VOL 94.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1904.

\$2.00 Per Annum, Postage Free.

No. 19

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 chared 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 Gaming, red wine and soft luring light Toat kills the transgressor: Sunshine dimmed with a frown. Shadow damned them a I 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

Were sung for only two. Sunshine gleamed golden glory, Shadow beguiled the old story

To wane—on the morrow

To the soul's silent abode They found no pathway for the soul in its fuliness

None knew to stray from its own invisible isle, Unto the shadow it wove Immortal—tomorrow.

Is Obsession "Demoniacal?"

Suste 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. a 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

Eut 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 ntterances 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, vidual opinious. 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. peeded such assistance as much as would the ha caught in the spider's web. When we had finished (using more argument in this first case than later methods and unfolded power linye 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 obession 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 ther 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 rejoleing in their freedom.

To this end the psychic healer must still work on, in this most unpopular, discountenanced 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 east out the spirits by his word" (though it eems 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 neute type are frequently the rejection 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 esult 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 indi-

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. Hen 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 vielded 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 Nancy Till,"

followed by the "goo-goo" of baby gutteral. 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 dereloping seance, and presumably had not been "the prey of such base emotions as revenge, jenlousy 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 yet see or hear the shining 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

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 excarnate soul can impinge too closely upon that of a mortal. Mental healers, who generally are not thus conscious of spiritual who do not as a rule, believ 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 selzed 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 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,

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 toice 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 revealment of Truth, and ours is the duty to not alone be superior to all attack, but also to be evangels 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 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 monu-

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 organ ized 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 inerrancy 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 iabeled 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 explatory 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 Oakes popish plot explated 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 monu ment to Garrison.

The merit of an expiatory memorial de pends 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 recal the wrongful persecution done in the name of an immutable right faith.

Finally, one may fairly maintain that or ganizations have less occasion than individ-uals 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. holds him long in the silent land, as a con- 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 ignor-

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 alvays 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 Nearly two-thirds of the suicides are years. found between the periods of twenty to fifty

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

	Total.	Males.	Females.
Singles	4,054	3,129	926
Married	4,807	3,817	990
Widowed	679	496	183
Divorced	198	137	52
Married	262	202	68

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

The table summarizing the causes follows:

	Total.	Males.	Females.
Drowning	800	490	310
Shooting		2,980	267
Poison		1,831	919
Cutting	810	695	. 115
Gas		466	200
Jumping		350	123
Hanging		750	262
Miscellaneous	302	219	83

Despondency is the leading motive, claim-

ing 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 15. to 1. Between the ages of twenty and thirtyis 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 wasn-shaped waist, felt a few back-brain spasms in the region of amativeness, 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, tobaccopickled, disappointed husband, family jars and suspicions, followed by suicides or diorces 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 permaency. If I were a novelist I would 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 sheel in him as he will have in any future consciousness. The beaven of happiness is within, as is the of discord. This seems to be known as human beings sense the fact.

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

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

on the grave there grows a rose, blooms with fragrance of white thought; dust can such pure love disclose, that from our lives may not be wrought? William Brunton

Habit.

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 arbits 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 pliableness of the body. In childhood muscles, nerves and brains are tender; in age of these are hard.

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A man is like a telephone system. The merves 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 agent reaches the connection for you. If you daily call for a certain number the agent will make the connection without thought just as soon as he hears your peculiar ring. He will get so that he does this while thinking or talking of something the chine.

I touch a thorn with my hand, the feeling is telephoned to the brain and at once withest thought force is set at work to remove the hand. The connection in the brain is made automatic by experience. I have a sore singer and the doctor proceeds to take and lance it. His knife pricks 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 unfortunate persons of evil habits are. They are alayes of cruel masters. I would have you see the importance of not only keeping free from vile 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 I touch a thorn with my hand, the feeling

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 do the ordinary acts of life is to tip the first block and the whole process desired performs sitself, while you proceed to think of something else.

President Woodrow Wilson, one of the wangificent 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 famillar 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 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 sheart enthused with the glory, the greatness, the needs of this 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.

things.

A few years ago it was also my good fortune to hear Paderewski play the plano 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 he tried to leave the people, but they called him back and there was veciferous annlans. They

and there was vociferous applause. They wanted him to play something that no one else had written, to improvise. He sat down at the piano and seemed to be lost in thought. Wonderful musical ideas possessed him, and he played it seemed to me, much better than before. He was called back three or four times.

before. He was called back three or four times.

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 "Take a business man for instance."

fore 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.

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 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 habits 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

pan 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. This follows orderliness in its importance. It is and that Napoleon Bonaparte always kept his watch fifteen minutes ahead of time that he might never be late. It is a very word habit to form. The area are now in the content of the might never be late. It is a very word habit to form.

The next habit I would mention is promptness. This 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 auxious. 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 Hampden? He looked so uncouth 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 wery

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 thinks 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 acting in accordance with the light truth. Try to state things just as they are, and then acting in accordance with the light as near as you can see it, this great idea of

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 bedily 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 belp others as well as to help ourselves.

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, each that we are the comments of 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.

its fulness.

The first thing is to determine that you will become so. The great Goethe said when people complain that what they have to do is 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 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 Evange list.

(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

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 spirits 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 unde

were singing the same song that those in the procession were singing. I tried again to un-derstand 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 clearer, sweeter, and more beautiful than when on earth. Neither did she seem to see me.

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 buck 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." ture land "we know as we are known," though sometimes it seems to me a voice said, "Your mother." How I do love her since I saw here there! She did not seem to

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

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 eye-brows, long whiskers, and large blue 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 Bouls 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 fa her, 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, then 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 soiled 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

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 a

enly 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 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

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 bedy, thine to do with as Thou wilt, but I pray Thee through grace bring Thy servant soen 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's love live. Our home, if born again; our Master's kingdom. I was there, and I know it. It was just breaking day when I becam

APPEABING TO OTHERS IN THE LIVING

ly 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 wifa 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

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 asw 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 Charlle'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 'clock, the first thing I thought of was; "What a peculiar drehm, 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

Dunnellon again, and as I entered Mr. Rush'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.

On November 8, 1899, I was between Lake Butler and Lawtey, and when near the Connor Bridge, west of Lawtey, 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 mare, fed her, 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. On November 8, 1899, I was between Lake

heavens.

In the centre and directly in front of mehigh 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 suface of the earth were small palms. From the ground stretching up on each side of this graind 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 the small stars shining through between the

leaves.

I looked upon this beautiful vision for some 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 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 1882 there was organized in England a Society for Psychical Research, by Professors Henry Sidwick, Balforn, Stewart, W. F. Barrett, also Gladstone, the statesman of the world, was allied with them,

statesman of the work, 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 statements regarding the soul of man are since his creation; are they false? They 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 dreat 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 ual 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 but-

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, Americus, 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 portion that is all light, peace, purity, joy, giory, and love—our Mas-ter's Kingdom.

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.

the modern stage.

"Ben Hur's" relationship to such a drama as the famous "Passion Play," of Ober Amergau Day be remote, but it is certainly a distant relative of that world famous scrip-

Amergan 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 abproach than formerly of heaven to

to herald, but the luminance only suggests a nearer approach than formerly of heaven to

nearer approach than formerly of heaven to carth.

There are two distinct reasons why this should be so. First, we may observe that eccdesinstical 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 though a special personality had been introduced as an essential factor in the work of healing.

be vanquished than though 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,—without 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 friendship.

It is through Messala's perfidy that all the

It is through Messala's periady 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

eighteen or nincteen 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 experi-ence, 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 hich the leading characters appear.

Ben Hur is a typical Jew of the noblest type, and such Jews as he and other mem-hers 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 in-creases under the skilful, conscientious mancreases under the skilful, conscientious man-agement 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 unspoiled by the splendor and luxuries at their command.

at their command.

The women in the play, equally with the men, present most striking contrasts.

Egypt'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 kindliness so that he may bask in the sunlight of her charms.

A brife 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.

ing endurance, so he quickly perceives how inworthy is such a woman of a true man's derotion 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 right-eously been granted,—was that he might use the oar equally with both-hands so that he should not become mis-shaped 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.

from drowning.
The Charlot Race, around which great

spectacular interest is sure to centre, is, not according to Lew Wallace's account, entirely satisfactory, for though the victor had been shamelessly betrayed by Messala, whose defeat he accomplished, it is left doubtful to the reader whether the race was won in a perfectly fair manner or by a trick.

That is the one thoroughly unsatisfactory note in the story, for it has an uncertain moral ring and so great a character, morally speaking, as the hero in many respects has been made to appear, should not have stooped to even the semblance of taking an unfair advantage of an adversary.

There are two causes, however, which may readily be suggested for the introduction of this moral flaw into the Charlot Race: First, The undenlable fact that human nature has not yet fully overcome the animal impulse of revenge. Second, To show the underlying spirit which led multitudes of conscientious Jews to expect a military Messlah; and we must not forget that Ben Hur's chief ambition was to join Messiah's army and drive the Romans from Jerusalem.

Modern Zionism is largely the outgrowth of long perpetuated Messianic yearnings for the establishment of exactly such a Jasesh State as multitudes of devout Israelites intensely desired in centuries long since departed; but there is this difference between ancient and modern Zionistic hopes. Formerly great military preparations were being made and the expected deliverer was conceived of as a man of war; now, after thousands of years of suffering and disappointment, the most orthodox and conservative in Israel are quite ready to indorse the glorious motto of the House of Israel through all its generations; "The Mission of Israel is Pence."

Judah Ben Hur is a character of special interest to the modern student because he combines two distinct ideals in his personality; as a type he is both versatile or complex and consistent.

