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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 mariner, not very old,
A stout little, brigat little mariner bold,
Sails right through the Straits of Nod noddy,
I'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 flies,
And romps with the stars in Dreamland
skies,
Till all of a sudden he opens his eyes,
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-toe,
And bending down so low—so low,
She kisses her boy—like this, you know.

Here and Hereafter.

Charles Daubarn.

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 process.

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 corpuses are themselves indestructible, and unchangeable. All she can do 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 them 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 conjurers, 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 "matter," 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 hearing. 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. A 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 and hear without ears. I am not clever

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 on.

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 shrieking 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 tells 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 up-turned 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.

Susie 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 live in the ocean of Truth,"

and its entire refrain proclaims the victory of "him that overcometh," it sings the hosanna 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 type-written 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 truth-loving, receptive spirit of Mrs. Eliza A. Pettis, of Prospect Avenue, San Francisco, and first published in 1887, quietly, unobtrusively, in that little sheet of occult and spiritual truth known as The World's Ad-

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. Pettis 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. Hancock, 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 reread 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 hours daily, he labored with his pen, until he had woven around the famous 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 poem 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 herself "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 earnestly desire for the
TRUTH,
And accept it wherever found,
And to all who
Love the Light,
And follow wherever it leads,
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:

"I bask in the golden sunshine
Of endless Love and Truth,
And God is within and around me,
All good is forever mine,"

is 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 every soul.

"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 repository 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 Parapinatus, 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 Eunuch; 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 afterwards convinced of its truth by personal experience; and that Devarter, 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 Loyer (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 "Syntaxis Artis Mirabilis," there are seven kinds of ethereal spirits, while Marcellus 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 those 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." Suetonius, the Roman historian, who flourished in the first century of our Era, reports that the spirit of the Emperor Calligula was seen to walk in Lavinia's garden where his body was buried, and likewise haunted the house in which he died. Plato, 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 castle."

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 such."

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. Fault-finding 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 represented in books or on the stage as typical of old age.

An exacting spirit toward friends may be tolerated 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 "It is more blessed to give than to receive," 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 over-love of self. When you observe conduct in the young which shocks or annoys 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 weakness.

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.

Annie Knouton Hinman.

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 by-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.
Nor always does the velvet palm
To human hearts bring sweetest calm.
Sometimes the rough, misshapen hand
Has served a purpose far more grand.
How oft such hands have met our need
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 accord.
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.

Milton 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 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 humane 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, in justice, and dishonesty of gambling, in stocks and food stuffs, and other necessities 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 fearfully attacked the evils of society, but at 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 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 at first, 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 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 misrepresented. 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 in this free land of America!
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 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 all these decades to decades ago, 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. Arnold, a Quaker, a well known and respected citizen of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and published by him in 1882. It was advertised in all the spiritual papers of the time. Several editions have been published, the last in 1893, 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 revelation of the deep things of God! This great revelation is now to be proclaimed to the world. It is 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 carefully studied this new revelation for more than thirty years, I am prepared to give readings and teachings and lectures on it in churches, 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.: Creation, Origin of Man, Paradise, Garden of Eden. In other words, a full explanation of the first three chapters of Genesis: The Moslem 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.
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:
"Heredity is greatly over-estimated and it is really a sign of the highest culture of the present age to lay 'discontinuation 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 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. J. Colville, and other 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 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 "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. Peebles is not given as are some to self-puffing.

Upon the question of reciprocity upon the subject of "book mentioning," I feel in no wise beholden to Brother Colville. I called 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.

In this rambling "Banner" article of Mr. Colville, he begins a sentence thus: "I challenge him" (Dr. Peebles), etc. Is this the Ego-swollen language of a foreign-imported duellist? Think of it. What unprovoked temerity, what terrific undreamed of audacity in Mr. Colville to hurl a challenge at an 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 reincarnation-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 imprisonments, no more birth struggles into physical life, no more baby sore mouths, no more castor oil stuffings, no more messies, no more chicken-pox patches for me; for I went through all these possible "experiences" as 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 balanced and scholarly men of acknowledged erudition, and with cultured women; nevertheless if Brother Colville is really aching for a controversy upon the statement that "reincarnation and Karma" rather than "heredity," most affect human conduct and character, I can 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 the first 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 medieval as would be the study of astronomy with an open glass.
The theories of the old school-men of Galileo's time had practically not been left behind and never like modern scientific methods had 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, clairvoyance and clairaudience with their related phenomena were established so thoroughly as scientific exist-

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 held 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 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 mind of one person assumes and obtains control of the mind of another? Some would say that 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 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 several attributes in 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, 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 condition 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 satisfactory in any scientific, exact way. Some of the broader territory covered by each has been tentatively agreed upon; but the extreme 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 the time, and not about something definitely proven and defined, like the law of gravitation.

