

BANNER OF LIGHT

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SILENCE AND SONG.

Wilson Fritch.

(Written for the "Banner of Light.")
Into the silence, O my soul!
Where no suns shine or planets roll;
Into the light of primeval day,
Beaming through all with a fadeless ray;
Into the vision of infinite thought,
Which all the wonders of nature wrought;
Into the love universal and free,
Thrilling all hearts with its ecstasy;
Into the wisdom eternal and sure,
Leading in pathways exalted and pure;
Into the power that moves the spheres,
Holds us in peace and calms our fears;
There let me dwell in the Soul Divine,
Knowing the Deity, knowing mine.

Then let me fly on wings of love,
Bearing a message of joy from above;
Into the hut of the lowly and sad,
Giving assurances strong and glad;
Into the palace of wine and song,
Bringing sweet peace to the weary throng;
Into the darkness of vice and crime,
Sounding the note of a happier time;
Into the heart forsaken and lone,
Sharing the bliss of love's wide throne;
Into the chamber of grief and pain,
Showing the balm of the spirit's gain;
Into the silence of death's cold strife,
Whispering hopes of eternal life.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"So far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."—Psalms.

"Each life converges to some centre
Expressed or still;
Exists in every human nature
A goal.
Ungained, it may be, by a life's low venture,
But then
Eternity enables the endeavoring
Again."

Emily Dickinson.

The wonderful sense of freedom and joy that comes to one in reading the assurance that our transgressions are removed—not merely forgiven but removed—taken entirely out of our lives—is something quite beyond the power of words to express. The joy and the freedom unite in producing a sense of exhilaration—a liberation of energy that creates for one a new heaven and a new earth. The shackles have fallen off; the limitations are banished.

In one of Sidney Laurier's poems occur the lines:

"My barque is sailing over the sea,
But the Past is heavy and cumbereth me."
And an English poet has written:

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar
And what we have been makes us what we are."

The two quotations bear a similar message. It is, also, the message of all Theosophical teaching: the message that life is a chain of related sequences; a series of causes constantly set up which produce as constant effects and that these effects are our "Karma," our inseparable conditions, that hold and govern us, and constrain us within certain very definite limitations which, by some inscrutable law, we are unable to transcend. So that, constantly:

"What we have been makes us what we are." Such a conception, literally carried out, would make of life a treadmill; a stern imprisonment of fate; a circle like those in which Dante saw spirits imprisoned. It would take all the spring out of life; all the joy, all the exhilaration and the radiance, and leave only a blind acceptance of tyrannical conditions.

Yet there is in this philosophy a certain measure of truth. We do set up causes, by every daily and hourly choice that we make, and these causes do produce their effects. These effects do react upon us; largely determining and influencing both our conditions and our character, and operating constantly to produce that karma which follows one like his own shadow and envelops him in its atmosphere outside of which he cannot go; whose limitations he is unable to transcend; in which he is held, as the law of gravitation holds objects to the earth.

That there is a great degree of truth in this theory of life; that it is, in varying degrees, greater or less, more severe in its imprisonment of limitation or less severe, is true. It cannot be denied by any close observer of the phenomena of life. So much must be conceded. The Karma law is as much an actual fact as is the law of gravitation or the law of chemical attraction.

But the counter truth is this: that which is true on our plane of life is not necessarily true on the higher plane just above it. A certain law operates on one plane; it is transcended on the plane that is higher. There is, for instance, the natural and the super-natural, but that which is the "super-natural" on one plane becomes the natural on the one next higher. That which is natural on the higher becomes the super-natural to the lower. To the savage the sending in-

telligence by the telephone, the telegraph, the cable and by Marconigram would seem super-natural; to the scientist it is perfectly natural. To the savage, the motor car, or the train, gliding through the streets without apparent means of motion, would be super-natural; while to the more highly trained mind it is as natural as is the spectacle of an ox cart. Now the law of the imprisonment and constraint of Karma is true, but there is escape from it; there is relief; and this, also, is equally true. There is Law; there is also Love; and Love is always stronger than Law, and it operates irresistibly, and creates utterly new conditions, as soon as one achieves living that plane on which it operates. And that plane is the coming into the perfect and harmonious identity with the Divine Will. That plane is achieved by pure and holy aspiration and by prayer. That plane is open to every one and possible to every one. That plane is the one which Jesus came to earth to point out and to which He directed the way. He is the Way; He is the Truth and the Life; and no man goeth unto the Father save by following His teachings. And to follow His teachings is to go unto the Father and to enter into life on that higher plane on which it is the privilege, the very possible privilege, of each and every one to dwell. Now it is on that plane that God operates when it is said: "So far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

One must pause for a moment to realize the greatness of this promise. It is one thing to have a deed which we regret, forgive; it is quite another to have it removed. To have it absolutely blotted out—annihilated—in short, removed: to have it removed is to have all its consequences taken away from us; to have a fair field for a new start in life altogether. It is to be entirely set free from that "Past" which is "heavy" and which "cumbereth" life. It is to have all the shackles and the limitations of conditions fall off; and to be free to live the life radiant. What wonderful power lies in this removal! How a new heaven and a new earth charm and command the soul! What greatness and goodness and beauty and exaltation become possible!

"It is very certain" (says Emerson), "that it is the effect of conversation with the beauty of the soul, to beget a desire and need to impart to others the same knowledge and love. If utterance is denied, the thought lies like a burden on the man. Always the seer is a seer. Somehow his dream is told; somehow he publishes it with solemn joy; sometimes with pencil on canvas; sometimes with chisel on stone; sometimes in towers and aisles of granite, his soul's worship is builded; sometimes in anthems or indefinite music; but clearest and most permanent, in words."

"The man enamored of this excellency, becomes its priest or poet. The office is coeval with the world. But observe the condition, the spiritual limitation of the office. The spirit only can teach. Not any profane man, not any sensual, not any liar, not any slave can teach, but only he can give, who has; he only can create, who is. The man on whom the soul descends, through whom the soul speaks, alone can teach. Courage, piety, love, wisdom, can teach; and every man can open his door to these angels, and they shall bring him the gift of legions. But the man who aims to speak as books enable, as synods use, as the fashion guides, and as interest commands, babbles! Let him hush."

"The office is the first in the world. It is of that reality that it cannot suffer the deduction of any falsehood. The need was never greater of new revelation than now. From the views I have already expressed, you will infer the sad conviction, which I share, I believe, with numbers, of the universal decay and now almost death of faith in society. The soul is not preached: The Church seems to totter to its fall, almost all life extinct. On this occasion, any complaisance, would be criminal, which told you, whose hope and commission it is to preach the faith of Christ, that the faith of Christ is preached."

The soul must be "preached," as Emerson asserts. Knowledge and love must be imparted. The dream of all beauty and brightness must be told. It is a dream which fore-shadows the glowing reality.

On the higher plane of life—the plane attained by aspiration and prayer—the power of the Holy Spirit operates to free man from the consequences of his sins; to remove his sins from him, making them as remote from his life and its daily influence as the East is from the West. If sins can thus be removed, may not blunders, also? Inadvertencies? mistakes? Most certainly. For what is the Divine promise? "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

The promise is fulfilled abundantly, "above all that ye ask or think" to them who enter into its power by means of conviction. It is "according to the power which worketh in you" that God is able to bless and lead and exalt. It is the combined work of God and of

man. To have one's sins "removed," made as far away from one's life as the East is from the West, is not an experience given to the merely passive recipient. It is an experience achieved by the power of faith. It is an experience that not merely comes in response to prayer, but that comes in proportion as one commits his entire plans and purposes to the Divine leading, and enters into the very spirit of the divine life. "We learn," says Emerson, "that the highest is present to the soul of man, that the dread universal essence, which is not wisdom, or love, or beauty, or power, but all in one, and each entirely, is that for which all things exist, and that by which they are; that spirit creates: that behind nature, throughout nature, spirit is present; one and not compound, it does not act upon us from without, that is, in space and time, but spiritually, or through ourselves; therefore, that spirit, that is, the Supreme Being, does not build up nature around us, but puts it forth through us, as the life of the tree puts forth new branches and leaves through the pores of the old. As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws at his need, inexhaustible power. Who can set bounds to the possibilities of man? Once inhale the upper air, being admitted to behold the absolute natures of justice and truth, and we learn that man has access to the entire mind of the Creator, is himself the creator in the finite. This view, which admonishes me where the sources of wisdom and power lie, and points to virtue as to

"The golden key
Which opens the palace of eternity."

carries upon its face the highest certificate of truth, because it animates me to create my own world through the purification of my soul.

"The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God, a projection of God in the unconscious."

Through the purification of the soul, there alone is freedom achieved. Thus alone is the law of Karma overcome. Thus alone may man enter into that state where there is "no condemnation." This it is to live and move and have our being in that exquisite and uplifted atmosphere of the Holy Spirit, open to each, to all—that atmosphere in which here and now one may live the Life Radiant.

This "Life Radiant" is the life lived in that clearer consciousness of the two worlds which it is the mission of Spiritualism to teach and the privilege of the Spiritualist to enjoy. It is the recognition of the "cloud of witnesses" with whom we live, daily and hourly, in communion.

Perhaps few books have more strikingly presented this great truth of the absolutely two-fold nature of life than the latest work of Miss Susie C. Clark, the well-known author and lecturer, in her book on John McCullough. Miss Clark's sympathy with his heroic and noble character has apparently enabled her to be, essentially, fitted to receive and to transmit the message of his life from the two-fold point of his remembrances of his brilliant and artistic work on earth and his new and greater experiences in the realm just beyond. This story Miss Clark has embodied in a most unique narrative, and well-deserving the wide popularity it is winning, and one that every reader of the Banner will unflinchingly prize. The experiences of Mr. McCullough, as related by Miss Clark, are typical of the universal truth of life; but it has been left for her to so embody them in an attractive narrative as to stamp them with new emphasis and added impress. What would life be if literally limited to the outer experiences on earth! Our daily extension into the ethereal realm is an inspiration and source of energy and of power. It is thus, indeed, that we live the Life Radiant.

The DeWey, Washington, D. C.

The "Chautauqua Salute" is discarded by the W. C. T. U. They proclaim: "It was plain to the women that entire regiments of disease germs were released by this promiscuous waving of handkerchiefs in a hot, crowded hall." They will hereafter carry and wave a small red, white and blue flag. They claim that bad colds are dispersed to the audience by the handkerchief salute. When we properly understand and observe the magnetic and spiritual conditions necessary to health, perhaps we will be compelled to abandon public congregating of people. If we grow wise, however, we will better develop proper sanitation in halls and churches—also drive out fear of, and cultivate positive will against, disease. A healthful body need not fear contagion; and a healthful mentality will not be easily contaminated. But, diseased and malformed persons should refrain from public contact with people, because of the impracticability of negative mentalities.

Fiction.

The Secret of the Deserted Mansion.

Ida L. Spalding.

(Concluded.)

Striking the match, I relighted the lamp Dick brought me, but when I looked where I had seen the form only a moment before, it was gone.

Dick, he averred, had seen nothing, and there was no one in his room.

We descended to the library, expecting to find we knew not what; but the doors and windows were closed, and the different pieces of furniture were in exactly the same position in which we had left them earlier in the evening.

"These proceedings are altogether too uncanny to suit me," said Dick in an uneasy voice, his face ghastly. "If I didn't want to be laughed at, I would go to a hotel for the remainder of the night and never again darken these doors."

"We must not leave until we have solved this mystery," I responded firmly. "If the dead walk, I want to know why. If there is something that ought to be made known, I mean to discover it. These phenomena have not so far been repeated in one night. I think we shall be able to sleep here tonight, and tomorrow morning we will search for the secret door to the attic."

With this expression of belief in the supernatural that I would have scorned to acknowledge in the prosaic light of day, I carefully locked the doors, and Dick, silently acquiescing, went to his own room just as the city clocks were striking two, leaving me free to go to bed and secure the sleep I needed after my vigils of the night before.

It was not until late the next morning that I awoke from a dreamless, refreshing slumber to find that Dick had already arisen and gone. I hurriedly dressed and went out to breakfast.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon Dick came to me and requested me to accompany him to the house.

We went up the stairs leading from the library. As Dick had said, the ceiling ran parallel with the angle of the stairs. Passing through my room and entering Dick's, we began our search for the fastening of the secret door to the concealed stairway. We readily found the carving referred to in Mrs. Wilcox's diary, but the hidden spring responded to pressure upon any portion of it, and Dick impatiently began sounding the walls with the evident intention of breaking through the paneling, when, with a twist and a last strong push on the base of the scroll, a narrow section of paneling swung slowly backward at one side, revealing the concealed stairs covered deep with dust and the stairway festooned thickly with cobwebs.

Securing a broom from down stairs, we swept these frail but unpleasant obstructions from before us, and ascended the steep stairs. At their head was the room mentioned by Mrs. Wilcox, and with a mingled feeling of awe and curiosity I followed Dick into its dim interior. Sure enough, there were two half-circular windows, as described in Mrs. Wilcox's diary, coated now with the dust of fifty years. Swinging them wide open, we perceived that they were indeed securely screened from view on the outside by blinds between whose slats feebly struggled the light of day. We gazed about us. The room was furnished with two or three chairs, a table on which stood a pitcher and a few other dishes, and in front of the fireplace an old-fashioned settle.

An exclamation from Dick caused me to look in the direction in which he was pointing, an expression of horror on his handsome young face. There on the settle reposed a human skeleton, clothed in a woman's moth-eaten garments. A chain about six feet long was fastened to a steel band encircling it at the waist, the other end being secured to a strong staple driven in the wall.

"The mystery is solved! These are the earthly remains of Violet Cameron Wilcox," announced Dick with conviction.

The authorities were promptly notified. On the table in the hidden chamber was found further evidence to prove the old adage that "murder will out." From half a dozen sheets of closely written manuscript, deciphered with the greatest difficulty, we gleaned the story of the tragedy that had been enacted within the walls of the old mansion. With a prayer to heaven to reveal the truth and clear her memory of the foul stain made by her husband's baseless charge against her, Mrs. Wilcox began her recital.

"With the full knowledge that a slow and torturing death awaits me, but with the firm conviction that justice will one day be accorded the memory of the innocent victims of an inhuman malignity, I will endeavor to

compose my mind to give a brief and concise account of the events leading up to the commission of a crime so heinous that I shudder at the doom that must inevitably be that of the cruel perpetrator.

"Mr. Wilcox's temper had been very uneven during the winter, but with the advent of spring his outbursts became more frequent and violent in character, until I began to fear for my personal safety. Every one in the house was liable to incur his displeasure, but upon me, his unlucky wife, did he make his most savage attacks. Even Mr. Howard was not exempt, and often I marveled at his self-control during the disgraceful scenes that were becoming of almost daily occurrence.

"Last Wednesday, after receiving letters from home, Mr. Howard announced his contemplated return to England as soon as Mr. Wilcox could secure a satisfactory secretary, the next month, if possible, to enter the employ of the Marquis of —, a change which would enable him to realize his dearest dream, that of leading to the altar the amiable daughter of our dear rector at Bradbury Hill.

"That evening after dinner he followed me to the drawing room, as usual, leaving Mr. Wilcox at the table, it being our custom to devote that leisure hour to music. A contemplation of his early return to scenes so dear to my heart, caused the tears to flow, for I firmly believed when I left England that I should never again see the shores of my native land, and that impression was only strengthened with time. Bending forward, he took my hand in his, and was uttering words of cheer in his kind, brotherly way, when Mr. Wilcox flung open the door with great violence, and before either of us could speak, charged his secretary with making love to me, his wife! For a moment I was stunned, then I endeavored to second Mr. Howard's efforts to calm my husband, to reason with him, but in vain. He ordered me from the room, and thinking it better to comply, I retired to the privacy of my own chamber, where I indulged in the bitterest tears I was ever forced to shed. Going to my dressing table for a bottle of cologne with which to ease my throbbing temples, I opened the door into Mr. Wilcox's room, and from there I heard my husband and Mr. Howard in an altercation in the library below. Trembling with fear I passed into Mr. Wilcox's room and listened. The staircase door was ajar, and I plainly heard the sound of a struggle, long and frightful, then a fall and a groan, and in terror I shrieked and fainted.

"When I returned to consciousness I was in darkness, and my limbs were cold and cramped. Attempting to rise, I discovered that I was bound hand and foot. Then I recalled the terrible struggle I had heard, and again overcome with horror I fainted.

"The next I remember was the consciousness of Mr. Wilcox's presence. He held in his hand a lamp, and by its dim light I perceived that during my faint I had been conveyed to my retreat in the attic that I had fondly believed to be unknown to a single soul except myself.

"When he saw that I had regained consciousness, Mr. Wilcox began to taunt me. He had been led to distrust me, he said, upon discovering weeks before, when inadvertently I had left the attic-staircase door ajar, that I had a secret from my husband, and that I took pleasure in absenting myself from my household duties for hours at a time.