A desire to carry arms may be inspired by very noble motives; thus the soldier is by no means to be despised; but history has most abundantly proved that not by

A desire to carry arms may be inspired by very noble motives; thus the soldier is by no means to be despised; but history has most abundantly proved that not by physical conflict but only by moral and intellectual development do men find themselves able to

verbinent on her mat themselves able to finally settle any or all disputes. The prophecy of an ancient Hebrew prophet which forms part of the text of Handel's magnificent Oratorio "The Messiah" when quoted in full makes special symbolical men-

quoted in full makes special symbolical mention of the concept of the greatest seers in Israel concerning the attitude to be taken by the expected emancipator.

"Rejoice greatly, Q! daughter of Zion! behold thy king cometh unto thee, meek and lowly, riding upon an ass." This would be little short of ludicrous if we completely lost sight of the figurative style adopted by all Oriental teachers.

James Freeman Clarke in his "Life and

Oriental teachers.

James Freeman Clarke in his "Life and Times of Jesus, by Thomas Didymus" has made this and many other metaphorical allusions perfectly plain, and concerning the ass as the befitting animal for the Messiah to ride when entering Jerusalem, has called our attention to the fact that horses were always used by warriors and asses by peaceful mer-chant-men throughout the East.

chant-men throughout the East.
When across the desert sand under the
brilliant Eastern sky the clear-sighted sons
of the desert saw the outline of an approaching steed, they were wont to make preparation for battle, as they anticipated an attack

of the desert saw the outline of an approaching steed, they were wont to make preparation for battle, as they anticipated an attack or an announcement from the horse's rider that war was being declared upon them by another tribe; but when the form of an ass was outlined to their gaze they knew that some friendly visitor or peaceful trader was traveling toward them.

The significance of this poetic allusion to a coming deliverer is both obvious and profound and it serves to teach the world of today a greatly needed lesson.

Warfare never finally settles anything because it falls to satisfy either side in a controversy. Three temples in Jerusalem, one after another, have been destroyed; the Jews have long ceased to be a nation with a localized abiding place, and yet to preserve the Israelitish State and to increase its glory blood has often been shed like water and almost incomparable bravery has been displayed upon the battlefield.

When under Bar Kockba, some time after the beginning of the present era, the Jews made a final desperate attempt to preserve the external side of their distinctive nationality their leader was totally defeated and their armies completely destroyed.

It must have been a bitter disappointment to the immediate followers of Jesus, with but very few exceptions, to find that it was utterly vain to seek to induce him to become a temporal King.

The title "King of the Jews" which the evangelists tell us Pilate wrote over the cross, and refused to after when requested to change it for something less pretentious, may have a spiritual significance, but it is utterly void of literal accuracy.

Jesus may have been acknowledged by men and women whom he blessed and healed as their spiritual leader, but as a fulfiller of external Messianic hopes his career was an utter failure.

But out of that failure a grander concept of Messiabshin mys readily have erown; in

utter failure.

But out of that failure a grander concept of Messiahship may readily have grown; indeed we can scarcely see how a nobler view

deed we can scarcely see how a nobler view could have been taken by those who were most deeply imbued with the military spirit unless their hopes had been entirely crushed and their designs utterly frustrated.

But happily for the interests of a coming universal faith in One Supreme Being infinitely greater than the limits of any mortal mind, the stage is beginning to do what pulpits have rarely done, preach universal Theism even when the historic Christ is the centre of interest to multitudes of play-goers. centre of interest to multitudes of play-goers

What a significant fact it is that by pre-senting a semi-religious drama exactly as the most orthodox Christian church-is willing and indeed desirous to have it presented, we are only reminded, ere the curtain falls upon are only reminded, ere the curtain falls upon the last and most impressive scene, of a beautiful hymn which assures us that "The light falls down from Heaven and enters where it may. The hearts of all earth's children are cheered by one bright ray."

What can any restrictive or exclusive form of Christianity give to the world, even at its best and highest, which simply unadulterated Theism or universal Spiritualism cannot give in immeasurably richer abundance?

in immeasurably richer abundance?

Christian Science and all other restrictive systems are good in some degree, but they all split ultimately upon the rock of too much importance attached to some personality.

We look at two women on the stage of a

theatre, a cruelly wronged and greylously afflicted mother and daughter stricken with leprosy kneeling in the road while multitude. waving palm branches in supposed greet-to a personal Messiah who puts in no ap-

ray of light from Heaven and so far as the theatrical suggestion is concerned, entirely apart from human mediation.

Jew and Christian, Brahmin and Buddhist, Parsee and Mohamedan can all allike kneel in that radiance and absorb the healing beams of that utterly impartial star.

Faith undoubtedly is necessary before we can receive the blessing which is always close at hand; for true faith is not credulity but open heart and open mind to welcome whatever blessing rains down from heaven to earth or wells up from the immost springs of divinity in man to the surface of external consciousness.

gestive lesson is taught in the conduct of Esther, daughter of Simonides, one of the purest and sweetest ideals of womanly grace and beauty which has ever adorned the stage.

Though this delicately nutrured and highly sensitive maiden knows that if her father restores to the rightful legal heir the property which has accumulated during that young hero's exile she will, if he enforces his full claim, he reduced to the level of a slaye, so great is her nobility of character that she urges upon her father the duty of making complete transfer of all properties belonging legally to the house of Hur to its present youthful head.

But while we may well bow in reverence to such high morality and hold up as a brilliant example such self-sacrificing devotion to strict integrity on the part of a Jewish maiden who has inherited this very essence of her righteous creed, we may also turn with great delight to another charming aspect of the situation and mark well how comparatively easy it is for one who is the soul of honor herself to expect naught but honor in another. Ben Hur is not to be feared or distrusted; his chivalry can well be appealed to and his fidelity to a noble code can safely be relied upon.

The maiden's trust is not misplaced, and thus instead of slavery and degradation the fortune that awaits her is love, protection, happiness in honorable marriage with a valiant man, her opposite in temperament and disposition, but the true complement and counterpart which every husband should be to his wife and which every wife should be to her husband.

The syren charms of the seductive Egyptian woman, who can appeal only to the senses and therefore fail to stir any nobler element in man's heing than earthly nession, all melt in the properties and t

The syren charms of the seductive Egyptian woman, who can appeal only to the senses and therefore fail to stir any nobler element in man's being than earthly passion, all melt into nothingness, and indeed they ultimately occasion disgust, when contrasted with the sweet simplicity and sterling moral strength of the beautiful young Jewess whose charms are of the mind and heart, but well accompanied by fitting loveliness of outward form. How to be happy though married? is one of those queer questions which are often asked in newspapers and to which diverse answers are repeatedly given, though there is but one reply which through all ages must remain constantly sufficing.

but one reply which through all ages must remain constantly sufficing.

In the 31st chapter of Proverbs the ideal wife is faithfully depicted, and such a woman is well deserving of the very noblest husband. The ultimate triumph of right and the vindication of deeply injured innocence is the crowning lesson in the story of Ben Hur, and though it is often painfully self-evident that in this world justice is not always vindicated or perfectly enthroned during the earthly lifetime of the leading actors in a complex drama, we have in the instinctive desire for justice, which lies at the root of human nature everywhere, an unanswerable

desire for justice, which lies at the root of human nature everywhere, an unanswerable refutation of the mendacious theory that human nature is evil at its core.

From so classic and stately a production as Ben Hur to a sensational melodrama like East Lynne may be a far cry, but the same evidence of humanity's indomitable determination to see virtue triumph in the last accounting is clearly presented in the latter, even as in the former play. We are living in a universe which loves righteousness and hates iniquity. The entire stream of universal tendency makes for equity victorious and for the downfall of all injustice; and though in many instances, on this side of the and for the downfall of all injustice; and though in many instances, on this side of the change called death, we fail to witness the coronation of integrity and the overthrow of all deception and ungodilness, we may well be quite convinced that what we know and feel of the divine order of the universe and the working of beneficent as well as immutable law, that somewhere and somehow every soul will awake in the divine likeness, and life's problems will all be gloriously life's problems will all be gloriously

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colle, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Last Sunday morning the Rev. Frederick A. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, New Century Building, 177 Huntington Avenue, took for his subject, "A New Year's Greeting," and said:
"I have been forestalled by many this morning with a wish for a 'Happy New Year,' and now it accords me great pleasure at this time and from this platform, to extend the same wish most heartily, not only to you, but to all.
"A genuine 'Good Wish,' a wish which is not only words but an earnestly felt desire, is no vain or idle thing. It is a good and helpful thought, and

"'We build our futures, thought by thought," "Thought, like an arrow, flies where sent: Aim well, be sure of thy intent, And make thy own environment.

"Our history, with its pages blotted with present, with all that it may mean of struggle or victory; our future, with its anticipations of hope or of fear, comprises all that there is to think about.

"The nature, the character of our thoughts,

during the next three hundred and sixty-five days, will not only decide whether we shall be happy or not, but will have much to do with the happiness or unhappiness of others. "In order for our thoughts to prove effec-

tual in bringing the greatest degree of hap-piness to the world, it is well to fully and wisely consider what direction to give to them. They must be concentrated and not scattered.

scattered.

"There is no enjoyment of wisdom except through experience, and the wisdom of the individual is dependent upon personal experience on the wisdom of the individual is dependent upon personal experience on the term of the same of the sa

reflect upon the past and its events, seek to solve the problems of the present, and anticipate with reference to the future.

"Is it wisest to divide our thought-energies in on attempt to cultivate these three fields at once, or is it better to bring every effort to bear upon one field at a time? Certain it is, that we cannot actually live in the ruture, although we may live in the present for the future. We cannot actually live over the past, but in the present we may profit by its experiences.

ray of light from Heaven and so far as the theatrical suggestion is 'concerned, entirely apart from human mediation.

