): "The self, the knower is not how it dieset; it was few nothing." from one of the chaptered Upinishads ("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

What has been the scientific, moral and religious effects of a two or three thousand years' Hindu belief in re-embodiment or reyears filled belief in feeling lously, it has become the very hotbed of the most degrad-ing superstition. In Madras I saw one of their god-crowned cars dragged through the treets in worship. Their temples are babe of unearthly sounds, and inside of them have seen elephants and white bulls walk in

all the lordliness of beastdom.

What has reincarnation Hinduism done for science and discover? Did it discover steam and its mighty potencies; did it discover the railway system and put it in prac-tice? Did it discover and send the first Morse felegraphic communication? Did it discover photography? Did it discover and patent the telephone in 1876? Did it discover and ties? Did it discover and send the first Morse felegraphic communication? Did it discover and patent the telephone in 1876? 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 spectroscope, enabling us to learn the composition of the stars? Did it discover Lister's anesthetics that benumb pain in surgery? Did it discover the liquid hydrogen? Did it discover the presence of argon, krypton, and metargon in the atmosphere? Did it discover the presence of argon, krypton, and metargon in the atmosphere? Did it discover the presence of argon, krypton, and metargon in the atmosphere? Did it discover who propound them, but it must be obvious that thought, dreams or mental eventuations of any sort are subject to the mind or individual that give birth to them. Ghosts, which are so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight, and have so often been proved to be sight and noblest sort, while others are fantastic and ridiculous. All depends upon the which we live. Some assumptions are of the printing which we live. Some assumptions are of the printing which we live. Some assumptions are of the printing which we live. Some assumptions are of the printing which we live. Some assumptions are of the printing which we live. Some assumptions are of the printing which we live some assumptions are of the printing which we live some assumpt

mbers, who are striving old Hindu intellect our glorious, uplifting

crushing crudities into our glorious, uplifting, heart-conforting Spiritualism!

Again, what has re-embodying, karma-believing India done for the world morally? What great reform did it ever originate and carry forward to victory? Look at its bubonic plague caused largely by dirt, filth and social shiftlessness. Look at its karmic poverty. Look at its child-marriage and degrading 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 crolving entity is the result of its aggregate merits and demerits, 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, 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

India, p. 7.) a practical exemplification-the Here rational, soul-degrading, all-interpermeating theories of karma and reincarnation,—the latter only a modern modification of transmigration.

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.

and only the semi-oranness can fail to draw the legitimate inferences.

Mr. Colville wisely draws the distinction between memory and recollection. His "subjective, 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 (distinguishing between fancies and facts, between assertions and logical arguments), they must lay deep their foundations; they must

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 principles—if they have any; and then move on by the Baconian, or inductive method of reasoning to establish their hypothesis.

Battle Creek, Mich.

The Spiritual World.

There is a general tendency says Henry Schneffetter, 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 world, and a man's spiritual body is extremely rague and based more or less upon speculative 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 religion has no scriptural foundation whatever and is purely imaginary and speculative. You say:
"The theory in religion which is quite com-

Yob say:

"The theory in religion which is quite commonly 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 attribute or material part; that it will not be flesh and blood, will have no earthly organs with which to live, no eves with which to with which to live, no eyes with which to see and no brain with which to think. This 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 statement 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

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

"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-

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 numeralizations of the world instead of the superstitualness of the world, instead of the supernaturalness of the past, that has created the delusive phantoms and shadows of heaven and hell, which have enveloped 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

am delighted to have you ask this ques 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 life. 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

ona 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 phenomena that are supposed to prove the existence 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 material world, however, are only at times receptive 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 earthlife 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 religious basis. I have been uncommonly favored in my efforts, and have arrived at conclusions that are in fullest accord with the spiritual experiences of those who can come

ingious basis. I have been uncommonly favored in my efforts, and have arrived at conclusions 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 important 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-peryading agent of infinite life (God), coexisting and coeternal with matter. The human spirit or soul (the real man) is simply the highest expression of omnipotent design, an organized entity of elementary principles, and evolved from the crude conditions of matter to its present height of development through the process of planetary evolution. Spirit in connection with matter generally is termed force, and obeys in its progressive stages of growth the eternal principles of being.

The planet, which has been considered a lifeless mass for ages, is pulsating through every naticle of matter, continually every

The planet, which has been considered a lifeless mass for ages, is pulsating through every particle of matter, continually evolving refined particles of substance, which, formative by nature, become part of the invisible planet, or spirit world, which encircles Mother Earth and harmoniously whirls in space with it. The existence of the spirit world, similar in feature and form to the material can scientifically be demonstrated by terial, can scientifically be demonstrated by studying the formative principles of matter. Chemistry has established the fact that matter may change its appearance and become invisible, but its inherent elementary forces

an never be lost.

It is upon this principle that invisible matter forms again and, by the magnetic induction of the planet, becomes its supplement in form and feature.

form and feature.

Man, as an organized entity of the elements, is dual in nature and begins his career at the time of conception.

All theories as to the pre-existence of the human spirit have been proven to be a falacy. 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 elements. ison of its higher vibratory

Death is simply the separation between the Death is simply the separation between the spiritual and material expression of man. The freed spirit, following the law of attraction, readily responds to its new environment and hardly notices the change at first, because everything is natural and correspond-

because everything is natural and corresponding to the experiences of earthlife.

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 pattern and relationship. 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

Automatic Writing.