"I dared not answer him, for I believed him mad. How much I had overheard that evening, he could only conjecture, he said; but, however much or little, I should never live to repeat it. He had killed my 'lover,' to use his words, and concealed his body from all danger of discovery by the servants, and was only waiting for an opportunity to bury it in the unused portion of the cellar directly under the library. I thought my time had come, and commending my soul to my Maker, I calmly awaited the blow that I believed he was about to deliver.

"But his cruel selfishness had devised a far worse fate, which he proceeded to disclose to me. He had brought me food and water, he informed me, sufficient for several days. By that time he and his English servants would be on their way to England, to carry the story of my elopement with the secretary to our friends there.

"I cried aloud, I implored his mercy, but without avail. 'You may shout,' he shrieked in anger, 'but you will never be heard. No one but your deaf maid will enter this part of the house again, and tomorrow morning I shall tell the household the story of your flight.'

"With these words he held to my lips a wine glass and compelled me to swallow its contents, after which my senses were almost immediately steeped in oblivion. "When I awoke from the deep sleep induced by the drugged wine, I discovered about my waist a steel belt secured to a chain fastened to the wall, whose length would enable me to reach neither the windows nor the door. In every possible way I endeavored to release myself, but in vain. The belt had been fastened by a padlock and the key removed. My last hope was gone, my enemy had done his work too well, and I resigned myself as calmly as possible to my cruel fate, but never losing faith in God's infinite goodness, wisdom and mercy, and believing that in the light of the hereafter all things on earth so inexplicable will be made plain."

I spare the reader the frenzied pleadings, the broken, incoherent ravings of the wretched woman, evidently penned at intervals during the days that followed her death mercifully released her from her sufferings.

"A heinous crime had been committed, but there was no one to punish, for the aged murderer had been dead several months. The authorities exhumed the remains of Violet Howard, which they found in the cellar

(Continued on page 1.)

LIFE.

William Brunt.

(Written for the "Banner of Light.")

How strangely sweet from darkness of the years—

The soul steals out among the ways of men
And what a multitude of hopes and fears—
It carries to its unseen home again!

A happy pilgrim on a path of pain,
Whose journey is divine in love's employ;
A voice it hears with rich alluring strain—
God's bird that flies before and sings of joy!

The beautiful has beauty yet to be;
The hope has hope with wings above to fly;
A dream there is the soul desires to see;
The dream leads on beyond the opening sky!

The Writings of Lillian Whiting.

William Brunt.

It is a great pleasure to be where you can see the sun work the great transformation of the unrolling of the landscape. You could watch it all the year round and rejoice in the scene and find it had something new to say to you.

It is so when we note the approach and advance of spring. How the grass creeps everywhere and carpets the waste places and makes them enchanting. It is a miracle always and has suggestion for the soul as to its own growth in good.

And a like pleasure is when there comes to us the bright sunrise of another's thought, when there is a quickening of our nature by the happy word of the soul enlivened with the inspirations of faith. A good book is a power of grace to the heart.

When we find one or several of such uplifting books, we ought to make our discovery known. We ought to invite others to share our joy and blessedness. There is no sense in keeping it to ourselves, for the more it is known the more enjoyment we have. The good influence should go forth to as many as it may.

Now I like to praise writers who are with us, who are doing us the kindness to give us their best thought for our daily fare, who break the bread of life for us, and we eat and are strengthened.

Miss Lillian Whiting is one of these benefactors of our minds and hearts. She is the writer of words of cheer, of wisdom, of love and helping. She is a soul alive to the now and its message. She thrills with it as a veritable revelation from on high. She is Emersonian in her sweet reasonableness and serenity. She takes one for a quiet walk in the woods on a spring day, and nature is eloquent of creative love, and shows the beauty of the wild flower to speak of Beauty.

She takes us apart from the stress of life as Socrates might, and talks so wisely to us that we seem to come to memories of things right and true such as the worlds must have always known.

She sings to us with a voice as of a bird that carries us away from bustling streets into the country lanes and then over the hills and far away. Her poems are pleasant—they are pictures—and they cheer the soul.

She is a writer with whom we can have companionship for a long while. She has been wise to work the gold mine of thought revealed to her. She saw the world beautiful and she lingered in it and asked us to be with her for many a summer's day. She has nooks and corners of her own in this domain of joy.

This is the modern unfolding of what life is. It is a new vision of beauty that is very much worth while having. It is the sixth sense of love that supplements microscope and telescope and introduces us to the spiritual reality of the universe. It is no more commonplace—it has that splendor Moses saw by the bush, and Jesus saw when he spoke of the lilies.

And the minds who will share her broad friendship of man and nature, who will enter into the open secret of her delight, and themselves in a new world of the Alps with snow and rocks and pine and fir, and have come to the Italian side with vineyards and olives and valleys of green before them. Their hearts are enlarged and they have unexpected pleasures given them. They are like Saul who was called from common duty of finding strays of the stable to being one of an inspired band of prophets, and they too prophesy.

Now to meet such helping as this is very good—and it always is. You cannot read any of her books without sensing this uplift and cheer. She walks the sunny way of life.

And so she gave us the life radiant. It was the matching of nature's radiance with the force in us that so often we are either ignorant of or unbelieving in. She does not rely on her own word—but is full of modern revelation. She has a keen mind to know what is worth repeating, and what will make appeal and be in itself a sermon and admit of another which she or we may make. I like her fulness of illustration and argument and history of this sort. She does it so wisely in her own sweet way that we would not diminish it by an iota. It fills out what she would enforce, and is science and philosophy to establish and sustain it.

She makes a scholar's appeal, so that the wise reader is glad with her. Then she talks so directly to the subject and for the truth's sake that the common people hear her gladly.

She has given us "The Spiritual Significance" as a special book, and it is a valuable addition to our stock of books we can go to for comfort and illumination. And in "The Joy That No Man Taketh from You" is the same purpose of making man the master of the situation whatever the trial or disappointment of the days. There was never night without a day, and never a sorrow without a spring, and never sorrow without its healing—is that she says. And we believe her; we trust her implicitly because it is so good that it must be true. She brings us to the sonship which is of heaven, and with it come possibilities of faith and hope and affirm and show forth all that they mean in the ideal realm and practical living.

She also deals with literature. Her "Boston Days" is a delightful telling of the city and its reach of influence in the minds of its eminent sons and daughters. And "The Florence of London" is the telling of the story of what it was in the time of this famous Englishman with the classic mind and the gift of the Roman speech as it were of them.

She delights in the Brownings and is a wise lover of Robert and Elizabeth and her books may not be neglected on this theme. Then she is spiritual and she recognizes that life has not the time limit of the years. She knows that the body is only a cage and the bird of song may fly from on the wings of love into a larger world. Her story of this is like sweet music to the heart weary of doubt and the disappointment of the schools. She is refreshingly believing and inspiring, and shows that it must be so because of the evidence that none can gainsay.

Her books are a little library of themselves and are sweet companions of heart and mind and soul. Read and see how true this is.

Review of Passing Events.

Hudson Tuttle, Editor-at-Large, N. S. A.

INTERESTING TO FLESH NATURE.

An item which has been widely circulated through the press, should receive attention from those who patronize the city markets. It has been decided that the meat of animals used for obtaining vaccine is now made unfit for food. The carcasses of many calves that have been vaccinated are sold in the London market, and their use as food effects the saving of many thousands dollars annually.

Who has decided? The "Scientists" and physicians who are engaged in the business of supplying "pure lymph" to people afflicted by the small-pox germ. How are these animals treated to obtain the material for vaccination? It was once gathered from ulcers on the udder of cows that had been infected by unclean and diseased milkers, or the scales from the diseased feet of horses. Or it was taken from the pustules of human subjects, the so-called "arm to arm" inoculation. As this was found to carry with it other insidious forms of disease, it was abandoned for the "bovine" virus or lymph.

Now, however, the production has become a great industry. One of the largest establishments keeps constantly from 100 to 150 young cows or heifers in immense stables where every detail of the process may be observed. The animal is first subjected to a dose of toxin, injected into its blood to test it for tuberculosis. After recovering, it is subjected to tetanus toxin. After proving immune, it receives the small-pox virus. After the raging fever, the udder develops a crop of ulcers, and when these are "ripe" the well known "points" are dipped in the "sterilized" puss, or it is prepared with antiseptics, and stored in hermetically sealed tubes. These are sold to the doctors at a discount. The profits from a single sick cow are large, especially if the small-pox scare is worked in successive communities. It is to be inferred small-pox, since the establishment of these "laboratories" is constantly menacing some town or city; this scheme of forcing sales of cow-pus by letting loose the disease is worked to its limit.

What becomes of the tortured animals? They have been well fed, and after a few days in pasture are turned over to the market and "eminent physicians" testify that the flesh is healthy food, and by so doing "save thousands of dollars" otherwise lost by keeping the animals a year or more, so that the disease poisons may be excreted from the blood. Do you think that the introduction of putrescent blood into the veins will purify and bring health? Do you think that this flesh which has been poisoned in every fibre, is pure, clean and wholesome food? Can you imagine how greed can reach a lower depth?

SPEAK FOR THE CREATURES OF THE WOOD AND FIELD WHO CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

And this brings us to the consideration of the broader question of humane attention to the animal world to which by strongest ties we are allied.

"But," you will say, "what has Spiritualism to do with this movement which has its own societies and prominent exponents?"

It has to do, because it is the religion of love, chastity, sympathy, duty to all, the lowest as well as the highest; because it is the doing of the things to be done, and not of faith.

Little sympathy for animal suffering is found in the Christian religion. When appeals have been made by the humane societies to the clergy to once in a while apply the gospel to the teaching of gentleness and kindness to the patient animals who are servants and at last yield their lives, there was scarcely a response. Some of the most eminent divines returned the invitation with the startling answer written beneath "rate": "The American Humane Association vainly attempted to have some lesson in kindness to animals introduced into the Sunday School lesson leaves."

The veteran worker in the Cause, J. C. Mack, says: "Where, indeed, is a religious 'body' whose aims are purely the fastening of humanitarianism and the spread of unfettered and unmodified truth? Where is the modern religion whose moral teaching can be summed up in the few words: Never be mean, never be false, never be cruel?" This is certainly not the teaching of churches yet, for as a matter of fact, in the so-called civilized countries of the world, every form of meanness, falsity and cruelty, has official tolerance and the support of the churches. If there was method said about faith, dogmas, and creeds as less said of salvation, and more on the simple and all too rare virtues of heartfelt kindness and sympathy, then, as Cowper says: "Pity would be the friend of all friendless animals and justice would stand between every suffering creature and woe, and teach and grant mercy for a drudge." Welcome the time when instead of the culture of church barbarism, dogmas and creeds, we have a religious belief that teaches truth, mercy and humanity."

Mr. Mack has been too confined in his investigations, for had he become acquainted with the teachings of Spiritualism, he would have died aloud in exultation:

"Eureka, I have found it!"

Spiritualism is this sought for religion, which is a sublimation of philosophy. It has infinite charity and sympathy based on the knowledge that from the lowest creature of the slime, to the archangel receiving the light of, to us, infinite intelligence, there is unbroken succession, and the same law of love, necessitating gentleness, kindness, appreciation of duties and rights, reaches from the first to the last of this chain of beings.

"Never be mean, never be false, never be cruel." This is the mandate of Spiritualism, and furthermore it commands: "Be true, be fearless in doing what has to be done; hold to ideal excellence and righteousness of spirit conduct."

A COMPARISON.

Compare this belief with the teachings of a great religious scientific school, as the University of Chicago. Recently I mentioned the great gift and the inhuman uses to which it is in part applied.

"Are you not too severe on these men who are in pursuit of science?" writes a valued friend. "I cannot believe animals are thus tortured!"

My answer is the announcement made by President Harper: "We have not thought it wise to place any restriction upon experimentation involving prolonged or severe pain." (See Animals' Rights, H. S. Salt, page 157.) After this declaration it is not surprising that the following news item should appear:

Chicago, Oct. 11.—Eight women students have entered a large male class in vivisection which will be taught this quarter in the University of Chicago. They will experiment on dogs for which they pay fifty cents each; cats for which they pay twenty-five cents; and as one of the instructors said: "on anything else they can get hold of." The class is an unusually large one and is obliged to go to the laboratory in two sections.

Think of it! Is it not appalling to think of a young woman with a helpless animal bound on the dissecting table, cutting through its quivering nerves? Would such a woman be recommended for a companion? Will such a woman, whose feelings have been destroyed by cruelty, feel the sympathy for the suffering

which is essential to a successful physician? Will anyone, knowing her history, consider a sick child to her care? Will not this egotistic devotion to science lead to experimentation on a child as well as on an animal?

Accompanying the above item was another of a famous female physician—I will not say woman for I don't wish to disgrace that word—who in her lust for notoriety and insane cruelty, ligatured the ureters of a score or more guinea pigs and rabbits. With some she performed this operation on one, on others on both ureters. They all died, some living forty days or more. She reports that they all drooped around, hid away in their cages, exhibiting every symptom of distress and mortal sickness. Why should they not?

The stoppage of the ureters in human beings produces unbearable pain. It is the same in animals and death is sure to follow. This was well known before, yet this female Torquemada, in the name of science, instead of religion, proceeded to torture in this horrible manner, not one, but scores of helpless animals.

The great scientific fact she discovered was that however carefully she performed the operation, pigs and rabbits died! Yet there is not in any medical journal one word of condemnation.

If this university was alone in its cruelty! Every university and college must follow its lead and animals are taking the place of dead human subjects to illustrate the various surgical operations, it being advocated that more practical experience can be thus gained. The learned professors seem to forget that the anatomy of animals differs so widely from that of man, that knowledge of their structure, applied to him, leads astray and is worse than useless. This is the testimony of the eminent English surgeon, Lawson Tait, and of all others who have studied the subject unprejudiced.

I do not think an apology is required for introducing this matter as related to Spiritualism. We believe in a doctrine which has to do with the affairs of this life as well as the next.

We are living to life, not living to die. Heaven is, or can be, here and now, and it is our duty to make it for today, and not put it off until after death.

As Spiritualists we should be loving, kind, just, merciful, charitable, dutiful to all, from the least to the greatest; because we cannot be mean and cruel to even a dog and not have it reflected on our character as intensely as though these unrighteous qualities were practiced on an angel.

Spiritualism is wrongly understood if it is supposed to stand for passively singing "Requiem Land" or "Sweet Bye and Bye." It is a cause militant, holding to whatever makes for the betterment of mankind, for knowledge, for morality, for spiritual excellence.

STRAW SHOWING THE TREND OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Spiritualists are not accustomed to being praised by the secular press, but the tide has turned and some of the most influential journals now treat the subject with respectful consideration. If the action of the National Association regarding fraud requires vindication, the following editorial from the Port Huron Times is a valuable pointer showing the change in the current of public opinion.

"Spiritualism as a cult, or as a system of psychic philosophy based upon alleged facts demonstrating the continuance of life, may gain much from the action of the National Spiritual Association, now in session at Minneapolis, in seeking to discredit fraudulent mediums. While believers in spiritual phenomena may be found among all classes and all religious affiliations, most of them are uncertain upon many points, while the large body of absolute unbelievers cite the operations of fraudulent mediums as discrediting all psychic phenomena. However, most of those who flippantly or sagely denounce as fraudulent or foolish all phenomena tending to demonstrate the continuity of life and a future life, have never made any honest investigation for themselves, are woefully ignorant on all features of the subject, and their jeers are entitled to little consideration. That Spiritualism will ever become a strongly organized church, with a fixed creed or declaration of beliefs, may well be doubted. If there is anything in Spiritualism is a philosophy and not a religion, (that depends on the definition given to religion.) But in any case honest efforts on the part of those who adhere to Spiritualism as a philosophical or religious belief to drive out of their ranks persons guilty of producing fraudulent phenomena will tend to elevate it in the opinion of the world at large."

Spiritualism and Education.

Salvatore.