Jew and Christian, Brahmin and Buddhist, Parsee and Mohamedan can all alike kneel in that radiance and absorb the healing beams of that utterly impartial star.

Faith undoubtedly is necessary before we can receive the blessing which is always close at hand; for true faith is not credulity but open heart and open mind to welcome whatever blessing reins down from heaven to earth or wells up from the inmost springs of divinity in man to the surface of external consciousness.

But interest in Ben Hur is by no means confined to the miracle of healing.

An amaringly beautiful and powerful sug-

ties and brighter anticipations for the future may be gained by reflection. But to a large number, dwelling within the thought-realm of the past is an obstacle to their growth and happiness. If its successes are over-much magnified, we are apt to become 'puffed up,' and arrogant; and, forgetful of others' weaknesses, we condemn them for their shortcomings, instead of extending to them the strength of our sympathy. If its seeming failures and many disappointments are brought over info the present, a distrust of the future is liable to obtain so as to prevent our making the best test of our strength possible, as applied to present duties.

"Many people are frequently found in second-hand stores in search of antique furniture; many would rather decorate their side-board with some worfully discolored dishes, bearing the stamp of old age, than with the most beautiful in up-to-date art. Many claim to find great religious help in the Orient, help which the Western world cannot give. Many are constantly rummaging overthe past for an example of true religion. Moses and Isaiah, David and Solomon, I'aul and Peter are frequently cited as exemplary practitioners of true religion. A host of people are forever claiming that humanity has departed from the practice of the teachings of Jesus.

"Nothing could be further from being the

departed from the practice of the teachings of Jesus.

"Nothing could be further from being the case. The fact is that new furniture is better than old, both, for wear and for thought-suggestions; the thought of the Occident is as helpful as that of the Orient; Edward Everett Hale is a far better man than Moses was; Andrew Jackson Davis is a better prophet than was Isalah; Emerson was wiser than Solomon. Phillips Brooks was a more helpful preacher than Paul; the wisdom of Minot J. Savage gives greater help to this world than did ever the enthusiastic, vacillating, Christ-denying Peter. Man has not departed from true Christianity, for he has never yet fully understood or practiced it. never yet fully understood or practiced it.
We are attaining to it. We are the nearest to it of any generation that ever lived.
"That the present is better than the past, is largely due to what the past has projected

into it; but, as thoughts are the real helps of life, and as the character of our thought is excited by the nature of our surroundings, let us live in the present, where the best is

let us live in the present, where the best is ever to be found.

"Many will not enjoy a Happy New Year, because they will not live in the new yeaf; they will be living in the year, if not the years, that have passed.

"Granted that the past is left behind, and due deference is paid to the present, even then the new year cannot be a happy one, unless a divine purpose is seen, even if adversity should be our lot. Even prosperity cannot assure to us happiness. It may afford pleasure, but, alas! happiness and pleasure may be to each other the most distant strangers.

"Pleasure is often the siren whose alluring voice and bewitching charms lead to the very precipice's edge, even into the yawning chasm of despair. Happiness is abiding, is even, is born of true love, is as enduring as God, as faithful as the stars."

Lake Helen, Florida.

Lake Helen, Florida.

Again the changing scenes of life have brought me back to this sunny spot, and it never looked fairer to me than it did upon my arrival in the land where birds sing and flowers blossom all the year, in such strange contrast to the snow clad hills of our much loved Chautauqua. We (husband and I) started from Buffalo on December 1st, accompanied by everybody's friend, Mrs. B. Sully of that city and on our arrival we found the little camp all astir. There are seven new cottages, only one of which is as yet occupied, that of George Bartholomew, which he has rented to Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of Lily Dale. Mrs. Van Dusce of the same place, and Mr. and Mrs. Baker, of Montpelier, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew are snugly settled in their fine cottage, built last year, called The Blue Bell. I hear Mr. Bartholomew expects to build another to rent when rested from his strenuous labors. Our Maine friends, Messrs. Littlefield and Lowes, are both of them building cottages so that they can be at home. They are delighted with the climate and the place itself, and they are welcomed as a great acquisition to the camp.

There seems to be a growing prosperity in this vicinity. The Band-Box and Basket factory, near the Lake Helen Station, is already giving employment to over 50 men, and their business is rapidly increasing. There is also a large Starch factory, the starch being manufactured from the casava root, which is yearly becoming more valuable not only for starch, but is taking the place of tapioca,

ing manufactured from the casava root, which is yearly becoming more valuable not only for starch, but is taking the place of tapioca, and other foods, upon the market. Oranges were never finer than this year, and some of the old residents say that the country is forgetting the "freeze" of years ago in its present success: Peaches are growing in favor, the orchards look thrifty, and some early varieties are beginning to blossom.

The apartment house is now filled, but there will be vacancies when some of the cottages are finished and the owners move into them. Mrs. Sage has charge of the

into them Mrs. Sage has charge the hotel, and has yet plenty of rooms. Brigham Hall as yet has no occupants. Rooms are still to rent in some of the cottages, but never before in the history of the meeting here has there been as many upon the grounds at this time of year, and more com-ing almost every day. Great satisfaction is

grounds at this time of year, and more coming almost every day. Great satisfaction is expressed by those who came down upon the Clyde Line on the Budington excursion.

Mrs. Ellen M. Fisher has charge of the dining room. She and her efficient corps of helpers were very successful last year in pleasing the people, and although she has other assistants, no doubt it will be even more satisfactory as the dining room has been enlarged and the kitchen rendered more convenient. There were 21 to partake of dinner venient. There were 21 to partake of dinne

last Sunday.

A gentleman by the name of Littlejohn who came to the camp last year hoping to A gentleman by the name of Littlejohn who came to the camp last year hoping to overcome that dire disease, consumption, remained all the summer and was carefully nursed by Mary Stewart, but though he made a valiant fight for life he had to succumb to the power of disease. His sister, Mrs. Barnum of New York, was with him for the last few months. His funeral services were conducted by Rev. Wells, the Baptist minister from Lake Helen village, who gave all the comfort he could to those remaining. His words were very beautiful and he impressed one as very sincere. Mr. Littlejohn was, I believe, a Spiritualist, but his sister was not, therefore the services were not spiritualistic. Mrs. Ed Spencer has several boarders, and is prepared to take table boarders through the winter. Her house has been enlarged and made more convenient.—Carrie E. S. Twing.

"A man dat's got a fast hose," said Uncle Eph'm, "don't keer how of n he got to git shoes fur'im. Hit's diffrunt if he's got a boy."—Chicago Tribune.

A Suggestion—Sunday School Teacher: Now, Johnny, why did the children of Israel sigh for the flesh-pots of Egypt? Johnny—Maybe Moses gave them breakfast food.—New York Tribune.

Farmer Hank—I was readin', the other day, that it's a scientific fact that a mule can be kept from brayin' by tyin' a stone to his tail. Farmer Hornbeck—Well let him that is without sin tie the first stone.—(From Puck without permission.)

Answers to Questions.

W. J Colelle.

Questions by Mrs. F. Fitzgerald, San Fran-

Questions by Mrs. F. Fitzgerald, San Francisco, Cal.

Question 1.—Sometimes in dreams we see relatives or friends who have long been dead, also people still ulive but residing, perhaps, on another continent. How is this explained?

Answer 1.—Dreams are far more than people generally suppose, and far more iliustrative of our actual relations with each other in an omnipresent spiritual state that is ordinarily imaginative. When we enter into the truly profound condition of slumber we are said not to dream at all, but in that deep state we may be fully conscious of our particular associates and surroundings. Dreams are Border-1» and experiences, and most commonly occur when we are partly awake and early—seleep. Thus a dream is often to some extent confused or incoherent, while a true vision is exact in every detail. All that is now popularly called psychic experience and phenomena, such for example as telepathy and mental telepathy, can only serve to show that we are far nearer to each other in spirit than in body provided we are spiritually in accord, while if spiritual rapport does not obtain we are so far apart in the spirit even when close together physically that there might be a solid wall of impenetrable aura surrounding us. Dreams and visious of the night and darkness also are great revealers of our inmost conditions, and they can be read through a careful study of them, and throw much light upon many of the perplexing problems now besetting the path of the inquirer on psychic questions generally. The question as to how we can see those who are ing problems now besetting the path of the inquirer on psychic questions generally. The question as to how we can see those who are residing in distant countries is sufficiently answered if you remember that geography is not a spiritual subject, and physical space is no necessary barrier between any friends whose thoughts are in agreement. Scientific scrutiny of what your question calls dreams in a generic sense may necessitate taking strict notice of resemblance and narration between the experience of people seen in dreams and visious of their present surroundings and what they remember of them and their whereabouts as connected with our intimate associations in the past, memory often enters whereabouts as connected with our intimate associations in the past, memory often enters largely into dreams, and, to the extent that it enters, it only revives recollections of the past. The real striking features of the clair-toyant telepathic dream must be sought and found in those evidences and assurances which do not belong to our experiences. For instance, a dreamer used to reside in Boston, say 20 years ago. He is now in California and dreams of his old home 3,000 miles away. If he simply reads it as it was, memory alone will explain his dream, but if in his vision he sees decided changes in the interior arrangements of the house and becomes aware of many

decided changes in the interior arrangements of the house and becomes aware of many alterations in the garden, etc., the inference is that he has become clairvoyant during sleep, or entered into communion with someone who has presented to his gaze that mental picture. Dreams such as our questioner refers to are of interest and are worthy of careful study, but would surely prove interesting if different contributors would write accounts of remarkable dreams for publication. Many convincing evidences of the fundamental truths of Spiritualism can be furnished through a study of dreams, particularly when definite dreams can be given.