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

Is Egypt here? Does Egypt know me?

Is he interested in me? 'Very much so, if you will have confidence

Is this the first time he has ever come to

"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 rockribbed mountains."

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 Explain a little more about the world being

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 restem is it not?
"Yes, that is our privilege, to be free and nutrameled. 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."

"Yes, you, the questioner."

Do you think I have gained anything from that religion?

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 Hindoos and also in part of the Egyptians."

Egyptiane."

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?

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

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 de-

sires."

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 up, 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 "We like to have our ancient faith looked 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 perthus 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 not calumny touch them. Their imprint upon earth is as enduring as the footsteps of time. Egyptians will not be forotten. Their strength of character and purcetten. 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 an 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

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 upon Egypt until the topic will be a tried and sore one to you. You will so 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? "Yes, Zelna is waiting to put in a word now and then, but the style will be very different from what you have been hear-

Can Zelna control? "Yes, she will answer."
Well, Zelna, do you like this place?
"Yes, the woods and the fields are always my preference, a roving life and a free one

my preterior, a forms and suits me."

Do you like Mrs. T.?

"We know not persons as well as places.
We care not for people, but nature appeals to us in all its various forms."

How about the medium?
"We can talk through her and others and give you an idea of our gypsy life and char-acter."

Do you think our back piazza is kind of gypsy like? es, but not equal to the tent and cross-

stick fire. A roving life, free and open as the stars, is better than all the covered plazzas we can find. Gypsies are not under-stood any better than the Eqyptians. Our stood any better than the Egyptians. Our character has a firmness little known, for we are as adamant in our wills and purposes, but fickle in our friendships."

Is Egypt still here?
"He is hovering in the background, but he has said enough. Now it is my turn. But I say to him, 'Be gone, you spy in the camp.'"

Is Egypt anywhere near Mrs. Tuttle?

"No, he is not; he prefers the moonlight and the skies."
Well, what attracted you here, Zelna?
"The freedom of the summer and the interest taken in old customs and people."

(In conversation about the strange an Egyptian and a gypsy coming together. I had been told at a previous sitting to call for Egypt, who was a priest of Isis, also for Zelna, who was a gypsy. Miss R "We come not in company, but in

turn."
Did you live in Andalusia? "No, in Vallambrosa. Seville was our birthplace, but now we live in New Spain. Gypsies need rest as well as others. Gypsies are wakeful, but they need rest as well as

others, so we will say good-night, and an-other evening we will tell you strange tales and customs if you wish."

When the land was white with moonlight, And the air was sweet with May, I was so glad that Love would last Forever and a day.

Now the fields are white in Winter, And dead Love laid away; I am so glad Life cannot last

am so gind and a day.

—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

The violent physical and athletic straining and exhaustion after the growth is attained, is often at the expense of the natural resources upon which the efficiency, enjoyment and length of life depend. When prize-fighters and athletes live best and longest it will be well to imitate them.—The Torch of Reason.

THE SNOW MAN. Arthur E. Locks.

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 most alarming pain. 'Tis prevalent 'mong 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 child-hood, return with four-fold force, and entwine themselves in the heart, bringing pleasure and pair.

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

Some one asked Cardinal Newman for history of his beautiful poem, "Lead, Kindly Light," and he replied brusquely that he was both homesick and seasick, 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

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 knew it as it gazed 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 filumined 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 the 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 so-

are seven."

It is said that the home is the unit of soclety—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. not know; but people who love 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 there, 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 ta 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 there, 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 One by one the fleeting years take from the why should we legate that the ties that Ding us or friend? Simply that the ties that Ding 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 near to whom we can call, and the horizon

repell 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 have left the 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

"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.'"

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, in Tablear 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, newsimparting 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 know it.

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 trapesing 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 equaled 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.

bects 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 discarnate 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 fulfil 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

guage. "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 pro-duce it. The man of science at once sug-gests satisfactory tests. If any medium gests 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 superhuman 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 chance could produce correct answers to all

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 selfash and narrow and we cannot help it. We are homesick and the time seems very strong, one of the way very long. There is no connect to whom we can call, and the horizer is no connect to the little connect is not the learned leaves its actually engaged the dear personality. Survives the case with the right, will yet be complete.

In the springtime of the ties power to sale the properties powers of a glovah. And propert

of the so-called problem of modern Spiritual-

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

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 our 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.

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. Wiggin, paster 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 our ourselves, that we are under-lings."

"It is not of the greatest importance what others may think of use 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 master of the plane of an 'underling.'

"It is not of 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 zodical signs which were in evidence at the time of birth; too many are consulting psychies 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,

'There is no puny planet, sun or moon, Or zodiacal sign which can control The God in us! If we bring that to bear Upon events, we mould them to our wish, 'Tis when the infinite 'neath the finite gropes

men are governed by their horo-scopes."

"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.

master or creator of them.
"We would not be understood in this con-"We would not be understood in this con-nection, as attempting to cast any reflection upon Spiritualism, for if anything ever dem-onstrated 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-pile of non-sense which its bad friends have heaped upon it.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW

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 back, dizziness, aleeplessness, nervousness, for more slokness and suffering than any other heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble,

Your other organs may need attention—but tour 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 dis tressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this

DEAR SIRS:

OCT. 15tb. 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 kioney 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, Yeny truly yours,

POBERT BERNER. 14 BAST 120TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

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

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 flesh sallow complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain un-

disturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a



loudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate atten-

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale the world over at druggists in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cent and one-dollar. Don't make any mistake, but rememyour water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sedi-Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, ment in the urine, headache, backache, lame

EDITORIAL NOTICE—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or f 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 cclipse.'