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 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 and to its utmost limit is absolutely essential to the theory of the duplicity of mind and is held and solemnly discussed and referred to as authentic, by some who pretend to think it probable 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 disseat. 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, most incomplete. Incomplete it must be, for, in an article like this, the first essential is not which it should 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 conservatively, it certainly offers a satisfactory explanation of many human phenomena. When an attempt is made to explain our relations with the dead, with the spirits of the dead, and very serviceable how 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 add us in explaining and understanding them more fully, working to get for good like two trusty handmaids of God.

In closing, I am sure you will bear with me a moment longer. For I cannot refrain from further comment on this doctrine as used so absurdly by Hudson. He claims that, through 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 in the being of God, where all individuality is lost, where all personal characteristics 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 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 off 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." 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 true. 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 profound,
It is lost in the somewhere 'twixt ocean and sky.

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

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 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 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 clue 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 had seen 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 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.

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 worryment 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 conquering 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 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 speak and hold counsel with our spirit friends in quite a normal way, we having outgrown the abnormal phases of control. Our spirit friends are usually 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 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 day. 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 meat 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 meat 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 seeing 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 enfeebles its power, prevents the proper functional activity, 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 is necessary to use medicaments which possess the power of allaying inflammation, arresting morbid action and of purifying diseased mucous.

Vitex-Ore, the natural mineral remedy, which has been frequently offered in the columns of this publication on thirty days' trial, is recommended to cure catarrh of any part of the body, used for the different conditions 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 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 production, or the effort required 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."

"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."

"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, clear 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 Last 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 Tokyo, and prosecuted his Sanskrit studies under the Rev. Bunyu Nanjo of the Imperial University. He entered the priesthood at the age of twenty-five and was attached to the Obaku Temple at Uji. After 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
Therewith faded into nothingness; till sun turns pale,
Love.

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
Love.

—Maud Diver, In Light of Reason.

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

W. S. Whitte.

The Reviewer.

In the World Celestial.

It is gratifying to learn that Dr. Bland'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 conditions 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 a subject of 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.

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 Thabedian Peri-scope, 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 horoscopic 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. Man lives in the spirit world of thought above the spirit world of the body, which is a lower form, or expression of thought."

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

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 Oklahoma River, or entering the Golden Gate which looks out "the unspiced Pacific" from San Francisco's wide bay, we commend "The Gentleman from 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 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 readers of these lines must not understand 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 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 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 wherewith to adorn his tale, as for instance, when the hero—far such he is—utters the following sentiments:

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

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

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 virtue 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,
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 waged 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 ear chopped off close up to her head, the other roughly scalloped, no tail to be seen, that also having been cut off for 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 wandering, 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. 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 hurting 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 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 crumbs in it near her and withdrew a little way. At first she was afraid to touch it. She looked at me—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 telephoned 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 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 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 his hand. "Just look at her!" said John. "Did you ever see such a sight?" I looked and saw that she was alive with fear. 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?"

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 every one but John and the matron, Mrs. Vincent. In order to rid her of fleas all her matted hair had to be cut off, which showed

her emaciated body, and she was a deplorable sight,—nothing beautiful about her but her large, beseeching 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 Alice, in memory of her father's favorite song, "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, 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. If I say a cross word she cringes as if I had struck her, and crawled on the floor to my feet as if she expected me to kill her." Then I tried Mrs. 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 hurt 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 and called to her. She crouched on the floor, then crawled up to me and laid her head in my lap. I am not ashamed to say that tears came to my eyes, and then and there I promised never to try to discipline that sensitive, broken-spirited little creature again. But the fact that we could not discipline her was her final undoing.