Question 2.—Why do splitts always appear to mediums as they looked here on the physical plane before death?

Answer 2.—Spirits do not always appear to mediums as they appeared when on earth. Indeed they often—look very different from how they formerly appeared. On this point mediumistic testimony is important but how they formerly appeared. On this point mediumistic testimony is important, but granting that they do very often present themselves in an appearance closely resembling that of old, there are two answers to be given when they do so. First, because all appearances are primarily caused by psychic conditions, and are therefore largely indicative of the inner life of the one who assumes a certain appearance, and as we do not immediately outgrow psychic appearance. a certain appearance, and as we do not Immediately outgrow psychic appearance, and because we drop our material bodies, our appearance continues in the spiritual world sometimes to closely resemble what it was on earth. Very often an attempt is made by a communicating intelligence to furnish what an inquirer will consider a test of identity and, for all round proofs of identity, such appearances are presented as will most readily do the work for which they are intended. Clearer manifestations of psychic presence opens a great many questions circulating around this simple point and we feel convinced that though there are very many questions such as our questioner alludes to, there is a yast and increasing mass of evidence on is a vast and increasing mass of evidence the other side of the inquiry also.

The January Century.

The first feature to attract attention will probably be the beginning of a new novel,
"The Sea Wolf," by Jack London, author of
"The Call of the Wild." This story will deal
with the adventures of a man wrecked in San Francisco Bay and picked up by an Alaskan sealer, on which for a while he has a very rough time of it. The author describes with intense realism the life on such a vessel, the captain of which is a combination of brutality and intelligence. Descriptions of the many phases of the sea are a feature of the

Another feature to attract attention is the article on "Radium and Radioactivity," by Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, this being the only article which she has contrib-uted to the press on this subject. She puts at rest the doubt as to whether radium was dis-covered by herself or her husband.

Not less unusual is a narrative of personal

Not less unusual is a narrative of personal adventure in Tibet, entitled "The Latest News from Lhasa," the writer being the Rey. Ekai Kawaguchi, a Japanese Buddhist priest who has recently returned from an adventurous and important sojourn at the Tibetan capital. There is a portrait of the traveler in Tibetan dress, a map of his route, and an introduction by Miss E. R. Scidmore, the well-known writer on Oriental topics.

A fourth feature of unjue character is the

A fourth feature of unique character is the A fourth return of unique character is the first popular presentation of the "Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway." Boston, known as Fenway Court, which Mr. Sylvester Baxter, who writes the article, describes as "An American Palace of Art." The

scribes as "An American Palace of Art." The paper is replete with pictures from paintings and photographs. The inherent interest in this beautiful treasure-house is further enhanced by the fact that it is to be opened to the public on certain days.

In the group of papers on "Perils of the Republic" are two articles on a pressing question, under the title of "A Million of Immigrants a Year." Senator Lodge sets forth the "Efforts to Restrict Undestrable Immigration" which have heretofore been made, while Frank P. Sargent, Commissioner of Immigration, writes of "The Need of Closer Inspection and Greater Restriction."

Space forbids a further enumeration of the many other contributions which fill the cur-

many other contributions which fill the cur-rent issue of this sterling publication.

It makes no difference whether the appeal is to numbers or to one. The faith that stands on authority is not faith. The reliance-on authority, measures the decline of religion, the withdrawal of the soul.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK

Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.



An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. Gertrude Warner Scott, of Vinton, Iowa-

Mrs. Gertrude Warner Scott, of Vinton, Iowa.

Vinton, Iowa, July 15th, 1902.

In the summer of 1883, I was taken violently ill.

My trouble began with pain in my stomach, so severe that it seemed as if knives were cutiling me. I was treated by two of the best physicians in the ecunity, and consulted another. Kone of them suspected the the cause of my trouble was kidney disease. They all loid me that I had cancer of the atomach, and would die. I grew so wast that I could not walk any more than a child a month old, and I only weighed slavy pounds. One day my protter saw in a paper an advertisement of Dr. Klimer's Swamp Root, the great kidney, liver and bisdeer remedy. He bousht me a bottle at our drug store, and I took it. My family could see a chappe in me, for the better, so they ellipse the season of the season of swamp Roet repularly. I was so weak and run down that it took considerable to build me up sgain. I am now well thanks to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and weigh He pounds and am keeping houre for my hushand and brotter, on a farm. Swamp-Root, and weigh He pounds and am keeping houre for my hushand and brotter, on a farm. Swamp-Root and weigh He doctors had failed to do me a particle of good.

Gratefully yours,

Lexitude Warner Scott.

The mild and prompt effect of Dr. Kilmer's

The mild and prompt effect of Dr. Rilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidner, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its worderful cures of the most distressing cares. Recommended and taken by physiciane, used in hospitals and endorsed by people of prominence everywhere. To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and be sure to mention reading this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light.

If you are siready convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mist's ke, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., en every bottle.

COMFORT.

There's a beap of trouble in this queer world, Trouble and trial and sleepless care,
But never you mind, as you march, you'll find,
There's something to comfort you everywhere. After the tempest there's ever a calm. And for every heart pang, old mother-born Nature has hidden a healing balm.

And if as it happens many a time, Nature herself can give no aid,
There's Ore on high, with a loving eye
Who has bidden us fair on not dismayed.
If we lose the rubbish that men call wealth,
If we lose the friends that we love most dear, Our Father can give us both joy and health,
And brighten with heaven our lonellest year.

Bo, brace the back and shoulder the load, And cheerily step though the way be long, 'Tis the part of a man, to do aye what you can, And challenge trouble with about and song. For whether we laugh or whether we cry, Thank God, we have ever our work to do. And the rest and reward are for bye and bye, As sure as God sees us, this is true.

-Margaret E. Sangster.

Joy is wealth and love the legal tender of the soul.—Ingersoll.

THE MELODIES OF LIFE.

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

Angel Care.

Beyond the mortal. By love we arise

By love we arise.
Come up thither.
Come, gentle spirits.
Consolation.
Ceme, go with me.
Day by day.
Do n't ask me to tarry.
Evergreen shore.

home is not he

t yet for me.

Easdy to go.
Shall we know each
there?
Sweet hour of prayer.
Sweet meeting there.
Sweet reflections.
Sow in the morn thy se
Star of truth.
Silent help. ful angels are waitin Summer days are coming They il welcome us home There's a land of fade beauty. bey're calling us over sea.
Tunting nearer home.
Trust in God.
The land of rest.
The land of rest.
The stable the mern.
The cry of the spirit.
The stient city.
The river of time.
The Lyroum.
The Lyroum.
The Lyroum.
They are coming.
The happy time to com
The happy by-and-bye.

CATION OFFICE AND BO

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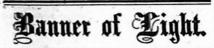
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Full particulars furnished upon appl catio

IF Advertisements to be renewed at continued ates must be left at our Office before 9 A, H n Saturday, a wrek in advance of the date thereon they are to appear.

The HANNER, OF LIGHT cannot need understate to rouch for the heaving of its many autoritiers. Attertisements which op-poser four- and howevable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made homes that dishould or improper persons are using our authoritaing columns, they are at once interdictes. We requare pairwant to noicily us premptly in case they discover in our columns advertisement of parties when they have proved in his columns advertisement of parties when they have proved in his columns advertisement of parties when they have proved in his columns advertisement of parties when they have proved in his columns and the columns of the confidence.

Whenever you desire the address of your paper same, always ever the address of the place to which it this sent or the change counsel by hand



BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1904.

I WOULD EVERY WEDNESDAY APTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK

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

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

The following represents the principles adopted by the 1899 national convention of the Spiritualists of America, and reassirmed at the national convention held at Washington, D. C., October, 1903.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence

2. We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite intelligence.

3. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expressions, and living in accordance therewith, constitutes the true religion.

4. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continues after the change called death. 5. We affirm that communication with the

so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism. 6. We believe that the highest morality is

contained in the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Brevities.

A Happy New Year to everybody.

- n.

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

Under present conditions we are obliged to urge our patrons who do not wish to risk delay in their credits to make all remittances

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.

Eloride must be a lo 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 procreding towards convalescence, and hoped to make an early recovery, so Mrs. Mattle E. Hull lately wrote to us. We heartily congratulate 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 transitory. 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 an and Ethics of Science." If you wish to the latest thought of one of the braini-est 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 appearing 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

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-opertowards specific ends. Human society upon these foundations, otherwise a society would be merely chaos, or at

best a brute warfare by the strong against

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 galeties will prevail, 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 explains 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

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 consequence of the new revolution may be as far reaching economically and industrially as was the case politically and socially with the other revolution out of which these United States was

The Cause we love has, on the whole passed through a fairly prosperous time during the past year. The work is spreadingif not as widely as could be wished-as satisfactorily, at least, as circumstances permit. The National Association is surely moving onward, and continues to do good work. Cohesion and unity are the misting links in passing of resolutions at National or State assemblies which are ignored after the meetings are closed, will not make for unity of methods or teaching, to any considerable extent. The weak spot in our methods is the lacking so painfully manifest regarding lyceum work. Why should not lyceumists unite and form a National Lyceum Union? The federation of lyceums, the issuing of an authoritative Manual, and the annual disoussion of how to best further promote lyceum effort would then become possible.

Week by week the "Banner" has found its welcome in thousands of homse in all parts of the world. It has stood for a clean spiritual Spiritualism,-vigorous in thought, eclectic in character, definite in expression. For honest mediumship, genuine phenomena, and all that can place our facts beyond the regions of question or suspicion. Our pages have presented each week an array of spiritual 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 influence 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 favorite 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? While 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

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 activity. As a missionary agent, as an organizer of new societies, and as a centre of helpfulness to workers, officials and adherents, such organizations need all the assistance it is

possible to afford them.

