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SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Sunshine and shadow went forth in the morn,
And swept with swift wings past dawn that was born
To melt into day,
Till twilight's song to the night
Hushed them all out of sight
To dream—till the morrow.
In the swift silent quest from soft dawn to dusk eve,
Not one golden moment did sunshine dare leave
Shadow alone to wander.
For grim webs she would weave
O'er which hearts would grieve
To death—on the morrow.
In the homes of the rich found they doors wrought of gold
And windows of crystal, and within
World sought treasures:
Sunshine gleamed o'er rare jewels;
Shadow chased scandal spells
To light—on the morrow.
In the homes of the poor found they measures of toll
Fulfilled with contentment
To still toll on:
Sunshine smiled with a sigh:
Shadow whispered—"I'll fly
To return—on the morrow.
In the haunts of the lost, found they grim powers of might
Gaming, red vice and soft luring light
That kills the transgressor:
Sunshine dimmed with a frown:
Shadow damned them a down
To hell—on the morrow.
In Love's Paradise Life's bowl heaped to the brim
With roses of varied hues, laughter, rhyming and song:
Were sung for only two.
Sunshine gleamed golden glory,
Shadow beguiled the old story
To waive—on the morrow.
To the soul's silent abode
They found no pathway for the soul in its fullness
None knew to stray from its own invisible Isle,
Unto its own sunshine it clove,
Into its shadow it wove
Immortal—tomorrow.

Is Obsession "Demoniacal"?

Susie C. Clark.

There is perhaps no public worker on this terrestrial globe today, to whom so many people, in search of Truth, are indebted for help and instruction for able solutions of vexing problems, for light and guidance on uncertain paths, as to Mr. W. J. Colville. The question has perhaps never yet been evolved in the human brain that he has not answered, analyzed, dissected, illustrated, and elucidated to the profound satisfaction of the inquirer. His magnificent brain has become such a facile transmitter of inspired wisdom, that still the wonder grows, that one small head can carry all he knows. His habit too, of speaking twenty-one times a week, year in and year out (of course, without fatigue), his voluminous writings, as well as the peripatetic field of his ministry, limited only by the planet, has given him the opportunity of reaching a larger number of students than many teachers of twice his years. He is a universal propagandist of Truth, and all over the world his spiritual children rise up to call him blessed, and speak his name (as does the writer) with deepest appreciation and gratitude.

But audacious pupils sometimes "talk back," a freedom which Mr. Colville would be the last to check, as he would likewise be the first to disclaim infallibility for his own position. Experience after all, is the prince of teachers, and Mr. Colville still lacks the valuable, often painful experience to be gained in the field of practical healing. His recent broadside in the Progressive Thinker, of December 19th, on "Obsession," simply proves in its first sentence, that he knows nothing by experience of the subject which he attempts to treat so exhaustively. When the error of his first sentence is refuted, the remaining columns will require little attention.

He begins: "Obsession or demoniacal possession," as if these terms were synonymous, when there could be no graver mistake; and throughout his argument, as in his public utterances on this subject, his objection to this "hideous nightmare," this "detestable delusion," hinges always upon the baleful recognition of evil forces as operant in human life. This naturally is the basis of his refusal to admit the fact of obsession, for an abundantly proven fact, it certainly remains. But has not our modern Socrates been caught napping? Has he never heard of friendly, loving obsessions, where a pure heart, the supreme Good, the greatest thing in the world, is sole cause of such unwise overshadowing, and too close companionship, but which nevertheless leads to broken poise, depleted vitality, severe prostration, the open door to (so-called) disease of varied form?

May the writer relate her first case of obsession, her first discovery that such a thing was possible, which occurred eighteen years ago? It was that of a sweet young girl, of quite a dominant type of mind, who had lain ill for many months, one singular feature of her condition being, a sensation of great weight in her head, which made it difficult for her to raise it, or hold it erect. The strongest therapeutic suggestion which our esteemed

oracle claims as "the only sufficient remedy for these disorderly appearances" had proved ineffectual, "heroic mental treatment," magnetic manipulations, and all the resources of materia medica had been tried in vain.

On first being summoned to this case, we supposed that this distressing feature of her malady would speedily yield to the baptism of the Spirit, but strangely it did not. Every other discomfort of spine or limbs was removed, a condition of apparent health was evident, but the heaviness of the head remained obstinate. Therefore on the third day, we retired alone to receive impressions regarding this important need and immediately though the possibility of obsession was then undreamed, we were moved to ask the patient's mother, privately, if the girl had ever lost any dear friend by death. "No relative," she replied, "but there was a young man who has passed on whom she doubtless would have married had he lived, and all during his sickness he called for her, declaring with his last breath, that if he could only see her again, he should get well." What more natural then, that when released from his form, his spirit should seek the goal of his desire, the heaven he craved?

On next approaching the patient, we did not rudely drive this spirit from his anchorage, instead we called him to us, told him we appreciated his fidelity and devotion, but disclosed to him his error, in the fact that he was unconsciously afflicting one whom he longed to bless, we assured him of the privilege that would be his, later on, when he had grown in spiritual freedom and knowledge, to return and guard and guide her, but that he was in no condition for such service now, and must withdraw. We would help him to disentangle their blended auras, for the spirit needed such assistance as much as would the body caught in the spider's web. When we had finished (using more argument in this first case than later methods and unfolded power have made necessary), the patient suddenly exclaimed, "Why, how strange, just before you opened your eyes, something went whiz by my ear, and my heavy head is all gone."

This, O Socrates, was a genuine case of obsession and by its cure, a valuable life was raised to self-reliant usefulness and power. There was no "demon" in sight. The spirit was not "evil," and his mistake was the result and action of that pure law of attraction by which a loving soul sought to come in touch with its own. Some years later, and 3,000 miles distant from the environment of this case, this young man manifested himself through a stranger, giving his full name, and expressed the deepest gratitude to his healer for the release once granted him and the assistance rendered toward his progression, assuring her that she never could rightly understand or appreciate her own work, until she viewed it, as he did, from that side of life, and saw the once earth-bound spirits rejoicing in their freedom.

To this end the psychic healer must still work on, in this most unpopular, disesteemed field of obsession, that broad avenue of usefulness so emphasized by the Judean Master, and if, as our oracle asserts, "there is not a scrap of evidence" that he ever "cast out the spirits by his word" (though it seems rather late in the day to make the assertion), there is certainly such an abundance of proof that this beneficent work occurs in modern time, as to make earlier data unnecessary.

Diseases of the most acute type are frequently the reflection upon the patient of the malady under which the spirit passed out, the obsessor still holding it in his consciousness so clearly, that he casts it upon the mortal organism, as one's face is reflected in a mirror. A severe case of Bright's Disease could be cited, which had passed to the incurable stage, its hopelessness unmistakably proven by examination of secretions, and yet, when the aura of the diseased (though not "demoniacal") friend was detached from the patient, there was no disease left to treat, a result less "hideous" than his unnecessary demise would have been, through ignorance of his true condition; and the healer in this case was not "a man of strong hypnotic influence, whose towering psychic personality" we are told, best "dominates the situation." These cases are not manufactured ones to prove a theory, but genuine facts; and facts do not lie, nor conform themselves to individual opinions.

One more instance of this nature was that of a young woman whose mother had passed out with prolonged consumption, but after losing her form she by no means lost the deep seated consciousness of her painful malady. For months prior to her decease, she had been dependent for hourly service upon a beloved daughter, whose presence was the only heaven she craved. After transition, she still clung fondly, desperately to her devoted ministrant, her aura surrounded and enslaved her child, her diseased thoughts and beliefs cast the same reflection in the daughter's system, that had been demonstrated in her own. Soon, acute hemorrhages occurred, a severe cough, profuse expectoration, until the doctors pronounced one lung

entirely gone and the existence of a large cavity in the other. It was a very clear case of contagion through the inhaling of the bacteria of tuberculosis. Her prostration became so great that at last, three physicians in consultation, declared that she could not live five days. And yet, although this case was absent 300 miles away from the healer, it speedily yielded to intelligent spiritual treatment, and the patient must have breathed out a new lung, as does the lobster his lost claw, for she has had a sound pair of lungs for several years, and still enjoys perfect health. Yet this, O beloved teacher, was not a "demoniacal possession."

But obsessors are not always "of one's own household." They are more frequently strangers, wandering waifs, attracted by some quality of sweetness or strength, from which they can absorb the help they seek, perhaps drawn thither by some former tie of the soul, now forgotten. A singular case was one of arrested development in a child. She seemed healthy and strong, and yet having reached her fourth year, could not walk or talk, save in childish prattle, excepting at intervals, when she would sing in a clear voice, pronouncing the words perfectly of some early negro melody such as:

"Down in the cane break, close by the mill,
There lived a yellow girl, her name was Nancy Till."

followed by the "goo-goo" of baby guttural. During the singing moreover, her little hand was lifted high in the air, with the vigorous motion of a person shaking the "bones" of negro minstrelsy. How else could such a case be diagnosed, if one does not recognize the possibility of immortality for even a negro vocalist, and his persistent continuance in the atmosphere of earth, until mercifully released? This child had no "belief in evil spirits," had never unwisely attended a developing seance, and presumably had not been "the prey of such base emotions as revenge, jealousy or even fear," the proscribed causes leading to obsession.

There are "spirits in prison" awaiting emancipation at our hands. Being conscious only on this plane, their release must come from the realm to which they are most closely related, for they cannot receive or hear the "whining ones" who approach them and who will eventually instruct, uplift and lead them higher. We are immersed in a vast populous sea of spirit life. What more natural than that we should occasionally pick up an astral companion? But the soul that is strongly poised can not be unpleasantly effected thereby. It can give forth of its strength and assistance to help the wanderer on its way. Let no enlightened soul fear invisible attack. And obsession as a word, only means "attack"; it can never lead to "possession" except in a soul unpoised and unenlightened. There is no protection in ignorance of psychic laws. Knowledge is the only savior from any form of bondage.

It seems an inconsistent position for a Spiritualist who knows that he lives in the spirit world today, to deny that the aura of any incarnate soul can impinge too closely upon that of a mortal. Mental healers, who generally are not thus conscious of spiritual companionship, who do not as a rule, believe in spirits, "evil" or otherwise, instead of achieving "the best results in this field" as claimed, are notoriously incapable of reaching this need. The obsessor knows full well of whom he has nothing to fear, and also speedily recognizes his master and savior. Even professional medical science is now forced, though as yet sub rosa, to recognize unseen attack, that prominent specialist for nervous diseases Prof. Weir Mitchell, admitting that some of the "queer" cases brought to him can bear no other interpretation.

While likewise claiming the eventual sovereignty of Good as the supreme power in the universe, we cannot ignore at this stage of planetary or human evolution, the existence of ignorance, which is, according to Shakespeare "the one sin of the world." Multitudes of ignorant, even vicious personalities pass from this state of existence to the unseen realm, every hour. Chained by every appetite and impulse to the material plane, their only loss is that of the body which afforded them the opportunity of gratifying the pleasures they craved. Their first overpowering, desperate desire is to have a body to sway and use as of old, and whenever opportunity offers, the organism of some negative mortal is seized upon as an instrument of service. This is the law back of most obsessions, though types of this "delusion" (?) are multiform and diverse.

If also, we accept the testimony of such able philosophers as Paul and Swedenborg, we must admit that there are "principalities and powers of the air" whom, we are told by the latter teacher, often organize as would a band of brigands, with an acknowledged chief, and such as these sometimes endeavor to prevent the light of spiritual truth from being transmitted to the world.

The deadly vow also which the Jesuit takes on assuming his orders, while on earth, to destroy all heretics in this world or the next, holds him long in the silent land, as a con-

scious duty for this valiant service which he owes his holy church. Obsession is his chief weapon of attack. Many cases of mediumistic persecution are thus instigated, many pure spiritual workers are thus often frustrated in their attempts to voice higher messages of Truth. Multitudes of obsessions can be traced to such attempt of these misguided, undeveloped, ignorant spirits, who are thus conscientiously faithful to their vows. They have even been known in the past, to control sensitives to stoutly deny the possibility of obsession, to thus throw mortals off their guard, thereby rendering them easier prey.

But these poor spirits must likewise be reached sometime, with a higher revelation of Truth, and ours is the duty to not alone be superior to all attack, but also to be evangelists of strength and upliftment, of love and good will to every spirit in the bonds of ignorance or superstition; we should be towers of light to illumine and guide them, and an unfailing staff on whom every spiritual pauper or cripple, can safely, blessedly lean, until a higher anchorage is gained through realization of at-one-ment with the Omnipotent Good.

Expiatory Memorials.

The inscription on the memorial to Servetus, recently set up on the spot where the great freethinker was burned for heresy, 350 years ago, is from Professor Doumergue, the great historian of that Calvin who sanctioned Servetus's doom. It reads instructively: "We the grateful and pious sons of our great reformer Calvin, condemning an error which was that of his time, and being firmly attached to freedom of conscience, according to the true principles of the Reformation, have raised this expiatory monument."

Should the fine examples of the Geneva Calvinists be generally followed, says the New York Evening Post, no historic community could find space for its expiatory monuments. For the confession of error is one of the last graces that human nature acquires. And if the word peccavi sticks in the throat of the most generous individual, peccavimus is a word which organizations rarely learn to utter. Perceive error—yes; but avow it—the Geneva Calvinists and the French Academy, with the chair which Moliere should have filled, seem almost alone in that distinction.