One little episode of her life deserves mention, though we never quite understood it—it was her intense interest in the "Little Mother's" family of kittens. Alice would stand an hour at a time, almost motionless, staring with wide-open brown eyes into the basket where lay the Little Mother and her family. Once, in the Little Mother's temporary absence, she got in the basket and lay down with the kittens, who never took the least notice of her one way or another. Often we wished we knew what she was thinking of when she stood so long watching the basket. Was it the mother instinct stirring within her? For the happiest period of Alice's life was when she became a mother, and the few months of her motherhood contained for her joy enough for a lifetime. To be sure there was a short minor interlude—a dark day, as I was getting out "copy" for our Fourfooted Friends, I was suddenly called to the telephone to receive the message, "Alice is very sick. She is in convulsions. What had we better do?" "Send for a doctor," I replied. "Have," answered Mrs. Fisher, our clerk, "but she hasn't come out of the convulsions yet." "Where is Dr. S—?" I asked. "He knows Alice and would understand treating her better than a stranger. 'In Cambridge,' was the reply. 'Telephone for him,' I said. Later I telephoned, "How is Alice now? Can I do anything?" And the reply came, "Alice is up in Mrs. Vincent's room. Mrs. Vincent and both doctors are with her. There is nothing you can do."

"What a fuss about a dog!" do you say? Think a minute. We had saved her from misery, made a happy, playful, devoted little friend of her, and we loved her. Then there were three little puppies, fine, lively terriers, all eligible for good homes, all dependent at that time for nourishment upon their mother's breast. Did it not seem a duty to try to save her?

So Alice lived and thrived, and a happier mother no one ever saw. Oh, the merry, 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 League to keep her from strangers. Mrs. Vincent tried shutting her up in her room, 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 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 flat 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 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 her two puppies 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 sofa when the chloroform was carefully and slowly administered and she never awoke.

The following Monday evening two of her friends at the League brought her little body,

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.

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 so awful pain in my back over the kidneys, and had to urinate from four to seven times a night



MR. T. S. APKER.

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

Gratefully yours,
T. S. APKER,
April 9th, 1903.
Sec. F. A. & I. U. 604.
Marsh Hill, Pa.

There comes a time to both men and women 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 irritation, pain or dull ache in the back—they tell us in silence that our kidneys need doctoring. If neglected now, the disease ad-

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.

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.

Letters from Our Readers.

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

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, yet it has not gained as rapidly as some other cults. Mohammedanism and Mormonism have spread rapidly. The purely theistic faiths, including Judaism, Buddhism, Unitarianism and Hilekete Quakerism number three-quarters of the inhabitants of the earth. The Son of Man declared he came to "call sinners" not "the righteous," to repentance, "the whole needed no physician." In estimating the influence of the religions of the world the fact that Buddhism and Mohammedanism forbid the use of intoxicating beverages is a most important consideration. This great repulsive "wine" squanders annually a thousand million dollars in intoxicants and the ruin and wreckage is appalling. Jesus could not have known that Buddha forbid tipping nearly a thousand years before he turned water into wine at the feast. If he did, in the words of an eminent divine, he did

vances until the face looks pale or sallow, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, feet swell, and sometimes the heart acts badly.

There is comfort in knowing that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, fulfills every wish in quickly relieving such troubles. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in 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 discovered.

Swamp-Root a Blessing to Women

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



MRS. E. AUSTIN.

I had great difficulty in retaining my urine, and was obliged to pass water very often night and day. At last I had used a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer'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 to take it regularly. I am pleased to say that Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I can now stand on my feet all day without any bad symptoms whatever. Swamp-Root has proved a blessing to me.

Gratefully yours,

MRS. E. AUSTIN.

19 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Southwest Limited Chicago to Kansas City via the St. Paul 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 San 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.

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 124 Churchill street, Cleveland, Ohio. The Doctor pays his own expenses, charging admission, and dividing the profits with societies. While in your city he will give free lectures on Health and Disease and Psychic Healing, and will diagnose disease free. Why not write the Doctor at once? His lectures are something new and most attractive and entertaining and are causing the greatest of interest wherever he goes. Dr. Watkins has no equal in his phase. Direct all letters to C. E. Watkins, M. D., 124 Churchill St., Cleveland, Ohio.

