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#### THE ISLE OF SLEEP

There is an isle, and a lovely isle,
Which lies in the Ocean of Dreams,
And though it appears so far away,
It is nearer much than it seems;
And many a warian and And many a mariner, not very old, A stout little, bright little mariner bold,

A stout little, bright little mariner bold,
Sails right through the Straits of Nod noddy,
T'm told,
And out across Bed-time Bay;
Then he sees the light on Sleepy Head,
And he ports his helm for Truckle Bed,
And ere he's aware—oh, yes, 'tis so—
He comes to the Isle of Sleep, you know.

And in the Isle, oh, in the Isle, He sees most wonderful things, And he cares not a jot to run or jump, For he has a pair of wings! And just like a bird he onward files, romps with the stars in Dreamland

skies,.
Till all of a sudden he opens his eyes,
And drops to earth with a bump! And drops to earth with a bump!
And he's back once more on Sleepy Head,
Gazing across the Truckle Bed,
And somebody comes on tip-tip-toe,
And bending down so low—so low,
She kisses her boy—like this, you know.

#### Here and Hereafter.

Charles Dawbarn.

CHAPTER III.

NATURE PLAYS PRESTIGITATEUR.

Now we go back a little in order to study more closely the real game Nature is playing of which her ball play was merely a phase She is the grand Prestigitateur; apparently getting up her exhibition either for practice or her own sole amusement. Of course the whole may be but one of her lessons for some other class on some other speck in Cosmos. She keeps her little essentials carefully concealed, and seems to be trying how many changes she can make by moving them so quickly that even Intelligence can not see the

At first it seems little but a thimble and a pea game, only the pea never comes out twice alike. So far as we know it is merely dexterity and speed, for her corpuscles are themselves indestructible, and unchangeable. All she can do it to mix them up in ever changing proportions.

The game looks very simple at first. Just a few units to go into the thimble and come out a molecule. A very pretty trick, and very neatly done. She can put that molecule back and it comes out the original units. But with a bigger thimble to hold them, she collects more units and out pops a pea so large that it will do for a world. But long before that, and without any change in her units, she moves them faster and faster till suddenly the blended molecules come out of her thimble with a "will" to them. That was a superb trick. There did not seem to be any 'will" in sight when she covered then with her thimble, so we call that a "critical point," though really we don't know how she did it. We can imitate some of her movements, and work our pen under a thimble, but a "will" does not seem to come out. I know Professor Loeb thinks he has done the trick. With a few salts and the egg of a star fish, he declares he has done it, but Nature laughs. He just borrowed one of her thimbles. That was all. The "will" was already in the egg. Will is only another name for life. But, as with all conjurors, it is speed of movement that produces the desired effect, and every molecular combination seems to change its expression and its form when the combination moves with sufficient rapidity. It is at those changes that Science discovers her "critical points." Names are for the most part expressions of ignorance. They hide what we do not know. We have seen that what was called "mat-

suddenly evolved what is called "will" and thus became what is called "alive." But accretion went on, and is what is ,called "growth." But these changes will only bear just so much thimble rigging speed before the pea disappears altogether. This is illustrated in the appearance and disappearance of organs such as sight and hear-Here is deaf matter. Lift the thimble and it hears. Shake it up pretty sharply, say to 60,000 shakes in a second, and that pea disappears. But that matter was also blind. Shake it a few millions of millions times and it sees, or thinks it does. A little more of the shake and that pea has gone too. change has to come if you continue shaking. The new discoveries have been of more shakes. Radium will shake sore on to a man of science, and burn the hands off an inventor, or leave him blind. That is a point a man can't pass. But Nature can with the greatest ease. She just continues to shake her units, till what we call "life" comes a little more to the front than ever before, and the man begins to hear without ears, and see without eyes. That was a "critical point" and Nature's game continues to depend entirely upon how fast she can make her pea balls travel. So at last that man compels us to acknowledge that he can see without eyes trusively, in that little sheet of occult and and hear without ears. I am not clever spiritual truth known as The World's Ad-

enough to say just how and when Nature does it, but I once cut from a newspaper a poem I did not read, and laid it in the lap of a lady, who at my request read aloud the third verse, although the poem was wrapped in twelve thicknesses of paper. This was what is called "clairvoyance" and was an excellent pea from that thimble. Of course it was the other side of a "critical point," and I was not surprised to find the old sense organs had gone to sleep, and new ones were at work in that rate of movement. A most miserable attempt at a name was made, and the process was called "psychometry." But it was just as much a fact as any other of the thimble rigging operations. Stand back of that "critical point" and you would bet your last penny with the thimble-rigger that there was no pea under that thimble. The beaten scientist was disgusted, and refused to play any more on that side that "critical point." But Nature enjoys the fun and keeps right

Once again we recall that she plays with nothing but the original three in her hand. Just substance, energy and intelligence, although after passing the last "critical" point they are no longer bounded by any form we can recognize. When you are sensing without any sense form to do it with, something has happened. When "will" becomes a shooting star, and master of time and space. all but a dozen or two of scientists rush back shricking that such thimble rigging is outrageous, and somebody ought to stop it. But the game goes on all the same.

We have watched the thimble game, first, when the units became matter. Next, when that matter suddenly evolved "will." And thirdly, when the blended form appeared as Intelligence playing a new role; working without any special organs we could detect, though telling her tale through the old form, with which we were familiar. And we have discovered, or think we have, that the real difference consisted in the quickness of Nature's movements, for there were always, so far as we could see, the same unchanged units all through the game. But now comes the most startling display of prestigitation we have so far witnessed.

Once again the thimble is lifted. It had had a man pea under it. We could swear to that, but, behold, he has gone. At first it seems as if there were just a blank nothingness, whereupon the audience put on crape, the clergy talk of hope, and the sexton tolls the bell. The man has gone. It is "goodbye," and the tears fall as the widow and the orphans walk home. But once again Nature laughs. It was merely another of her wonderful "critical points," for from the upturned thimble issues a form so refined that it is invisible to the normal eye. But by some less normal sense its lips are seen to move, and they hear it speak of happiness, joy, love and a glorious reunion. Nature's game is at last seen to mean the development of a manhood impossible amid any of her slower vibrations. Such was the birth and the lesson of "spirit return."

(To be continued.)

#### The Soul Victorious.

Suste C. Clark.

Where is the heart that has not thrilled with the inspiration of that matchless poem: "The Song of the Soul Victorious?" It may well be called the poem of the century, for it has proven an evangel of Light to the sorrowing, of Peace to the tempest-tossed, the lyric messenger of Truth to the aspirant for spiritual wisdom, It strikes the glad pean of triumph over all mundane conflicts and unreality, with its opening lines:

'I stand in the Great Forever, I lave in the ocean of Truth,"

and its entire refrain proclaims the victory of "him that overcometh," it sings the ho sanna of one who has placed all things beneath his feet, who has gained soul realization, and therefore at-one-ment with Omnipotence, the goal and possibility of every embodied spirit while on earth.

This poem comes to its own, and they alone hear its voice, they can only attract the knowledge of it into their lives, when they are ready for it. Though of late, it has been so widely read, recited and sung, for some years it was passed quietly (perhaps in typewritten copy) from heart to heart, and few of those who have been uplifted by its glorious trumpet peal or blessed by its exceptional ministry, are yet acquainted with its history, or know its author by name.

The poem had its birth, of course, in the Home of the Soul; one must look to the mountain heights-for the pure springs of inspiration from whence this pearl of wisdom flowed. It was translated into mortal speech and transmitted to earth through the truthsinger, of Prospect Avenue, San Francisco and first published in 1887, quietly, unob-

vance Thought, of Portland, Oregon. From those columns it was copied into a number of California journals, and eventually started on its divine mission over the world. It has traveled widely, and been everywhere welcomed with enthusiasm, being recited before advanced audiences in Boston, New York, Hartford and other cities on the Atlantic coast, creating a great sensation among spiritual thinkers.

The poem was frequently presented unaccompanied by the author's name, and hence the usual fate overtook it that has befallen other favorite compositions, such as "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," "There is no Death," and similar victims of plagiarism. Likewise this immortal song, in 1898, was attributed to a Hindoo author, who had lived 3,000 years ago, and published as such in leaflet form in Boston, also appearing in the Transcript, and the New York Metaphysical Magazine. But on being notified of this theft. Mrs. Pettsinger was enabled to amply establish her claim to its authorship, and this modest presentation of her personality elicited from earnest disciples of Truth everywhere, letters of grateful appreciation and congratulation, enough to fill a volume, the disciples of the leading Metaphysical and Theosophical movements uniting, for once, in praise of this poem's exalted character and matchless rhetoric.

Hitherto, this exquisite inspiration had never appeared in a suitable setting, although its circulation in small tracts and leaflets had extended to several thousands, but late in the year of 1899 Mr. Henry A. Hancox, a decorative artist from one of Nature's choicest laboratories, the land where rainbows are woven of mountain-mist and cloud-wreaths, where sunbeams paint the hill-slopes and meadows with blossoms of every hue-Mt. Sunapee, N. H .- was moved by the spirit to visit Boston and there he chanced upon a copy of "The Song of the Soul Victorious." He read and rerend it. until his own soul had thoroughly absorbed its rich gems of thought, and returning to his mountain retreat, he resolved to illustrate it with the rare blossoms that surrounded his sylvan home. For over five months, about three hour daily, he labored with his pen, until he had woven around the camous poem a delicate tracery of most exquisite symbolic designs, floral wreaths, arabesques, and beautiful devices (all in black and white), lavishing upon each design the wealth of his artistic imagery, enriched by the soulful desire to thus serve the cause of Truth by presenting this divinely inspired oem to the higher appreciation of humanity.

This rare book is now completed. It is bound in pure white, of a form nine inches square, its value enhanced by a portrait of the sweet-faced author, who subscribes her-self "Yours for Light," the decorator appropriately framing her spirituelle countenance in a wreath of pansies, the thought flowers On a succeeding page, against a symbolic background of heart, triangle and shield, the dedication is presented:

> To All Who enrnestly desire for the TRUTIL

And accept it wherever found,
And to all who
Love the Light,
And follow wherever it lends,
This work is Fraternally Inscribed.

The twenty-four stanzas of the poem are grouped together in couplets, two on each page, and its exhilarating words of soul triumph seem to be clothed with more impressive suggestion than ever before. The first page with its familiar lines:

> bask in the golden sunshine Of endless Love and Truth.

And God is within and around me, All good is forever mine,"

ls fittingly embellished with the full-orbed sun, with delicate suggestion in the corners of the page of the ripened grapes, which mark Life's harvest season, when we "eat of the heavenly manna" and "drink of the heavenly wine," when the realization has dawned which is thus voiced:

"Who is this 'I' that is speaking, This being so wondrous in might?
"Tis part of the primitive Essence,
A spark of the Infinite Light."

A masterpiece is the page that reveals "the gleam of the shining rainbow" with "the bright birds that are singing" and "the fair flowers that bloom," even their "blessings of sweet perfume" being almost sensed from the blossoms which the artist has so delicately traced, while on the next page, quite gruesome in its weird strength and power, is the pictured triumph of life over death, with its human skull heading those masterly lines:

"They say I am only mortal,
Like others I'm born to die;
In the mighty will of the spirit,
I answer, Death, I defy.

"And I feel a power uprising Like the power of an embryo god, With a glorious wall it surrounds me And lifts me up from the sod," and turning the leaf to other significant designs, the song rolls majestically on:

"I am born to die? ah, never, This spirit is all of me; I stand in the Great Forever, O God, I am one with Thee."

It is impossible to read this hallelujah of the soul in any dress without emotion, without a quickening of the heart, a thrill in the blood, a moistened eye, and all Truth lovers will rejoice to have its divine ministry extended until its message of victory, its realization of a royal birthright, can be voiced by

"O, the glory and joy of living
To know we are one with God;
"Tis an armor of might to the spirit,
"Tis a blossom that crowns the sod."

#### Spiritualism in the Past.

W. H. Terry

From the earliest times, as we may learn from that repertory of learning and recondite information, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," by Robert Burton, the great Oxford Scholar and Astrologer (1576-1640), it has been held that, to quote his own words, "of the souls of men departed, the good and more noble men were deified; the baser groveled on the ground, or in the lower parts (i. e., spheres), and were devils; the which with Tertullian and Porphyrius the philosopher, Maximus Tyrius maintains. "These spirits," he said which we call angels and devils, are nought but souls of men departed which either through love and pity for their friends yet living, help and assist them, or else persecute their enemies, whom they hated." Now all three of these men flourished in the second and third centuries of the Christian Era, and, as it will be seen, they concurred in affirming one of the foundation truths of modern Spiritualism.

"The Romans," Burton goes on to remind us, "had their guardian spirits 'appointed by the higher powers, to keep men from the time of their birth, and to protect or punish them as they may see cause;' and Michael Parapinatius, Emperor of Greece, who is described as a great observer of the nature of spirits, represents them as having 'aerial bodies.' Other writers agree in asserting that they can appear in what likeness they will, are most swift in motion, can pass many miles in an instant, and can with admirable celerity remove objects and bodies from place to place; 'as the angel did Habbakuk to Daniel; as Philip, the deacon, was carried away by the spirit, when he had baptized the Eunich: and as Pythagoras and Apollonius removed themselves and others;' all which phenomena are thoroughly familiar to us in our own times."

Burton proceeds to quote some Platonists who have asserted that the air is as full of spirits as it is of flakes in a snow storm; and to remark that Paracelsus not only discerned spirits, but conversed with them; that the famous lawyer, Alexander ab Alexandro (1461-1523), who at first doubted this, was convinced of its truth by erwards sonal experience; and that Devater, the Protestant controversialist (1536-1586) remarks in his treatise, "De Spectris," that many who deny the truth of apparitions, do so because they never happened to see them themselves; "but," says Burton, "as he reports at large all over his book, they are often seen and heard, and familiarly converse with men, as innumerable records, histories and testimonies evince in all ages, times and places "

He then proceeds to cite two Fathers of the Church, Sts. Jerome and Basil, and four ecclesiastical historians, Nicephorus, Eusebius Socrates, and Sozomenus, as well as Peter le Lover (1550-1634), who published a work on apparitions in France, Johann Wier (1515-1588), who did the same in Germany, as having furnished "such an infinite variety of examples of apparitions of spirits," as must satisfy the mind of any sceptic. One of these is quoted as follows: "A nobleman in Germany was sent as ambassador to the King of Sweden"-for his name, etc., the reader is referred to Boissard, a French antiquary (1528-1602)- "and after he had done his business he sailed to Livonia, on set purpose to see those familiar spirits, who are there said to be conversant with men, and to do their drudgery work. Amongst other matters, one of them told him where his wife was, in what room, in what clothes, what doing, and brought him a ring from her, which on his return, not without the admiration of all, he found to be true; and so believed that, ever after, which before he doubted of." In recent years as the readers of the "Harbinger" will be well aware, phenomena of a similar kind to that which is described above, have become increasingly frequent, and many such have been reported in these columns.

According to Gregory of Toulouse (1540-1597) who wrote the "Syntexis Artis Mirabilis," there are seven kinds of ethereal spirits, while Marcilius Ficinus, the Platonic philosopher (1433-1499) states that they inhabit different spheres; and "as every sphere

is higher (than those below it), so hath it more excellent inhabitants." Jerome Cardan (1501-1576) who was not less illustrious as a mathematician than as a physician, describes many physical phenomena as occasioned by spirits, resembling hose with which we have become familiar during the last half century. His words are these:-

"They will make strange noises in the night, howl sometimes pitifully, and then laugh again, cause great flame and sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chains, open doors and shut them, fling down plasters, stools and chests." Suctonius, the Roman historian, who flourished in the first century of our Era. reports that the spirit of the Emperor Caligula was seen to walk in Lavinia's garden where his body was buried, and likewise haunted the house in which he died. Plate in his Critias, speaks of certain spirits who are appointed to be "men's governor's and keepers, our lords and masters, as we are of our

Burton adds that Thucydides, Livy, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, with many others, are full of narratives of the wonderful doings of the more influential and powerful of the spirits; and he quotes from an ancient writer, named Anthony Rusea, a statement to the effect that "every man hath a good and a bad angel attending upon himself in particular, all his life long;" while Paracelsus (1493-1541), to whom reference has been made above, avers that spirits "direct, teach, inspire, and instruct men," and goes on to declare "that never was any man extraordinarily famous in any art, action, or great command, that had not a familiar spirit to inform him as Numa, Socrates, and many

Spiritualism, as we all know, is no new thing in the history of the world, and the foregoing extracts from old authors of high repute, are of considerable value as showing how well it was understood, and how accurately its phenomena were described, by numbers of observers and chroniclers in the days of old.

#### Good New Year Thoughts.

As we grow older, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the New York Journal, there are certain things we should avoid with especial pains, and other qualities we should emphasize in our daily life. First of all we should try and cultivate a sense of liberality and justice in our thoughts of others. Faultfinding and carping criticism of the conduct of younger people is one of the most usual characteristics of the old. So common is this trait that we almost invariably see it repreented in books or on the stage as typical of old age.

An exacting spirit toward friends may be olerated in the young because of their youth, which is a becoming cloak for many faults and an excuse for many follies. But the older we grow the thinner wears this cloak and the less attractive its color and form. Therefore, it behooves us to hide as few disfiguring qualities beneath it as possible.

Learn the truth of the Master's words that and apply it to the attentions of friendship. Be satisfied to give more than you receive, and once you bring yourself into subjection in this matter you will find your receipts steadily advancing.

Remember that oversensitiveness is overove of self. When you observe conduct in the young which shocks or annovs you, try and cast your memory back to your own life at that age. Tell yourself honestly if you behaved in a better manner. If you did in that particular respect, did you not fail in some other important item?

Not that your own failures and follies make those of others commendable, but they should make you broad and gentle in your methods of giving advice.

Instead of saying, "Young people of my day had better manners and morals," say: "I know all about the temptations and weaknesses of youth. I have been all through them, and because I have, I would like you to avoid some errors I committed and make better use of your opportunities. Where I lost time in my mistakes I would like to see you gaining time and power."

This is the attitude for older people to take toward the thoughtless young-not the attitude of the austere and perfect being who is horrified at any evidence of human weak-

Another desirable quality to cultivate as we grow in years is that of sociability with our fellow-men. We may not find it possible to keep the late hours or cultivate the long social list of early years, but let us not settle down in the chimney corner and live on memories until we must.

You are not simply a reservoir into which so much truth, goodness, greatness, is to be poured, there to remain forever, You are a channel through which God is transmitting his life and love to other men. That you are, or you are nothing.—J. F. Dutton.

#### HER HANDS

He was so manly, stanch and true.
She kept her duty well in view;
Two loving hearts that beat as one.
Each knew the other's work well done.
He saw in her, pure womanhood,
Knew he was loved and understood.
He said to her in heedless ways,
"Your hands were fair in bye-gone days"
Alas, what pranks the tongue will play
With human hearts from day to day,
It was a careless speech, I know,
That made my thoughts just ebb and flow
As do the tides of some deep sea,
"Until these thoughts were left with me.
Not always does the velvet palm Not always does the velvet palm Not always does the velvet palm To human hearts bring sweetest balm, sometimes the rough, misshapen hand dag served a purpose far more grand. How oft such hands have met our nee And grown in grace through loving deed. If harps are ever played in heaven, To hands like these they must be given. No other hands could strike the chords That with angelic song accords.
A selfish hand is Discord's friend
Who to false notes will ever bend
And thus attuned will ever be
The author of inharmony.

#### To Ministers Everywhere.

Millon Allen.

