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OUE GLAD THANKSGIVING.

Let us be thankful heart and soul-Let us be thankful heart and soul-For all the good that here is ours. And let the clouds in distance roll. And thorns be bidden with the flowers; This is a lovely world forscoth-To those who gratitude can give; To age itself as well as youth, 'Tis beautiful and bleat to live!

There are so many things each day To grown with joy and bring delight; And every April turns to May, And morning follows every night; The noble spirit well can see How everything 's remunerative; In truth and love it is made free, And finds it beautiful to live!

We're here to show our courage true, To bear our burden when we must, To bear of burden when we must, But beauty always comes to view-When we have learned to work in trust; There's naught to daunt the hero heart, And all abuse it can forgive, And like a soldier take its part-Because 'tis beautiful to live!

Let's bless our God for what we have, For home and friends, for heart and hand, For hope and faith and courage brave, For liberty and native land; Then better things come right along, And troubles pass through pleasure's sieve, And in our hearts there grows the song That says-'tis beautiful to live! Brother Sunlight.

The Sunny Side of Life.

THE GLOBY OF GBATITUDE.

Let us learn to be grateful, if we have not the feeling in fulness. Let us cultivate it as we would flowers we desired to see in our garden when the May comes. Let us be of a thankful, appreciative spirit, and have gladness all our days. Let us go to the lily for a lesson of purity and sweet outgiving of life; let us listen to the little sparrow even and twitter our joy, if we cannot sing it. This is a lovely world, full of beauty, rich with blessing, and we are poor sticks if we cannot recognize it and respond. I went into a store the other day and there was a harp on the door and balls at the end of dangling wires were set in motion and made music. I thought that is just the way our hearts can be touched if we see to it that we are grate-Let us live one day as a festival, and ful. then let us make it the model for all other days—so to keep Thanksgiving were beauti-That is the true way of living and has ful. the glory of the sunrise in it.

At first sight it would seem natural that we should all love to live in the most cheerful and grateful way. And I believe it is. Truly, purely and blessedly it must be so, for here we are in a world filled and thrilled with happiness. We love joy, it is native to us. We receive it on every hand, it lies in our heart as a possibility of divine expression. O it is just wonderful, and all we have got to do is to allow the beauty to reveal itself, and put aside any thought that would hinder it. There is the program of a life just as sweet as the life 'of an angel.

Now comes the foolishness of the world that disallows the beauty of the great Master of Life. We hear the mournful sound that

at first, by and by, up she comes and makes a start. All at once the hawser snaps, and the barge spins as struck with disappointment and seems in worse danger from the shock, but the tug tackling her again, gets the best of her despair, and she follows her leader, and when in the open channels seems actually proud to get into deep water where she is her true self. And it may be so with the disconsolate, they may feel the power of the bow-line of hope and the steam pull of faith and get where they properly belong.

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What is wanted by us is a new interpretation of life and its conditions so that we shall seek the things which are best. We need work, but six hours a day would serve We need food and clothing, we our needs. ask for lovely homes and recreation: we require society and leisure to think; we need hours of worship and meditation, and we can have these things by holding them as the be-longings of all. We cannot make every day of the same length, every tree of the same height, every blossom of the same hue. We are not attempting the foolish, but we can work for all, and we can arrange gladness for all, and we can preach the higher life for all till it becomes the passion of humanity to bless and love and help all.

If we have our right chance here; if we feel the grand good of living: if we recognize the fact that there is nothing to daunt us or to make us afraid-since all must work together for our good if we will hold to the good-then we will have won the secret of joy, praise will naturally be in our hearts as light is in the star. There is no question about that. And in the atmosphere of joy all worlds are lovely and we can think of them in friendship. And all people-are lovely and dear to us, and we have come to the mount of blessing. We have so much to be thankful for that we have no time to be sad. The satisfactions of life are in the soul and not in the circumstance. as we have to learn again and again. Turn your faces to the light and they shall glow with the brightness. Walk with your eyes turned to the morning and all the shadows of care shall fall behind you, and all about in the green fields shall the birds sing their happiness to you!

Brother Sunlight.

A Secretly Marked Child.

Salvarona.

AUTHOR OF "THE WISDOM OF PASSION."

Upon the birth of a child, I once sent a floral wreath to the home of its father, a gay, reckless epicurean, laughing, jovial, Bacchic society troubadour. A sudden glance of the flowers, before I parted with them, threw me into a profound fit of unaccountable mor-In that moment I felt myself alizing. whirled away by the winds of a great rainstorm of sadness. I drifted swiftly on, like a helpless Autumn leaf upon the vast melancholy stream of an impenetrably deep, sad My momentary spell seemed akin to mood. that which hung over the great heart of the poet, when he wrote "The Song of the Shirt,"

this matter of our moral ancestry. Whilst, it is true, therefore, that the popular belief in the absolute or total moral and spiritual depravity of all infants has been justly doomed, we must not remain blind to the fact that the science of evolution and re-ligion agree in the belief of the relative tend-encies to mora and spiritual depravity in the souls of all infants. This view practi-cally reduces the heraldic ancestry of all in-fants to a relative basis of universal poten-tial immorality. The civil legalization of this by marital contract does not alter its essential immoral basis,

this by marina contract does not alter its essential immoral basis. The religious foctrine of conversion on the one hand, and the possibility of spiritual de-velopment held out by the spiritual side of the doctrine of evolution on the other, both imply that infants are morally and spiritually imperfect at birth. And this moral and spiritual imperfection could not exist at birth, if the parents themselves had been spiritually and morally perfect. Hence it is that Chris-tian Science and Darwinism, Orthodoxy and Buddhism, the Westminster Confession and Reincarnation all agree in the doctrine that the mortal minds or souls of infants at birth possess inherent tendencies to moral evil. For these immoral potentialities at birth the parents are often to blame.

All children, in this way, are therefore secretly marked in some moral sense. The saint outgrows this secret mark. The majority do not. Herein lies the necessity for conversion. Far back in the long gray mists of the centuries, the profound eye of Job, piercing below the falsely proud, white-washed surface of society, flashed inquiringly as he asked this fearful moral question bearing upon heredity: "What is man that he should be clean? And he that is born of a

woman that he should be rightcous?" For the infants as they grow up the earth was intended to be a wholesome Garden of Moral Pleasure, and we, as parents-by secretly marking them-have turned all their prospective happiness in life into a deadly valley of Upas trees. But there are stars of moral hope for them in the sky. The doc-trines of conversion show that it is possible for these secretly, marked children to begin for themselves, on a higher plane than par-The modern doctrine of evolution entage offers them comfort. On its moral, intellectual and spiritual plane, it declares that it is the universal law of things, that the infants' moral darkness must precede its light, that its moral ignorance must unavoidably exist before its wisdom; that the relative must precede the absolute; that barbarism preceded civilization; that animalism preceded barbarism; that intellectual death went before intellectual life; that evil preceded good; that in the history of the race, sorrow has preceded joy, and that night time has always gone before day time. In the garden of each life the appearance of the briers always precedes the appearance of the roses.

Concerning the power of the secretly marked race to outgrow the night time of its social, moral and intellectual parentage, Darwin insists that the fact that man has already risen to this lofty summit, gives and "One More Unfortunate." Be this as man "hope for a still higher destiny in the it may, ever since the hour when I was in- distant future." The parents of such secretly of the hirth of the child of the laughmarked children as see in are therefore the most cruel of human monheld visions of facts and occurrences in the sters, because as parents they would not world which is beyond the province of our comply with the simple, happy, moral, concorporeal senses. Mesmer had acquired the jugal condition whereby the children should art by which the external faculties may be not be handicapped in the universal effort to suspended in their specific functions, and rise to a higher destiny. others after him produced in their subjects Is it any wonder that we find in some of the peculiar manifestations of seership now tliese secretly marked ones a definite herediknown as clairvoyance and clairaudience. tary incapacity for moral willing? An excess of impulse, an impairment of moral will in some form or the other. Deformed in body It is hardly necessary now to explain the and mind, the poor little things exist as the further advance in this direction, how that it result of the irresistible desire of men and has advanced, and how that it has been found women for amorous conquests, utterly indepossible for unbodied souls to make thempendent of affection, love, intelligence, moral selves perceived and their communications experience, or permanent conditions of joy. understood by susceptible individuals who are Poor, helpless, tender children! But all of still ablding with the tenement of flesh. It is them are not in the insane asylums. All are a faulty way of reasoning to assume that not deformed. Hundreds of thousands of these manifestations are altogether frauduthem are beautiful, so beautiful. Lilles are lent, because many of the supposed comthey that have sprung up through the mud munications and the extraordinary pheof lust to greet the sun, eyes glinting with laughter, black as gleams of tourmaline, or nomena connected with them have been so found for counterfaiters alblue as turquoise summer skies. The deliways ply their art in relation to things in cate pink of sea shells is in their rounded actual existence. Indeed, if we were to supcheeks, lips tiny, curved and red with innopose that every one has an instinct of his fucent kisses, forcheads rounded and white and ture destiny, it might be inferred that those full of the promise of genius, bodies frail who disbelieve in a life beyond the present and delicate as stems of Alpine flowers. But were individuals in whom was no divine soul. they must bear on and on through the years no germ of immortality. Certainly it is a until their hair is curled in silver the secret waste of energy to reason with those who are mark of the asps within their bosoms, asps not willing to be convinced, and there are that were cruelly placed there, in sly chuckles of Bacchic laughter by their parmany persons who seem to be morally and mentally incapable of believing. There are ents, asps that shall secretly bite them and those who think spiritually and regard the poison their hopes and joys and dig their real causes like Plato, and those who affect fangs into their brightest hours all through the materialistic methods of Aristotle. the long, sad epochs of their lives. "I can see a man and I can see a horse," says Antisthenes to Plato, "but manhood But God, the infinite father, the paterna and horsehood I do not see." The philosopher replied, "Because you have the eyes which see a man and a horse, but the eyes which mind of divine love, has exercised a kindlier see manhood and horsehood you do not pos-

of an actual constructive mental power. By the aid of, this constructive mental power (all latent within the depths of the psychological foundations of the little one's nature) the child may hope to reconstruct a higher and kindlier destiny for itself. This spark of this divine, psychological, reconstructive power

would enable the child to finally overcome all sin, error, sickness and suffering. The psychological, reconstructive spark is the one seed of the divine mind, by which the child (through the knowledge of the truth concerning its latent mightier nature) may save itself from the curse inherited from its parents. All things for improvement are possible with God. Behind the mistakes, the errors and the cruelties of ignorant civilizations and unavoidably ignorant parentage and woe, are the truths and greater mercies and power of the Paternal Mind.

GOD IS ALL AND IN ALL.

Great is the mystery of being, and inscrutable the source Of life and love, and that omniscient power

c, which creates all forms and rules the universe. Deific,

Incarnate, this omnific power, in nature's diverse being. Supplying all, sustaining all, the One omni-present and all-seeing.

All is God and God is All, the All in All, everywhere, Life, love, law, the truth, the light, the way, whose love and care,

whose love and care, Linking and relating all in One, gives each His life to share.

And thus God, incarnate, fills the realms of

boundless space, No vacuum is, and nothing void, but all both in time and place, Divinely ordered and replete in life, in form, in power, in grace.

In Him we live and move and have our be-ing; He All and in All-Nature's God-both fold and shepherd is, of strong and weak, of great and small.

And, as we have many members in one body, And, as we have many memoers in one body, which are, by wise control.
 Linked, part to part, in just relations, with one mind and one soul,
 Likewise, in God's universal plan, all are but parts of the boundless whole.

H. W. Finson.

A Wisdom from Everlasting.

Alexander Wilder, M. D.

A century and a half ago Immanuel-Kant the distinguished metaphysician and exponent of the Transcendental philosophy made the following prediction:

"It will be proved in the future that also in this life the human soul stands in an indissoluble communion with the immaterial beings of the Spiritual World; and that it produces effects in them and in exchange receives impressions from them, without, however, becoming humanly conscious of them, so long as all stands well."

It would seem that while the great Konigsberg philosopher was giving forth this declaration, it was already on the way of being fulfilled. Emanuel Swedenborg held discourse with spiritual beings and while in trances be-

UNBODIED SOULS.

that there are spiritual beings of the region beyond this present world of externality, and that certain of them are more or less fluenced by individuals still living, and are moved accordingly to communicate tangibly with those who are capable of perceiving their messages.

NO. 14

PROPHECY.

"It is very probable," says Helnrich Jung-Stilling, "that the inhabitants of the invisible world, and especially good angels and spirits, read in the tablets of Providence, and are thus able to know at least certain future events. So much is clear from all credible information from the invisible world, that everything which takes place in the material world is previously arranged there, and that thence the whole human race is governed-yet in such a manner that the will of man is not under compulsion."

Bunyan has also aptly described how spirits instill thoughts into the mind. His Pilgrim while in the Valley was beset by a malignant demon. "One of the wicked ones got behind him and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemics to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind." Many of the thoughts that "bolt in" as Paine expresses it, have evidently their origin from beyond our own individuality. We also in analogous ways transmit our thoughts to others telepathically, and in turn are receptive of theirs, sometimes as being originally our own, and sometimes as inbreathed, or even as spoken audibly by them.

WE ARE ALL SPIRITUAL BEINGS

Dickens has written of the dark and unknown sea that surrounds the world. He also depicts the little Paul Dombey when dying as seeming to himself to be floating away upon a rapidly-flowing river to that sea, and beholding his deceased mother at the shore with a luminance around her head. This description is more than romance or phantasy. We are all spiritual beings, and each of us has, as the apostle declares, "a physical body and a spiritual body." Our physical organism does not bound or circumscribe our consciousness. We perceive objects and persons at a distance. Our spirits actually intermingle with the spirits of other individuals.

There is a counterpart of this in external The gases intermingle without any nature. perceptible addition of bulk. A bag full of exygen will permit the introducing of hydrogen in quantity equal to what would be admitted if it had been entirely empty, and after that it will allow in like manner a volume of nitrogen.

HUMAN BODY AN OMNIBUS.

When Dr. Holmes suggested in his work, "The Guardian Angel," that the human body instead of belonging to a single individual, may really be an omnibus in which are many passengers, he was far from uttering an absurdity.

It is by such an intermingling of spirits that we obtain conscious perception of persons and occurrences at distant places, events of the past or such as may be impending. We are never alone; but are "compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses." The "sea" which Dickens has so expressively termed it,

man was made to mourn, that there's nought but care on every hand, beside much else of the like sort. Don't listen to it; don't you believe my friend, whosoever you are. It is a sick fancy and has no relation to the sunshine of Not a bit of it, and we ought to get God. rid of every vestige of the sad and the dreary.

Why, the things we have grumblingly been sputtering about as bringing grief have the opposite influence. Men say the world is so great it fills them with awe. Millions of suns are revealed by one reflection of the camera. So much the better, so much grander the dream of our journey through the skies as we pass from world to world in the countless ages, as a bird flies from bough to bough.

Then men are driven with toil like slaves we say. Yes, but who is responsible for this? Cannot men assert their manhood and plan for leisure, and plan to wipe out poverty and crime? We talk as if we were helpless in the presence of sin; we are not, there is not a wrong that cannot be righted at once, if we would allow manhood to reign. It is true that we can save children from being driven to the factory. We can send them to school, and we can withdraw the millions of dollars we expend for drink and for the maintenance of armies and navies, and we can apply these vast funds to the health and instruction of the young and for the common comfort of the

You say men will not do it. Why won't they? This present course of greed and grab is unsatisfactory every way. It spoils the music of life, it mars the poetry that haunts every hour. But we can be drawn out of this and sent upon our way rejoicing.

I know talk does not seem to make much impression on a state of mind that is like a coal-barge run ashore and sticking in the mud. But I have seen the brave little tugboat come to its rescue, and with the long hawser get hold of it-and then pull, pull,

ing, Bacchic troubadour, I have never, save when maddened by wine, been able to enjoy the merriment of the enjourean society man. For, considering the habits of its parents, I knew that the child of my jovial society troubadour would be secretly marked by a

disposition-if it lived-which would whirl it into long years of suffering, tears, moral shipwreck, and secret shame.

Perhaps it was physically deformed in some way, as was Byron? Perhaps it will not live, I mused. God may take it. The majority of the race die in infancy. And the parents, through ignorance, are mostly to Then arose an unbidden vision of blame. countless millions of white baby faces. Kindly fingers had softly closed the shutters of the windows of their souls. They were all fast asleep in little black coffins, lined with silk. The languorous perfume of floral wreaths on the coffins, and the brilliancy and delicacy of the colors of the flowers was the mute antiphonal response to the hushed, tremulous harmonies of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Because they were secretly marked. they had all died in infancy.

Then I saw Pride arise, and by pointing to family records. Pride succeeded in hiding from the eyes of Society the mad, sad secrets of the heraldry of the birth of the secretly marked children. When such chil-

dren live, they often have to spend long, weary years of moral agony, forever unlearn ing the suffering, deception, evil, disease, and moral woes of the abnormal, moral tendencies cruelly impressed upon them by their parents. sometimes they die criminals, or insane as the black sheep of civilization. Well did George Sand say, "To know all is

to forgive all."

Visions like those cause us to view the forethought for the future welfare of the moral and spiritual ancestry of man from wholly new standpoints. We are led to see if there is, after all, any common sense in cruelty of its parents, the Paternal Mind and keep on pulling with all its might and if there is, after all, any common sense in cruelty of its parents, the Paternal Mind sens." main, and although it did not seem to help it the common, theoretical, religious opinion of sowed in the soul of the little one the germ We may safely consider it as fairly assured

is truly an ocean all alive and intelligent, for it consists of

INTERMINGLED SPIRITUAL ESSENCES.

We become conscious of these agencies very much as we do of objects of corporeal sense. Within the head and beneath the brain is the sensorium, composed of the striated bodies and the optic thalami. Impressions are made upon it from objects outside, by means of the nerves of special sensationthe nerves of feeling, smell, taste, sight and hearing. The impressions so obtained are carried to the brain, and the genius there enthroned transforms them into corresponding perceptions, and returns them to the sensorium to be projected as sensations, figures, sounds, colors, tastes, as the case may be.

So, too, in the case of psychic percepts. The human soul in its peculiar relations exhibits analogies to the Marconigraph. It affects other souls with its own ardor and concepts, and receives from all with which it is in harmony and sympathetic relations impressions of what they are wishing or thinking. These impressions are made upon the sensorium, and so they seem to be perceived very often, as coming from without. This means of communication extends across the line between this region of time and the interior world. Jacob in his dream saw a ladder extending into the sky and angels going up and coming down upon it, so are we in this way in direct intercourse with angels, spirits and other potencies of the invisible region.