"The clear-thinker builds strong character." Death makes no break in the continuity of character.

The thoughtful, studious man upon earth will be the thoughtful, studious man in heaven.

He that is silly and superficial here will be silly and superficial as he starts again in life there.

Heaven and hell are not shut off from each other as we traditionally conceive them. Heaven and hell can mingle on earth.—Dr. R. Heber Newton.

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Full particulars furnished upon application.

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

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to reach
the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which
appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and
whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons
are using our advertising columns, they are at once
discontinued. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover
in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have never
heard of, or who are dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

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

No attention 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
cancelled articles.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1904.

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

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

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

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

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

Brevities.

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 sub-
scription 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 ap-
pears an ably written sketch of the life of
the editor, Charles Brodie Patterson, written
by Rev. R. Heber Newton. The same num-
ber 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 ardently for the highest development
of the soul.

Will our contributors bear with us in deal-
ing with their favors? We have a stock of
manuscripts to go over, and will do our ut-
most 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 su-
preme good, the greatest thing in the world,"
and purity of heart, unless it were dominated
by an absorbing love, could not lead to ob-
session. 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 formu-
lated? 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 reason-
able wants; a courage equal to every threat
of circumstance; a patience that shall out-
wear vexation; and a cheerfulness that shall
infect others."

The two leaderettes signed "S. S. C." ap-
pearing 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
societies hitherto published under the head of
"Briefs" will, commencing in this issue, con-
tinue to appear in the department devoted to
Societary Work, which will be found upon
the 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 accom-
modate you all we must treat all alike and
where necessary curtail your favors. To in-
sure insertion the same week in the section
devoted to News all reports must reach the
editor by first mail delivery on Monday morn-
ing. 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 magni-
tude of the catastrophe, with the well-nigh
unreadable details of the ghastly scenes con-
nected with it, put into the shade all similar
occurrences of which there are authentic
records. The first feeling is the quite nat-
ural one of boundless sympathy for the be-
reaved 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 perma-
nent injury to body and mind as the re-
sults of that fearful and panic stricken strug-
gle to escape the flames, will be the re-
minders 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 com-
forting? Yet, if our fair faith is worth any-
thing, 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 "Ban-
ner," in the sacred name of Spiritualism,
asserts beyond question and without reserva-
tion that Spiritualists do positively know
that men live after death. Consequently, as
a people, the duty of our body is to carry the
message of comfort to the sorrowing survivors
of the late horror, and wherever it is
possible, without indelicate intrusion on pri-
vate griefs, or personal beliefs, say what we
know in proof of the fact that we live here-
after, 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
consciences can, and do, create in their
lives. Every lecturer in our ranks, every
writer to our periodicals, will do the world a
service, and help it to understand our posi-
tion, if they will by tongue and pen tell the
story of the hope, the certainty and knowl-
edge, 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

aspect of the event. First, no one anticipated
anything of the kind would happen. The
theatre was new, replete with up-to-date ap-
pliances for comfort and safety, and pro-
nounced positively fireproof. But note the
carelessness, to use no other term, which
permitted a wire to pass through the
proscenium into the auditorium and so pre-
venting 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
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 curtain,
which as a measure of precaution should be
lowered once during the period of the enter-
tainment, 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, de-
corations, 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 incom-
bustible. Apparently no such treatment of
the furnishings or woodwork of the audi-
torium had been given. When the recon-
structed 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 ex-
penditure 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 frenzied 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 explana-
tion, but will say it is ill to blame the men
who must be in pain enough over the death
and misery associated with their undertak-
ings. 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 com-
mon 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 fiercest 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 hith-
erto 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

"One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin,"

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 tragedy which has
filled so many homes with grief and tears.

The Calendar.