It is impossible for Spiritualism to preserve a Common Sense balance of esteem that shall deal as justly and appreciatively with the messages of science, art, and education, which arise from the painstaking labors of experimental genius on this side, as for the messages of Controls from the other side! For the Medium to grow into a sufficiently encyclopedic culture, so that the "Control" assumes a relative rather, an Absolute, influence in the Medium's life, is the means whereby the Medium arrives at a more Universal personal Soul growth, and therefore saves from fanaticism. Truth is one, whether it come from an intelligence from the other side or from Genius on this side. This Unity of Truth and Reason is practically denied by the Medium. The inductive reasoner from physical facts swings wholly on one side, and says the Unity of Truth is on his side. The Medium, reasoning from the messages of the "Control," swings to the other side and affirms the Unity of Truth to be wholly on the psychic side. The Unity of Truth, however, comprises both classes of facts. To look at one side exclusively is to be a fanatic. The way many Spiritualists reason is as follows: The Unity of Truth comprises Only those Truths that come by inspiration and intuition; never by experiment, Genius, and Reason. No Truth, Sense, or Science is worth listening to that does not come from some One who has Passed Out. All is not that is on this side! The Unity of Truth can only come through "Controls." Genius, invention, scholarship, learning, intellect, talent, and the Truths they express, what do they all amount to (as Truths) compared with the Truth embodied in the message of my illustrious control, Apache Bill? Truth can only come through Controls. Hence, what the World needs is Controls; not school houses. Controls; not education. Controls; not knowledge and lofty virtues. Controls; not public schools. Controls; not homes. Controls; not science. Controls; not commerce. Controls; not money or health. Controls; not books. Controls; not the moral and physical sciences, governments, arts, railroads, street cars, houses, mothers, homes, bank accounts, flowers, blue smocking skies, the songs of birds, and the merry laughter of children. In this way we enshrine the "Control" who should be Relative—on the throne of the Absolute. The Finite Truth (in the message of the Control from the Other side) usurps the place of the Infinite Truth; which can only be considered as the Eternal Unity of Truth in so far as it embraces the equally important Truths from this side; as of those Truths which relate to the other side.

To preserve a happy balance, so that as much justice is awarded to Truth which originates from this side, as to that which comes from the Other, is impossible for those who believe that the Only important truths, necessary for man to know are those truths which come in the message of Controls from the Other side. Only in the perfect balance of Truth is perfect justice. And terrible mental cruelty is always dealt out by those who only have half truths. Some one is always treated unjustly; and injustice is cruelty to worth, merit, desert; the laudable and the deserving and estimable.

To judge all persons Truth, simply by the standard of Truth, assumed by your own "Control," is to deny all the other aspects of Infinite Truth in the Boundless Universe of Infinite Intelligence. This is the terrible mental cruelty inflicted by the creeds. Their basis of Truth is exclusive; not inclusive.

Fanaticism usually goes with self-preferred ignorance. And when I speak of an ignorant control, or ignorant medium, I always mean those controls and mediums who have posed as teachers, and are not teachable. All ignorance is relative; as all knowledge is relative. And unteachableness is the attitude of mental suicide; the position of the fanatic and bigot, who cuts the jugular vein of his own Reason after having first tried to assassinate the Reason of the Human Race. The teachable, ignorant medium and control are among the fairest flowers of the Upriver. Teachableness is the road to perfect wisdom, and the blossom of toleration. Its attitude is a predisposition to be just to all the sides of Truth; and, as some aspect of Truth is held by every human being, its attitude is a kindly, considerate one to the Whole human race.

Universal knowledge is a path to Universal intellectual kindness; and which is the rarest sort of kindness—next to financial—on earth. So that when I use the words ignorant control, or ignorant medium, I simply mean the unteachable ones; and whose unteachableness is because of its injustice to the Truths of others, a source of terrible mental cruelty. I shy from violent partisans of half truths—particularly priests and fanatics—as I shy from cobras and rattlesnakes. I know there is no intellectual mercy there. And my sensitiveness, growing out of my knowledge of the ghastly mental cruelty implied in their intellectual narrowness, causes me to avoid them. They are the partisans of Finite Truth, and the enemies of all the other parts of Finite Truth necessary to a well rounded Infinite Truth. Their thoughts lead me to ask the following question:

Are Spiritualists, as a body, antagonistic to the scientific and university education of their own principles? That is, in an analytical sense? Opposed to the classic educational ideal of Spiritualism are two forces. The ignorant "control." The ignorant medium. Each ignorant medium (animated by an ignorant "control") is therefore a double resisting force of mental darkness. The analytical educators in the ranks of Spiritualism, hence, have millions of those who have passed out—represented by these ignorant "controls"—in addition to the ignorant mediums, opposing the cry for education. Even in the Lyceum work, on its own limited, lovely plane, these "controls" and mediums take no interest. Ask "Brer" Ring to give you the statistics. If the reader was selected to act as a committee to get up a course of text books (for the study of a course in Analytical Spiritualism, in one of our state universities) what would be the books? Spiritualism is the great enemy of its own Science? Or, is it incapable of being reduced to a Science? These questions must be met sooner or later. My own attitude, in any personal way, is open. I have never earned a cent for lecturing in the Cause. I have no school scheme; and possibly could not accept an educational position in Spiritualism if it was offered me. And have not the slightest desire to inflict any university book I have ever written; though today I am among the very few writers on Analytical Spiritualism—perhaps the only one—whose books are used as reference books in American and Italian universities. I am simply a believer in the general fact that a Science of Spiritualism is possible. My enthusiasm for the strictly scientific side of Spiritualism causes me to look with impatience on the old methods. I have never made a dollar in any Spiritualistic cause. And surely—regarded from the university and general world standpoint—there is no "glory" to be gained. For, among the non-progressive, orthodox Spiritualists—who are overwhelmingly in the majority—my scientific enthusiasm for the Cause simply arouses jealousy, envy and hatred; whilst my friends in the chairs of numerous universities, make me an object of smiling pity for descending to the work at all. Nevertheless, my sense of moral duty and enthusiasm keeps me pegging away. And article after article presents its bouquet, smile, and bow. Again, and again I have vowed to never write another line. And then the sense of moral duty urges me to try once more: lightning loudly at my own lack of heroism. Obviously the day has not dawned in the Evolution of Spiritualism for even a healthy minority to take any interest whatever in its loftier, university, scientific aspect. As Spiritualism possesses no science, it has no scientific course to offer for the enlightenment of man. And, as the present age is a scientific age, the age passes it by with a sneer.

Who is to blame? Would a National Board of Science, connected with the N. S. A., be an insult to the educational interests of Spiritualism? That is, a National Board of Science whose object is to foster purely the higher aspects of Spiritualism from university, analytical standpoints? Such a National Board of Science, if conducted rigidly on inductive lines, would command the respect of the scientific world. It would mean a practical impulse for the higher educational branches of Spiritualism; and to which the best scientific minds of the age would be attracted. There is no law against such. It is because these highly scientific "controls," "Pearly Dew," "Spotted Tail," "Whooop 'Em Up," "Sir Fopling Flutter," and "Little Darling" are gravely of the opinion that Science is a foolish thing, Sir William Crookes a fool, and the scientific work of Alfred Russel Wallace the height of folly? If such is the opinion of such "controls," the sooner Spiritualism sends them to the other side, the better for the educational interests of the human race. What a terrible insult (are such "controls") to the intelligence of such a magnificent Cause as Spiritualism. Fancy Sir William Crookes' condemned, Sunday after Sunday, to listen to the messages of our beautiful Indian "control" "Apache Bill," as our passed out "Bill" lays down his scientific dicta for the debilitation and instruction of Sir William Crookes. Mirabile! Now be honest: Could you blame Sir William Crookes if he preferred going to the services of the Episcopal Church; or staying at home, rather than attend a meeting the chief feature of which was a scientific? Heaven save the mark—message from my "control" "Apache Bill!" And is the impossibility of the formation of a learned, dignified, world-respected, National Board of Science really based on the fact that these types of "controls" and mediums are actually in the majority? And therefore hinder its formation? Then farewell, O Reason!

How ridiculous has been the World's talk that there is such a fundamental fact as the higher development of the educational evolution of man. Lo! my control "Apache Bill" I have enthroned as pope! And Bill says the scientists like Alfred Russel Wallace and Sir William Crookes are to be pitied because they

are in such scientific darkness. What is scholarship and genius compared with an inspiration that has its source in my own "control" "Apache Bill!" Learning and intellect have been considered of priceless value; but who needs either when under the control of passed out "Apache Bill!" If Sir William Crookes had only passed out, why, then, his science might have some sense in it.

And then we hear the old divine anthem repeated. All is not that is on this side. Nothing has merit, honor or worth unless it comes from a control. There is no such thing as free will. The control was never intended to be considered in a relative sense. Controls are Absolute and are to be accepted as

THE ABSOLUTE.

My control knows more than anyone on this side. And more than anyone on the other side. What the world needs is controls; not money. Controls; not clothing. Humanity needs controls; not remunerative employment. Controls; not ethics. The Human Race needs controls; not universities and colleges. Controls; not evolution. Controls; not health. Controls; not newspapers. Controls; not moral development. Controls; not schooling. Of course the reader will agree with me that the foregoing is the language of fanaticism. And fanaticism has always fought against its Own change. It has been the history of every Cause mysticism to man. It implies not the reason of mysticism; but the dogmatism of mysticism. The mystical dogmatist regards his control and messages as fixed and unchangeable. Subject to no loftier law or laws of reason. I must repeat that this stage is the first of the three stages of Spiritual Evolution. The stage of individual mystical dogmatism, viz., of Personal Psychological Involution. To involve is to attract. The control has been attracted. The message given. The next stage necessary to Spiritual Evolution is skepticism; of Personal Psychological Re-solution. This is the stage of progress. The control is discovered to be Relative, not Absolute. The seemingly solid structure of the messages of the control are found to be relative; full of instability. This stage of personal Psychological Re-solution is the enemy of the conventionalism and conservatism latent in the message. It analyzes. It disintegrates its old basis of rational unity; the concepts in the messages of the control, are founded merely on the messages accepted as Relative Reasons; not Absolute Reasons.

The third stage is the stage of Personal Psychological Evolution. A new unity of knowledge is built up with a higher rational organization. There has been no absolute surrender of the original control or messages, as a unity of knowledge. Only their submergence to a more universal unity. To the universal unity of development of the medium; to the process of the self-unfolding of the Microcosm in Reason. The Control is for the self-unfolding of the Medium; not the Medium for the self-unfolding of the Control. If my doctrine of the Relativity of the "Control" in its relation to the three-fold stages of the Evolution of the Medium had been taught, there would have been no necessity for the appearance of Florence Huntley's "Great Psychological Crime." In no experience in life is the aphorism so true as in its application to "controls" and mediums, viz., that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. And not only is it dangerous, but fatal. The best safeguard against a little knowledge is a thorough course of study along all the various branches of Analytical Spiritualism.

Laughorne, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

From N. S. A. Home Office.

Dear Mr. Editor: It gives me pleasure to inform the readers of your valuable paper that the National Spiritualists' Association starts out on its new year of effort and work for the Cause of Spiritualism with good prospects and much encouragement. The recent convention held in Minneapolis has given new impetus to many of our people in different parts of the far West, to labor with greater zeal and to feel that Spiritualism and its organizations are worthy of every good thought and endeavor we can bring to them. The action taken by this association at the convocation in discountenancing anything that is fraudulent in mediumship carries with it an influence for good, while the evident intention and effort of the N. S. A. to protect pure mediumship are well appreciated by all.

Our pleasure is to notify the world officially that the spiritual press was highly recognized at the convention for its valuable labors in the spiritual cause and for its grand assistance to the N. S. A., and a unanimous vote of thanks was passed to the editors of each of our spiritual papers for the aid and encouragement given to this organization. It is still important that we all keep our eyes to the front and maintain a dignified attitude towards our Cause and the world. Spiritualism is worthy of the highest respect and its workers must show by their bearing that they not only love and respect their Cause, but that they also demand the same respect for their Spiritualism as the Christian world asks for its denominations.

The attention of all mediums, speakers and societies is called to the effort made in different States to place or maintain such a high license on the practice of mediumship as to either greatly handicap our mediums in their work or to prevent them entirely from pursuing the calling bestowed upon them by the angel world. All are requested to do the utmost they can in resisting any further legislation on this matter in their respective localities, or in seeking to have such obstructive and repressive laws repealed. "Commercial mediumship" is one thing, but the effort to prevent honest and spiritual mediums from receiving a justly earned fee for their time and service for humanity is as gross as would be an effort to prevent any minister of the gospel receiving his salary for time and labor spent in the service of his church.

Our love and good will are extended to all mankind and especially to the toilers in our ranks—of the press, the platform or in more private ways, we are bound to them all by cords stronger than steel and finer than those of a silken web, the cords of a common purpose and of fraternity.

Mary T. Longley, N. S. A. Sec.
Washington, D. C., Oct. 31, 1906.

Helped Her See It.

"One of the brightest, cleverest things that I ever heard said by a child," said Mayor McClellan, "was on board the yacht from which I viewed the last contest between the Irish and American sloops. Everyone on board had forgotten everything except the two great competitors, which all were watching as closely as if the result depended upon their attention. The little daughter of one of our fellow passengers, a child seven years old, had been attempting to obtain a point of vantage, but without success, as she was so timid, that she feared to annoy any one of the grown-ups. I watched her for a few minutes and was delighted when she finally approached a lady who was seated at the very bow. Gladly touching her sleeve, the little diplomat ventured: 'Excuse me, but don't you think that you could see very much better if I sat in your lap?' Of course the lady addressed did think so. Men and Women."

AN INVOCATION.

Doris Beck.

Fount of all life and being,
Light of revolving orbs,
Whose breath through space proceeding,
Each human soul absorbs.

God of the brook and ocean,
Lord of the star and sea,
In humble, meek devotion
This boon we ask of Thee:

Oh! let new light and wisdom
Fill all our hearts today,
That, seeking for Thy Kingdom,
We work, as well as pray.

Let that divine compassion
Which deeds alone express,
Give to each thought and passion
A loving tenderness.

Help us to rise in feeling
Above earth's cumbersome clod,
Through faith in Thy revelations,
Oh, God! our father's God.

Help us to feel our weakness,
And Thy sustaining power,
That we, in loving service,
May praise Thee every hour.

We ask Thee not to alter
One fraction of Thy will,
But when our footsteps falter,
We crave Thy guidance still.

Bereft of all earth's treasure,
We kiss the crown of red,
Work with Thy loving pleasure,
On God! our father's God.

And oh! if there be any
Who with hate our steps pursue,
Father divine, forgive them,
"They know not what they do."

Mind Reading.

Thomas C. Rice.

President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, says respecting the Baldwin exhibition of mind reading: "There is no such thing as mind reading apart from muscle reading."

Everything that is must be, in accordance with, and answerable to, law. But who among us has read all the law?

Much has been said in print concerning the Baldwins, and the mysteries of their performance. One or more learned men have disposed of the phenomena by explanations that needed much explaining.

Would it not be better for the learned doctor to eschew precedent decisions, and to study his subject, just a little bit, before he advances dictums quite so positive and sweeping, even if he does it upon the authority of "all science"?

This "don't" may yet be compelled to lie down with some kid and submit to being led by a "little child" in learning.

It is not quite impossible that very many humble and unpretentious people, persons quite ignorant of science, may be able to teach the gentleman his a b c's in what some term occultism, some hypnotism, Spiritualism, clairvoyance or clairaudience, all of which, who knows, but which he, either in word or by implication, designates as fraud.

"There is no mind reading distinct from muscle reading." But if there is left no question about it, as his language plainly asserts, then why are bodies of learned men at this moment, in all civilized countries, from St. Petersburg to San Francisco and from Berlin to Boston, earnestly engaged in its investigation?

There is no extravagance in the supposition that out of every five of the gentleman's intimate associates, including his own family, could, if they would only try, make clearly manifest the untenability of his assertion.

Indeed, within the family circle is the best of all fields for primary investigation of the subject. Members of your own family can not deceive you if they would, and they would not if they could. You can trust them. And as more than every third person living possesses the inherent quality, property, gift, or whatever it is, of so-called mediumship, in some form or degree, there is little if any excuse for one man to hazard the assertion of impossibility in this connection.

"What is it that manifests intelligence in a thousand mysterious ways, by recognized laws of nature inexplicable?" I don't know; do you?

How is it that I can cause an acquaintance upon the opposite side of a street to turn and look, in response to my voiceless call? or how make my dog, who is out of sight, answer to my soundless summons?

How under certain prepared but apparently simple conditions can a member of my household read my thought, correctly diagnose an ailment, utter thought, set at naught the principle of gravitation, and put inanimate objects in motion, without effort, and by the lightest touch of a finger? Or how can they effect levitation, overcoming avoirdupois by a simple exercise of volition?

It is past my comprehension. Does the gentleman understand it? Can he explain it by any recognized scientific hypothesis?

And if ten thousand people, learned and otherwise, in his community of a hundred thousand souls, declare these things to be within the compass of their personal experience and observation, will the gentleman dub them idiots still? Will he still say they have been imposed upon, and it must be so, because by no recognized law of nature can it be accounted for?

Are you quite sure that your copy of the code is now complete?

May there not be some depth in the workings of the infinite which your scientific plumb-line has not yet fathomed?

Discoveries of the last forty years should for the present seal the mouth of scientific or other assertion.

Does it not behoove us all to be modest in our estimates of possibilities?