It would be interesting to examine at length the causes of this moral cowardice in organized bodies—to seek the roots of the fallacy which makes individual apology comparatively frequent, but collective apology almost unheard of. These familiar facts seem to rest on two assumptions: first, that of the inflexibility of churches, nations, and the like; next, an even less creditable confidence in a sort of moral statute of limitations. A given church, state, party is never wrong, because its wrongdoings are forgotten before they are universally acknowledged. There is in this eminently practical point of view a mixture of spontaneous loyalty and of rather sordid expediency which, while dismaying the moralist, must ever be the delight of the casuist.

"But," an enthusiast might say, "this is sheer chop logic. Expiation is the commonest thing in the world. Does not each age add to the stock of acknowledged and labeled error? Do we not constantly, in the light of history, condemn the mistakes of our own predecessors? Have we not universally inward grace of which an expiatory memorial is merely an outward and a quite superfluous sign?" Softly, friend. Expiation usually means condemnation of the sins not of our own but of another faction. Is St. Bartholomew's Eve expiated because, forsooth, the Protestants of all ages have fulminated at that unholy deed? Is the foolish panic of the Titus Oates popish plot expiated because the Roman Church admits the melancholy error into which a Protestant state fell? We do not hear that the Holy Inquisition has decreed a memorial to its countless victims, nor that the new South intends to erect a monument to Garrison.

The merit of an expiatory memorial depends upon the hands that set it up. It is nothing that citizens of the world should denounce the errors of ancestors whose doctrine they have finally cast off. Members of the New England Society may without compunction contribute to a permanent gibbet at Salem. It requires some heroism, however, for the Calvinists of Geneva to commemorate their founder's most deplorable error, for Servetus was unquestionably a heretic and his heresy is today as detestable to good Presbyterians as it ever was. A certain moral courage was necessary, then, to recall the wrongful persecution done in the name of an immutable right faith.

Finally, one may fairly maintain that organizations have less occasion than individuals for searching of spirit and confession of past delinquencies. The collective conscience is at best weak, and the pressure is strong upon organized bodies to act at the expense of deliberation. Such apology is incomplete. These very facts only bestow double credit

upon any company that sets itself boldly to the work of making good its old offences. Moliere's chair under the dome of the Institute and the Servetus memorial are landmarks of the advance of toleration. But for many years to come such honorable expiation will be exceptional and corporate offenders will prefer to making amends the privilege of winking at the times of their own ignorance.

Something to Ponder Upon.

The justifiability of "Self-slaughter," as Shakespeare calls suicide, has exercised the minds of men for ages. That a man may do as he will with his own may be true in regard to his property, but only up to a certain extent, may be sound logic. But society recognizes the necessity of a just and sane use of even our material possessions. None of us belong to ourselves alone, and while in the form we owe duties to others which, if honorably discharged in full, mean the living of our lives not only to their best, but to their natural limit also. Spiritualism has no countenance for suicide, which is not a door of escape from trouble, for the departed still retain that which caused their act when it is mental in character. Mind survives physical dissolution and neither mind nor memory can be destroyed.

The topic is a wide one, the facts not always accessible, but as far as they go the following records are not without significance.

Prof. Bailey of New Haven, in studying suicides, reports 29,344 from 1897 to 1901, more men suiciding than women. His tables show that the most popular suicide period is between thirty and forty years, followed closely by the period between twenty and thirty years. Nearly two-thirds of the suicides are found between the periods of twenty to fifty years.

It is found that the number of married suicides exceeds that of those who are single. This table shows the relative proportions:

	Total.	Males.	Females.
Singles	4,064	3,129	826
Married	4,807	3,817	990
Widowed	629	426	183
Divorced	198	137	52
Unknown	263	202	63

Shooting is found to be the favorite method of suicide, followed closely by poison.

The table summarizing the causes follows:

	Total.	Males.	Females.
Drowning	800	490	310
Shooting	3,247	2,980	267
Poison	2,760	1,831	919
Cutting	810	695	115
Gas	666	466	200
Jumping	473	350	123
Hanging	952	750	202
Miscellaneous	302	219	83

Despondency is the leading motive, claiming about 20 per cent. of the victims. Business losses, ill-health, and insanity follow in order, with about 13 per cent. each, disappointment in love coming next. Suicide on account of alcoholism is seventeen times as common among the males as the females, while from business losses the number is 13 to 1. Between the ages of twenty and thirty is reached the maximum of suicides from grief, chagrin, and being crossed in love. "Crossed in love!" there was no love about it. The young man looking at a powdered face, a low-necked gown, and a wasp-shaped waist, felt a few back-brain spasms in the region of amateness, and thought the heated twinge to be love! In a few months there is a marriage; in five years there are three children, such as they are, a sickly, nervous, fault-finding wife, a hard-worked, tobacco-pickled, disappointed husband, family jars and suspicions, followed by suicides or divorces. Here, drop the curtain.

In some oriental countries the parents select the life-long partners. Many concede the wisdom of this, giving their reasons. In some tribal countries marriage is a probationary contract. If all goes well for a year or two, they mutually agree to its permanency. If I were a novelist I would write a novel upon this subject of marriage and what comes of it in red ink on blue paper, and bind it in red calf.

Eternity is today and everybody is in it. No one knows when eternity was not.

Harmony and discord are in individuals as they are near or remote, at one or at variance, with the Infinite, The Father, Life, Intelligence, in every atom of the universe.

The completer individual, now and here, has the same heaven or hell in him as he will have in any future consciousness. The heaven of happiness is within, as is the hell of discord. This seems to be known as human beings sense the fact.

To be at one with the acting manifestation of the "Great Spirit," is to be inspired with a desire to grow and be fit to be in eternity now.

When thus inspired it will be for more complete self-control, better politics, an aim for a warless government, which will ever follow warless individuals.—Enterprise.

A ROSE.

Upon the grave there grows a rose,
It blooms with fragrance of white thought;
If dust can such pure love disclose,
What from our lives may not be wrought?

William Brunt.

Habit.

Wilson Fritch.

What you will be forty years from now depends chiefly upon the habits you form. I speak with the most confidence to the boys and girls on this subject because in youth habits are easily formed while in age it is almost impossible to break an old habit or to form a new one. The thing depends upon the pliability of the body. In childhood muscles, nerves and brains are tender; in age these are hard.

A man is like a telephone system. The nerves are the wires. The brain is the central station. The thing is to connect with the wire and number you want. You call up central and the doctor proceeds to take and dance it. His knife picks me and I jerk my hand away. But I reason that the doctor is curing my wound and I determine to hold my hand still in spite of the pain. I make a new connection in my brain. The report of the pain does not now send force to jerk the hand away, but force to hold it still. If that operation is repeated daily it becomes easier and easier to hold my hand still. A new habit contrary to nature is forming.

I touch a thorn with my hand, the feeling is telephoned to the brain and at once without thought force is set at work to remove the hand. The connection in the brain is made automatic by experience. I have a sore finger and the doctor proceeds to take and dance it. His knife picks me and I jerk my hand away. But I reason that the doctor is curing my wound and I determine to hold my hand still in spite of the pain. I make a new connection in my brain. The report of the pain does not now send force to jerk the hand away, but force to hold it still. If that operation is repeated daily it becomes easier and easier to hold my hand still. A new habit contrary to nature is forming.

I do not care to say much at this time about evil habits. You know how unforgotten persons of evil habits are. They are slaves of cruel masters. I would have you see the importance of not only keeping free from vice habits but of forming good habits.

The brain connections should be so formed by habit that all the ordinary acts of life are performed automatically. Not that you are to be mere machines, but that you may do as much as possible without thought that you may give your thought to higher phases of life.

In writing you had first to give your thought to the making of the letters, the spelling of words, the arrangement of words into sentences, the address of the letter you wanted to send to cousin Mary. Now all these details are matters of habit and you are free to think what you want to say to cousin Mary. The machinery of the body does the mechanical work. You simply desire to write something and your fingers move the pen correctly. In childhood you stood blocks in a row and tipped the first against the second to see the whole row go down. When you are correctly trained all you need to do in the ordinary acts of life is to tip the first block and the whole process desired performs itself, while you proceed to think of something else.

President Woodrow Wilson, one of the magnificent men of America, spoke before the alumni of Brown University about Patriotism. He seemed to speak so easily without reference to any notes. The words appeared to come without any effort. He seemed thoroughly at home with his theme. We can understand this when we know that he wrote one of the best histories of the American people. The subject was familiar to him. He had no difficulty in finding words. They came without conscious effort. As he stood there, what did he think about? Not about words. He did not even think how he ought to make his sentences or how they ought to be arranged. I suppose he stood with his heart enthused with the glory, the greatness, the needs of his country, and his thoughts flowed out in spoken words. That beautiful address was possible only because of the habits he had formed in the right use of words. He was at home with the subject, as we say, and all the minor things had become second nature to him. To anyone who had never attempted such a feat as that, it doubtless looked to be an easy thing for him to stand up there and talk. He made no conscious effort, but I repeat he could do that only because he had formed habits by which he unconsciously manipulated all these minor things.

A few years ago it was also my good fortune to hear Paderewski play the piano in Symphony hall. At the beginning you must centre your thoughts very thoroughly upon the keys and upon your fingers. But what do you suppose Paderewski, as he delighted that audience of thousands of people, thought?

At the close of his concert, his thoughts flowed out in spoken words. That beautiful address was possible only because of the habits he had formed in the right use of words. He was at home with the subject, as we say, and all the minor things had become second nature to him. To anyone who had never attempted such a feat as that, it doubtless looked to be an easy thing for him to stand up there and talk. He made no conscious effort, but I repeat he could do that only because he had formed habits by which he unconsciously manipulated all these minor things.

This man had mastered the technique of piano playing. All of the little things about keys and fingers and the primary ideas of musical notation had become habit with him and because they had become second nature to him, he did not have to put any thought upon them and was free to dwell upon the musical ideas. He evidently felt something within his soul which he was trying to express and because he succeeded in expressing it so well, he entranced that multitude of people.

You cannot become powerful in any department of life without forming habits, so that you may settle your mind upon the great things. These little things you cannot ignore. They must become second nature to you before you can move on.

Take a business man for instance. He is free to consider larger interests of his business simply because he has mastered the details. He doesn't have to trouble himself about them. He gives his mind to the great enterprise in which he is engaged. We are in the habit of saying that things become second nature to us by practice. Cromwell said habit was not second nature only, but ten times nature. In forming the right kind of habits we multiply our powers ten fold. Being master of these things one can be master of greater things. Habit is nature ten fold.

By mastering ourselves, our bodies, the manipulation of our brain, by cultivating habits by which we can do the common things of life without thought, we call into our service ten thousand fairies. We say to this fairy go and do this errand and to that fairy go and do that errand. We become as powerful as if we were suddenly changed into a thousand different individuals, each acting out a certain nature that it strives to realize.

Of course the great thing is to form the habit of seeing and appreciating the really beautiful and good things in life. We are governed mostly by our tastes. I think, as far as moral things are concerned. The boy that has formed bad habits lives a certain kind of life. He seems to find enjoyment in questionable habit. The boy who has formed good habits, or in other words has done things of

good taste, finds his enjoyment on a higher plane of life.

The first great thing in life is to form a good taste. The habit of seeing the beautiful things, appreciating and loving beautiful things. I want to speak of some particular habits that will be helpful to us. I want to be practical, to speak about things whose value you can see now in your childhood. One of the habits that is most useful in life, after the habit of good taste is that of order, having a place for everything and putting everything in its place. We find persons complaining that they are so busy, they have so much to do, they cannot find time to do a certain thing. What do they do so much more than others? In the majority of instances, such persons do not nearly as much as others; but they never formed the habit of order. They don't know where their things are. In the morning when they get up, the young people especially—and I am sorry to say some people who are not young—will call upon some other member of the family, asking where their garments are. It is not a dreadful thing when I say that we should form such a habit that when we go to bed at night and remember that our shoes are not in their place we should get up and put them where they belong. It is a person who has order in his life who begins somewhere and ends somewhere. He also finds time to do anything that you ask of him. The habit of orderliness has an effect upon your mind which leads to clearness of thinking and logical thinking is only clear thinking.

The next habit I would mention is promptness. It follows orderliness in its importance. It is said that Napoleon Bonaparte always kept his watch fifteen minutes ahead of time that he might never be late. It is a very good habit to form. There are people who would be very much ashamed if they failed to pay a dollar they owed, who are not at all ashamed to be ten or fifteen minutes late in meeting an appointment. So if one who does not try to pay money he owes, is stealing, then one who is being late robs another, perhaps a dozen others of ten or more minutes time is also stealing.

We ought to remember this—to be prompt always, never to be late. Dr. Deeme, for many years pastor of the church of Strangers in New York, was to offer prayer at the corner stone laying of a public building. It was time to begin the services but the doctor was not present. Some were anxious. But a friend said, "Go ahead, when the time comes to make the prayer Dr. Deeme will be in his place or he is dead."

When the time for the prayer came Dr. Deeme was ready. When you have made an engagement let nothing less than death make you let it go by default.