Upon these facts the true philosophy of life rests as upon an immovable foundation. It may be "modern Spiritualism," it is certainly "A Wisdom From Everlasting."

> What if we must bear a burden? Have not others burdens, too? Look about and then be thankful That your burdens are so few. -Eva Williams Malo

BANNER OF LIGHT.

UNAVAILING.

wanned I had hard words with your art night, dear love, I know not why; se trivial word or act of yours ad roused my anger, and when I Awoke at last, my heart and brain Were smarting with the wrong and pain.

I dreamed your eyes—those tender eyes— Looked coldly, sternly, into mine, And in the accents of your voice Was no conciliating sign And yet 'tis strange I do not know What 'twas that chafed and vexed me so

Forgive me, love! I had forgot: Dreams are as treacherons as our joys, And, dreaming. I remembered not That for three years your blessed voice Had silent been, and daisles white Had hid your sweet eyes from my sight. —Anon.

Biochemistry.

"THE STONE THE BUILDERS REJECTED."

Dr. George W. Carey.

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Church." This statement, or Word, represents the creative, or formative principle defining the human organization. The twelve cell-salts of the body are stones, i.e., minerals, which in combination may be called, a rock. These minerals, or rock, attract by chemical affinity the aerial elements and by their union-chemical operation—the oil, albumen, fibrine, etc., that build up the human structure are formed and changed into bone and other tissue of the body, and thus build the Beth, of Church of God. The true Church of God is the body.

formed and changed into bone and other tissue of the body, and thus build the Beth, of Church of God. The true Church of God is the body. The alchemists of old, whom we in our blindness have imagined were religious teach-ers, understood the real meaning of the state-ments,--the human body is the Temple of the living God-and again--the Holy Ghost dwell-eth in you--and, our Father who art in Heaven. A Temple and a church or Beth (Beth-el) mean the Kingdom of Heaven is within you--and, our Father who art in Heaven. A Temple of the Living God. Originally, it was Soul of Man's Temple, or Temple for the Soul. Thus we can under-stand how the Temple of the Living God. Originally, it was Soul of Man's Temple, or Temple for the Soul. Thus we can under-stand how the Temple is built "without the sound of Saw or Hammer." "The Seers, Scientists, and Alchemists of the earth centuries of the Pisces, or water age, into which the Sun and Solar System entered 2,160 years ago, realized that for about that period the inhabitants of earth-Souls in fleah-would be a "lost race," that while the earth was down deep in the Pisces air, dense and watery, the material thought would cog-nize from the individual concept, being so environed that the Unity of being could not be realized. The mineral asits-rock foundation of the temple, the cap-stone rejected-or not yet placed in proper positio. "The mineral asits-rock foundation of the medical builders for 2,000 years or more, but are now, as the earth swings into the air (Aquarius, the age of Spiritual Man, being recognized, as the "Head of the Corner." Thus we see why the beautiful name, Bio-mister, Baits-rock of dend and dying isms and now glitters like a diamond in the crown of Truth. Biochemistry is the "Stone the

s, instead of a lack of something-a

deficiency. The chemical composition of tissue and the various fluids of the body have long been known, but until Biochemistry was introduced no practical use had been made of this knowl-cige in the treatment of the sick. The so-called science of medicine has no claim to the name science. There is a wide difference between medicine and surgery. Modern surgery has well-nigh attained perfection. Like watch-making it is purely mechanical. In anatomi-cal exactness and in instruments of precision the advance in surgery has been marrelous. While the diagnosis of disease by surgeons is many times at fault, sometimes fatally so, yet their mechanical operations are beyond critician.

yet their mechanical operations are beyond criticism. The cell-saits are Phosphates, Sulphates, Chiorides, etc., of Lime, Sodium, Potassium, Iron, Magnesium, etc., and are set free from the organic portion of food by the process of combustion, disintegration or digestion, and are thus carried into the blood, where they carry on the process of life, or chemistry of spirit, and by the law of chemical affinity, keep the human form, bodily functions, ma-terialized. The blood supplies the materials necessary for building every tissue of the body and for carrying forward every process in the opera-tion or materialization of the human organ-ism.

tion or materialization of the human organ-ism. Analysis of the blood shows that it con-tains both organic and inorganic matter. The organic constituents are sugar, fats and al-buminous substances. The inorganic con-stituents are water and the twelve mineral or cell-saits above mentioned. Of a living human body, water constitutes over seven-tenths, the cell-saits one-twentieth, organic matter the remainder.

human body, water constitutes over seven-tenths, the cell-salts one-twentieth, organic matter the remainder. Chemistry long ago demonstrated the fact that the organic portion of all vegetable tissue is formed by a precipitation or condensation of the aerial elements, the soil simply fur-nishing the mineral salts. It can be demonstrated beyond a doubt that blood is formed from the air inhaled into the lungs, and carried through the arteries—i. e., air-carriers,—the ancients gave them the cor-rect name—and by transudation into the sur-rounding tissue builds up or materializes the human temple. The food taken into the body serves, first, as fuel, and by combustion and disintegration and fermentation sets free acids that serve as carriers for electro-mag-netic force which furnishes the motire power to circulate the blood and carry on the process of breathing. Second, food contains the mineral or cell-salts which are set free by digestion or com-bustion of the organic portion of food, and enter the blood through the delicate absorb-ents, where they unite with the air and by the wonderful process of life-chemistry form blood. Blood is composed of cells which pass by transmosis into the tissue. When we realize that there is as much matter thrown out of the body in twenty-four hours as is taken into it, we see that flesh is not formed by the food we eat. Oil taken into the stomach cannot possibly reach the tissue as oil, simply because it passes through a metamorphosis from the

a matter thrown out of the body in twenty-four hours as is taken into it, we see that flesh is not formed by the food we eat. Oil taken into the stomach cannot possibly reach the tissue as oil, simply because it passes through a metamorphosis from the action of, gastric juice, bile, and pancreatin. To strengthen this position the following extract is offered from Farmers' Bulletin, No. 23, U. S. Department of Arriculture, by W. O. Atwater, professor of Chemistry in Wessleyna University:— "The function of the fats and oils is essentially the production of animal heat and energy. It is not probable that notable quantities of the fats and oils consumed in the food become a part of the fatty tissues of the food become a part of the fatty tissues of the food become a part of the fatty tissues of the food become a part of the fatty tissues of the set which we eat, is that of butter, and yet there is no deposition of fat in the human body, as a tissue, which resembles in its chemical form the peculiar character of butter fat.—The oils which exist in vegetables are also an important article of fat diet, and yet the fats of the human body are not identical, in any sense, with the oils of the regetables. Even in the case of cannibals, it is quite certain that the fat they eat does not become, in any way, a portion of the fat tissues. But until it is shown how orranic substance can enter the blood at all, I must contend that blood is formed direct from the air inhaled. The true scientist says, with Emerson: "I will proclaim that I believe to be true today, though it contradicts what I have advocated all my life." The true thing alone is orthodox. Error is not sanctified by age. The science of Biochemistry will completely overthrow the germ or microbe theory of diseased persons are the product of decaying or disintegrating organic matter that has left its vital course, and in finding its way to some orifice of the body ferments and thus becomes vitia course, and in finding its way to some orifice of the body ferments an

swamps or sognant pools, and not the decay-ing organic matter breathed directly into the circulation from air overcharged with water on account of high temperature. When the chemical formula of blood is thus broken a non-functional tissue is the result—i. e.—the oil, albumen, etc., that should be formed by a proper arrangement of aerial elements, is only partially formed and quickly commences to disnitegrate and form heteroplasm which swarms with microbes. These germs or bacilli are the product of unbalanced blood, and not the cause of anything. Cold, dry air cures yellow forer, cholera or ague, chills and fever. These conditions are all caused by high temperature which over-charges the blood with water taken into the air-carriers, arteries, through the lungs. Dry air—cold air is dry air—furnishes an extra ing organic matter breathed directly into the charges the blood with water taken into the air-carriers, arteries, through the lungs. Dry air-cold air is dry air-furnishes an extra supply of oxygen to the blood, and eliminates the excess of hydrogenoid gases or water. The Blochemic materia medica prescribes Sodium Sulphate, a mineral sait found in all foodstuffs, for all conditions caused by an excess of water in the blood. Each molecule of these cell-saits has the atomic weight to extra two molecules of water and eliminates the blood and system. No one, therefore, can have the symptoms called ague, cholera, or yellow ferer whose blood is properly supplied with the Sulphate of Soda, no matter how many germs of mi-crobes may assail him. Germs, bacilli, microbes, swarm through all nature. They are ominpresent life in operation, the process in life's chemistry. They adhere to mem-branes in unhealthy conditions, but do not effect healthy tissues or jaices. Decaying while the process of disintegration goes on, feed upon it, disapiear with it, and return to the elemental substances or gases from while the elemental substances or gases from while the elemental substances or gases from while the elemental is bot more is a deficiency in a cer-tain cell-sait, the organic matter dependent of that particular sait is not properly dif-thed or distributed, and it must be thrown out of the vital circulation. It may be proper and right for those who do not understand, to call these chemical operations Bright's_dis-saie, er catarrh (to drop down) or cancer (and right for those who do not understand, to call these chemical operations and answers will

mable the reader to grasp the fundamental principles of Blochemistry: First. What remedies are used in the Blochemic materia medica? Answer. The inorganic saits, as found in healthy human blood. Second. What is the meaning of Blochem-

healthy human blood. Second. What is the meaning of Biochem-istry? Answer. The chemistry of life. Third. Where are the norganic saits found? Answer. In all nature. In the earth, rock, soll and vegetables; in the food we eat. Fourth. Then why need we take them as medicine?

Fourth. Then why need we take them as medicine? Answer. You need not take them as medi-cine. No medicine, in the common use of the word, is or can be needed, they are taken as a food, to supply a deficiency. Fifth. Why does a deficiency occur, if the food we eat contains mineral salts? Answer. Because the digestion and assim-lation sometimes fail to set them free from the organic parts of the food, so that the absorbents can take in a sufficient quantity to keep the blood properly balanced; or some cattra demand has been made upon the sta-tem—overwork, physically or mentally, at-mospheric or electric changes, etc.—which has too rapidly consumed the vitality of the body. It is then that Blochemistry comes to the rescue.

the machine. -So many systems of so-called healing may

So many systems of so-called healing may be the means of starting the workmen in the human organism, that may have become dor-mant or misplaced, into vital action and har-monious co-ordination. But where there is an actual deficiency in the chemical constit-uents that form the chemical base of the blood, they cannot be supplied by any means except the actual deficient material. All sys-tems of healing are good in their time and place to start dormant energies or cell-salts out of proper molecular combination, but when an actual deficiency occurs, as in hun-ger, no science of healing, divine, or Chris-tian, or montal, will supply the deficiency, ex-cept thraigh and by the operation of the law of chemistry, i. e., intelligence operating with material. material.

material. Christian Science recognizes Jesus of Naza-reth as an example of truth. When this great teacher found hungry people he multiplied the-loaves, and he sometimes used the cell-salts to cure disease, as in the case of the healing of the blind man by applying soil, which contains the mineral salts, to the eyes. Biochemistry is the "stone the builders have rejected and must yet become the head-of the corner."

the corner." A shadow cannot be removed by chemicals; neither can diesense be removed by poisons. There is nothing (no thing) to be removed in either case; but there is a deficiency to be supplied. The shadow may be removed by supplied. The shadow may be removed by shadow.

supplying light to the space covered by the sinadow. So symptoms, called disease, disappear or cease to manifest when the food called for is furnished. Prof. Virchow, in his lecture on Cellular Pathology, says (see lecture 14): "The cells of the organism are not fed, they feed themselves." The absorption of - matter into the interior of the cells is an act of the cells themselves." The absorption of the cells themselves." Thus we see that the cells are intelligent organisms, and can choose their own nourish-ment. This being the case, how foolish, if not criminal, to place only poisonous agents within their reach. Hilving learned that disease is not a thing, animate or inanimate, but a condition due to a lack of some inorganic constituent of the blood, it follows naturally that the proper method of cure is to supply the blood with that which is lacking. In the treatment of disease the use of anything not a constituent of the blood is unnecessary, and to give poi-son to a sick person is simply barbarous and inhuman. True, many have survived it; but equally many have been hurried to their graves. graves. Biochemistry would seek to ascertain what is lacking, and supply it in just the form needed. This science is in perfect harmony with the chemistry of life operating in each human organism, and cannot antagonize any phase of higher thought. Mind or mental curces, Christian or divine science, suggestive therapeutics or magnetic heafing, must all operate according to the divine law (life chemistry), or not at all. The operation of wisdom has many names, but the chemical process is one. nisoom has many names, out the chemical process is one. The not claimed that the inorganic or cell-alita possess any magical curative power, Let the sick bear in mind there is only one way to be cured or restored to health, and there is only one of the boot and the end of the boot. The the natural way, i.e., nature's method of materializing flesh, bone, blood and the end of the boot. The boot called does not cure; it simply and the boot of the boot of a nerre paint for the constituent parts of the blood on the rest of a nerre paint for a constituent parts of the blood on the rest of the so-called diseases for which they are recklessly prescribed and the mineral constituents-tissue builders-the ane not constituents is of the blood on the are worse than the so-called diseases for which they are recklessly prescribed and the mineral constituents is of the cells of flesh. The difference in the cells, muscle of flesh. The difference is not constituents as the other the broken from a tree, we know it was carried up through the physiology of the tree to build up a new branch. No one which of hoeus poeus or legendemain-for his tree which a poloson or injecting beneath its is a nameless lymph, wherein sports the tree bacilli and all prevailing microbe. The cause and cure of disease was never whom until the Sun of Blochemistry shed its ight to the dwellers in the darkness of med-ical error. Before its refugeent rays poisons process is one. It is not claimed that the inorganic or cell-

ee away. Disease is now she deficiency instead of The aged and infirm rejoice and hope comes to dwell in their habitations. Huxley, Vir-chow, Liebig and Shuessier laid the founda-tion broad and deep upon which is now being reared the fair temple of Scientific healing.

Banker and Printer.

J. Andy Werts.

CHAPTER XIV.

The storm was still raging, but it had no terrors for us now. We felt secure in our shelter, a haven of rest after our terrible battle with the elements. A change had come over Hamlet. He was no longer the gloomy, distant and mysterious individual that we had known him is times gone by.

"You may be surprised," said he, "when I tell you that I have plenty of money right here in my pocket," and he drew forth a roll of bills. Cy as well as myself was greatly surprised. We had always regarded him as a shiftless tramp.

tramp.

We had always regarded him as a shiftless tramp. "I have not been without money in ten years," said Hamlet. He then informed us that he never spent a cent for railroad fare, preferring to travel on foot, and he never spent a dime for a lunch unless he was able to first earn the dime. Then we began to talk over our plans for the future. "Let's start a delly paper," said Cy. "All right," replied Hamlet. "I have five hundred dollars to invest in the enterprise." And then we organized the Evening News Printing Company. The next day the owner of the office came to see us. We succeeded in leasing the plant for twelve months with the privilege of pur-chasing the same at any time during that period.

chasing the same at any time during that period. Inside of ten days the first number of the paper was issued. We made it a newspaper. Our sleepy contemporaries predicted death for the new paper. There was no room for it. The field was occupied. It would be a burden upon the public, and so forth. Then these same papers decided to pretend that there was no such paper as the Evening News. But somehow the people became ac-quainted with the fact that there was such a paper, and they wanted it. Boys also know a good thing when they see it and they swarmed around the side door in the alley and scrambled and fought as all newsboys which can be speedily converted into cash. The paper was a success from the first—a phenomenal success, it appeared to some people. I was the editor, Cy the foreman of the office and Hamlet was job printer and pressman. The paper treated all alike. The local department bristied with personal para-graphs and hundreds of poor, but honest per-sons saw their names in print for the first-time. The highly respectable—that class of people

local department bristled with personal para-graphs and hundreds of poor, but honest per-sons saw their names in print for the first time. The highly respectable—that class of people whose comings and goings had been duly noted in the old and highly respectable papers of the place for years, were shocked when their names appeared in the same columns with their plebeian neighbors. And when the News published the facts connected with some mis-demeanor or crime in which one of these, re-spectables might figure as principal or acces-sory, they were more shocked than ever. The names of these well-to-do people had become sacred. Money must be respected. The poor man had always been the legitimate victim. But when the News treated the rich man just as it treated the poor man, when it as-sumed the ground that a man is a man re-gardless of real estate titles; that money adds nothing to a man's moral character and that true nobility is inherent only in moral in-tegrity, it was denounced as a vite sheet that ought to be suppressed by law. I I often thought of the old times. I wond-ered what had become of my old friend, James Farrender. And there was not a day when the name of Elsie Mendon was not in my mind. More than once had I decided to write her. I 'was anxious to acquaint her with the fact that I was on the high road to success. But, as often, I relinquished the idea. We had agreed that correspondence would be of no material benefit, that we would await developments. The social gulf that the other we might meet upon common grounds. I did not dare to entertain the thought of doing anything that might in any way compromise her in her social rela-tions. The News had passed its first anniversary. It was now on a solid basis, We had made

ions. The News had passed its first anniversary. The News had passed its first anniversary. It was now on a solid basis. We had made money. Humlet had an occasional fit of mel-ancholy and upon one or two occasions had an attack of "tramp fever," as Cy called it, and it was with difficulty we persuaded him to remain. Cy was contented and happy. But notwithstanding my success I was un-happy and often wretched. My desire to see Elsie had increased to such an extent I knew not a moment of comfort. I was alone in the editorial room at the close of the day's work. Cy came in for a chat.

chat. "I've just been thinking of Sandy," said-Cy, meditatively. "Good-hearted, whole-souled man. He is as honest and as true as

NOVEMBER 28, 1908.

"Is it to be one of those long engage

ments?" I inquired. "Til be a married man in just two weeks from today by the watch. And I want both of you fellers to come to the infair. I'm goin' home to fix up things. I built a fine home on that forty of mine since you was there last. Got it all finished and fixed up in apple ple outer."