But if, indeed, you have run through the whole range of things knowable; if your boasted science has rounded out the full sphere of information, is it not time to sign, seal and deliver, to the people, as an instrument of conveyance, this casket, this epitome of omniscience?

We who have relied less upon the verdicts of authority, who have been out of touch with the masters, who have been compelled to fall back upon innate perception, upon results of simple experiment, upon the dictates of judgment based upon observation and comparison, upon the rulings of our supposed common sense, and upon the testimony of our physical senses, had not yet perceived that the bookmen, those lofty experimentalists, those potent deducers of immaculate conclusions from simple syllogisms, had reached the climax in all the verdicts.

On the contrary, we had been attentive observers of a series of facts, not the least among which was that among the masters, the leaders, the self-constituted umpires, there had been disagreement from first to last. That the discoveries of today had, not infrequently, been relegated, tomorrow, to forgetfulness, as false. That promises and conclusions, here announced and accepted, had there been denounced as untenable.

This class of phenomena—summed up under the head of occultism—may yet share the fate of other chimeras. Perhaps yes—perhaps no.

Is it not possible that infinite knowledge and power has opened a vista for infinite research? And may it not be that we have many times passed the open gateway of knowledge without observing it?

While I am wedded to no ism, and advocate no theory in this regard, I may safely assert that the Baldwin mysteries are duplicated or repeated—though to a less degree, because of less incentive, less adeptness in framing conditions, or less opportunity—in not less than ten thousand homes in this city and correspondingly throughout the length and breadth of the land. But not all, or even many, know, or perhaps entertain a belief in what is termed Spiritualism, while with some the poppy of Spiritualism would smell a rose under some name less ostracized.

Put whatever it may be, this hint, this present indication of indestructibility, if it should ultimately open up the only avenue left in our age that dares to question the height and depth and length and breadth of all infinitude—to positive assurance of an immortality—it has at least accomplished for the race what compensates for studious and patient investigation.

"Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good," and "despise not the day of small things."

About Angels.

"As an object lesson showing how indefinite are the ideas about spirits entertained by church members, the action of the clergymen on the angel ornamentation of the Belmont Memorial Chapel annexed to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is of interest. The cathedral, now in process of erection on Morningside Heights, New York, is to cost \$20,000,000, and to be the grandest church structure in America."

In fulfillment of his contract the sculptor placed two scores of angels in the scheme of ornamentation. He modeled them according to the traditions of his art, as feminine. They are exquisitely beautiful, with the radiance of heaven on their faces. It is, when you think of it, that painters and sculptors have from ancient times taken woman as the type of purity, spirituality and all qualities transcendent. Perhaps it is more than homage to the sex—a deserved tribute.

The sculptor was delighted with his work, and those who were so fortunate as to gain admission admired the wonderful expression and beauty of form.

Not so the clergymen. They were shocked beyond expression. They talked about it until it almost reached a scandal. Rev. Dr. Peters, secretary of the building committee, was deeply stirred in mind. All the clergy felt there "was not enough repose" in the sixteen angels at the entrance. "There was not enough repose" the angels elsewhere. They had heard of Gabriel, Azrael, Michael and Raphael, men every one. Where did the Bible speak of a female angel? What a horrible thing to give forty angels place, all females, in defiance of Scriptures and to the scandal of the church!

These Episcopalians have no saints like the Catholics, and as every saint is now an angel, presumably, had the sculptor been before another audience he might have held a plausible argument. As it was he was snuffed out.

The forty lady angels so beautiful in form and attitude, so attractive in expression, would lead to the ruin of the clergy and detract the thoughts of the worshippers.

"They must be changed," and the poor sculptor has to go over his work again. The feminine faces are to be made masculine and forty men angels will sternly look down on pulpits and pews, an incongruous and laughable combination of art and superstition.

There are two women, at least, even clergymen should not object to. Eve, who by her inquisitive disposition brought knowledge into the world, and Mary, who gave them their Redeemer. Yet the sculptor would idealize them and they would be detrimental to the morals of those who believe only in "men angels."

What do these clergymen believe regarding angels and the next life?

Have they any idea at all of future existence?

There are as many women as men—nearly—in this world, and there should be the same proportion in the next.

But these clergymen appear to believe that men only become angels! That a female angel is imaginary and to be excluded from the church, because the worshippers cannot admire without sensuality?

And yet without the help of women, the churches of this country would not exist a year. After all their labor and devotion, small appreciation do they receive—rather insult and the constant reminder that they are daughters of naughty Eve, and exist only that there may be men in the world.

It was a hasty movement of the sculptor to break the inimitable creations of his art, yet he is scarcely blamable under the smart of the uncalled-for criticism of the clergy. Why should they see only sex in his ideal work? Why should their morals be so shocked at an appeal to aesthetic taste? Are their minds so corrupt that they see only corruption? The pagan Greek saw in the human form the most beautiful, purest and most divine creation. It was lost for Puritan prudery to clothe Venus and Apollo.

Hudson Tuttle,
Editor-at-Large, N. S. A.

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

Letters from Our Readers.

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

Mr. "Salvarona": In your article of Sept. 30th, under the heading of "The Dynamics of Mediumship," you make an attack on the Spirit guides of certain well known lady mediums, your reason is obvious in making the selection. You urge the readers of the "Banner" to watch meticulously the reports of the corresponding secretaries and see if any spiritual growth of the guides can be detected. Let me here state, Mr. Salvarona, you have missed your aim, and the hidden entity at whose dictation you write must deplore deeply your mistake, for they well know there are no reports given in the "Banner" as to the messages or kind of work the guides do, either in public or private, whereby the readers of the "Banner" could judge. Your exhortation to watch meticulously the reports is in perfect keeping with the non-de-plume under which you write, and shows clearly the inharmonious trade of a disgruntled writer. Your whole argument clear through is utterly unreliable. Inasmuch as you distinctly state Spiritualism as the harmonious philosophy must abandon its past unscientific methods and resolve to base

itself solely on the present and future discovery of scientific law, and almost in the same breath you say there can be no progress in Spiritualism without the destruction of the past and present conditions of harmony. You forget that it is through the scientific researches and discoveries of the past that we enjoy the harmonies of the present. I regret that so much time and space has been given up to you in making your cowardly attack on the spirit guides of defenseless women who you thought would not have the courage to reply and feel sure that all true minded Spiritualists will join with me in branding your attack unspiritual, illogical and contradictory.

Yours truly,
A Constant Reader.

Will Power versus Obsession.

In reading the several Spiritualistic papers we find the common belief of Spiritualists quite clearly defined, and regarding the character of spirits after death we hear Lyman C. Howe saying: "All variety of spirits exist after death and are liable to share in the communications received."

Mrs. Mary T. Longley writes: "The subject of obsession I consider important. I think that nine-tenths of our experienced Spiritualists believe, with reason, that human beings who are malicious on this earth carry a period in earth's atmosphere and torment sensitive mortals; therefore, obsession can properly be called a common belief."

Spirit John Pierpont, Faraday and a host from the spirit realms do know of, and have taught, the facts concerning obsession; all the testimonies compiled in the many books now published on obsession are actual experiences by conscious, intelligent persons; therefore, obsession is not only a belief, but a knowledge. Hudson Tuttle says: "A spirit may be in error, misinformed, or prejudiced, just the same as before leaving its earthly body." Read Dr. J. M. Peebles' and Walter DeVoe's books on "Obsession" and Dr. G. Lester Lane's experience direct and indirectly through his patients.

All Spiritualists hold the common belief that truthful, intelligent spirits do communicate and control for the uplifting of humanity, and Faraday says, "That by the same law as come the good, so come those of evil intent," the motive being as different, as the motive of the honest college professor, from that of the criminal holdup.

In the case of the author, Nora Batchelor, I find almost a duplicate of a Mrs. N. of Boston, whom I interviewed two years ago, and who had bridled herself that she could not be hypnotized, or impelled to do anything against her will, a claim made by that majority which does not fully consider the facts in case of obsession.

Mrs. N. had attended lectures, seances, and sat for development, attained to spiritual sight and hearing, had found her ideal religion, one of knowledge, spirituality, love and immortal life.

A change of location became necessary, but the new environments seemed to possess an unhappy, intangible something, an uncertainty as to her spiritual sight and hearing arose, then a restlessness, a fear, and yet she began to be impressed as to the smallest duties of the home, but unsatisfactorily, all the happy loving trust, the peace of mind and former bright anticipations seemed blotted out.

The presence of strange, shadowy beings dwarfed and malicious in thought, began to be sensed.

Mrs. N. had only heard of the true and beautiful from the lecturer and seance room, or with her own spiritual vision, and the truth that death does not change the evil-minded, nor law, and the fact that God does not withhold them from using their will power upon sensitive, all burst upon her consciousness with terror.

All her power of will to oppose, command, persuade or reason, they scoffed; she was unable to lay hold of them and force them to leave, or to cease their talking, she was told that they were there first and meant to stay, or go when she did.

The reading of beautiful literature became as blank as soon as read, names and placing of articles could not be remembered, the brain cells were being injured by a current like force concentrated on the brain and spine, allowing of but little sleep.

At times the nerve or vital fluid seemed to be drawn from head and chest, as if invisible mist, depleting her strength.

This is a condition that is never taken into account by those declaring there is no such thing as obsession, that a person cannot be impelled against her own will; nor do they remember that there are many wills operating against her lone will. Could Mrs. N. resist an half-dozen holdups and vanquish them?

When, through days and nights of such mental contest and physical pain, walled in as it were by such persistent cruelty, holding on to consciousness, she was merely existing.

Those who have never had to cling to consciousness that they might be conscious at all, with the fact in mind that when consciousness was gone what the world thought to be Mrs. N. would be the concentrated will, consciousness and deeds of these evil-minded beings controlled her—those who have never looked at obsession in this light are in no way fitted to criticize. Mrs. N. had been impelled to hear, to think and to do things against her will.

Listen to the testimonies in our court-rooms, men and women testifying "I felt impelled to do so and so; I did not wish to." It was relief from the unseen forces that was needed, and not a loathsome cell.

Like did not attract like for Mrs. N. was spiritual and honest.

Nora Batchelor, with all her self assertion of the divine within and her just right to life, health and happiness, found the necessity of something more than will power.

In Mrs. N.'s case, a master in the treatment of obsession was called to her aid, and with the co-operation of his spirit physicians and oriental healers, the destructive, malicious, obsessing forces were made to desist and depart, the depleted mind and body were re-energized and hearing made possible to the unpenetrable joy of Mrs. N. and the dear departed who had not been able to protect her from the spirit side.

Mrs. N.'s gratitude and praise for her restored to normal health, the spiritual sight helper and his noble, loving spirit co-workers was unlimited. She became able to see their methods of healing, the spiritual colors and chemicals used, the white healing vapor supplied by the orientals, and sensed their kindly advice for her future.

The instruction and kindly advice given free by the doctor are well worth the taking of a course of treatment to acquire.

The very atmosphere of this kind doctor and his lovely psychic wife and their spirit guardians, give their home an atmosphere not of this earth, only in its transmuting from spiritual spheres, a spiritual oasis mid life's materiality.

To any who may be suffering from annoying spirit forces or any nervous ailment aside from spirit influence, I would advise them to seek restoration from some such tried and true specialist.

The success of the will versus obsession depends upon a knowledge by the sensitive of the presence of the obsession, its first attack, and on their number, and an immediate defense on the part of the sensitive.

Barion Stewart,
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Southern Cassadaga Spiritualist
Campmeeting Near Lake Helen,
Florida, Feb. 4 to March
18, 1905.

PORTFOLIO OF

ASTROLOGIC KNOWLEDGE.

Wonder Wheel Science Series.

As the fall advances, the people are hastening from the North and West to the "Land of Sunshine and Flowers," especially to the genial climate of this charming winter home.

In preparation for the hundreds to come, a number of new cottages for rent are being erected, and additions made to cottages already built.

The Bedford family have remained on their orange grove all summer.

Lake Colony is full of water, and the fleet of boats is ready for lovers of moonlight sails.

The dining room of Hotel Cassadaga has been let to Mrs. Sherman and Mrs. Loyd.

Mrs. Hoff has had the hotel well renovated and it is now ready for guests.

The new Beckwith cottage is occupied by a tenant as Dr. Beckwith will not be at camp this season.

The bicycle path of clay has been completed from camp to the postoffice village, where it connects with a good path to De Land. Riders should bring their wheels, both ladies and gentlemen. Bicycle riding for both sexes is fashionable in Florida. Clyde ships carry wheels free. They need not be feared.

F. J. Norman, with his children, is dwelling at camp.

Campers write that the weather is superb, the health of the people good and no malarial conditions have been observed this summer.

People who intend to keep house should engage rooms early, as the demand is large. Address for rooms in apartment house Mrs. J. D. Palmer, Willoughby, O. For sleeping rooms in Brigham Hall address Mrs. Sarah Brigham, Fitchburg, Mass. For new cottages, address H. O. Clark and Mr. Bedford, both at Lake Helen.

Hill Clark of East Jaffrey, N. H., sailed for Florida Oct. 31 with a large party. He will build a cottage on Prospect Heights.

Some twenty-five people from Lily Dale, N. Y., are expected this month.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson is to have rooms with Mrs. Hardenburg in the Bond cottage.

Arthur Underhill and his son are at camp, the son attending school at Stetson University.

Judge Underhill is much better and intends to pass the winter at camp accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Fogle.

The proposed rose garden near the hotel has not yet materialized, but probably something will be done next month. Some shade trees ought to be set out around it this fall, as this is the best time in the year for such work, and the roses will need shade from the scorching summer sun.

The store has been moved back of the apartment house and is now used for a carpenter's shop.

Herbert Holby has recovered and is working for Mr. Bartholomew.

EXCURSIONS.

My excursions for November will sail Nov. 10, 21, 23. The Apache will be used for the first two and the Comanche for the third. These ships are first class, very stanch and seaworthy and elegantly appointed.

Write me for low, special party prices and other information, enclosing 4 cents in stamps for postage on circulars, folders, maps, etc.

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If not Brought from Another Life, What Are They?

By E. A. BRACKETT.

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Clash, G. L.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1905.

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

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

Read on the Home Circle page the parable of "The Soldiers of the King." What a suggestion for the "fraud question" in these paragraphs.

"They were asked to inspect their hearts and see how devoted to good they were, then this was made the rule of living. They were to abide by the generosity and willingness to serve they found to be the instructive, inspiring side of life. They were to have themselves well in hand and to be under the good government of thought. They were to make the body subject to the mind, to make the lovely their delight, and kindness and nothing but kindness and goodwill and peace were to be theirs.

"Then they were to impress others with the sense of their worthy purpose. They were to settle right in the midst of the Anarchy and by their own sweet character give instruction in this, simple life and useful."

Read the clear statement of conditions now holding the Goff Will case in Michigan, as presented in another column by our friend, George B. Ferris of Grand Rapids.

He longs for more eloquence in presenting the subject. For earnest hearts the facts which he clearly presents should prove so eloquent that the funds will be forthcoming to push this case to a successful issue, which, as he well observes, "concerns every earnest Spiritualist in the land."

President Roosevelt appoints Thursday, November 30, as a day of thanksgiving—and employs very sensible statements in the proclamation. Presidents and Governors have used as a rule the terms of expression employed by the Puritans, who were very narrow religionists. The plain statements of cause for thanks, used by our present executive, places the reason therefor upon a practical basis, and is a departure from what will henceforth likely be an absolute custom. Listen to some of his timely words:

"The foes from whom we should pray to be delivered are our own passions, appetites and follies; and against these there is always need that we should war. * * * I ask that throughout the land the people gather in their homes and places of worship, and in rendering thanks unto the Most High for the manifold blessings of the past year consecrate themselves to a life of cleanliness, honor and wisdom, so that this nation may do its allotted work on the earth in a manner worthy of those who founded it and of those who preserved it."

are important utterances, and are worthy of influence to make the coming Thanksgiving day a notable one in history.

Many people are always seeing trouble ahead.

Trouble can be obtained by seeking for it, or averted by never thinking about it.

"Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you." You will likely thus escape many troubles.

When trouble comes to us, it causes us to be negative to its influence; and thus troubles multiply. It is commonly said that one trouble brings on another. Conceiving that, it is well to become positive against the psychic power of trouble and exert our divine will-power to prevent its machinations.

The Efficacy of Prayer.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Jas. Montgomery.

That was a bright reply made to the query, "Do you believe in the efficacy of prayer?" "Who doesn't?" And, indeed, who doesn't? The loudest railler against prayer will in moments of great stress and difficulty unconsciously utter something in the form of a prayer. The human soul is, in its very fashioning, so constituted and formed that it cannot exist alone. It must, and therefore does, recognize, perhaps unwillingly, often unconsciously, or more properly sub-consciously, its dependence upon some higher power greater than itself. However boastful in moments of ease, when danger threatens, "Save me" breaks forth to the power greater and surer than ourselves. So we all recognize that prayer has some efficacy.