Another habit you should form early is the habit of thoroughness, doing things the best we possibly can. If anything is worth doing at all, it is worth our best effort always. It is demoralizing to do anything less than the best we can do it. You remember the incident of Booker T. Washington, a colored boy who made his way to the school in Virginia that was open for colored people at Hampton. He looked so much that the lady teacher doubted whether they could make anything of him. She was neat, had been accustomed to things clean and sweet and she did not think it worth while to take such a boy into their school; but she concluded to try him, and you may remember she told him to sweep the school room floor. Then she went out and left him to do his work. It seems the sweeping was very thoroughly done so far as the floor was concerned, but to be quite sure he had done the work very thoroughly, the teacher took out her handkerchief and wiped the window sill. She found it clean also, and the verdict was that a boy who could do anything so thoroughly was worthy to take into the school.

Why did that lady put so much emphasis upon sweeping? Simply because this was a test. The boy who would sweep the room so clean would do everything with the same thoroughness and would count in the world.

Then first of all we should cultivate the habit of order, second promptness and third thoroughness. Then we have the larger ideas—forming the habit of looking upon all sides of things that not only appeals to you but to the persons who think differently than yourself—looking on all sides, and then saying just the truth about all things, nothing more than the truth and nothing less than the truth. Try to state things just as they are, and then act in accordance with the light as near as you can see it, this great idea of justice.

Closely associated with this, the idea of love, of seeing the good and dwelling upon the good, of being kind to all people. It seems to me here we are coming close to God. We are somewhat like God, as Shakespeare has said, even in our bodily actions. We are more like him in our intellect, but most of all like God in the love of our hearts—wishing nobody ill, but everybody well, and enlisting our energies so as to help others as well as to help ourselves.

It is the crowning glory to be good to all, to be patient, to be kind without ceasing, always trying to help and see that in no instance we hinder. These ought to become habits so that we exercise ourselves in this way without having to think about it. They become our real nature, not the second nature only, but our real nature, our nature in its fulness.

The first thing is to determine that you will become so. The great Goethe said when people complain that they have to do as hard, tell them to blow on their hands then they can do it. Just make up your mind that you will do it. Having determined upon the formation of a habit that will help you, the next thing is never to allow an exception. You must keep to the path—not in this instance or any other instance turn aside from it. Hold yourself to it day by day. In this way we can get strength out of weakness and greatness out of limitation. In closing, this thought comes to me from the life of Jesus Christ—to do every day just a little more than is required. If you are told by your mother to sweep the kitchen, do that and sweep the back hall too. If you are expected to learn a certain number of words in school, learn a few more also. If you are expected to do a deed of kindness, just add a little to it. So that your life will overflow with goodness. The thing that has come from the character of Jesus that has so wonderfully blessed the world was just this—the overflow of his goodness. Not only was the cup of his life full, but it was running over, and it filled the world with its helpfulness, its kindness and its love.

Psychical Experiences of an Evangelist.

(Concluded.)

My wife took my left hand in her right and we ascended into the mansion. I saw a lovely hall and entrance, with columns all around, and golden damask hanging from ceiling to floor. We ascended a grand, massive stairway, which wound around most artistically, and at each turn there were four arches with damask hanging over them. There were no doors in this city, at least I saw none after leaving the ante-room.

After ascending to an immense height we turned to the right into an apartment and my wife left me, at least I did not see her any more. The apartment was about twenty feet square and twenty feet high, everything was equal and beautiful, so pure and clean. I advanced about six feet and halted in amazement. The side from which I had entered was

of solid golden damask spotted and flecked with bronze from floor to ceiling, except where I entered, which was like the opening to a tent. There was a column in each corner and one in the centre of each side; on my left was solid damask from floor to ceiling, the same in front, while on my right the damask was caught back like curtains in large windows, showing at least one-third open view. There were six spirals of just ones made perfect in this apartment, but the glorious view claimed my attention first. I could see many miles of beautiful mansions, higher at hand than in the distance, where they were more like elegant superb residences in our large cities on earth, with magnificent trees and verdure all around them. That ethereal light, and lovely mansions of all shapes and colors, so much more beautiful than here on earth! I should say there were millions of them.

I looked around the apartment and the first living soul I noticed was a lady with light hair, large blue eyes, light complexion, sitting on a sofa, or something like one, near the balcony. She looked at me with a welcome look, full of love, as though she knew me. Her face looked familiar, but I did not know her. The one that sat next to her on this beautiful sofa was my Aunt Ann McDonald. (My mother passed from this world when I was nine weeks old.) This aunt nursed me when a baby, cared for me when a youth, lived with me in Chicago, and passed over about nine years before that time. She left this earth at the age of seventy-two, her hair was striped with gray, her cheeks were wrinkled, her eyes sunken, but up there her face was radiant, full and plump, and her eyes were filled with love and joy. The stripes of gray looked so beautiful in her hair, and it was combed just as she used to comb it here on earth. She did not see me.

Standing in front of Aunt Ann and facing her was one that I would have known by her voice had I not seen her face and form. They were singing the same song that those in the procession were singing. I tried again to understand it, but could not catch the words nor the tune, if I did, I have not remembered them. This woman was my oldest sister, she was the wife of John V. Ham, Crown Officer at Whitby, Ontario, and was a great church singer. O Mary, you are happier there! Her voice rang out clear, sweeter, and more beautiful than when on earth. Neither did she seem to see me.

Next to Mary, nearer to me and facing the light-haired woman, was a small woman, slim, and of perfect form, like a girl, with very luxuriant dark hair, which hung down her back loosely and very long, large blue eyes with a tinge of gray, regular features, fair complexion, and not more than five feet, one or two inches, she looked very much like my Aunt Abby Crosby, of Whitby, Ontario, but more beautiful. I knew it was my mother. You ask me how I knew her, and can only answer that I do not know, unless in that future land "we know as we are known," though sometimes it seems to me a voice said, "You mother." How I do love her since I saw her here! She did not seem to see me.

To the left and in front of me stood a grand old man, with gray hair combed straight back, about five feet, nine inches tall, broad shoulders, Roman nose, exceedingly heavy eyes—such a beautiful pure blue, and so filled with love. He had such a commanding look as he stood with his arms folded across his breast. A voice said, "Your grandfather." I knew it was William Jenkins, a noted Presbyterian minister of Ontario, who passed over long before I was born. Neither did he seem to see me. Of these last two there are no pictures nor anything by which I could have known them; yet my Uncle William Jenkins says that I could not have given a better description of them had I seen them on earth, and he knows that I could not have seen my grandfather, nor could I have remembered my dear little mother.

Now all the souls in this apartment so far described were dressed in those fine white raiments, white with a tinge of gold, which fitted their forms perfectly; except one, who stood directly in front and facing me, not over six feet distant. It was my own father, whom I knew well. He was clothed in the full suit of a Presbyterian minister, even to the white necktie. It seemed hard for him to see me at first, though a glance of joy sprang from his radiant face and love-lit eyes, as he saw my head and shoulders; but as his glance passed downward on my form a sad and disappointed look came into his eyes, and his voice so sad and mournful said, "My son, here with solid raiments." I now looked at myself again, my left limb was to the front, I was clothed with the same raiment, and with the same spots on them, as I had on when talking to my wife in front of this glorious and grand mansion.

I feel as though condemnation rested upon me, for these spots on my raiment were the only evidences of impurity I had seen in that land of purity and love. I looked out of the opening on my right, looking over the heavenly city again, then turned and looked at Papa. He stood with his hands clasped and eyes turned upwards, as in supplication, and I felt myself borne away.

The first I knew was in the shell we call body, but it was cold and stiff for some time and I could not move at all. I heard the mosquitoes humming around me thick, but none bit me. A clammy, cold perspiration was all over me. The first movement I can remember was with the first and second fingers of my right hand, and then I was singing "Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Now let me speak of the light up there. It was one golden effulgency, and was just as light in the stairway and apartments as in the park, street, or balcony, and there was no sun, moon, nor stars. It seemed to be food and drink, and filled me with such supreme joy and glory. Oh, how I long to go there again!

It was just breaking day when I became conscious of being in my earthly tabernacle. In one hour I was almost as well as ever physically, and glory filled my spirit, soul, and shell, and has to this day. I am a changed man in many ways, and how I adore our Heavenly Father, His Son, Jesus, and the Holy Spirit. Never go I to sleep without saying, "Jesus, Master, Friend, and Elder Brother, I am thine, spirit, soul and body, thine to do with as Thou wilt, but I pray Thee through grace bring Thy servant again to that Land of Glory, purity and love, again to home, and home to stay." And I often say this each day as I pass along through this vale where those that have passed over in Jesus' love live. Our home, if born again, our Master's kingdom. I was there, and I know it.

APPEARING TO OTHERS IN THE LIVING SOUL.

About one o'clock in the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, 1899, I drove in to the town of Dunnellon, Florida, U.S.A., left my horse and buggy at the livery barn and started to the hotel, and as I was passing down the front of my house I saw Mr. C. W. Rosh, who was and is one of the leading merchants of that place. I am personally acquainted with his father, Rev. C. W. Rosh, of Jackson, Florida, also his mother, and both are good Christians. As I was passing Charlie, I felt the Spirit prompt me, and turning, extended my hand to him, and as we clasped hands, said in a friendly way, "How is it, Charlie, your father and

mother are such good workers for Christ, and you are doing nothing for Him in this town so spiritually dead." He laughed at me, and I passed on. I saw him again in the evening, standing on the porch of the hotel as I was going in, but I did not speak to him.

The first I knew, I was standing by Charlie's bed. He said afterward it was about two o'clock in the morning. I was clothed, in white raiment—white with a tinge of gold, the same as I had on in that Land of Glory, though with no spots on it, my arms folded across my breast, talking to him. He was partially raised up in bed, looking very scared. I became more earnest in my conversation and was holding out my right hand to him, with two fingers pointing at him, and coming nearer he raised up in bed and struck at me. I then turned and walked through a solid wall. Upon entering my body or earthly shell, I woke up immediately and my first thoughts were, "What a natural dream that was! How natural Charlie looked, and how scared, but my walking through a wall. How ridiculous!" (This was before I had read or studied any scientific works.)

I went to sleep again and upon awaking in the morning about seven o'clock, the first thing I thought of was, "What a peculiar dream, and how natural Charlie looked, how real and scared," but when I thought of going through the wall I laughed, still felt fuller of the Spirit and happy. After breakfast I called on a number of persons on business, and about ten o'clock entered Charlie's store. He was waiting on a customer about the middle of the room, and when he saw me he started towards the rear and behind the counter. I followed him to speak to him, when he threw up his hands and said, "Don't you come near me." I advanced towards him when he cried out more intensely, "Don't you come near me," and seemed to be in perfect terror, when his brother touched me on the shoulder and said, "Don't pay any attention to him, Uncle Mc, he seems to be out of his head this morning." I turned and went out of the store, never thinking of what I then considered to be a dream.

After finishing up my business in Dunnellon and when about two miles out of town, the Holy Spirit spoke to me, so plainly, and said, "Thou preached to C. W. Rosh in the Spirit this morning." I felt a thrill of joy and glory pass through me and I knew it was true.

About seventy days afterwards I was in Dunnellon again, and as I entered Mr. Rosh's store he came towards me with both hands extended and catching hold of my hands, said, "You don't have to preach to me in the Spirit again, Uncle Mc. I am converted. Don't you see it?" His face was changed and radiant, eyes filled with love, and tears of joy running down his cheeks. And the joy and glory that passed through me and filled me. He is now a great worker for the Master. I love him as a son, and he loves me; but the best of all—we both adore Jesus.

A VISION.

On November 8, 1899, I was between Lake Butler and Lawley, and when near the Connor Bridge, west of Lawley, I felt as though I would prefer to spend the night in communion with our Heavenly Father and Master, which I have often done and especially since my visit to that land of light and glory, always carrying a small tent, two meals for myself and two feeds for my horse in the buggy when traveling. It was just about dark when I drove into the woods, tied my horse, fed him, and pitched my tent. All went as usual, and I was lying with my head bolstered up higher than I usually do. About one o'clock I suddenly looked out through the tent, which was heavy duck with oil cover, and through heavy timber, just as though there was no tent nor timber there, and I could see at least one-third of the heavens.

In the centre and directly in front of me, high up in the sky, was a large star of beautiful ethereal colors, about two-thirds as large as the full moon, and small stars all around, all over the heavens, and on the surface of the earth were small palms. From the ground stretching up on each side of this grand star, the tops arching beautifully away from it and extending much higher were twelve leaves of the Phoenix Dactylifera (commonly known as date palm), six on each side, butts in the ground, and with the small stars shining through between the leaves.

I looked upon this beautiful vision for some time, when I commenced counting the palm leaves from left to right, and just as I reached twelve I heard angels passing through the air, high up in front and to the right, shouting, "He, with twelve Apostles cometh soon." At this moment the mare broke her rope and ran away through the woods, I could hear her running but was so fascinated with the beautiful vision that I let her go. At the same moment an impression was placed on my mind that there would be no freeze south of this point that would kill one of these palms for twelve years. They are about as tender as one-year old orange trees.

There has been no freeze since; Irl Hicks prophesied there would be three during the winter of 1900 and 1901, and the United States Weather Bureau has sent out telegraphic notices twice that there would be a 20-degree temperature at Jacksonville and 25 degrees at Tampa, but it did not come.

CONCLUSION.

Until about twenty years ago man was searching astrology, astronomy, geology, in fact everything except man, to ascertain what man was. In 1832 there was organized in England a Society for Psychical Research, by Professors Henry Sidgwick, Balfour Stewart, W. F. Barrett, also Gladstone, the statesman of the world, was allied with them, and others.