Got it all dinished and ixed up in apple pie order." We promised to attend the reception. "And, boys, we will have a grand supper and then dance all night; how's that for high 5 asy, I almost forgot to tell you, they had a high old time at the old man's night before last. They called it a per- no, re-Say what is that word? Yes, reception, that's it but it was a sight like a dance to me. I kept sort o' shady most of the time. Was in the laundry room with Glorianna and we got strend a big supper, late in the night, and marched into a big room. The fiddler sawed away for dear life and a feller thumped away of elers played on horns, and the deuce only knows what all they did play on. Around and around they marched, like soldiers. The men had on sharp talled coats and white seem to have on much of anything-nothing at all from the lower part of their shoulders than me and Glorianna had. Say, Mark, that same Englishman was there, with his hair parted in the middle. The same one that used to come to see Elsie, you remember him, dot't or the solution of the findler sawed and the one is the solution of the support.

parted in the middle. The same one that used to come to see Elsie, you remember him, don't you? I answered in the affirmative. "Well, it's all over for him now. Tell you how it was. I and Glorianna went up in the place where they keep the flowers—a regular greenhouse up stairs. We heard somebody comin' so we just slipped behind some big plants and took a seat. In comes Elsie and that Englishman. They talked a long time and we heard every word. He told her a whole lot of stuff I can't remember. He said he had come across the wide sea to see her: that he loved her better than he did his life and that without her he didn't want to live a day longer. And then Elsie talked some. She told him she liked him very much as a friend, but she could not marry him. She wouldn't marry anybody she didn't love. Then he said he would blow his brains out, and the fool pulled out a little pistol. Elsie squared up to him like a man and told him to put it away or she would call the police. And then he cried. After a bit they got to talkin' and went down stairs. Mark, I thought of you all the time they ygas havin' that pow wow. I knew more tilm two years ago that Elsie wouldn't marry him even if he has a title. But let me tell you somethin', Mark. I know one man she would marry if she got the chance, and that's you." Sandy's conversation was growing interest-ing. I ventured to inquire how he came into possession of information that would war-rant him in making such a positive state-ment.

rant him in making such a positive state-

rant him in making such a positive state-ment. "Maybe it aint fair, but I'll fell it anyway. I overheard her tell the old man how the land laid the next morning after that. big blow out. The old man was worked up. He was crazy to be that Englishman's father-in-law. 'Pears the noodle head went to the old man and told him Elsie wouldn't have him. Then the old man wanted to know why. At first she wouldn't tell. But he got ugly and demanded a reason. Elsie's got some temper of her own and she said she would die before she would marry a man she didn't love. She didn't love the Englishman and there was only one man she did or ever could love. The old man got maddern' ever and wanted to know his name. She was oblegged to tell him and she did. She said you was that man."

that man." I had became a trifle nervous. I had became a trifle nervous. Sandy paused for a moment, then resumed his sub-

paused for a moment, then resumed his subject. "What did the old man say? He said she could marry you if she wanted to, but she would never get one cent of his money if she did. And then she cried like everything. I tell you I felt awful sorry for both of you. Well, it's about train time and I must be off. No, can't stay over night. Got to get home and git things ready for the weddin'. So, good bye. Don't fail to come." With a hearty shake Sandy passed out of the door and disappeared around the next street corner. Sandy had only told me what I already knew-what I had known from the time that we met in the park, aye, even from the time

knew-what I had known from the time that we met in the park, are, even from the time of our first meeting in that dingy printing office. The only thing for me to do was simply to do nothing. Meeting Sandy was the next best thing to meeting Elsie herself. I had noticed a change in Cy's manner. He was more cheerful than usual. He went about his work whistling or softly humming some old love song. And 1 had noticed letters addressed in a little fine handwriting to Mr. Cyrus Manning that came in the mail delivered at our office. One day the endelivered at our office. One day the en-velope was much larger than usual. "Might as well make a clean breast of it."

said I. "Do you remember that face?" "Certainly I do. That's the young lady we met at old Sammy Jones' wake." "Correct, and her full name is Lena Per-kins, and she has promised to be my wife." "You, man! Why you take my breath." I

crystallizing carbon of dead and dying isms and now glitters like a diamond in the crown of Truth. Biochemistry is the "Stone the builders rejected."

All human organisms are evolved, formed

or Truin. Biochemistry is the "Stone the bullders rejected."
All human organisms are evolved, formed, or, in other words, materialized, by and through the operations and processes of the one unchangeable haw of life which manifests through the law of chemistry.
So, then, to the student of the chemistry of life, now well known by the name of "Biochemistry," it is plain to be seen that all human beings are, and of necessity must be, governed by the same law of health.
A deficiency in some of the-chemical constituents used by the Infinite to materialize the human organism, produces pains or unpleasant conditions, which have for ages been believed to be entities; so the doctors have named them according to the locality in the organism where the deficiency manifests. Not finding any sensible names in their own or modern language by which to designate the disturbance, they have used Greek and Latin, knowing but few people would understand the meaning of the terms.
The cell-salts, of which there are twelve, affinity keep the human form, bodily functions, materialized. When a deficiency occurs in any of these workers through a nonassimilation of food, poor action of liver or digestive process, dematerialization of the body commences which has been termed diseases. So disease is a deficiency in some of the chemical constituents that carry on the affinity keep the buman form, bodily functions, is the cause of every disease that affinits the race. The different symptoms manifested in disease, to which medical sciences in the past has given names without end are produced by the same identical cause, namely, a deficiency in some of the chemical indication.

ts of the blood. The microscope, the spectroscope, the X-* y, and liquefied air have made (t-possible determine the agents that are deficient in man blood when it is in a diseased condi-a. The scientists of the world long includ in vain for this remedy, because y apposed that disease was caused by

.0

-I was going to say the angels in heaven. You can bank on every word he says, and—" "The-great Jehosophat! If this haint Cy and Bert! God bless both of you." Sure enough it was Sandy. He had bolted into the office and cut short the compliment being paid to him by Cy, by the hearty greeting given in his words just quoted.

CHAPTER XV. -

After giving us a vigorous hand shake Sandy began to talk. He had much to tell

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"You, man! Why you take my breath," I exclaimed, for I was surprised beyond measure. The idea of his getting married had never entered my mind. He then told me all about it. How he had written her and later had visited her at her home. It was the same old, old story, love at first sight and then the engagement ring. I thought there was too much difference in their ages, but Cy assured me that Miss Per-kins' was past thirty, though in appearance kins[•] was past thirty, though in appearance much younger.

(To be concluded.)

Disorder.

The widespread disorder of this civilization is primarily due to lack of order in the minds of the inhabitants of the planet. There cannot be order external to man while his mind is in disorder, for man images

There cannot be order external to man while his mind is in disorder, for man images forth in all things he does the perfection or imperfection of his mental state. The house that the builder builds is the connerpart in matter of the mental image of the house as it was in the mind of the architect; the pattern of the cloth that the wearer weaves, is the exact correspondence of the mental pattern formulated; and so on. The rich blame the poor; labor antagonizes capital; the people blame the politicisms, sind vice versa, but in this useless stiffe, the real cause of all the troubles of humanity is lost sight of, and that is that 'he that thinketh an evil hath aircady committed it." The enemies of human beings are within their own minds, and they are ignorance, pre-judice and greed. They are simply fighting the effects of their mental inharmonies, and permanent prosperity, happiness and content-ment cannot be until the mind is orderly. The symphony of Love will charm the World when each individual member of the Universal Orchestra has put in time his own instruming.-Lucy A. Mallory in The World's Advance Thought.

Love the world and the world will love you. The more love we have the broader, straighter and smoother the Path-the more of omniscience and omnipotence we have.

NOVEMBER 28, 1908

Constipation Needs a Cure.

A simple relief only is not sufficient, espe-of safts, aloes, thubard, or some similar pur-pative or cathartic. They temporarily relieve to they weaken the bowels and make the condition worse. In constipation the bowels require strengthening, toning, and something that will assist them to do their work natur-ally and heafthrully—fin short a tonic lara-tive of the highest order. That is what Ver-heves and permathening, it is is it both re-leves and permathenetity curies by removing the difficulty of the difficulty. It positively curies to the difficulty of the solution of their diseases which grow out of sick and clogged bowels, the tail list of ingredients goes with every postange with explanation of their action. It costs nothing to try it. A free sample boths to the asking. Verna Remedy Co., 120 Sec. ca. Building, Buffalo, N. Y. Aleading droggists self.

Items from Springfield, Mass.

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How a Woman Paid Her Debts.

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer business. In the past three months I have made \$600 selling Dish-washers. I never saw anything sell so easily. Every family needs a Dish-washer and will buy one when shown how beautifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes. I sell from my own house. Each Dish-washer sold brings me many orders. The dishes are washed without wetting the hands. That is why hadies want the Dish-washer. I give my ex-perience for the benefit of anyone who may wish to make money easily. I buy my Dish-washers from the Mound City Dish-washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them for particu-lars. They will start you in business in your own home. L. A. C. I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer

"Songs Before Unknown."

When Isaac Watts began to write hymns, he said that he wished to write "songs be-fore unknown." Every one of us has for the world a song before unknown. We do not need great genus nor uncommon powers in order to sing our song. It is in our nature. God placed it there. If we are true and earnest, it will sing itself. It may not come in what is ordinarily called music or poetry, or in anything else that attracts the attention of many. Our message to the world is not so much in one thing that we can do, as in the

Nov. 15, with an increase in numbers. The session was interesting. The usual singing and marching were followed by recitations by Florence Bonney, Susie Tonder, Marian and Hazel Ormes (new members) and Miss Nellie Bonney; solos, Mr. Fred Taylor and Miss Parker (a new member), Remarks upon the subject of the day "What are some of the laws governing Mediumship?" were made by several present. The topic of the day was given by E. B. Packard. Lyceum closed with singing.-E. B. Packard, clerk. — Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritual-ists held its regular meeting Friday, Nov. 15, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Ave., Mabel Merritt president. Geo. A. Porter delivered an interesting lecture and gave many messages. Miss Susie Clark will be the speaker Nov. 27. Business meeting 5 p. m.; supper will be served at 6; evening lecture 7.45. A cordial welcome is extended to all.-Emma E. Zwahlen, clerk, 16 Wright St., Cambridge. to all.-St., Ca

b. m.; supper will be served at e; evenue lecture 7.45. A cordial welcome is extended to all.-Emma E. Zwahlen, clerk, 16 Wright St., Cambridge. Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Spiritual Conference, Nov. 15 at 11 o'clock-largest at-tendance of the season. Subject, "Marriage and Divorce," was ably discussed by the fol-lowing speakers: Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. E. S. Allen, Mr. Greives, Mr. A. F. Hill, Rev. Geo. Brewer, Prof. Henry, Dr. Brown, Mr. Bake-strau, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Jax-ter, Miss Sears, Madame Carbee, Mrs. Wil-kinson. Mediums and speakers taking part in spiritual meetings during the day were Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Brooks, Mr. McCullough, Madam Girard. Music, Novelty Trio; Prof. Terrill, soloist; Mrs. Grover, organist. Circle every Tuesday p. m., Wednesday evenings, and services every Thursday at 2.30. Mrs. Wilkinson's twelfth anniversary, Sunday, Dec. 6, after-noon and evening, with a fine program.--Reporter. Armory Hall, 67 Warren St., Roxbury.--Nov. 15 meetings were held all day and were interesting to the large audiences that at-tended Morning circle 11 a. m. Sunday school meeting 12.30. We are proud to say that in-terest in this meeting is increasing very rapidly. Afternoon and evening services were held at 3 and 7.30 p. m. Mediums assisting were Mrs. Edmunds, Mr. Marston, Mr. Clarke, Dr. Huot, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Craus, Mr. Mason, Miss Strong and Mrs. Strong.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It seethes the child, softens the guns, allays all pain, cures wind collc, and is the best remedy for Diar-rhoes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Anti-Vivisection Society.

EXHIBIT AT ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

The Anti-Vivisection societies of this and other countries are preparing for an Exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition next year. The project is under the management of the In-ternational Anti-Vivisection Society, head-quarters in Chicago, whose Secretary and Treasurer, Judge E. L. Spence, of Tolwea, Ill., is now actively engaged in arranging the details. Mr. Spence has the sympathy and co-operation of such well-known and active. humane workers as Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wil-cox, Mrs. Lydla A. Irons, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, Mrs. E. Irene Rood, Mrs. C. E. White, Pres. H. O. Houghton of the Mary-land Anti-Vivisection Society, Mr. J. M. Greene of the N. E. Anti-Vivisection Society, Miss M. J. Carr, American Anti-Vivisection Society. The Anti-Vivisection societies of this and

Ind Anti-Vivisection Society, Mr. J. M. Greene of the N. E. Anti-Vivisection Society. Miss M. J. Carr, American Anti-Vivisection Society. No pains will be spared to make the ex-hibit a success. Life-like models of animals under Vivisection will be displayed, as well as actual instruments used in that practice, and an abundance of literature on all phases of the subject. A resting, room for frienda especially interested will be furnished. The management will make efforts to provide an attendant, able to converse in French and German, and appropriate literature in those languages will be supplied. The subject of humane education, especially for the young, will find a place in this exhibit, as its pro-moters are confident that by that means only the greatest progress in anti-cruelty work of whatever kind can be made. Such an Exhibit, rendered attractive with humane pictures, free literature, etc., will necessitate a considerable outlay of money; therefore all friends of the cause, in all parts of the world, are earnestly invited to con-tribute. Years ago a small anti-givisection booth, established at the Chicago World's Fair by Mrs. Fairchild Allen, created so great an interest as to result in a wide corre-spondence and the rapid growth of the Illi-nois Anti-Vivisection Society. The proposed exhibit, therefore, cannot fail to greatly ad-vance the cause. All contributions and pledges should be sent to Secretary Spence by the ist of December, so that an estimate can be made of the resources; one-fifth of each contribution to be paid when the pledge is made, the balance to be called for when the subscriptions reach \$2,500 and the exhibit is assured. The N. E. Anti-Vivisection Society.

means shall gladly pay more in proportion to same. Persons far and near are invited to become students. Typewritten reports of regular lessons will be made when practicable and-sent to non-resident students. Price of these to the public, ten cents a copy. "He (the scholar) shall understand that the teachers will accept a fee, that he shall proportion it to the sense of benefits received and his means." All meetings open to the public. Admission

All meetings open to the public. Admission

ten 'cents A circulating library for use of the pupils is part of the plan. Gifts for this will be

value Meetings are held in Pierce Building, Cop-ley square, near Public Library, Sundays, 4

p. m. Address all communications to Emerson Union, Back Bay P. O., Boston, Mass. Care Christine Brown.

Music is a direct mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life.-Beethoven. Music brings out what of heroic lurks any-where.-Thoreau.

where.—Thoreau. There is no truer truth obtainable by man than comes of Music.—Browning. I cannot conceive the Spirit of Music as aught but Love.—Wagner.

November Announcement.

EMERSON UNION FOR IDEAL CULTURE.

The class in Exoterics is conducted by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, the general topic for study being Human Culture, According to Nature's Laws. The class in Esoterics opens in December, the inspiration for its study being found in the Emerson Centenary Souvenir Card's quotations. For sale by the Union, 25 cents

The General class is conducted by Chris-

The General class is conducted by Chris-tine Brown. Classes meet every Sunday at four o'clock, Room 46, Pierce Building, Copley square. Sevice for healing through Music, Sun-days, Grom 12 to 1, Room 46, Pierce Building, Copley square. Week-day classes will open as the demand for them is made. Class-work will be con-ducted wherever the number of students ap-plying will guarantee it. May the Guiding Star of Trath beckon all to some effort of realization, and with Music's kindly help, send a wave across the lands for Truth, Health and Justice. The union will be addressed during the sea-son by the following friends to its work and spirit:

spirit Mr. B. O. Flower, Founder of the Arena,

Mr. B. O. Flower, Founder of the Arena, Lecturer and Author. Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Physicist and In-ventor, Tufts College. Prof. D: L. Maulsby, Doctor of Literature, Tufts College. Mr. M. Woodbury Sawyer, Metaphysician. Mr. Homer B. Sprague, Author and Lec-turer.

turer. Mrs. E. J. E. Thorpe, Teacher and Author, and others who will be announced in connec-tion with the weekly reports of the Emerson Union.

Many mothers administer Piso's Cure when their children have Spasmodic Croup.

Good News.

One of the truly progressive and spiritual societies of our state will be found in the city of Marlboro, holding meetings in G. A. It, hall on alternate Sundays from October to May and a week evening monthly supper and social. The society is well officered by repre-sentative men and women of Marlboro and occupies a high standing among the religious and social organizations of that city. Its membership is composed of men and women who not only believe in unity of action but endeavor to carry their belief into uniform practice. This organization is one of the few that have abolished the door fee at their Sun-day meetings, which is notably a move in the right direction, the expenses being met by subscriptions and collections. Those who are fortunate enough to be called to the Marbhoro platform always find a warm and cordial welcome awaiting them and undoubtedly are recipients of the power emanating from the high and noble impulses of these hospitchle meonle. The reason is

The introductory quotations shall serve as a text for mutual effort in making it a reality, in Boston, that in one city, at least, the public may know where it can go for Music's healing balm. (Heal, to make whole.) Bubscriptions to further this Ideal will be gratefully accepted. "Moral sentiment shall write the law of the land." For printing and running expenses, the small fee of one dollar is asked of students, for the year. This admits to all regular class-work, yet the pupil unable to pay this sum as he can afford. Students of anily to a friendly co-operator. Persons far and near are invited to become students. Typewritten reports of regular lessons will be made when practicable and to the public, ten cents a copy. ""He the eachers will accept a fee, that he shall proportion it to the sense of benefits received and his means." "All meetings open to the public. Admission

formula is in the mind of Infipite Wisdom, or the Universal Spirit. Man cannot establish a formula for creat-ing power (or anything else), but the power of spirit working through him may formulate systems by which power can be applied in such manner as to always prove beneficial and never destructive. Everything is either power'or the expression of power, but deprive everything of spirit and everything would be vold of power. Until the formulative spirit can be better comprehended, we shall be compelled to live. in the midst of "Form." We can know but little independent of form until we can-come to know something of the spirit in, by and through which we live, move and have a being.

being. At best, man's present ability for compre-heading spirit, leaves him with but slight power to comprehend every action of spirit as little, if any, in advance of an automatic process of nature to an attempt to escape chaos and establish order.

process of nature to an attempt to escape chaos and establish order. There will yet dawn an unfoldment of con-sciousness sufficient to understand, not only the consequent results of properly applied formulas, having in view the cosmos, but also to appreciate the formulative mind which gave to the formula its power. Until then, perhaps we can do no better than to use the loose language of "Automatic processes of Nature," "Chemical Affinity," etc. An interpretation of the purpose of all power may be to properly beget and per-petunte, truly cultivate and justly respect all "Form," holding constantly in view, that by cultivation of these virtues, we are being graduated from such appreciation as is solely related to "Form and Formula" to a con-sciousness of the principle or spirit of which these have been but only a reflection.

Change or Progression.