To the ministers of the various churches and denominations in the United States. Gentlemen, Friends, Brothers:
The time has come when, in the Providence of God, certain matters of vital importance

to our people must be carefully considered by all well wishers of humanity, and brought more prominently before the American puball well wishers of humanity, and brought more prominently before the American public. The perils that are before us as a nation, and which threaten us in many ways, must be boldly met by our people, and in the will of God, and by His help, overcome that this land become in fact, what it is in theory, a land of bumane freedom, of equal human rights, of justice, and of Christian brotherhood. The perils which threaten us are seen on every hand, in the appalling corruption in politics, in the combining of capital against labor, in the absorbing of the wealth of the country by a few, in the monstrous evils, injustice, and dishonesty of gambling, in stocks and food stuffs, and other necessaries of life, such as coal, cotton, oil, etc. And last, but not least, the evident coldness and indifference of the churches to the monstrous evils and wrongs that are all about us.

The time was when the church fearlessly

ence of the churches to the monstrous evils and wrongs that are all about us.

The time was when the church fearlessly attacked the evils of society, but that time has passed, and the church is no longer feared by evil doers. Why is this? Principally, I think, because the church failed to understand and to keep up with the spirit of the age. We are living in an age of progress, and the church has failed to progress. This is an age of transition—of change from old to new methods—from the old to a new order of things, in fact, from the old to a new dispensation! In fulfillment of prophecy and of what John the Divine said in the 21st chapter of Revelations. "And I saw a New Heaven pensation! In fulfillment of prophecy and of what John the Divine said in the 21st chapter of Revelations, "And I saw a New Heaven and a New Earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." This is the time spoken of! It began in 1776 in this land of America when that great and wonderful document, the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed to the World! The first declaration of human freedom ever proclaimed to man. This was supplemented in 1848, when God caused the spiritual heavens to be opened and the great truth of immortality to be made known to the world. Not as a belief but as a confirmed and positively proven truth. This was done obscurely a tirst, but it soon spread among all classes of people, and all over our land, until the light of this great divine truth shone into all the dark corners of America. This divine voice spoke in unmistakable terms to the people, and with million-fold proof! And yet the church stood aloof. It did more. It sounded a note of warning and entered upon an active expectition to the provenue, instead of hall. n note of warning and entered upon an active a note of warming and entered upon in netwer opposition to the movement, instead of hailing with joy this new born child of God, born as it were in a manger, and used its power and influence against it. It still does so. "The thing is from the devil," said the church. (See Rev. Chas. Beecher's Report on the Manifestations.)

This great spiritual movement has been misunderstood from the beginning and has been abused even by some of its friends. So was Christianity, and is to this day. So has freedom been abused and misrepresented. So has every good gift from God. Yes, this great spiritual movement, this great spiritual outpouring from God, has been abused, slandered, maligned, and is yet. But, no matter, God is in the movement, and no power on earth or in the lower heavens can stay its progress. It will go forward until it has accomplished its divine purpose. The New Dispensation will be established, and the reign of Christ will be established, and the reign of America!

Gentlemen and Brothers! You are called

Gentlemen and Brothers! You are called upon to lay aside your prejudices and come forward and help in the great work that is now to be done in our land. Will you open now to be done in our land. Will you open your churches to some of our earnest and eloquent workers in the spiritual ranks? Such as Harrison D. Barrett, president of the National Spiritual Association, educated as a minister; Mrs. Pepper, an eloquent speaker and test medium; Miss Margaret Gaule, also a fine speaker and test medium; Mr. J. J. Morse of England, now spending the winter in Boston. Or will you stand off and cry, "Wolf, Wolf," when in fact there is no wolf, only a good sized flock of sheep! They know their master's voice and will follow it. You had better join the flock! But, my friends, there is a higher form of this God-given movement to which I desire to call your special attention. God has given to the world, in this time, a New Revelation through His Son, Jesus Christ. This remarkable work is entitled "The History of the Origin of All Things," and was given through Levi M. His Son, Jesus Christ. This remarkable work is entitled "The History of the Origin of All Things," and was given through Levi M. Arnold, a Quaker, a well known and respected citizen of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and published by him in 1852. It was advertised in all the spiritual papers of the time. Several editions have been published, the last in 1853, by Mr. B. F. Carpenter of Roselle, N. J. Mr. Carpenter, who was connected with Mr. Arnold in-business, informed me a few days ago that the book is now out of print, and that the plates were lost. As soon as sufficient interest is awakened in it a new edition will be published.

You may ask. Why is not this reputed revelation better known to the public? I answer, first, because the outward manifestations absorbed too much attention for aught else. Second, because the world was not prepared for it, the outward manifestations having opened and prepared the way for higher truth and a revealment of the deep things of God! This great revelation is now to be proclaimed to the world. Is it intended to super-

truth and a revealment of the deep things of God! This great revelation is now to be proclaimed to the world. Is it intended to supersede the Bible? No, nothing can do that! The Bible will stand as long as man lives! This new revelation throws a flood of light upon the Bible and explains its darkest and most obscure passages. In fact, it makes the Bible almost a new book!

And now, having said this, I will say further, that having capefully studied this new revelation for more than thirty years, I am prepared to give readings and teachings and lectures on it in uburches, halls, or in any

other way that may be open to me; through the press or in giving parlor conversation readings and lectures. I am ready to engage to do this at any time I am called upon.

Some of the subjects of my lectures may be as follows, viz.: Oreation, Origin of Man, Paradise, Garden of Eden. In other words, a full explanation of the first three chapters of Genesis: The Mosaic Deluge, The Primitive Man, Development and Progress of Nations, Rise and Fall of Empires, Ancient Religions, Coming of Messiah, His Second Coming Near at Hand, The Establishing of His Kingdom in America as Clearly Proven by the Prophecies, the Apocalypse and the New Revelation, What and Where is the Spiritual World, Its Laws and Conditions of Progress, and Man's Final Destiny.

In another letter I shall give some quotations from and teachings of this remarkable revelation.

Philadolphia Pa.

revelation. Philadelphia, Pa.

#### W. J. Colville and Heredity.

J. M. Peebles, M. D.

Though still confined to my room from four weeks of severe illness, I am now able to read some and to dictate letters. The column article in the "Banner" of November 14, from W. J. Colville, entitled "The Problem of Heredity," quite surprised me from its controversial animus as well as for its, or rather his forgetfulness, very innocently of course, to reproduce the paragraphs that he so fluently commented upon, and of which I expressed "regrets."

Here they are in Mr. Colville's published words:

"Here they are in Mr. Colville's published words: I "Heredity is greatly over estimated and it is really a sign of the highest culture of the present age to lar. discountenance any belief in it. The Theosophical tenet of reincarnation or of the effects of Karma accumulated in a previous existence is not anything so dumbfounding as the conventional belief in heredity."

These are bare assertions with no attend-

These are bare assertions with no attend-

lief in heredity."

These are bare assertions with no attending proofs. They are also straightforward statements; and the "old saw" of "wrenched" from their connections does not count. If so "wrenched" why did he not re-adjust them, showing or forcing a different meaning? The truth is, they are distinct sentences, conveying distinct and definite ideas, delighting only the most rabid Theosophists of the Tingley school—a school making rapid advances, by the way, in Southern California.

It is generally conceded that Dr. Babbitt, Dr. Austin, Coleman, Tuttle, Wiggin, are men of "the highest culture." And yet, Mr. Colville with the coolest self-assurance tells the above erudite authors, as well as Prof. Lockwood, Prof. Loveland, Moses and D. W. Hull, Willard J. Hull, Lyman C. Howe, Dean C. Clarke, W. C. Hodge, and other of our speakers and writers that it is a "sign of the highest culture of the present age to largely discount any belief in it." Mark the words—any belief in it. Any belief in what? Any belief in heredity. There you stand, Mr. Colville, mirrored, the mirror being of your manufacture.

And as if to emphasize the above phrase my belief in it, he says "no Theosophical"

manufacture.

And as if to emphasize the above phrase any belief in it, he says "no Theosophical Tenet of reincarnation or of the effects of Karma in a previous existence is anything like as dumbfounding as the conventional belief in heredity."

Our good brother further informs the Our good brother further informs the "Banner" readers that he was "amused" at "the conspicuous" advertisements of my book, "The Christ Question Settled," probably he will be more "amused" when learning that said advertisement was written by a "Banner" high official—and not myself. Dr. Pachles is not given as are some to self-unif-Peebles is not given as are some to self-puff-

Upon the question of reciprocity upon the subject of "book mentionings" I feel in no wise beholden to Brother Colville. I cuddled him intellectually in the James Burns era of London Spiritualism. I wrote letters of commendation for him to foreign countries, have spoken highly of his writings twice in our campmeetings and have given him in my residence two or three splendid receptions—all this have I done and will gladly do more; but I will not endorse any of his unreasonable, irrational, slipshod theories that rest upon no other foundation than his naked assertions and unproven allegations.

unproven allegations.
this rambling "Banner" article of Mr. Colville, he begins a sentence thus: "I challenge him" (Dr. Peebles), etc. Is this not the Ego-swollen language of a foreign-imported duelist? Think of it. What unprovoked temerity, what terrific undreamed of audacity in Mr. Colville to hurl a challenge audacity in Mr. Colville to hūrl a challenge at ar. Aryan adept, at an ancient Egyptian priest, at Habakkuk, the Bible prophet, at Herodotus, at the learned Origen, at Peter the Hermit all condensed and concentrated in Peebles of Scotch ancestry. For upon the testimony of one noted clairvoyant Theosophist, and two or three reincarantion-believing mediums I have been all the above illustrious characters in my varied re-embodiments. But this, I am graciously told is my seventh and last re-embodiment-for which the good Lord be praised. Yes, no more gestative conceptions, no more uterine im-prisonments, no more birth strugglings into physical life, no more baby sore mouths, no more castor oil stuffings, no more measles, no physical life, no more pany sore moulds, no more castor oil stuffings, no more measles, no more chicken-pox patches for me; for I went through all these possible "experiences" as Herodotus, Habakkuk, Origen and others in

Herodotus, Habakkuk, Origen and others in some of my past re-embodiments! Yes, the good Lord be praised!

But this challenge! Having been upon the public platform for over sixty years—having had many discussions, oral and written, seeking rather than shunning challenges in my earlier years, I must in this instance, for the present, decline, because I have made it a point all these decades to discuss controverted subjects only with men with well belanced. subjects only with men, with well balanced and scholarly men of acknowledged erudi-tion, and with cultured women; nevertheless if Brother Colville is really aching for a controversy upon the statement that "reincar-nation and Karma" rather than "heredity," most affect human conduct and character, an accommodate as soon as I get a little stronger physically—each occupying the same space in some liberal journal. San Diego, Cal.

#### Two-fold Mentality.

In the study of mind which is variously called Mental Science, Mental Philosophy. Metaphysics, Psychology, the exigencies of the situation have within the last few years required the creation of a new hypothesis. Facts, indisputably proven, have been found that could be explained on no theory hitherto known. What is believed to be unmistakably of the dirst importance, viz., a full understanding of the mental make-up of the individual and the laws controlling its operation, had been studied until about ten years ago by methods as mediaeval as would be the study of astronomy with an opera glass. The theories of the old school-men of Gailieo's time had practically not been left behind and nothing like modern scientific methods had ever been applied to the study of that power which controls the world of humanity, viz., the human mind.

Recently, however, the facts of hypnotism, thought transference, clairyoyance and clair-audlence with their related phenomena were established so thoroughly as scientific exist-

cies, that some explanation of them must

encies, that some explanation of them must be made, some exposition of their laws must be shown.

The method of the scientist in such an emergency is to imagine a law which will explain these phenomena; then, to test this law by applying it to every known and every conceivable fact; if it explains all of them fully, it is held to be a good law; but it must explain them all. Unlike the old adage, it must be a rule without an exception; otherwise it is useless as a law and fails.

Adapting this process to our mental operations, to explain the phenomena I have named and others as they may occur, the theory, or working hypothesis, of a doubleness or two-fold nature of our minds was conceived. It is far from being yet adopted by the most careful and conservative scientists and is usually most loudly proclaimed and most tenaciously field to by those scientists who, are moving not heaven, but the earth and all that is in it, to escape the conclusions which Spiritualists have arrived at.

This doubleness of mind has almost as many names as it has advocates. It is called double mindedness, duality of mind, duplicity of consciousness, our subjective and objective minds, our consciousness and our subconsciousness, or our subliminal consciousness

of consciousness, our subjective and objective minds, our consciousness and our subconsciousness, or our subliminal consciousness and by various other names. You see the necessity for it. Let us take a case where none of the questions in dispute between ourselves and the materialists arise, hypnotism, for example. Here is a case so well established as a fact that no one, absolutely no one, today denies it. But how could the old psychologists explain a condition where the psychologists explain a condition where the mind of one person assumes and obtains complete control of the mind and will and sensation and body of some one else? Some absolutely new explanation became at once a necessity. The two-minds theory furnishes that explanation.

The old psychologists divided mind only by

The old psychologists divided mind only by its attributes, e.g., of sensation through our senses, of will, of memory, etc. The new school, while keeping these attributes, ceases to classify our mental operations by means of them. The new school divides our mind in two. Not into equal parts, but into two distinct portions, which to some extent share with each other these several attributes in carving measure. varying-measure. As you see, our consciousness primarily belongs only to our objective mind, that mind of which we know, the operations of which we are familiar with; and yet the other half, the subliminal part, and yet the other half, the subliminal part, may and at times does, in degrees differing in different individuals, rise into our consciousness and to us at least becomes indistinguishable from what we know as our minds. Sometimes it drives out consciousness altogether and uses our mind and all its powers, except our consciousness, in a sort of trance condi-tion analogous to control by spirits. Do not misunderstand me. I say analogous to spirit control; it is far from identical, differing in

important and radical respects.

The boundary lines separating these two sides of mind have not been charted or marked out definitely enough to be at all satmarked out definitely enough to be at all sat-isfactory in any scientific, exact way. Some of the bronder territory covered by each has been tentatively agreed upon; but the ex-treme advocates of the materialistic view have been driven to make far greater claims for the subliminal self than the more careful scientist will allow. Remember, of all these claims, there is absolutely no extraneous proof. This should never be forgotten. We are talking about an hypothesis a theory all are talking about an hypothesis, a theory, all the time, and not about something definitely proven and defined, like the law of gravita-

It is claimed that the subliminal conscious-It is claimed that the subliminal consciousness of the subjective mind entirely lacks initiative, i. e., it cannot do anything at all except what it is told to do by the objective mind of its owner or of some one else. It has, therefore, no will of its own. Will is solely an attribute of our objective conscious mind. But while our objective mind owns all the will it only owns a very small part of the mind. But while our objective mind owns all the will, it only owns a very small part of the memory; while the subliminal self, lacking entirely in will, is absolutely perfect memory. Every thought, every sensation, every motive, every act of our lives is by the subliminal mind stored up as in a storehouse, all labeled for ready reference. It can, under proper laws, be brought out and forced up into our consciousness and, when there, it often appears to us to be an absolutely new fact. Nothing is ever too small, or too trifling, for its apprehension; no sensation too slight to be kept. The very statement of this proposition would seem to be almost sufficient to destroy belief in it and yet this doctrine in its fullest extent in it and yet this doctrine in its fullest extent and to its utmost limit is absoluely essential to the theory of the duplicity of mind and is held and solennly discussed and referred to as authority, by some who pretend to think it improbable that God has provided a means by which the messages of love, of trust, of longing and affection can be sent back from those whose bodies have ceased to have use for this very mind which they are trying to dissect. Is not this a reductio ad absurdum? Is it not "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel?"

This treatment of our subject is, I know, in it and yet this doctrine in its fullest exten

This treatment of our subject is, I know. most incomplete. Incomplete it must be, perforce, in an article like this, the first essential of which is that it shall not weary your patience. You have seen something of the higher prominences of the landscape and more I must not offer you now

My own belief is that the doctrine we are discussing, while not proven, is yet too valuable, too much fraught with possible good, to be abandoned. Used carefully and conserva-tively, it certainly offers a satisfactory expla-nation of many human phenomena. When an attempt is made to explain our relations with life beyond, the strain is too great and a very serviceable bow is broken. It should be tested carefully and cautiously like any other scientific hypothesis and, when studied in connection with spiritistic phenomena, will, I believe, prove doubly valuable. Instead of disproving these phenomena, as Hudson so vainly attempts to make it do, it will only strengthen them and aid us in explaining and understanding them more fully, working to-gether for good like two trusty handmajdens of God. e abandoned. Used carefully and conserva

of God.

In closing, I am sure you will bear with me a moment longer. For I cannot retrain from further comment on this doctrine as used so absurdly by Hudson. He claims that, through its use, he has shown that no communication its use, he has shown that no communication is possible between carnate and discarnate spirits; and yet by means of it he seeks to show that our ego still lives after the death of the body, but only in a negative state of absorption into the being of God, where all individuality is lost, where all personal char-acteristics are gone and where we exchange our living, thinking, conscious, loving minds for a mere simple existence. There we can only say to be and not to live; where we cannot say I am, or I know, even I live, but only that something still is, still exists. Is this existence?

that something still is, still exists. Is this existence?

What is God, if God be not love as we are told not only by our Bible, but by every religion that recognizes, or ever has recognized, a supreme being; love is the law He has given as the law of life. Without it life here or hereafter is worse than a desert. It would be better never to have been at all than to have been without love. Love is the fulfilling of the law. It not only makes life bearable, it is life itself. And yet this man Hudson would have us believe that it died when the body died and that life goes on without it; or, if love does survive, that all expression of it, without which it withers and fades, is cut of in the very time when its ministrations are most needed

both by the dying and those who are left, cut off so completely that we cannot hear from the other side even a cheery "All is well," but, absorbed into God, we continue to exist either in forgetfulness of those we have loved, forgetfulness caused by a sleep, which has no waking, or, if we remember, in a state where no word can come from us or to us, to tell us that the love which was and is our life, still abideth rue. Could Hell have worse torments? Isn't such a "being-with-God" Hell itself?

Mr. Hemans has said:

Alas for Love, if thou wert all And nought beyond, O earth!

But Thompson makes the beyond still worse for love; as another has sung:

Like dew drop which trickles from grass glade to ground, Through streamlet and river to oceans pro-

found,
It is lost in the somewhere 'twixt ocean and

Ev'n God could not live, if once love should

#### What Is the Explanation?

To the student the following case will afford some materials for careful reflection. It is told upon the authority of a special corres-pondent of the Boston Herald, and if cor-

some materials for careful reflection. It is told upon the authority of a special correspondent of the Boston Herald, and if correctly stated it is another of those instances of a translation of personality which are so bewildering to the subject most concerned. The subject—or victim—of the events to be described is named Charles Dubois, he is 28 years of age, and resides in Gibson City, Ill., and of whom it is said "he became, figuratively speaking, another man for several months, until the memory of his previous life came to him suddenly while he was acting as a common seaman on a ship."

The startling alternation of personality above indicated commenced on a Sunday morning in June, 1902, when Dubois got in his buggy to go to church in Gueydan, La. While on the way he suddenly dropped out of existence so far as his memory was concerned. He seems to have joined the full-rigged sailing ship Endymion, bound for Madagascar, from Pensacola, Fla., and though he signed on, and for some four hundred days afterwards capably performed seaman's work prior to regaining self-consciousness, he subsequently, had no recollection of putting his name on the books, nor of possessing any afterwards capably performed seman's work prior to regaining self-consciousness, he subsequently, had no recollection of putting his name on the books, nor of possessing any ability as a sailor, when, some four hundred miles from land his normal mental state reasserted itself. The narrative continues by saying that the only clew that Dubois had regarding his whereabouts between that Sunday in June, 1902, when he started for church in Louisiana, and Aug. 18 following, when he woke to his former self on board the Endymion, was the information given to him by the German who shipped as seaman with him at Pensacola. The German told Dubois that he first saw the latter working on a fishing smack, while he (the German) was on another smack. They met and became friends soon after.

