

(Dedicated to Minnie Meserve Soule.)

True Civilization.

E. J. Schellhaus, M. D.

This force is the Psychic Force, the cause of all voluntary human activities as expressed in human conduct in regard to his moral and spiritual welfare,—a force by which man moves and has his being. This force is conscious Sensation. All other forces in Nature—mechanical, chemical and vital or organic—are unconscious forces, therefore, without

Upon referring to his Introduction to Philosophy, p. 212 (English translation), the same strain of vague speculation is pursued. If anyone can unriddle the enigma above quoted, it would be a great service to Ethics provided this theory of "a spontaneous concomitance of all elements" is the real basis of ethical science.

This much is presented to show the fact that the recognition of cause and effect is ignored or denied and an attempt to account

The good that each one pursues is what he thinks will best promote his welfare, present and future. In fact, the entire business of his life is to seek the good (the satisfaction of his desires), and avoid the evil he fears will bring him pain or misery. But what a chaos of feeling, thought and confusion! The multiplicity and contrariety of opinions, beliefs and accepted dogmas in regard to what is

An Experiment in Psychometry.

Charles Daybarn

It had not then occurred to the present writer that there was a similar danger for a sensitive who would pass inward, far beyond the vibrations of our visible universe. So he induced a friend to make the experiment of psychometrising a spirit visitor, and, if pos-

THE EXPERIMENT

(Continued next week)

A name written in the dust on a Bible proves neither Christianity nor housekeeping.

Put no limit upon your own power, the power of the ever present God within you, for limitation is bondage, and one must be free, freedom only is Happiness, Health and Prosperity.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our Little Circle

EDITED BY
MINNIE RESERVE BOWEN.

Wishes.

R. L. Sanford.

Have you a little baby boy
A few months more than two years old,
With soft brown eyes that beam with joy
And silver ringlets nestled in gold?
Who, toddling, follows you around
And plays beside you near the hearth?
Where prattle is the sweetest sound
To you of all glad notes of earth?

Have you a little baby boy
Who, when the voice of slumber calls,
Robustly leaves each tattered toy
And in your strong arms weeps falls?
Who, yawning, looks with sleepy eyes
Into your own and faintly smiles?
Then shuts his lid and quiet lies
And drifts away to Dreamland's isles?

Have you a little one like this,
Who puts all troubling thoughts to flight
When, climbing up, he plants a kiss
Or love you upon your cheek and thigh?
If so, then humbly bend your knee
And lift your heart in thankful prayer,
For you are richer than a millionaire!
Who, childless, is a millionaire?

Christian Work.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

LET LOVE FIND EXPRESSION IN SERVICE.

Some years ago, when we first undertook our duties with The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, we were confronted with problems and difficulties that seemed insurmountable. In those early days the oftentimes discouraging and unsympathetic conditions were heightened by the fact that we were never failed to "lend a hand" and brighten the way with a smile.

At every service a slender girl with beaming face became an inspiration. As time went on she became as much a part of the service as we ourselves were. She welcomed the stranger, she encouraged the feeble, she rushed to the assistance of the aged and the young, she entered into the work and service and pleasure of the young people with them. This girl of gentle manner and sweet spirit and strong personality was Carrie Sherman. Her very name was a link in the chain of service and the history of our work.

When we first planned to have a Christmas tree for the little people who otherwise could have no Christmas, we were met with the loving nature. No one who saw her at that Christmas tree will ever forget the work that she did.

We were all new to that sort of work and all we knew or cared was to make those children as happy as we could. As soon as Sherman came to the hall and with deft fingers trimmed the tree with the glittering bangles, so dear to the children's eyes, and under a moment's rest she worked on all through the day and at five o'clock for the little guests.

With a breath of satisfaction we stood looking at the brilliant tree and the children's door was thrown open and the crowd poured in. They had come on a "Special" so they all were dressed in their best.

Oh, what a sight it was! The little pinched faces beamed all eyes and the eyes were like shining stars so bright were they with anticipation and excitement. The first, half-faded, faded, everything was clothed that they were hardly delect to appear before each other.

Dear Miss Sherman could not bear the sight and bursting into tears she fled to the ante-room. "I did not mean to be so silly," she sobbed, when we could get her calm enough to speak. But she came out and to her to help, then we talked and played with them as if they had been the children of her dear friends. That was the work of the night.