In America, in 1885, Professors William James, S. P. Langley, Reverend R. Herber Newton and others, organized the American branch. They said that there were rumors and statements regarding the soul of man ever since his creation: are they false? are they true? Let us investigate man. They have accepted nothing but Truth, testing and proving all things, and what they and their friends has discovered has surprised them, as well as the world at large. They have found that a great deal more was true than was stated, and many of them have come to the conclusion that the Spirit is an individual entity, immortal, and that Heaven is its home; that this world is only a workshop, as it were, where spirits are made perfect, and that when released from this shell that we call body, as a caterpillar changes from a creeping insect to a citizen of the air, a butterfly, so when we pass over we become citizens of the Universe.

The question is often asked, "Where is this Land of Glory?" With Young and many of our great scientific men, also many of our Divines, and by reason of the light and glorious scenes beheld by those passing over, including the reports of those who have been there in the Living Soul, and my own Biblical and scientific knowledge, as well as experience, I would say that it enfolds this earth, above our gross atmosphere, not more than fifty miles away; while the land of darkness is, as the ancients thought and believed, in the inside of this world of ours. These latter facts I hope to see soon established.

The reports of those who have been there in the Living Soul do not differ any more in proportion to the size of the land visited than did Columbus, Americans, and Cabot differ in

regard to this continent (North and South America) when it was first discovered. They have simply landed in different parts of an immense Spiritual or Inorganic world, to which we are all going, and I would that all were going to the port of life in all light, peace, purity, joy, glory, and love—our Master's Kingdom. Donald McDonald.

Ben Hur.

A Lecture Delivered in the Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal., by W. J. Colville.

The recent very successful dramatic presentation of the truly wonderful story "Judah, son of Hur," at the Opera House in San Francisco not only proves that the far West is now capable of staging a superb drama almost as well as it has been staged at Drury Lane Theatre in London, where very facility for perfect staging has been accessible for more years than any of us are likely to remember, but the play itself, an adaptation from Lew Wallace's singularly fascinating romantic story deserves, for its own sake, more than passing notice.

A drama of this nature occupies a sort of middle ground between such old miracle plays as "Every Man," which the churches of Rome and England were formerly very ready to approve or sanction, and the kind of comedies and tragedies which usually occupy the modern stage.

"Ben Hur's" relationship to such a drama as the famous "Passion Play," of Ober Amegau may be remote, but it is certainly a distant relative of that world famous scriptural tragedy.

The most remarkable feature in the presentation of Lew Wallace's production, adapted by Klaw and Erlanger, is that the central figure of the gospel story, on which the healing of two lepers is supposed to directly depend is entirely omitted from the list of characters who constitute dramatis personae.

The opening chorus "The Star of Bethlehem," is a very beautiful musical number and the scenic effect is very fine where a star appears and sheds its light from the skies above to the earth beneath, but this is entirely superpersonal in conception and in treatment as no personality appears at any time during the action of the piece as an incarnation of the world's or Israel's dream of a personal Messiah.

The three traditional Magi, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, coming from Egypt, Greece, and India respectively are introduced, laden with valuable offerings to present to the holy infant whom the star is said to herald, but the luminance only suggests a nearer approach than formerly of heaven to earth.

There are two distinct reasons why this should be so. First, we may observe that ecclesiastical feelings and tastes have been respected so that the play may prove in no way distasteful to any class of church-people. Second, we may note that this very catering to the wishes of certain classes of religious persons has brought forth a far wider suggestion of how so-called incurable diseases may be vanquished than through a special personality had been introduced as an essential factor in the work of healing.

Though this marvelous case of healing is one of the chief points of interest toward the close of the story, it cannot possibly occupy the foreground of the play though it serves to constitute a particularly happy ending.

Messala, the proud young Roman aristocrat and Judah, prince of the distinguished Jewish house of Hur, present a striking contrast immediately they appear.

Each is a noble youth of magnificent physical proportions and each is endowed with more than average mental, as well as bodily, capacity; but there all resemblance between them ends, for while the young Jew is the very embodiment of loyalty and gives striking evidence of possessing both the sterner and the milder virtues—wisdom and a combination of which no character can be at all complete—the haughty Roman is almost destitute of noble sentiment and has no appreciation of the rights and obligations of manliness and friendship.

It is through Messala's perfidy that all the afflictions which befall the hero of the tale and which bring most dire distress upon his mother and sister are brought about.

The action of the piece, through the scene is laid in another land and in a long departed age, is singularly familiar in spirit, though not in letter, to us who are living now and dwelling in the great new West.

The same conditions sway our contemporaries that swayed this earth's inhabitants eighteen or nineteen centuries ago; the same troubles, in essence if not in form, confront us now as confronted our remote progenitors, it is therefore but a short, simple step from ancient Palestine to modern England.

It is this universality of human experience, this virtual identity of human life at all times and in all places which makes the historic novel so very popular today despite the often unfamiliar local surroundings in which the leading characters appear.

Ben Hur is a typical Jew of the noblest type, and such Jews as he and other members of his illustrious house have by no means vanished from the earth today.

The Jew, all too frequently remembered only on account of the limitations and failings which he shares with his Gentile neighbors,—is in this thrilling story placed where he rightfully belongs.

The Jew is a successful trader, and as a merchant prince is well portrayed in the character of Simonides, the faithful steward of the Hur property, which wonderfully increases under the skilful, conscientious management of a man who is a voluntary slave to his employers; then while the son and heir to the estates is working as a galley slave chained to an oar and Simonides knows not whether he be dead or living, he and his noble daughter, the beautiful Esther, are quite unspooled by the splendor and luxuries at their command.

The women in the play, equally with the men, present most striking contrasts. The Egyptian's fascinating daughter, whose model is Cleopatra who utterly enslaved and ruined Antony, seeks to enmesh the royal-hearted Judah in her captor's toils and cause him to forswear all honor and all kindness so that he may bask in the sunlight of her charms.

A brief spell she does, indeed, succeed in casting over him, but the reign of unscrupulousness over so fine a nature cannot be of long endurance, so he quickly perceives how unworthy is such a woman of a true man's devotion and esteem.

Before the hero has reached the sublime station he ultimately occupies, he has endured the bitterest humiliation and the severest privations to which even the most obdurate criminals were subjected by Roman law.

Galley slaves, it is said, rarely survived more than one year at their terribly exhausting and cruelly regulated toil, but for three years this splendid young man had maintained his strength and beauty and the only plea he entered,—a request which had rightly been granted,—was that he might use the four equal, with his hands so that he should not become misshapen or a cripple.

Though the worst type of a Roman is pictured in Messala, the false friend, a truly noble Roman is introduced in the Tribune who adopts Ben Hur and treats him as his own son after the thrilling experience upon the raft where the youth saves the senator from drowning.

The Chariot Race, around which great

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Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1904.

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

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

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

The following represents the principles
adopted by the 1893 national convention of
the Spiritualists of America, and reaffirmed
at the national convention held at Wash-
ington, D. C., October, 1903.

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

Brevities.

1904.

A Happy New Year to everybody.

The editor will accept calls for lectures on
Sundays or week nights in Boston or its
vicinity.

Under present conditions we are obliged to
urge our patrons who do not wish to risk de-
lay in their credits to make all remittances
payable to the treasurer.

Lyceum secretaries will please report to the
Lyceum news and notes department, in which
their reports will be regularly inserted. Let
us hear from every Lyceum in the land.

Lake Helen, Florida, must be a lovely
place at this time of the year. A perusal of
Mrs. Twing's letter will make some eager to
join Mr. H. A. Buddington's next party.

At last advices Rev. Moses Hull was pro-
ceeding towards convalescence, and hoped to
make an early recovery, so Mrs. Mattie E.
Hull lately wrote to us. We heartily con-
gratulate our friends, both.

Two mottoes for 1904. "A new commandment
give I unto you that ye love one another."
Jesus. And, "Under all circumstances keep
an even mind."—Andrew Jackson Davis. For
suggestive "affirmations" these two golden
precepts are difficult to match.

Principles are eternal, phenomena transi-
tory. Spiritualism, organized upon natural
principles would become a cohering mass.
The form of the organization must change
with varying needs, otherwise the ancient
folly of putting new wine in old bottles
would be perpetually repeated.

Hudson Tuttle has lately issued a revised
edition of his able book, "The Religion of
Man and Ethics of Science." If you wish to
know the latest thought of one of the brain-
iest men in our ranks, who is also wonderfully
inspired, this book should be in your hands at
once. You can obtain it through this office.

Spiritualists have not been behind their
neighbors in doing good, as the reports ap-
pearing in this issue of the sundry gatherings
held during the festive season will show. To
feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and house
the homeless, is, indeed, to go about doing
good. Such labor is doubly blessed, blessing
the comforted and the comforter.

Aggregation, association, and organization
are laws in nature. The first results from
attraction, the second from affinity, and the
last is the resultant effect of mutual co-opera-
tion towards specific ends. Human society
rests upon these foundations, otherwise
human society would be merely chaos, or at

best a brute warfare by the strong against
the weak.

During the coming week societies and ly-
ceums will be celebrating the incoming of the
New Year. Smiling faces, kindly greetings,
happy hours, and seasonal gaieties will pre-
vail, whereby the world will see that we are
not altogether "other world" folks even if we
receive visitors therefrom. Then Spiritualists
are not afraid of the other world, which ex-
plains their happy condition in this world.

Do you wish to present a friend with an
interesting and instructive book? If so we
can recommend a little booklet, valuable
for its intrinsic worth, and written by our
talented contributor, Susie C. Clark. The
title is "Key Notes for Daily Living," and
contains a note for every day in the year,
which makes it a suitable gift as a New
Year presentation. It is on sale at this office
and can be obtained for the moderate price of
seventy-five cents.

1904.

A few brief hours after this issue of the
"Banner of Light" leaves the press the old
year will have passed and the New Year will
be with us. The twelve months which will
then have gone the way of their predecessors
contained many things for us all, some of
which we would forget, some we shall ever
remember with delight and pleasure. It is
useless to repine, the past cannot be recalled;
let us, then, gather up the treasures we have
gained during the year of 1903, not that we
may use them for our own selfish ends, but
rather to the nobler purpose of utilizing them
in our efforts to do good to others—thus shall
we rightly use the good that has become
ours.

The world at large shows an eventful
record for the past year. The war spirit has
been abroad and is so still. Even as these
lines are penned it is undecided whether or
not two powerful nations shall fly at each
other's throats. While in the departments of
industry and capitalism many and deep have
been the agitations that have swept over
each. It seems on all sides as if stupendous
changes were coming and the consequences
of the new revolution may be as far reaching
economically and industrially as was the case
politically and socially with the other revolu-
tion out of which these United States was
born.

The Cause we love has, on the whole,
passed through a fairly prosperous time dur-
ing the past year. The work is spreading—
if not as widely as could be wished—as sat-
isfactorily, at least, as circumstances permit.
The National Association is surely moving
onward, and continues to do good work.
Cohesion and unity are the missing links in
the movement to a large extent. The
passing of resolutions at National or State
assemblies which are ignored after the meet-
ings are closed, will not make for unity of
methods or teaching, to any considerable ex-
tent. The weak spot in our methods is the
lack of so painfully manifest regarding ly-
ceum work. Why should not lyceumists unite
and form a National Lyceum Union? The
federation of lyceums, the issuing of an au-
thoritative Manual, and the annual discus-
sion of how to best further promote lyceum
effort would then become possible.

Week by week the "Banner" has found its
welcome in thousands of homes in all parts
of the world. It has stood for a clean spiri-
tualism—vigorous in thought, ec-
lectic in character, definite in expression.
For honest mediumship, genuine phenomena,
and all that can place our facts beyond the
regions of question or supposition. Our pages
have presented each week an array of spiri-
tual and mental food meet for the needs of the
most critical reader. Literature, philosophy,
records of phenomena, notices of the leading
works bearing on our own and cognate topics,
and news of the work and the workers, as
circumstances permitted, have each had their
share of our columns. The sad event of the
closing months of the past year had its in-
fluence upon this paper and has resulted in
some changes in its personal direction but
none in its policy. So much, then, for the
year that is passing.

What is before us? Who shall say what
a day may bring forth? It may even be rash
to make promises, as it always is to do so
lightly. Let us ask, then, a few questions.

What do you propose to do during 1904 for
the benefit of your Cause? Will you support
your local society steadily during the lecture
season, attending as a duty even if the
speaker or medium is not one of your favor-
ite workers? Will you assist the society to
bear the financial burden of the meetings by
cheerfully giving a dime instead of a nickel,
or even a quarter instead of a dime? Will
better still, will you unite with others
in sustaining the society in opening its doors
without a fee thereat, so that our religious
meetings can, as to entrance, stand as do the
churches in this matter? You can rent a
seat for the season, others may be able only
to contribute to a collection, some may be so
poor that the door fee may keep them out.
Think these points over, lay them to heart,
and our prayer is that it may inspire you to
do better than ever during the incoming
year.

If the local society is the important factor
in local work, as it is, the State Association
is none the less important as a territorial
organization in the larger field of state activi-
ty. As a missionary agent, as an organizer
of new societies, and as a centre of helpful-
ness to workers, officials and adherents, such
organizations need all the assistance it is
possible to afford them.

While the National Association represent-
ing the collective sense of the country as to
policy, method, and the affairs which con-
cern the widest interests of the movement—
free from section or party—the good of all
calls for steady support, and loyal sympathy,
that it may be known everywhere as the
nucleus around which the Cause is surely
gathering as an organized national whole.