But what? The celebrated prayer test proposed by the British scientist was unfair because it was a proposal to use the wrong tools for a material job. And yet had the hospital test been tried by the patients themselves, by sufferers whose faith had been strong, marvellous results might have followed.

Not only does the Mind Healer, the Faith Curer, the Miracle Worker, the Christian Scientist use prayer; but even modern science recognizes its potency, if not its efficacy. The wise physician, whatever his "pathy" or whatever faith he professes, knows the value of the "soul's sincere desire," and this, if put in the form of expressed wish, has added efficacy.

An old hospital physician is recently reported to have said that recovery was far more certain in patients who had formed the habit of daily prayer than in the prayerless ones. Sir Oliver Lodge adds his testimony and offers a new argument as follows:

"Those who make a study of the universe and realize the number of worlds scattered throughout space, and that this world is but as a pin point in the infinite creation, cannot take the view that man is the highest, intelligent being in the universe. Once they step beyond man, and say he is not the highest, they cannot stop until they arrive at the Deity. They could not stop short of infinity, and when they found that a simple request to a fellow man could produce effect, how could they deny the power of prayer?"

Victor Hugo is reported by Paul Stapfer, an intimate friend, to have said: "God is I am surer of his existence than of my own. If God spare me, I will write a book in which I will demonstrate that prayer is necessary for the soul, that it is useful and efficacious. As for myself, I do not pass four consecutive hours without praying. I pray regularly each morning and each evening. If I wake in the night, I pray."

Important Ruling on Life Insurance.

The large life insurance companies have made little contest for some years on the payment of policies on lives ended through the suicide of the insured. But it seems some of the smaller ones still contest.

A recent decision, by Judge Hostetter, District Judge, at Kearney, Nebraska, favorable to the widow, Mrs. Mabel Harr, who sued the "Highland Nobles" for insurance on the life of her husband, is of importance.

Refusal to pay was on the grounds of suicide. It seems the policy was made incontestable after two years, except for "non-payment of dues" and "under-statement of age." These requirements were shown to have been met. Then an application for admission was introduced which contains a clause providing that suicide of the applicant within three years of joining the order should render his policy void. He did commit suicide and had been a member only two and one-half years.

The judge's ruling made the policy the basis of contract, and established the point that where the application conflicts with the terms of the policy it is not to be considered. Plainly the "application," a prior paper, is not to be considered a part of the policy contract.

Too often has the widow found, for one cause or another, that the only assets of her husband prove to be what is represented in his life insurance policy. It is heartrending to find herself facing the future with her helpless children clinging to her skirts in a world that demands coin of its own kind, and learn that by some covert clause her claims have been vitiated.

This ruling, making the policy the contract, if generally sustained, will in all particulars do much to secure the holder in the hour of calamity.

Eternal Punishment.

What do you think about the theological doctrine of endless punishment? Perhaps you do not think much about it, and let your minister do the thinking. If so, you must wake up! It is well not to accept as truth all that is uttered by church authorities. They are human beings with human judgments.

The Universalists prove by the Bible that there is not taught therein the idea of endless punishment, as claimed by other doctrinaires. This doctrine of eternal damnation has been a horrible agony to millions of people. It is revolting to the human consciousness of divine justice, and is contrary to every law expressed in nature. It is only symbolic of vengeance resulting from anger, and is far more inhuman than the most horrible of human brutality. By every standard, there is nothing of divine wisdom and justice expressed by it. Let it trouble you no longer. Nature teaches evolution from the lower to the higher. There cannot be an eternal sameness—nor eternal sin, misery, sickness or death. Life constantly renews and reconstructs. A correction of blemishes, injuries

and delinquencies is a natural function of every material form. It is not to be supposed that there is a law for the human being contrary to every law of other forms of natural development, whether animate or inanimate.

The incarnate spirits tell us that they have inherited in perfect exactness. They are the direct result of earth-life, but with eternal possibilities. As on earth they had natural opportunities for growth—and time forced this, so they are being forced in spirit to develop out of delinquencies, but by suffering consequences and laboring for achievement. Divine love rules, and eternal justice will be done.

Spiritualist Funerals for Spiritualists.

To avoid the very questionable practice, common on the part of unsympathetic relatives, of forcing, at the death of a Spiritualist, funeral services entirely out of harmony with the thought of the deceased, that practical Spiritualist, C. L. Stevens, of Pittsburg, Pa., Trustee in the N. S. A. (God bless his valued services), introduced to the late N. S. A. convention a form to cover this very point, and it was adopted.

Any Spiritualist having the same properly executed can prevent any such unsatisfactory methods at his death. We print a copy of the form herewith and would suggest that every reader who is particular on this point act in the matter. It may help save the surviving relatives from doing a low thing to the dead, and at the same time make them feel easy as to their reputation in the community.

The following is the legal copy:

FINAL REQUEST.

Know All Men By These Presents:

That I, _____ of _____ being of sound mind, memory and understanding, in no immediate anticipation of my demise, but knowing that release must come to me in time, and desiring to make suitable arrangements for my funeral obsequies:

Do declare this instrument to contain and express my last will, and desire relative thereto, as follows:

I hereby authorize and request the Spiritualist Church to which I belong, or in default of it, any Spiritualist Organization convenient to the place of my demise, to assume control of my funeral ceremonies and perform such services as they may deem suitable to the occasion.

I hereby direct and enjoin my relatives and friends and those who may have control of my remains, to immediately notify the Spiritualist Church to which I belong, or the nearest Spiritualist Organization, of my demise, and to refer all ceremonies incident to my interment absolutely to such organization.

This question of my funeral service is my earnest wish, and I solemnly abjure my family and friends to carry out the intent, as well as the letter of this injunction.

Deeming this a fitting occasion, I further declare that I appreciate, honor and endorse the Spiritualists' doctrine, believing it to contain a broader and more liberal conception of the truth than any other philosophy or religion.

Knowing Spiritualism to have demonstrated the continuity of life, I believe that after the death of my body, I still shall live.

In Witness whereof, and with expressions of love to all friends of truth, I hereunto place my hand and seal this _____ day of _____ 1905.

(Seal)

Witness:

Executed in duplicate original.

One delivered to the Secretary of the _____

(Name of Organization.)

(Location.)

The other retained by me, for the guidance of my relatives and friends after my transition.

a mistake for Unitarians to insist that they are technical Christians and therefore worthy of fellowship. The simple question is, Shall we work with all good men who are trying to improve the condition of their fellows? Unitarians are not Christians if, to take that name, they must in any sense fall into the same class with those who hold to an exclusive salvation, who believe in a "personal devil," and that an eternal hell is the destination of any portion of the human race, and who show by their spirit and temper that they not only believe in these things, but approve of them. A liberal orthodox, better known as a Unitarian, who holds that the word "Christian" properly describes men of this type, and does not describe some of the most religious benefactors of our time, brings Christianity into contempt in that large world that lies outside of the Church."

And again, in "Brevities":
"It is a pity to teach 'the man in the street' to believe that the word 'Christian' need not describe men and women who by common consent stand highest for their character and influence."

Gleanings from the Worcester Rostrum.

REPORTED BY M. LIZZIE BEALS, SECT.

Mr. Thomas Cross of Fall River on the topic, "What Am I?"

"Scientists tell us we have descended from the anthropoid ape. My friends, I would rather acknowledge kinship with the ape than with those monsters in human form who sat upon the papal throne in the dark ages."

"These scientists look upon the wonderful structure of the human body and yet claim there is nothing in the universe but matter and force, and when Spiritualism seeks to impart knowledge of a spiritual body and immortality, they will have none of it."

"No hope, no light, no knowledge of a future life! Millions of human beings thrown into the maelstrom of material life, to struggle and strive, a few brief years, and then go down into the darkness of oblivion, human souls struggling and striving to obtain the crumbs left upon the table. By and by the table, girl comes and brushes them off, and they are all thrown into the sand-heap together. And this is materialism! What a picture! Is this all?"

"While on a fishing trip in Maine, a friend of Prof. Agassiz caught a fish which weighed nine pounds. Meeting the professor, he related the incident to him, but the learned professor exclaimed, 'Impossible, my friend. Science declares that no fish of that kind could weigh nine pounds.' But, replied the friend, 'I caught it and weighed it.' But you will certainly allow science to settle the matter," replied the professor. The next year the friend went on another fishing trip and caught another fish of the same kind, which weighed twelve pounds. He immediately sent it to the professor, who, taking the fish in his hand a moment, then exclaimed: 'The study of a lifetime kicked to death by a fact! Yes, my friend, and science has been kicked to death by Spiritualism!'"

"When we think of the countless number of human beings in the world today, working under unjust laws, with hopes blighted, aspirations unrealized; when we view the thin, pale, tired faces of little children wearing out their dwarfed lives in our factories today—with these scenes before us we feel and know there must be a future life to right the wrongs and injustice of material existence. Standing by the seashore one bright summer day, we were attracted by a beautiful yacht, resting lightly upon the waves. Presently a party of pleasure seekers approached and entered the yacht. Their apparel would entitle the robes of the Queen of Sheba or Solomon in all his glory. The white sails unfurled and the little craft glided gracefully over the smooth surface of the water. A young lady, gazing far out across the sea, exclaimed, 'What a beautiful picture of life!' No, my young friend, you are mistaken. This is not a picture of real life."

"By and by white, fleecy clouds began to gather overhead, followed later by billows of dark, lowering clouds—and heaven's artillery opened and every face was blanched with fear and they turn their boat toward the shore, which is soon reached in safety. 'Farther out at sea the form of a fisherman is outlined against the sky, standing in his boat, fighting Death alone. As he reaches the shore a woman comes out to meet her good man, and takes his load of fish. But one day he will sail away and the Storm King will triumph over his frail barque, and he will return no more. And a woman will weep and little children will ask for 'Papa' and the mother, with tears in her eyes, will face the future alone, in constant struggle to provide for herself and little ones. This, my friends, is the real picture of life. This is the warp and woof of which our Nation is made."

"Spiritualism teaches us that life is divine, every day is divine, and every day, every hour, we are building our spirit homes."

"Whether you believe it or not, it matters little; you cannot escape immortality. Sooner or later the book of your life will be opened and every act, every thought of your life shall be revealed to you, and death to some may be a 'wretched thing, because they have lived wretched lives. Death is a fearful thing when we have done fearful things, and so is life, but to those who have lived honest, upright lives, doing their duty day by day, how beautiful is death! Come then, O death, I welcome thee with open arms! Come then, O death, and lead me into the presence of my dear ones! And may I hear these words fall from the lips of my angel friends, 'Well done!'"

Status of Goff Will Case.

The readers of the Banner of Light probably already know that the Michigan Supreme Court, after a hearing on September 19th, granted a Writ of Mandamus, compelling Judge O. W. Coolidge of the Circuit Court of Cass County, to certify up a bill of exceptions to his rulings at the trial of the Goff Will Case.

Michigan Spiritualists still have a long and tedious contest before them ere they gain final victory. Counsel for the Michigan State Association must yet appear before the State Supreme Court with a motion for a reversal of the decision of the lower court, and a remanding of the case for trial before a new jury.

Unless enough funds are secured at once to carry on an aggressive legal fight, the case will yet be lost; the Michigan State Association will lose all rights to a sum of thirty or more thousand dollars, and a precedent will be established that for many years to come will make it exceedingly difficult for Spiritualist organizations anywhere in the country to secure funds bequeathed to them, should any of the heirs offer opposition.

Therefore, Spiritualists, no matter where located, have a deep interest in this case, and hence, the Michigan State Association requests assistance.

I know, kind reader, that wherever you are, you have probably been repeatedly importuned to render aid to various worthy causes. Perhaps you are weary of giving, and weary of hearing and reading requests to give. And knowing this, the only reason I make this plea is because so much hangs in the balance.

and because it is of such supreme importance to every Spiritualist that we win.

The sum of \$1,500 is needed to carry the Goff Will Case to a successful conclusion. This sum must be forthcoming, or all the trouble and all the expense of carrying on the case up to the present time will be forever lost. Spiritualists and Spiritualist Societies of Michigan have responded nobly. They have done all that earnest Spiritualists anywhere could do.

I feel sure that they, when they know the need for additional funds, will respond as they should respond. But they are not financially able to raise the entire amount that is needed. Therefore I ask the attention of every reader of the Banner, no matter where located.

There are those whose glance will fall upon this paragraph who can without inconvenience give the entire sum that is needed. There are others who, if possessed of the seal that other denominations exact of their converts, could furnish anywhere from one to five hundred dollars. We do not ask you to give this much unless you want to, but we do ask you to give something at least to help along, even though it be less than a dollar.

If I could make a plea as eloquent as the needs of the case demand, if I could show you just what it means to Spiritualism that we win, I do not doubt that many times the \$1,500 needed would be subscribed. But I must content myself with this plain and weak statement of the case as it now stands.

No matter whether you have a thousand dollars or only ten cents to give, send it to the Secretary of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association, Miss Rena D. Chapman, Marcellus, Michigan, and your donation will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

Let it not be said that we surrendered when victory was in reach; let us prove to the world that we know our rights, and that we never cease to struggle till we win that which is ours.

George B. Ferris.

The Hallowe'en Party at Waverley.

A perfect day, a faithful, harmonious committee, and a worthy object were the combined influences that made the Hallowe'en Party at the V. S. U. Home a success. The decorating committee had transformed the rooms by the use of corn-stalks and jack-o'-lanterns, Japanese lanterns and autumn foliage until one felt the influence of the season, and when the witches began to appear the "witchery" of the hour was apparent. Between three and four hundred people entered into the spirit of the occasion and a royal good time was the result.

The "Country Corner," arranged and presided over by the ladies of the First Spiritual Science Church of Boston was well patronized, and the sunbonnets and checkered aprons of the "girls," and the overalls and broad brimmed hat of the gentleman from Lynn made the display realistic.

Lynn also had a representative on the floor whose written forecasts of the future were bold if not believed. A doughnut from Medford was disposed of for a dollar and a goose-cake added nearly two dollars to the fund.

The supper was excellent and it is whispered that the Brighton coffee makers knew their business, and that the oyster stew was the best ever served in Waverley. The dining tables with pumpkins and witches around, while the waiters in witch-hats and frocks fluttered, were very attractive. Upstairs fortunes were told by a gypsy, and downstairs the palms were read, and over a very beautiful little tea table the pastor of the First Spiritual Church of Boston presided, and after her assistants had served a delicious cup of tea she read the cups. The entertainment was furnished by representatives from all the societies taking part and was interesting indeed.

Games and dancing gave the bit of exhilaration and fun that the youthful minded wanted and the beaming faces of the merry throng gave evidence of the happy heart.

Twenty societies had a part in the festivities and at this writing between sixty and seventy dollars has been added to the V. S. U. funds as a result of that happy and harmonious effort to make pleasure and joy serve the good purpose of lifting on the burden that becomes light when shared by all.

Minnie Meserve Soule,

Chairman of Committee.

Brother Bach, and Chairman of Committee on Delegates' Reports, What Did You Mean?

TO THE SPIRITUAL PRESS FROM N. S. A. OFFICE.

Dear Mr. Editor: As Secretary of the N. S. A. I deem it my duty to take notice through your valuable columns of two statements recently made in certain of our spiritual papers concerning action of the late annual Convention in Minneapolis. One is that delegates who were not Spiritualists, but pronounced Theosophists or workers in New Thought movements, were seated to represent societies of the N. S. A. I cannot believe that this is true, inasmuch as I had access to the credential list before it went to the committee, and I know that no names but those of prominent Spiritualists from various sections were on that list. Of course the list can only be partly made up before the credential committee gets it as—in spite of our rules—many societies do not send credentials or name delegates till convention assemblies, but as the Credential Committee was made up of prominent and well known Spiritualists; with Mr. H. W. Richardson, President of the New York State Association as chairman, I feel certain that none but Spiritualists were admitted to the floor. Besides the question comes up at every convention of allowing none but members of some Spiritualist society to be seated as delegates or proxies and is tacitly adhered to.

The other matter is that of annual reports being printed in the papers before convention. I do not understand why the Committee on Delegates' Reports should have stated that such reports are likely to be altered at or during the convention, hence should not be printed till after that meeting. Such a statement is absurd. The reports are handed to the Reading Clerk either by the N. S. A. Secretary or by the Missionaries, most of them by the Secretary. The reports are then read to the open convention and there is no possibility of any alteration being made in them. These Reports are absolutely given to the public as first made by the officers of the N. S. A. How could any alteration be made in the financial reports of the Treasurer and Secretary for instance, without garbling the books and confusing the Auditing Committee? For one, I protest against such a statement going before the public. I have always felt that the annual reports of the officers of a National Association belong first to the convention of that organization and afterwards to the public, and I am glad to conform to the ruling in that matter, but I feel that if the only reason for the Committee on Delegates' Reports, could and for recommending such a course was that the reports were apt to be altered, it is a very silly and poor one, as it is utterly untrue. Sincerely yours,

Mary T. Loughey,
N. S. A. Secretary.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 8, 1905.