While the National Association representing the collective sense of the country as to policy, method, and the affairs which con-cern the widest interests of the movementfree 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 attention 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

Three Lies Nailed.

Hadson Tuttle, as Editor-at-Large, replying to Rev. Dr. Frazer in The Daily Trath 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 Sawiiliam 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 pulpit as it relterates 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 Spiritualism. Twice has this been done. The first time it was a base fabrication. The second time the condemnation of some spurious phenomena which he had at first accepted, furnished a slight ground for the story. In a letter 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, medjumistic, 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 eagetly commented by, mid I am surprised that Dr., Crazer 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 Association said to his hearers who had requested 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 report He replied: WMy 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 convinced that I have erred in my earlier observations, .I empower you-or rather entreat you-to contradict such assertions in my name.

"If Prof. Coues had found nothing satisfactory 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 investigations through a term of years, experimenting step by step, and they expressed their opinions with great caution, and tentatively.

"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 philosophy."

Unpleasant Reading. -

An esteemed correspondent residing at East Liverpool, Ohio, sends us a copy of the Evening News Review of that city. The Editor assigns a prominent position to an item exposing 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 "buncoing" 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 human sharks of the Hobson type. Why will reputable journals accept advertiséments which, on their very face, bear the stamp of imposture? Why will people continue to act as if they believed that the only uses to which psychic powers, mediumistic gifts, connotes for the Christian and the Jewish palmistry, etc., could be put is to tell fortunes, mind two altogether contrasted ideas. For

advise on vast sums to be inherited, or to afford them assistance in their matrimonial experimentations? Surely, it now is the time when Spiritualists should assert that it is not they who patronize the Hobson's, that they do not countenance the use of mediumship, nor seek the aid of spirits, for the purposes 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 understood, 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 indubitable evidence of life beyond death, facts upon which is being builded the purified future religion 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 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 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 cranberries, squash, turnip, nuts, candies, 1 loan bread, 1 pie, 1 bunch celery, 5 apples or oranges, and one order for 25 pounds of coal. To this throng 25 tons of coal were distributed.

"It is safe to say that no other charitable premization in the world could have us engo-tually, usefully, and justly handled such isn 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 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 unionism, 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 world beside evil spirits, obsessions, thinking, karma, and other things pertaining to so-called occult powers, such as, for, instance, bad social states, evils in our industrial 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 arth 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 meanwhile 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 expanding 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 beliefs of Christianity here and that of Judaism. The term Messiah

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 hes 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 liberalized synagogue, believes no longer in any personal Messiah at all, as represented exclusively in the personality of any single individual, however remarkable.

"But while abandoning this Messianic belief, 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 irrecoverable 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 progressive 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, active, earnest, devoted, consecrated forces for the regeneration of human society, saviors of ourselves and of our kind, mediative influences through whom an assured moral salvation for man can be effected on earth."

The world is moving onward, brotherhood is becoming more possible, and in the end, Jew and Gentile may yet forget their ancient enmities, and live in peace and concord. Spiritualism is helping along the com-

To Boston Readers.

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

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, 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 societies within a hundred and fifty miles from this city. As an inspirational greaker and 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 the speaker and Daytmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

New York City.

At this, the season of good will to all, I desire to extend to the "Banner" and its readers our cordial greetings for the coming year, also sincerest wishes for prosperity and hap-

Our meetings continue to enjoy great popularity, and too much cannot be said in praise of Miss Gaule's beautiful work for the spirit

Today's services were rendered especially roday's services were rendered especially interesting by our extra music in honor of the Yule-tide. The selections for vielin, cello and plano 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 delightful.

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

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

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 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 communi-cation 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 excursions to the camp, sailing from New York city on January 7th and 21st. Send him four cents and he will mail you full particulars as to fares, etc. His address is 91 Sherman street, Springfield, Mass.

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

"NATURE'S PRAYER."

BELLE BUSE'S BOOKLET.

Reporting for a Brooklet.

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 rhymster, 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 with a raried verse, Are well adapted to rehearse; 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 Sun-day, 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 Tuesdays are still doing a good work. The Thursday 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 ser The Emerson Union held a memorable service on Christmas day, when Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth delivered a valuable and inspiring address advocating education along the lines of Peace teachings. Resolutions endorsing Peace methods were unanimously 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. accorded our coworker, Mrs. Clara E. Strong. Although the weather was unpropitious, excellent and welf 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 celling. 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 feelingly 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.

Ohio State Association.

Mr. J. C. Hemmeter, has resigned his position as Secretary of the Ohlo 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 nanual convention will meet in Columbus, O., on May 27, 28, and 29, 1994, 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 Dyspepties.

Messrs. Farwell & Rhines, of Watertown, N. Y., are making an offer that is of interest to every dyspeptie 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 Crystals," and "Gluten Grits," No invalid who is interested in the vital question of "What may I eat?" can afford to tamper with any other flours. Find which is suited to your case and try it.

THE CARRIER DOG OF BRUSSELS.

Out in the street I saw him lie .-Out in the street I saw him he,—
His sorrowful lack-lustre eye
Could read his master's look no more,
His days of faithful work were o'er.
Numbed 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 undid girth and strap and thong, In his charrette he flung them all, And leaving his death-loosened thrall Went clattering down the echolog street With jingling wheels and clanging feet.

Twent across and brought him in, Quivering and wretched, starved and thiu; The pulse of life was almost fied.
The from my hand he feebly fed.
The from my hand he feebly fed.
The from my hand he feebly fed.
The glasing eye looked up to mine.

went across and brought him in.

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 to 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 flieir loving lives to Man! Mary Bradford Whiting in the Spectator.

The Medium's Influence.

One of the doubts which, at the outset, be-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 be has received, he is, we will suppose, compelled to this conclusion: "Yes, discarnate spirits do communicate with the embodied spirits of this world. From this bare fact, there is, in the light of the evidence, no escape."

messages were concelly given afterwards. The special program was very much appreciated.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

Rockland, Me.—Mrs. Horn was with us for wo 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. 3c, at Bockton the 10th, at Manchester, N.-H., the 17th, at Newburyport the Mth, and at Greenwich Village, Mass., the 11st. For week-day dates he may be adressed 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 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. St. L. Hand; 10, Mrs. Ruth E. Swift; 24. Mr. Edgar W. Emerson; 31, Mrs. M. A. Bonner.

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 Zelice of the Banner of Light:

1 wonder if any of the readers of the "Banner" have remembered Belle Bush, with a character whose the profession was a new as those of Spiritualism. We done who will speak on "Emerson's Thought in Relation to Science."

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but his highest conceptions could scarcely come through some incompetent or half-grown human intellect. The tools must be perfect before the fine-talk with an itempted 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 conditions and will even provided for its defects, or a large degree, by caracter of the medium: "All that I see in your mind-though and the provided of the English language, for instance, or asset with its 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-though and the provided of the English language, for instance, or asset with 150 and 1

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 offoring, is a thought of God,— A tiny poem whispering of His love, And making eloquent the soulless clod.

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, uncomplaining, greet the autumnai rain,

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

Dr. C. E. Watkins,

the famous physician and psychic, has been giving his ILLUSTRATED LECTURE on "The True and False in Spiritualism" to crowded houses all through Ohio the past six weeks. Dr. Watkins is now making out his route for a tour through Massachusetts and the State of Maine. All societies interested should write the Doctor at once to 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 and Psychic Healing, and will diagnose disease free. 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.

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Betters from Our Benders

The cittor is not responsible for opinions ex correspondents and martimes publishes uses not agree with for the part so of pre-eves that may oldel discussion.

Conscious versus Unconscious Mediumship.

To the Edit -r 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 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. Minnle M. Soule has been spared to continue her noble good. I am indeed glad that Mrs. minne and 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:

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 want 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 corre spondence 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 under-neath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. xxxiii.

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

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 elimpse of the highest

when the "roice 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 as he wends his way along the
dangerous path in the night.

dangerous path in the night.
The thought that the Lord of the universe is near at hand, that His ear is always oper 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

which your weakness can draw on His strength, gives yon an inward satisfaction, a jorful contentment, an uplitting faith, in the presence of which poverty almost becomes riches, and sickness health, and death itself a gain. Your belief in God as your pretector and in the wondrous revelations of the Christ concerning duty and destiny are the subtinitionness which form your character and enable you to meet vicissitudes as bravely as the knight met his opponents in the tourament, 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 sum sets on our little day and we ask ourselves if there is a tomorrow? If it braces the nerves to an effort which brushes tempitation 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 avere speak without a feeling of awe, or look upon without dimmed eyes? How can such an experience as that be endured unless the havens 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 spirimal crisis which puts its appraisement on the phlosophy which we have formulated and defended. If there is nothing to be add 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 does 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—i

today for the soul. The sun will abine 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 shore 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 mature, a truth which ought to
make heroes and herolnes 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.

are on our way Home,-ah, that is a different matter.

The Fall of Man.

Arthur Millon.

Pride suffers—that is, false pride; arro-gance, so-called. True pride is that which invites suffering rather than be dependent, which is synonymous with being selfish— namely: 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 ani 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

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

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 ani-mal sensation—intemperance, gluttony (epi-curianism), lust, carnality or that which

curianism), 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

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—haughten since the

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

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—consistionances generally—turn the tide in our our trouble, would not charity for all—conscientiousness generally—turn the tide in our favor, lead to better conditions? Of course, many practice it, but not enough to juvite 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 to the content of the masses was presented. ual. If we cannot control the masses, might, as individuals, endeavor to reach the goal personally.

What religion teaches "Love ye one an-

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 who have lived 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.