The foregoing is commended to the atten-
tion of all our readers and to the Spiritual-

ists at large. The new year is upon us, let
us unite in doing more for the Cause than
ever before, cease dwelling in the clouds,
refrain from spinning cobwebs, and come
down to the practical business of putting our
house in such sound business and working
order that we may say a year hence that the
Cause never made such progress as during
the year of 1904.

Three Lies Nailed.

Hudson Tuttle, as Editor-at-Large, reply-
ing to Rev. Dr. Frazer in The Daily Truth,
Elkhart, Indiana, who had in that journal
made an attack on Spiritualism, in a list of
scientists who had accepted Spiritualism,
gave the names of Prof. Coues and Sir Wil-
liam Crookes. The only response that Dr.
Frazer made was to assert that both these
eminent men had renounced their belief in
the manifestations. Mr. Tuttle replied in the
following letter the facts stated in which
should be treasured by Spiritualists, to be
used when these falsehoods are repeated as
repeated they will be. Repeated by the pul-
pit as it reiterates the horrible death bed
scene of Paine as though undoubtedly true.

"Editor of Truth:—I do not wish to enter
into a discussion, but as Dr. Frazer has
brought a question of fact and challenges my
witnesses, I ask a brief space for reply. He
claims that Prof. Elliot Coues, and the great
French astronomer, Flammarion, renounced
their belief in Spiritualism and that he has
in his possession their renunciation, which he
proceeds to quote. Prof. Coues is no longer
in this life and hence is unable to answer for
himself. Personally acquainted with him and
many of his friends, I never heard him speak
disparagingly of Spiritualism, nor are his
friends aware that he changed his opinion
from the strong affirmation he made: 'I know
the alleged phenomena are true, substantially
as alleged.' As for Flammarion, this great
astronomer has been heralded far and wide
as having renounced his belief in Spiritual-
ism. Twice has this been done. The first
time it was a base fabrication. The second
time the condemnation of some spurious ph-
enomena which he had at first accepted, fur-
nished a slight ground for the story. In a let-
ter to the Editor of the 'Banner of Light,' he
expressed his firm and unshaken belief. He
had never recalled his declaration: 'I do not
hesitate to affirm my convictions, based on
personal examination of the subject, that any
scientific man who declares the phenomena
denominated magnetism, somnambulism, me-
diumistic, and others not yet explained by
science, to be impossible, is one who speaks
without knowing what he is talking about.'

"The renunciation of Sir William Crookes,
the greatest Roman of them all, has been
published in all the leading journals and been
eagerly commented on, and I am surprised
that Dr. Frazer did not add this name to his
list. This report stated that 'He frankly
confessed that the chase in that direction—
Spiritualism—led him only to a brick wall.'
Sir William had persevered in a thorough
course of investigation through many of the
best years of his life and had slowly come to
the affirmation of his belief. Nothing could
be more damaging than his 'recantation.'

"I well know that this could not be true of
the man who as president of the British As-
sociation said to his hearers who had re-
quested him to let Spiritualism alone: 'To ig-
nore the subject would be an act of cowardice,
an act of cowardice I feel no temptation to
commit,' yet his direct affirmation was
necessary. I wrote him mentioning the re-
port. He replied: 'My Dear Sir:—In reply
to your inquiry of the 11th, 1902, I beg leave
to say that there is no truth in the report you
mention.' (Signed) William Crookes."

"In a letter to Prof. Coues he wrote:—'If
you hear that I have recanted my opinion in
regard to these matters, or that I am con-
vinced that I have erred in my earlier ob-
servations, I empower you—or rather entreat
you—to contradict such assertions in my
name.'

"If Prof. Coues had found nothing satis-
factory in Spiritualism, is it not strange that
Sir William should have addressed him in
this manner?

"I do not call in question the honesty of
Dr. Frazer in making his quotations. Coues,
Crookes and Flammarion pursued their in-
vestigations through a term of years, experi-
menting step by step, and they expressed
their opinions with great caution, and tenta-
tively.

"During this period Prof. Coues may have
made the statement that the subject did not
interest him. Granting that he said this, it
does not imply his renunciation. He cer-
tainly overcame any want of interest in the
last years of his life, when he wrote and
spoke strongly in favor of the genuineness
of the phenomena of Spiritualism and its phil-
osophy."

Unpleasant Reading.

An esteemed correspondent residing at East
Liverpool, Ohio, sends us a copy of the Even-
ing News Review of that city. The Editor as-
signs a prominent position to an item expos-
ing the proceedings of one Prof. P. G. Hobson,
who advertised himself in the local press as,
"The world's greatest clairvoyant, psychic, and
palmist, and The King of Life Readers," and,
who, for two weeks, appears to have done a
roaring trade at the cost of from \$1 to \$10 each
from his victims. His final exploit was the
"bouncing" of a Mrs. Josephine Rowe out of
\$250, by an old game of "ringing the changes"
on an envelope in which she had placed the
above amount.

For how many more years in this en-
lightened country will there be found people
gullible enough to accept as gospel truth the
pretentious advertisements put out by these
human sharks of the Hobson type. Why will
reputable journals accept advertisements
which, on their very face, bear the stamp of
imposture? Why will people continue to ac-
cept as if they believed that the only uses to
which psychic powers, mediumistic gifts,
palmistry, etc., could be put is to tell fortunes

advise on vast sums to be inherited, or to
afford them assistance in their matrimonial
experiments? Surely, it now is the time
when Spiritualists should assert that it is
not they who patronize the Hobsons, that
they do not countenance the use of medium-
ship, nor seek the aid of spirits, for the pur-
poses such fakirs advertise. This rascal
impudently advertised himself and work
"as entirely different from other mediums,"
for which all honest mediums must needs be
thankful. Yet, as he used the terms our
mediums use—"psychic," "clairvoyant," and
"life reader,"—it would not be surprising if
his late clients considered him as a regularly
practicing medium, endorsed by Spiritualists.
Surely it is, however, well enough un-
derstood, by intelligent people at least, that
Spiritualism does not stand for witchcraft,
divination, fortune telling, black art or any
form of evil doing. That, on the contrary, it
rests upon its just claim to present indisub-
stantiated evidence of life beyond death, facts upon
which is being builded the purified future re-
ligion of humanity, and has no fellowship
with the rascals who traffic upon the feelings,
or trade upon the failings, of the ignorant
and the unwary.

Feeding Twenty Thousand.

Whatever may be the opinions entertained
by the reader regarding the peculiar form
of theology taught by the leaders of the
Salvation Army there can be no honest doubt
as to the invaluable social service rendered
to the poor, the sick, and the sorrowing by
that wonderful organization, alike in the
United States, Great Britain, Australia,
New Zealand, India, and South Africa, to
name but a few of the countries the army has
entered. At this time of the year when
good will is so widely manifested in kindly
deeds to those in distress it is ill becoming to
question the deed because of the creed. The
army has for weeks been busy in Boston, as
in other cities, in collecting funds for the
annual Christmas distribution of food, fuel,
and clothing to the poorest in our midst,
which took place on Christmas morning under
the direction of Col. William Evans, S. A.,
and among those present were Mayor Patrick
A. Collins, Judge Emmons, Chairman of the
Police Board, the Rev. Charles A. Crane,
of the People's Temple, and numerous other
prominent people. The distribution included
2,000 baskets each of which contained: one
4-pound chicken, quarter peck of potatoes,
quarter pound ground coffee, 1 quart cran-
berries, squash, turnip, nuts, candles, 1 loaf
bread, 1 pie, 1 bunch celery, 5 apples or
oranges, and one order for 25 pounds of coal.
To this through 25 tons of coal were dis-
tributed.

"It is safe to say that no other charitable
organization in the world could have, as effec-
tually, usefully, and justly handled such an
undertaking as herein mentioned, and one
can but admire the spirit which prompts such
works of kindness.

Alas! that there should be another side to
the subject. Why is it in this great land,
where there should be opportunity for all who
will to earn food, clothing, and shelter, in
a land producing an abundance to the full,
that even in Boston alone, there are 20,000
men, women, and children to be found on
the edge of starvation? (for each case was
carefully investigated by the army officers.)
Are the causes to be found in the undesirable
alien immigration, ill considered labor union-
ism, the greed of rapacious capitalists, or the
failure of society at large to live the life the
gentle Nazarene asks of his followers?
Truly there are other ills to be fought in this
world beside evil spirits, obsessions, bad
thinking, karma, and other things pertaining
to so-called occult powers, such as, for in-
stance, bad social states, evils in our indus-
trial systems, the tyranny of gold, one sided
legislation, to mention but a few subjects
calling for attention. As Spiritualists we
have a work for this world while living in it
and enjoying its advantages. The attention
to the highest duties of this life will not be a
bad preparation for the life beyond. When
we have just laws and righteous living on
earth the necessity of charitable feeding for
20,000 poor will not arise, for the poor will
have ceased to be, the criminal will no longer
trouble us, and only those who are unable to
help themselves will be a charge upon the
loving sympathy of their friends. In the mean-
while all honor to the Salvation Army, and
to all other organizations, for the help they
extend in the hour of need to the hungry,
homeless, and friendless throughout the world
is a blessing to all concerned.

Savior or Reformer?

That ancient landmarks are changing is
beyond dispute. While it is equally true that
differing sects are approaching more nearly
to fraternal union than has hitherto been the
case. True, also it is, that an impulse of
liberalism is moving forward one of the most
conservative races in the world, and surely
compelling it to a closer unity of philosophy
and purpose with the life of modern times.
That the Jew is broadening in mind, and ex-
panding in spirit, is well illustrated by some
sentences we take from a discourse delivered
on Christmas night by Rabbi Hirschberg, in
the Union Park Street Temple, Boston, his
subject being "The Faith of the Synagogue
—The Messiah." The learned Rabbi said:

"The Christian world is engaged today in
celebrating the birth of its Messiah. We
rejoice with our friends and neighbors in
their joy over an event which for them has
such a supreme importance. We are
glad with them in their gladness over the
possession of a belief which means so much
to them in the way of spiritual comfort and
satisfaction. Still, we cannot escape the
recognition of how wide a difference—the
whole width of the irreconcilable difference,
in fact, between the synagogue and the church
—gapes between the believers of Christianity
here and that of Judaism. The term Messiah
connotes for the Christian and the Jewish
mind two altogether contrasted ideas. For

the Christian he is purely and wholly a
spiritual redeemer, a savior of men's souls,
the mediating, atoning agency for the fatal
sin in Eden which ever since has left a heavy
blight upon the human soul. For the Jew he
has never had this, or, for that matter, any
spiritual function at all. He has been nothing
else at all times than a political redeemer,
a national savior.

"Today the synagogue, at least the liberal-
ized synagogue, believes no longer in any
personal Messiah at all, as represented ex-
clusively in the personality of any single
individual, however remarkable.

"But while abandoning this Messianic be-
lief, it is not to make ourselves destitute of a
Messianic belief altogether. Such we still
have, and we flatter ourselves a nobler one
than its predecessor. The golden age of man
we believe lies not back of him in an irre-
coverable past, but before him in a future
of glorious promise. Not a fall of man, as
some theologies have it, has there been, but a
steady rise and advance of man, a progres-
sive betterment throughout the ages. This is
but prophetic of a time of highest and noblest
self-realization for him. And toward this
consummation we can each be Messiahs, ac-
tive, earnest, devoted, consecrated forces for
the regeneration of human society, saviors of
ourselves and of our kind, mediative influ-
ences through whom an assured moral salva-
tion for man can be effected on earth."

The world is moving onward, brother-
hood is becoming more possible, and in the
end, Jew and Gentile may yet forget their
ancient enmities, and live in peace and con-
cord. Spiritualism is helping along the com-
ing day.

To Boston Readers.

On Sunday next, January 3, 1904, Mr. J. J.
Morse, of England, will address the morning
and evening meetings of the Boston Spiritual
Temple, New Century Building, 177 Hunting-
ton Avenue, Boston. His morning topic will
be "The Killing of Death," and the evening
subject will be devoted to "Our Gospel—Its
Foundation and Pinnacle."

Miss Florence Morse will be the medium
for clairvoyant descriptions at the evening
service. Services at 10.45 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Miss Florence Morse.

Miss Florence Morse of London, England,
has recently filled engagements in Springfield,
Marlboro, Norwich, and other points in this
state, with much acceptance to the various
societies. She is under engagement for
Providence, Waltham and will likely visit
Portland and Lynn later on. She has still a
few vacant Sundays during the next three
months, and will be pleased to hear from so-
cieties within a hundred and fifty miles from
this city. As an inspirational speaker and
clairvoyant she is well and widely known in
England, Australia, New Zealand and this
country. Letters should be addressed to 21
Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

New York City.

At this, the season of good will to all, I de-
sire to extend to the "Banner" and its read-
ers our cordial greetings for the coming year,
also sincere wishes for prosperity and hap-
piness.

Our meetings continue to enjoy great pop-
ularity, and too much cannot be said in praise
of Miss Gault's beautiful work for the spirit
world.

Today's services were rendered especially
interesting by our extra music in honor of the
Yule-tide. The selections for violin, cello and
piano were superbly played by the "Severn
trio." A duet by Miss Mabel Clark and Mr.
Ridgeley was highly appreciated, while the
solos of Miss Clark and Mr. Severn were de-
lightful.