The Literary World.

CONDUCTED BY

LILLIAN WHITING.

"The world of book is still the world."

"Versailles"

"Versailles and the Court Under Louis XIV," by James Eugene Farmer, is the most comprehensive and complete presentation of that most dramatic period in French history that has perhaps ever been given save in the voluminous works of Saint-Simon, only part of which are translated into English. Mr. Farmer divides his volume into four parts: "The Palace," "The Park," "The King," and "The Court," each part being copiously illustrated, and the description and detail is so vivid in its pictorial effect as to give the reader an unusually clear idea of the salons, and gardens, the park, and the seventeenth-century life that was so brilliantly lived in the palace. In this mise-en-scene the character and life of Louis XIV. is seen in intimate approach. His standards of conduct, his ambitions, his vanities are all realistically portrayed. Of him we find Mr. Farmer saying: "It is easier to criticize Louis XIV than to understand him. He raised the French monarchy to its zenith, and the collapse of that monarchy seventy-four years after his death, was, and still is, a severe blow to his reputation. He will never be a popular hero; but because his ideals and theories no longer move the world, it would be as absurd to suppose that he was not in his day in touch with the spirit of his age as to fancy that the powerful impression he made on his contemporaries was due solely to his rank and position. Neither his predecessor nor his successor enjoyed anything like it."

In Versailles Mr. Farmer sees "more than a palace—it was a world," he observes, and he says:

"Thus the Chateau of Versailles, with its vast salons, with its countless dependencies, rose and spread itself in the sunshine. With it rose the town of Versailles and the hotels of the nobility. In the Rue des Reservoirs de la Cour, the hotels de Noailles, de Toulouse, de Livry, de Pleissis, and de Duras; in the Avenue de St. Cloud, the hotels de Gesvres, de Guise, d'Estrees, and de Saint-Simon. These are but three streets out of many. The days of castle-life and cabals in the province were over. The local dominion of the great lords was done. Their resources were swallowed up by the increasing luxury of the court, and each year they became more and more dependent on the royal bounty. From the windows of his magnificent Galerie des Glaces, the Grand Monarch saw a horizon that was his own work; but within that gallery Versailles he saw daily what was vastly more important, the French nobility at his feet."

Typographically, the Century Company have made this volume of exceptional beauty in its broad margins, clear type and beautiful illustrations in tints. It will be one of the most beautiful of presentation books of the season. (New York: The Century Company.)

"With the Empress Dowager."

It was a curious and most interesting experience in the life of Miss Katherine A. Carl, an American artist, that for eleven months she should be a guest at the Chinese Court, meeting the Empress Dowager daily and coming to know the life and customs of this Oriental Court in this intimate way. In April of 1903 Miss Carl was visiting in Shanghai when Mrs. Conger, the wife of the United States Minister to China, conceived the idea of Miss Carl's painting a portrait of the Empress for the St. Louis Exposition. The Empress consented and in July Miss Carl left Shanghai for Peking where she was the guest of the Minister and Mrs. Conger until early in August when she was taken to the Court and presented to the Empress. A palace was set aside for her and she painted not only one, but four portraits of her Imperial Majesty, one of which was exhibited at the Exposition of St. Louis and is now in the National Museum in Washington. Of the Empress Miss Carl says:

"I found Her Majesty by far the most fascinating personality I have ever seen by my good fortune to study at such close range. . . . My sojourn at the palaces of Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Dowager of China, my association with herself and the ladies of her court, I shall always remember as one of the most charming experiences of my life."

During her residence at Court Miss Carl shared in every festival and function, and no one from this country, or from even the Western world, has ever had such an opportunity to gain a true and accurate knowledge of one of the most unique and interesting figures in modern history, as had this artist, who pictures the personality and the characteristics of the Empress Dowager and the ladies of her Court; describes the summer and winter palaces; the manner of life therein, and the many social customs and religious rites, while she tells all about the painting of the St. Louis portrait and of the three other portraits now in China.

The frontispiece is a reproduction of the portrait exhibited at St. Louis and the numerous illustrations are all from photographs and sketches made by Miss Carl, who found her life in the palace a most charming interlude. She has recorded it in a manner to make one of the most fascinating books imaginable—a book that every one will wish to read. (New York: The Century Co.)

"Part of a Man's Life."

The very interesting volume by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson entitled "Part of a Man's Life" is the collection of a series of chapters upon some of the more important phases of the author's long life, and upon the intellectual and social tendencies of which he has watched the growth through so many years. The character of the book is shown by such chapter-titles as "The Cowardice of Culture," "American Audiences," "The Close of the Victorian Epoch," "Letters of Mark," "The Sunny Side of the Transcendental Period," "English and American Cousins," "Books Unread," "The Aristocracy of the Dollar," and "History in Easy Lessons." It is one of the important new books of the season, being issued in handsome style and illustrated with interesting portraits and autograph facsimiles including entire letters from Robert Browning, Sumner, Whittier, Wendell Phillips, Sainte-Beuve and others, with portraits of Una Hawthorne, Victor Hugo, Theodore Parker and other notabilities not so commonly seen. The book contains an unusually valuable interpretation of the Transcendental period in Boston, which Col. Higginson could so well say,—"All of which I saw and part of which I was." (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Yes, I'll give you a meal of virtuals if you'll shovel off these sidewalks." "Would you not prefer, madam, to have me shovel off the snow?" "Poor fellow! Have you tramped all the way from Boston?"—Chicago Tribune.

Announcements.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Monday, Nov. 13th, 7.30 and 9.30. Nettle Holt Harding, the popular lecturer and test medium. Circles at 4. song service and concert, 8.30. Good soloists and elocutionists.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter street.—Lectures at 10.45 a. m. and 2.30 p. m., through the trance mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis. School at 12 m. Wednesday evening conference at 7.30.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists will hold its regular meeting in Cambridge Lower Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 8. Mrs. Katie Ham will be the speaker. Supper at 6.30 and evening meeting at 7.45.

The Massachusetts State Association will hold a Mass meeting in New Bedford, in conjunction with the Spiritual Harmony Society of New Bedford, on Thursday, Nov. 16, 1905. The following are invited to be present: Dr. George A. Fuller, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Miss Susie C. Clark, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Maude Litch, Mrs. Alice M. Whall, Mr. Thos. Cross, Mr. J. S. Scarlett. Meetings will be held at 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. Supper at 6 p. m. All Spiritualists in the surrounding cities and towns are invited to be present. These meetings are free to all. Meeting place, Cornell Hall, 132 Pleasant street, New Bedford. The Boston friends will leave South Station on train, 12.50, noon.

—Carrie L. Hatch, sec.

Izetta B. Sears, to be the speaker and medium Sunday afternoon and evening, November 12, for the Salem Spiritual Society in Odd Fellows' Hall, Salem.

Next Sunday evening Dr. George A. Fuller of Onset will be the speaker. Come early and secure a seat in Louise Hall, 138 Pleasant street.

"Is Spiritualism true?" has been continued as the subject of debate for 3 p. m., Sunday, November 12, in Faine Memorial Hall, 9 Appleton street, Boston. Mr. Wright of New York will be the speaker for and Rev. J. P. Bland of Cambridge against. Ten minute speeches by the audience. Last Sunday the debate was educational, interesting and lively for Spiritualism.—A. F. Hill.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong pastor, holds its services every Sunday at American Hall, 724 Washington street, up two flights. Morning conference, 11 a. m.; service followed by test circles, 2.30 p. m.; evening service, 7.30 p. m.

American Physical Research Society, Harvey Redding, president, will hold meetings in Malden at Odd Fellows' Hall, every Sunday evening at 7.30. Good talent always with us. Seats free. Visiting mediums invited.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

(Notices under this head will be inserted free when not exceeding twenty lines in length, beyond that a charge of fifteen cents per line will be made. About seven words make a line.)

MISS ANNA A. PEABODY

Miss Anna A. Peabody of South Lawrence, Mass., on November 1, 1905, aged 48 years 10 months. She was an earnest Spiritualist for many years. Services were conducted at her home in South Lawrence, November 3, by the writer, Edgar W. Emerson. Interment at Roxford, Mass.

MRS. CAROLINE S. RICHARDSON

From the home of her son-in-law, Dr. Wm. P. Robinson, at Ayer's Village, Mass., October 5, Mrs. Caroline S. Richardson, aged 81 years, 7 months, 28 days, passed on, after a long illness and a great desire to go home. She quietly fell asleep. She was a strong and ardent Spiritualist and for many years had been a reader of the Banner of Light. She leaves one son, Clark Kibbee of California, and one daughter, Mrs. Kate Robinson, with whom she lived and who tenderly cared for her in her declining years; also two grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. A good, true woman, gone home. Services conducted at Ayer's Village, Mass., October 9, by the writer. Interment at East Randolph, Vt.

Edgar W. Emerson.

MR. LEVI STEARNS

From his late home at 3 Lexington street, Worcester, Mass., Oct. 28th, aged 76 years. The funeral was private and was held on the afternoon of the 30th. Only relatives and immediate friends in attendance. Mrs. Stearns, years ago, was an active member of the Congregational Church of Holden. It is highly probable that his religious views had undergone some change, although he was not considered a Spiritualist. He left one daughter, who is a pronounced believer in spirit return and at this hour of great sorrow sought for consolation in his philosophy. May it bring unto her peace "that passeth all understanding." The funeral services were pronounced by the writer.

Geo. A. Fuller.

Onset, Mass., Nov. 3, 1905.

ELIZA F. DUSTIN

On November 5, in Dorchester, at the ripe age of seventy-eight, Mrs. Dustin passed on.

A Birthday Party in Fayville.

Mrs. E. Burrows.

Most beautiful dawned the day of November 1, when over twenty kind friends of Mrs. E. Burrows met at her home in honor of her birthday, coming from Attleboro, Foxboro, Medway, Cambridge, Somerville, Everett, Allston, Revere and Concord, each with bundles of food or a gift. A dance in the barn was enjoyed by all. Then a bountiful dinner was provided.

In the afternoon two mediums were with speaking and giving tests, which were much enjoyed by those present. As the evening shades began to fall, cake and ice cream were served, as some had to leave for home, yet many remained for the evening. Tea was served at 7, after which vocal and instrumental music filled out the evening, winding up at 10 o'clock with a fine waltz by Mr. Bates of Allston, with Mrs. E. Burrows (the hostess), who was 72 years old October 8. All voted it a grand time. With best wishes and hope to meet another year.

—Prairie Flower and Marguerite, October 13, 1905.

[The Banner of Light begs to join in hearty congratulations.—The Editor.]

Sound.

But what the man or the woman is does count for much, and public opinion is based on that and nothing else. If Caligula, the Roman tyrant, in the garb and name of the Christ, had preached the sermon on the mount it would have been mislabeled long before this day and age. Whatever withstands the ravages of time must rest on principles and character that time cannot ravage and destroy, not on professions or loud sounding affirmations.—Light of Truth.

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of kidney trouble, bladder trouble or rheumatism. Sufferers can have free treatment by writing the doctor.

NO CHARGE WHATEVER IS MADE

In order that all men and women who have given up hope of ever being well again may know that now a genuine, guaranteed home cure for uric acid germ diseases has been found by Dr. Edwin Turnock, the celebrated French-American specialist, a free double



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treatment of the new cure will be sent to any reader of this publication or their friends who may be afflicted with this disease in the form of too frequent desire to urinate, weak back, prostate trouble, Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, stone in the bladder, gravel, wetting the bed, swelling of the feet and ankles, sciatica, lumbago, gout and other forms of the worst kind of rheumatism, kidney trouble and bladder disease.

The doctor does not claim to cure all diseases, but he does cure the diseases he claims to cure. To prove this ask Mr. James H. McClung of Berthoud, Colo., whom he cured of Bright's disease; Mrs. Mary Furstenberg of Boody, Ill., whom he cured of diabetes; Mr. A. P. Yochum of Pittsburgh, Pa., whom he cured of rheumatic gout; Mrs. Phoebe J. Brown of Knapell, Me., whom he cured of dropsy; and ten thousand others whom this new double non-alcoholic treatment cured of each of the diseases and symptoms mentioned in the first paragraph.

All the doctor wants to know is that you have one of these diseases, then you write him what disease you have, and give your name and address, and he will do the rest to cure you. You send no money, no stamps; he will not send anything. C. O. D., or send any bills. But he will send you free, without anything to pay.

A double treatment free of charge for your own disease—the genuine, original and improved cure treatment—and

A free 68-page illustrated book telling the truth about these diseases, giving different home methods, how to analyze your urine, etc., etc.

To those who earnestly want to be cured this is a heaven-sent free opportunity. Will you take advantage of it? Yes. Then write today to the Turnock Medical Co., 2559 Bush Temple, Chicago, Ill.

The Secret of the Deserted Mansion.

(Continued from page 1.)

under the library, and then their work was finished. But Dick was not satisfied. He would clear the fame of Violet Cameron Wilcox even at this late day, and to this end wrote an account of our discovery to "Miss Rose Cameron, Cameron House, Bradbury Hill, —shire, England."

A month later he received a reply. It came from Lady Rose Leyden, nee Cameron, and was dated at Leyden Court, November 30, 1890. Dick's letter to her had been delivered to her brother, Sir James Cameron, the present baronet, who had forwarded it to Leyden Court. A woman of more than seventy, she had never ceased to mourn the unhappy fate of her beloved sister, and though the knowledge of that dear one's sufferings caused her the most acute anguish she was grateful to Dick for revealing to her the secret of the deserted mansion. She added that Louise Abernathy, the rector's daughter, had never been convinced of her love's falsity, and had remained true to his memory to the day of her death, four years previous, devoting her life to good works and charitable deeds.

Holbrook, Inman and Company, despite the protests of Mr. Wilcox's mercenary heir, turned over the jewels Dick had found to Lady Leyden, through whose efforts and those of her brother, the earthly remains of Violet Cameron Wilcox were removed to England and now repose in the Cameron family vault. Nor is this all. In the cemetery on the outskirts of — a simple stone, inscribed with his name, marks the last resting place of Lionel Howard, and underneath are traced the words, most significant to Dick and me, "Requiescent in peace."

How Some of Our Readers Can Make Money.

Having read of the success of some of our readers selling Dish-washers, I have tried the work with wonderful success. I have made not less than \$2.00 any day for the last six months. The Mound City Dish-washer gives good satisfaction and every family wants one. A lady can wash and dry the dishes without removing her gloves and can do the work in two minutes. I got my sample machine from the Mound City Dish-washer Co., 3685 2 1/2 La Cade Ave., St. Louis, Mo. I used it to take orders and sold 12 Dish-washers the first day. The Mound City Dish-washer Co. will start you. Write them for particulars. Ladies can do as well as men.

John F. M.

Mrs. Ward at Versailles.

A letter just received in New York from Mrs. Humphry Ward was dated at Versailles; and spoke enthusiastically of the beauty of the fall days there. Later chapters of Mrs. Ward's new novel, "Fenwick's Career," beginning in the November Century, shift the scenes of the story to this beautiful historic spot.

One secret act of self denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which some people indulge themselves.

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IF YOU ARE DEAF

either partially or completely or if you have head-noises, ringing in the ears, discharging ears, catarrh of the head, nose or throat, or any ear disease. Write for my 64 PAGE BOOK ON DEAFNESS and learn of a new method whereby all afflicted with Deafness of other ear diseases, can cure themselves at home without visiting a doctor. Most complete book published and is free to all. Address DR. W. O. COFFEE, 501 Century Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

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By Mr. GEORGE H. RYGER, The Famous Organist.
Three Beautiful Spiritual Songs:
No. 1—"OH, TEARS, WE NOT," Song and Chorus.
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Fifteen Cents (postpaid) for the Collection.
The words and music are composed by Mr. Ryger and rank with his best productions.
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N. Y. Evening Sun.—"The testimony collected here is interesting and curious."

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204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

Our Home Circle:

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

My Daily Prayer.

Julietta Schooley.

Angel of Light, attend the prayer
Which from my lips doth fall,
And bear it onward to the source
Infinite, love to all;
Guide me to deeds and acts of love,
Let no words ever fall,
From lips of mine which shall not prove
The depth of love I call.

Help me to prove by daily life,
That good with me doth dwell,
That heaven within can conquer strife,
And leave no room for hell;
Oh, guard I pray, lest evil thought
May mar, destroy, efface
The good for which through life I've sought,
Whilst striving for its grace.

For good alone can lead us hence,
To brighter fields of joy,
Then guard, that evil may not quench
The good, and hope destroy.
Let thoughts be such that only those
Whose aims are pure and high,
Be guardian spirits who shall choose
To guide and cheer be nigh.