In the first place mediumship discloses a wonderful areanum of facts relating to the physical, nerval, cerebral and psychical constitution of the individual. Putting aside the stitution 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 inharmony of 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, (clehn, healthy, uncontaminated bodily machine for its use. its use

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 if mediumship requires mentally sealth if mediumship requires mentally sealth. 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 lucent as the sparkling stream, winding its way across the plain, as the sunshine illumines its crystal clearness.

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 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 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 unsung departed the proof that death does not destroy, nor the grave divide, even the humblest departed loved one from its 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 responmediumship. 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 sys-

The Sermon on the Mount was the newest thing Christ taught and is chiefest among those teachings which make the Master's work pre-eminent among the existing systems of

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 reasistances to temptation, a chance to rise ever higher and higher as far and as fast 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 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 Calvinist who punishes for sin and rewards for virtue as a bad boy is whoned in school and a good boy receives a The Hindu regards reincarnation not s sense of the Calvinist who punishes for sin and rewards 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 sum of good deeds, all of which count certain sum of good deeds, all of which count in the tribunal which has established the laws

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 evener justice than the Christian creeds which affix such of Karma seems to contain an evener 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.

lower caste. All trust in infinite justice. Why? Because in their school of thought no 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 injustice which the Calvinist calls "infinite justice." So as his Deity 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 northern movement of the Sun, starting at the winter solstice, and ending at the summer esistice. 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 eseteric 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 gorpel 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 Ancienta is always spoken of as being composed of both water and land. The signs Aries, Taurus, Geminii and Cancer the Orab, 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 Xodiacal 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.

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 figtree 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 figtree dried up from the roots."

Samson, the ancient sun hero, did better

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. ment.

ment. 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 pletured 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

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 Breakfast-Table."

> You may blame the wind or no. But it ever hath been so: Something bravest of its kind Leads a frustrate life and blind. For the lack of favoring gales 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

slight ambiguity is involved, as it contains no positive affirmation. The inference is he 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 word theology has practically become obsolete, and should be discarded. Because that which 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 inference is he positive affirmation.

tempts to suppress it.

The phrase "New Theology" is not only a 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.

thousands mourn."—Burns.

What some other theologians have said:
On an occasion when Col. Ingersoil 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. Ingersoil 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 genfous and honest thought."

Beecher's labor and life work was that of
the ploneer 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 sabdue 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
alave-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 unholy alliance—burch 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 for givings for heterose to things home for things home."

ance (or giving of substance to) things hoped for, the proving (or test) of things not seen." For thousands of years the church has de-manded of the human race the belief that this blind faith and this alone could ensure that salvation without which our souls could at-tain in the hereafter no happiness, no peace. This is 'true not only of the Christian church. Moslem and Buddhist have also been required 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 practised 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 doc-

cepted 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 rend a little the befogging veil which shuts out the heart-love of the living at the door of death, is in many quarters still regarded as an implous intermeddling with something untouchable which these people fatuitously dub "God's plan." More implous 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 implous 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 gument 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 hillside caves of prehistoric man. Mysteries are given us only for solution and there is a standing order to destroy them on sight with-

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 take away its arms of terror and dread of the unknown; make love as eternal as life and master our fear and hate, and fulfil the old prophecy. "Thy faith shall make thee whole," by adding to faith knowledge, and to knowledge the soul-illumination of divine

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 recon-struct 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 a commencement made somewhere. Why by those members of the new thought n ment who are now seeking for physical immortality?

I do not believe any of us would care to

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.

Nautilus.

A Psychic Conundrum.

Why has a genius that same feeling of in-Why has a genius that same feeling of in-dependence that a money-magnate has?

Because he senses a like power in the pos-session 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 his-tory of the world as well as that of the in-dividual 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 if doth defer—
Time the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of
thee a gift.

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

-Byron.

from Bur Exchanges.

Some Prerequisities to Brother-

Contention is brought about on the score of our independence, or free moral ageucy. A good many people who enjoy the distinction of having thought out a few things, make light of the proposition that morttals are, as yet, mere children guided and directed by influences which, in the great majority of cases, they know nothing about. With much splutter of words they point out that the only salvation lies through individual accountability and the effort to accentuate it; that the sure sign of weakness lies in a-recognition of our mutual dependence and the control of higher powers than our own.

and the effort to accentuate it; that the sure sign of weakness lies in a p-recognition of our mutual dependence and the control of higher powers than our own.

Spirit return has shown us the condition of the great human family with respect to its relations to the world of spirit, the Guiding Hand, the Over Soul, and we find the children dwarfed and sickened. The parents have been trying to save themselves when the only salvation lies in saving some one else. No man can afford to save himself, for in the proportion that he tries to do so, he loses himself. We can never get away from our relationship and the duties thereof. We are responsible for those about us and they in turn are responsible for us, the joy of one is the joy of all, the sorrow of one is the sorrow of all. This is the law. Our kicking against it only injures ourselves.

There is more required of one who would be a Spiritualist than of one who would be a Spiritualist than of one who would run a groecry. The Spiritualist, the altruist, is the custodian of the greatest thing in the world, the X-ray that reveals the status of the immortal soul. He has awakened from his trance; he sees that the methods now in vogue so universally have resulted in the subordination of a great truth to petty purposes and profits arising therefrom. He is bestirring himself to free spirit return from his own and other people's infirmities, and keep it open and clean. Having reached the only independence he can realize on earth, that of knowing his true connection with angel life, he also learns that these errors are due to lack of understanding, like unto the waywardness of the child who wants a pair of skates when a book is better for him, and that the time is coming when people, our people, will begin their real work of co-operation with the spiritual world, and proceed in the upbuilding of the true civic state in accordance with laws pervalling in the soul spheres.—Light of Truth, Chicago, Ill.

Automatic Writing.

One interpretation of the fact of automatic writing is that it is performed by a secondary self, who is fully acquainted with the facts written, although the normal consciousness (or the man as known to his fellows and himself) is ignorant of those same facts.

This reading of the case may seem to some students to cover the whole ground, and may be received with a great deal of satisfaction by those who follow the lead of certain masters, and are convinced by their experiments; but to the original researcher, who delves patiently and persistently amid the medley of evidences, there comes the certainty, sooner or later, that the secondary self theory does not cover the whole of the ground.

There is no doubt that such a theory would be sufficient to account for much of the auto-matic writing which passes for spirit-guided production: but, granted the possibility of spirit-intervention, it is difficult to say where the latter ends and the secondary self begins its labors.

production; but, granted the possibility of spirit-intervention, it is difficult to say where the latter ends and the secondary self begins its labors.

So long as the matter written is within the possible cognizance of the person writing, though not within the range of the normal memory, so long may the writing be accounted for by some such suggestion as that of Moll, to which we have referred; but when a sat of circumstances is described automatically—a set of circumstances entirely outside the range of the writer, in conscious or unconscious mentation—then arises the need for a theory wider in the extent of its possibilities than that of the secondary self.

A lady of our acquaintance has quite recently developed this phase of psychic manifestation, and was, herself, startled by the surprising accuracy of a message concerning a matter of which she was in utter ignorance, the information being entirely beyond her ken. This is but an example of many such cases, which go to prove that at times there is the intervention of a consciousness outside of the writers which makes itself manifest through the only means at its disposal.

The man of science will accept last of all the spirit hypothesis; and it is essential if he and the world he represents is to be captured in the name of Spirituallism, that evidence shall be gathered from every source, that fact shall be piled upon fact, certainty upon certainty, until such a barrier of circumstantial and actual evidence shall be reared before him that he shall be compelled to give up his materialistic groveling and rise to a higher conception, which would give him that torch of invitation needed to render a higher conception, which would give him that up his materialistic groveling and rise to a higher conception, which would give him that touch of inspiration needed to render all his work more successful, and bring him speedily into a wider and richer realm than any he has yet explored.—The Two Worlds.

Annihilation Absurd.

The utter absurdity of assuming that any one can possibly know that any soul will be annihilated is so repugnant to all reason and so offensive to enlightened moral sense that the good which might otherwise be accomplished by urging people to take care of their own individuality is completely offset by the malign influence exerted through the propagation of such a hideous doctrine as the more than self-satisfied author of "The Great Psychological Crime" indubitably entertains.—W. J. Colville. in Philosophical Journal, San Francisco.

A Critic Criticised.

As I understand this subject the striking charges made in the book (The Great Paychological Crime) against hypnotism and mediumship, are predicted upon certain discoveries claimed to have been made by a process that is unknown to me, and to the great body of our readers, and therefore must be accepted—if accepted at all—on faith, that, for the present, cannot be settled by demonstration.

for the present, cannot be settled by demonstration.

The value of human testimony depends upon the character of the winess—not only his truthrulness, but upon what we know of his opportunities and abilities for obtaining the particular knowledge to which he testifies. Also a knowledge of his mental habits in observing, tabulating and critically testing the value and realness of all he communicates. This would not be necessary if the book were predicated upon well-known data, and scientific demonstration as known to the leading physicists. I thought I made this clear in my second letter, and did not think you or anyone could see any unjust or unkind inshuations against the author of the book, in anything that I said. You wonder if any one of us "is prepared to stand by the logic of" our

Spiritualism's Divinest Service.

Spiritualism's Divinest Services.