The ubiquitous calendar is abroad in the
land, 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 calen-
dars 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 af-
fair which ladies attach to their fancy work,
whose figures only a microscope can reveal.
The calendar also numbers Art, Poetry 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 philoso-
phers, the ambitious calendar likewise en-
shrines 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 lyre-
strings furnish harmony for the rapidly dan-
cing days. Feathered songsters fly across sus-
pended ladders 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 re-
membrance between friends, and while its
tribe increases in almost troublesome fecun-
dity, it can confidently claim the importance
of its position, its indispensable right to ex-
ist. For no minister, lawyer, broker or mer-
chant, no one who expects to keep an en-
gagement, or write a letter during the year,
can forego the necessity of the friendly calen-
dar—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-
joy a perpetual re-embodiment on earth, such

as 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 declar-
ing 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 calen-
dar in public places, to give notice of the
holy festivals of the church, a feature dis-
continued 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.

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 oppor-
tunities undreamed for scaling the heights of
victory, for bridging over the valleys of for-
mer defeats, for wresting from conflict the
triumphs of soul dominance, 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 al-
ways brings a momentous pause in the munda-
ne 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."
—S. C. C.

Why be Narrow?

In every department of human thought the
modern man looks only at the newest devel-
opments. The old is but the beginning, the
foundation stones. Even the archaeologist,
mining in the dust which covers older civiliza-
tion, 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 pro-
tection. The church held its clerics 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 ac-
tivity which the human mind always asserts,
turned his thoughts inward and theology
grew from its simple basis of Christ's teach-
ing into that complication of logic and meta-
physics, which we now call the work of the
"Schoolmen."

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 to-
day 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 mediaeval joust has ever
cursed the world with consequences more dire
than the teachings which are today the belief
of the Presbyterian.

Starting with the premise that every soul
is inherently wicked, cruelty becomes a ne-
gligible 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 irre-
pressible. 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 import-
ant. 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 be-
ing 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 sug-
gested by the recent remark in the "Presby-
terian" of Philadelphia apropos of the elec-
tion 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 kind-
ness 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 foun-
dation is laid on the rock of the most en-
lightened science of today, of which the key-

stone is love and the structure cemented by
the highest freedom of thought.

"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 en-
gulf the entire world, has nearly ebbcd, its
receding ripples only expressing the late ne-
cessity which the recipient of some unex-
pected gift feels, for reciprocity. This peri-
odical generosity in such lavish form rages
like an epidemic, strong thought waves al-
ways 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 mas-
ter, 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
season, 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 be-
stowed, 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 con-
siders. It gives with no thought of return,
it gives because it must. Expression is the
vital breath of its life, without which exist-
ence were impossible.

Even as the Infinite Love delights to give
itself away, so the human heart, as it ap-
proaches conscious at-onement with its
beneficent prototype, must be freely out-
poured in love and helpfulness upon all hu-
manity, 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 strug-
gling on, while handicapped by lack of
funds. There are sad hearts that ache for a
kind word of sympathy and encouragement,
souls famished for the milk of human kind-
ness, 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 oppor-
tunities 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 stand-
ard 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 com-
merce. Indeed the cynic remarks that the
real "Golden Rule" is,—do others before they
do you! Nations decay as moral stamina di-
minishes, 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 inesti-
mable 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 mor-
als 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 right-
ly, for her Congress recently passed a bill to
change the law regarding murder, not be-
cause the law was bad, but because a con-
gressman 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 impossi-
ble. 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 im-
moral abuse of power and opportunity. Non-
partisanship is the need of municipal and
national morality, and no matter which party
is concerned the time will come, and sooner

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE MESERVE SOULE.

Which Road?

If you could go back to the forks of the road—
Back the long miles you have carried the load—
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 now, a decision to make,
O, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

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 despair—
That the road you first traveled with sighs and unrest,
Though dreary and rough, was most graciously blest
With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache—
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.

When it lay before us, wilted and tired, but fragrant and sweet, we felt it was like some people who 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 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 fragrance.

All along the way they have been smiling. When they were jostled they smiled; when 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 smile, but a brave, strong smile as if the soul smiled back to God its knowledge of its kinship 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 perfume 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 say?

Oh! fathers 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 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 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 work-a-day life. It is simply a case of must. But the mother who can buy fancy gowns and trinkets and yet withhold 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.

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? If we 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 teach 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's
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 big.
I'm comforted now.
Praps I am a goose.
I don't want to be no older—
What's the use?

What's the use o' growin' up?
When you grow why, every day
You just have to be one thing.
I'm a pirate, or a king,
Or a cow-boy—I can play
That I'm anything I choose.
I don't want to be no older—
What's the use?