Absolutely forgetful of herself she gave all that she had for the needs of those about her. On this last Christmas day her body lay still and silent with the children's love and she made effort to take her place among the children. Dim were the eyes of her dear friends as they looked out on the little faces and thought of her body in the home of her childhood, watched and loved by a heartbroken family as they sat in the shadow of death.

seriously. It is an innate propensity of a child possessed of a healthy body and healthy mind to make other people laugh with him; but at his own expense. And the mother who has the little and ready humor to enter into his fun becomes his best friend and companion. He needs her rebuke and bends to her correction without ill feeling where she would frown and rebuke him and he is assured that she is ready to share all his innocent pranks, and that her laughter is for him.

John was standing at the corner waiting for the electric car. It was a dark night, and the street lights were dim. He was waiting for the car to come, and he was looking at the clock. The clock showed that it was ten o'clock. He was waiting for the car to come, and he was looking at the clock. The clock showed that it was ten o'clock.

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that the mother was warm, in warm the discomforts of a winter night. John was standing at the corner waiting for the electric car. It was a dark night, and the street lights were dim. He was waiting for the car to come, and he was looking at the clock. The clock showed that it was ten o'clock. He was waiting for the car to come, and he was looking at the clock. The clock showed that it was ten o'clock.

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Message Department.

MEMORANDUM GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF
MISS MINNIE M. BOWEN.

Report of Session held January 11, 1915, E. S. T.

An Explanation.
The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule with the consent of the control. Mrs. Soule writes for the good of the individual spirit seeking aid, and for the benefit of the earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a representative of the "Banner of Light" and are given in the presence of other members of the "Banner" staff. These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.
We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the "Banner of Light" as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth and will bear its own burdens wherever it is made known to the world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist us to the full extent of your power. Many of them are not spiritualists and subscribers to the "Banner of Light," so may we ask each of you to send a missionary for your particular locality?

INVOCATION.
Reverently and simply we would take up the duties of our life. We would take up the great opportunity as the moments fly to do our great work, with no undue haste, with no undue haste, but with a steady, unflinching purpose we would pursue our way along the pathway of duty, and we would strive to be a blessing to the world. We would strive to be a blessing to the world. We would strive to be a blessing to the world.

MESSAGES.

Charles Grever, Medford, Mass.

There is a spirit that comes here this morning at about 10 o'clock. He is a fair, light mustache, blue eyes, and a little with a little color in his face. He is a very young man, and he is very intelligent. He is a very young man, and he is very intelligent. He is a very young man, and he is very intelligent.

Flora Sweetser, Hingham, N. Y.

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Mrs. Abby Timarash, Hingham.

There is a spirit of a woman. I should think her about 60 or 70 years old. Her hair is white, and she has a very kind face. She is a very kind woman, and she is very intelligent. She is a very kind woman, and she is very intelligent. She is a very kind woman, and she is very intelligent.

begin to talk until she has greeted every one. She is a very kind woman, and she is very intelligent. She is a very kind woman, and she is very intelligent. She is a very kind woman, and she is very intelligent.

Charles Wesson, Hartford, Conn.

There is a spirit of a girl about 15 years old. Her hair is braided in a long braid down her back. She is a very kind woman, and she is very intelligent. She is a very kind woman, and she is very intelligent. She is a very kind woman, and she is very intelligent.

Robert Mosely.

There is a spirit of a man. I should think he is about 40 years old. He is a very kind man, and he is very intelligent. He is a very kind man, and he is very intelligent. He is a very kind man, and he is very intelligent.

Fannie Jones, Allegheny City, Pa.

There is a spirit now who says his name is Fannie Jones. He is a very kind man, and he is very intelligent. He is a very kind man, and he is very intelligent. He is a very kind man, and he is very intelligent.

WHY DOES THIS WORLD GO SWINGING?

R. L. Boutwell.

Why does this world go swinging? Around the sun in space? It is swinging gone with the soul. May on its run the race.

A very small part only of the race. Of their immortality's whole. You are a part of this world. To round out a human soul.

So, dear old world, go swinging. Your old accustomed way. In this little world of ours. Working hard its little day.

Working till night shall deepen. When every soul shall rest. Calmly and sweetly, in knowledge full. That sterner was the world's best.

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