Next Sunday at the afternoon service Mrs.
Helen T. Brigham will be with us and those
who like to listen to fine inspiration, supple-
mented by remarkable phenomena, have a
treat in store.—Marie J. Fitzmaurice, sec.

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. 5, 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 Helvett, Mr.
F. A. Wiggins, 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 mus-
ical 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, sec.

Dr. C. E. Watkins.

A lengthy communication from the above
well-known medium has reached the Editor,
and it contains the gratifying information
that Dr. Watkins is now practically restored
to health. He writes feelingly of his late ex-
periences and asserts full confidence in his
guides and renewed assurances of fidelity to
the Cause. The doctor's many friends will
be glad to learn the above facts, and but
for the demands upon our space we should
have made some extracts from the commu-
nication referred to. Those who may desire
to communicate with the doctor can address
him at this office.

H. A. Buddington.

Mr. Buddington sends us a descriptive
letter in reference to the Campmeeting, at
Lake Helena, Fla., the contents of which are
upon similar lines to the one from Mrs.
Carrie E. S. Twing, printed in this issue.
Mr. Buddington announces two more excu-
sions to the camp, sailing from New York
city on January 7th and 21st. Send him
four cents and he will mail you full particu-
lars as to fares, etc. His address is 91 Sher-
man street, Springfield, Mass.

Little love is little righteousness; great
love is great righteousness; perfect love is
perfect righteousness.—Augustine.

"NATURE'S PRAYER."

BELLE BUSH'S BOOKLET.

Reporting for a Booklet.

Belle Bush's brochure have you seen. With title in gilt, and cover of green? A splendid work it is indeed, And just the booklet you should read.

Though I'm a rhymester, not a poet, When one I see I think I know it. And Banner readers all can tell A poet true is Sister Belle.

Her poems in varied verse, Are well adapted to rehearsal; And some would charm, both old and young, To music set and truly sung.

Her booklet should to all be sold, 'Tis full of truth as it can hold, And all will find, who wisely try it, A good investment 'tis to buy it.

Dean Clarke. The booklet can be obtained from this office, postage paid, for fifteen cents.

Locals.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson's meetings. On Sunday, Dec. 27, the meetings all day were well attended. The morning subject was "The Value of Parochial Schools." A number of mediums and speakers took part in the exercises of the day. The healing circles on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday evening meetings are growing in interest.

Boston—America Hall, 724 Washington Street. Mrs. Clara E. Strong holds services Sunday next at 11 a. m. and 3 and 7 p. m. Sunday school 12:30 noon. Solos expected by Mr. Murray and Mrs. Morgan. Home circles at 30 Huntington Avenue, Room 420, every Tuesday and Friday evening at 7:30. Banners for sale at all meetings.

The Emerson Union held a memorable service on Christmas day, when Mr. Ezekiel Butterworth delivered a valuable and inspiring address advocating education along the lines of Peace teachings. Resolutions were passed. We desire to express our sincere and grateful thanks to the Metaphysical Club for according us the courtesy of the use of their meeting place, as, owing to repairs being in progress, our own hall was not available.

Boston America Hall, Dec. 20, 1903.—A grand opening day in her new church was accorded our coworker, Mrs. Clara E. Strong. Although the weather was unpropitious, excellent and well attended meetings were held all day. During the day solos were greatly enjoyed by Mr. Murray and Mrs. Morgan, also a duet by Mrs. Strong and Mr. Murray. In the evening a large number of the Sunshine Club were present and presented their president with a magnificent bouquet of flowers, tied with the club colors. A number of mediums assisted during the day.—A. M. S., sec.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society.

During the afternoon and evening of Christmas day the ladies of the above society carried out their purpose of relieving their pastor, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, from the cares incident to superintending the usual Christmas entertainment to some sixty guests who assembled to receive the presents provided for them, including ample good cheer of the material kind, and an entertainment devised for their special pleasure, to all of which the children did full justice. The entire lower floor of the "Banner of Light" building was devoted to the purpose, the heavily laden Christmas tree reaching to the lofty ceiling. During the evening addresses were delivered by Mr. I. F. Symonds, president of the S. of S. R. Society, and the editor of this paper. Miss Florence Morse, contributed a vocal solo, a lady executed a brilliant whistling solo, and a happily conceived poem by "Uncle John," a contributor to the "Banner," was fittingly read by Mrs. Soule. Pressure upon our space precludes a fuller report of an interesting gathering which was creditable to the society and its friends as it was enjoyable to the participants.

Briefs.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, of Malden, was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society on Sunday, Dec. 27. The subjects: "God is Love" and "I would that you were temperate in all things," were well presented; followed by a large number of tests and spirit messages were correctly given afterwards. The special program was very much appreciated.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

Rockland, Me.—Mrs. Horn was with us for two Sundays in December, and afforded much satisfaction to the friends by her public and private work in this city. She has undoubtedly made many converts during her stay.—F. W. Smith.

Announcements.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller will lecture at Lowell, Mass., Jan. 3, at Brockton the 10th, at Manchester, N. H., the 17th, at Newburyport the 24th, and at Greenwich Village, Mass., the 31st. For week-day dates he may be addressed at Onset, Mass.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D. pres. On Sunday, Jan. 3, the society will celebrate the 10th anniversary of its organization. There will be a large number of local and visiting mediums present. Special musical exercises and exercises by the Lyceum children. Services at 2:30 and 7:30. Supper will be served in the hall.

Waltham, Mass.—The Spiritual Progressive Union have engaged the following speakers for the Sundays of this month: January 3, Mrs. S. L. Hand; 10, Mrs. Ruth E. Swift; 24, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson; 31, Mrs. M. A. Bonney.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Miss Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn is the speaker and medium for next Sunday.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

Emerson Union (no place mentioned), will on Sunday next at 4 p. m. be addressed by Prof. A. E. Dolbear who will speak on "Emerson's Thought in Relation to Science."

Belle Bush.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wonder if any of the readers of the "Banner" have remembered Belle Bush with a Christmas present? How often we forget, just because we are comfortable, that there are others who suffer from lack of sympathy and money. Don't forget Belle Bush, Banner readers, but send jolly nest-eggs, lots of them, to her address, Shirley, Mass. New Year's presents are in order too.—Julia A. Bunker, Candia, N. H.

Ohio State Association.

Mr. J. C. Hemmeter, has resigned his position as Secretary of the Ohio State Spiritualists' Association, and Mr. R. C. Baird, of Elyria, O., has been elected to the office, and will be pleased to afford all desired information connected therewith. Mr. Baird is also president of the Progressive Spiritualist Society, of the above city where he resides. The State Association is ready to do missionary work and is prepared to do so wherever called, as it wishes to assist all societies who desire such service, and at very small expense to such. This offer is good for two months. The annual convention will meet in Columbus, O., on May 27, 28, and 29, 1904, in the Board of Trade Building, which the West Side Spiritual Church has provided for the meetings. Mrs. Carrie Firth Curran, Pres. O. S. A.

Dr. Sahler's Book.

In our previous issue there appeared a review, by W. J. Colville, of the new work by Dr. C. O. Sahler, "Psychic Life and Laws," in which price of the book was inadvertently stated by our reviewer as \$1.00. Dr. Sahler asks us to correct the price to \$1.50.

Digestion for Dyspeptics.

Messrs. Farwell & Rhines, of Watertown, N. Y., are making an offer that is of interest to every dyspeptic or sufferer from diabetes, constipation, etc. They will send on application a free sample of their noted cereals, which are manufactured especially with view to their possibilities of ready assimilation by the most delicate digestive organs. Messrs. Farwell & Rhines are manufacturers of "Gluten Flour," "Special Diabetic Food," "K. C. Whole Wheat Flour," "Barley Cereals," and "Gluten Grits." No invalid who is interested in the vital question of "What may I eat?" can afford to tamper with any other flour. Find which is suited to your case and try it.

THE CARRIER DOG OF BRUSSELS.

Out in the street I saw him lie— His sorrowful lack-lustre eye Could read his master's look no more, His days of faithful work were o'er. Numb was his quick, responsive will, And yet his harness bound him still.

His master hurled an angry word And twice his trembling limbs he stirred, Then sank upon the ground again: I saw his look of patient pain; "None could resist that look," I said— His master kicked him on the head!

Then muttering curses deep and strong He used his girth and strap and thong, In his charrette he flung them all, And leaving his death-loosened thrall Went clattering down the echoing street With jingling wheels and clanging feet.

I went across and brought him in, Quivering and wretched, starved and thin; The pulse of life was almost fled, Yet from my hand he feebly fed. Met with a kindness half divine, His glazing eye looked up to mine.

Two days he lingered, one in pain, One in dull senselessness; and vain Were my attempts to stay the course Of that fast ebbing vital force; But ere he drew his final breath He heard a sound he knew in death:

A clattering wheel came down the street— He tried to stagger to his feet; The impulse of obedience still Could rouse the stupor of his will; Forgetting blows and kicks he tried Once more to follow—fell, and died!

I laid him to his last, long rest: No more ill-treated and oppressed He lies beneath the quiet sod, And shares the slumber sent by God To all who through their earthly span Devote their loving lives to Man!

Mary Bradford Whiting in the Spectator.

The Medium's Influence.

One of the doubts which, at the outset, beset the investigator of spiritualistic phenomena, is "What influence does the personal mind of the medium exert upon the communications received?" After the doubter has weighed in his balance all the conflicting doubts, placing in the other scale the testimony he has received, he is, we will suppose, compelled to this conclusion: "Yes, disincarnate spirits do communicate with the embodied spirits of this world. From this bare fact, there is, in the light of the evidence, no escape."

And yet, it is to the convert all so new, so strange, so supernatural in the sense of being entirely foreign to what he had been in the habit of regarding as natural laws, that doubts and questionings of one kind and another will creep into the honest mind (that is, to the mind which wishes to be perfectly sure it is not deceiving itself), and create an uneasiness, a state of unrest, a determination to clear up all doubts and to rest not until that rest is obtained by absolute certainty, whence alone comes perfect peace.

One of these disquieting doubts is that with which this article opens. "May not my friend, although striving to give me the message for which he has for years waited the opportunity, now find that message so difficult to transmit through the medium to me that its meaning is twisted, warped, and perhaps given exactly contrary to what was intended, by those peculiarities personal to the mind of the medium, the just weight of which I cannot fully measure. The unskilled operator at the telegraph instrument, receiving a message on subjects entirely foreign to his knowledge, by the mistaking a letter often changes the meaning of a sentence. Familiar illustrations will occur to everyone. Why, then, may not some mental idiosyncrasy of this medium, acting as a receiver over a line whose laws require the most delicate adjustment, compared to which adjusting the telegraph instrument is like repairing a lady's watch with a sledge hammer, why may not some slight defect or imperfection, some little deviation or mental quirk in the medium's mind, unknown, perhaps, to the sender or myself, so pervert the meaning of my friend's letter that I am given an entirely unintended report?"

Reply to this doubt is perfect. It is not even imperfectly understood, as must be the case with many of the details connected with phenomena as new as those of Spiritualism. We do not have to say this, as do the inventors of radium, for instance, that we do not know how it does as it does; we only know the fact that it does it.

It is true that the organism of the medium must be equal to the transmission. We can only send a given amount of water through a small pipe. It is inconceivable that Daniel Webster's gigantic intellect could now send his mightiest eloquence through the tiny, undeveloped mind of a child medium. Bonaparte may talk to us through any medium,

but his highest conceptions could scarcely come through some incompetent or half-grown human intellect. The tools must be perfect before the finest tasks are attempted. When our friends talk with us, as friend to friend, the conversation will put no strain on the machinery, even though that machinery be quite ordinary. The only requirement is that the machine be working under its best conditions. Then the practised operator knows how to adjust it to its work, and to use it in a way to get its best product. He can turn out fairly good work even when it is not in its best condition and will even provide for its defects, to a large degree, by careful manipulation. The novice needs a machine in perfect order, one that will assist him. The skilled operator does good work with a machine somewhat out of order, supplementing its defects with his skill.

In that little book "Letters from Julia," this doubt seems to have been perfectly answered by a competent hand. The spirit tells the medium: "All that I see in your mind—knowledge of the English language, for instance, or associated ideas—are to me so much material by which I can get my thought into your consciousness. All your stored up ideas, memories, associations, are like the letters inside a typewriter. I strike whatever key I need. The alphabet was yours, but the touch was mine."

And so we may rest free from doubt of the medium's complicating our message. So long as our friend has skill enough to strike the right keys, our only care need be to find the medium whose mind gives us an alphabet copious enough for the message.

ALL LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL.

Belle Bush.

All life is beautiful; the humblest flower That cheers the dusty highway with its smiles, Has something in it of a heavenly power That oft my heart of weariness beguiles.

The blue-eyed violet of the glen and grove, Spring's sweetest offering, is a thought of God— A tiny poem whispering of His love, And glowing eloquent the soulless clove.

A shining pebble in the river's bed That scarcely makes a ripple where it lays, May teach a lesson worthy to be read By all who murmur at the world's dull ways.

The soft green moss we tread beneath our feet, The waving grass that carpets hill and plain, Take to their generous hearts the dew or sleet, And, uncomplicated, greet the autumnal rain.

They do not question of its use or power, But meekly they receive whatever is given, Thankful alike for sunshine or for shade, As we should be for all the gifts of heaven.