Perhaps one of the divinest services that Spiritualism renders to humanity is the fact that it lifts the pall of darkness from the way of life and reveals its continuity; shows that the trains of one's thoughts may run right through into the other world; that the ties that link souls together are unbroken; that consciousness, and all that it implies and possesses, is maintained and preserved; and that after death, in the real land among real people, the soul may continue its educational progress and experiences—learning and unlearning, growing, expressing and demonstrating its powers of continuous unfoldment, and exercising all the divinest faculties that belong to humanity. Not only is this true but Spiritualism does more than this, for it proves that the people of the other life are in close sympathy with the people of the earth, that they have not gone to a far-away heaven, and that you are not compelled when you have lost your loved ones in the mists surrounding the tomb to say, 'I shall go to them, but they can never return to me'; for you at least who are convinced of this as a veritable truth, who have realized it as a fact, may indeed sing a song of joy and gladness and be thankful. One of the best possessions that human beings can own is a thankful heart, and so tonight we are going to take for our subject those memorable words—'Let not your heart be troubled.' Shall we continue the quotation!—'Ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you."—E. W. Wallis, in Light, London, England.

What Next?

The tyranny of trade unionism has now reached the ghoulish, even the hideous stage of development in Chicago. When bereaved friends may not bury their dead, except by stealth, for fear of interruption or violence from the pickets of the striking livery drivers, even anarchy itself seems to be out-anarchied. Outrages of many kinds have been perpetrated upon the long-suffering Chicago public, but this is the climax both for ghastliness and indecency. We cannot recall an instance before this where the right of peaceable sepulture has been denied in a civilized community. The presence of death works a truce even among barbarians—but not in Chicago.—Boston Evening Transcript.

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We become heavenly-minded by living to make others happy. If it is the aim and work of your life to be a blessing to others, you are living already the heavenly life.—E. H. Sears.

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Message Department.

MEDIUM, MRS MINNIE M SOULE.

In the midst of all the happiness and good cheer, the milior chord of sorrow reaches us, and, responding to this, we would send our word of comfort and of hope to the sorrowing one. O spirits wise and trustworthy; O spirits of love and kindness; draw near to us at this hour and make our effort the strongest, the best, the truest and kindest yet spoken, and, through the influence and the inflowing of this knowledge of spirit communion, may the whole world be made brighter and better than ever before. Out of our very souls we would give this influence of peace and comfort. Out of our very lives we would give the knowledge that has been borne unto us that these dear ones who sit in silence and with tear dimmed eyes, and unconscious of the blessings of continued life, murmur and fret beneath the cross, may see the light and become strong and steady and true. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Lizzie Carter.

The first spirit that comes to me is a woman, I think about forty-five years old. She is fair, almost to paleness, brown hair with very little gray, slender and delicate looking. She seems very weak, as though in her last illness she had faded away a little at a time. She says her name is Lizzle Carter and she lived in Akron. Ohio. She wants to go to Albert, her husband. He is very much in need of a word from her and of her help. She says, "If I could only make myself manifest to him I believe that I could bring happiness to him and straighten out some of his affairs." It is mostly business that is troubling him, and, of course, with that is the great missing of her companionship. There is a woman closely connected with him who seems like a sister, whom this Lizzle in the spirit questions as being the wisest kind of an adviser, and she says, "Tell Al. that I am looking farther ahead than any one who is here, and I know if he keeps steady and does not attempt to make a move, the conditions will change quicker than if he tries to take the reins in his own hands and change things about too soon. Thank von." change things about too soon. Thank

Julia Morris.

The next spirit that comes to me is a woman, I should think, about sixty years old. She is very stout, blue eyes, and her hair is almost white. She wears glasses and has a very kind, motherly face. Her name is Julia Morris. She says, "I am from Reading, Pa. I have made this attempt because I felt it would do me good as well as my people. I came over here very suddenly and left my affairs in a very unsettled and unsatisfactory state. They are not settled up yet. So many things of mine are left in this unsatisfactory way that it bothers me, and I felt if I could say a word about them perhaps I could get release from the conditions and find more peace over here. In the first place there is much that is not any good to anybody, except those who might be in need, and I would like to see those things passed along, not hoarded up, or kept simply because they were mine. I would like Frank to feel that he can do just what he pleases with what I left, regardless of what the others say. It is immaterial to me so long as it is settled. I have seen Martha and Joe and Walter, and while Walter is weak when he attempts to communicate, he is as bright and wholesome in the spirit as any one could wish. I am not unhappy, do not think that, only a some in the spirit as any one could wish. I am not unhappy, do not think that, only a little anxious to have matters straightened out. Thank you."

Charlie Butler.

There is a man now standing before me who is tall, thin, and very angular. His hair is very dark brown and not very thin, rather long. His eyes are blue with dark brows and lashes. He has a very crisp, short way of speaking, and he says his name is Charlie Butler. He is rather peculiar in his manner, as though he felt strange here. He says, "I am from Lynn. I am not a Spiritualist; that is I was not. I did not know anything about it until I came over here, and when I saw that the people in this life were communicating, I thought I would make an effort myself. It is not simply idle curiosity, but I thought if I would try I could get into communication with the folks I had left, and ought to be able to do a great deal more for them than I did, so I am trying this. I did not do all I might when I was living. I am afraid I kept my mouth shut too much and didn't tell my folks the things that might have helped them. I do not know as it is any use to croak about it now, but I will say that if I could live my life over again I would not do just as I used to. This does not mean that I have been converted to any particular religion, but that I can see I made some mistakes and I got my courage up to say so. I worked hard every day and I suppose I worked the good nature all out of me. When a man goes to work at fourteen and never has any vacation, and does not know anything except to dig and delve from morning to night, the world does not look altogether rosy, and that was my case. I feel now that I would like to talk with any one I can to help those that are left. I have tried to give John a lift now and then, but he does now that I would like to talk with any one I can to help those that are left. I have tried to give John a lift now and then, but he does not seem to realize or give me any chance to do it. Mother is with me and-she says that she will be glad to communicate and to give advice and help whenever she is able. She can see a good deal better than she could before she came over here, and father is just as stubborn and contrary as he ever was. I do not see that he has changed a bit. Give my love to Nellie and that is all I want to say."

Edward Munroe.

There is a young man, I should think about twenty-four or twenty-five, very fair, light hair, curly locks almost like a girl. His cheeks are red, his eyes are bright and shining, and he really is a beautiful spirit. The first thing you would think is that it is a pity he could not have stayed in the earth life. His name is Edward Munroe. He says, "I am from Canton, Mass. I have been over here some years and never made any particular effort to get back. I could see everybody, hear what they said, and I did not see any need of getting back any more than that, but all at once I saw my mother and understood that she was hungry for some word from me, so I began to make inquiries as to how I could communicate and this is the result. I think I could write a letter. I have been studying the conditions and ways that spirits communicate, and it seems to me I could write a letter to my mother that would help her more than anything else. I am sorry Arthur has done just what he has, but I cannot see that it is as bad as they all think. I would like it if they would put aside their prejudices and try and understand. I have been in the home so much that everything is familiar to me; the changes, even the conditions stait have been made. This has not kept me in There is a young man, I should think about

any way from understanding the life I am in.

It was hard to die. I did not want to. Life was so full of joy and opportunity that it seemed an awful thing to give it up, but I found when I got over here that I could go right on except I was so anxious over those I had left. Uncle S. came and gave me a helping hand. He had been here so long that he understood just my need and we have been constant companions and are much together. I am glad to be able to give this word. Thank you very much."

Robert Hickey.

There is a man, I should think, about thirty or thirty-two years old; short, not very stout. He says his name is Robert Hickey and he is from East Boston. He laughs as though he thought it would be the best joke that he was able to come back and give a message. He says, "They will laugh when they think Hickey has come back. I never took life very seriously and I do not take this very seriously now. It seems to me they are making a lot of fuss over things that cannot be helped. I always said so. What is the use of kicking? Everybody has got to die and what is the use of living in dread of it all the time. When I was called I did not make much fuss, I did not have time. I was killed. I worked åround lumber, and when I came over here and did not have to do it I had time to think of some other things. The strangest over here and did not have to do it I had time to think of some other things. The strangest thing was to know my mother. She died when I was a baby and she had never been a part of my life, yet, when she came to me in the spirit I seemed to know her right away, but she seemed so young to be my mother. She has done everything for me, just the same as if I were a little baby. I went to her home and it seemed that she understed all my reads averything I wanted understood all my needs, everything I wanted was there. It was almost like a dream and a fairy story, but after a while I got used to it and felt that it paid me to have done withfairy story, but after a while I got used to it and felt that it paid me to have done without her all those years to have the joy of having her take care of me and call me her boy now. I am glad I was not married. It would have been an awful thing to me to be over here and have a wife and babies left behind. Sometimes I used to think I wanted a home, but now I am glad I did not have it, for I have got my mother. We are getting along first rate. I want Annie to know that I remember her and that mother promises to do the same for her that she has for me, so you have nothing to fear; Annie, when you come. Everything will be all ready for you and we will be very glad to see you. I will come again if I can and I will help you in any way I can. Do not let the boys get the best of you; they are getting so big now that if they should attempt to run the house they could put you out of it, I think, and while they are awfully good boys and seem to be as fond of you as they can be, I want to be sure they stay good, and I will promise to use any influence I can to make them just what you want them. I have said a prayer or two, but it was more because I thought you wanted me to than because I needed it."

Marion Boyce.

There is a girl, I should think, about sixteen. She is very dark, round, full face, and a very pleasing manner. She seems concerned as though she is conscious of the place she is in. She says she is from Brooklyn and her name is Marion Boyce. She passed away after some sort of an operation, because I see her under the influence of the anesthetic and then just recovering and then slipping out without fairly knowing she was going. She says, "Wille I knew there was a possibility, I never dreamed that I really would die and have not got quite used to it yet. I wanted to go back to school and go on with my art, and it was such a blow to feel that I could not, but I have found that everything I learned helps me here. I am studying some, but I have not settled down to it yet as much as I will by and by. I do not like to see my mother all in black and crying so much. It does not do her any good and it grieves me. I know she is lonely, but if she would only try she could know I am not far away. Never a night passes that I am there I saw Sadie talking with her the other day and I heard what she said, that she could never be like herself again, and I felt then that I must find a way to tell her that she could make me happy if she would try to be herself again. Do tell her that I love her, oh, so much; that every day she grows so dear to me, if possible dearer, than ever, and I look forward to the time when she will come to me. T cannot help it. I try to be patient, but I shall be glad when she comes."