The points of interest in this narrative are two: First, the merely ordinary one of a prolonged loss of memory, infrequent but, of course inconvenient, and susceptible of explanation along ordinary physiological lines. The second is more remarkable and less frequent, since the failure of the normal memory was supplemented by a suspension of the ordinary individuality and the manifestation of a character consistent with the conditions in which it was in operation, i. e., as a sailor, on shipboard, and at sea.

What is the explanation? Was it spirit control, possession, or obsession; was it multiple-personality, the subliminal self? We

what is the explanation? Was it spirit control, possession, or obsession; was it multiple-personality, the subliminal self? We invite our readers—and they include all schools of thought—to discuss the question at the head of this article. It is indeed curious that this landsman, ignorant of the sea, should as suddenly become as he as suddenly ceased to be a sailor. ns suddenly become as he as suddenly ceased to be a sailor. The only other experience that Dubois ever

The only other experience that Dubois ever had in the way of his memory leaving him was a couple of weeks before the date of his long disappearance. He says he was in Gueydan, La., and then all was blank until he found himself on a pier in Galveston, Tex. Dubois appears mentally sound. He has never suffered any mental collapse and there is no strain of insanity in his family.

He says he had become very anxious over the rice crop on the Louisiana plantation just before his disappearance and that the worriment may have contributed to the long lapse of his memory.

#### The Influence of Food on Mediumship.

The Editor of the Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, states that he received the following interesting note—which he publishes in his latest issue to hand—from a private letter received from a correspondent holding an official position at Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, who is a regular contributor on food reform subjects to the local press there:—

I am working with might and main to spread the glorious truth here in South Africa. Since taking up Spiritualism I have set myself to keep every spiritual and physical law as far as I could, and set about concal law as far as I could, and set about con-quering and entirely subduing the lower self. My friends think I lead an exceedingly ascetic life—to them it might be so, but not to me. My aim was to spiritualize myself by every means possible; the result has been that I have been able to come into touch with spirits of a much higher order, and as I went on developing still higher ones were able to approach. It is simply a matter of vibrations after all. The higher and purer the spirit the quicker and more intense the vibrations, hence after all. The higher and purer the spirit the quicker and more intense the vibrations, hence the reason they shine so brightly. A trained clairvoyant—as my wife is—can tell at once the degree of purity of any spirit she sees. So do you not think it reasonable to infer that if we can make our vibrations purer and more intense, that these high beings would find it possible to approach. I submit it is contrary to spiritual law for the higher orders of spirits to communicate direct through a gross and unspiritual medium. In these cases I am aware that intermediaries are often employed. My wife and I have so far developed now that we spenk and hold counsel with our spirit friends in quite a normal way, we having outgrown the abnormal phases of control. Our spirit friends are nearly all medical men, working under the direction and guidance of a spirit friend who is a powerful and great organizer in the way of spreading reform in all its phases, particularly diet. They tell you that flesh food coarsens the vibrations and feeds the lower animal faculties, and the true way for anyone to develop is to cease feeding and strengthening the enemy—the lower self. Therefore I consider it is of the first importance for Spiritualists to advocate food reform.

The diet of myself and wife is simply fruit micker and more intense the vibrations, hence

form.

The diet of myself and wife is simply fruit and whole-meal bread, twice daily—I often eat but once daily. No tea, coffee, or other stimulating drink. On this diet I am strong and full of vitality and endurance—can do a 40-mile ride any day, dig, hoe, and do other heavy gardening work for any length of time without fatigue, besides doing a lot of brain work daily. I am so well I know not what it is to have a body. My aim is to make it a

perfect working machine, for I have much to do before I depart "hence." My wife is strong and robust also. We were formerly physical wrecks with constant visits to doctor and chemist, and at that time we were eating three times daily, and ment every day. There is plenty of scope in Australia to hammer at the meat eating habit of its people, as I believe they are the greatest consumers of ment on earth.

From the humanitarian point of view alone, no true Spiritualist should eat meat, but alas how few look at it in this way. My spirit friends, both high and low and midway between, are very strong on this point. I have succeeded in spreading vegetarianism in Natal to a pretty great extent, but this is nothing to what I intend to do. I do not attempt to rush things. I grow like the oak. I find I can influence a vegetarian to accept the truths of Spiritualism far, far easier than a meat eater, for the latter's spiritual faculties are usually beclouded, and he is incapable of sceing or sensing things spiritual.

#### What Catarrh Is.

Catarrh, as defined by Webster, is an inflammatory affection of any mucous membrane, any condition in which there are congestion, swelling, morbid action or any alteration in the quantity and quality of mucous secreted. It can be present in any part of body where is a mucous membrane, the head, nose, throat, stomach, intestines, bowels, bladder or kidneys, and as a clot of dust impairs the workings of the finest watch, so a catarrhal condition of any organ enfechles its power, prevents the proper functional activit, and results in a complication of ills of many names and symptoms, treated in many different ways, but no cure is possible unless the catarrhal condition, the primary cause, is checked and removed.

To successfully treat catarrh of any part it

To successfully treat catarrh of any part it is necessary to use medicaments which possess the power of allaying inflammation, arresting morbid action and of purifying diseased mucous.

Vitae-Ore, the natural mineral remedy, which has been frequently offered in the columns of this publication on thirty days' columns of this publication on thirty days trial, is recommended to cure catarrh of any part of the body, used for the different con-ditions in the several ways prescribed. It is a natural astringent, possessing qualities as such which it seems impossible to duplicate in any manufactured or artificial product and immediately allays all inflammation, stops all morbid or irregular action on the membrane, eradicates all catarrhal conditions and places eradicates all catarrial conditions and places each organ in a natural, healthy condition, so as to faithfully perform its individual function and restores the entire system to a state of total and perfect health.

Read the 30-day trial offer made in this issue by the proprietors, the Theo. Noel Company of Chicago.

#### "The Gentleman from Everywhere."

"In these days when bookshelves in stores and libraries are loaded with a multitude of works scarcely worth the time and money expended in their reading, it is a genuine pleasure to take up a work of absorbing interest from commencement to close. The story is the autobiography of a real life, the experiences narrated actually occurred, and the scenes of the story are a faithful reproduction of the localities described. One mentally sees the author as he passes through his experiences as a school-boy, a farmer, preacher, tourist, and other phases of his life story. A dominant note of self-helpfulness runs through the work, that self-help which arises from the healthy use of the normal powers and energies of a real live American, unspoiled by life's trials and still filled with the vim that has always sustained and urged him forward.

"Snirtualists will be greatly interested in

filled with the vim that has always sustained and urged him forward.

"Spiritualists will be greatly interested in the narrative in which the author describes how the evidences of spirit return reached him and the blessing he has found it to be. He is a Spiritualist of a sound and reverent sort, and accepts the reality of guidance as a simple truth in his daily life. He honors true mediumship and speaks wisely in that connection.

connection. "The pages are witty and wise by turns. fun and pathos chase each other constantly, and many a pithy summary of thoughts and hopes are met with in the racy pages of the work— It is a good book, clean and bright, one to interest old and young alike, and it is literally a volume of which it can be truly said, as it turns

#### 'From grave to gay, From lively to severe,'

that few recent books can equal it in the vivid portrayal of a manly life lived in a manly manner. All who read the book will feel grateful to James Henry Foss for issuing it, and will cordially recommend those who have not procured it to do so at once." Extracts from a personal note to the author from J. J. Morse.

For sale at this office, post paid \$1.50.

#### The Rev. Ekai Kawaguchi.

The Rev. Ekai Kawaguchi, whose narrative of personal adventure in Tibet, "The Latest News from Lhasa," is one of the more important articles in the January Century, is a priest of the Zen sect of Buddhists, now thirty-eight years of age. He was born in Sakai, near Osaka, studied at the Temple of the Five Hundred Rakan in Toklo, and prose-cuted his Sanskrit studies under the Rev. Bunyu Nanjio of the Imperial University. He Bunyu Nanjio of the Imperial University. He entered the priesthood at the age of twenty-five and was attached to the Obaku Temple at Uji. Aften seven years in holy orders he started on his journey to Tibet, his sole object, as he explains in his narrative, to complete his studies of Buddhism. He declares also his intention of revisiting Nepal during 1904, to secure more collections of Buddhist scriptures in Sanskrit and also the Tibetan edition of the Tripitaka.

#### LOVE DIVINE.

Love till thy leaping pulses faint and fail,
Till whirling worlds and all the woes
thereof
Fade into nothingness; till sun turns pale,

Love to the full height, depth and breadth

whereof
Thy soul is master. Let cheap cynics rail;
But hold thou still thy rose-red light above Their envious heads, who have not strength

to scale The sheer steep heights, whereon Love's lovers move In calm content, for that their hearts inhale -Maud Diver, in Light of Reason.

To live—blest boon of heaven's Will, To learn makes living sweeter still; To love—oh, solace of the soul, To die—to reach Love's living goal. W. B. Whitaere.

#### The Reviewer.

#### In the World Celestial.

It is gratifying to learn that Dr. Hland's remarkable book, "In the World Celestial," has already reached its third edition. This is proof that it is highly appreciated by the general public, and especially by Spiritualists and investigators. It is truly a remarkable book, being a vivid and realistic description of the spirit world given by one who had the exceptional privilege of visiting, for ten days, the realm of the so-called dead, and under the guidance of his angel love inspecting coaditions in the various spheres, returning to earth with full memory of all he saw and heard. For sale at the Banner office. Price \$1.00.

Astrology in a Nutshell. By C. H. Webber (Prof. Henry), Newtonia. Boston.

In this progressive age when interest in the science of Astrology increases, when it has become an attractive study even for the amateur, any work which presents this profound truth to ready comprehension, is warmly welcomed. The book under consideration, therefore, is sure to find many appreciative readers, who will gain a fund of interesting information from its full pages. In fact, its title almost provokes a smile, for it certainly is the fullest, fattest "nutshell," packed full of meat from rim to rim, and one of the hardest to crack of any that mental tree ever bore.

it certainly is the fullest, fattest "nutsnen," packed full of meat from rim to rim, and one of the hardest to crack of any that mental tree ever bore.

Prof. Henry is not a new aspirant for literary honors, being already the author of over a dozen books of varied character, occult, historical, sketches of travel and fiction, but he comes forward in this volume as the creator of the Wonder Wheel, or Thibetian Periscope, an ingenious-compilation of astrologic lore, which, while presenting to the uninitiated the appearance of a complicated Chinese puzzle, is a marvelous portrayal of Zodiacal signs and horoscopal correspondences, "a picture in symbol, of both heaven and earth and all that in them is, arranged in the most convenient method for study, comparison, judgment and mathematical approximation," by which every astronomical or astrological problem can be quickly elucidated. The erudite inventor claims that-eight years of close study are necessary to approach a mastery of the science of astrology, while eight weeks are sufficient to grasp its essential features, by the use of the Wonder Wheel, a device created by the author, many years after he had become an adept in this difficult science.

Thirty pages of this volume are devoted to elaborate answers to questions, always an interesting form of imparting information, on every related subject, which comprise in themselves a broad education, the interpretation of Scripture narrative and symbols, being especially instructive. Much truth of deep import is suggested, as for example, in response to the query, "What disease is the most difficult to cure?" We read "Ignorance. It is about the only disease." Again, "Where is the spirit world?" "Wherever thought is. The thought world is the spirit world of thought." This book contains also several poems by the author, the one entitled "God" being examination and the spirit world of thought."

This book contains also several poems by the author, the one entitled "God" being ex-ceedingly replete with suggestive thought. We commend this volume to our studious readers.—S. C. C.

The Gentleman from Everywhere. By

The Gentleman from Everywhere. By James Henry Foss.

At this frigid season, when tourists depart for the more genial skies of California, or when spiritual pilgrims respond to the attractions which the camp at Lake Helen offers, one of the best books as traveling companion is the one mentioned above. Its descriptions of natural scenery, in either the far West or Sunny South, are most vivid and picturesque. Nowhere are such portrayals enjoyed as when on the spot, looking through the author's eyes, or sharing the delights that once were his. Therefore, whether sailing down the incomparable Ocklawaha River, or entering the Golden Gate which locks out "the unpacified Pacific" from San Francisco's wide bay, we commend "The Gentleman from Everywhere" as a means of enhancing the Everywhere" as a means of enhancing the pleasure of the traveler's happy hour.—S. C. C.

#### The Man with the Hoe.

Some years ago readers in Ohio and other parts of the country were greatly interested in a series of articles published in the columns of The Ohio Farmer from the pen of Adam Blake. Mr. Blake placed the above heading to the series and the contributions won hearty and general commendation, especially among those connected with the farming interests. Indeed, so deep was that interest that a widespread demand arose that the contribuwidespread demand arose that the contributions referred to be reproduced in book form. This has been done, and the handsome volume of over four hundred pages now on our table is the result.

The renders of these lines must not under stand from the preceding remark that the book in question is a mere reprint of the original matter, for that would be incorrect and a decided injustice to the author. The and a decided injustice to the author. The subject matter has been thoroughly revised, part of it has been entirely rewritten, and portions eliminated to allow for newer and more entertaining topics to be included. The aim of the author is to mirror the lives of the wielders of the hoe, to tell the story of their struggles, trials, successes and failures. In a struggles, trials, successes and failures. In a sentence he presents a picture of American farm life as it is today, with the life on the farm. The labor and care involved in profitable farming are shown, as also the qualities which go to make not merely the farmer, but the man, are cleverly unfolded as the charming story unfolds.

The pages teem with interest. The various characters are ably depicted. Indeed, in characterization and dialogue the author shows a fine skill, a power to enlist and hold the attention. A vein of soberness runs through the volume, and the author while never preachy, or prosy, points many a quiet moral

preachy, or prosy, points many a quiet moral wherewith to adorn his tale, as for instance, when the hero-for such he is-utters the fol-lowing sentiments:

wherewith to adorn his tale, as for instance, when the hero—for such he is—utters the following sentiments:

"I take pride in my work," Syd replied. "I used to think farming a soul-dwarfing, mind-shriveling process, and almost despised myself for submitting to its petifogging details. I feel different now. I heartily agree with the man who wrote:

I feel different now. "Who puts back into place a fallen bar, Or flings a rock out of a traveled road, His feet are moving toward the central

Mr. Carpenter, I am proud to be called a farmer."
This last sentence is the key note of success in any profession. A healthy, hearty and wholesome book. It is published by The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Price, post paid, \$1.50 net.

"The more soulful a man is the more his restraining power; or, the less active he is in sensual desires and pleasures. The weaker the man the less he has of restraint."

JUST TELL THEM SO

There's much to do the whole way through
And little use complaining,
For the darkest night will change to light
And the blackest cloud quit raining.
If worth you find in weak mankind,
"Twill do all good to know
That someone thought they nobly wrought
And frankly told them so.

Enough will remain of bitter pain,
With all the aid you lend;
Some will be sad and others glad,
On down to the journey's end.
As in the throng you pass along,
With rapid strides or slow,
If yirtue you see in bond or free,
Just stop and tell them so.

There are many cares in home affairs That wear the brain and heart, And many a way, 'most every day,
In which to bear a part.
If you love your wife as you do your life, It will keep your heart aglow, And make her feel your love is real To often tell her so.

If on the road you see a load, If on the road you see a load,
Some pilgrim downward pressing,
A willing hand to help him stand
Will bring you back a blessing.
So in the fight 'twixt wrong and right
That's waging here below,
Should praise be said, don't wait till dead
Before you tell them so.

#### 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 colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

#### The Story of Alice.

By one who loved her.

One of the coldest days last January I was hurrying down Washington Street to meet a business appointment, when I saw a lost dog. Now, a lost dog in the city, as we all know, is not a very unusual sight,—would that it were,—but this particular dog was especially noticeable for reasons I will try to give. Imagine a little Skye terrier, one car chopped off close up to her head, the other roughly scalloped, no tail to be seen, that also having been cut off to her very body. She was very thin, her hair was off in places, and where it was thick it was badly matted. She ran wildly this way and that, sometimes in the street almost under the horses' feet, sometimes on the sidewalk, then, exhausted, she would sit down a minute and gaze with large, frightened eyes at the passing crowd.

As I stood watching her no one paused or appeared to notice the wretched, shivering little creature, and I started toward her, hoping that I might be able to catch her. I got very near her twice, almost near enough to touch her, but as I was about to lay my hand on her she snapped at me and was off again on her aimless waudering, as if trying to escape from the misery of which she had evidently borne a large share.

I could not bear to go on my way and make no further attempt to rescue her, yet I knew that I alone could never catch her.

evidently borne a large share.

I could not bear to go on my way and make no further attempt to rescue her, yet I knew that I alone could never catch her. Standing on the sidewalk near by I saw a boy who appeared to have nothing to do and I accosted him. I pointed out the little dog and offered him a quarter of a dollar if he would catch her without lurting her. Then I hurried back to the Beacon office which I had just left, and called Henry, the office boy, who had rescued several miserable cats and kittens, to join the other boy in careful pursuit. This was all I could do, so I went on my way to fulfil my belated engagement.

When I returned to the office I had little hope of finding the dog, but to my great satisfaction she was there, crouched under a chair, a hunted expression in her large brown eyes that said as plainly as words, "Now what torture is coming next?" I found that the boys had followed her up School Street and nearly to the North Station, and that in order to secure her Henry had taken off his coat and covered her up, head and all, for she bit at her rescuers in her attempt at self-defence.

I sent out for bread and milk. We warmed

self-defence.

for she bit at her rescuers in her attempt at self-defence.

I sent out for bread and milk. We warmed the milk, for the poor thing had so little hair on her body she was chilled through. I did not touch her, for she was still on the defensive, but I put a dish of warm milk with bread crumbed in it near her and withdrew a little way. At first she was afraid to touch it. She looked at mc—I never saw such a look in the eyes of any creature, and I cannot describe it—wild, appealing, despairing, and I am sure I saw tears. I spoke to her gently; then she ate ravenously, but still crouched in her safe corner.

I teléphoned to the Animal Rescue League and said: "I have a dog here. If she must die I want her put to sleep here and be spared the fright of another journey. Let John Macdonald come and bring chloroform." Before very long John came, and I told him how evident it was that the dog

told him how evident it was that the do had been dreadfully abused and I wanted to spare her all further suffering, but I said I wished more than I could possibly tell that she might have a little period of happiness before the end—something to make up to her for all she had suffered. When a dog her have the suffered when a dog her have the suffered when a dog her have the suffered. before the end—something to make up to her for all she had suffered. When a dog has known happiness and then is cast out upon the world I can feel reconciled to his death,—he has had his day,—but this little creature, so suited to be the happy inmate of a good home, had been in most cruel hands and the world owed her some happiness in recompense. Trusting to our agent's sympathy for all suffering and his tenderness to the animals placed in his care, I then left him with the dog, as I had to get back to my desk and my neglected writing. In a few minutes he called me. I thought it was a call to view the body, and I confess I shrank from it, but I went into the back office and, behold, the little dog who would not let any one approach her standing on a table on her hind legs, John holding her fore paws in one hand. "Just look at her!" said John. "Did you ever see such a sight?" I looked and saw that she was alive with fleas. Not an inch of her seemed to be spared; they were crawling all over her. "She is a young dog," said John, "and as far as I can see, healthy, but she has been terribly neglected and abused. What shall I do with her?"