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

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

"Longfellow said: 'The talent of success is "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.

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 him self 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 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 societies. While in your city he will give free lectures on Health and Disease and Psychic Healing, on Health and Disease and Psychic Healing, and will diagnose 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 of interest wherever he goes. Dr. Watkins has no cqual in his phase. Direct all letters to O. E. Watkins, M. D., 134 Churchill St., Cleveland, Ohio.

golden shore

Gathered home beyond

Bome of rest.

He's gome.

Bere and there.

I shall know his angel nan

I'm called to the better is

I long to be there.

Looking over.

Looking beyond.

Longing for home.

Let men love one another.

Live for an object.

My arbor of love the river.

My arbor of love the river.

My arbor of love the river.

My arbor is not here.

Ty guardian angel.

To you.

To describe the river.

To guardian angel.

To you.

To describe there.

To describe the river.

To guardian angel.

To you.

To describe there.

To describe the river.

To describe the river. Secrets of Success. What is the secret of success, asked the Sphinx?

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.

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

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, Qan gregation, and Social Circle. Combining "Golden Melod leg and "Spiritual Echoes," with the addition of thirty pages New Music. By S. W. TUUKER.

illss. swond the mortal.

Rady to re.
Shall we know each other
there?
Sweet hour of prayer.
Sweet reflections.
Sweet reflections.
Sweet reflections.
Sweet reflections.
Such the morn thy seed.
Star of truth.
Stlent help.
Ster of truth.
Ster of truth.
Ster of truth.
There is a land of fidele
beauty. Angel Care.
A little while longer.
Angel Visitants.
Angel Friends.
Almost Home.
And He will make it plain.
A Fragment. scended, cartiful angels are waiting othany, cautiful City, cantiful Land. They 'll welcome ut nomine they 'll welcome ut node to be sairy.

They 're a land of fadele beauty.

They 're calling us over the sea.

Tenting nearer home.

Trust in God.

The land of rest.

The Sabbath morn.

The gry of the spirit.

The salent city.

The river of time.

The angels are coming.

The Laye time to come.

The happy time to come.

The happy they and by a layer to be happy by and by a layer.

The sale of light.

The region of light.

The shaining shore.

The happy spirit-hand. Beyond the mortal.
By love we arise.
Come up thither.
Come, gentle spirits.
Consolation.
Come, go with me.
Day by day.
Do n't ask me to tarry. met it be to be to Over the river I'm going. One by one. Passed on. CHANTS.

THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Scoton, Mass.
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, Chambers Street, New York

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE

THE SAMMER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

IRVING P. SYMONDS. Business Manager and

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particulars furnished upon appl'eation

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Our columns are open for the expression of imp mai free thought, but we do not necessarily endorse as varied ares of opinion to which correspondents n

canceled articles.

Wherever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it is then sent or the change cannot be made.

Banner of Wight.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1903.

t week ending at date.

Butered 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 1899 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.

We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expressien of Infinite Intelligence.

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

centained 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 laborvers in our vineyard, and may mortals and immortals combine to bring sunshine into the lives of us all.

Some thougs 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.

Lyceum work across the water is evidently in a satisfactory condition, judging from the December issue of the Lyceum Banner, which is full of good things suitable for Lyceumists. Editor Kitson produces an interesting paper, and he is ably seconded by numerous capable contributors. The paper is published by the British Spiritualists Lyceum 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 seasonable presentations. The world is waiting for just such things as can be told it 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 ie good. It is best to be good then you will elete the circle by doing and thinking Our snacen forces must be expressed

Morse, who is at present in this country. It also contains reports of interviews with his two noted spirit controls, and two fine por-traits, 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 flung 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 crochets. 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 truthnourished, sun-loving "Sunflower" unfolds its petals with marked regularity and fidelity to its strong type. The sunflower of our gardens always stordily faces the sun, even/when clouds lower; could its namesake do less?

One who recalls the rare heauty of this at-

tractive camp ground in its summer leveliness, 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 greensward, 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 senson 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 warhorse 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 bestowals. Let no one in our ranks unwisely deprive himself of the "more blessed" portion which attends the generous giver. Mr. Bach will have no objection to receiving one dollar, or five, and will acknowledge the same in his sunny colthe requested dime. May these white-winged messengers fly thither in such abundance that the genial editor may again be "snowed under" by the unprecendented weight of his beneficent mail. 8. 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 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 congratuation 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 recapituation, 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 in 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 voman 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 kindlier side of her character, and so, it may be, prepared her to receive, after the departure of her beare 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 energed 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 com-bination 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, Roston. 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

Sunbeam's Christmas Festival.

The members of the Gospel of Spirit Re turn 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 con-tributors 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 especial introduction to this symposium being the repetition, by urgent request, of g lecture recently delivered by Miss Susic 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 it 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

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 lone 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 loved is the title of an in-loved husband, those evidences of spirit re-living will be his whose being is pregnant turn with which she is familiar. At the with the subtleties of spiritual growth and the history of Mr. J. J. ripe age of eighty years, when most people 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 untrammeled thought and unhampered truth is the birth of higher resolves and nobler ambitions that bring to the inculcator 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, Hoston, a reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. Morse and their daughter, Miss Florence Morse, under the auspices of "The Ladies' Lyceum 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 the sea. Preceding the exercises of the even-ing, 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' Lyceum 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, intro-

At a p. in. Ars. Butter carried 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.