Recently I saw advertised this subject for a discourse by one of the pastors of the city, 'Have Orthodox Ministers Changed Their Theology?" I was very much interested in the subject and would like to have heard the

The subject and would like to have heard the discourse but circumstances prevented. No matter in what phase of life we go, we find change and advancement. The idea was common in Biblical times as well as in our own time of getting some of the necessities of life out of the ground. The earth was made to bring forth fruits and vegetables to help us provide nourishment for the body. But in what a great many ways has the manner of this providing changed. Compare the imple-ments used in this work at that time and at the present time and note the great and varied improvements. And yet the funda-mental idea is the same. To obtain from the ground some of the edibles we all so much desire. desire.

As in the tilling of the soil, so in-every other avenue of life. Why should we feel that our religion should be exempt from this universal law? Of course all religions have changed. But you will find that the funda-mental truth of all is the one and the same grand old theme: The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God. No matter what the theology may be, these with the Love of God to Mankind are the fundamentals. Of course the setting of these truths are so altered to fit the various doctrines, but it is there in every one.

altered to ht the various doctrines, out has there in every one. So far as fundamentals go there has been no change and furthermore there never will be. So far as the expression of those fundabe. So far as the expression of those funda-mentals are concerned I would not give much for the theology that could not advance with the time. The old idea that although we may hail any advancement along any other line except religion is fast disappearing and we are about ready to accept any progres-sion. L. C. Merwin.

Testimonials.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Sept. 30, 1903. Having in use one of Mr. Perry's Gas Ex-tracting Syringes, I can cheerfully recom-mend it. An article calculated to benefit the

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROU AND NEVER SUSPECT IT.



An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. E. Austin of New York City.

Mrs. E. Austin of New York City. Brookiyn N. Y., Nov. 9, 1962. A little over a year ago I was taken with severe pains in my kidneys and bladder. They continued to give me trouble for over two months and I suffered uncloid misery. I became weak, emaciated and very much run down. I had great difficulty in retaining might and day. After I had used asample bottle of Dr. Klimer's Swamp Root, which you so kindly sent mediately bought of my druggist two large bottles and continued taking it regularly. I am pleased to stad on my feet all day without having any bad symptoms whatever. You are at liberty to use this testimonial letter if you wish.

Mrs. C. Qustin. 19 Nassau St.

19 Nassan St. The mild and prompt effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney, liver and blad-der remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wooderful cures of the most distressing cases. Recommended and taken by physicians, used in hospitals and endorsed by people of prominence everywhere. To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and be sure to men-tion reading this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, bnt remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the ad-dress, Binghamton, N. Y., cn every bottle.

Effect of Emotions.

I have discovered that bad and unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical products in the body which are physically injurious. Good, the body which are physically injurious. Good, pleasant, benevolent and cheerful feelings create beneficial products which are physi-cally helpful. These products may be de-tected by the chemical analysis in the per-spiration and secretion of the individual. . . . To sum it up, it is found that for each bad emotion there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body, which is life-depressing and poisonous. Contrariwise, every good motion makes a life-promoting change. A noble and generous action blesses the doer as well as the beneficiary. Every thought which enters the mind is registered in the brain by a change in the structure of its cells. The change is a physical change more or less permanent.—Professor Elmer Gates.

LT An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsle Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 35 cents.

God always opens the doors of hope when we are bowed down with grief and sorrow if we but appeal to Him. The Angels are al-ways striving to reach, teach, help, lead, direct and guide us. We fumble and stumble and faint, only as we keep our hearts and minds closed to the All Good. "Oh, Father, help me!" uttered in silent fervent prayer is all-powerful, and helps us more than a mil-lion years of thinking, theorizing and philoso-philring.—Frank Harrison.

THE MELODIES OF LIFE.

A new collection of Words and Music for the Choir, Con regation, and Social Circle. Combining "Golden Malod iss and "Spiritual Zeboes, "with the addition of thirty parts New Music. By S. W. TOOKER.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

| spirit of our hearts showing itself in all that | is assured. | emanating from the high and hobie impulses | general public, and think a more general use of such an article would be a great promoter and preserver of health. | INDEX. | |
|--|---|--|---|--|--|
| we do. Our message is our self, and because | The N. E. Anti-Vivisection Society, Per E. C. Dix, sec. | very plain why everybody is pleased | or such an article would be a great promoter | Angel Care. | Shall we know each other |
| it is our self no other human being can de- | rer E. C. Dix, sec. | to pay a visit to this well organized body, all | DR. W. H. ROTHERMEL. | | there ? |
| liver our message for us. Let us not think | A STATE OF THE OWNER | strangers within their gates are made espe- | | Angel Visitanta. Angel Friends. | Sweet hour of prayer. Sweet meeting there, Sweet reflections. |
| that we are not needed on the side of all that | The Emerson Union for Ideal | cial subjects of care and receive their un- | | Almost Home. And He will make it plain. | Sweet meeting there. |
| is good. Truth is older than the light, but | | bounded hospitality, thereby creating that | Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Oct. 17, 1903. | A Fragment. | Sow in the morn thy seed. Star of truth. |
| the revelation of truth which God makes | Culture. | harmonious atmosphere which is so requisite | This is to Certify, That my daughter was | A Fragment. A day's march nearer home. Ascended. | Star of truth. |
| through every one of us, if we let him, is | the second s | for the best results. | taken very sick last May with what the doc- | Beantiful angels are waiting. | Silent help. She has crossed the river. |
| newer than the morningEx. | I think sometimes could I only have music | | tor called appendicitis. He said that an op- | Besutiful angels are waiting. Bethany. Besutiful City. Besutiful Land. | Summer days are coming. |
| | on my own terms, could I live in a great city | 1. the services were conducted by the writer. | eration would be necessary, and that if the | Beantiful Land. | They'll welcome us home. There's a land of fadele |
| Cancer of the Breast. | and know where I could go whenever I | Large and appreciative audiences were in at- | case did not improve by the next day, he | | |
| Cantor of the Dreast. | wished the ablution and inundation of mu- | tendance, especially in the evening, when the | would call in a surgeon. We then heard of | Beyond the mortal. | They're calling us over the |
| So many people are dying of this terrible. | sical waves, that were a bath and a medicine. | hall was filled to its capacity. | My Dawn's Cas Extracting Swings and | By love we arise. Come up thither. | Tenting nearer home. |
| disease. The disease is increasing with won- | -Ralph Waldo Emerson. | May this body of true and earnest workers | were advised to get one, which we did and | Come, gentle spirits. Consolation. | Trust in God. |
| derful rapidity. Mrs. B. F. Southard, of | | long live to spread the glad tidings of liberal | operated it according to directions, which | Come, go with me. Day by day Don't sak me to tarry. | The Sabbath morn. |
| Buffalo, Mo., has recently recovered from a | Soul alone knows soul, | thought, and their efforts be crowned with | brought immediate relief. When the doctor | Day by day. | The cry of the spirit. |
| most advanced stage of this disease by the | To none but soul is soul revealed. | unbounded success. | called next day, not knowing what had been done, said it was typhoid fever, as all the bad symptoms had disappeared. In a few days she was fully recovered from the fever | Everyreen shore. | Tanting nearer home. Trust in God. The land of rest. The Subbath morn. The ary of the spirit. The ary of the spirit. The silent city. The sirver of time. The sayels are coming. The Lyreem. The say coming. |
| Oil treatment of Dr. Bye, of Kansas City, | Tr Persian. | Carrie F. Loring. | done, said it was typhoid fever, as all the | Evergreen side. | The angels are coming. |
| Mo. Mrs. Nancy F. Billings, of West Bridge- | The one condition coupled with the gift of | E. Braintree, Mass. | bad symptoms had disappeared. In a few | Fraternity. | They are coming. |
| water, Mass., was cured by home treatment. | truth is its use.—Emerson. | | days she was fully recovered from the fever | Flowers in heaven. | The happy time to come. |
| Persons afflicted should write Dr. Bye for | truta is its useEmerson. | | | Gathered Home. | The nappy by and bye. |
| 112-page, illustrated book on the treatment of | Be a gift and a benedictionEmerson. | Boston Spiritual Temple. | A short time afterwards my sister-in-law | Gentle words. | The Eden of biles. |
| cancer in its various forms. Address Dr. W. | | | was very sick after confinement, and the doc- | Gone before. Gentie words. Gratitude. Golden shore. | The region of light. |
| O. Bye, Kansas City, Mo. | AIM.' | Tast Sunday Day Devilatelah A Winda | tors, not being successful in reneving her, I | Gathered home beyond the | The Lycount. They are coming. The happy time to come. The happy type and by a. The other side. The sector of light. The shaling shore. The shaling shore. The harves! |
| | To evolve the Emersonian Spirit, and to | Last Sunday Rev. Frederick A. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, 177 | advised the use of my Gas-Extracting ma- | Home of rest. | And have been a so a second se |
| Dulada | develop, by class-work and lectures, a love | Huntington Avenue, spoke upon the subject. | chine, which was used with good results. I | He's gene. Here and there. I shall know his angel name. I'm called to the better land. | The by-as 4 hys. |
| Briefs. | for Truth, an understanding of what true | "Power of Spirit," and said "Spirit is back | can speak from my own experience and rec- | Here and there. | The Eden above. |
| | Education means, and a desire for true Liv- | of every expression of power, and every or- | ommend it to the public as a valuable instru- | I'm called to the better land. | Volces from the better land. |
| The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, | ing. | derly expression of power implies intelli- | ment, and that it will do all that is claimed | I long to be there. | We shall meet on the bright |
| of Boston, held session in Red Men's Hall, | PLAN IN OUTLINE. | gence. | ment, and that it will do all that is claimed for it. MRS. H. J. PHILLIPS, No. 21 South Sherman St. Dr. J. M. Peebles of Battle Creek, Michi- gan, an old and successful healer, says of the Perry Extracting Springe as follows: Hattle Creek Mich. June 12, 1903 | Looking beyond. | etor Walting 'mid the shadows. When shall we meet agains? We welcome them here. We 'll meet them here. |
| 514 Tremont St., Sunday, Nov. 15, at 11.30. | A class in Exoterics will study Nature | Intelligence is associated with power, even | No 21 South Sharman St | Longing for home. | Waiting mid the insdows. |
| After the lesson and the answers by the | through her symbols, or outward expression, | in its most erratic and destructive antics. | Ho, at bouth buttman be | Live for an object. | We welcome them here, |
| children which were very interesting on the | learning therefrom her laws and how to | There can be no action without power, and | Dr. J. M. Pachles of Battle Creek Michi- | My arbor of love. | We welcome them have, We ill meet them by and-type, Where shadows fall not, eve. We ill anchor in the fastber, We ill gather at the period, |
| subject, "Heaven," there were readings by | apply them. | again, every action implies thought and pur- | gan, an old and successful healer, says of the | Moving homeward. | We'll anohor in the harber. |
| Bessle Truckman, Lottie Weston, Iona Still-, | "The business of the state is the culture of | pose. | Perry Extracting Syringe as follows: | My home is not here. | We shall know each other |
| ings, Mabel Emmons, Mrs. Jones; plano duet, | the individual." | | Battle Creek, Mich., June 12, 1903. | Not yet. | there. |
| Mrs. Emerson and Jennie Tarplin; remarks, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Packard, Mr. Long, Mr. | A class in Esoterics will study what is dis- | hour an untamed element of nature, spending | Mr. J. R. Perry, | Nodesth | We'll dwell beyond them all |
| Berry, assistant conductor, and Mrs. Butler | tinctively Emersonic in the Concord Seer's | itself in anrighting the children of earth with | Wilkes-Barre, Pa. | Not yet for me. Never lost. Only waiting. Over there. | Taiting to ro. Taiting on this shore. To 're Journeying on. |
| Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec. | writings, and thus learn of the Light within. | its fantastic displays of light and rumbling | My Dear Sir:-Your letter with enclosed | Never lost. | Te Te Journeying on. |
| Fitchburg, Mass. The First Spiritualist | "The soul is the perceiver and revealer of | thunder, produced by its impact upon the at- | circulars at hand. This apparatus which you | Over there. | There we'll would haver |
| Society had large, appreciative audiences at | Truth." | mosphere, had it not been discovered by its destruction of life and property that it was a | have seems to me to be a most useful and | One woe is past. | Dires an of minis life |
| both services Sunday, Nov. 15. The subjects | Another class will study Emerson and his | Dower. | valuable addition to the surgical and other | Over the river I'm going. | Thisper us of spirit-life Falling at the river. |
| of the speaker, Mrs. Annie L. Jones of | writings. | The mishes share mould need be forther to | instruments which we now have. It ought | Oh, bear me away. | OHANTS. |
| Lowell, "Godliness with Contentment is Great Gain" and "Spiritualism as a Beligion" | A general class will study Music with a | consing no wheal to sing the sind some of | to prove invaluable in a great many difficul- | Passod on. | ome to me. |
| Great Gain" and "Spiritualism as a Religion" | view to its uses and how to apply them: and | honest industry, had man's attention not been | Wishing you unbounded success in the in- | Parting hymn. | have reared a castle often. |
| were interesting, and ably presented, supple- | also study the ways and means, methods and practises whereby right Living, true Citizen- | arrested by the phenomenon of the waterly | troduction of this instrument, I remain, | Passing the vell. | vocation chant. |
| mented by spirit messages, correctly given. | ship, true Fraternity, and Ideal Being may | power, as it supported him upon its surface | Very truly yours, | Repose. | and the strates the family |
| Mrs. Howe, planist, pleasingly rendered sev- | he realized | or with its flowing swept him to his physical | J. M. PEEBLES. | In this book are combined " G | olden Melodies" and "Seir |
| eral selections Dr. C. L. Fox, President. | On all occasions music will be invoked to | death. | 37 Beach St., Battle Creek, Mich. | tual Echoes," with the addition | on of about THINTT RAGIN |
| First Spiritualist Society of Lowell. Dr. | arreadally ananana the mind and minit for the | The thousands of wind-mills throughout the | at addition and actions actions and an | OF STATE MURIC, See 10 CONSTRAIN | A REAL PROPERTY AND A REAL |
| Geo. A. Fuller of Onset, our old time favorite | percention of Twith | land would not now be nursing at the liquid | | price is but little above that of | althar of the above sense |
| speaker, occupied the platform Nov. 8 and lectured to two large and appreciative audi- | | veins of mother-earth, bringing forth refresh- | Nothing makes the soul so pure, so re- | In this book are combined "G itsal Rehoes," with the addition of the second second second second of the second second second second in all a book of one humbred a price is best little advers that of protes. The mather has grid a | the state of the s |
| | "Go, speed the stars of Thought | ing waters for life, had the wind in its mighty | ligions as the endeavor to create comathing | and the second sec | |
| The Boston Spiritual Lyceummet in Friend- | On to their shining goals:- | sweep not demonstrated its power as it | perfect: for God is perfection, and whoever | Boards, 25 cis.; postage ! | |
| ship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, at 1.30, | The sower southers broad his seed, | mowed down forests or razed buildings to the ground. | strives for it strives for something Godlike | For sale by BANNEB OF LIG | ET PUBLISHING CO. |
| suit rant our renows panong, at riou | "Ine wheat thou strew'st be souls." | Bround. | M. Angelo. | what we are the a | |
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BANNER OF LIGHT

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE. SPRCIAL NOTION

A STATE OF LIGHT PUBLIC SING State Protocol at State S

dern for Books, to be sent by Express ed by all or as is us half cash; the bal paid C. O. D. Orders for Books. to be anfely sent by an Express Money Or-and by any of the large Express O.m.

social from THE BATHER care should be taken in between editorial articles and correspond-columns are open for the expression of imper-count, but we do not endorse all the varied funds to which correspondent im any gree utterention is paid to anonymous communications. dress of writer is indispensable as a guaranty We cannot undertake to preserve or prium

about be marked by a line drawn around the

Banner of Fight.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1903.

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and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

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A. W. Brown......President. Bring F. SymondsTress. and Bus. Man. Harrison D. Barrett.......Editor-in-Ohief.

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90 per ceut. exira for social position. Bpecial Motices forty cents per line, Minion, saya insertion. Metices in the editorial columns, large type, leaded matter, fity cents per line. Me exira charge for cuts or double columns. Width of column \$7-16 inches.

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Thanksgiving.

As a forerunner of Thanksgiving the Salvation Army girl appeared on the street with her collection box. She had a tired, cold, dumb look. We waited some time for a car on the same corner and in the same chilling wind. It made us think. We went home and, with one arm extended, held a broom for five minutes, as she held up the pole on which the collection box is fastened. During the next five we leaned 'against the wall. Then we started out to learn what the world thinks of Thanksgiving, of its observance, of the Governor's proclamations, of the public Salvation Army girl, spiritual significance of the day, etc. You may like to hear the spontaneous expression of thought just as it was given to us by a few of those whom we encountered. M. C. B.

spirit into it. We naturally give thanks. Each individual gives thanks in his own way. The old fashioned idea was that we should make it a religious festival, but to me that is not the best way to show thankfulness. The ideal way is to make others happy, and we can do that by inviting them to our homes, and offering them good food, good feeling and good spirits in abundance. It is a splendid custom to have that kind of a holiday at the end of the season-of the harvest. It, of course, started when the country was largely rural. The farmers and

their families had worked hard, had planted, cultivated and finally harvested their crops. It was natural to take a day of rest. There is a feeling, more or less, of spirituality, of thankfulness in people's hearts at such a time, and it seems very proper to have a holiday and to call it a thanksgiving day.

FREDING THE MULTITUDE. It is a day on which people should not

only have banquets and guests, but their minds should turn to the wants of those who are not as prosperous, and they should take an interest in the giving of gifts and the spreading of tables for the benefit of the poor-not necessarily those in distress only, but those who do not have the luxuries of life. One of the best things that have come

lown to us from Christ's teaching is the feeding of the multitude. More can be accomplished in a moral way with the lower lasses when they are well fed. People who are well fed are not apt to be vicious. In that respect man shows his animal nature. If his stomach is full, he is more contented. It is the hungry man, in my estimation that is naturally vicious. So I believe good dinners given to people who are poor and unaccustomed to good meals accomplish more than sermons.

COLLECTION BOXES A BLESSING

I think those people who stand on the street corners collecting money for holidey dinners are a great blessing to the "bette class" so called. They rush along with minds full of business and with no thought of the more unfortunate ones. They come up against those boxes and they are brought to their senses. They think of the other half of the world and perhaps stop to drop in a dime or a quarter. They feel better for it. I do not believe anybody ever regretted putting a piece of money into one of hose boxes.