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the famous physician and psychic, has been giving his ILLUSTRATED LECTURE on "The True and False in Spiritualism" to crowded houses all through Ohio the past six weeks. Dr. Watkins is now making out his route for a tour through Massachusetts and the State of Maine. All societies interested should write the Doctor at once to 134 Churchill street, Cleveland, Ohio. The Doctor pays his own expenses, charging admission, and dividing the profits with societies. While in your city he will give free lectures on "Health and Disease," "Psychic Healing," and will diagnose "diabetic feet." Why not write 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 equal in his phase. Direct all letters to E. E. Watkins, M. D., 134 Churchill St., Cleveland, Ohio.

We are in danger of looking too far for opportunities of doing good and communicating. In reaching for rhododendrons we trample down the daisies.—Marion Harland.

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Letters from Our Readers.

The editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

Conscious versus Unconscious Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The above question is often asked, which is best, conscious or unconscious mediumship, and it seems to be a vital point to many. As far as my own experience is concerned I prefer the guides to thoroughly entrance me; but I have always said they must come and speak in an intelligent manner. I feel that in some cases the unconscious control is best, but owing to difference in temperament, other mediums may prefer to do their work in the conscious state. I think it does not entirely lay with the guides, as some may take on the habit of the medium. I also feel that we can only judge what is best for ourselves. I do think the discussion of this question would do good. I am indeed glad that Mrs. Minnie M. Soule has been spared to continue her noble work, and hope we shall now hear from her often.—Mrs. B. W. Belcher, Marlboro, Mass.

Workers Wanted.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: As I have been a subscriber for some time I thought I would write a line, as I feel it my duty to do so. We have not many Spiritualists in this section of the country, not nearly as many as I wish there were, for I feel that I would like to see every one manifesting some interest in that great and glorious Cause that has unfolded to the world so many truths. I would like very much for some good medium, a lecturer and test medium, to come here and arouse the people, but I have not been able yet to learn how it can be brought about. Now I am not finding any fault, but I would like for those who claim to be Spiritualists at campmeeting time to use a little enthusiasm in regard to having a speaker come to each town after campmeeting time. The campmeeting is a beautiful realization to me, but that is only ten days out of the year. We afterwards the development in our own homes of mediumship. When we see people living certain conditions why should we hesitate to do something to throw out inducements that will lead them to thought that is more elevating? Let us help them to realize that the angel world is trying to impress all humanity of the truth and of the necessity of living good and honest lives in this life and in the great beyond, in this world of care and strife.—A Subscriber, Bingham, Me.

To Correspondents.

The editor is overtaking the delayed correspondence as rapidly as possible, and hopes that within the next few days all arrears will be overtaken. Will our friends, hereafter, who do not receive replies by mail, oblige by looking in this Department each week?

Consolation in Time of Trouble.

George H. Hepworth.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. xxxiii, 27. That sentence is the corner stone of the only true religion. When I have assured myself that these two statements contain actual facts which I can trust as implicitly as the sailor trusts his compass in a storm, I need nothing more, for I have the highest possible motive, the most serene confidence that all things will work together for good, and my darkest hours are lighted by a sky full of stars. The life of Christ is an amplification and an illustration of these words. They were uttered by the seer of Israel, but they were made into an object lesson by the divine Nazarene. They were a dream in those old days, but they were changed into a reality when the "voice of one crying in the wilderness" was heard on the hills of Judea and the world got its first glimpse of the highest possibilities which human nature can attain. The Son of God told the sons of men that the everlasting arms are literally underneath us, and when we saw Him in Gethsemane and on Calvary we knew that He spoke the truth. I delight in the cheerfulness which religion affords. It brightens our sorrows as the setting sun tips the clouds with glory, and it lightens our burdens, of which there are many to be borne, as though an invisible being were lifting half the load. We must weep, for that is one of the experiences necessary to a spiritual life, but behind our tears, in the secret depths of the heart, is a radiant hope, a hope not to be parted with at any price, and it is like the lantern which the pilgrim carries on his wondrous way along the dangerous path in the night. The thought that the Lord of the universe is near at hand, that His ear is always open to your cry, that He cannot desert you to an untoward fate, that you and He have certain personal relations with each other by which your weakness can draw on His strength, gives you an inward satisfaction, a joyful contentment, an uplifting faith, in the presence of which poverty almost becomes riches, and sickness health, and death itself a gain. Your belief in God as your protector and in the wondrous revelations of the Christ concerning duty are the destiny are the subtle influences which form your character and enable you to meet vicissitudes as bravely as the knight met his opponents in the tournament, with this difference, that sometimes the knight was forced to lower his lance in defeat, while you, with the Spirit of the Universe on your side, must needs be always a conqueror. Who walks with God has nothing to fear. He takes no tremulous step, is sure of himself, and sure of heaven. If religion is so priceless in the conduct of life, what estimate shall we put on it when the sun sets on our little day and we ask ourselves if there is a tomorrow? If it braces the nerves to an effort which brushes temptation aside and protects our integrity against the invasion of sin, what shall we say of it when our dearest and best beloved lies in that mysterious slumber of which we can never speak without a feeling of awe, or look upon without dimmed eyes? How can such an experience as that be endured unless the heavens open as we gaze longingly upward? It is the one supreme moment in the soul's whole career, and if we are in despair, then it were better not to have been born. It is a spiritual crisis which puts its appraisement on the philosophy which we have formulated and defended. If there is nothing to be said at such a time, if love ends, and we feel that our loss is an eternal loss, then life is not worth the living. To give your heart, and to have your heart break because you have done a noble deed. The world must have been strangely planned if that can happen. It is not a good world to live in, and its creation was a mere experiment which has resulted in dismal failure. If this life is all, then the all is a mere nothing, or worse than that—it is a pang, an anguish, an affliction. But suppose I turn that picture to the wall and show you another. There is more than

today for the soul. The sun will shine tomorrow even as it shines now. The loved one who has walked by your side, but who leaves you for a time, will walk by your side in another clime, and though you may not see him during the rest of your journey he will watch over you as one in that vast "cloud of witnesses." He has gone, visibly gone, but invisibly he remains. He is better off than he could be in this lower world, and death has not destroyed, or in any way marred his affection. On the other side he will greet you, welcome you, and there renew the ties which have only apparently been broken. That is what the Christ tells us. That is a revelation which corroborates the yearnings of human nature, a truth which ought to make heroes and heroines of all mankind. That kind of faith is based on the fact that God is wise, that we are here not to be tortured, but to do our work cheerily as best we can, that the light of heaven is shining on our paths as the sun shines on the wheat field and prepares it for the autumn harvest. Say what you will, that faith is the most ennobling, the most enlarging element in human nature. Without it you may have genius and wealth and all that earth can give, but at heart you are a beggar. It is that belief which alone constitutes your riches. Your doubts are like poison in the blood, but faith is health, vigor, and everything that can be desired. If we are on a journey to Nowhere, we are of all men most miserable, but since we are on our way Home,—ah, that is a different matter.

The Fall of Man.

Arthur Milton.

Pride suffers—that is, false pride; arrogance, so-called. True pride is that which invites suffering rather than be dependent, which is synonymous with being self-sufficient; depending on others or their labors for subsistence. Nature's law is absolute will, as inspiration is absolute intelligence—consciousness perfected to the degree that it is self-acting—automatic. The individual who has overcome his animal sensualism—may or may not indulge at pleasure—becomes inspirational, which is thought evolving itself without personal effort. The factor has but to take a subject in mind, which invites his interest, and Nature does the rest. In like manner he becomes gifted with the power of will or action, when he overcomes that which is a hindrance to its positive wish or desire. False pride or arrogance—selfishness or that impulse which commands others to do his bidding; to labor for him, so that he may indulge his indolence; often to do his thinking for him—is that which prevents man from carrying out many of his wishes, such as universal peace, just laws, spiritual progress and attaining happiness. The latter is the acme of the whole—it being the effect of love as inspiration is the acme of physical purity or the control of animal sensation—intemperance, gluttony (epicureanism), lust, carnality or that which pleases the senses generally. Now, to attain a positive will, man must control his animal emotions: false pride (conceit, vanity, self-righteousness, arrogance in general) and mollify his self-hood towards every human being—that is, bear in mind, that "all men are born equal," so far as sympathy is concerned—humanity towards them as individuals and that all have certain rights to live, and that we have no right to enslave them except to elevate them—not misuse them, sensually or selfishly. Love is one thing, selfishness another. We may employ a servant, who is ignorant or weak, but we have no divine right to misuse that servant. We can always command respect by respecting ourselves, but we always engender disrespect (prejudice) by arrogance, haughtiness or selfishness. And such is very prevalent in the world—has been since the world's history commenced. Is it a wonder that Nature disrespects us human beings, considered as a whole? If "God is love," what is Nature? Can we solicit her love without extending it? Have not we been taught that like attracts like? Then why not act in accordance with that principle—or law? If there is such a thing as the "Fall of Man," may it not have been through such selfishness as herein pointed to? And are we not still, to a large degree, suffering because of the same conditions prevailing? Now, if the lack of sympathy is the cause of our trouble, would not charity for all—consciousness generally—turn the tide in our favor, lead to better conditions? Of course, many practice it, but not enough to invite Nature's favor. We have been (or are) "weighed in the balance and found wanting." Love must outweigh selfishness to inherit Nature's blessing. And what concerns the masses may also be good for the individual. If we cannot control the masses, we might, as individuals, endeavor to reach the goal personally. What religion teaches "Love ye one another" and "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Has it been practiced or exemplified? Effects do not prove it. Individuals may have profited by it—such as the man lifted by it. But what of the masses? We still have wars, dissension, bloodshed, murder, discontent and lack of unity—brotherhood. What is the remedy? Love? If that is the law (Nature's will) it must be man's to win.

The Responsibilities of Mediumship.

The willingness to assume the functions pertaining to any position not only requires the fitness of the individual for the post, but, also, that he or she realizes the responsibilities attached thereto. Irresponsible service is but the labor of a hireling, founded upon the hope of emolument, and, usually, concluded when the reward has been received. There is another form of service, which involves no conception of responsibilities relating to the world or the individual. It is founded on self love, seeks laurels, fawns upon flattery, but such service seldom lasts for any sustained period of time. Should the stimulus be withdrawn, vanity is wounded, self love is offended, while the service, which should have been for the good of others, ceases, because self-love was the real inspiration. Altruism is the true base of our service to others. Egoism is the corner stone of perverted and selfish individualism. In all true spiritual work, or really useful humanitarian effort, altruism is the bed rock upon which we must build. This affirmation may seem as a counsel of perfection to some, for, say such, the world of daily life is the arena where men fiercely contend, and not therein can we find the signs of peace and love. Even so—though it is not entirely true—yet, our duty is not to be as others, but to live the higher and gentler life we believe in. In the past mediumship has been the means of securing for mediums an immunity from much that would have often proven to their advantage if they had been held accountable for. In certain instances this mistaken kindness—if such a word is permissible—has led to steadily increasing disincarnation to face personal responsibility, and the resultant deterioration of moral and mental health has rendered it impossible for the individual to realize the fact that mediumship carries with it tremendous responsibilities.

In the first place mediumship discloses a wonderful arcana of facts relating to the physical, mental, emotional and spiritual constitution of the individual. Putting aside the scientific aspect of the matter there remains the moral side of the foregoing facts. Intimately bound up therewith is the question of health—bodily and mental. The perfect balance of bodily function means health. All practices tending to disturb that balance means inharmonious functioning, and it cannot be even pretended in these days that inharmonious functioning presents good grounds for useful mediumship of any sort. Personal habits are essential matters. All diets, or personal conduct, which destroy bodily harmony, irritate or inflame nerves or organs, should be rigidly eschewed, for one of the first responsibilities of attaching to a medium is to offer the spirit world a pure, (clean, healthy, uncontaminated) bodily machine for its use.

Next would occur to the thoughtful the necessity of equable mental conditions. Our noble minded seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, over fifty years ago gave us his magic staff, "Under All Circumstances Keep An Even Mind." And, therein, is contained the germ of all forms of "metaphysical" teachings since formulated. If mediumship requires bodily health, it most certainly requires mental health, also. Pure thinking is as essential as pure feeding. Pure thinking keeps the brain cool, the nerve forces harmoniously pulsating, the psychical aura as clear and lucid as the sparkling stream, winding its way across the plain, as the sunshine illumines its crystal clearness.

Yet, after all, the conception of the individual as to the value—may it be said the sacredness?—of mediumship is, in many cases, the most important point. Honest service for the good of others, not for place or pelf; single-hearted consecration to the high calling of serving two worlds by assisting the noble ones of the Beyond to bring light and truth to our world; not only, however, as instruments to such ends, but further, that the millions of the great multitude of the democracy of life—who, after all, make up the greater part of our common brotherhood—may receive from the army of the unseen departed the proof that death does not destroy, nor the grave divide, even the humblest departed loved one from his friend on earth. To help the toiler in his home or the prince in his palace, to realize the blessed communion between the two lives is the sublime function of mediumship. Is it not, then, a serious responsibility to serve in such capacity? Should not all who are in the ranks of mediumship recognize the responsibilities of the position and live up to them?

Reincarnation a Hindu View.