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

JOY BEGETS JOY: TRUTH BEGETS PEACE.

It was a glorious morning. Clear blue
skies and billows upon billows of white clouds,
sunshine on the hills afar away and air so
crisp and sweet that we almost wanted to
stand still with wide open mouth and drink
it in.

Inside the crowded car that was bobbing
along with many a curve and swirl the people
sat seemingly unconscious of the wonderful
glory of the autumn day, and the stress and
strain of life tugged at the corners of the
mouths, pulled the foreheads into wrinkles
and silenced the voice of happiness and good
cheer. We were crossing Harvard bridge
when suddenly, bleat-bleat-bah-bah-bah—
and every head turned to the windows and
every face became alive with interest.

Nothing but a flock of sheep, and very
dirty and frightened sheep they were at that,
but the unusual sight of sheep in the city had
attracted the attention of every passenger
on that car. The animation and interest at
once ironed out the wrinkles, wreathed the
mouths with smiles and induced musical
laughter and bright repartee. The atmos-
phere of that car was changed, and there
is no doubt that everybody grew a bit lighter
in heart for that slight diversion. There may
have been some suggestion of a merry day
in the country, or a recollection of long rides
through the woods, where the soft bleating
of sheep mingled with tender cadences of love
laden words, a pet lamb that had been fondled
and petted in the sunny days of childhood, a
swift-winged thought that revealed the old
farmhouse and the pastures and fields where
loved feet at that moment might be straying;
it may have been some magical mind picture
that released the "stified" spirit, and let the
sunlight in, but it is not at all probable that
everybody in the car had pleasant recollections
awakened by that flock of sheep. Yet from
the moment the first bah-bah fell on
our ears, the radiance of happiness began to
illumine the interior of that street car.

It was not such a remarkable or unusual
manifestation after all, but was a truth ex-
emplified.

The moment the limitations and restraints
of purely selfish thoughts are removed, that
moment happiness and good cheer will reign
in the heart and shine out through the face
and create joy in the lives of others.

No one can live an independent life; that is,
a life that is absolutely lived out by itself.
It is affected by and will affect every other
life in the universe; and the only limitation
to that influence will be in degree, as it may
be near or far to, or many in its first
expression. It is the law that what a man
affects his neighbor just as definitely as
what he does or has, and if he is so self-
centered that the light of the stars and the
soft breezes of heaven cannot waken him from
his selfish slumber, he will be a dark spot on
his neighbor's sun and a dummy key in the
organ of life.

We have talked altruism until it has become
faddish, and some of us now and then have
to have an accounting with ourselves, to see
how far we are putting into practice our
ideal mottoes.

We do not always remember that we are
sharing in spite of ourselves, our happiness
and our woes with the world and we make
our altruistic purposes apply only to our
service and our goods.

If we realized that to become absorbed and
narrowed into the mere servant of our fel-
lows so that we can find no time to love the
sunshine and the stars, the flowing waters and
the rustling leaves is to take sunshine and
bird-song out of the lives of all mankind, we
might feel the need of filling our souls with
beauty and love of all things beautiful in the
world until it overflowed our lives and made
sweet the lives of our neighbors. What more
beautiful service can be rendered mankind
than to release them from the bonds of self-
seeking? Next to the bondage of self-seeking
is the bondage of seeking for someone else.

There are mothers and fathers who put
themselves on the back and feel a sense of
satisfaction that they are so sacrificing and so
devoted to their little ones, when the truth
of the matter is they have only transferred
their selfishness to an object once removed
from their own personality. To be sure, this
is a degree better than to have no one but
self, because it has enlarged the circle by the
number of children.

But is there a more heart-breaking sight
than a mother, worn to a shred, who must
neither tarry nor rest and who stands ready
to die mortal combat with anyone who dares
oppose the wishes of her offspring.

It is safe to assert that any duty that
cannot be done with a soft light in the eyes and
a song in the heart is not an altruistic duty.
Altruism is a beneficent influence in the lives
of others, and anything that will release the
strain and tension on the average man and
woman so that wrinkles may be replaced with
smiles and silence with song is an act of al-
truism.

Anything that takes men and women out of
the rut and grind of life is altruistic.

The blue skies and fleecy clouds, the air
like wine and the gold of the trees were not
enough to arouse that carload of average
people from the monotony of a trip to Boston
made daily in most cases, to produce means
for daily living, but an unusual note was like
a bugle blast, and lo! immediately they were
all interested.

To be really altruistic we must let the
fate notes of the spiritual life ring out and
drown the monotony of mere existence.

Listen—listen, it is ringing down through
our lives like a silver bell, and as our ears
catch the sound we will awake, arise, and with
smiling and serene hearts go forth. We shall
find that we can no longer confine our ener-

gies, our buoyancy, our hope, our joy—it will
be impossible to keep unexpressed, and like a
mighty river, will sweep onward to the sea
of life, blessing humanity by no effort of ours,
but because it is the law. M. M. S.

The Soldiers of the King.

William Brewster.

The decree was issued that the largest
army the world had ever seen was to be as-
sembled. It was to be the gathering of all
peoples from all lands for a particular pur-
pose to please the king.

There was great talk about it as a new thing
and speculation was rife as to the method of
the war, where it was to be and how long
it would continue—and things of this sort,
which would naturally arise in the minds
of those who had to follow the flying colors
wherever they might lead.

Then came the word that one with all au-
thority was appointed to carry out the great
design—and they were to be faithful to him.
Well, at first they could hardly believe the
seeing of their own eyes—he was such a dis-
appointment to them. Yes, he was young and
fair—that they conceded. Yes, he was en-
thusiastic and full of fine reverence—that at
once they saw. Also his voice was sweet
and he spoke as none had done before—and
his directions were clothed with the simplicity
of love itself—and yet they were not prepared
to listen to him, and doubted if he were the
one sent.

This was unfortunate, as it left the army in
confusion, and they began to choose com-
manders of their own—and then bitterness
arose between them—and the world went on
in its old world ways without regard to the
great Good Will.

The king was not satisfied with the de-
plorable result—and selected a few out of the
many to bring confusion to an end and es-
tablish right rule among them. They were
called upon to vow themselves to the great
end of making the kingdom the fairest king
had ever ruled and people had ever enjoyed.
The proclamation was made to the effect that
all men were to respond to this effort to re-
store peace and righteousness in the land.

And so it was that the few entered on their
mission which was to reach to the ends of the
earth and time—but fidelity was their watch-
word, and obedience their rule and courage
was to be theirs to dare and do the right al-
ways and forever. They were to be brave and
staunch and true and by this character of
grace should they be marked as the true
soldiers of the king.

For this was a singular undertaking all on
new lines when you thought of them as com-
missioned fighters. They were not to destroy;
they were not to anger others; they were to
teach peace and industry and helpfulness—in-
fact, carry out a policy of conciliation to-
wards all which should make the gentle spirit
controlling with its sweet influence. They
were to settle among the discordant, to live
there in their quiet usefulness, and see what
would come of it. Such were the directions
they received.

It seemed like a dream—perhaps it was a
dream—to put the whole land under a new
regime. The subjects were to be turned from
self-satisfaction and gratifications to what
was simply right as to the self and all others
concerned in this uprising of love—for that
it was. The king wanted the obedience of
his people in the spirit of joy.

So the first thing his soldiers were taught
was the discovery of their better natures.
They were asked to inspect their hearts and
see how devoted to good they were—then this
was made the rule of living. They were to
abide by the generosity and willingness to
serve they found to be the instructive, inspir-
ing side of life. They were to have themselves
well in hand and to be under the good govern-
ment of thought. They were to make the body
subject to the mind to make the lovely their
delight and kindness, and nothing but kind-
ness and good will and peace were to be
theirs.

Then they were to impress others with the
sense of their worthy purpose. They were to
settle right in the midst of the unruly and
by their own sweet character give instruction
in this, the simple life and useful.

And it was said that unseen forces would
help them. They were never to despair, how-
ever unpromising the outlook might be. It
was their battle, it was their struggle—but
they would not be left alone even when most
discouraging things confronted them. The
powers of other worlds were interested in the
final victory. They would assist and inspire
and keep them to their good purpose.

So it was that they took hold of the work
and taught it to their children. And it was
strange what a fascination there was in the
doing of this. It seemed as if it were the
thing the world had been waiting for. It
seemed as if winter had been left behind
and springtime was all before
those loving hearts. They saw great changes,
they saw new light come in the eyes of men.
It was simply wonderful. They had encour-
agement every day that they were to be suc-
cessful—and it seemed as if heaven came a
little nearer the more the earth grew into the
purpose. It seemed as if the ears of men
were unstopped or had grown finer in hear-
ing and heavenly voices spoke to them with
sweetness. Yes, and at times they saw with
their very eyes scenes and forms that assured
them the world is very wide and the kingdom
very deep and the subjects of the king are
many—and their lives were the lives of love.

The Grand Architect of the Universe al-
ways uses means to accomplish his designs,
and honored, indeed, are they who are the
chosen ones to be used. The Initiator.

How the Cuckoo Lays Its Eggs.

A farmer of Waterford, Ireland, recently
had an opportunity to see a cuckoo at its
famous work of nest robbing and tells an
interesting story of his observations. On
May 23, while in his fields, he saw a cuckoo
flying over a clump of furze bushes. After
hovering round and round over a particular
spot, it flew a short distance away. He
walked up to the bushes and saw there, just
under where the bird had been, a titlark's
nest with three eggs.

In a few minutes the cuckoo returned,
perched a few yards from the nest, and laid
an egg on the ground. This it took in its bill,
flew to the titlark's nest, and placed it within.
On leaving it had one of the three eggs in its
bill, and left this on the ground near by.
After the bird had flown away the farmer
went up, and saw that the titlark's egg was
broken in two and its contents scattered. The
cuckoo's egg in the nest differed in color and
was larger than the normal eggs, but did not
differ enough, in his opinion, for the substitu-
tion to be likely to be discovered by the own-
ers of the nest. Searchlight.

Why the Horse Whinnied.

Adelaide was tired of shopping. Stores are
so large, and there are so few places where a
little girl can sit down to rest. If mother
had been shopping in the toy department it
would have been different, but sheets and
pillow-cases are stupid, though necessary.
So mother left Adelaide at father's office
while she went back to the shops and sheets
and pillow-cases.

Father is an editor, and he sits at his desk
writing, writing, always writing. When Ade-
laide was younger, she supposed he was do-
ing his writing lesson as she did twice a
week; but now she knows that he writes

down all that happens the world over, so that
the printers may know what to print in the
columns of the evening paper.

When one calls on father, one must sit
very quietly by the window looking at pic-
tures in papers, and magazines or cutting
them out for paper dolls. One must not in-
terrupt father, unless it is absolutely neces-
sary—like a cut finger or a pin that hurts—
and one must never, never fret, not even if
it is a quarter of an hour past luncheon time.

This morning Adelaide seated herself with
the mutilated bottle and the big desk shears
and some lovely tissue paper rescued from the
waste basket, to make a dress for a lady doll
cut out of a magazine. As she sat there
working, she heard a horse whinny in the
street below. Some whinnies mean, "Please,
master, I'm tired of waiting here." Others
are "How-de-do's" to passing horse acquaint-
ances. Adelaide wondered what this one meant.

She colored the lady doll's eyes blue and
her cheeks red with father's colored pencils.
Then she heard the horse talking again. The
whinny was so high and the sill so broad
that she could not see down to the street be-
low. She wished she knew what the horse
wanted. All the time Adelaide was making
the lady doll's gown—blue with a white yoke
—that horse whinnied.

The dress was just finished—it was lovely!
—when father laid down his work, got up
from his chair, and asked—
"How about luncheon?"

The nicest part of visiting father is going
out to luncheon with him. One goes to a
funny little restaurant where, instead of pic-
tures on the wall, are framed signs reading
"Oysters," "Chicken Salad," "Coffee Rolls,"
and names of other delicious dishes. One
sits at a little round table with father, and
orders either from these sign pictures or
from the bill-of-fare which is fine print and
harder to read.

So, when father laid down his work, got
up from his chair, and said, "What about
luncheon?" Adelaide quickly laid down her
work, slipped out of her chair and replied,
"Oh, yes."

They went down in the elevator and
through the large hall. As they reached the
sidewalk, the same horse whinnied again;
and this time Adelaide knew what he was
talking about, for she could see him. Just
out from under his nose a fruit vendor had
set up a stand of pears, large and yellow and
fragrant.

"O, Father," cried Adelaide, "he has been
teasing for a pear for the longest time, and
I heard him; but I didn't know what he
wanted because I couldn't see him or the
pears either. You poor horsey, how dreadful
to have all that smell and not a single taste!"
"Why would we better do about it?" asked
father, smiling.

Adelaide considered.
"You know, Father," she said, "that while
you drink your little cup of coffee that is
just like my doll's cups, I have a glass of
milk and a banana or an orange or a peach."

Father remembered.
"Now I think I will have a pear today;
and, if you would just as lief, I will have it
now and give it to horsey because he wants
it so badly."

Father said he was feeling rather rich to-
day and perhaps he might afford to treat
both the horse and Adelaide to dessert. He
bought two pears of the fruit seller—they
were two for five cents—and Adelaide took
one by the stem and held it up to the horse.
He pushed out his lips as horses do and seized
the fruit in them. While he ate it, he blinked
at Adelaide in a contented fashion. After
he had eaten the second pear and Adelaide
and her father were walking on, he whinnied
again; but this time the whinny said, "Thank
you."

"Didn't he enjoy them?" said Adelaide.
"I guess, if you really feel rich enough to
afford it, I will have a pear myself, while you
drink your doll's cup of coffee, instead of a
banana or an orange or a peach."—Mary Al-
den Hopkins in Congressionalist.

Fair as the summer azure
A timid violet blew
Close to the fort's embrasure
O'er which the hot shells flew.

'Neath battle-smoke and thunder
The fort was quietly stilled.
Its huge walls blown asunder,
Its brave defenders killed.

Still on the fortress battered,
Whose heroes lay entombed
Beneath their banners tattered,
The peaceful violet bloomed.

R. K. Munkittrick.

Religion in the Arctic Circle.

In a series of letters to the Spirit of Mis-
sions, Archdeacon Stuck tells of his arrival in
Coldfoot, Alaska, about a fifteen days' jour-
ney from Port Yukon. Considerable diffi-
culty attended the party's expedition, which
suffered innumerable hardships, finally reach-
ing Coldfoot on the 21st of February. Im-
mediately after arriving Archdeacon Stuck gathered
together the inhabitants, twelve men
and two women, a sprinkling of natives and
three babies, and held the first religious
service that had ever been held in Coldfoot, dur-
ing which the babies were baptized.

Leaving there the next day the archdeacon
proceeded to Nolan Creek, twenty-three miles
north of Coldfoot. Here he preached to about
sixty men, who crowded into a cabin several
times too small to accommodate them all, and
Archdeacon Stuck was jammed up against a
stove and considerably hampered in the way
of gestures. Thence he visited several other
places many miles apart.

The archdeacon cannot speak too highly of
the men of the North- and Northwest.
"Rough, careless miners; making light of their
toils and privations—making songs about them
and singing them in chorus to a guitar and a
violin at their Saturday night gatherings; tak-
ing as a matter of course hardships that men
'outside' would shudder at, working on year
after year for no more than a 'grub-stake,' but
with the flash of hope always in their eyes;
keen, eager men, alert on all questions of sci-
ence and politics, maintaining great argu-
ments with one another on all sorts of ques-
tions during the long winter nights in their
cabins; soft-hearted, kindly men, always
ready to help or succor; and though not de-
vout men, I judge, yet men with the fear of
God down in their hearts, I do believe, and a
real respect for high things and holy things. I
am sure." I fell in love with the men on the
Koryuk. I settled one question which had
been agitating Nolan Creek all the winter:
"Was the country 'Spain' mentioned in the
Bible? It had been debated pro and con on
almost every claim. And I was greatly am-
used at the satisfaction which shone on
several faces when I assured them that St.
Paul in his Epistle to the Romans says he de-
sires to go into Spain.

"I was much moved by what I saw of the
condition of the Koryuk Indians. They are
the only Indians in Alaska on whose behalf
no missionary work has ever been undertaken.
I preached to about forty of them, about one-
fourth of the whole remaining number, for
they are a diminishing race. Some of them
came to me afterward and begged that they
might be taught; said that their 'ears' were
stopped and eyes shut so that they could not
understand what I had preached; that they
had never been taught anything at all!"—Bos-
ton Transcript.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.
SHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

In Explanation.

The following communications are given by
Mrs. Soule while under the control of her
own guides for the good of the individual
spirits seeking to reach their friends, on
earth. The messages are reported stenog-
raphically by a representative of the "Ban-
ner of Light" and are given in the presence
of other members of the "Banner" staff.
These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

INVOCATION.