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' Lyceum Union; Mrs. Mattle Albee, President Ladies' Lyceum Union; Mrs. Mattle 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

The chairman read a letter from C. Fannie 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

usual happy manner and expressed his deep appreciation of the kindness shown to himself

and family, manner and expressed in 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 earth and the dear friends whose presence must be made known by the gentle touch or the whisper of love

gentle touch, or the whisper of love.

Mrs. Francis H. Gould, of Stillwater, who
is known to many friends who visit Temple
Heights and Etna, 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

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. 3th 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

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 "fixin's," 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.

Summer 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 are young."

That to the height of this great argument I may assert eternal Providence, And justify the ways of God to men.

—Militon.

"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." Sumner Poland, of Montville, one of the

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' Lyceum 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 2.20 o'clock for the benefit of the Lyceum. 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' Ai' Society held its usual weekly meeting in Appleton

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. H. 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 Cleavland, Liss 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 attraction that has caused a decided increase. 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 Lyceum, 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 iecture. After the march the usual literary exercises were held. Mrs. Butler closed with remarks about Christmas.—Mrs. M. E. Still-

remarks about Christmas .- Mrs. M. E. Still-

remarks about Christians.—Aris. Ar. 2. Shin-ings, sec.

It is some time since there has been a re-port 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 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 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, held a well attended meeting Dec. 13 when Mr. Delerce and Mr. Rassmussen 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.

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 Lyceum met as usual
on Sunday, Dec. 20, at Friendship Hall, Odd
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

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.
Katle 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 overflowing audiences and received extensive notice in the city papers. Mr. Colville's Sunday lectures are given in the Flood Bullding, Market street, San Francisco, at 3 p. m.: at Loring Hall, 11th and Clay streets, Onkland, at 7.30 p. m. Weekday lectures are given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 and 8 p. m., and 2128 Clinton avenue, Ala-meda, 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 outspread,
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.

Lecture by Mr. J. J. Morse.

On Sunday evening, December 20th, Mr. J. J. Morse lectured in Red Men's Hall, Tremont Street, this city. In spite of a heavy rainstorm a goodly audience was in attendance, who listened with the closest attention to a carefully reasoned and logical address upon "The World's Debt to Modern Spiritualism," during which the able speaker eloquently reviewed the services Spiritualism has rendered to the world by enlarging our knowledge of man and his relations, and expanding our ideas regarding religion, morals, science and philosophy. Mrs. M. J.' Butler presided.

Announcements.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hail, Alex Caird, M. D., pres.—Services at 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. Sunday, Dec. 27, Mr. Thomas Cross will be the speaker. Circles, song service and concert. Jan. 3 the society will celebrate the tenth anniversary of its organization with a large array of talent.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, meet in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sunday at 11.30 a. m. All inediums cordially invited. Mrs. Mabel Witham will be with us Sunday, Dec. 27, 1903. Our Christmas tree and entertainment will be in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Wednesday evé, Dec. 30.—Mrs. M. J. Butler, pres.; Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society will hold at their rooms, 9 Appleton St., on Thursday eve, Dec. 24, a grand social dance, the same to be called an apron and necktie party, to be managed by the ladies of the society. Floor director, Mrs. M. J. Davis, assisted by Mrs. S. A. Chadwick and Miss Hattle Eaton. An extra fine supper will be served at 6.30 p. m. and at intermission ice

ciety. Floor director, Mrs. M. J. Davis, assisted by Mrs. S. A. Chadwick and Miss Hattie Eaton. An extra fine supper will be served at 6.30 p. m., and at intermission icc cream will be for sale to all those wishing it. On New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, will be held a whist party. There are a number of useful prizes for the lucky ones. The playing will be from 8 to 10 p. m., after which an old fashioned Watch Meeting will be held to see the old year out and the new one in. Circles will be held, and all present are cordually invited to join. Everybody come and have a good time.—F. H. Rice, rec. sec. pro tem.

The Brighton Psychic Society at 14 Kenrick St. will be addressed on Friday evening, Jan. 1, 1994, by Annie F. Hill of Boston on a popular psychic subject of great interest to investigators. Miss I, B. Sears will speak and give spirit messages. The meeting of Dec. 18 was well attended in spite of the extreme cold. Honest investigators are being brought out into the light. These parlor meetings are conducted for the purpose of spreading the truth.—D. H. Hall, conductor. Clara E. Strong, president of the Sunshine Club, holds public meetings in Arcanum Hall, 724 Washington St., every Sunday as follows. Circle, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 12,30 noon;

Club, holds public meetings in Arcanum Hall, 724 Washington St., every Sunday as follows: Circle, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 12.30 noon; services 3 and 7.30 p. m. All mediums invited. Good talent always present. Home circle at 30 Huntington Ave., Room 420, every Tuesday and Friday at 7.30 p. m. The Banner on sale at all meetings.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

J. J. Morse, of London, Eng., wife and daughter, will be the guests of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum at their Christmas Tree festivities, to be held in Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows Building, cor. Tremont and Berkeley Streets (Tremont St. entrance), on Sunday next, the 27th inst., at 1.30 p. m. A fine program has been arranged, and a good time expected. Be sure and be there. You are invited. Admission free. Come and hear Mrs. Morse sing. Come and hear the children, and see them have a good time. You will enjoy it all. Time, 1.30. Place, Friendship Hall. Admission free to all. Bring the children.—J. B. Hatch, conductor; E. B. Packard, clerk.

Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists.

Members and friends please take notice that the annual meeting of the Massachu-setts State Association will be held on Tues-day, Jan. 5th, 1904, in Berkeley Hall, Berke-ley Street Bertes.

day, Jan. 5th, 1904, in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley Street, Boston.

Three sessions: Morning, Business Meeting at 10.30; Afternoon, Conference; Evening, short addresses and delineations from our workers for the Truth. Among those expected are: Miss Susie C. Clark, Mrs. Katie Ham, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Caird, Mrs. Litch, Madam Helyett, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, Mr. J. J. Morse, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Harrison D. Barrett, President N. S. A.: President of the State Association, Dr. George A. Fuller, and the Treasurer, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring. Miss Florence Morse, with others, has been invited to assist in the musical program.

sical program.

After reading the above list of talent, all the friends will desire to spend the day. Come to the business meeting, which is to be a very important one, and stay through the entire time.—Carrie L. Hatch, see'y.

Obituary.

JULIA LUBBIS.

In Boston, on December 11, Sister Julia Loubris passed to the higher life, leaving a husband, a daughter and three sons to mourn her loss. The whole family are old and firm believers in Spiritualism, having accepted the truth in their native land, Belgium, so their sorrow is alleviated by the assurance that the beloved wife and mother is still here to comfort and guide them until they shall be called to meet her in the spirit world. On the 4th of last March, as her daughter Anna was passing away, and while her sister was placing her in a more comfortable position, she said: "Place me further back, we must leave room for mother," and nine months after the mother went to meet her daughter.

best of speakers and mediums and every one who appears upon their platform is sure to receive a most cordial welcome.

This society holds regular meetings in G. A. H. hall every other Sunday and has grandly arisen to the dignity of having oper doors at its Sunday meetings, thus refusing to imitate the "Dime Museum" method so prevalent with so many spiritual societies.

I know of no way by which so many meetings, which are run simply for the little money there is in it, can be closed as to have a good society with doors open to the public.

This band of workers are doing a noble work for our Cause and are in every way worthy of all the encouragement which it is in our power to render them.

I was present with this society on the evening of December 11th when I was greeted by an audience which completely filled the hall. The occasion was apparently enjoyed by all and certainly was by, yours sincerely, F. A. Wiggin.

TIME.

I,-that please some, try all; both joy and terror, Of good and bad: that make, and unfold

error.—

slace it is in my power

To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour

To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me

pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning: and make stale The glist'ning of this present

-Shakespeare.

Greetiug to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse and Family.

READ AT THE RECEPTION GIVEN IN RED MEN'S HALL, DEC 16, 1903.

Marietta F. Willis.

Most gladly we welcome you, friends, to our

Where you have been greeted before, More heartily grasping you all by the hand For the warmth of the hand-clasp of yore.

As workers we meet in the broad, open field Where tried and true toilers are needed. O, golden the harvest our efforts will yield Be our highest impressions but heeded!

How many a furrow was ploughed by you,

friends,
When few for our Cause there stood!
O, rich is the fruitage of labor that lends
Itself for humanity's good!

Ye have tilled well the soil, labored early and late, Contending with darkness and gloom. O, sparkling and bright are the flowers that

But your will to burst into bloom.

In your labors to come, we all wish you Godwe would help you with heart and with

With trust in the angels, who ever will lead, We welcome you all in our band.

Now thronging from regions of Infinite Love, Bright beings of truth and of light Bring forces, unknown heretofore, from Sustaining our Cause in their might.

O, bright are the blossoms and jewels they

bring
As, gladly, your coming they greet!
With the essence of love, their garlands they

O'er your heads till they trail at your feet. May courage and truth, fair justice and

right

Be watchwords forever and aye!

Oh, ne'er may ye lower the standard of hight By yielding to other than they! The blessings of angels, once more, we im-

plore
On the new work experience hath carned.
Be worthy their love! We could pray for no

How priceless this boon ye have learned! With their benedictions, their jewels and

flowers

And fondly, yet gaily, entwined,

The dear Union Inck and that Glory of ours,

And spirits and mortals combined.

In greetings of love and prayers for success And your purpose—unflinching to aid Truth's cause and the angels' your labors must bless.

With the highest for which you have prayed.

Discard the Bible.

An old proverb assures us that "as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined," which aphorism applied to the children assuredly conveys a moral all should heed. Education is the gardener who shapes the pliant mind of the child and the school house is the orchard in which the youthful mind is trained to deal with the facts of life and the history of his own and other lands. All thinkers and reformers are agreed that education is the sure method for overcoming many of the ills which have afflicted human society in the past, and the consequences of which are still lingering with us today. Pure patriotism and sound citizenship are fostered by intelligent education in youth, and happy is the nation whose people possess an education open to all without restriction as to creed, color, or race.

daughter Anna was passing away, and while her sister was placing her in a more comfortable position, she said: "Place me further back, we must leave room for mother," and nine months after the mother went to meet her daughter.

Sister Loubris never was strong and well after that, but she bore her sufferings cheerfully, being sustained by the unstinted, loving care of her family.