Did you ever notice the effect of stopping in a big crowd that is coming and going, speaking to one of those women and putting some money in the box? By merely stopping you have blocked up the way. Others stop, observe you and perhaps follow suit. I have purposely stopped, put in a dime, stepped one side and watched to see how many dimes that dime drew. One time I counted ten that I believe were due entirely to the first dime.

PESSIMISM.

No, I do not think there is room in the mind of any intelligent man or woman for pessimism. Perhaps if you just take individual days, months or even years of your own life, you could be pessimistic. But those are your barren seasons, and during such seasons you should not try to bear fruit, for you could not bear good fruit and there ought not to be a market for bitter, sour, useless fruit.

If we were to keep a careful account of debit and credit on the causes for pessimism and optimism for a single month, we would find that we had so many more things to be thankful for than otherwise, that there would only be enough on the side of pessimism to account for its bare existence.

That is the way I feel about this world as a whole, and while, as I said, I do not look upon the religious side of Thanksgiving as many do, a man who is not an orthodox Christian can be thankful, and it is just as proper for an atheist, an agnostic, a Spiritualist as for a Catholic, a Protestant, a Mohammedan or the believer in any form of religion.

I repeat that I feel every man at the end of every day has more to be thankful for than otherwise.

dividuality into his proclamation), but I believe that the great mass would be dis-satisfied if the idea of giving thanks "for the biessings received" were not embodied in it. Whether from the religious instruction they have received at the age of first im-pressions or not, I do not know; certain it is that, whether athelast or agnostic, the major-ity of people received a bielet, creating. ity of people recognize a higher, creating, directing power. I shall always remember the words of Röbert Ingersoll over the body of his brother. He thought the world of that brother. He claimed to be an atheist; he was really an synostic, and his utterances of hope at that time were perhaps an indication of what every man feels-conviction in a higher power and hope of a future existence. HOLIDAY DINNERS

I certainly think the public dinners given on Thanksgiving and other holidays are beneficial. They give the children especially a great deal of satisfaction while they are going on, and afterwards satisfaction in the memory: and I am thoroughly in favor of helping to provide a pleasant and an unusual memory.

I often drop a dime into the collection boxes. They represent to me simply the method of obtaining the means, and I never thought much more about it. I don't think the mass of people do. Perhaps it is cruel to expose those women to all kinds of weather, but it had not occurred to me before. I always thought it was necessary for some body of people to reach a class that none of the organized churches can reach. Several of our denominations have started from such beginnings. After a while they make a form of their religion, and end by establishing a church and a clergyman and devoting a few hours of the week to religious observations. Then another body comes in and takes up the drag work.

My early recollections of Thanksgiving were on the farm. And there are some very pleasant memories of the coming together of the members of the different branches the exchange of thought and ideas, the relation of experiences and all that sort of thing. It certainly has left a prejudice in my mind in favor of Thanksgiving that all the rest combined never has.

A Business Man's Opinion.

As we enter the office of a typical, up-todate business man, we note the neatness and method manifested in the place and in the man. In his large roll-top desk there are no pigeon holes to accumulate dust. Instead there are numberless little drawers each bearing a label. Within reach of his hand, and quite properly labeled, there seems to be everything he can possibly want in his work, from a directory to a stenographer. The office is connected by private wire with every place but heaven (and perhaps heaven by invisible wire. Surely perfect order is a law of heaved). The Postal Telegraph and the Western Union companies respond to the turn of his hand; and as he whirls about in his revolving, chair, we feel as if we are being drawn into the wonderful world of business, and are so fascinated by a sudden realization of the immensity of it all, that we long to ask him to initiate us into the mysteries instead of opening a discussion upon the subject of holidays.

He mechanically slips his pencil back in its place, restores a little notebook to his pocket, turns upside down some paper upon which he has been making calculations, and with that rare power of concentration which comes from a thorough training, devotes his thought to the question of Thanksgiving as if it were the only thing of importance at that moment.

Yes, I believe in Thanksgiving. It gives people a chance to rest by working harder when they play than they work when they work. 4

. . . Can't say I do believe in giving the newsboys a big dinner once or twice a year, because there is not enough to go around. Of course it gives them a good time, but really it is an unjust discrimination, and it is a waste of good material. The same material

spread around, by the Army's usual methods

The work of the Salvation Army is not what many people think it is. It is not a work of words, although they do talk a great deal on the street corners, but it is a work of deeds; and they are working among a people that cannot eat words, or drink words, or sleep on words. Something has to "be doing" in order to reach them; and quietly, unac-companied by the blare of trampets, they hunt along the byways of life and administer not only to physical but mental and spicitual not only to physical but mental and spiritual needs of the common people.

I believe in giving perpetual thanks, but it is well enough to set a special time and have a special occasion for that purpose, because there are many who do not give perpetual thanks. The trouble with most thanksgiving sermons is that a pretty big dose is deal out at one time. It is about the same as the feeding; they get too much to digest in the way of mental food, as the children do of physical food.

. .

But anything that brings the people harmoniously together, reunites the family circle, brings them into friendly intercourse where there is a fraternal exchange of thought, is calculated to do good; it does do good.

One Woman's Idea.

Any holiday is good if the main thought of the people is to help others and there are beautiful, sacred home centres from which the radiations of Divine Love are beacon lights for the world. But too often the thought of selfishness is instilled into the minds of children and older people. Their whole idea is how much will we receive? instead of being imbued with the purpose of loving service for others.

The Salvation Army is doing a splendid work, but I never see one of the girls, with little, blue, pinched faces, standing in one position for hours, during the blenk, cold weather, that I do not feel like saying to her: "Go into the house. This is no fit place for you; you are jeopardizing your health, breaking yourself down, and the country needs, more than anything else, healthy men and women."

Some of the methods of the Salvation Army, I think, are wrong. I do not believe the end ever justifies the means. If all reform has been attended with the sacrifice of earth life, it is because the history of the world is the history of an undeveloped people. As we advance we need not pursue the same methods. It is not necessary to kill in order to save.

The real idealist is more practical than the man with a sledge hammer: One of the best examples of the practical idealist is Froebel. He ever kept the Perfect before the children and by the great art-unselfish loveunfolded every beautiful faculty. The same loving methods employed to teach the infant should be used to educate all people, old or young, if we would have a real reformation. The belief that reformers are pressed for time is a mistake. It is not justifiable, in order to save those in the slums to shorten the earth lives of the girls and boys of the Army. The workers in the Salvation Army are taught to disregard all comfort and physical welfare for themselves, which, to me, is wrong. The soul can never perfectly express through an imperfect organ and it is a sacred duty to be well, strong and beautiful

Reformers should take time to devise methods of work. I say, move slowly, consistently, harmoniously. Do what you can do without breaking a law. We see people everywhere hurrying, and scrambling to gratify their desires; in their mad haste really destroying the beautiful things of life-glorious men, women and children. To gain the real, to develop people in the mansions as well as in the slums, God's (Nature's) laws should ever be adhered to.

What an Insurance Agent Observes.

An agent who solicits life insurance, and collects the premiums from week to week among the industrial class, has an opportunity of observing the home life of the people from the inside. One agent remarked: As a matter of course, after a time we are taken

NUVIMBER 28, 1908.

"Father and I have enjoyed life ever sh I can remember. Of course we have our lit-ie squabbles like everybody does, but they

Son't matter a mite." She always has the monsy ready for me when I come; if she didn't she'd have a fit. She'll run and get it, and then sit down by me and talk as if I was an old friend. Sud-denly she will remember that she didn't get the books for me, and she'll flutter after them and protest: "Now just think how forgitful I am growin' to be!"

She is one of the dearest old ladies I ever met, and I love to go there.

ENTING PROMOTES SUCIABILITY.

The dinners? I think they are great. They create a good fellowship that doesn't exist in any other way. It may be a coarse observation, but there is more truth than poetry in it, that "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach". There is nothing that makes the ordinary person expand more, be more sociable, and inclined to do the right thing than to sit down to a scrumptious feast with a lot of people.

Go to a strange country where you don't know p soul. You meet one or two people and they go in somewhere with you and have dinner. You get acquainted, and talk while you eat and you feel better.

One time I was in Chicago and, to tell the truth, my funds were pretty low and I was half a mind to feel blue. I didn't know anybody, and I didn't think much of the situation. A man happened to speak to me; we got to talking, dropped into a restaurant, and had a cheap luncheon. We had a real sociable time and I know it did me good. I have never seen him since. He said he was pleased to have met me; I returned the compliment, and it connected me in a natural way with the world again.

STREET BOYS.

The Thanksgiving dinner has done a great deal for the newsboy, to my certain knowledge. There is no city in the United States today where the newsboys are so prominent as in Grand Rapids, Michigan. They have a Newsboys' Band, their own gymnasium, their free reading room. Their band is an excellent one too. There are about forty or fifty boys in it. And the Thanksgiving dinners brought all this about.

The boys are just as proud as can be of going to that dinner, and bank on it as other children bank on getting Christmas presents. Boys that never thought of washing their hands will scrub for half an hour and slick themselves up the best they know how before going to the dinner. They march in as proud as William K. Vanderbilt. They laugh and talk and have a good time, and they start out the next day with more vini and the feeling that the world has an interest in them.

The street boys appreciate the good hearty food they get, because a good many of the little shavers don't know what it is to have a good feed; but they benefit more by the sympathy and good fellowship if the dinners are carried on properly. It gives them an idea how to behave when they do go where dinners afe served. They are educated in those matters as they could be in no other way so well.

It pays to train the newsboys too. There aren't any braver or more intelligent people in the world. They know all the news of the day. On politics and governmental affairs in general they can tell you more than can half the voters of the country today. They are self educated by their wits and general observation, and they have more influence than people realize in making aldermen and mayors, in deciding the success of a play, and so on. If you want information go to those boys. They may twist the names a little, and their language may startle you, but they know what is going on.

They are cheerful and make the best of what comes to them. I remember at the time of the big snow storm in Boston, I saw two little shavers crossing the park corrying a bundle of washing. The snow was firing and it was cold. The bundle was about four times larger than the boys, and they had to set it down every few minutes and slap their hands together. But they looked up at me with a smile when I spoke to them:

"Pretty hard work, isn't it, boys?" Yes, sir, it's kind a' cold

Physician's View.

When seen at his office a few days ago, a well-known physician was found busy dispensing medicine and good cheer, perhaps more of the latter than the former to his patients. As a successful, popular member of his profession, one who is ever ready with a smile, a hearty handshake and pleasant word for all who come to him, and who takes a genuine, sympathetic interest in their condition, whether physical or mental, we indged that he would have something to say would be of value to our readers.

He welcomed the writer, and between telephone and office calls, responded to his queries with cordial sincerity, until called away to the bedside of a dying baby:-

What do I think of Thanksgiving as an institution? I think it is a fine thing to have the whole nation, as one individual, join in a great holiday. We do not have holidays They have a tendency to make enough. people hopeful, happy and checrful.

In the hurry and worry of our everyday work, we are too serious. We are inclined to drift towards pessimism; but when the holiday comes round, people throw off care, put on their good clothes, visit their friends and neighbors, rest and think of brighter things. They are more cheerful and optimis-tic around a holiday table than during the daily hurried business like meal.

THE TRUE SPIRIT.

would I proclaim Thanksgiving? sething in the same manner as it is now-claimed, only putting a little different As a Lawyer Sees It.

Lawyers are often regarded as coldblooded logicians on all subjects and devoid of sentiment, save when a display of it

serves them in addressing a jury. In reality, outside of the court room they are found to be wonderfully natural, amenable human beings.

We were admitted into the office of one who has the reputation of winning and of being, as a rule, on the right side of the case. He is a small, quick motioned, pleasant voiced man, with a keen eye and alert manner. He began his career in one of the law departments at Washington but not being able to submit easily to limitations, he escaped, took an office in the law center of Boston, and by his own efforts made his way toward the front. There is every indication that he is a man with a future. When asked his view of Thanksgiving,

he replied with a quizzical smile: If you would ask me something about law, I should feel quite at home, but as for giving thanks

in spoken prayer, I have not done it since I

was ten years old. Until then I had not gotten over the fear of God, because he was a great, big, solemn thing. I was brought up a Presbyterian. Now I am a Unitarian when I stop to put on a label. Seriously, I do not think the formulation

of prayer is necessary. I do think that in an emergency everybody does things which amount to prayer. I get into an emergency and I often receive the clearest conception of a situation. I believe it is due to the assertion of the upper brain power rather than the lower. At all events the solutions come like flashes of light.

As for holidays, they are a break in the monotony of work, and a good thing. People may talk against the manner of proclaim-ing Thankagiving, (and it might be well for each governor to put something of in-

of distribution, would go much further and do a great deal more good in relieving actual necessity.

Go on to the street and watch the crowd that comes away from one of those dinners The kids have played a grab game, and in each one's pockets are several trumpets, woolly lambs, jumping jacks and a lot of other things,-more than they need, a sur-

plus. Their stomachs are overloaded in the same way, and the next day they are sick It simply is a good thing overdone.

Such a time may possibly teach the children to attach a certain significance to the day, which later in life may make them more charitable and kind to others. But when you hear them boasting, to each other over what they got, and when you see them bartering their presents back and forth, you wonder if the right purpose has been accom plished. I question whether it reaches the

right spot in their hearts. I would a great deal rather contribute to the support of the regular, organized work, because I believe such work is doing good.

I cannot say I object to the girls standing on the corners collecting money. It is all a part of the game. There has never been any great movement of revolution or reform that did not involve the apparent reckless, needless sacrifice of comfort, health and life. Without any question, were I endowed with

sufficient time and money, I should probably try to revolutionize a great many things; but the men who are real reformers, who are at the crest of the wave, are compelled to work with the weapons they have at hand. They cannot wait until somebody comes along with

millions. If the leaders of these movements

ily troubles. 'Our calls are not made dressup affairs, and we see the people as they are n their every-day lives.

I have become great friends with one couple that carries insurance with our company. They are dear old people. She is eighty years old; he is eighty-three. I was in dry goods boxes and didn't know where there this week and she was telling me that at eighty years of age she is doing the work for five people. "Father and I," she said with a little air of confidence, "we sometimes get a little cross, but it only lasts a minute. Then we are all right again. We never did have any real trouble. I never knew what it was to want for anything to eat, and now Thanksgivin's comin' and we just wish we could do somethin' for others. Thanksgivin's our great day. My boys all come home, and we have an old-fashloned dinner: turkey and cranberry sass, and turnip and tomatoes and all the fixin's. Father's eighty-three years old, but he always carves the turkey just the same."

An old friend that he hadn't seen for years was visiting him. They had been chums when they were boys, and they just enjoyed getting together again. While I was there

they got ready to go down town, and she helped them off. "Now father," she said. "you be careful what you do today," and she fussed around them as if they were boys twelve years old. As she watched them go ing down the street, she smiled and nodded her head in a happy, motherly way: "Now those boys will have a good time today. They'll come home tired and 1 will have

somethin' nice for 'em." Then she showed me around the house. It is a really old fashioned home in the city of

Boston. There aren't any fancy things in it, but it is comfortable and cozy. When you get in there you want to take off your hat

and coat and stay awhile. They are of the common people and still they have a little

the washin' home fer mother. She's got to have the money", and they trudged along taking it as a matter of cours

That is the spirit of the American street boys today. They are impudent of course, but who wouldn't be, if he slept half the time the next cent was coming from?

I saw one of them a few days ago and asked him what he was going to do Thanksgiving:

"Going to have a big dinner." "Where are you going to get it?" "Salvation Army, of course. "Do you go there every year?" "You bet!" "How do you get in?" "Oh, we just get into line and march up, and we have a bully dinner."

One Salvation Army Girl

when questioned said she had to come on duty with the collection box at nine in the morning and remain all day until nine in the evening with half an hour for dinner and supper.

No. I don't think I get discouraged, she said. Sometimes I am pretty tired and awfully cold, and I don't like standing here at all. But it is a part of my work, part of what I agreed to do when I became a member of the Army. I feel that I am doing my duty, and when you're doing your duty you generally feel pretty good.

Yes. I catch cold at times: but we are out in all kinds of weather and of course we get accustomed to it before the extreme cold weather comes. The hardest time is the be-ginning of the fall of the year, when the middle of the days are warm and the nights come on cold.

We get fifty cents a day. That is considered enough for our needs. The rest of the money goes to the poor of the city.

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NOVE (BER 28, 1908.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

On Thankagiving we have dinners in five or six halls in the city. One hall is for the Jews. They don't est ments fixed in the cans have them. So we have a special

Americans have them. So we have a special dinner for them. On Christmas day all the poor are supposed to be waited upon as long as the food holds out, but Thanksgiving is especially for the little folks. Last year I didn't get any din-ner at all. When we got through waiting on the others there wasn't anything left. I like Ohristmas better because both young and old are there and they seem to enjoy it more. Sometimes the street waifs waste more food

Sometimes the street waifs waste more food than they eat, and don't seem to appreciate the fact that they are getting something for nothing. But most of them do. It is a great treat for them, and it is pleasant to see a table full of children from so many walks of

"All's Bight with the World."

The author of this optimistic work is a quiet, resourceful appearing man, with sympathetic, restful voice and manner. In his work he deals entirely with the individual, believing that the state and nation will adjust themselves as the individual develops. Referring to holidays, he felt that he might be by some considered iconoclastic and unsympathetic, while in truth he had no quarrel with the world as to its methods of dealing with such questions. He felt that it was largely a matter of intelligence and taste. So far as I have observed, he said, there are very few people to whom a holiday is not depressing, as Sunday is followed by the proverbial "blue Monday."

Isn't Thanksgiving mostly a day of sensation, catering to the senses in one impulsive effort? It does not seem quite normal. It is not a proper use of sensation to stimulate It to a fever point.