The little dog, still held up on the table, looked at us with beseeching eyes that seemed to say, "I have never had any care, any affection, nothing but neglect and abuse. Can't you give me a little happiness?"

looked at us with beseeching eyes that seemed to say, "I have never had any care, any affection, nothing but neglect and abuse. Can't you give me a little happiness?"

I said, "Don't you think you could carry her to the League, put her in the warm cellar, give her a bath, and see how she turns out?" And John cheerfully answered that he would try his best to help her.

We wrapped her in a warm piece of cloth I happened to have in a drawer, and she made no resistance. John carried her in his arms to the League and with the matron's aid made her comfortable in the cellar, where she had for company a black rabbit and a kitten that for some reason had been banished from the cats' room. A few days made a wonderful difference, but the dog did not dare to come up into the house. She feared every one but John and the matron, Mrs. Vincent. In order to rid her of feas all her matted hair had to be cut off, which showed

her emaciated body, and shy was a deplorable sight,—nothing beautiful about her but her large, beeseching eyes.

The weeks went by; she gained in flesh and her hair grew out long and silky. She made very few friends, never getting over her distrust of strangers, particularly children, but she attached herself with the deepest and most touching devotion to Mrs. Vincent, who loved her and fed her and let her sleep in her own bedchamber. A very kind-hearted and generous member of the League, hearing her story, sent a check for a hundred dollars and a request that we should call her Allec, in memory of her father's favorite rong. "Oh, don't you remember sweet Allec, Ben Bolt?" So Alice was christened, with a hundred dollar check, and became a protegee of her wealthy friend.

It would be difficult to explain why all who were workers there at the League learned to love Alice, yet this was a fact. She was not free from faults. How could she be with no bringing, up but abuse? But no one seemed able to reprove her. I tried to have her disciplined, with this result: I said to John when some fault she had committed was spoken of: "You must scold her. She will understand." And John replied: "I can't scold her. It is any a cross word she cringes as if I had struck her, and crawls on the floor to my feet as if she expected me to kill her." Then I tried this, Vincent, I said: "Really, Mrs. Vincent, you must be stern with Alice and let her know you are displeased with her." And Mrs. Vincent replied: "Oh, Mrs. Smith, I can't! If you could see how she looks at me if I say a cross word to her, and how heartbroken she is, you'd see that I can't." Then I tried to discipline her myself, but only once, never again. She had a tendency to chase strange cats that were brought into the house. She never hur one, but she frightened them, and I said she must be broken of it. One day I scolded and even raised my hand and struck her very gently. She uttered a human cry and ran downstairs as if she had been shot. I followed in the she was a sh

try to save her?
So Alice lived and throve, and a happier

mother no one ever saw. Oh, the merry, merry hours she spent with her cherished merry hours she spent with her cherished puppies. One was given away after they were weaned, but Bowser and Tasso were her joy and delight up to her last day. Perhaps some one may read this little memorial of Alice who happened to see her on the Common, carefully watched by her beloved mistress, Mrs. Vincent, or her mistress's son Anthony, whom also she had learned to love-and trust, when she rolled and tumbled over the green grass and showed Bowser and Tasso how to frolic,—she who had only just learned to play herself.

How can I tell the end? How explain why that warm, loving heart is stilled? Alice never lost the memory of early abuse and her first instinct was to defend herself by her only means of defence—her teeth. In her deep devotion to her puppies and to her mistress, this feeling was always manifest,—look out for strangers! Yet it was impossible in a place like the Leavue to keep her

Yet it was impossible in a place like the League to keep her away from strangers. Mrs. Vincent tried shutting her up in her room or in the cellar, but even with her puppies beside her she was very unhappy when separated from her mistress and rebelled vigorously against confinement. She was Very Vincent and the property of the proper

was very unhappy when separated from her mistress and rebelled vigorously against confinement. She was Mrs. Vincent's shadow. She snapped at visitors who attempted to touch her or her puppies, and finally a complaint was made. We knew her biting was not dangerous, yet we knew also it would not answer to keep a dog who was snappish where visitors were constantly coming. Should we give her away? We carefully considered this question in the light of Alice's previous history and disposition. We knew that she would be wretched if separated from her mistress and would, in all probability, try to escape and search for her. To be again a lost dog and suffer even worse than before her knowledge of what a good home and love meant—that was not to be thought of. For days we postponed the decision; then we were forced suddenly to settle the question. The fiat went forth—Alice must leave the League, and we who loved her were all united in the belief that if she must go it was best to put her where there was no possibility of any more suffering.

It was on a Friday that the decision was

to put her where there was no possibility of any more suffering.

It was on a Friday that the decision was made. On Saturday one of Alice's warm friends at the League proposed taking her with her puppies, Bowser and Tasso, to a photographer. It was a beautiful day, and as the little company composed of Alice. Bowser, Tasso and their two friends, Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Fisher, crossed the Common, they stopped a little while to give the dogs a chance to enjoy themselves. Never did Alice have a better time. She always delighted in a roll on the grass, and to have

Nature's Greatest Cure For Men and Women

#### Swamp-Root is the Most Perfect Healer and Natural Aid to the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder Ever Discovered.



often with smarting and burning. Brick dust would settle in the urine I lost twenty pounds in two weeks, and thought I would soon die. I took the first dose of your Swamp-Root in the evening at bed time, and was very much surprised; I had to urinate but once that night, and the second night I did not get up until morning. I have used three bottles of Swamp-Root, and to-day am as well as ever.

I am a iarmer and am working every day, and weigh 190 pounds, the same that I weighed before I was taken sick.

Bec. F. A. & I. U. 504. T. S. APKER, April 9th, 1903. Marsh Hill, Pa.

There comes a time to both men and wo men when sickness and poor health bring anxiety and trouble hard to bear; disappointment seems to follow every effort of physicians in our behalf, and remedies we try have little or no effect. In many such cases serious mistakes are made in doctoring, and not knowing what the disease is or what makes us sick. Kind nature warns us by certain symptoms, which are unmistakable evidence of danger, such as too frequent desire to urinate, scanty supply, scalding irri-tation, pain or dull ache in the back—they tell us in silence that our kidneys need doctoring. If neglected now, the disease ad-

Swamp-Root Saved My Life,

A FARMER'S STRONG TESTIMONIAL.

I received promptly the sample bottle of your great kidney remedy. Swamp-Root.

I had an Awiul palo in my b ck, over the kidneys, ard badded urinate from four to seven times a night indicated by the sample state. The sample passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. In taking this wonderful new discovery, Swamp Root, you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that has ever been dis-

Swamp-Root a Blessing to Women

My kidneys and bladder gave me great trouble for over two months and I sentered untold misery. I became well, emaciated and very much run down,



y such oring. I had great difficulty in retaining my urine, and was obliged to pass water very often night and day. Af \*r i had used a sample bottle of Dr. Klimer's Swamp-Root, which you so kindly sent me on my request, I experienced relief and I immediately bought of my druggist two large bottles and continued in ling it regularly. I am pleased to say that Swamp R ot aday without any bad symptoms whatever. Swamp-Root has proved a ble ssing rome.

Gratefully yours,

Mrs. E. AUSTIN.

19 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

#### To Prove What SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, Will do for YOU, Every Reader of the Banner of Light May Have a Sample Bottle FREE by Mail.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.-If you are sick or "feel badly" write at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book telling all about it, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light.

Swamp Root is pleasant to take, and you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

curled up in a basket, to my garden, and she was buried under the maple tree that overhangs what I call my bower. A large-branch of the maple broken off was set up to mark the spot, and a few mornings later, when I saw the head of the house pulling up the branch, I called to him in distress from the porch, "Oh, don't pull that up; it is Alice's gravestone!" and he immediately replaced it with care.

Some who do not understand will say, "Why let her live at all if she could not be kept always?" but others will feel glad and thankful as we who learned to love her feel, that she had seven happy months before she went from us. curled up in basket, to my garden, and she

that she had seven happy, went from us.

In her puppies Alice lives again. The same loyalty to friends, and, alas, in Tasso, the same timid, shrinking nature that is wholly unfitted to bear any adversity, are seen. So in spite of many offers we keep these two representatives of Alice, and often when I enter the League door and they run to meet me, I think for a moment that the passing of Alice is a dream and she is before me: then I see the uncropped ears and tail and eyes that have a happy light, not shadowed with a memory of starvation and abuse, and I sigh again for our Alice, while I rejoice that no shadow can ever again rest on her life, which—who knows to the contrary?—may be going on today in some state of existence where the torture of the helpless is unknown.

not foresee the tremendous destruction its use-hus inflicted on humanity. It is thus appar-ent that in selecting the religious teacher whose injunctions are most inspiring and complete, we must choose Buddha. He con-quered hate with love; he forbid slaying in-offensive animals for religious purposes, and his followers have never persecuted. The dictum: "He that doeth righteousness is righteous even as he is righteous," is good Buddhist doctrine.—Quaker. The Southwest Limited Chicago to Kansas City via the St. Paul

not foresee the tremendous destruction its use

Road. The Southwest Limited via the new short Line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago to Kansas City, has taken its place with The Pioneer Limited, Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and The Overland Limited, Chicago to Omaha and Sau Francisco, among the famous trains of

America. These trains offer excellence of service and equipment not obtainable elsewhere. There are many reasons for this, one of which is the fact that this railway owns and operates its sleeping, dining, library, parlor and other cars, thereby securing an excellence of service not obtainable elsewhere. If you are going West it is worth while to write for descriptive folder. W. W. Hall, N. E. F. & P. A., C. M. and St. P. Ry., 369 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

### Retters from Our Readers.

The wiitor is not responsible for opinions expresse woorrespondents and sometimes publishes what h loss not agree with for the pury se of presentin iews that may elicit discussion.

#### He Prefers Buddha.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light

It was the dictum of the late distinguished scholar, Prof. Max Muller: "Those who know but one religion know none." The apostolic dictum is also urged: "Prove all things and hold fast that which is good." That great statesman and scholar, Pres. Jefferson, said: "He hoped to see the day when Unitarianism would dominate." While the progress of that great faith has been steadily gaining and will ultimately be the universal faith of the world, mon, they stopped a little while to give the dogs a chance to enjoy themselves. Never dild Alice have a better time. She always delighted in a roll on the grass, and to have her two pupples and her favorite friends with her was happiness indeed. Fortunately the photographs were a success, for this was a last chance. On her return late that afternoon, Alice again bit a visitor who startled her by stooping down to pat her. When at dinner Saturday night I received a message by telephone from her mistress, who could not bring herself to pass the final sentence, and with aching heart I gave the word. The end was as easy as falling asleep. In fact Alice was asleep on the sofs when the rhoroform was carefully and slowly administered and she never awoke.

The tollowing Monday evening two of her friends at the League brought her little body, friends at the League brought her little body, and slowly administered and she never awoke.

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The tollowing Monday evening two of her friends at the League brought her little body, and slowly administered and the causing the cults. Mchammedanism and Mormonism have spread rapidly. The purely thesite tails, including Judaism, Buddhism, Unitarianism and Hikishte Quakerism number three-quarters of the carth. The Son of the carth. The Son of the influence of the carth. The Son of the carth. The Son of the influence of the carth. The Son of the religious of the world the whole needed no physician. In estimating the her whole needed no physician. In estimating the her yet it has not gained as rapidly as some other cults. Mchammedanism and Mormonism have

#### 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 Disense and Psychic Healing, and will diagnose disease free. Why not 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 C. E. Watkins, M. D., 134 Churchill St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

IEVING F. SYMONDS, Trensurer, Business Manager and Managing Editor.

#### ADVERTISING RATES.

Fall (particulars farmished upon appl cation.

The Advertisements to be re-ewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 9 A. How as faturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

The BANNIR OF LIGHT cannot well underinke to rouch for the housety of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and howardble upon their face are accepted, and whenceer it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using over advertising columns, they are at once interdiction. We request patrous to notify us promptly in case they discover in our of many advertisement of parties whom they have proved to be dishonorable or unworthy of confidence.

Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not necessarily endorse all the varied of plainon to which correspondents may receive expression.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications.

nive expression.

To loatestion is paid to anonymous communications.

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

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

## Banner of Bight.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1904.

1 48UED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

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

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

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.

We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.
 We affirm that a correct understanding

of such expressions, and living in accordance therewith, constitutes the true religion.

4. We affirm that the existence and per-

sonal identity of the individual continues
after the change called death.

 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.

Dr. J. M. Peebles is rapidly regaining health and strength.

Charles Dawbarn, the sage of San Leandro, Cal., sends us a cheery note. He is well and as usual cogitating on "critical points" in nature and man.

The quarterly report from the Editor-at-Large in this issue shows the wisdom of the selection made when the N. S. A. decided to secure the services of Hudson Tuttle. His work is most useful.

Quite a number of good wishes for a Happy New Year have reached the editor. They are fully appreciated, cordially reciprocated, and hereby acknowledged.

The neat little booklet of Belle Bush's poems, mentioned last week, is a seasonable gift book. Send one to a friend, the price is only twenty-five cents, and a two-cent stamp for postage.

Have you begun the New Year wisely? Yes? Then you have renewed your subscription to the "Banner," and obtained a new subscriber. Now is the accepted time—to send in subscriptions!

May the day be far distant on which a similar horror to that of the Chicago fire shall be reported from any part of the world. No wonder condolences poured in from all civilized countries.

In Mind for the present month there appears an ably written sketch of the life of the editor, Charles Brodie Patterson, written by Rev. R. Heber Newton. The same number opens with a splendid portrait of the subject of the biographical sketch referred to.

The popular secretary of the N. S. A. sends a cheery letter which the reader will find in this issue. No one should miss calling at headquarters when in Washington. A chat with Mrs. Longley will amply repay all who visit her.

The attention of our readers is called to advertisement of the Rosicrucian Publishing Company. The books of Mr. Grumbine should have a wide circle of readers, since as an author and lecturer he has striven long and arduously for the highest development of the soul.

Will our contributors bear with us in dealing with their favors? We have a stock of manuscripts to go over, and will do our utmost to use those which are suitable for these columns as early as possible. Look for a very interesting article upon Telepathy next week.

Erratum. In the article, "Is Obsession 'Demoniacal?" near the close of the third paragraph, "a pure heart" should read (but for an error) "a pure 'love," since love alone according to the context is "the supreme good, the greatest thing in the world," and purity of heart, unless it were dominated by an absorbing love, could not lead to obsession. The error was not due to the author of the article.

In spite of the storm and badly drifted snow the editor of the "Banner" was greeted with very satisfactory audiences on Sunday last when speaking for the Boston Spiritual Temple society. He wishes to express his appreciation of the presence of the many friends who braved the inclement weather to accord him a welcome.

Could a better New Year's wish be formulated? A Boston business firm has sent out New Year greetings to its customers with this excellent quotation: "We wish for you health enough to make hard work a pleasure; wealth adequate to the supply of all reasonable wants; a courage equal to every threat of circumstance; a patience that shall outwear vexation; and a cheerfulness that shall infect others."

The two leaderettes signed "S. S. C.," appearing on this page, should have been printed last week. Unfortunately they were delayed in the mail, and did not reach the editor until it was too late for him to use them. The writer of the items was on time, it was the mail that was belated.

The items concerning the ordinary work of ocieties hitherto published under the head of Briefs" will, commencing in this issue, coninue to appear in the department devoted o Societary Work, which will be found upon he eighth page in each issue. We shall be pleased to receive reports of work in all parts of the country, though we must ask our correspondents to be as brief and concise as possible as the space for their favors is limited. At any time your society has a really good lecture reported, and will send it, we will endeavor to use it if suitable. While the work of your society is valuable to your city, remember scores of others think the same regarding their societies, so to accommodate you all we must treat all alike and where necessary curtail your favors. To insure insertion the same week in the section devoted to News all reports must reach the editor by first mail delivery on Monday morning. Be sure and write all names of places and persons distinctly-and, be brief!

#### The Chicago Horror.

The awful calamity at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago during the past week sent a shock throughout the civilized world. The magnitude of the catastrophe, with the well-nigh unreadable details of the ghastly scenes connected with it, put into the shade all similar occurrences of which there are authentic records. The first feeling is the quite natural one of boundless sympathy for the bereaved and the injured. To the first the shock of their losses must be paralyzing, and their grief uncontrollable. For the second the memories of the agony and pain, and, it must be feared in numerous cases the permanent injury to body and mind as the results of that fearful and panic stricken struggle to escape the flames, will be the reminders through their earthly career of the experiences on that terrible afternoon. Imagination fails to picture the Inferno as it was, the screaming multitude, made up of strong men, delicate women, and helpless children all struggling to escape a means of death which is ever terrifying to contemplate. The task is too great, let us roll down the curtain, send our thought of sympathy to the living, and cover the charred ashes of those six hundred mortal forms with the purple robes of silence. Mother Nature is merciful and death under the awful circumstances of frenzied panic and scorching air and flame is happily not long prolonged in its processes:

What word have we as Spiritualists to say to those who mourn the loss of their own, and of friends outside the home circle? Can we say to them, "Be of good cheer. Let not your hearts be troubled," and if so what would be the reception accorded such effort at comforting? Yet, if our fair faith is worth anything, if it means anything to us, if we are brave enough to proclaim it abroad, it is when such calamities appal and shock the public mind and conscience, that we should proclaim our gospel. We either know and are sure, or merely believe and are in doubt, that death is not the end of all. The "Banner," in the sacred name of Spiritualism asserts beyond question and without reservation that Spiritualists do positively know that men live after death. Consequently, a a people, the duty of our body is to carry the message of comfort to the sorrowing survivers of the late horror, and wherever it is possible, without indelicate intrusion on private griefs, or personal beliefs, say what we know in proof of the fact that we live hereafter, and that when departed we will be able to return to our friends and so assure them we are not dead, that we never die. It is not unlikely that some mother may think her child was punished by the Almighty for attending a theatre, and may be in fear for the future state of her offspring. Let us tell the world that we know such an idea as God taking such a course is repugnant to all that is good in religion today, and that Spiritual ism, on the authority of the spirits them selves, affirms that none need dread a worse fate in the other world than that their own onsciences can, and do, create in their lives. Every lecturer in our ranks, every writer to our periodicals, will do the world service, and help it to understand our position, if they will by tongue and pen tell the story of the hope, the certainty and knowledge, which sustain Spiritualists in the hour of death and in the sorrow of bereavement, even under the dire extremity of the frightful

episode in question.

While the memory of this sad event which imparted a sombre gloom to the closing hours of the past year is still with us, a word may be permitted regarding the purely secular joy a perpetual re-embodiment on earth, such

aspect of the event. First, no one anticipated anything of the kipd would happen. The theatre was new, replete with up-to-date ap-pliances for comfort and safety, and pronounced positively fireproof. But note carelessness, to use no other term, which permitted a wire to pass through the proscenium into the auditorium and so preventing the decent of the asbestos curtain, which if lowered would have most probably averted the panic among the audience. The theatre was, it is said, well supplied with extra exits, but, astounding fact, they were locked and unavailable when so badly needed. Probably the ushers lost their heads, but the management certainly should see that all emergency exits are in working order at every performance, and that nothing should be allowed to interfere with the rapid and effective lowering of the fireproof Courtain, which as a measure of precaution should be lowered once during the period of the entertainment, as an assurance of safety to the audience. No doubt the above and other points will hereafter be heeded. One other matter is the inflammability of scenery, decorations, and such little woodwork as is used in a modern built playhouse. There are well tried compounds with which such articles can be coated rendering them virtually incombustible. Apparently no such treatment of the furnishings or woodwork of the auditorium had been given. When the reconstructed theatre is completed, as it doubtless will be ere many months have passed, the lessons of this awful tragedy will be fully applied, but a little more care and the expenditure of a mere handful of dollars might have averted its horror, or, certainly, have mitigated its more serious features.