The funeral took place on Sunday, the 13th, Mrs. N. J. Willis, of the Spiritual Temple, officiating. Her invocation and remarks were very touching and full of comfort for the bereaved family. She bade them to look upward and see the wife and mother reunited to the three children who had preceded her.—J. L.

Kindly Comments.

Kindly Comments.

Kindly Comments.

Kindly Comments.

Kindly Comments.

The First Spiritualist Society of Mariboro, Mass., is most deserving of a word of commendation for its earnest and well directed efforts in behalf of the cause of the religion of Spiritualism.

Mr. George Morse, a retired business man of Mariboro, is the president and is most ably assisted in his work by many competent workers. This society engages none but the Education must be free for all, and free

sweep the Bible from the public school, and let us have no praying there. Let the Sunday schools, the churches and the parents teach what religion is needed. I do not want to force my religion on the children of a Jaw or a Catholic, any more than I should like to have my child obliged to be taught the Roman Catholic doctrines. Neither method is right, and so I say, take the Bible out of the public schools." Spiritualists and liberal thinkers everywhere will be interested in the declaration made by the pastor named above and which was reproduced by the city press the following morning. With the tides of spiritual thought now sweeping through the world, and our increased knowledge regarding the wonderful facts pertaining to man's life, physical, mental and psychical, and also of his deeper and larger relations to the seen and the unseen realms of being, the public school is not the place in which to continue the teachings of creeds now almost obsolete, of a theogony and cosmogony out of harmony with science on'the one hand, and the demonstrated facts of Spiritualism upon the other hand.

Our good brother is to be commended for hils outspokenness in favor of undenomina.

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of

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Here in the noise and dia,
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 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.)

(Reproduced from "Light," London.)

"The common people were able to share with the sages in the counsels of men and the counsels 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 worshipers."—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

"On the dissolution of the body, after death, the ill-doer is reborn into some unhappy state of suffering or anguish... The welldoer is reborn into some happy state in the free spirit-world."—The Buddah, "The Book of the Great Decease." 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 "So we see death exempts not a man from

being, but only presents an alteration."—Ba-con, "On Death."
"There probably never was a righteous soul

"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 the 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 basis."—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."

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 real forms of religion known to history and

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 literatures of every race and time attest this 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 worshiped in religion and reverenced in philosophy. All such minds are practically,

now worshiped in religion and reverenced in philosophy. All such minds are practically, purely, and at first-hand, Spiritualist. Around and beneath these central figures are grouped a more numerous company of great-minds who follow the teaching of the great-est, 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 denials and the short and insignificant excur-

denials 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 Annihila-

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

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 need-

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 Makomet, 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, explaned. 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.

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 correspondent 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

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 fountainheads of the literatures of these areas—might be printed in three parallel columns, disclosing needs of the interactives of these areas—inght 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 everpassionately 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 "rev 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

"So that men, thus at variance with the truth Dream, though their eyes be open; reckless

of error; others well aware they err, 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, 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, he has 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 their guard against the class of people we lepends. 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 arise in him is, sometimes 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 as men within my own personal relation, of whom I can speak with authority. Of them

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

through the same process myself; and I rec-ognize 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.

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. Froude, 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 fine years since) that an appearance, even with as that of Christ, to himself, would be regarded by him as hallucination and disease, has since (three or four years since) told me of 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 Dor'd Tennyson, Poet Laureate, was chirely and practically Spiritualist. His poetry, in his middle period, is, 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 alemoriam." 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; o there are certain restrictions upon the rela-tions of Tennyson 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 Spir-itualists, better?

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 obstacles arise in a cordon of men who find their interest in acting as intermediaries. Who are these interlopers?

genius and the people obstacles arise in a cordon 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. Judas is their archetype. It is seen, even in our day and hour, that such men as Ruskin, Morris, Tolstoy, Wallace, Tennyson, only reach their public with difficulty, and over the hodies 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 effort makes new values in response to milus. Books about it all can be sold; people can be gathered into political parties, churches and societies, and their pence 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 in the Holy Spirit.

The culmination is, that a man of genius must unmask and repudiate those who trade in the Holy Spirit.

The culmination is, that a man of genius must unmask and repudiate those who trade in the Holy Spirit.

It behoves, 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 peo-ple can be easily known, as by the following

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.

* They talk of people's characters, instead

4. They talk of people's character, 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 scholor not, who are not versed in the Spirit-Scriptures, ancient and modern people of bad scholarship and no philosophy; much-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 doubts and darkness of "the valley of the shadow of death."

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 revidence 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 Bellef. 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 follies of the mind, as with the weeds of the field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place where they grow, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

—Dean Swift.

The Beauty Within.

Suste C. Clark.

There is something about the personality of Socrates, uncouth, bristling with idiosyncracies, and first 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

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 skilful 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 merely, his true health must come from the spiritual plane, whence through the men-How can we become beautiful within? By

clay merely, 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 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 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 generically one with that omnipresent, everabiding Omnipotence. Then how can we fail 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 unfailing 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

soul, could realize how omipotent it can be-come, '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 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 momently by an inexhaustible fulness of strength, of peace and wholeness, which is what health means, a whole reflection of the Divine image and likeness, that beauty which lies latent within.

beauty which lies latent within.