It is noticeable that what is known as La Grippe begins about Thanksgiving time, and flourishes most after the holiday season. Physicians will admit that colds are inflamation of the mucous membrane, and I hold that the mucous membrane can be inflamed only by an abnormal intensity of thought. The holiday tends to develop this condition by emphasizing sensation and emotion to an unusual degree. The result is as depressing as the aftermath of the Methodist revival. Understand, I would not strangle the emotions, but I would advocate a more intelligent use of them governed by principle and will

The public dinners given to the poor emphasize the fact of starvation rather than the manner of feasting, and the feasting in itself tends to perpetuate exclusively the sensual idea of happiness. A number of years ago I went to a press dinner given to the poor children in the slums of London. It was frightful. They were like young animals, bolting their food without knives or forks. Whether or not any reasonable good can follow from that sort of thing is a question. It would seem as if the amount of time, effort and money expended upon those exceptional occasions might be used more wisely for the same class in other directions. The method employed by the Salvation Army in collecting the money and holding the special dinners seems somewhat ill ad-vised. It is a benefit to the workers at the expense of the recipients. Anything that gives one the opportunity of expressing the spirit of love is of benefit to himself, but that is its chief good. Instead of the feasting being given at the expense of the donors and for the benefit of the poorer class, is it not given at the expense of the poorer class and for the benefit of the donors? It does give to some an opportunity of indulging in the pleasant sensation of benevolence; but it is a passing emotion and because of its periodic indulgence, they frequently justify themselves afterwards in a great deal of chronic selfishness, as the reaction of backsliding follows a revival. An undue emphasis of sensation, or emotion, must always result, by psychic law, in undesirable reac-

I feel the giving of thanks should be a state of mind and not an exceptional impulse. that gladness should be a chronic and not an acute condition. It is the loss of joy, as Dr. Hall says, that is the source of all disease. So that I am not objecting at all to the spirit or principle upon which the observance of Thanksgiving or Christmas is founded. I am only objecting to some of the methods, and to the undue emphasis of particular days and occasions, as a substitute for a normal and continuous condition. I cannot say that I advocate any special days except as they arise for the individual. I have very little sympathy with national holidays, because they stifle rather than express their idea. They always cater more to the emotions than to the higher ideals of life. We should undertake to show that there are no special times or causes for the giving of thanks to one who understands life rightly; all days and all hours and every incident furnish abundant reason for thanksgiving and gladness.

andenvoring to express love but her life of hardship is a violation of the law of giadness. We are attempting a feeble recognition of a certain principle in Thanksgiving, but its manner of expression is really a violation of that principle. Those who emphasize these holidays the most are often those who show the smallest confidence and joy during the rest of the year and usually distrust God when harvests are not abundant and dis-comforts come to them or others. I would substitute principle and will for

I would substitute principle and will for emotion and impulse. I would do it in all lines of education, for the greatest cause of suffering is invariably an undeveloped will and lack of confidence in the Eternal Equities and Infinite Love.

When we truthfully believe in God we "shall go out with joy and be led forth in peace"-and acknowledge with the Psalmist -"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

to Why do angels like holidays? Because on those days people turn from thoughts of earth to the spiritual welfare of the world, and it is only at intervals that the attention of the earth people can be arrested from the scramble for earthly sustenance, but these brief times fill the earth with jewels from the realms of purity. Holidays are the foregleams of an earth governed by love.

torA practical printer thrust his hands in his pockets, and with a quick smile of humon said: "My recollection of Thanksgiving is being dragged into a biled shirt, eating turkey and stuffing that I didn't like, and being obliged to entertain company I didn't care for. My wife is a good cook, so she makes herself sick cooking all day."

ETA little golden haired girl looked up with big, questioning eyes and answered: "I don't know zactly what you mean by Thanksgiv. ing. Does it mean loving your papa and mama and your brothers and sisters more on that day than you do some other days? I can't love 'em any better 'n I do all the time. And when I eat once I'm just as hungry the next time. My mama says I must put sunshine into every single day."

Thanksgiving Day is here, with its host of tender memories, and its superabundance of good cheer. On this day there is many a glad reunion beneath the roof of the old family homestead, and happiness is the general in command of the forces visible and invisible. The well-laden tables are symbolic of the viands of love proffered by God and the angels, and when they are partaken of in the spirit of kindness they add much to the stature of the soul and double the joys of Thanksgiving day. May every reader of the Banner enjoy this holiday to the uttermost.

Tremont Temple at Last Has a Pastor.

It is with pleasure noted that apparent unity of the congregation exists in the unanimous call to Tremont Temple of the Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson. But it is lamentable that so eminent a pastor has proclaimed it to be his intention to promulgate from this centre of the Baptist denomination an interpretation of the creed of the Master which shall adhere strictly to the letter of the Gospel. It is wise in this generation to strive for the realization of its inmost spiritual meaning, for the general trend of thought leans toward a liberal rendering to a regrettable extent.

Evident, it seems, to the thinking mind that a comprehension of the writings of Emerson (whom Dr. Henson endeavors to deride) enables one to bring a clearer light to bear upon the divine purpose of human existence.

We maintain that the Christ was manifested through Jesus as an inspiration, a hamp unto our feet, a present help,-and not that by his death was given salvation (the new incumbent's statement to the contrary notwithstanding). We believe salvation to be the incarnation of the Christ spirit in man,-the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and that the literal blood will avail no one, as blood signifies the inner quality or life and not the death. The Savior of mankind is spirit, not flesh; the letter killeth, the Spirit giveth life. S. R.

An Expression of Sympathy.

To the Miliar of the Banner of Light: Dear Sir:--We beg to record our sincere and united expressions of sympathy with the bereaved family of our samented Brother Tuttle, and the loss sustained by the Banner. May the kind Father of all--and our angel friends ever surround and comfort the be-reaved ones and give them strength to sus-tain them through their hour of trial. Mrs. Stoddard Gray and son, De Witt C. Hough, J. Knapton Thompson.

Notice.

To those especially interested in the "Mes-sage Department" of the Banner, so long a feature of this paper, the management is glad to state, that, commencing with the next issue, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, for so long acting in the capacity of Banner Ma-dium, will resume this work. The manage-ment would take this opportunity to thank you for your patience and let this answer your earnest inquiries about the matter.

Announcements. of ...

The Society of Spiritual Truth holds meet-ings every Sunday at 3 o'clock at Crosby Hall, 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn. Good lec-tures, tests and communications are given by Mr. J. Rassmussun and other mediums.— Aug. Recht, sec., 21 Conselyen St., Brooklyn. Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex Caird, M. D., pres. Services at 2.30 and 7.30. Sunday, Nov. 29, will be the last opportunity to hear Mr. and Mrs. Kates. Clircles, song service and concert. Union meeting, Saturday, Nov. 28. A large array of talent is promised. The public cordially invited. invited.

of talent is promised. The public cordially invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Boston, meet in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tre-mont St., Sunday morning at 11.30 o'clock. Mediums are cordially invited. The subject for next Sunday is "The Spirit World." All welcome. Mrs. M. J. Butler, pres., Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec. The Boston Spiritual Lyceum meet in Friendship Hall every Sunday at 1.30 p. m. Subject of lessen for November 29, "What is the Spiritualists' Idea of Thanksgiving?" Sunday, November 29, Dr. George A. Ful-ler will address the Worcester Association of Spiritualists. Mr. Wilman P. Whitney, of Springfield, Mass., will lecture for the First Spiritualist Society in Old Odd Fellows' Hall, 212 Merri-mack St., Lowell, Mass., Sunday, Novem-ber 29.

Der 29.

Armory Hall, 67 Warren St., Roxbury, Clara E. Strong, president of Sunshine Club,

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WANTED. — Miss Mahel Frances Keicht, who spent last yest in Germany and France, would like some pupils in German and French. Terms moderate Apply to 18 Basel Park, Everett, Mass.

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holds public services every funday. Morning circle, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 12.39 p. m.; Services, alternoon, 3 p. m., and even-ing, 7.39 p. m. All mediums invited. Mrs. M. A. Bonney is expected to assist in the services Sunday, Nov. 28. Home circles, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 80 Hunting-ton Ave., Room 420 at 7.30. Banners on sale at all these meetings. C. Chapman, planist. -A. M. S., sec. The Brighton Psychic Society, Friday Ev-ening, Dec. 4, will have for its speaker Aurin F. Hill of Boston. Subject, "Bible Study." Miss I. F. Sears, address and communica-tions. The meeting of Nov. 20th showed an increase in attendance and interest, with wonderful results. These meetings are held at 14 New Kenrick St., Brighton, D. H. Hall, contector.

Fitchburg, Mass.—The First Association of Spiritualists will be served by Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell, test medium, November 29.

New York State Association Mis-sionary Work.

The State officials are now arranging the itineracy of its missionaries for the months of December and January, and under direc-tion of the state board are continuing the same liberal policy under which this branch of state work has been so successful hereto-fore. But in order to conserve our financial forces we desire to reduce the traveling ex-penses of our state missionaries to a mini-mum and for this reason solicit that inquiries and applications for our workers be sent in promptly, thus allowing the routes to be ar-ranged in advance and arrange dates at con-tiguous points. tiguous points.

tiguous points. Applications may be sent to the president of the State association, H. W. Richardson, East Aurora, N. Y., or to Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, 137 Congress St., Troy, N. Y. H. W. Richardson, pres.

TheDiscovery

A LOST TRAIL

BY MR. CHARLES B. NEWCOMB.

Mr. Newcomb's great ability as a writer upon subjects o spiritual inth is too well known to require further refer-ence at this time. It is sufficient to say that be is a teacher of teachers a man of high ideas', endowed with the happy faculty of being able to impart them to others. It is a rare book, and its merit should command for it a large east.

Asstratia. Data Mn. Evaws-I thank you very much for sending to our stroordinary book of "Frychography." I look at it with great interest, and will be glad to mention it in the Review of Reviews. Mostrat Boux, Lesden. This volume is superroyal octavo in its, besuitfully bound in cloth and gold, and profusely illustrated. Frice S.... For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT FUBLISHING CO. TI ETIOPATHY

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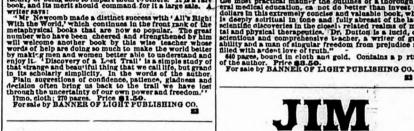
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CONTENTS.

CONTERINTES. Jim, The Poor-House Walf, Jim's History and the Touch of the Angel Mother, Jim Finds a Friend and Benefictor, Jim says Goodbye to the Poor House Jim Reschee His New, Jim, Cim piete Acqualited with New Burround New, Jim's Finst Emoke a Falure Jim Lapires His thy, Charitable Act, Jim Selects His School, The Spirit Hand Safely Guides Jim, Jim Opens a School, Jim Basista Golden, Golde Jim, Jim Opens a School, Jim Basista Golden, Golde In Trouble, Jim As-sista Goldie, Jim Interests Dr. Briggs, Jim and Golde are Engaged, Death of Mrs. Golden, Goldie's Last Home Ties Broken Golde Peaches Her New Home. New Home, Jim Meets His Grandfather, Jim Bereals His Identity in His Grandfather, Jim Bereals His Identity Asarty.

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MARK CHESTER; or

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B. F. POOLE Dear

POOLE: Dear Bir-Your Magnetized Melted Pebble Spectacles received. I am delighted, they are perfection in every way. E. A. Pinnson, Gebo, Mont.

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BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM AND MAGYETIC HEALER.

GEORGE A. PORTER.

If I were compelled to issue a proclamation, I should embody in it the lines of Walt Whitman:

Joy in the estacy of life, Enough to merely be-eno Joy-joy-all over joy. nough to breathe,

We undertake because of our failure to comprehend life to crowd all the joy of the year into a few weeks of what we call "the holiday season." Life should be a continual holiday season, and if it were so we would not need these special observances, which simply call for thanks because of abundant harvests, overlooking the fact that we have just as much reason for thanksgiving when we are uncomfortable as when we are comfortable, if we comprehend the nature of real life; that we have just as abundant cause for thanksgiving in all the centuries before Christ as in all of the centuries since, and that we have just as much reason to call seven days in the week "God's days" as to call one.

This special selection violates a principle There is no ideal that ca in my opinion. The Salvation Army girl is that will not become real.

5

Love's Power.

It is a mistake to say that the intense love of any true soul is selfish. A right love does not confine our affection and admiration to that one person, and cause us to have less care for others. If we rightly love any one person, we are prompted by that love to love gratefully God who gave us that love, and then to have new love, and more of it, for those whom that same God loves. Jean Paul Richter goes so far as to say. "Love one human being purely and warmly and you will love all." If our love of another limits our range and power of loving, there is something

wrong or lacking in that love.-Ex.

When to Look for Stars.

When it grows dark the stars begin to appear, and the beauties of the heavens are seen in their glory at midnight, not at noontide. In our spiritual skies it is as in our natural skies. New lights from God's love are seen by us, as we look up, when losses and trials cause darkness to shut in about us where before all was bright. As Carlyle says, "The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough."-Ex.

"Behold, I make all things new," is always applicable. This is the order today—"Behold, I make all things new."

The highest happiness consists in alding and blessing others-in loving all.

There is no ideal that cannot become real,



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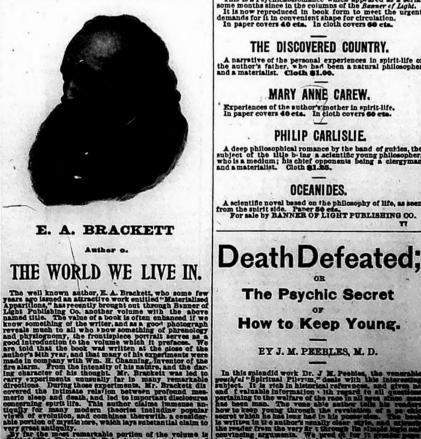
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EY J. M. PREBLES, M. D.

k Dr. J M. Peebles In this spiendid work Dr. J & Freebies, the presided "Spiritual Floring," dashes with this is rebject. If is rich in historical reters news, and and f valuable information : the regard to all spre-pertaining to the weifare of the rese in all spre-has been man. The vene shies ather table is secret which he has imp had in his pome is written in it o antiber manifor issue at the resolar from the very fir through the environment argument. Two predicts the invite that has a very attend to any of the invite the argument of the second to the invite the second second second second in the invert second second second second in the second second second second second invite the second second second second invite the second

BANNER OF LIGHT.

DEAR THANKSGIVING.

ag of hope and trast, t the dust return to dust, While we feel the loved are near!

Never one of those we love, Can escape far from our sight; All the stars that shine above, Beam on us with golden light!

Beauty lingers in the thought, As the sunset in the gold, When our dead to us are brought-In the feast we now behold!

They are with us here today, So we can true bliss afford, As they sweetest greeting say— While we sit around the board!

Let us sing of hope and cheer, Let us bravely do our part, Those we love are always near-Making music in the heart!

William Brunton.

Here and Hereafter.

Charles Dawbarn.

PREFACE.

A very talented author, in a work just pub-lished condenses all that Science knows and guesses up to date. He assures us that relifter mentally, morally, nor physically has the human race varied, to any great extent, in the last ten or fifteen thousand years. The change in that time, he tells us, has not been more than from that of a Bushman in Africa to his Zulu neighbor. Such progress as the world has gained has

Such progress as the world has gained has depended altogether upon invention and the use of mechanical applicances. Any such advance was impossible in the past for there was a cultivated contempt for what are called practical things. Even Plato de-nounced them as debasing geometry. So physical mechanics was counted as merely a branch of the military art, and despised by philosophera.

physical mechanics was counted as merely a branch of the military art, and despised by philosophers. The real obstacle to progress was the very limited senses of man. His five senses give bim a very inaccurate and unreliable notion of the world in which he lives, so that until he had invented new and better senses prog-ress was impossible. These invented senses are really all we have today in which we sur-pass the past. Man's machinery for seeing, hearing and even feeling is far better than anything with which he was endowed by his mother Nature. For instance, some four thousand stars were about all the ancient man was able to see and count. The man of today could do no better were it not that the eye of the camera he has invented shows him hundreds of millions. And he has even in-vented new senses, and it is the knowledge gained through these new senses which largely constitutes the Science of today. A few such items will be alluded to as showing both the author's claims, and also his effort to destroy all belief in immortality, which destruction seems to be the real object of his book. He is specially eloquent in describing what

both the author's claims, and also his effort to destroy all belief in immortality, which destruction seems to be the real object of his book. The calls "the world beyond our senses," and elaborates the divisions of space by the sci-entist into micro-microns, which bear, he tells us, the same relation to an inch that an inch bears to fifteen miles. This is not merely to show how far the man of science has trav-eled, but to explain that by such careful and accurate weights, measures and analyses he accurate weights, measures and analyses he isosovered that all things are merely electrical. Every affinity is merely a question of positive and negative electricity. This he declares accounts for attractions and repul-sions, but it seems rather hard on the lad and has discovered that all things are merely electrical. Every affinity is merely a question of positive and negative electricity. This he declares accounts for attractions and repul-sions, but it seems rather hard on the lad and hasis who fancy that love is all in all. They are evidently mistaken, and should be taught that love is merely an expression of electric-ity. Perhaps meters may be presently dis-gusted at the limits to his scientific investi-gation of natural phenomena. For instance, he runs against "critical points!" which block his progress. Nature occasionally and in th-most arbitrary manner changes her method of advance, whereupon the poor scientist pro-claims it a "critical point." and makes a hop, skip and a jump across the intervening space. For instance, we can mentally halve mything, but half a molecule of water is no honger water, but gas. There is the same result if you try to halve a molecule of, say, sugar, cotton or salt. When you break up their molecules you have merely oxygen, hy-drogen, carbon, sodium, etc. So the molecules is itself evidently one of Nature's critical points, a fact of which we shall presently see is fistelf evidently one of Nature's critical points, a fact of which we shall presently see is monter. Which wh

tween plant, animal, vegetable, animate and less of substance. San Leandro, Cal. tween plant, animal, vegetable,—animate and inanimate objects, because, as he declares, "all matter lives." The remarkable truths gathered and pre-sented in this book, as well as its astounding omissions and conclusions, will be the subject of the following chapters by the present written for the author makes a fierce attack omissions and conclusions, will be the subject of the following chapters by the present write, for the author makes a fierce attack upon "spirit return." He declares that if spirits really exist they could certainly and easily make use of the newly invented sensi-tive instruments, and thus give positive proof of their existence.

strictly normal until we reach the dividing fine. For a brief hour or two it's under-stood the physical, mental and spiritual man, as he is in this Hife, is to have the floor and make his little speech. Everything in the Here, including the lanet itself, may be said to be mortal, that is to say, it is always a blending of units into molecules which come and go, and wome day drop apart. But as long as the molecular grouping remains we have the physical form. There come changes at certain points when we are surprised by a sudden change of form, as arbitrary and as great as that from ice to water. The changes within these points are called 'evolution'. Those outside are spoken of as having passed a 'critical point', when without apparent rhyme or reason, form itself is lost in the change. So when we commence our study of the Here we find the incomprehensible mult is only known to theory until it has blended with its fellows into a molecule, when the scientist proceeds to subject it to his cross-examination. He declares it has poles which repel and attract, as with mag-nets of larger size. This is his foundation rock, for he asserts that it is electricity which is mainfesting itself by polar attraction and passet there is something more manifested than mere attraction and repulsion he huris is dictionary at you, and retires into his den to write, another volume on the potency of matter. The careful student perceives that attrac-tion and repulsion are weapons wielded by a sometriful so, the source is the selects friend the mere straction and repulsion he huris den to matter.