There is one thing that neither managerial foresight, city ordinance, state or federal legislation can provide against, that is panic. Once liberate the psychic currents along panic lines and frenzy ensues. The strongest and the weakest are swept forward in an unreasoning stampede which carries them into and not away from the very danger which threatens them. To keep cool, not to lose one's head, is, under many circumstances, as great bravery as man is capable of. Teach children to keep hold of themselves, tell old and young alike, that self-control is the safe path in every experience, and panics and frenzies will in time become impossible.

The fatalist will say, "Kismet," and will submit. The orthodox will say, "The Lord's will be done," the theosophist will speak of "Karma," and the reincarnationist will urge it was a necessary experience. The verdict of the coolheaded will be carelessness. The Spiritualist will offer no farfetched explanation, but will say it is ill to blame the men who must be in pain enough over the death and misery associated with their undertakings. Rather let us help those sorrowing men bear their burdens of grief than by unkind criticism add to the load. Even a business man is a man, with feelings in common with humanity at large.

The stories of heroic rescues will fill all who read them with pride for those who did so much to save their fellows from death in its liercest aspect. That the performers escaped so satisfactorily is also something to rejoice over. For the departed the agony is over, and the new world will presently afford them a better field of action than they hitherto occupied.

In loving sympathy and all respect, not as Spiritualists only, but as brethren and sisters of the sorrowing ones in the great sister city in the West, as those who feel that

in the West, as those who feel that
"One touch of nature makes the whole world

let us breathe our prayers, and send out our thoughts that, may be, all unknown, we may lighten the darkness, and bring some sense of solace to those who are suffering, in mind and heart, from this latest fragedy which has filled so many homes with grief and tears.

#### The Calendar.

The ubiquitous calendar is abroad in the and, and its name is Legion, its progeny numberless as the sands of the sea. There are calendars that shut up, calendars that hang up, calendars in choice boxes and calendars framed in morocco. Its family connec tions range in physique from the advertising device of the business firm, a little smaller than the proverbial barn door, the boon of the near-sighted mortal, to that minute affair which ladies attach to their fancy work, whose figures only a microscope can reveal. The calendar also numbers Art. Poesy and Literature, as its patron saints. It frequently presents an illumined crest of such beauty and artistic excellence that even after the eye has fed upon its charms with satisfaction for a twelve-month, it is still preserved as too choice a treasure for destruction. Rare gems of thought crystallized by poets and philosophers, the ambitious calendar likewise enshrines on its fluttering leaves a separate text to illumine each day's toil. Flora lends her crown of radiant blossoms, every flower in her vast repertoire being utilized to deck this sovereign of the hour, and Music's lyrestrings furnish harmony for the rapidly dancing days. Feathered songsters fly across suspended ludders of song, while dogs and cats rest from their age-long warfare to peer at each other across the coming months, in amity and peace. Even the noble red man consents at least to sit for his portrait in full war paint, and world-renowned Madonnas gaze with their mild eyes through wreaths of festive holly.

The calendar often conveniently serves as the inexpensive but useful offering of remembrance between friends, and while its tribe increases in almost troublesome fecundity, it can confidently claim the importance of its position, its indispensable right to exist. For no minister, lawyer, broker or merchant, no one who expects to keep an engagement, or write a letter during the year, can forego the necessity of the friendly calendar—the faithful envoy of Time. For this reason we cannot claim immortality for the calendar in a realm where Time is not (it may never adorn our spirit homes), but rather en-

n one as even our venerable pilgrim, Dr Peebles, might be willing to accept.

The derivation of the word "calendar" comes from the Latin verb calere, to call, or proclaim, and the Romans also designated the first day of each month as "calends," probably from the ancient custom of declaring the time of the new moon by a priest, who proclaimed the fact to the people. There was also a custom of setting up a feast calendar in public places, to give notice of the holy festivals of the church, a feature discontinued in the year 450. That cheery little marigold of our gardens, the calendula, was so named because, under favorable climatic conditions, it blossoms on the calends of every month.

every month.

The calendars of 1904 all display a marked unanimity on one point, they all generously concede to February, 29 days. This is the first leap year for several years, which will afford us, as its best feature, 24 added hours to be spent in useful, beneficent service for Truth and humanity. Each day of the entire 366 holds a grave responsibility which should not be lightly undertaken. It presents opportunities undreamed for scaling the heights of victory, for bridging over the valleys of former defeats, for wresting, from conflict the triumphs of soul doninance, and to win for us the spurs of conquest.

No matter how often the New Year dawns, so much more rapidly than it used to do, it never can become an old experience. It always brings a momentous pause in the mundane whirl of existence, a balancing of spiritual ledgers, the soul's profit and loss, it yields a fresh inspiration, a strong impetus to do and be our best, through all the coming days. As Emerson says: "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year."

"Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years,
But turn the leaf, and smile, oh, smile, to
see
The fair white pages that remain for thee."

#### Why be Narrow?

In every department of human thought the modern man looks only at the newest developments. The old is but the beginning, the foundation stones. Even the archaeologist, mining in the dust which covers older civilization, uses the most modern appliances to uncover the secrets which time has buried. He seeks the old only to add value to the new.

In religion, however, this is only partially true. The upheaval of nations and the partial eclipse of civilization, which marked the middle ages, drove learning into the hands of the only class whose calling was its protection. The church held its cleries in safety through the darkness of the times by the superstitions of its followers. Buried in the quiet of the monastery, the ecclesiastic of that age, having little else to engage the activity which the human mind always asserts, turned his thoughts inward and theology grew from its simple basis of Christ's teaching into that complication of logic and metaphysic, which we now call the work of the "Schoolnien."

No one now follows the astronomy of Galileo; no geographer studies the Ptolemaic charts; but the doctrines of Calvin and Luther, outgrowth of what we might call the hothouse theology of the Schoolmen, are today in their fullest detail according to the letter, the living religion of large sects of Protestant believers. In the contest between the pure logic of a heartless brain and the crying out of the heart of human kind, wherein alone doth lodge the love of God that passeth understanding, the head carried the day and no medineval joust has ever cursed the world with consequences more dire than the teachings which are today the belief of the Presbyterian.

of the Presbyterian.

Starting with the premise that every soul is inherently wicked, cruelty becomes a negligible quantity; believing in a God who casts his children into eternal torment, it has blotted the sun of God's love and mercy from the Heavens and obscured every star of hope. And yet the human heart is irrepressible. Like truth, it will rise again. In our day in the birth and growth of liberal religion it asserts its kingship.

It is often said that it is not what a man believes, it is what he does, that is important. But it is also true and it is a most practical, working, everyday truth, too—that "as a man thinketh so is he." No man can thoroughly believe the creed of Calvinism, without being narrowed and warped and hardened thereby; no man can be a liberal religionist thoroughly and truly without being made thereby more generous, forgiving, kind, larger in his heart, and larger in his life and therefore broader and greater in his thought.

This is perhaps a long preamble. It is suggested by the recent remark in the "Presbyterian" of Philadelphia apropos of the election of Dr. E. E. Hale to the Chaplaincy of the Senate of the United States, that it is not likely that the Senate of the United States "would regard the wish of Christian people for a Christ-honoring Chaplain."

The statement bears its own refutation and marks its author as a man whose mind is like an old knife blade; as it grows old, it gets sharper—and narrower.

Contrast the individualism of such a man, the natural outgrowth of Calvinistic thinking. "O Lord save my soul," with the length and breadth and depth of Hale, the liberal mind with a liberal heart, whose first law is kindness to somebody else, assuaging the griefs of somebody else, and whose life has been always too busy to allow him time to think of the salvation of his own soul.

Such is liberal thought; and our preamble seemed necessary to recall in the briefest manner its evolution from darkness. We spiritualists know our thought to be, up to now, the culmination of this evolution, the broadening of the narrow, of which the foundation is laid on the rock of the most entitled in the science of today, of which the keylightened science of today of which the science of today of the science of

stone is love and the structure cemented by

"As a man thinketh so is he." Then let us think broadly, generously, kindly the thought of thoughts, "the greatest of these is love."

#### The Gift Epidemic.

The flood tide of generous bestowal, whose advancing crest has been so high as to engulf the entire world, has nearly ebbed, its receding ripples only expressing the late necessity which the recipient of some unexpected gift feels, for reciprocity. This periodical generosity in such lavish form rages like an epidemic, strong thought waves always being contagious. It runs with greater or less severity according to the nature, whether it be cordial or sordid; those only are immune from its sway whose souls are inoculated with the virus of selfishness, those, ofttimes, whose hearts are hardened by the love of gold, which not infrequently makes a penurious miser of its possessor. The gold possesses him as a tyrannical master, instead of serving him as a useful slave.

MacDonald once wrote that "the Lord showed what he thought of money by the character of the people he gave it to." It requires a strong soul to bear unstained the momentous burden of great wealth. Poverty, with all its temptations, is a lesser test of integrity. But how beneficent our wealthy citizens have proven during this Christmas senson, how many needy homes have been blessed with the comforts which they lacked, how many toilers have been cheered, how many dinners provided for hungry mouths. Let their works praise them in the gates. But the widow's mite has also been bestowed, and this giver has given more than them all, because she gave herself with her slender substance, and the gift without the giver is always bare.

This is real giving, the personal bestowal. The truest wealth is not of the pocketbook, but of the inner nature, and few are so poor in the sterling gold of character that they have not much of power, strength, gifts and good cheer to bestow upon every one within their environment. This should be one chief aim in self culture, that each soul may be better worth giving away to the world. Only as we give out can it be given unto us again, pressed down, shaken together and running over, although this is an aim in bestowal which the truly spiritual nature never considers. It gives with no thought of return, it gives because it must. Expression is the vital breath of its life, without which existence were impossible.

Even as the Infinite Love delights to give tself away, so the human heart, as it approaches conscious at-one-ment with its beneficent prototype, must be freely outpoured in love and helpfulness upon all humanity, whether they deserve it or not. Let not the fever of giving, which has recently raged so high, be wholly repressed for a twelvemonth. Charity continues its urgent claims, suffering among the poor still exists, organizations for their relief are still struggling on, while handicapped by lack of funds. There are sad hearts that ache for a kind word of sympathy and encouragement. ouls famished for the milk of human kindness, lives chilled, often wrecked, for lack of Love's sweet touch. Let this wealth of the soul be not withheld. Give to the utmost limit of heart and brain and purse, and then keep on giving. Watch for welcome opportunities to spend and be spent for every brother or sister in the Order of Soul. Let the Christmas spirit of love and peace and good will continue its unbroken reign, until the joy bells ring again .- S. C. C.

## National Morality. Religiously the standard of morality is the

Sermon on the Mount. Politically the standard is, "To the Victor belongs the spoils." Individually it often appears to be, "Do not get found out!" The Golden Rule does not excite much attention or command too great an obedience from the ordinary man, while it is often badly strained in trade and commerce. Indeed the cynic remarks that the real "Golden Rule" is,—do others before they do you! Nations decay as moral stamina diminishes, or they fail to reach the fullness of their lives if moral stability be not unfolded. Morality is more than sex virtue, though that absolute necessity is included in the term Honesty, truthfulness, sincerity, are inestimable attributes in the characters of nations and individuals. Privileges are immoral when based upon injustice to others. Justice has no room for privilege, honor seeks no such protection, and the advocate of human rights scorns such a device as an enemy to the morals of the state. Alas! the world learns its lessons slowly, often it fails to do so at all, in which case it appears as if history spoke in vain. The latest born nation, Cuba, has, apparently, failed to con the text book rightly, for her Congress recently passed a bill to change the law regarding murder wot be-cause the law was bad, but because a congressman had shot a man, and wanted to avoid trial in the inferior courts because of his position. The bill was vetoed, and it is to the credit of President Palma that he took such action, thus, let it be hoped, nipping in the bud the baleful promise of privilege for lawmakers above those enjoyed by the people for whom the laws are made. The gospel of Spiritualism stands for Justice to all men, and for a morality that shall rule in all places. To the victors the spoils, and so long as that idea is dominant in politics in any land honest government or administration is impossible. It is as immoral and as dishonest to steal a dollar from a nation or a city as it is to rob a man in the street; in either case the one who does so is a thief. To give positions of trust without any real consideration as to fitness to men simply because they are "heel-ers," "wire-pullers," or "bosses," who aid in securing the election of an official, is an immoral abuse of power and opportunity. Nonpartisanship is the need of municipal and national morality, and no matter which party

than many suspect or desire, when the nation will turn down every man who abuses his position by thierish peculation, or an abuse of patronage, and teach the politician that the people are their masters, and that they will have a moral conscience asserted in the work of the public utilities. As Spiritualists our duty is to not "stand pat" for partisanship and inefficiency, but for the same honor and morality in national, state and city administration as is demanded in the private and domestic affairs of the life of the individual citizen. Even today, in spite of the fact that there appears to be a movement in the political world towards a higher moral standard, it must be sorrowfully admitted that Christ in a political convention would scarcely obthe recognition which many of the members thereof would accord him in their places of worship. Curious, but true!

#### The True Spirit.

To do right because it is right is noble While the "nope of reward sweetens labor," that hope should never be permitted to regu late the amount of labor to be accomplished It is always pleasing to find men who scorn worldly honors and the tinsel decorations that small minds prize so much. The case in point is M. Curie, the discoverer of Radium, who in declining the red ribbon of the French Legion of Honor recently offered him by the minister of public instruction, said: "I do not like decorations. The institution is bad. Many people whom I esteem have them, but I do not want any. I am of opinion that the hope of receiving decorations is not necessary as an incitement to acts of devotion or courage, as is commonly supposed." Truly, the honor of the discovery is a reward greater than a ribbon could confer.

#### Significant.

The American Bible Society is in need of funds, so a circular received from its corresponding secretaries informs us. The "benevolent" roccipts for 1903 were \$50,000 below the average, and yet the country was most prosperous. The permanent trust funds of the society amount to \$522,120.72, which will only yield an income "sufficient to carry on the present work of the society for a few weeks," and it is added that, "the regular gifts from churches and individuals must be very greatly increased . . . or the work of the so-ciety will be seriously curtailed." Why expend vast sums in printing and sending Bibles to the savage races, who frequently show their appreciation of such kindness by using the leaves for "curl papers," as was once disclosed? With starving children at home, with the hobo and the crook in the land, with discontent and selfishness in high places and in low, missionaries will find a fine field for work, and the preaching of the Sermon on the Mount, in the area included between Maine and Texas, and New York and California. Bread for the hungry, education for the ignorant, civilization for the uncivilized in our midst, and a little more of the true Christ spirit in a professedly Christian land, is the need of today. Apparently the people are realizing that home missionary work is more necessary than foreign, and the sustaining of institutions to aid the needy at home is even a greater duty, than the bequeathing of money, or its bestowal while living, to assist those, who no doubt mean well enough, to distribute among the heathen races of the world a book which the wises among us today still find full of the profoundest problems concerning God, Man, Immortality, and the history and progress of the race. Why not an American Society for the rational study of the Bible, with a view to its proper use and place in the minds of all thinking people? A little less "Top Boots and Blankets" in missionary work would in-spire more confidence in its utility. Civilize the savage by all means, make him truly a man. To convert him to a creed may add a unit to the census of that particular denomination, without, however, increasing the number of effective citizens in the ranks of civilized humanity.

#### Report of the Editor-at-Large.

FOR THE QUARTER COMMENCING SEPT. 1. AND ENDING DEC. 1, 1903.

To the Executive Committee of the N. S. A .: I have, in prosecution of the work assigned me, during the past three months contributed to the local and spiritual press the following

to the local and spiritual press the following articles:

Influence of Belief in Spiritualism, Eudora (Kansas) Journal. Have Spiritualists a Creed? Reply to the Journal, Oceana, Mich. Result of Patient Research; reply to editorial in the Argus, Albany, N. Y. Reply to editorial in Jackson Daily Clitzen, on "Superstition." Swedenborg, the relations of his teachings to Spiritualism (in answer to many correspondents), in the "Banner of Light." Science Knows Nothing of Ghosts; reply to Prof. Serviss, in Progressive Thinker, "Banner of Light" and Light of Truth. Sowing the Seed; Philosophical Journal and Sunflower. The Burning Rush and Father of Lies; reply to, In the Progressive Thinker. A Word as to what Spiritualism Really Is; Mount Carroll (Ill.) Daily. A Subject of Great Importance to Spiritualists; in all the spiritual papers. Spiritualism vs. Rev. Dr. Frazer; Daily Truth, Elkhart, Ind. Is Spiritualism a Fraud? reply to Rev. J. M. Fields in Ft. Wayne Gazette. Before this article reached the office of the Gazette, Dr. Sweringer had so ably answered the attack of the reverend gentleman in that paper, and demolished his arguments, that I withdrew and sent it to the Progressive Thinker. Reliability of Trance; furnished the Register, Sandusky, Ohio, at the request of the Psychical Society of that city. The Case of Mary A. Kidder; The Telegraph, Kalamazoo, Mich. Reply to Rev. Howard, in the Evening News, Wheeling, W. Va. Reply to Rev. Dr. Frazer in Daily Truth, Elkhart, Ind., he asserting that Flammarion and Prof. Coues both renounced their belief in Spiritualism.

The work constantly enlarges and many more newspapers and monthles have sent requests for articles on the subject than it is possible to supply. While the press for the time has contained scarcely any editorial matter on the subject, the pulpits of the country have fulminated, and gospel ministers, great and small, have "preached a service of the country have fulminated, and gospel ministers, great and small, have "preached a service of the country have fu Influence of Belief in Spiritualism, Eudora

mon' on Spiritualism. Perhaps this is because they find it a drawing subject, attractive and pew filling. Or it may be from a common impulse that with a pull all together, they can drag the temple down. But they are so far from harmony that they mutually destroy each other's contentions. Some declare it all fraud and silly nonsense, not worthy of attention, while by their frantic efforts they show the reverse opinion. They whistle to keep their courage up. The greater number admit the occurrence of the manifestations as claimed, but say it is all evil spirits or the devil. Really this is a step toward Spiritualism. For if evil spirits can communicate, does it not logically follow that the good spirits can also? It would be a strange all-loving God who would make it impossible for the philanthropists who gave their lives in helping those in distress, and our dearest friends, and turn loose on helpless mankind a swarm of evil ones to drag down to perdition! And there are a few who are getting out of the wilderness of theology, some fear that theology will eliminate Spiritualism; there is more promise that Spiritualism will eliminate theology. It has, aiready, stricken hell, the devil and infant damnation out of the popular belief, and has made an uncomfortable place for the old God of vengeance and hate.

Hudson Tuttle, for the old God of vengeance and hate. Hudson Tuttle, Editor-at-Large, N. S. A.

#### From the N. S. A. Home Office.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The coming and passing of the holidays may have had much to do with the dearth of news and events of and for the N. S. A., as nothing of consequence to the public has of late been made known to us. Of course the usual routine of office business has gone on, and our missionaries have done their accustomed work, but anything outside of this has been noted by its absence. The contributions for the Mediums' Relief Fund have become very infrequent, and the prospects customed work, but anything outside of this has been noted by its absence. The contributions for the Mediums' Relief Fund have become very infrequent, and the prospects are that the fund for that good and special line of work will be largely depleted unless the friends of the mediums come to its aid. We have recently placed a veteran medium of New Jersey on the list of monthly beneficiaries for the winter, after which she hopes to be in condition to dispense with such beneficiaries for the winter, after which she hopes to be in condition to dispense with such beneficiaries for the winter, after which she hopes to be in condition to dispense with such beneficiaries for the winter, after which she hopes to be in condition to dispense with such beneficiaries for the winter, after which she hopes to be in condition to dispense with such beneficiaries for the mind. Mrs. G. F. Perkins, now of California, will be made a permanent pensioner of the N. S. A. Is not this a glorious work? Will not some of our worthy and well to do Spiritualists emulate the example of a stanch, but not wealthy brother in Arizona, who sends a dollar each month to this office for the Mediums' Relief. Fund?