—St. Nicholas

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 wisest, good spirits who talk to us after they have left their bodies are always telling us. They say that our bodies are the handmaiden of our spirits. You know a handmaiden 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 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 beautiful orchard. In the spring they played in it 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 calf. This little calf was as white as snow, and had the dearest dark eyes and the most silky ears 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 and spilled 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-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 freeman'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 railroad 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 hedge, "mama only 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 coax and call to Tommy, and hold out a tempting apple through the hedge. But Tommy had had all the apples he wanted, and he paid no attention. "You'll be killed, Tommy!" screamed Johnny suddenly, for he heard the freight train coming.

The engineer had seen 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 his dear white Tommy being crushed by the big engine. But Tommy, out side, planted his feet firmly on the 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 his 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 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 story.

"That was a very kind engineer," said Johnny's mother after she had heard it. "Guess he remembered the apple!"

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, brook 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 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.

Are Animals Sensitive?

"Coming to the feelings you cannot feel, perhaps it is as well they are so numerous. You can feel a gnaw 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 midges 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 alright." (And yet we are told by those who have every opportunity to prove the truth or falsity of their statement—the vivisectionists—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 do. 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. 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 receive. 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 to-day (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 exhilaration as we feel 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 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 fairy!

She longed to dance but no one asked her. She wanted to be a part of the merriment about her, to hear or speak or to be seen. 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 moonbeams and stardust 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 all it grew sadder than the clouds and darkness of which she seemed a part.

At last she could bear it no longer, but crossed the ward 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. "They see me and they pass me by."

"Then," said the queen, "they do not like dark things, and you are black, you see."

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

"Yes, it is, indeed," replied the queen. "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 cruel 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 queen. "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 blended together when we sin, we show the stains—outside."

"And I must always be black, and no one will love me, or ever want to dance with me?" cried the fairy, the tears rising in her eyes.

"No one ever likes black fairies," the queen replied, inexorably.

"I shall be unhappy—always!" The black fairy's tone was both incredulous and beseeching.

"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 built, 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 man, the macrocosm and microcosm, are veiled; but veiled so lightly that all who seek can find their 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 seem to see the philosophy in the simple parables of every-day events. But Jesus taught, for parables were his constant method, and his philosophy 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 familiarity 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 Seances held December 30, 1903, S. E. 56.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

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: 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 glad, 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 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 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 had 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. 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 message 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 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."

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 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 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 psychic 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, telling 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 get right out of the house and make a complete change for herself, instead of staying where everything reminds her of the past and keeps her bound to the past and will not let her look into any brighter future. If she 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 about her. I have a long way to go to tell you how grateful I am for this opportunity."

Evelyn Walbridge.

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 bald 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 unobtrusive manner that he walks into the room. His name is Evelyn Walbridge. He says, "I used to live in Taunton, 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 thought of talking to people about their troubles. 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 found they were and I made up my mind still further, 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 didn't have much to do business with, but I started in with what 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 a lift to my friends. I would like to tell Tom and Mr. Howers that I have been quite near each of them, and as 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."

Mrs. Josephine Morgan.

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 she had been one who had great interest and love for 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 a particular thing that seemed to me that was a warning to me to get away and it was just one morning and found I had left the body and it was not the 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 body. She stood by me, called me by name, and told me what had happened. We went away 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 cut out of a face to face 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 away off, so I have come today. I wish to send my love. I want to tell him that I realize how he has kept every-thing of mind so sacredly that I cannot tell him that he could not disturb anything or me if it differed. I would not mind; I think I would feel easier if there wasn't such a silence and almost a band on everything that was mine. I am pleased with the picture and with what he did a while ago in connection with it. I shall always be near enough to hear his call, if he ever calls, and always close to his efforts to reach me, if he makes that effort. I thank you."

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 that 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 and 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 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 glad 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, 'Bless 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 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 Callahan 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 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.'"

Try to care about something in this vast world besides the gratification of small, selfish desires. Look on other lives besides your own. See what their troubles are, and how they are borne.—George Elliot.

The surest criterion of our advancing in real excellence and perfection of character is our acquiring a disposition to think less of ourselves and of our own happiness, and more of that of others.—Dr. Priestley.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES'

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