to write another volume on the potency of matter. The careful student perceives that attrac-tion and repulsion are weapons wielded by a SOMETHING, whereby it selects friend from foe. This something he recognizes as INTELLIGENCE, which stands back of attraction and repulsion, and yet is present and associated with substance and energy in every incomprehensible unit of Cosmos. That is to say, the student at his starting point goes back of the attraction and repulsion of the materialist, which for him are but forces wielded by the eternal unit. A little further on in his quest the scien-tist is compelled to recognize intelligence as a factor in evolution. He cannot tell at just what station it got aboard the train, so he assumes it was manufactured in the bag-gage car while the train was running. By whom or how he does not pretend to guess, further than that certain molecules put their heads together and invented or evolved it. All this vivid mind play, which he calls "scientific imagination", is totally unnecessary and useless, for the intelligence at which he marvels was aboard the train when it started from its headquarters in eternity, and was associated in every unit with substance and energy. So our starting point is just a stage-back of that of the materialist, who sponds much of his time prospecting in Cosmos for "mind stuff", though so far without discover-ing a trace of it. Tet us start with a definition, so that our position cannot be misunderstood. Mind is intelligence in activity, after it has passed a certain critical point. Where there is no mental activity there is no mind. But intel-ligence has given evidence that she has achieved the evolution of mind, but with only so much of output as the conditions will permit. But we do not call it mental activity until in-telligence has given evidence that she has achieved the evolution of mind, but with only so much of output as the conditions will permit. But we do not call it mental activity until in-t

self a step in her wondrous uplift of evolu-

self a step in her wondrous uplift of evolu-tion. So our starting point in our study of HERE is the unit fis an eternal and apparently in-destructible trinity, and the scientist shall himself be our guide as' we advance. That the planet was once "world stuff" in space 300 degrees below zero seems to be an astro-nomical verity. And geology tells us that it has got hot by compression of its units into the little round ball called earth. And we all know for a fact that it is still hot inside, at least in spots. But the unit neither freezes nor roasts. If it be very hot or very 'cold he and his companions keep apart just as far as possible. But as soon as there is a chance, two or a dozen get together and start a mole-cule, whereupon Cosmos grts a new citizen. cule, whereupon Cosmos gets a new citizen. He would not be much to .ook at, even with a microscope warranted to stand temperature, but he grows, and evolution is born. The more molecules in one Cosmic spot the more substance, energy and intelligence to outwork

evolution. Some day that "world stuff" cools down. evolution.
 Some day that "world stuff" cools down.
 The process is going on now—out yonder—and
 the spectroscope confirms geology, and tells
 us of the birth of a new world. The scientist
 preaches of law and order which, he assures
 us, superintend a planet childbirth in Chaos;
 but, if you will watch the process, you will
 find he means "intelligence" every time. So
 Science has a foundation of scorched corpuscles for her igneous rocks, seetling and bubbling in an atmosphere of rather wet units
 posing as steam, but full of the possibilities
 of all that can be and shall be in that planet's history, for Intelligence, never lets go of its
 What Intelligence, Energy and Substance are, no planet man knows, any more than he can think bounds to space or analyze electricity. But the time comes for that planet when the firm can evolute beyond the attraction of cohesion, which is its very first manifestation. The firm has opened a new department, and we find visible life on its bargain counter. It is a step up for Intelligence, with, perhaps, a trifle more of energy and less of substance.

 ante behold la retained er assumed, it quichly gives piace to a nobley expression as the pirit becomes tor a nobley expression as the pirit becomes to give expression as the first becomes to give the pirit becomes the provide the provide the pirit becomes the provide the provide the pirit becomes the provide the provi

voyant and it with advancing years booldy sight becomes duller, spiritual vision may be-come clearer. Keep your mind as restful as possible and do not allow yourself to be dis-turbed about the condition of your sight, for nothing so ruins the optic nerve as worry and nervous apprehension. Mental suggestion for GOOD SIGHT is always helpful and you need to keep your body well nourished and your mind tranquil. At eighty years of age it is, according to pre-vailing race belief only natural that faculties should wane, but it is well to dwell on the tradition concerning Moses that when one hundred and twenty years old his eye-sight had not grown dim, nor had his general force abated. Think of renewing youth like the eagles, meditate upon the everlasting youth of the immortal spiritual entity and welcome all evidences of clairvoyance which may come to you.

These words are intended not only for our These words are intended not only for our venerable correspondent whose letter we were very glad to receive, but also for many others whose experiences as they have been related to us are almost identical. Make your minds perfectly easy on the subject of clairroyance, the rightful exercise of which is invariably a blessing.

The Angel in the Dark.

A LETTER.

A DETERS. "Dear one, I love you so much; and I see solicitude! It seems as if my heart will break-you suffer so, and I am so powerless to help! But I know, too, that ere long it will be shown you how sweet a friend to you pains was in these days which then will have pased away. Were it not for this knowl-edge, how could I bear it all—how could I?. "The you this letter, for it is the only in g I can do to express what my heart is burning to utter. You do not know, you can-not of your life. You think if I exist at all it is in regions far away. Dear one, if you could only know that like your pain such joun how, much better it would make you read to go the source of the state of the source of the read of the source of the source of the source of the read of the source of the source of the source of the read surprise to greet me. And I, after all even in that happ meeting I love to dream term of tell you for you will not understand. "Dear, dear heart-will be a great deal 1 cannot tell you for you will not understand. "Dear, dear heart-will as adness that had a ditted laughter in it, for you were ever so wookly forerer. You even weept for me vere the neart-with a sadness that had a dit helps me so in my sympathy for you. I want so much to tell you so that you when hides. It is given me to know whil understand. I for you will only know how will help you to see clearer when the mist taken from your sight. You did not know it—you had sent ereryone else away--be damp hair on your forehead. I held yours the damp hair on your forehead. I held yours hist hand midde. It is given me to know whil help you to see clearer when the mist taken from your sight. You did not know it—you and see yersy those failed to work the pow and knowling as I did the good the damp hair on your forehead. I held yours the hist hand midde of a little while you when the hores before your streng frame and the damp hair on your forehead. I held your hist when everything dear seemed failing to when you CHAPTER 1.
Interlations.
In the twe read your name to the product of the twe twe product of the twe read your name two the product of the same sort of "world study" and the twe read your name two twe product of the same sort of "world study" and the twe read your name to the product of the same sort of "world study" and the twe read your name to the product of the same sort of "world study" and the twe read your name to the product of the same sort of "world study" and the twe read your name to the product of the same sort of "world study" and the twe read your name to the product of the same sort of "world study" and the twe read your name to the product of the same sort of "world study" and the twe read your name to the product of the same sort of the same so develope cent."

fort from my presence and instinctively eling to the darkness as a medium for encouraging the feeling? Well, I will do what I can to improve the time. I come to you and I take my place as I used to occupy it, here at your feet, reaching up to caress your face, and I want to tell you that it is a strange and piti-ful mistake for so great and good and gifted a man to neglect the most important things in life. You used to say, dear, that love was all there was worth while anyway; then don't you see what a mockery you make of love when you deay yourself a bellet in its con-tinuous existence? You considered immortal-ity a dream as unscientific. You ware a foc to all delusion. My dear, my dear, you are so blind—so blind! If from your splendid mind you could eradicate that prejudice against what you deem a delusion, and try to comfort your poor aching heart with the sweet hope that death is not death but life, if you would let love speak, if you would let.—

"Oh, my darling, what is this? You have "Oh, my darling, what is this? You have fallen on the floor! Oh, Father in Heaven, has it come at last! Open your eyes; open them, open them! See I am here—here be-side you. Yes, yes, it is over! Do not be frightened, dear. Take my hand, see the beautiful world! Isn't God good? Dear love, let us go away—we need not linger here. Come!". Ida Ballou.

THE TENTH PART.

"And they shall bring tithes of all they ossess, unto the Lord."

Unto Thy house, dear Lord, from my abundant store, According to the teachings of Thy worthy

According to the arrow of the law, Bring I my tenth. Before Thy throne, oh King of kings, I pause in awe. I give to Thee a tenth:-Thou gavest me much more-. My sustenance.

Think not, Most Righteous One, that this Think not, Most Righteous One, that this poor gift you see Is given for duty's sake, or grudgingly. Oh, look at all The faith, the trust, the abundant love I bring to Thee; Oh, see my life's devotion.—Then Thou'lt rightly see My tenth so small.

Elizabeth W. F. Jackson.

Gratitude.

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"Just read this note," said the girl one evening to her betrothed. "It is from that young man'I used to see at the hospital-that little, insignificant looking fellow who called

NOVEMBER 28, 194 8.

ed surrounded by this ocean of "raw"

<text><text><text><text><text>

and Answers. We commend some of the definitions for

We commend some of the definitions for clearness to the consideration of lovers of puzzles and conundrums. "What is mind? Mind is the aggregate of one's brain-traces, together with the vibra-tions of the brain-aura." In explanation why a thief is a thief, the

spirit says: "His aura is spotted. He was a thief here

"His aura is spotted. He was a thief hero-below because his aura was spotted." That is, a leopard has a spotted skin. It is a leopard because its skin is spotted! "What is telepathy? Telepathy is the sen-sation or impression experienced by a mortal who sensates attenuated ether currents, gen-erally those coming from a distance." "Why does common prayer land nowhere? Common prayer lands nowhere because it does not go anywhere." It appears that when souls get to the "tenth sphere," they leave the earth by "in-stalments" for Jupiter and Saturn. Jesus has not yet gone, but will do so during this century. century.

century. "When will the earth be depopulated? The earth will be depopulated after the transition of the last surviving mortal!" After the last human being is dead, of course there will be no one left! We have searched the volumes of theosophy for a lucid explanation of how the waiting soul becomes reincarnated. Nowhere have we found a clear and definite statement. But the "splitit" makes a direct explanation, if not clear.

"Souls receive no information of their im-"Souls receive no information of their im-pending condensation of incarnation. A divine soul that makes a specialty of this kind of work, condenses the soul to about the size of a walnut; another divine soul takes it and plants it in any 'convenient garden spot' where it grows into an ego and in due time beholds what in common parlance is called the light of day." But it, the male soul, rolled into "about the size of a walnut," will surely develop into an infant boy, and the female soul into an infant girl. This is somewhat different from the theory as taught, for the soul reincarnates that it may gain all ex-periences. The domineering man gets his punishment by reincarnating in a woman who enjoys life by being miserable. What a glor-ious future to have "a divine soul" unexpect-edly come along when you are on wome pin-nacle of delight, and without an apology rolf you into "about the size of a walnut," and place you "in a convenient garden spot" to become cled in fach, and resume the carth-

CHAPTER I.

INTELLIGENCE.

0

(To be continued.)

Questions and Answers.

To W. J. Colville, Esq. Dear Sir and Friend:--I must say I seem to have known you a long time as I have taken the "Banner of Light" for many years to have known you a long time as 1 have taken the "Banner of Light" for many years and have read your answers to questions with pleasure. I have seen some beautiful visions. My good lady has been passed over thirteen years, and when she had been over one year (all but seven days) I saw a vision of her down to the waist; it looked too beau-tiful for my girl, but it made a great im-pression on me. I have seen others beautiful also; but for nearly one year I have been having white lights coming out of my right eye very many times per day. They come sailing down the side of my face like a rocket when it burnts in the air. They look very pretty, but my eye is getting duller and I should be sorry to think that is the cause. Could you kindly explain? I have been twice to the eye hospital but that doesn't seem to improve it. I am an old mian, born in England 15th of August; 1823. If you will kindly answer in the Banner I shall be very pleased. Yours respectfully, Highlandville, Mass.

so many times and left flowers for me. He is sick again and he has the audacity to ask me to come and see him. I shall not go." Elizabeth W. F. Jackson.

The Reviewer.

Soul Return: Fred Max; E. H. Bacon & Co., Boston; by Hudson Tuttle. From the vague wording of the Preface, the reader may infer that "k'red Max," is a medium of an exalted kind and the book is written by Spirits yet more exaited. They wrote it, as he says to "acquaint the reader with his occupation when the play is out; with ais future state in general, and with his solf."

with his future state in general, and with his self." By the way, "Fred Max," is assumed, as it is not thought advisable to give the real name of the Medium-Author. In the beginning it is said: "This is a Primer of Soul-Science, not a Manual. It demonstrates that after death the soul continues living; that it may return; and that man is a Soul." If this was actually accomplished by this book it would be one of the most valuable ever published. It is said to find, however, that such grand promises are left unfulfilled. So far as science goes, there is not a vestige from the first to the last page; as for demonstration, there is nothing but dreary assertion. To illustrate, take this passage, page 21-22. page 21-22.

assertion. To illustrate, take this passage, page 21-22. "The most conspicuous organ-aura is the brain-aura. It crowns the head after the manner of the tonguey flames of a torch. It contains myriads of ether currents resembling fine lines of thread, each about two feet long. ... The depth of an ordinary human-aura is about six inches, reasoned from the sur-face of the body outward. It increases as the soul unfolds. The aura of a well developed mediumistic person may attain the depth of three hundred feet." Page after page of such assertions without the least attempt to prove except by other assertions, even to the dreary end. The life beyond! If that life is truly represented, bet-ter far annihilation, or the fabled fires of hell! There are ten per cent. of "well developed

hell! There are ten per cent. of "well developed souls," and "the ninety per cent. of un-developed souls are stronger than the ten per cent." In what a terrible position man is

place you "in a convenient garden spot" to become clad in flesh, and resume the earth-lifer.

lifef. On the last page, at the close, the spirit an-swers to the questions, "All departed souls without distinction of grade or sphere like for a man to devote himself to agriculture. All departed souls, except earth-bound class, like woman, to follow the occupation of mother-hood."

woman, to follow the occupation of mother-hood." Our strenuous President would scarcely recommend all women to lay aside any occu-pation but that of saving from "race suicide." Such is the inane drivel that we are in-formed was inspired by the highest sources. From his constant introduction and the fact that he is held back from leading an instal-ment of tenth sphere souls to Jupiter, we are led to infer that Jesus of Nazareth is one of, if not the source of the writing. However this may be, it purports to come from the highest courts of the spirit world capable of approaching mortals! If it were required to prove that "raw spirits," mischlerons, lying, ignorant spirits, were near earth seeking to communicate and thereby deceive, this book as a whole would be in overwhelming evidence. If the teachings of the book are true, death has new horrors, such as imagination never before conceived.

Transitions.

MRS. LYDIA MORSE DEWING.

MRS. LYDIA MORSE DEWING. We, as Spiritualists, have lost another long-time and devoted friend. Mrs. Lydia Morse Dewing, of Natick, has "crossed the bar." Mrs. Dewing loved life, was keenly alive to all that gave life a purpose, but a year's pain-ful liness made life, in the physical, a burden, and release a joy. She esponsed the cause of Spiritualism in its early days, was, for many years, a subscriber of the Banner of Light, and tried to interest others in the philosophy for which it stands. She was no dreamer, but strong, courageous, hopeful, and a-part, as far as in her power lay, of everything that tended to the uplifting of humanity. True to her home duties, true to her town's interests, she was yet so broad in her ideas of right and justice, that her sympathles extended as far as human, needs. She often wished for more

BANNER OF LIGHT.

money, not for any selish purpose, but show the might help on some movement that would make the world better; might put within reach of the common people some book that would lead to purer living, bigher thinking, broader views of life. In her sympathies for other's griefs, she was never obtrasive, but found ways to comfort with no apparent ef-fort. It scarcely seemed her alm to comfort, and yet one was comforted, hardly knowing how. She leaves in the home a devoted duphter to mourn her loss. In the town there are many who will miss her sympathy and counsel. Her visible presence is no more for us, but the influence of beautiful 'service remains. The poet Whitman says:

The poet Whitman says:

"Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead; And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead."

Beautiful in thought and expression, but our comrade would have said "much is known, God is in everything, and death is only the birth of the soul into the larger life." M. B. T.

MB. DUBKEE ARMSTBONG.

NR. DURKER ARMSTRONG. Passed to spirit life from his home in franklin, Conn., Oct. 29, Mr. Durkee Arm-strong, aged, 80 years. Mr. Armstrong had been in feeble health for a long time, having been confined to his bed since June. He was a consistent Spiritu-nal consolation which the knowledge of a continued conscious existence gives. There never was a more beautiful day than the one on which the body was con-signed to Mother Earth. Being a man that was widely known and respected, a good neighbor, a friend in need, there was a large stathering of people, and all formed a proces-guite near his home. The services were con-ducted by the writer.—Fannie H. Spalding, as the New York Conn.

MRS. D. E. TOUNG.

After an illness of several months at her home in Union City, Mich., Mrs. D. E. Young, aged 66 years, passed to a better life on Nov. 11, 1903. She had for 25 years been a firm exponent of the beauties of Spiritual-ism, and knowing for months that she must soon pass on, though her faith was well provided for. She made all arrangements as cheerfully as though going on a short visit. Interment at Riverside Cemetery, Union City.

MRS. ANNA SMITH.

<section-header><section-header>

The Gentleman from Everywhere.

Reviewed by W. J. Colville.

The nuthor of that facinating and widely circulating volume "The Gentleman from Everywhere" concerning which so much has already-appeared in columns of the Banner of Light, met me at Onset in August last and introduced his book to my notice as one which I could easily introduce to still further public notice in the course of my extensive travels. On first appearance the book makes friends as it is beautifully brought out, and now that Thanksgiving and Christmawide are again approaching I am strongly impressed with the conviction that as a popular and charming gift book this thoroughly commendable story will take a decidedly foremost place. When a book is selected for presentation at any season or to celebrate any pleasant occasion it is not unnaturally a first consideration with the buyer that the volume chosen should be beautiful to look upon as wefil as full of good instructive and entertaining reading matter. In my wide experience as author, reviewer and introducer of books in many lands, I have long since discovered that a bright, handsome appearance goes as far with a book as it does with a young, unknown ap-plicant for a position. We see the external

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Happiness.