The spiritual cause is by no means dead. Out in Indiana our missionaries report new life and interest and the prospect of a State association to be formed before Spring; in several towns and cities societies have sprung up, out of the ashes of others long since gone, and a degree of energy and interest in the work is being shown that is encouraging.

I have here to correct a mistake that has been gaining ground by its publication in some of our spisitual papers. A Washington daily paper recently announced that the Spiritualists of this city were about to erect a Temple at a cost of \$1,000,000, that the designs had been made, etc. Such designs as were mentioned were drawn years ago, but the erection of such a temple remains in statu quo, and are likely to do so for some time to come. We do not know from whom the papers received the false st

vention to do his part in the upbuilding of our work.

In relation to the last convention, we wish to announce that Mme. Florence Montague was a regularly elected delegate of the Callfornia State Association, and as such her name was sent to convention with credentials. As the lady could not come she sent a telegram of greeting and congratulation, which was received at the evening service—8 o'clock, and read in open meeting by President Barrett—as the evening meetings were not reported, no mention of the telegram was made in the papers—eight of the clock in Washington means five in San Francisco, as we are three hours in advance of our western friends.

With love and greeting, and "A Happy New Year" to all.

Mary T. Longley, Sec'y.

600 Pa. Ave., S. E. Wash., D. C.
Dec. 28, 1903.

#### Movements of Platform Workers.

G. W. Kates and wife will serve in Phila-delphia, Pa., during January, and Pittsburg during February. Will return to Lynn, Mass., for March. Address them: Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa.

Mr. J. S. Scarlett has been lecturing of late in Bangor, Rockland, Norwich, Brockton, Bristol, Waltham, Methuen, Salem and Leominster. He will be at Pawtucket Jan. 3, Cambridge 8, Haverhill 10, Waltham 17, Fall River 24, Providence 31st. He has April 17 and May 1 and 29 disengaged. Address, 35 Brookline Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

#### The Metaphysical Club.

The January Bulletin of this energetic organization is just issued and offers an attractive program to all who are interested in the varied phases of modern thought. Lectures are given every Tuesday at 7.45, and every Friday at 3, open to non-members for the fee of 25 cents, the address on Friday being followed by an informal social reception, at which light refreshments are served. The opening lecture for the New Year, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 5, was given by Miss Susic C. Clark, upon the subject, "Spiritual Heights." Subsequent lectures will be presented by James E. Searing, Jan. 8, on "The Source of True Knowledge;" Rev. W. J. Stewart, D. D., Jan. 12, on "Astrology and the New Thought;" Mr. Charles Malloy, Jan. 15, on "Inspiration;" Mrs. Wilma Eliot Moore; Jan. 19, on "Divine Birthright;" Prof. E. M. Chesley, Jan. 22, on "The Problem of Fallures and Recurrences Among Metaphysicians;" Mr. Meyer Bloomfield, Jan. 26, on "Battle for Good Government;" and Miss 16a J. Faller, Jan. 29, on "Some Basic Principles of the New Thought."

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's akies.
—Adelaide Proctor.

#### Mass Meeting in Buffalo, N. Y.

The Officers of the New York State Association of Spiritualists have arranged for the holding of a State Mass Meeting at Spiritual Temple, corner Jersey and Prospect Streets, in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., on the 16th, 16th and 17th of January.

Speakers and mediums engaged are: F. Corden White, the well known test medium of Lily Dale; Rev. B. F. Austin, Editor W. H. Bach, Lyman C. Howe, Tillie U. Reynolds, H. W. Richardson and others.

All Buffalo societies are invited to join in this meeting, and many leading Spiritualists from nearby towns are expected to be present and participate. A good musical program will be provided and a grand meeting is expected.—H. W. Richardson, pres.

#### TO A PRODIGAL.

In a "far country" hast thou been.
With swine for company;
But there's light in thy father's house
And welcome there for thee.

Arise and go, make no delay, For time is flying fast. Thy folly own, pardon receive, Aside thy sorrow cast.

Thy "father's house" is thine own soul, God's kingdom lies within. Thought is the highway leading there—
Thy journey home begin.

Elizabeth Fry Page.

#### CLAIRVOYANCE.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE'S Great Book can be and in the NEXC TEN DAYS ONLY for \$1.00, reduced from \$2.00.

reduced from \$2.00.

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Read These Press Notices. Mr. Grumbine has clearly and logically presented his subject in a manner at once simple and profound.

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"Your work is marvelous, spech-making."—Lilian Whiting, Boston Correspondent to Chicago Inter-

Whiting, Boston Correspondent to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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"It is a revelation."—Light, L. indon, Eng.

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#### Bur home Circle. EDITED BY MINNIE MESERVE SOULE.

#### Which Bond?

If you could go back to the forks of the Back the long miles you have carried the

Back to the place where you had to decide
By this way or that through your life to
abide;
Back of the sorrow and back of the care;
Back to the place where the future was fair—
If you were there now, a decision to make,
O, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you

Then, after you'd trodden the other long track,
Suppose that again to the forks you went back,

After you found that its promises fair Were but a delusion that led to a snare— That the road you first traveled with sighs

and unrest,
Though dreary and rough, was most graclously blest
With balm for each bruise and a charm for O' pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

-Nixon Waterman.

A little rose picked from the garden of our dear friend, Mr. William Phillips, came across the country to us a short time ago. Dear little flower! All the way from Oregon! Giving out its delicate odor while packed among the mail matter, rushed from train to office and at last to us, so that before we released it from its travel stained envelope, we knew we had a sweet messenger from a friend.

leased it from its traver sames leased it from its traver sames leave we had a sweet messenger from a friend.

When it lay before us, wilted and tired, but fragrant and sweet, we felt it was like some people wo'know, who seem always to be hurried along from place to place, their lives spent in a restless journey over which they apparently have little control and when at last they reach a resting place, so tired and was and worm are they, with no fine array, apparently have little control and when at last they reach a resting place, so tired and weary and worn are they, with no fine array, no gorgeous apparel, with shattered hopes and broken lives, they wait for the release from their bodies which no longer serve or please them. But out from the heart of our little rose came the perfume so sweet and from the soul of those whose bodies are worn and faded, comes a smile, which is the soul's fragging.

faded, comes a smile, which is the soul's fragrance.

All along the way they have been smiling. When they were jostled they smiled; when seeming disaster came, they smiled; when friends were called home, one by one until they were left, the "last leaf on the tree," they smiled. Not a foolish school time simper but a braye, strong smile as if the soul smiled back to God its knowledge of its kingled back to God its knowledge of its knowledge ship with God. As if the soul said: "I know, I know, I wanted to make a good showing in life; I have yearned to do great things. I have had my dreams for the redemption of mankind. This piece of patchwork which covers me is not the royal gown I hope to wear." And then they passed on to the next expression of life, leaving no legacies but the rfume of their souls, the memory of their

pertume of their souls, the memory of their smiles along the way.

The faded, wilted little rose in our letter did all a rose could do. It spoke of him who sent it, never faltering in its sweet mission. And our friends, undaunted but beaten, brave but defeated, alone yet smiling. Who shall

Oh! fathers and mothers everywhere, what on: rathers and mothers everywhere, what an opportunity is yours to guide a soul. The thought is sometimes overwhelming and yet so naturally and sweetly does the crown of parenthood rest on the sincere parent that the guidance becomes a pleasure as well as a

power.

The parent who has a knowledge of the life spiritual and who can live in an atmosphere of peace because of that knowledge, is enfolding and encompassing the darlings with a

folding and encompassing the darlings with a power which other parents know not of.

It is so natural to yearn to give to those we love, especially the little ones dependent on us, everything which we know would make them momentarily happy, and it is only a step into that realm of competition where we insist, work for, slave for and sometimes even fight for, the trinkets and jewels, the place and resisting the recognition or reward which

fight for, the trinkets and jewels, the place and position, the recognition or reward which we feel they ought to have because they want them and because we love them and feel they ought to have what they want.

It is a brave mother who can send her little girl to school with the poorest dress of all those worn by her mates. It is a strong father who can see his boy without skates while his playfellows skate away the holidays. But such things have to be sometimes in the But such things have to be sometimes in the work-a-day life. It is simply a case of must. But the mother who can buy fancy gowns and trinkets and yet withholds her purse and teaches her little daughter the beauty and grace of the spiritual life which makes any gown lovely or forgotten in the joy of the presence of the one who wears it, becomes a teacher and helper in the community, extending her influence and power far beyond the kingdom of her home.

kingdom of her home.

The father who spends a little less time making money to buy every new toy or invention for pleasure and gives his son companionship and hours is wiser than the father who becomes a sort of bank from which a boy may draw at will and the poorest paid father and the hardest worked one may find some time to give the babies I am sure. Let us see what we can do about it? haven't money, give of ourselves, the best the highest, the sweetest and truest; and if we have money let us give of ourselves just the same, for we are come into a knowledge of the reality of the spiritual life and know that nothing but eternal values can serve us in our desire to live that life, and knowing this, let us bequeath our knowledge to our dearest, our children.

#### What's the Use?

What's the use o' growin' up? You can't paddle with your toes In a puddle, you can't yell When you're feelin' extra well. Why, every feller knows A grown up can't let loose. I don't want to be no older What's the use?

What's the use o' growin' up? When I am big I don't suppose Explorin' would be right In a neighbor's field at night— I won't like to get my clo'es All watermelon juice. I don't want to be no older— What's the use?

What's the use o' growin' up? You couldn't ride the cow, An' the rabbits an' the pig Don't like you 'cause you're blg, I'm comfortublest now. Praps I am a goose
I don't want to be no olderWhat's the use?

What's the use o' growin' up?
When yer growed, why, every day
You just have to be one thing.
I'm a pirate, er a king,
Er a cow-boy—I can play
That I'm anything I choose.
I den't want to be no older—
What's the use?
—St. Nichole -St. Nicholan

How many of the little Banner readers' keep a journal? Wouldn't it be a good idea to begin and write a little each day? Think out what you would like to do or be and write it down and then try to do that thing and the first thing you know it will be done. It isn't at all likely that you will write in your journal, I want to fight Willie Smith, or I want to play sick and stay at home from school, or I hate to do any work and so I won't. You would feel ashamed of wishes like that when you saw them in writing, especially if you feel perhaps mama or papa might read it. But if you write, "I have made up my mind that I won't be impatient any more," all day long you will see those words when you close your eyes and the next day you can write, "I was not impatient once yesterday." Before you write, how good it would be to close your eyes a moment and think how wonderful it is that your spirit is so strong and so able to rule your body, and think what you want to do with that strong spirit. Do you know that is what the wise, good spirits who talk to us after they have left their bodies are always telling us. They say that our bodies, are the handmaldens of our spirits. You know a handmalden is a maid who is always waiting, close at hand, to do the bidding of the one they serve; not a servant who works away off in some other part of the house, but always near and always ready. That is what our bodies are and our spirits can do almost if not quite everything they want to with our bodies. So when we are waiting to see what wishes we will write in our journals, we will see if our spirits can find some very wise and good thing for our bodies to do. We ought not to let a day pass, for we might not have any particular wish and our bodies might do something we will see it our spirits. can find some very wise and good thing for our bodies to do. We ought not to let a day pass, for we might not have any particular wish and our bodies might do something we didn't want them to unless we kept the wish warm with our thought. Let us call it a wish journal and write each other about it.

#### Johnny's Tommy.

#### Hilda Richmond.

Johnny and his Tommy had a whole big

Johnny and his Tommy had a whole big beautiful orchard to themselves to play in. In spring it looked as if it had been covered with pink and white snow, the blossoms were so thick-in the trees; and in late summer and the fall there were ripe apples lying in the grass under the green trees. Johnny liked summer best, and so did Johnny's Tommy. Johnny was a very small boy, and his Tommy was a very small boy, and his Tommy was a very small calf. This little calf was as white as snow, and had the dearest dark eyes and the most silky cars one ever saw. Tommy belonged wholly to Johnny, and every day the little boy went three times to the orchard with milk in a pail for his pet. Sometimes greedy Tommy upset his bucket

the orchard with milk in a pail for his pet. Sometimes greedy Tommy upset his bucket and spilt the milk, and then Johnny would have to travel back for more.

Just outside the beautiful orchard lay the railroad track, and sometimes the up freight train had to wait right in front of the orchard until the man in the tower by the track signaled for it to come on. This was great fun for Johnny; for Johnny's father had fixed up a pulley-nost by the hedge with a wheel that naled for it to come on. This was great fun for Johnny; for Johnny's father had fixed up a pulley-post by the hedge with a wheel that Johnny could turn, and which would wind up the long rope hanging from the top of the post, and to the end of the rope was fastened a small basket. Johnny would fill the basket with big red apples, and wind it slowly to the top of the hedge. Then quick as a wink the fireman's big black hand would seize and empty the basket, and all the trainmen would call out, "Thank you, Johnny!" Johnny dearly loved to work the little pulley, and, if the train had to wait very long for the signal, the basket was raised more than once, and every man on the train was sure to have several apples in his pockets to take home to his children.

One morning when Johnny went out to the orchard, the little white calf was nowhere in sight. The inquisitive little creature had squeezed through the hedge, and, when at last Johnny spied him, he was standing exactly in the middle of the track.

"Come Tommy! Come, Tommy!" called Johnny in a fright, for it was not long until train time, "Oh," said he to himself, running up and down behind the fedge, "it mannonly hadn't told me never to go on the track, I could get out and drive him off, but I promised her I'd never go outside the orchard!"

There was no use in running to the house for help, because his mother had gone down to the village and there was no one at home but grandma, and she was lame. So Johnny could only seculd only a surface of the ready of the house for help, because his mother had gone down to the village and there was no one at home but grandma, and she was lame. So Johnny could only seculd only a could only seculd only a could only a could

to the village and there was no one at home but grandma, and she was lame. So Johnny could only coax and call to Toniny, and hold out a tempting apple through the hedge. But Toniny had had all the apples he wanted, and he paid no attention. "You'll be killed, and he paid no attention. Tommy!" screamed Johnn

and he paid no attention. "You'll be killed, Tommy!" screamed Johnny suddenly, for her heard the freight train coming.

The engineer had told Johnny that he would always whistle once if the train must stop: but, if the track was clear and the signal was out, he would blow twice as he came on. Clear and sharp came the two blasts that said. "No stop!"

Johnny laid down in the grass and sobbed to think of kis dear white Tommy being crushed by the big engine. But Tommy, out-side, planted his feet firmly on a tie, and, like the "goose" a young calf often is, stood

and faced the monster.
Suddenly the engineer saw Johnny's
Tommy and brought the train to a standstill.
A grimy brakeman leaped off, seized the stubborn fellow, rushed down the bank, and, in spite of lits kicking, thrust him through the very hole where he had crawled out to the track an hour before.

"Don't cry, Johnny!" he called cheerfully.
"Tommy is all right. You watch this hole till

"Tommy is all right. You watch this hole till some one comes, for another train'll be along pretty soon! Can't wait!" And in a minute the train was rushing along again.
When he had wiped his tears, Johnny buckled on Tommy's strap, and led him to

the house; for he didn't dare have him in the orchard until the hedge was mended. He led Tommy up to his mother, and told her the

"That was a very kind engineer," said Johnny's mother after she had heard it.
"Guess he remembered the apples!"
Then they both laughed at the big, black finger-marks on Tommy's white coat; but that foolish fat little animal just kicked up

his heels, brok loose, and scampered to the pail by the gate to see if dinner had been served.—Little Folks.

#### Pets of the Zulu Girl.

The little Zulu girl has plenty of leisure. She has no clothes to put on, no beds to make, no floors to sweep, and very few dishes to wash. She does not attend school, and, therefore, has no lessons to learn. Sometimes she is, sent to drive the monkeys away from the garden patch when they have come to steal the pumpkins, or she brings water from the spring, or digs sweet potatoes for dinner. These small duties, however, do not occupy much of her time; and how do you think she spends the bright days in her pleasant summer land? Let me tell you. She plays with dolls, just as you do—not waxen ones, but clay and cob dolls, which she makes with her own little black fingers. She mixes the clay and molds it into small figures, baking them in the sun. Then she takes a cob and runs a stick through the upper part for arms, thus finding herself the owner of two styles of dolls. It is not the fashion for either the little mother or her dolls to be dressed, owing to the great heat, so there are no clothes to be spoiled by wading in the brook or rolling in the sand.—Missionary Review of the World. The little Zulu girl has plenty of leisure

#### Are Animals Sensitive?

"Coming to the feelings you cannot feel, perhaps it is as well they are so numerous. You can feel a gnat settle on your skin, but not a lake midge, nor fifty of them, and you cannot even feel their bite—though they stick a quiverful of saws and files into you—till the irritation begins. But watch one of those midgets light on a horse's flank—though they do not weigh the fifty-thousandth of a dram—and you will see the horse give his whole skin a twist round about where the midge is and try to shake it off. Even though he has a shaggy coat, he can feel that midge alight." (And yet we are told by those who have every opportunity to prove the truth or faisity of their statement—the vivisectors—that animals are not capable of feeling pain in any appreciable degree.)—Journal of Zoophily.

#### LIFE'S COMPLETENESS.

There are no lives unfinished, incomplete. God gives each man at birth some work to Some precious stone of strange prismatic hue To carve and polish till it shall be mete To place within his temple, still and sweet. Ere that be done, the soul may not pass

through through
The door to grander worlds, to aim more true,
To wider life with love's sweet joys replete.
And, if the working time be short, and earth
With its dear human ties be hard to leave,
Be sure that God, whose thought hath given thee birth

Still holds for thee the best thou canst re-Be sure the soul, in passing through that

door. Though losing much, gains infinitely more. -Christian Leader.

#### The Little Black Fairy.

F. and L. Harmer.

Once upon a time, when the fairies yet lived upon the earth, they visit so seldom today (I wonder where they have gone), it happened that the fairy queen gave a grand ball. This was nothing out of the way, as she gave one every night; but the gayety and high spirits of the fairies was such that each night brought as much exhibitantion as we feel for a feelivity that comes but rarely. So on for a festivity that comes but rarely. So on this night all was mirth and good cheer, as the fairies swung from one petal to another, flung dewdrops over each other's wings, and then, joining hands, tripped lightly on the

then, Johns ands, tripped lightly of the greensward.

All, did I say? No, not quite all. There was one sad heart among the many light ones, one cloud upon the brightness of the fairies' night. Under a rose bush, seemingly but a part of its shadow, stood a little black fair.

She longed to dance but no one asked her She wanted to be a part of the merriment about her, but none looked at or spoke to her. Once, when the very sweetest of all the fairies she had seen came quite close to the bush, the little black fairy ran forward and held out eager hands; but the other one, whose robes were azure, spangled with what looked like star dust, turned away, and our black fairy was again alone. Oh, how gay the scene was! The fairies' robes seemed made of sunbeams and moon-

robes seemed made of sunbeams and moon-beams and starshine and flower petals and dewdrops. They glowed and twinkled and glittered and paled and deepened until you might have thought it a carnival of tiny rainbows you were looking at—if you could have seen it! But to the fairy who had no share in it at all it grew sadder than the clouds and darkness of which she seemed a part.

clouds and darkness of which she seemed a part.