But while these external temples of the goul 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 imhealth 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, the impulsion indulgence of negularon or

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 attunement to the agitated vi-brations 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 mentality 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 be-come a tuning-fork to raise the thought-life of others to a higher, truer pitch. As Phillips Brooks once said: "A thought pro-voked is worth ten thoughts imparted." The highest office the incarnate soul can serve is cyclones, its attunement to the agitated vihighest 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 eageriy 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 selfiessness. 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-reachings 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 revealment, its capacity for power, the diversity of its gifts, its kingly 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 ope of the divins 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 hollness.

"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,

quires 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 sub-

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 "Suggestional Suggestibility," the author says (p. 108): "A good deal of unnecessary alarm is current among persons not understanding the nature of 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 nervecentres containing time are undeveloped cannot be made to sing in the psychic or hypnotic state; a person who detests deceit and dishonesty cannot be made to lie or steal. In short, what would be impossible in the abnormal state is equally impossible in the abnormal state is equally impossible in the abnormal state." While we should like to substitute extranormal for "abnormal" to relieve the phrase of all pathological suggestion, we know that Dr. Sahler's statement is correct. Chapter

concerning the beneficent practice of sugges-tion.

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 pic-tures which are well known even to chil-

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 dishanded each sol-dier was presented with a loaf of black bread, which he stuck on the top of his bayonet and then shouldered his rifle.

onet 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 flour-ished 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 bets 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

or them want to 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 stays at last. There is no grief, however deep and teary, But yields to smiles, when past.

The griefs which slay us when, with sadness We weep and wall and cry with angulah 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, think it God's 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.

GOODBYE, SWEETHBART.

Goodbye, Sweetheart!

I leave thee with the lovellest things
That beauty-burdened Springtime brings.
The anemone in snowy.hood,
The sweet arbuius in the wood;
And to the smiling skies above
I say, "bend brightly o'er my love";
And to the perfume-breathing breeze
I sigh, "Sing softest symphonies."
O, lute-like leaves of laden trees
Bear all your sweet refrain to him
While in the June time twilights dim
He thinks of me, as I of him,
And so, goodbye, Sweetheart.

Goodbye, Sweetheart!
I leave thee with all purest things,
That when some fair temptation sings
Its luring song, though sore beset,
Thou'lt stronger be. Then no regret,
Life long, will follow after thee.
With touches lighter than the air,
I kiss thy forehead, brave and fair,
And say to God this last, deep prayer:
"Oh, guard him always, night and day,
So from thy peace he shalt not stray,"
And so, goodbye, Sweetheart.

Goodbye, Sweetheart, we seem to part: Yet still within my inmost heart
Thou goest with me. Still my place
I hold in thine by love's dear grace;
Yet all my life seems going out
'As slow I turn my face about.
To go alone another way.—
To be alone till life's last day.
Unless thy smile can light my way.
Goodbye, Sweetheart. The dreaded dawn
That tells our love's long tryst is gone
Is purpling all the pallid sky,
'As low I sigh, Sweetheart, goodbye.
—Mary Clemmer. -Mary Clemmer.

Spiritualists, Everywhere.

One of the life-giving joys of the Spiritualist who holds his Spiritualism as a religion, and not as mere series of phenomena, is not and cannot be shared by those of any other faith. It is this: the new meaning given by the light of spiritualistic belief to all peetry, all literature. The Bible, far from being rejected or read mechanically to see how often the word spirit occurs, takes on new meaning and the teachings of Jesus shine with a new light. No theological discussions of antiquated schoolmen affect the modern Spiritualist. No mind-distracting theories to make this miracle or that parable "stand pat" with common sense; none of this for the true Spiritualist, all clears up in the light of his new faith.

Poetry, too, is full of this trust which is as all-pervading as the air, and which turns to music every truth of literature as the breezes music every truth of literature as the breezes of nature transform the tree tops into God's instrumental orchestra. So as we read the inspired poem. we, as Spiritualists, learn what perchance the poet himself little knew—that he is one of our ilk and worships with the same faith as that which breathes in us. Tennyson has never been reckoned a Spiritualist, yet the religion of Spiritualism speaks through the late poet-laureate in the followign lines unmistakably.

"The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man, And the man said 'Am I your debtor?' And the Lord—'Not yet; but make it as clean as you can, And then I will let you a better.'

"I have climbed to the snows of age and I gaze at the field of the past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher."

Here we see our idea of a man, a soul with its enveloping garment of a body, making clean and ever cleaner, this garment as a more fitting clothing for the soul until God shall give the man a spiritual body, as taught by Paul. And when at last, after struggles with varying success and failure—failure in the sloughs, and success at the last on the heights—man stands not in the valley of the shadow of death but on the heights of his life ready to go to the Promised Land, then with his spiritual vision quickened he gazes beyond those heights bpon the heights that are higher, and obtains a glimpse, all his soul can endure until "this mortil shall put on immortality," a glimpse of those lands of pure delight which, unlike Moses gazing with longing vision upon the Promised Land, is about to be opened to him. Dr. Minot J. Savage in his recent tribute to Rev. Robert Collyer on his eightieth birthday, with that eloquence whish needs but one step further to become the highest, spoke as follows: "I know his life has grown a little lonely. Some of those who stood nearest to him and whom he clasped to his heart with infinite tenderness have faded into the unseen; but he and I and all of us know that they are not lost. He knows it, he believes it; and his pathway in the streets is not walked without companionship. The invisible forms of those he tenderly loves and expects by and by to see again, walk by his side. They keep him company in his room; they visit him in the dreams of his sleeping hours," and he might have added they yearn and long to speak to him the loving "All's well" as much as he longs and yearns to hear it. We know that. Dr. Savage knows that. That great loving heart of Collyer, who has made the world better for his having been born, without doubt, believes that too. What sort of a wife or daughter is that who as soon as her soul has dropped its garments of body, seeks some far distant abode of the blest and leaves to weep in silent-sorox. and uncomforted louellness the old which head which but a moment befo