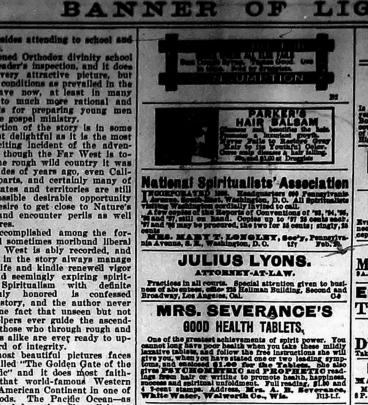
We may be sure that if we are miserable there is somthing that needs putting in order in our being; for happiness is harmonious adaptation to all that we meet in life. The Sun of Being, if we let it shine through us, can always dispel shadows, by whatever and death.

name they may be known-disease, disaster and denth. We give form and reality to all things that we take into our consciousness. Each one makes himself a centre for the generation of shadows or sunshine. Happiness is not dependent upon what we own, but on what we are. The spiritually ignorant are continually running after the mirage of sensual pleasures, and think that happiness is dependent upon things, but true happiness is dependent upon things, but true happiness is a permanent state within the being, and if one cannot be happy who is thrown entirely upon the re-sources of his own being, he cannot be happy even though he may possess the universe. "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul"-the sunshine of Life-happiness?-Lucy A. Mallory in The World's Advance Thought.

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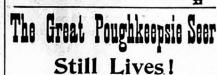
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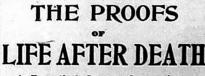
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Extracts from some early reviews of "The Proofs of Li

"The execution seems to me admirable."- Rev. Mis

a characterist

BANNER OF LIGHT

Children's Rook.

LITTLE RESTLESS.

Little Restless, Little Restless, Noisily tramping through the house, Or if deep in any mischief, Then as quiet as a mouse.

Little Restless, Little Restless, Ever running in and out, Now with sudden cry of anger, Now with sudden joyous shout.

Little Restless, Little Restless, You are weary now of play; You have laughed, and romped and shouted All the sunny summer day.

Little Restless, Little Restless, It is time "Night, night" was said, For the white lids hide the blue eyes, And down droops the golden head.

So "good-night" to Little Restless, And we peace have for awhile: May the morning wake our Restless With the same glad, happy smile.

Kate Taylor-Robinson, in The Lyceum Ban-ner (Eng.).

Tommie Bates' Thanksgiving Idea.

Although Tommie Bates had listened atten-tively to all that his teacher had said about dren lees favored, he still felt mystified, and as he trudged homeward alone, he fell into a certain habit which he had of talking to him-self when in trouble. "There's Jöhnnie Pratt, now. He doesn't have any Thanksgiving to speak of. At least he didn't last year. Of course I might give him a big piece of pumpkin pie. Ma cuts them in quarters Thanksgiving Day. Would'n't he smack his lips, though? I don't know but she would give him a whole one, but that wouldn't be reach giving, it wouldn't cost me anything. Teacher said hat pumpkin pies and turkeys, and ma's and grandpa's, and all good things, were bless-hy di Johnny Pratt has any. I'd like bis whow what they are. He hasn't any ma, nor grandma, nor grandpa, and no pa to speak of, and of course he hasn't any good things to eat, 'cause there's nobody to get them for.

grandma, nor grandpa, and no pa to speak of, and of course he hasn't any good things to eat, 'cause there's nobody' to get them for him. "I know what I'll do about things to eat. When pa says, 'Will you have another piece of white meat, my boy?' I'll say, 'No, thank you,' not because there will be any need of it, for there's always more'n enough to go round, and when ma offers me the second piece of bie Til say, 'No, ma, guess I'll take a piece of brend.' That will be 'getting into the spirit of it' as teacher said. But there's the folks. Pa and ma, and little Bettie, and dear old grandpa and grandma. I can't share them with Johnnie. Oh, dear! what shall I do? I wish Miss Brown hadn't takked so nicely to us this afternoon. It sounded good, but there's no way. How mean it would be to pass out pies and turkey, when, of course, he's enough sight hungrler for some one to love him than he is for something to eat.'' It was of no nse, Tommie could not think it out, and he did his chores in such a list-less way, and hurried off to bed so quickly ifter supplet, that his mother and grand-mother wondered if he was not coming down with the measles or something. He could not sleep, but tossed from one side of the bed to the other, wondering if it was not almost moring. But just is the town-clock struck half-past nine a solution of the problem came into his mind like a flash, and in a mo-ment he was in dreamlad. "He was awake early the next morning.

came into his mind like a flash, and in a mo-ment he was in dreamland. He was awake early the next morning, and came down to breakfast with a face as rosy as the dawn. As soon as he could screw up his courage to the speaking point, he volced his resolve in the question, "Would you people be willing to trade boys with Mr. Pratt?"

X

merry-making was over. There were several cousins about Tommie's age who always spent the day with them, and stayed until inte into the evening. This was the best of all, and Tommie had certainly got "into the spirit of it" when he willingly gave up this part of the day's pleasures. The sacrifice brought its reward, however, as heart sacrifices usually do. This was the beginning of a great friendship between the boys, and the foundation for many a good time. In the pleasant sunshine of kindness Johnnie's character blossomed out into that which was quite worthy the friendship of even so noble a boy as Tommie Bates.—Susle E. Kennedy.

A Charming Incident.

"Mr. Kellogg owns a big Newfoundland dog, which he has taught from puppyhood to love all living things as he loves them. Wild birds will perch on this dog's head as they do on the hand of its master. Once the dog found a sparrow with a broken wing flutter-ing on the ground and pounced upon it, but instead of harming it he lifted the bird gently in his mouth, and bore it unharmed to his master, evidently desiring him to mend the broken wing. The bird was in hospital for some time, and every day the dog visited it to inquire, sympathetically, how the wing was getting on. When at last the bird flew away its canine friend barked joyously and rolled on the ground with delight. More mar-velous still, the sparrow returned several times to pay a friendly call on the dog."—The Animal's Defender.

Spontaneous Testimony.

Mrs. A. B. Severance, the veteran worker, ever true and faithful in the front rank of mediumistic service, will long be held in grateful remembrance, not only on account of her ever helpful psychometric readings, but also her Good Health Tablets, which are ac-knowledged to be one of the greatest achieve-ments of splift power. Mrs. D., of Green-wich Park, Roston, says: "Your Good Health Tablets are the best laxative I ever tried. They are wonderful! I shall recommend them whenever I have an opportunity." See Mrs. Severance's "ad" on our 7th page.

Salem Notes.)

After a successful season at Camp Progress we opened our whiter meetings in Salem, Odd Fellows' Hall. Two lectures, musical and literary entertainment and senace constitute the order of our Sunday meetings. The pres-ident, the well known speaker Mrs. Baker of Danvers, presides in a most acceptable man-ner.

Sunday, Nov. 15. Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham gave two able lectures in her usual eloquent manner, holding the closest attention of her audience. She supplemented her lectures with convincing and comforting spirit messages. Mrs. Burnham will be with us again January 17

17. Music is an attractive feature of our meetings, conducted by Mr. Holden, whose fine voice, once heard, can never be forgotten. We sadly miss the voice and presence of Mr. N. H. Gardner who passed to spirit life last February. All our services are well attended. The hall is pleasant, audiences are increasing. Harmonious surroundings and earnest workers constitute the foundation on which rests our success.

success. Mrs. D. Webster, sec.

The Cost of Delay.

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shall personally conduct the last one. Those who intend to join them should write me early, to secure the best staterooms. En-close 4 cents in statups to pay postage on rolder. Full information as to party, low prices, etc., will be given.

91 Sherman St., Springfield, Mass.

1 Book Reviews.

William Brunton

The Bible by John E. Kemsburg is one who follows the advice of Kobert Ingersoll when he said, "Somebody ought to tell the truth about the Bible." This is faithfully done by one who has had his eyes opened to see that it is no such book as the bilnd worshipers of its letter would fain make it. He reads it with the spectacles of science and reason, and points out its very numerous errors and the causes of tham. He examines with great care its authenticity, credibility and morality, and has not anything to sai, for twor of any one of these. The work he has done is all right. He supports his positions with ad-missions of the Orthodox themselves, and shows that no wise man would receive it on its own authority. The infailible Bible never was, but now it is an impossibility to any who can read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what is here given. We think the appreciation of it as a nation's literature still stands as a valuable contribution, but this book is to destroy the idol men worship, and it does this effectually. New York, The Truth Seeker Company. Manhood's Morning, by Joseph Altred Con-

Manhood's Morning, by Joseph Alfred Con-well, is a very interesting and instructive book for the young man till he is a man. It takes the boy and brings him up in a noble course of living so as to avoid the pitfalls in the way of youth. It is full of wise direc-tion and inspiration for the better life. It has a church tone but means well and tries to bring the opportunities and joys of man-hood in a taking way to those who have the destiny of our country in their keeping. It certainly will do good in its way. The Vir Publishing Company, London, England. Price \$1.00.

The City of the King, by Mrs. Lew Wal-lace, is a description of Jerusalem, ancient and modern, told in a very pleasing way and interestilig. It opens out what were the probable scenes Jesus at twelve saw when he went to keep the feast of the Passover. And Bethlehem is also shown to the mind's eye in beauty. The photograph illustrations are very good. It is a holiday book to hang on the Christmas tree. Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An Autumn Trip Through Britain.

Mabel F. Knight.

Seven calm moonlight nights followed seven sunny days before our vessel reached its port. Except passing a ship now and then, and watching the whales, as they ap-peared above water, there had been nothing to rouse the traveler from the comfortable steamer-chair. But when the old deck-hand reported "Land in sight," there was no more rest for any one. All eyes were strained to watch the tiny speck in the dis-tance grow into the outline of the Irish coast. As we skitted the shore a forlorn, but noble-looking castle towered above all other objects. An Irishman on board was ques-tioned concerning it, but all the information obtained from him was the reply, "Sure, an" We found out latter that it was Lord Fer-moy's castle. ' ¹¹ Seven calm moonlight nights followed

We found out latter that it was Lord Fer-moy's castle. / ¹⁰¹ i After the custom-house officer had put the necessary mark '6h our luggage (we must not say baggage now,' for we are in England) we started for thid Lake region. As soon as we left Liverpool, the first thing we looked for were the hedgerows we had read so much about, nor were we disappointed. On either side as we looked out, we could see green alopes separated by those hedgerows, which in Wordsworth's words are "Scarcely hedge-rows, little lines of sportive wood run wild." Beautiful Windermere, queen of all the Eng-lish lakes, was the first one we saw, ind as we sailed over its unruffled waters on that clear, cold, autumn day, our first impression

as we salled over its unrufiled waters on that clear, cold, autumn day, our first impression of England was certainly favorable. We reached Ambleside in the evening, and mid the chiming of bells went to sleep to dream of all kinds of impossible things we were to do during the coming days. Early the next morning we took a stage-coach drive to Coniston. It was a puzzle to us haw we were going to get into the coach, but a small man with a very big stepladder soon appeared and solved the difficulty. After we were safely seated, off we started for a drive through one of the most perfect regions God ever made. As we looked about us we could say with Jean Ingelow:

"An empty sky, a world of heather, Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom: We two among them wading together, Shaking out honey, treading perfume."

On the following day came pligrimage. At an early hour or Rydal Mount, the mo

On the following day came the Wordsworth pilgrimage. At an early hour we started out for Rydal Mount, the most beautiful of that poet's homes. We were assured by all that entrance there would be impossible, but American enthusiam is never to be daunted, so we hurried an passing "the Knoll," once the home of Miss Martineau, and findily reached Rydal Mount. As we stood looking longingly in through the fence, the gardener came beaming up to us and, asked if we would like to see the grounds? Rydal Mount is a tranquil spot, high up on a hill and commanding a view of little Rydal lake, while in the background is the large, roomy house set against the woods, which were a favorite retreat of the poet. Our guide led us along a pathway toward these woods, until we came to a summer-house, and pointing to that he said, "Mr. Wordsworth made that himself." Of course we imédiately sat down on the rustic bench, but our young friend merely said, "Oh, everyone that comes here does that." and led us back to the house, which he said was like any English house, and that we could see enough by looking in the windows. We then wandered through the gardens, the pride of Wordsworth during his lifetime, and still kept up on a grand scale. We could have lingered there indefinitely, but after our suide had presented us with two English roses, picked from a bush which Wordsworth himself had tended, we reluctantly bade goodbye to the spot. Our coach drive to Keswick from here

roses, picked from a bush which Wordsworth himself had tended, we reluctantly bade goodbye to the spot. Our coach drive to Keswick from here took us over Drumrall Raise, the favorite walk of the poets. Inadvertently we ex-pressed a wish that we, too, could walk up the Raise, whereupon the driver turned quickly around and grinning from ear to ear said, "Perhaps you can have that charming-opportunity," and sure enough a little fur-ther along, everybody must get out and walk a short distance, as the road was so steep that the horses could not pull us up. In Keswick the chief attraction was Greta Hall, the home of Southey: it is as gloomy as the poems he wrote, but like them it has a mys-tical spell that is fascinating. It was at Keswick that we saw England on a market day. In a square presided over by a town hall were displayed wares of all kinds, vegetables, prints and even dry goods, and the babel arising from the throng gath-ered there was deafening. (To be continued.)

Being Led by the Spirit.

Knowledge which comes when led of the spirit does not require laborious study. In the ordinary sense it requires no study at all. The spiritual sense knows immediately all. The spiritual sense hows immediately the thing needed for a certain result, just as the monkey, when bitten by a poisonous snake, knows the plant which will serve as an antidote, or as animals before an earth-quake show uncasiness and alarm, or as a cat, if carried in a bag miles away from its. home, will find its way back through the forest never seen by her before. How shall we cultivate and bring out our spiritual or higher senses? Just as we cultivate and improve our physical powers and senses. That is as we become aware of the reality of any spiritual sense by exercising it, trying it and experi-menting with it. By such means it is first proved and then strengthened. Prentice Mulford.

And striving to be man, the worm Mounts through all the spires of form. —Emerson.

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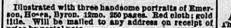
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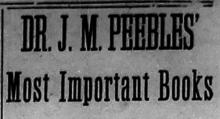
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In modern philosophy there are three great treatises on the Passions, that of Spinors, that of Hume, and that of Salvarona.-Philosophical Journal.





NOVEMBER 18 1908.

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SPIRITUALISM VERSUS MATER-IALISM.

BY SALVARONA.

"The dear boy," said grandma, under her breath.

"I wants my own Tommie," whined Bet-, understanding just enough to make her raid some untoward event was to take

tie, understanding just enough to make her afraid some untoward event was to take place. Thanksgiving Day was spent according to Tommie's plan. Johnnie came and took his place in every possible.way. His chair at the table, his part in the work, and particu-larly his share in the games, were Johnnie's remarkable good fortune. Mr. Bates always said "mg boy," and grandfather placed his hand upon Johnnie's head several times dur-ing the day, and called him "a noble lad," evidently forgetting that he was not speaking to the boy whom he so much loved. Mother Bates, like the brave woman she was, seemed to put her own boy quite out of mind, treating Johnnie exactly as she would have her own, never, by any little act, re-minding him that he was only a guest. Poor little Bettie could not take in the situ-ation so readily, and ran away to grandma's room several times during the day, and, throwing her arms about the old lady's neck, shed a few tears upon the soft cheeks. Upon the whole, however, the day passed pleasant-up at the Bates homestend, and all rejoiced in the sacrifice which their dear boy was mak-ing. It was really more of a sacrifice than they

Lake Helen Camp, Florida.

Lake Helen Camp, Florida. Each week brings more people to this healthy and sunny winter resort. The hotel is being painted—a much needed improve-ment. Dr. Hilligoss will advance the money to enable the Association to pipe the camp for running water. Cottages will be well supplied. Mr. Myers is running his stage to depot for passengers and baggage. Mra. Witters and Mrs. Vogt report a de-lightful trip, on the Clyde steamer Comanche, which sailed Oct. 28. They went up the St. John's River. They have taken rooms in the Budington cottage. Geo. P. Colby is very busy managing his farm. Geo. W. Nickerson will not go south this winter. He has taken a wife and she will keep him safely at Onset. We are pained to note the transition to spirit life of Henry E. Fogle. Mrs. Philbrook's new cottage is materializ-ing under the magic hand of Dr. Webster. E. W. Bond is making thousands of boxes, which are needed for oranges are now selling at 5 cents per dozen, grape froit 60 cents per dozen. Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Hardenburg are soing to California this winter. Clerk, H. S. Twing and wife, expect to go to Lake Helen early in December. Mr. Iwing's grape crop was light this year, but the prices are heavy enough. On Nov. 24, A. W. Carrique and wife, A.

Only we were riding "over hill, over dale," the driver cracking his whip, and telling us exciting incidents which had happened in the vicinity, stories, we fear, out of his own fertile brain.

the vicinity, stories, we fear, out of his own fertile brain. At Coniston the Ruskin Museum, recently opened, claimed our attention first, and it was a very interesting hour that we spent there, looking at those treasured Ruskin rel-ics. In one case there was a book with Bible quotations on one side and on the other comments by Ruskin. After the verse, "Safe in the Lord His Saints may rest" was written, "Xes, but how about His Sinners? J. R." Not far from the Museum was the Conlston churchyard, where Ruskin lies buried. His tombstone is simple, with his works emblematically represented, as for example there are seven Lamps of Archi-tecture." Now we all know that Ruskin died in 1900, but as we were standing by his grave, two English ladles came over to where we were, and one of them glancing supercilionsly at us, said to her companion: "Ah, yes, that is Ruskin's stone; I remember it well now, thongh I have not seen it for years, don't yon know."

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Mother Bates, like the brive woman also mind, treating Johnnie exactly as she work in a direct statistication.
Bee C. Robert and Strath and Strathand Strath and Strathand Strath and Strath and

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The extraordinary merits of "The Wisdom of Passion" are the copionaness of human insight and content in the way of fact and reference with which the book is crammed, its main thesis I agree with -- Prof. William James, Biaryard University.

I have found "The Wisdom of Passion" to be a book of powerful eradition and fine intuition. I would be happy if in a certain sense I had inspired it.-Prof. Ceasare Lom-

Professors of literature in the University of Chicago, counting up the tan great books that recently gave them the most profit placed "The Wisdom of Passion" among the first on the list.

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If rectance Here is a man who sees and says things for himself. He is not retailing conventionalities. The book fairly bristless with wiss sayings. I believe the the is is massinable and that the author has good a long way toward fortilying it. After I took up the book, I did not guit, except for meals and sleep till I had read it excfully from cover to cover. Albien W. Small, Heat of Dept. of fociology and Director of Affiliated Work of the University of Chicage.

The fundamental thought of the author is sound . . . al men are raied by feeling. The worth of the man is wha his worth of feeling is-The Outlook, N. Y.

I am somewhat familiar with the tendency in moder hought to give primary place to feeling - with James Will in Belleve, with Ward's social philosophy, with helier's and Browning's philosophy. "The Windom to sensor fits to with the four forms its ownlown by its choic famous to be to.-Frod. Users Lorus Mingry Dulversit Chickero."

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