At last she could bear it no longer, but crossed the sward to where the queen sat in state. "O queen! O your majesty!" she cried, "why will no one dance with me? Why does no one even speak to me?"

"You are so dark," said the queen, "they do not see you. Or, if they do, they think you are a shadow."

"They do see me," cried the little black fairy. "Then," said the queen, "they do not like dark things, and you are black, you see."

"Why am I black?" demanded the fairy. "Id did not make myself black. It is not my fault that I am black."

"You have forgotten, perhaps. But, when you were a fairy baby, you were a very naughty one. You were cross and disagreeable and disobedient. You were spiteful and even cruef sometimes. Once you told a lie, and now you are black."

"Does—does—being all you said—and telling lies—make one black?" asked the little fairy in astonishment.

"It makes a fairy black." answered the

"It makes a fairy black," answered the ueen. "A human child may be as bad, and her face and form may show no sign; only her heart will be black. But our souls and bodies are so blended that, when we sin, we show the stains—outside."
"And I must always be black, and no ous

will love me, or ever want to dance with me?" cried the fairy, the tears rising in her

"No one ever likes black fairies," the queen replied, inexorably. "I shall be unhappy—always?" The black fairy's tone was both incredulous and be-

"If you think about yourself, yes," was the queen's reply, "But you are not the only unhappy creature in the world. Help some of these. You will know a higher joy than any that dancing can give you.'

. (To be concluded.)

That a character existed around whose life the Christ-story was builded, there is no doubt; but the Universal Christ, the divine in man, has always existed and has never died. All ancient Scriptures have an esoteric meaning, and under the forms of allegories and symbols the great truths of the universe and truth the mercessmeand migrocosmean meaning, and under the forms of allegories and symbols the great (ruths of the universe and man, the macrocosm and microcosm, are veiled; but veiled so lightly that all who seek can find there meanings. Paradoxically, the most deeply hidden is the most open; but the blind pass by and will not see. The universe is built upon simplicity, but superficial and selfish minds know not this word. Men seeking for a mystery overlook this truth; relying solely on the intellect, they scorn to see the philosophy in the simple parables of everyday events. But Jesus thus taught, for parables were his constant method, and his pullosophy of human life, thus dimly veiled, was told to his disciples. St. Paul, his eminent successor, taught in like manner, and, still later, Origen and Clement of Alexandria. All the gnostics and Neoplatonic Christians taught the same, and down to the time of Constantine the esoteric meaning of the Scriptures was acknowledged,—From The Brother of the Third Degree.

A friend of ours who is suspected of fa-miliarity with the "street" says: You have no right to conclude because he is "in hot water" that he is cooking in "copper."

The brightest days of life abound,
Not all in light—in shadows, too.
No day so dark but there is found
Somewhere, a glimpse of heaven's blue.
W. S. Whitacre.

#### Messag. Department.

Report of Seance held December 30, 1903, S. E. 56.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M BOULE.

#### Invocation.

Out from the cloud of despair comes a ray of light. Up from the dim discord and the note of agony is borne the sound of triumph, of song, of rejoicing, the glad strain of sweet music, the joy of a new born soul; and over the weary waiting world we would send the glad tidings; we would let the light shine, and we would that, into every heart and home where sorrow is dwelling and discord is, the sound and the light may carry its message of good will and peace and rejoicing. From the spiritual life all pervading, all powerful, comes this word of peace and cheer. From the spirits personally strong, true and steady, comes the voice gladsome, bright and cheery, giving to the mortal, giving to the disconsolate one, the joy that is his, the knowledge that has come to him. O bless us in our undertaking to carry the good news; help us in our effort to spread the gosnel of spiritual life, and may no soul he so news; help us in our effort to spread the gospel of spiritual life, and may no soul be so dead, so blind or so long unconscious of this knowledge, that the joy of it may not enter into the life made sweet and sacred by expressions of love. Amen.

#### MESSAGES.

#### Charles Leonard.

There is a spirit comes to me. He is about medium height, not very stout, rather pale face, dark blue eyes and heavy circles under them, dark mustache and hair that is dark them, dark mustache and hair that is dark and heavy. He seems to be about thirty or thirty-five years old. I think he has been in the spirit life quite a while, because he seems numb from being in one place a long time and hardly knows how to move out of his present condition. He says his name is Charles Leonard, he lived in Waterbury, Conn., and that he passed out with consumption. For a long time it seemed to him that he was just rooted to the place from which he passed out. There was so much sorrow over his death and so much sadness in the home that it paralyzed him and he could not move away to get into any better condition. move away to get into any better condition. Now he is better and feels that he would like to make an effort to communicate with his friends. The one he wants to send the mes-sage to is named Julia, and she has lately sage to is named Julia, and she has lately come into a slight knowledge of spiritual things which has helped him very much. He says her knowledge and her understanding of spiritual things helps him as much as if he had gained it for himself, because he gets it from her. He says, "Will you please tell her that it seems to me there has been no step taken by her that I have not been fully conscious of and have not in a way taken with scious of and have not in a way taken with her. I hope to get away so that I shall not know so much. I think I can advise better and perhaps give a better understanding of my own condition if I am removed from her a little bit."

a little bit."

He also says that while things are not exactly as she would like them, he doesn't know as they are ever so with anybody, but they look pretty well and favorable conditions seem to be in a way all about her. She is to look on the bright side rather than on the dark and to have faith that she can work out of some things herself without any help. out of some things herself without any help out of some things herself without any help from any one else. He then takes hold of the hand of a woman about sixty years old. He says, "This is Grandmother Atkins and she wants to send just a word of love and greeting." Now they take hold of hands and walk away as though they are as happy as can be after having done this much.

#### Ethel Howland.

I see a spirit now of a woman about twenty-four or twenty-five years old. She is very fair, very colorless, and yet she seems to have a good deal of animation about her as to have a good deal of animation about her as though her spirit was much stronger and brighter than her body. She says, "Let me say first my name is Ethel Howland and I am from Georgetown, Pa. I want to go to my sister Lillie. It seems as though I could not bear it to have her crying and so unhappy because I have left her, and sometimes I feel as if I must speak loud enough for her to hear. I have tried, but the harder I try the less effect I seem to have on her. I have been told that this is because the effort makes so much psychical disturbance about her she cannot even get the least thought from me, and I have decided I will be as calm as possible and just speak as softly as I can. from me, and I have decided I will be as calm as possible and just speak as softly as I cantelling her that I love her just the same and want to help her all I can and that I am with our father and mother. I was a Christian girl and felt that when I died I would be taken right to Heaven. I would be happy if I could only see Lillie happy, but I do not care to find any brighter condition until I relieve her wants of loneliness. I wish she would go away; it would be good for her to go right out of the house and make a comgo right out of the house and make a com-plete change for herself, instead of staying where everything reminds her of the past keeps her bound to the past and will no her look into any brighter future. If would go and see our cousin who has invited her she might be able to-shake off some of the gloom. I am hoping this will encourage her to go and see somebody that I may talk to her face to face, as I long to do. I would tell you how grateful I am for this oppor-

#### Even Walbri se.

I see the spirit of a man who looks to me, to be about forty-five. He is short, stout and good natured. He has a full gray beard, gray blue eyes, and just a little bit of hald on his head, although I can see a good deal of hair. He comes along in an easy going way as though he was not going to make any great effort, but would keep cool and give his message in the same-qouchalant manner that he walks into the room. His name is Even way as though he was not going to make any great effort, but would keep cool and give his message in the same-qouchalant manner that he walks into the room. His name is Even Walbridge. He says, "I used to live in Tanuton. Mass. I have got a good many friends there now. I do not think they have all forgotten me; anyway, I have not forgotten them. Once in a while I walk around and try to stir them up a little, make them think of me and let them know there is another life. Most of my friends were diggers. They dug into their business from morning till night, as though there was nothing in the world to do except to make money to have success. I dug along with the rest of them and thought the more dollars I got the better off I was, but I have come to the conclusion since I came over here that dollars do not amount to so much after all. I would have given all I had fifteen minutes after I got over here to have had something else to think of except business. Upon my life it was the strangest thing to just think of business all the time and have nothing to do; nothing interested me much over here; couldn't seem to get into the way of visiting people; couldn't seem to feel that I had a right to take a vacation or a day off and see what was going on, and I never thoughts. I made up my mind I would go round and see what the rest of the men were doing; if they were still keeping on in the same old way, I feund they were and I made up my mind still ruther, that I would give them a word and

tell them they had better let up and give the soul a chance, if I could. I am getting along first rate now. I stood still a while, took account of stock and found I ddn't have much to do business with, but I started in with whist I had to do with, which was mostly words. By and by I began to help a little and this is the result of my effort to help other people. I couldn't exactly see why anybody should come back from the other side of life to see people doing the things you had got through with any more than it would be fun to go back to school and watch the boys digging away on their sums when they wanted to be out in the world doing something else. To me there is only one reason why I should be here and that is to give n lift to my friends. I would like to tell Tom and Mr. Bowers that I have been quite near each of them, and if they could only realize how close I am as well as I do I don't think there would be much trouble about our communicating. There is nothing I can say to help them with the business, and I only want to ask them to let up on the pressure and think of something else once in a while besides how to get ahead and where to make the best investment. Much obliged to you."

#### Mys. fosephine Morran.

There is the sweetest woman comes and stands close by me. She steps down and takes my hand as though she was trying to get a better hold on the conditions and on herself. She is slender and delicate, fragile almost as a flower, and just as sweet in her manner as can be. She has dark eyes and hair. I should think ahe had been one who had great interest and love in children, for children are all about her and seem to love her. Her name is Mrs. Josephine Morgan. She says her friends always called her Josie and she does not feel like herself until she has called herself that. She lived in Lowell, Mass., and says, "I came away very suddenly. Although I was never very strong there was no particular thing that seemed to be the matter with me to cause my death, but I just waked one morning and found I had left the body and it was not be least unpleasant to me. I felt so free, almost an exaltation that I had left behind the body that had been a hindrance to me. I was immediately with my mother. It was the first knowledge I had that I had left the bodv. She stood by me, called me by name, and told me what had happened. We went alway and it was some little time before I came back to the old conditions to stay at all. After a while I felt strong enough to look about and see what was going on in the home I had left. It was a sorrow to me to see Frank feeling that I had left him forever, but it was no more than could be expected when we had lived a life so totally closed to spirit communication. He does not know any more about it now than he did then and I thought if I could tell him that, perhaps he would get more out of his life and would not forever think of me as being way off, so I have come today. I wish to send my love. I want to tell him that I realize how he has kept everything of mine so sacredly. It seems to me that he could not disturb anything or make it different. I would not mind; I think I would feel casier if there wasn't such a silnce and almost a band on everything that was mine. I am pleased with the pict

#### Will Corsair.

There is a spirit of a young man who has been coming here a long time. He says, "It is about time now that I made my effort to send a message to my mother. My name is Will Corsair. I have been here time after time, but have never felt that I could send the message to her, that I wished to. I did not want to die and didn't think I was going to. I made an effort to live, but when I found I was over here and it was no use to try and get back again, I just made the best of things and soon found out through friends how easy it was to communicate with those we love. I felt sure that my mother would be glad to get a message, if she could depend upon it, but she has a fear of being deceived and of perhaps being led into something that won't be quite as it ought to be. I know how philosophical she has tried to be about my death, but I believe that she could get a great deal of comfort out of a face to face talk with me. I had everything to live for and she knows it. I always made the best of everything when I was here, but I had the best of everything to make the best of, so it was not particularly to my credit. I am not sobered down to any great extent; I feel as full of life and fun as ever and wish I could make it evident to my family that I am one of them just the same as ever. When I heard the other spirits tell about the things that were left that belonged to them I thought of the things that belonged to them. that were left that belonged to them I thought of the things that belonged to me, so many just as I had them, that if I went into the house I would feel at home. Of course some have been taken care of, but many of them are just the same as ever. I am fond of music, sports and everything that makes life gladsome and bright, and it was especially hard for me this last Christmas to find myself thought of so much and in a sorrowful way. I feel like saying, if it is the proper thing, and I often did say it to my mother, Brace up, mother.' It seems a strange thing for me to say, but I think she will understand what I mean. Thank you."

#### Mary Callahan.

There is the spirit of a little girl about fourteen. She is very nervous and excitable. It seems as though she passed out through some accident because her face is full of fear some accident because her face is full of fear as if her last expression was one of great terror. She has blue eyes and brown hair braided down her back, and she is dressed like a school girl. She says her name is Mary Callahau and she lived in Hackensack, N. J. She says, "I am a Catholic, but I had a friend who got back to her mother and I thought I would try to get to mine. My mother's name is Mary, too. She would be frightened to death if she knew I was about the house as much as I am. She wrings her hands and talks all the time about the way I came here. She imagines she is to blame the house as much as I am. She wrings her hands and talks all the time about the way I came here. She imagines she is to blame for it, but she is not. I want you to tell her that I do not think she ought to blame herself just because she sent me. If she believes that everything is God's hand she must believe that it was all right for me to come. I do not know anything about that, I only know I do not like to see her fretting over sending me on the errand. I am happy. I try to say the prayers to help her, and I am helping myself. I am glad that Katie is better; she is not going to die. I have seen my Aunt Sarah who came away so long ago and she is taking care of me. She says. Tell your mama that I will take care of you until she comes."

#### from Our Exchanges.

#### The Bible.

Confessedly the Bible is a book the origin, nature and teachings of which has been one of humanity's great problems. Notwithstanding all that scholars, divines and institutions specially designed for its elucidation have done, it still remains to multitudes the most incomprehensible, mysterious and, to many, the most contradictory of all the great books. Probably one great cause of this is to be found in the change of its common name of the earlier times, "ta biblia," "the books," to the book, or the Bible of today—thus implying that the sixty-odd pamphlets which make up the Bible collection are one in origin, nature and teachings, which is the greatest of all misconceptions about the Bible, and a source of many other popular errors, concernsource of many other popular errors, concerning it.

source of many other popular errors, concerning it.

Science of comparative religion has brought prominently before our age the existence of the other great world religions with their collections of sacred books, and shown the striking similarity in the origin, character and teachings of all religions and especially in their sacred books.

The Spiritual Philosophy recognizes truth in all of these religions and Bibles, and asserts the right and province of reason to judge and select for use whatever is capable of demonstration and whatever approves itself to man's moral consciousness. It asserts that all are in origin divine—in the sense that they have grown up out of man's aspirations and spiritual needs—and that all are human in origin in that in every religion and hevery Bible there are abundant proofs of error, ignorance and of a low state of moral unfoldment on the part of those who originated them.

The sooner men get correct views of the nated them.

The sooner men get correct views of the Bible the sooner they will understand it, and the sooner they will open their minds to the truth in other Bibles.—B. F. Austin, in Reason, Toronto, Canada.

#### What Is Mediumship?

What is Mediumship?

Spiritual mediumship is the avenue through which we come in contact with the denizens of spirit land to receive from them the blessings of their continued presence and advice, as when in the physical form, and to profit by their exploration in the land to which we are all tending. It also solves the problem of spiritual unfoldment. Scarcely one feels that his physical life has completed his possible or necessary growth and the means of progression after transition has become the question of the religious age. Although many creeds retain the despairing doctrines of an eternity in one of two conditions—heaven and hell—hereafter, few teach them and comparatively none believe the doctrine. The idea of degrees of happiness or torment is generally conceded, and degrees indicate growth and progression most emphatically.

Spiritual mediumship is the key to open the great door of spiritual knowledge. It is the way, the truth and the life. The fact that all classes of spirits manifest, proves a mighty caution to the investigator of this law; yet the natural necessity of its unfoldment for personal comfort and kindly helpfulness to others intensifies the desire to know "Can I be a medium?" Next week we will continue this thought.—John W. Ring, in The Sunflower, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Scientific Betribution.

#### Scientific Betribution.

The scientific and psychological hell will consist in one's having to sit vis-a-vis with his own disorderly and ugly psychical photography. He is linked to his own art museum, even with its own side-gallery of monstrosities, and can find no release except by an age-long and laborious process of displacement.

an age-long and laborious process of displacement.

The Biblical imagery of hell—the unquenchable fire—when interpreted in the light of spiritual law has amazing significance. All this is in us, and not in some far-away abode which has been reached as the result of a judicial sentence delivered before a great assembly which has gathered at the sound of the last trump. If we are to be judged for 'wy'ry idle thought' the necessity for high whel pure thinking becomes supreme.

Today is the judgment day, even though not yet made manifest. The sheep and the goats are our thought productions and they are continually passing to the right hand and to the left. Very sensitive and pathetic souls—in advance of the great majority—lave a present keen foretaste of the working of this great law, but its full exercise, even for them, awaits the next plane of living. Then with a full awakening and coming to the front of the great subconscious accumulation, will the deeper volume of benedictions and condemnations be realized.

#### I Will Win

The laws of life provide for, and maintain, every man's freedom, to choose what he will. If we believe more in the power of life to work in its true order than in its perverted

If we believe more in the power of life to work in its true order than in its perverted condition, we are protected and safe. The forces of life create and control the whole world, as many of us know. Thought force is of value as a great developer of success.

But few of us know how to send our great positive thought waves of Love, Hope and Cheer for the unfortunate ones who are in ignorance of this great power of thought vibration, that cannot be seen, nor heard, ordinarily; yet many of us have felt the thought vibrations of others, both near and far away. We too often waste our thought force, and do not put it to good advantage, by thinking failure and disaster all the time. We must feel positive to gain happiness and success, for thoughts are things, and come home to us as we send them out. As they have a drawing power that attracts to us the thoughts of others, therefore if we have thoughts of Love it will attract to us the Love of others, also, thoughts of Hate will attract, likewise, Hate, thoughts of Hate will attract, likewise, Hate

A man makes his own surroundings, al-A man makes his own surroundings, anthough he blames others for it. Now, Just stop and think. Did you ever know a successful man who did not have a happy, strong, positive will and a kind heart, who never thinks failure, but goes ahead with the "I will win" thought which brings him success?

—E. W. W., in New York Magazine of Mysterica.

#### A Fearful Dilemma.

A Fearfal Dilemma.

No man making any pretensions to moral rectitude would for a moment deny that character is worth more than money. No one can doubt that character deteriorates with every lapse from strict integrity. When the Christian tourist, reurning from abroad, studiously smuggles dutiable goods through the customhouse, he must, in consistency, admit that he rates his money above his character, or that character suffers no injury from dishonor. Or perhaps he has never put the matter to himself as a dilemma of this magnitude! But why not?

"Remember, your own soul must be illuminated before you can help others; the spring does not brim over with refreshing water that has not a hidden source."

Nobody changes from bad to better in a minute. It takes time for that—time and effort and a long struggle with evil hibits and tempers.—Susan Coolidge.

When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest—and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen
Shall set us to work anew,

And those that were good shall be happy;
They shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas
With brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—
Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting,
And never get tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it
For the God of Things as they are.

-Rudyard Kipling.

#### FREEDOM.

Freedom shall come to the race some day,
Then Truth her own shall claim,
Then out of the dirt and the miry clay
The tired feet shall be lifted; some day
The sky shall change from its hodden gray
To crimson and gold by the perfect ray
Of the rising truth affame.

Truth will appear to the race some day,
Then Freedom shall claim her own;
Hearts that are weighted with sorrow today
Shall know the great stone's rolled away;
Joy shall come forth in her shining array,
Injustice shall vanish forever and aye,
And Justice be placed on her throne.