That the moral precepts which underlie all religions resemble each other so closely is to a student of comparative religion one of the most striking facts. The Golden Rule, for example, far antedates the coming of Christ. In one form or another it constitutes a part of the ethics of all systems. The Sermon on the Mount was the newest teaching of Christ, and is chiefest among those teachings which make the Master's work pre-eminent among the existing systems of ethics. The Hindu regards reincarnation not so much, as we have been taught to believe, an almost endless chain of bodies for the indwelling of a soul, varied often by a metempsychosis into the brute creation; but rather a probation, a sort of Purgatory on earth, giving to the individual an eternity of opportunities, if need be, to work out his own salvation by a continuous series of resistances to temptation, a chance to rise ever higher and higher as far as his will to do good will carry him, until at last he reaches perfection in the Hindu Heaven of complete Nirvana. All this progression (or retrogression, if the individual so determines) is under the controlling current of his Karma. What exactly Karma is very difficult of comprehension to the Western mind and is, perhaps, still more difficult to impart in written words. For our purpose here it may be well enough paraphrased by the quotation, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." This is not understood in the sense of the Calvinists—who punish for sin and reward for virtue—as a bad boy is whipped in school and a good boy receives a "merit" at the day's close. The Hindu idea is vastly more just, vastly more reasonable. As one who disregards the law of gravitation suffers thereby, not because it is wrong to disregard it and his suffering comes as a punishment, but because the violation of the law carries its own penalty. As the contrary course involves its own consequences, so Karma is the following of effect from cause. To the Hindu mind, every act, however sinful in our sense of the word, has in it some germ of good; every life, however degraded, a certain amount of good deeds, all of which count in the tribunal which has established the laws under which his soul progresses towards its final perfection. Even to a Western mind this interpretation of Karma seems to contain an everer justice than the Christian creeds which affix such horrible and never ending penalties to the slightest sin, penalties that in some "schemes" require the death and agony of a God to appease an angry Judge and to coax him into a condition where he will permit mercy to season justice. Even then that mercy must be none less than an infinite mercy. The Hindu with his probationary reincarnation needs no Purgatory, needs no intervening sacrifice, no infinite application of mercy. His Karma raises him to Heaven, or keeps him in Hell, according to the deeds done in the flesh; but he is sure of final happiness, for the working of the law is sure and from it there is no escape, either for good or ill.

The selection of the new incarnation is not in the individual's power. He who rules all chooses, and as the law is just, so is the choice. Here the Hindu feels that "whatever is, is right," and meekly bows, murmuring, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Herein lies the so-called fatalism of the Brahmin and the lower caste. All trust in infinite justice. Why? Because in their school of thought no injustice is taught. No occasion to appease an angry deity arises. No infinite mercy can be implored to stem the tide of that form of justice which the Calvinist calls "infinite justice." So as his Duty is first of all just, he trusts him to incarnate his soul wherever his Karma requires and abides the result, knowing that "God's in his Heaven, All's well with the world."

The True Meaning of the New Testament.

Brainbridge Bishop.

In the Banner of December 12, I read an article on "Immortality," by John Van Denburgh; in which he speaks of the New Testament Miracles as "Stupendous Fables," which would be true if they were taken literally. But we must remember that the original gospel is an esoteric writing, in which the truth is carefully concealed from the common people. Only the initiated were expected to know or understand its true meaning; by that it is plainly seen to be a very poetical and truthful statement of the modern movement of the Sun, starting at the winter solstice, and ending at the summer solstice. In this move-

ment the Sun was by the ancients, Deified as a "God and Savior."

For a number of years, I have been intensely interested in the secret, or esoteric writings of the ancients. By using my unfolded spirit senses and faculties, I have been able to unearth the originals of the writings of the Old and New Testaments, also translate them so that their true meaning can be seen and understood. Let us examine the miracle of the "loaves and fishes." Now when the gospel narrative was written the sun started north in the sign of the sea goat Capricornus; this was a water sign, the sun then passes through Aquarius another water constellation. The sign of the fishes by the Ancients is always spoken of as being composed of both water and land. The signs Aries, Taurus, Gemini and Cancer the Crab, are all land signs. It is seen that only "fish food" could be produced from the two first water signs, hence the two fishes to represent these. Now grain could be produced from the other five signs, hence the five loaves to indicate these. Christ, the sun savior, took the five loaves and two fishes; this was the seed that he caused to grow and increase sufficiently to feed the five thousand people, who represented the inhabitants of the earth. It is stated that Christ gave this food to his disciples who were personifications of the Zodiacal signs or months of the year, and these distributed the food to the people. In other words the sun in its northern course warmed the water signs, thereby causing the fish to multiply and grow. The other land signs, or months, brought forth grain abundantly. At the harvest time the people ate and were filled; twelve baskets full of food remained, one basket for each month of the year to feed the inhabitants of the earth till the next year's harvest time came. When thus understood it is seen that the story of the "loaves and fishes," is absolutely true.

It is written, "And (Jesus) seeing a fig-tree afar off having leaves he came, if haply he might find anything thereon; and when he came to it he found nothing but leaves for the time of figs was not yet. Jesus said unto it, 'No man eat fruit of thee hereafter forever,' and his disciples heard it. And in the morning as they passed by they saw the fig-tree dried up from the roots."

Samson, the ancient sun hero, did better than this with his three hundred foxes, which were "three hundred days of sunshine" he dried up from the roots, i. e., "burned" all the grain fields, vineyards and olive groves of the Philistines. The above requires no comment. The story of Christ being placed upon the pinnacle of the temple by his Satanic Majesty, the Devil, is taken from the pictured constellations which is the secret "official record" of ancient sun worship. In esoteric language, the temple signifies, to a person standing in the open air, the visible earth and sky; its pinnacle is its highest point, the position of the noonday sun. Here his Satanic Majesty, "Darkness," had his final controversy with the God of light. The episode of the exceeding high mountain is also taken from the "official record," and in substance is very much like the first. That is a poetical description of a controversy between light and darkness.

In the last day's movement of the sun to the north, there arose a great storm and the sun appeared crucified on the halo-cross. After this darkness came on and the stars appeared. In ancient esoteric writings the stars are spoken of as men, the night as the grave, therefore after the crucifixion, the graves were opened and bodies of the saints arose, and were seen by many. It would be amusing, if it were not pitiable, to see learned professors and theologians display their ignorance when discussing the esoteric writings of the Bible. New Russia, N. Y.

It is a great thing for a man to put the whole meaning of his life into a few paragraphs, if he does it so that others can make anything out of it. If he conveys his meaning after the fashion of the old alchemists he may as well let it alone.—From "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table."

You may blame the wind or no, But it ever hath been so; Something harvest of its kind Leads a frustrate life and blind, For the lack of favoring sails, Blowing blithe on other sails. Edith Thomas.

Phillips Brooks and Theology.

John Van Denburgh.

The final meaning of the movement is the nearness of the soul of God to the soul of man, and of the soul of man to God. If man is really growing nearer to God, not farther away from God, every advancing age must have a new theology.—Phillips Brooks. In the above quotation some may fancy a slight ambiguity is involved, as it contains no positive affirmation. The inference is meant that through the influence of scientific research and the evolution of logical thought, the theology of the past must be supplanted by something new, less conflicting with the deductions of modern science, and more in harmony with the progress of the age. And that is to say that the theology of the past is incongruous in the light of our present knowledge. Assuming what Mr. Brooks said as true, the new theology has practically become obsolete, and should be discarded. Because the whole is true is eternal, and the combination of all the elements, wind, water and fire cannot destroy truth even if it could cover and obscure it for a time, for like smoldering volcanic fires, truth will blaze out again with renewed vigor in spite of all attempts to suppress it. The phrase "New Theology" is not only a misnomer but a glaring error; theology being based entirely and exclusively on the supposed infallibility of the Bible, hence a new theology must base itself on some other book. It is time something new should supplant and efface the last vestige of that ancient barbarism, with its personal and vindictive God. But in the name of all that is good and humane do not call it theology. Think for a moment and shudder when we recall the indescribable tortures inflicted in the name of and under that banner. "But, oh! what crowds in every land are wretched and forlorn: Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."—Burns.

What some other theologians have said: On an occasion when Col. Ingersoll lectured in Milwaukee, the orthodox pulpits put up loud and vehement protests. The mildest comment from a distinguished member of the clerical profession was that he was fighting dead issues, was far behind the times, as none now believed in the divinity of the Bible or that kind of a hell they once did; but with characteristic forgetfulness said not one word as to what they now believed.

When Henry Ward Beecher introduced Col. Ingersoll to a vast audience of brainy men and women in Brooklyn he said: "I now introduce to you a man who, and I say it not flatteringly, is the most brilliant speaker of the English tongue of all men on the globe. But as under the brilliancy of the blaze of light we find the living coals of fire, so under the lambent flow of his wit, and magnificent

antithesis we find the glorious flame of generous and honest thought."

Beecher's labor and life work was that of the pioneer who goes through the wilderness blazing trees that others may see and follow. But for his persistent and continued assaults on a dominant and popular theology—and no other ever hurled such powerful and telling invective—the triumph of Col. Ingersoll would not have been so easy and complete. Immense as was his influence and service in behalf of the Union, at home and abroad, it needed a lofty and sublime heroism to face and subdue the fierce and howling mobs of Birmingham and Manchester in England; but he was able to do it. And, again, it needed something higher than the recognition of that loftiest, that divine principle, the brotherhood of man, including that of women—black as well as white—when taking the hand of a slave-woman and introducing her to the people of Plymouth Church said: "This woman needs so much money to buy her freedom from bondage; can we give it?" And the answering shout was, "We can, we will," and with it she bought her freedom from bondage, a birthright given by her Creator, the right to life, liberty and to find and enjoy happiness which, through the power and evil of that most unholly alliance—Church and State—had been stolen from her. And it is the simple truth, naked and unadorned, to say theology is the illegitimate offspring of that same wicked combination.

Faith No Longer Blind.

We are told that by faith we can remove mountains; and yet faith is often called blind. One in ancient times called faith "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Modern retranslation restates this thought and calls faith "the assurance, or giving of substance to" things hoped for, the proving (or test) of things not seen." For thousands of years the church has demanded of the human race the belief that this blind faith and this alone could ensure that salvation without which our souls could attain in the hereafter no happiness, no peace. This is true not only of the Christian church, Moslem and Buddhist have also been required to cherish and rely upon this unseeing faith. And for thousands of years the human mind has done as it was bid. For thousands of years the heart of man, yearning to pierce the veil, has been content with this unseen guide leading through unknown paths to an imagined goal. It has done as it was bid and been content, not because it would, but because it must. A forced content, to be sure, which is but a story half told. For thousands of years the human mind, trained by long practiced obedience to religious guides, has accepted as true the particular brand of faith which the church has seen fit to deal out to its votaries and, in accordance with the doctrine of suggestion, having been told that "by faith ye can move mountains," has proceeded to move them. No other force in the history of mankind has accomplished such marvels of good and of ill, as has this blind following of a blind faith.

Until today, so firmly rooted by untold centuries of obedient acceptance has this habit become, that to penetrate the most important mysteries of life a little further, to strive to reach a little the beggaring veil which shuts out the heart-love of the living at the door of death, is in many quarters still regarded as an impious intermeddling with something untouchable which these people fatuously dub "God's plan." More impious they in their assumption of God's mysteries than we who strive to comprehend a little more of God. Why not strive to make this faith really "the substance of things hoped for?" Is it more impious to study than to hope? We are living on earth not in dreams. Should this argument against penetrating the mysteries of life have prevailed in the past as it is sought to have it prevail now, we would still believe that a storm was an expression of God's anger, and our abodes would still be the hideous caves of prehistoric man. Mysteries are given us only for solution and there is a standing order to destroy them on sight without quarter.

"Oh, ye of little faith." In the enlightenment of the 20th century dwelling in willing uncertainty when but a look around you and the scales would drop from your eyes. Spiritualism, the great enlightener, would give eyes to your faith, no longer blind. It would illumine the oldest literature as well as the newest, the Bible and Tennyson; make all life one, here and hereafter; abolish death and take away its arms of terror and dread of the unknown; make love as eternal as life and a master, our fear and hate, and fulfill the old prophecy, "Thy faith shall make thee whole," by adding to faith knowledge, and to knowledge the soul-illumination of divine love.

Life.

We want more life—more of Life. We are sick and tired of death—as he has heretofore manifested himself to us. We need to reconstruct our views of death. The monster must change his character, even as all the other monsters which the race has encountered in its journey have changed their characters—or seemed to change them—as we have learned more about them.

We read in the Inspired Book that death, referred to as the "last enemy," is finally to be outgrown. If this be true there must be a commencement made somewhere. Why not by those members of the new thought movement who are now seeking for physical immortality?

I do not believe any of us would care to live here through eternity. Everyone of us would be glad to know that the great change which comes at the end of life could be indefinitely postponed at will, by and through our understanding of and obedience to the laws of Life, and that when we finally desired to seek some other plane of manifestation the change need mean no more to us than going to sleep at night.

And I believe that this grand end can be attained, and that it will be in the not far distant future.—William E. Towne, in Nautilus.

A Psychic Connundrum.

Why has a genius that same feeling of independence that a money-magnate has? Because he senses a like power in the possession of something that others lack. But why are they, who do not possess either genius or money, prone to find fault with those who do? In the answer to this question rests the history of the world as well as that of the individual in general. Think over it! Arthur Milton.

Time! the corrector where our judgments err, The test of truth, love—sole philosopher, For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift, Which never loses though it doth defer— Time the avenger! unto thee I lift My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift. —Byron.

With each divine impulse the mind reads the thin rinds of the visible and finite, and comes out into eternity, and inspires and explores its air.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