Our Mome Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE MESERVE SOULE.

A New Year Wish.

wish you a joyous, glad New Year; I wrote to a friend whom I love, And all through the day the though In some way my dear wish to prove.

No gift had I of land or of gold. To offer for use in her need,
No place in life to give me power
To see that from care she was freed.

Nothing but love could I give to her, And a wish for a brighter day; The helplessness of the poor in purse Like a load on my heart did lay.

Sudden there flashed through my aching

brain
A thought all alive with new hope,
Of the limitless power of simple love
And trust which could widen its scope.

My loving thought should be to my friend, As a shaft of light from Heaven— Bringing to view sweet, possible ways To make her crooked path even. -Minnie Meserve Sonle.

Greeting.

with every part of your little bodies. So then we are happy that we have hands and yes and feet and best of all that they obey our will. If our will is to make our hands and eyes and feet make the happlest year ever known to all about us then they will do it.

Grandpa's Song.

Come, Grandpa, sing me a nice little song
Said a fair-haired witch to me
As she nestled down tobingly in my lap
Worn, and sleepy as she could be:
Well, I called the sweet old days back again
When her sire was a chubby boy
How I sung "Bo Peep," and "Jolly King
Cole."
And reckoned it but a joy.

So I sang in the old strain, "Mary's White Lamb."

And "Say Black Sheep have you some wool?"
How the Three Little Kittens had lost their

while the sheep had three bags full.

While the sheep had three bags full.

How Gyp chased a chicken about the yard,
Till the old hen heard him peep.

Of "The Little Boy Blue," "Aunt Rhoda's

Goose,"
And three "White Pigs asleep."

Of "Rock-a-Bye Baby," your cradle is green. How the "Cows got into the Corn," Of "Old Mother Goose," the "Two Hungry

Or 'Old Monte.

Crows,"

Where the "Three Flying Squirrels were born."

When Hubbard" her wonderful

And "Blackbirds found baked in a ple,"
Of "Patty Cake, Patty Cake," "Old Dog
Tray,"
How "Gossip the Horse came to die."

Still the bright eyes twinkled up in my face, And Grandpa was well nigh spent, But he had to rehearse them over once more Ere the plump hands were unbent; And the Rag-Doll fell in a shapeless mass On the floor at Grandpa's feet. While the winsome soul with its sunny ways Had sped to the realm of sleep.

So Grandpa sends a kiss to little folks all, Has a song for their listening ears, Though the silver may nestle around his head

Still his heart is young in years; And whene'er a rosebud mouth craves songs, "Jack Horner," or "Little Boy Blue." He will lull to sleep dear little dull eyes say children, wouldn't you?

Fred L. Hildreth, 1898.

Please put this in the little folks' corner.
Mrs. Harriet W. Haven Hildreth, No. 1 Hall
St., Worcester, Mass. A Christmas greeting
to the young folks.

The Two Kinds of Sport. Calla Harcourt.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman said; "The world looks so happy let's each take a gun, out and kill something for pastime and

And proudest be him who counts the most dead."

They blotted out lives that were happy and good; Blinded gyes, and broke wings that de-lighted to sour. They killed for mere pleasure and crippled

and tore. Regardless of aught but the hunger for blood.

'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman cried
Who carried a kodak instead of a gun;
"The world looks so happy, so golden the

sun,
I'll slip to the woods where the wild things hide." The deer that he "shot" never dreamed of

his aim, The bird that he "caught" went on with her song. ace followed his footsteps, not slaughter Peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter and wrong. Yet rich were his "trophies" and varied his

"game."

-Good Health.

Polichoy as a Trappor. A LETTER TO THE BOYS.

Well, boys, it is some time since you and I have had a talk, isn't it? The season for trapping is on and is at its height right now. Every boy who lives in the country—and I pity the boys who do not—is probably the owner of at least one box trap. When your Uncle John was young, some of the chaps he played with got their mittens and skates and shoes out of the product of their traps. That was in Massachusetts before the laws about all kinds of game were in force. Now the gunners in the Bay State woods feel that they own the earth and that boys have no right to "set snares" and have box traps. But it was not so then. How well I remem-But it was not so then. How well I remem-ber the old stage coach that was once the only public conveyance between my little

But it was not so then. How well I remember the old stage coach that was once the only public conveyance between my little village and the world outside. Every morning it came rattling through the street and we said, when we heard it, "There goes Seth." Seth was the stage driver. 'Every boy knew him and liked him. He was jovial and kind to the boys. His box was always filled with habbits and partridges and once in a while a quail too would find its way there. Ten cents apiece was the price always. All along the fourteen miles of the stage route, about this time of year, the small boy with red nose and smilling face waited to sell Seth a bunch of rabbits or partridges, the product of an early morning round of his snares and traps. Well, how an old fellow gets to yarning it about the time "When I was a boy." You don't care for that. You are waiting to hear how things are now and what Petieboy did. Now, the market for these things is gone. The old stage coach no longer runs and Seth has retired. He travels now like the rest of us, in an electric car. The hunters "kick up" the snares and spring the box traps when they find them: so Petieboy has to hide his traps so closely that the bunnies themselves can scarcely find them.

Last fall, however, Petieboy got the fever for box traps. He has a few tools that his papa bought him, because he seemed so "handy" with tools, and boards are easy to get from the saw mill. Petieboy spent several Saturdays in getting his material together and making his traps. He did it all without any help from any one and when his job was done, he had two very good box traps. Another forenoon was spent in finding just the right place to set them. A place must be found where rabbits abounded and yet one which the gunners would not be likely to find. The traps were set and dujubated with pleces of apple and turnip. Every morning Petieboy (all alone, mind you; he couldn't let even other boys know where his traps were hidden) trotted off and examined his traps. His persistency was rewarded after

fought! Petleboy had not counted on this. He did not think that he would have to kill the poor little fellow. Now, however, he was face to face with the problem. He hated to do it, but he was in for it. A blow or two on the back of the neck and Bunny struggled no longer.

Petleboy took home the rabbit and was pretty proud of his first success. He was a good deal interested in studying the furry little fellow and in examining his long ears, his queer little nose and his bobtail.

Then—he said, "Papa, I didn't think I should have to kill him. I didn't like to, I don't think I will catch any more rabbits. If I do, I believe I will let them go," Dear, kind little heart. He has not caught a rabbit since.

kind little heart. He has not caught a rabbit since.

His papa was pleased by the little fellow's
experience. It showed that although he disliked to do it, yet he did an unpleasant thing
when he felt that he had to; and it also
showed that the boy felt the sacredness of
life, life to which even an animal has a right,
not to be taken away except in self protection or for food. The "hunter" enjoys
slaughter just for the joy of killing. This
seems to me to be an instinct which comes
down to us from the time when men were
themselves but little more than animals. The
true sportsman kills only for food or for self
protection.

Life is too mysterious and sacred a thing to be destroyed lightly for mere sport. Uncle John.

Lyceum Aotes.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

This Lyceum had one of its most enjoyable times Sunday, Dec. 27, the occasion being the Christmas celebration, which included a well laden tree from which every child received a present as also the adults. Mr. Fred Taylor was Santa Claus. We were favored by having as our guests those great Lyceum workers and stanch Spiritualists, Mr. J. J. Morse and Miss Florence Morse of London, England. All were sorry not to have Mrs. Morse present, but hope for a visit from that noble lady bebut hope for a visit from that noble lady be-fore her return. The Lyceum session included singing, invocation, song and a responsive reading by the Lyceum, also the usual march. reading by the Lyceum, also the usual march. The following took part in the program: Merrill Bell, Nellie Bonney, Florence Bonney, Sadie Tonda; Marian and Hazel Ormes, vocal duct; Rupert Davis, William K. Sheldon, piano solos; Mr. E. B. Packard, remarks; Miss Alice Bill, reading; Asst. Conductor Berry of the Children's Progressive Lyceum spoke words of cheer. Miss Morse finely rendered a vocal selection and Mr. Morse as usual was enjoyed by all, young and old. Mr. Morse is a pleasing speaker and knows just how to please his audience. Miss Morse in her remarks spoke of the old Shawmut Lyceum of Boston as one of the first she had visited in this country about 18 years ago and pleased the children when she said she considered she was one of them—a Boston Lypleased the children when she said she considered she was one of them—a Boston Lyceum pupil. Miss Parker, our musical director, was accompanist. The ladies distributed refreshments to the children and visitors. Following this was the distribution of the gifts from the tree. The Lyceum was closed with a benediction.

Next Sunday is Band of Mercy Sunday.

The children of the Waltham Lyceum were entertained by the Progressive Union in Armory Hall, Spruce, Street, on Wednesday evening, December 23d, the annual Christmas tree exercises being the feature of the occasion. Nearly one hundred, young and old, were present, and all entered heartily into the proceedings. During the evening twenty fine tableaux illustrating various seasons and other matters were shown. Mr. Geo. Cleavland contributed to the vocal portion of the program, as did the Misses le Cune. The children performed the play of "The Farriers" Christmas" in very satisfactory fashion. Ice cream was served at the close. The affair was in charge of a committee composed of Mrs. E. Boothby, president, and Miss Wallace, Mrs. Guilford and Mrs. Howe,—Mrs. Millie Guilford.

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