Fear shall depart from among us some day
And Love shall reign in his stead,
The priests and the statesmen be wiser some
day,
Religions of hatred be dead,
And bodies aweary and hearts that have bled
With the wrongs of the present be lifted instead.

stead,
While the white wings of peace o'er the people are spread, When the truth shall have made men free.

-C. C. Post.

#### A RELIABLE HEART CURE.

Alice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any sufferer from Heart Disease will write her she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect home cure she used.

The baya bird of India spends its spare time catching mammoth fireflies, which he fastens to the side of his nest with moist clay. On a dark night the baya's nest looks like an electric street lamp.

I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—ready to say, "I do not know," if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unafraid and unabashed. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear. I wish others to live their lives, too,—up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice that is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I will do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation. I desire to Radiate Life!—Elbert Hubbard.

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The chief aim throughout the volume has boes, so arous of
increased interest in the workable possibilities of a theory
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time, profoundly ethical. As several chapters are devoted
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expects that many parents, teachers and others who have
charge the common or who are called upon to exercise us
will derive some help from the doctrines herewith pre
malgated."

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#### Boston and Vicinity.

In Red Men's Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 29th, a birthday party was given to Mrs. M. J. Butler, by her many friends, who hold her in high esteem for her friends, who hold her in high esteem for her public work, as a medium, and an earnest worker for the Cause. The hall was handsomely decorated for the occasion, and was well-filled, notwithstanding the inclement weather which kept many away. At 8 o'clock a telephone message was sent to Mrs. Butler, saying she was "wanted at Red Men's Hall on important business." On entering the hall, Mrs. Butler was greeted by an ovation, the friends flocking round her, wishing her many returns of the day. It was all a complete surprise to her, and she was greatly overcome by the many expressions of regard from those present.

greatly overcome by the many expressions of regard from those present.

Mrs. Searles the chairman for the evening. called the meeting to order, and introduced Mrs. Mabel Witham, who read a birthday poem, written for the occasion.

The following program was carried out, each number being rendered in a very acceptable manner:—

Piano and violin solos, Mrs. Edith Cushing and Miss Bebe Swanson; songs, Miss Baker, Miss Lottie Weston, Mr. Geo. Cleavland, Master Cushing; rendings, Misses Annie Jacobson and Alice Scott; song and dance, Miss Mabel Patten, Becky Goolitz; whistling solo, Mrs. Kneeland.

Jacobson and Alice Scott; song and dance, Miss Mabel Patten, Becky Goolitz; whistling solo, Mrs. Kneeland.

Several valuable presents were presented to Mrs. Butler, one from the "Young Ladies' Dramatic Club," another from the Lyceum Union through Mrs. Alice Waterhouse; also a fine large birthday cake through Master Cushing. Several bouquets of flowers were presented by the children of the Lyceum. Mrs. Butler responded in her usual happy manner, thanking the friends, one and all, for their love and sympathy, saying that it gave her courage and strength to go on with her work, until she should be called to that higher and brighter life. Ice cream, cake, and coffee were served during the evening. The party broke up by all joining in singing "Home Sweet Home," all wishing Mrs. Butler many more years of usefulness on this side of life.—H. C. Berry.

Appleton Hall, Appleton Street.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its annual business meeting in the afternoon, on Friday, Jan. 1, 1904. The financial report showed the society to be in a flourishing condition.

showed the society to be in a flourishing con-dition. Officers for the new year were elected as follows: President, re-elected, Mrs. Matas follows: President, re-elected, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allbe; vice president, Carrie L. Hatch; secretary, Esther H. Blinn; treasurer, Nina Pierce; directors, Mrs. A. F. Butterfield, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. Haynes, Mrs. Shackley and Mrs. Wiggin. A bountiful supper was served. The evening meeting was well attended and decidedly interesting. Miss Florence Morse furnished the instrumental music, and gave a brief address, which was well received. Mr. J. J. Morse spoke in his usual happy manner, and brief remarks were offered by Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Miss Jennie Rhind, and Mr. Gowing did some healing. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham gave a number of messages demon-Gowing did some healing. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham gave a number of messages demonstrating the presence of spirit friends. Next Friday evening, January 8th, our much valued friend and worker, Mr. J. J. Morse, will give his second talk for our society on his travels and experiences in New Zealand. Come in numbers to fill the hall.—E. ther H. Blinn sect.

Blinn, see'y.

New Century Hail, 177 Huntington Ave. In the absence of the regular pastor, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, the services of the Boston Spiritual Temple society were conducted by Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, England, on Sunday last, the 3rd inst. The morning service was moderately attended, owing to the heavy snow storm of the previous night rendering it almost impossible for people to travel even short distances. The topic of the morning dealt with by the speaker's inspirers was "The Killing of Death," and it was ably shown how the fear of death was the last enemy to be overcome, and that it would be disposed of when the demonstrated facts of spirit return were universally accepted. That science, physical and psychic, was helping in this direction, while the more liberal views of philosophy and religion now accepted were also helping in the killing of the fear of death. The address closed with an eloquent affirmation of the universality of life, and that so-called death was but another expression of the power we denominate life. A large audience assembled at night and listened attentively to the entire services. The topic considered was "Spiritualism: Its Foundation and Pinnacle," the theme developing the central ideas that the real foundation of Spiritualism was man's insatiable desire for linn, sec y. New Century Hall, 177 Huntington Ave. In dinst. The morning service was attended, owing to the heavy of the previous night rendering apossible for people to travel even nees. The topic of the morning of the speaker's inspirers was "The Death," and it was ably shown ar of death was the last enemy to e, and that it would be disposed to demonstrated facts of spirit remiversally accepted. That science, and psychic, was helping in this while the more liberal views of and religion now accepted were ig in the killing of the fear of e address closed with an eloquent of the universality of life, and that saft was but another expression of we denominate life. A large sembled at night and listened atto the entire services. The topic was "Spiritualism: Its Foundation of a was man's insatiable desire for and that its crown would be the religion from superstition, of the materialism, and philosophy

America Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Sunday, December 27th. At the morning circle Mrs. Strong gave a very interesting talk embodied, "Any little corner, Lord." Solo by Mrs. Morgan and a duet by Mr. Murray and Mrs. Strong were much enjoyed. At the afternoon and evening service interesting remarks were made by Mr. Marston of Allston. Mediums and speakers assisting during the day: Mrs. Nutter, Mrs. Reed, Mr. Thompson, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Millan, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Strong.—A. M. S., sec.

30 Huntington Avenue, Room 202, The Sunshine Club.—Dec. 24, 1903. The regular de-

shine Club.—Dec. 24, 1903. The regular de-veloping circle was suspended and the fes-tivities of the season were indulged in instead. A concert was enjoyed, and then the different pupils gave expression of their-kindly thoughts for their president. The table filled with beautiful little tokens of remembrance sub-stantially proved the words spoken by the

beautiful fittle tokens of remembrance substantially proved the words spoken by the pupils.

Dec. 31, 1903. The anniversary of the organization of the Sunshine Club was celebrated. The regular meeting was held, and after the usual time spent in developing and work the pupils remained for a social evening to watch the old year out. Refreshments were served and all had a very pleasant and enjoyable evening.—A. M. S., sec.

Lynn. Templars' Hall, Market Street.—Interesting and instructive meetings are being held by the Progressive Spiritualists' Bible Association. Recently we have had with us large audiences who have enjoyed the addresses of Prof. Hardy, the messages through Miss Delia E. Matsin, and the scriptural remarks by our esteemed president. The test circle has also been well attended.—Annie J. Quaile, president.

Malden, Mass.—Though not having written lately I wish to assure your readers that the Progressive Spiritual Society, Charter 215, N. S. A., still lives, and that-our meetings have been abundantly interesting and well attended during the entire season. We have had with us such sterling workers as Mrs. E. Bonney, Mrs. A. R. Chapman, Mrs. L. M. Pye, Mrs. Litch, Bros. Graham, Scarlett and others previously reported. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Redding have entire charge of our Sunday afternoon meeting, which is very successful. Our worthy president, Bro. Barber, is as zealous and faithful as ever. We feel deeply grateful to the angel world and our dear workers in the form for the favors and blessings bestowed upon us. Today, Dec. 27th, in spite of unpleasant weather, we had fairly good audiences. In the afternoon the

oblessings bestowed upon us. Today, Dec. 27th, in spite of unpleasant weather, we had fairly good audiences. In the afternoon the meeting was conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Redding, and at night Mrs. Mosir was our medium, giving many beautiful messages. This is my last report before our annual meeting, so I wish to thank the dear old "Banner" for all the kindness and courtesy shown to this society.—It. P. Morton, sec.

Malden, Mass.—The Progressive Spiritual Society held a grand entertainment and social on New Year's evening. During the proceedings presentations of statuary were made to the president, Mr. Wm. Barber, and the vice president, Mr. Harvey Redding. The program of exercises was a good one and was ably assisted by the contributions of professional friends, including the Putnam Trio. After the concert refreshments were served and the evening terminated in a dance. I desire to thank all friends who have so nobly helped this society during the past year. helped this society during the past year.-Rebecca P. Morton, sec.

#### General.

from empiricism. At the close of Mr. Morse's address Miss Florence Morse presented messages from the spirit friends whom she saw. These, with one exception, were all fully recognized. The young lady's simple straightforward method of describing the spirits meeting with much favor. The regular pastor resumes his duties, morning and evening, on Sunday next.

America Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Sunday, December 27th. At the morning talk embodied, "Any little corner, Lord." Solo by Mrs. Morgan and a duet by Mr. Murray and Mrs. Strong gave a very interesting talk embodied, "Any little corner, Lord." Solo by Mrs. Morgan and a duet by Mr. Murray and Mrs. Strong were much enjoyed. At the afternoon and evening service interesting remarks were made by Mr. Marston of Allston. Mediums and speakers assisting during the day: Mrs. Nutter, Mrs. Reed, Mr. Thompson, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Millan, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Whittemore, Miss Strong.—A. M. S., sec.

30 Huntington Avenue, Room 202, The Sunshine Club.—Dec. 24, 1903. The regular desired message from the spiritual academy last Sunday evening to listen to a lecture delivered by Mrs. Ham, of Haverhill. Mass.

in the spiritual academy last Sunday evening to listen to a lecture delivered by Mrs. Ham, of Haverhill, Mass.

Fitchburg, Mass., Jan. 3.—The First Spiritualist Society had the usual large attendance at both services Sunday. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn being unable to fill her engagement by reason of sickness, Rev. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster was secured for speaker. She held the close attention of all present at each service. Miss Howe, pianist, plensingly rendered several sejections.—Dr. c. L. Fox, pres. Worcester, Mass., G. A. R. Hall, 35 Pearl

Worcester, Mass., G. A. B. Hall, 35 Pearl Street.—The first two Sundays of December Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, of Boston, occupied our platform. She is a sincere and earnest worker and her lectures ever bring home to us the higher truths of Spiritualism as the true philosophy of life and the grandest religion ever given to the world. Her delineations were all fully recognized. Miss Susie C. Clark, of Boston, served our society very acceptably the last two Sundays of December. In her closing lecture she announced as her subject: "What Constitutes a Spiritualist?" She said in part: "The advanced thinkers of the world today ask this question of the Spiritualist, 'What constitutes a Spiritualist? and what of their belief?' The Spiritualist has demonstrated to the world the continuity of life beyond the grave. This is not only what we believe, but what we have the belief. the continuity of life beyond the grave. This is not only what we believe, but what we know. It has been said we have no belief in God, or the Bible, and we answer, we accept the Bible as the historic record of the past. Some of the most inspiring thoughts are found within its pages as the record of the life of the Judean Master, that beautiful life which so grandly expressed the Divinity within, but were we to take the Spiritualism out of the Bible, we would have nothing left but the covers. Communion between the two worlds has been possible in all ages, and lake same law holds good today. If it is true the Disciples beheld the materialized form of the Nazarene as it is recorded, then it is

of the Nazarene as it is recorded, then it is possible for spirits to materialize today, is not only our belief, but knowledge. And as to our belief in a God, we recognize an Infinite Power which is beyond the comprehension of us all as the finite can never compre-hend the Infinite. We see God in the sparkling dewdrop, the flowers that bloom, in the Soul of Nature which manifests itself on every hand, in music, that God-given melody of the soul, and the God within, which should help us all to more fully realize, as one of old has said, 'My Father and I are one.' What constitutes a Spiritualist? One

one.' What constitutes a Spiritualist? One who is broad enough to recognize Truth wherever found."—M. Lizzie Beals, cor. sec.
Brighton, Mass.—Dec. 31, 1903. The Brighton Psychic Society at 14 Kenrick Street. Mrs. Aurin F. Hill, of Boston, gave a short opening address and Miss I. B. Sears followed with an address and messages. On a short opening address and Mass I. B. Sears followed with an address and messages. On Jan. 1st the meeting was a remarkable one. Many new faces in the audience.—The mes-sages very convincing. Next meeting Friday evening, Jan. 15.—D. H. Hall, conductor.

#### Lyceum Aotes.

Local.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont St., Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1903. The usual whist party was held in the

Hall, 514 Tremont St., Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1903. The usual whist party was held in the afternoon. Business meeting postponed, from excess of other work connected with our evening's entertainment. Supper was served at 6.30 to a very large gathering.

The evening was devoted to a Christmas entertainment and Christmas Tree, which was well laden with gifts for young and old. The following friends assisted during the evening's program: Molle Stovin, song; Carrie Engel, reading; Rebecca Goolitz, song; The Misses Embry, duet; Blanche Collett, song; Perley Cushing, song; Alice McNelly, violin solo; Annie Jacobs, dance and song; Marion and Beatrice Allen, song; Jennie Taplin, recitation; Thomas Martin, character delineation and song; Lizzie Johnson, plano solo; Gladys Hale, reading; Iona Stillings and Clara Weston, duet. Dr. Hale presided, with the President, Mrs. M. J. Butler, and was kept busy distributing gifts and bags of

candy to the Lyceum children, assisted by Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Mrs. Ella Weston, Mrs. Waite, Mr. George Cleavland and Mr. Henry Stillings, in placing the gifts with their rightful owners. An orchestra furnished sweet music for dancing from 9 o'clock until 11 o'clock. Ice cream was also served to those who wished. The occasion was only one of the many successful, merry ones, given to the children, and also to the Ladies' Lyceum Union members, many times during the year, by the combined efforts of the L. L. U. and the Lyceum.

Our regular weekly meetings are held every Wednesday. Supper at 6.30.—Laura F. Sloan, cor. sec.

Announcements.

I am now ready to respond to invitations to give lectures on "The Significance of the Great Outpouring of Modern Spiritualism" Great Outpouring of Modern Spiritualism" as a preparatory step to the Second Coming of Christ, and the establishing of His Kingdom on the Earth in America, as plainly taught in the Bible. And more definitely and clearly set forth in the New Revelation, entitled "The History of the Origin of All Things,"—which is now to be proclaimed to the world.—Milton Allen, 2411 N. College Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Newburyport, Mass.—The First Association-have engaged for the month of January the following speakers: Mrs. Bonney, Mrs. Butler, Dr. Wm. Hale, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller and Mme. Helyett of Lynn.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall,—Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Services, 2.30 and 7.30. Sunday, Jan. 10th, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, of Providence, will lecture and give communications. Circles will be held by various mediums from 4 to 5, song service at 6 and concert at 6.30, by Chase's orchestra. Children's Lycenn, 12.30.

Worcester Mass.—G. A. R. Hall. Speakers

Children's Lyceum, 12.30.
Worcester, Mass.—G. A. R. Hall. Speakers for January: Mrs. Effle I. Webster, and Harrison D. Barrett.
Mrs. Clara E. Strong holds services every

Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington Street, up two flights, Morning circle, 11 a.m.; afternoon, 3 and 7,30-p. m. All medi-ums invited. C. D. Chapman, pianist. Home Circles, 30 Huntington Avenue, Room 420, on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.30 p. m. Banner for sale at all meetings.—A. M. S.,

Banner for sale at all meetings.—A. M. S., sec.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society will in the future hold all their meetings at their new quarters, Dwight Hall, corner of Dwight and Tremont Streets. Their opening night will be a grand meeting of mediums.—F. H. Rice, rec. sec.

Cambridge.—The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. Mabel Merritt, president, will hold its next meeting Friday, Jan. 8th, at Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Avenue. Business meeting, 5 p. m. Supper will be served at 6.30. Evening meeting at 7.30. Mr. J. S. Scarlett will be the speaker and medium. Good music. All are cordially invited.—Emma E. Zwahlen, clerk.

#### Spirit Messages Verified.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As you know I had occasion yesterday to examine the files of your paper for the years from 1885 to 1890. While searching for something else, my eye was attracted by a familiar name among the messages. The name was Abby T. Otis. Examination proved that she was from Norwell, Mass. The lady was well known to me in her lifetime, was one of the leading members of the old Unitarian Society in Norwell, and was a daughter of Dr. Otis, one of the prominent men of his day. The message sounded precisely as she used to talk.

Interested by this, I looked further among the messages and found communications from Alexander Vining, late of Quincy, the father of Miss Floretta Vining of Hull. Also one from Mrs. Richmond Farrar, of West Scituate, now Assinippi.

ate, now Assinippi.

I knew both the latter people in their life-time very well. Mrs. Farrar was a neighbor and attended the same church as I did. I well remember her wedding, which occurred well remember her wedding, which occurred in church at the close of a service, a custom not unusual at that time. It is fixed in my memory by it having been the first wedding I ever saw. Both messages sounded just as the two people would speak were they here. I am glad even at this late day to verify the correctness of these messages. I should be glad to answer any inquiries about the people thus compunicating.

people thus communicating.

I will add that the medium was Mrs. Long-ley, now of Washington, D. C. Yours truly, John F. Simmons, 20 Pemberton Sq., Boston. Dec. 31, 1903,

Obituary.

MES R T. REX.

Mrs. R. T. Rex passed to spirit life on Tuesday, December 16, 1903, from the home of her sister, Mrs. S. G. Swetler, Vineland, N. J., in which city she was one time a resident. Latterly she had resided with her daughter at East Andover, N. H. Paralysis was the means of effecting her transition, which was accomplished peacefully and painlessly. She had worn the bodily garment for 77 years. In her earlier days she was a test medium. The "Banner of Light" was her favorite publication. She was a member of the Friends of Progress Society in Vineland, and always used her influence for the good of Spiritualism. The remains were interred with ceremonies in harmony with her faith, held at her sister's residence, and the casket was decorated with some exquisite floral decorations. decorations

#### In Honor of Mrs. E. J. Smith.

Resolutions passed by the Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists on the transition of Mrs. E. J. Smith, one of their past Presidents, also made Honorary President,

sition of Mrs. E. J. Smith, one of their past Presidents, also made Honorary President, two years ago.

Resolved, That in the transition of our Honorary President, Emeline J. Smith, in August last (after a long sickness, borne with great patience, upheld by her strong faith incontinued existence, and unity with her loved ones gone before), that while we shall miss her visible presence, her large hearted willingness to help both with her counsel, and of her substance, and in any and all ways where help was needed.

Resolved, We feel assured she is able to guide and uplift as never before, and is always with us, at all our meetings, more real, more noble, and more loving, and will now be able to make our small society a power for greater good in the community where it has so long held its meetings. While we miss her presence, we rejoice in her freedom, which some time will be ours.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the records of this society, and a copy be sent to the "Banner of Light," and Progressive Thinker, for publication.

Signed, Mary M. Nichols, Emma E. Zwablen.

16 Wright St., Cambridge, Mass.

16 Wright St., Cambridge, Mass.

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