May we not then say to Dr. Savage, "Physician, heal thyself." Why does he, who once wore that title and thereby gained the honor and power for usefulness that he now exercises, not stand up and be counted for the truth that is in him? If he gained influence for good once by heresy, would not his influence grow still more perfect by another dose of heresy? Why does he faiter to proclaim himself a Spiritualist? It may be said he is almost, never quite, eloquent. Let his heart speak and not his mouth and then see the pearls of perfection which his now quiescent genius would distil. Is his heart now at its best?

"Not yet; but make it as clean as you

"Not yet; but make it as clean as you can and then I will let you a better."

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SO SOON.

William Brunton.

It is so short a way to go—
From youth to age and on,
The moments melt like snow;
The hours as flowers are gone!

The oldest live but like a day, Their journey is so brief; The summer roses pass away, Our life a white-rose leaf!

Yet human hearts deny dark death, Deny that soul is dust, and with their latest breath— In life eternal trust!

Man alone can give God expression. There can be no God apart from man, and there can be no man apart from God. The two are one. The world has done little else than quibble over the ideas of God. Life has ever been a religious "'Tis and 'tisn't affair." What man has the least of and what he is in most need of is common sense. There is too little of God in life, too much of this "Ism" and of that "Sim"; and of this "Ology" and of that "Glogy"; but every ism and ology must go, from Darwinism to Spiritualism, and from Physiology to Doxology. Man is magnificently versed in things that are not so, but how palpably ignorant is he of the facts of his own being! The God elements in man must become embodied by man or else they are useless to man. That which we cannot use is of no use to us. The very moment we can employ the God elements to better our own conditions that moment we begin to be the image and the likeness of God—the incarnation of the divine forces. Where God and man are one, the Christ is the result.—F. E Mason, in Dominion.

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CONTENTS.

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MEDIUM, MAS MINNIE M SOULE.

Invecation.

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 helghts 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 ofttimes becomes acquainted with God. And so as 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. cess which alone comes from doing one's duty, prayerfully, faithfully and carefully.

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 plercing. He has a very dignified bearing and seems to be very earnest and intent on his mission, and so anxious to reach the 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 these earnest lives striving to do what 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 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 we one has any particular distress that I neer 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

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. obligations which he has put upon miner. 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 stort, and one of those active almost nervous sort of women. She seems to be always do-ing 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 and she says work can become a habit just as much as laziness. Her name is Caroline Abbott. She says, "I am from Hartford. It has 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 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 mán who come 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 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. 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

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 Grever.

There is a woman, very weak indeed. She looks as theagh she just died inch by inch till 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 all right that they should be taken. My little Winnie is so sensitive I sometimes wish I had her with me, but I cannot 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 neonle back here on the earth. 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 the days I had. I 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, 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 tears and give a more healthy atmosphere. Now, you people are doing all you can to establish conditions, and you have no idea of the amount of good you are accomplishing. So I say; God speed in your work, and I will see if there is some one I can send who needs the help more than I do."

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE M. SOULE.

To My Little Friends Everywhere.

My Dear Little Friends:-

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 yourselves again and again and think, when you say it, of some way you may 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 possible. 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 lovable 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

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 Hattle. My was much interested in a story Mrs. Livermore thing I want most is to get to Hattle. My made the left 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 had to have it go, 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. Not might almost feel when you look at her that she could not stand the shocks of life. She says, her mame 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 often go with him. I have been to church with him lately. I came over here thought this lime and the shocks of introduced the continuation of the continuation of

Some of you who have so many dollies 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 see 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 carefully away to keep always. Remember, then, that anything which you can share and do share with another increases the joy in the world today than was in the world yesterday is better than be able to have the prettiest dress or the limit 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 fell you about them next week. Always with love.

Your friend,

Minnie M. Soule.

Friday, Dec. 18, 1903.

Friday, Dec. 18, 1903.

LOVE AND GIVE.

What is the lesson you must know, Would you the fullest live? 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 Washing-ton, at his place at Abingdon, a few miles from Mount Vernon?" asked a tree lover, who 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 beligerent 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 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 noted from one end of the country to the

Language of Crows and Fowl.

"Of all the birds of the air," said the game of the Massachusetts Sportsmen's As-on, "I think crows are the greatest keeper of the Mas sociation, "I thin conversationalists."

sociation, "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 reconnoitre 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

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:

exhibited in Mechanics' building next and 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

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 lameness 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 cluck. The note this time differs from that given when she saw you, 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 so lings 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."

An Arctic Baby.

The Arctic ocean doesn't seem to be the most delectable 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 babbies in the arctic region, but not so, far north as this and besides, this was a white baby.

Herschel island is off the morth 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. long night comes.

THE PARTING KISS.

Kiss me once more! Also 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 rapture, deep and true Convey to me which through all time shall

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 -Wm. E. S. Fales.

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sensational figures.

sensational figures."

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