As simply as the sunshine falls upon the
gray old world; so simply we would have the
spirit of truth shine into the darkened homes
of sorrowing mortals, as beautiful as the sun-
light illuminating even the darkest corners of
earth. So beautiful we would have this Spirit
of Truth illuminating every heart and every
soul where truth is able to centre, and with
this uppermost in our hearts today we would
come into this little circle, blessing all those
who have made this thing possible. Bless us
in our effort, O Spirit of All Truth and Love,
and may we ever be as strong and earnest as
at this moment. It is an easy matter, apart
from the world of silence and with peace all
about us, to feel the tenderness and love to-
wards every human creature. But in the
midst of strife and battle of the present times,
it is hard to understand all the inconsisten-
cies of those about us, and it is then we would
be filled with the greater strength and love
so potent and strong that it shall make glad
all those who feel its influence. We are so
happy in this knowledge of continued life,
so blessed in the understanding of continued
love that we cannot keep still and keep our
happiness to ourselves, but must ever and
always give the message out to those who feel
forsaken and lost. It is with great happiness
that we give the message today, and we put
out our hands this hour to help those souls to
express the love that is in their hearts, and
the tenderness that is seeking an avenue of
expression. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Mamie Pomeroy, South Boston, Mass.

Here is a spirit of a girl I think about
fourteen. She says, "Oh, I am here, I'm here,
and I want to send a message to my mamma.
My name is Mamie Pomeroy and I used to
live in South Boston, and I want to go to
Joe and Alice Pomeroy. I don't know what
to say to my mamma and papa, except that I
can see them and hear them. First I only
used to see them; could not seem to hear at
all. It was just like so many sounds that
came rushing into my ears whenever I tried
to hear what they were saying, but I have
been able in the last two or three months to
know that they were often talking about peo-
ple who died and wondering if they ever could
see, and I just wanted to tell them that
they can see all right. My mother is sure they
can and my father says only the saints can.
I must be a saint, then, for I can. My mother
is awfully funny and likes a good time; my
father gets tired and sleepy; don't want to
go out anywhere. I go with my mother and
my brother James stays with my father and
takes care of him. My grandmother that I
never knew, but she says she is my grand-
mother, and I guess she is, 'cause she looks
like my father; well, she is just as good to
me as she can be, and she lets me go where-
ever I want to, and do most anything I want
to do. I am glad to be where I can have all
the rides I want and have study books in
school. I think it is a good deal better to
learn about stars, flowers and brooks than
it is to do arithmetic and language; that is
all I have got to say and I thank you for the
chance."

Caroline Eastman, Concord, Mass.

Here is a spirit of a woman who says she
used to live in Concord, Mass. She is me-
dium height, very dark eyes and dark hair.
She is very insistent and positive in her man-
ner. She tells me that her name is Caroline
Eastman, and she says, "I was a teacher,
not only in the day school, but in the Sunday
school, and I would have thought that to teach
the things that you Spiritualists are teaching
would have been sufficient reason to have the
doors of heaven shut against me forever.
One doesn't get the light immediately; I am
going into the future light. I fought against
the knowledge that might have been mine for
a long time. I didn't want to talk with my
friends; I had my own idea of how a person
should go on after death, and it certainly was
not like a person who could be interested in
pursuits and dresses and people. I thought
that the after life would be one of worship,
and that is what I wanted, and I was very
miserable when I found no great change com-
ing to me, just as you would be miserable if
you had lived in a city and dreamed of going
off to a beautiful spot where you would do
nothing but hear birds sing and watch the
clouds in the sky, and you found instead that
you had just gone to another city just as busy,
just as noisy as the one you had left. I
found my quiet and my peace after I stopped
fighting against the truth, and now I have
come back with a sincere desire to tell the
truth, as I have found it, to my friends who
are left. I have a sister Annie, who would
think it very wicked to get a message from
me or my mother, and I have come for the
express purpose of disabusing her mind of
that fact and give her an idea of the real
condition of a soul after death. Tell Annie
for me that I love her and will help her, and
that mother and our sister Ruth are just as
real and personal in their devotion as I am.
Thank you."

Henry Bradford, Galveston, Tex.

There is a spirit of a man here who says
his name is Henry Bradford; he is very happy
looking, fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes
and a round face. He smiles continually and
says: "Well, it is enough to make anybody
smile to know that they cannot be lost, and
cannot lose anybody whom they really want to
keep. Now, I lived in Galveston, Texas; it
is a long way off, and there are lots of good
people there and lots of good Spiritualists. I
never knew much about them, but I have
found out about them now, and I wish that
I could do something to give them a lift. You
will wonder just why I came if I haven't
anybody special that I want to go to, and I

tell you, yes, I want to go to Nellie, she
needs me; she needs me because she is lonely
and because she is not understood. She gets
off by herself and cries and sometimes wishes
she were dead, but that is foolish, and I
want her to know that she will not have to
die to have somebody near who understands
her and who will help her. I would like to
take her away from the people where she
lives, for it is not a harmonious condition.
If she only had the moral courage to stand
upon her feet and insist upon her rights, but
as she hasn't, I shall work to have her go
away. Tell her that all my effort is to bring
happiness to her life and give her more free-
dom than she has got now. Thank you."

William Henry Todd, Birmingham, Ga.

There is a spirit of an old man here, who is
quite feeble. He leans on his cane. He has
a long, white beard and no mustache; he has
long white hair, which is a little curly; heavy
brows and a straight nose and a wavering
voice. His name is Todd, William Henry
Todd, and he says that he lived in Birming-
ham, Ga. And he says: "I preached against
Spiritualism. I believed that people could talk
with their dead friends, but I didn't think it
was good for them. It never struck me that
it might some time be glad to speak myself.
Since I came over into this realm of spirit, I
have had opportunity to study the prob-
lems from the spiritual standpoint, and I
know that it is better for people to have
the spark of love and truth than to be made
strong through suggestion, to an ego or
sacrifice. To tell a man that he must be sub-
dued and subservient to God's will doesn't
make strong and tender men; underneath
that seeming obedience is a burning fire that
sometimes consumes all the noblest attributes
and qualifications that make up true man-
hood. I guess there is nothing better than to
accept a truth, no matter what it does for us
as an individual. So I am trying to make
amends for my preaching and teaching against
their religion. I would like to send this mes-
sage to Mary Todd, and I want her to under-
stand that I am not forced into it. I only
came as a free spirit, with free speech and
desire to acknowledge the truth. Thank you."

Martha Hart, Haverhill, Mass.

Here is a spirit of a lady I think about
forty-five or fifty years old. She is not very
slender and her face is thin; her hair is quite
gray and her eyes are rather dark. She is
very nervous and apparently is anxious to
send a message to her friends. She says that
she lived in Haverhill, Mass., and that her
name is Martha Hart. She says: "Will you
kindly send word to William through your
paper that I am very near him most of the
time; that I know his trouble and his desire
to get light and help, and that I am doing all
I can to bring a better condition into his life.
It does seem as though everything went
against him sometimes, and for the last six
months it has been nothing but discouragement
and trouble. It won't be so much long-
er. I can see the sun shining across his path
and I hasten to tell him of it because he needs
the help. I could tell him many things about
my own life, but that doesn't seem so import-
ant. I have found Freddie, and he is as tall
as his father and a great comfort to me. It
is a pleasure to me to come. I would not have
come for any other reason except to bring help
to one I love. Thank you."

What the Birds Say.

Hattie E. Shipley.

(Written for the "Banner of Light.")

Happy, happy birds are we!
Hopping, flying, singing.
When the foe is near our tree,
Trust we to our winging.

Never thought of daily bread
Fills our breasts with sorrow;
Punctuous table always spread—
Comes no thought of morrow.

Woods and fields and beaky dells,
Fill we with our singing.
Life is sweet our music tells;
Earth with joy is ringing.

When the sun sinks in the west,
When the stars are peeping,
Hie we to our peaceful nest—
Night's the time for sleeping.

When the sun comes back again,
Hear our songs of gladness!
Never sunshine, never rain,
Fills us filled with sadness.

Sometimes near us, when alone,
Wicked cat is prowling;
Sometimes boy with cruel stone,
Sometimes hungry owling.

But we keep a wary eye
On such evil doing,
Refuge take in tree-top high,
Safe from all pursuing.

So throughout the livelong day—
The Gracious Hand providing—
Joyous living while we may,
In His care abiding.

Dr. Faunce, President of Brown University,
addressing a monthly meeting of "The Bos-
ton Baptist Social Union," recently, gave ut-
terance to some words we wish to pass along.
His theme, "The Teachings of Christ Applied
to the Labor Movement." The following are
extracts from his able address:

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1906.

Society News.

Correspondence for this department should be addressed to the Editor, and must reach this office by the first mail delivery on Monday morning, to ensure insertion the same week. We wish to assist all, but our space is limited. Use ink and write plainly.

Boston and Vicinity.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society met at Dwight Hall, Nov. 2. Business meeting at half past five, the president, Mrs. Belcher, presiding. The evening exercises began at 7.45. Remarks were made by Mrs. Mackie, Mrs. Morgan, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Mellen, Mr. Foster, Mrs. McLean and the president. The next meeting will be held Thursday, November 9, with a business meeting at 5.30, supper at 6.30, and evening meeting at 7.45, with good mediums. Annie Morgan of Cambridge will sing in costume. All friends are invited to join in the good time confidently expected.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met Wednesday, Nov. 1, in Dwight Hall. Business meeting in the afternoon, supper at 6.30. After a social hour, Mrs. Butler, the President, opened the evening meeting. Mrs. Waterhouse was the first speaker. Mrs. H. C. Berry and Mrs. Knowles gave communications. Prof. Victor, astrological readings. Mrs. Conant-Henderson, a short address and poem. Mrs. Butler made an appeal for funds to help a needy and worthy medium and mother, and then closed the meeting by giving messages.

The First Spiritual Church of Boston, Rev. Clara E. Strong pastor, held services Sunday, November 5. In the morning Dr. C. L. Willis and Mrs. Morgan gave messages. Mrs. Lewis made a few remarks and the pastor spoke and gave messages. At the afternoon service George L. Baker and Mrs. Morgan gave messages. Dr. Blackden and the pastor spoke and Mr. Russ H. Gilbert gave a beautiful poem, as he also did in the evening, when there were many messages of love and many helpful words spoken.

The Maiden Progressive Spiritualist Society held its regular weekly circle Thursday evening, November 2. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen of Stoneham gave many practical illustrations of how to teach the children. Mrs. Morton and the president, Mrs. Whall, gave many communications. On Sunday, November 5, the Lyceum opened at 2 o'clock, and a profitable hour was spent with the children. All children are cordially invited to join this Lyceum. The afternoon circle was a large one, with many workers. Dr. Greenwood, Mrs. I. F. Bird, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Oliver T. Newcomb, Mr. Tracey and Mrs. Alice M. Whall all helped to make this circle interesting by their work. The evening meeting was addressed by Mrs. Annie R. Chapman of Brighton, Mass. Her lecture was followed by many excellent readings. Mr. Thompson, a worker for fifty years, read a pleasing poem. Next Sunday evening Dr. George A. Fuller of Onset will be the speaker.

The American Psychical Research Society held its service in Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden, Sunday evening, November 5, opening with a song, which was followed by reading of the Scripture and remarks by the president, Harvey Redding. The lecture was followed by an address by Mrs. Abbie Burnham, who took for her subject, "The Sweet to be Remembered." She spoke in her usual fluent manner. Musical selections were rendered by Mrs. Grace Reeder, Mrs. Coote, Miss Christine Highland. Communications were given by Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Stiles. A beautiful wreath of flowers was presented to Mr. Redding, whose guide followed the presentation with words of the continuity of life. The regular Thursday evening meeting of this society was held at the home of the president, 202 Main street, Everett. Mrs. Emma Wells gave fine selections on the piano. Cyrus, through his medium, gave an invocation, followed by interesting communications. The interest is increasing in this weekly meeting and all are cordially invited to attend.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. Soule, pastor, resumed its services in the Banner of Light Lecture Room, Sunday evening, November 5. Mr. Irving F. Symonds, president of the society, after expressing his pleasure that the services were to be resumed, introduced the pastor, who gave a short address, followed later in the evening by messages. Beautiful musical selections were rendered by a quartet, led by Miss S. Elizabeth Austin. Mrs. Conor skillfully assisting at the piano. This society is looking forward with bright hope and brave assurance to much work in the service of Spiritualism during the coming months.

The First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge, with Annie Banks Scott as pastor, held two services at 173 Massachusetts avenue Sunday, October 29. Several mediums assisted in the afternoon and the pastor and her guide, Snow Drop, doing some of their best work. This was the eighth anniversary of the work as a message bearer. Sunday, November 5, the regular monthly flower services were held, both afternoon and evening. There were large audiences. Sunday, November 12, Mrs. Ida M. Pye of Wakefield will assist at both services.

The Brighton Psychic Society held a meeting at 14 Kendrick street, Brighton, October 25, which was very interesting and helpful. Mrs. I. B. Sears-Hill was the speaker and medium. The good work of Mrs. Hill is one of the attractions of this society. Wednesday evening, November 1, Mrs. Fannie Mariner of Roxbury served the society and is reported as having done work which was a credit to the Cause of spirit return. Wednesday evening, November 8, Mrs. Ida M. Pye of Wakefield will serve this society. Wednesday evening, November 15, Mr. F. H. Roscoe of Providence, R. I., will lecture and give readings. The public is invited. Good accommodations for all. George Wild, pianist, and Mrs. H. C. Hall, soloist, furnished the music for these meetings.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, with Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson pastor, held three services, morning, afternoon and evening, Sunday, November 5. There were messages and short addresses by the following workers: Prof. Henry, Dr. Blackden, James Newhall, Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Baker, Dr. Brown, Prof. Payson, Mrs. Goggin, Mr. Brewer, Mrs. Fox, Dr. Coombs, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Bishop, Mrs. Bemis, Mrs. Maud Litch, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Peak-Johnson. There were musical selections by Mr. G. Leland, a gentleman 90 years old, and the colored jubilee singers. Mrs. Lewis assisted on the platform. This society holds a meeting on psychometry on Thursday at 2.30 p. m., and an Indian healing circle Tuesdays at 2.30 at Palace Memorial Hall, 8 Appleton street.

The First Spiritualists' All Society, Mrs. A. E. president, held its regular meeting in

Appleton Hall, Friday, November 3. Mrs. M. F. Lovering, just returned from Europe, read selections on the platform. Messages and messages were given by Mrs. Waterhouse, Mr. Packard, Mrs. Berry, Prof. Mahomet, Mrs. Whall, Mrs. Shackley and Mrs. Morgan. Friday, November 17, this society is to have a union meeting, to which everybody is invited.

New England States.

Worcester, Mass.—Worcester Association of Spiritualists. The secretary, M. L. Beale, writing of the October work, reports Miss Susie C. Clark as the speaker for the first Sunday, giving a morning address on "Lessons from the Summer," and in the evening service speaking on the topic, "Fetters that Bind." As Miss Beale puts it: "Her strong, helpful thoughts and wealth of expression furnish food for thought to every student of life."

October 8, Mr. Thomas Cross of Fall River served the society "very acceptably," speaking in the evening on the topic, "What Am I?" We call from the same a few of the gems, not being able to devote the space necessary to give the full report, and present them in another column.

October 15, Miss Blanche H. Brainard of Lowell served this association. "Her lectures were well received and her spirit communications were excellent, bringing comfort and consolation to many sorrowing hearts."

October 22 and 29, Dr. George A. Fuller, president of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, occupied the platform. Later we hope to give a report of his address on "Not Disobedient to the Heavenly Vision," the subject of his evening address October 29.

"We have been favored with excellent service so far this season, all the lectures being well worthy of publication."

The speakers for November are Miss Susie C. Clark, Mrs. C. P. Randall of Worcester and Mrs. Juliette Yeaw.

The Greenfield Progressive Spiritualist Society held a meeting Sunday evening, October 29. Dr. Daniel Griffin gave an interesting talk on "The Little Things of Life." The president, R. F. Churchill spoke on "Let Us Not Be Weary with Well Doing." Mrs. Haslam gave an address on "Progress in Religious Thought," followed by psychic medium, Dr. Sumner Chapman, and Mr. Henry Lee made brief remarks. Miss Anna Hartman acceptably rendered vocal selections, accompanied by Miss Dwyer and Master Elbert Damon, the boy cornetist. The president of this society reports great satisfaction with the services of the present secretary, Mrs. Haslam, who is also a medium, and enters heartily into the efforts of the society to present Spiritualism to the people of Greenfield. The next speaker will be Dr. J. C. Wyman of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The First Spiritualists' Society of Fitchburg held services Sunday, November 5, with Emma B. Smith as speaker and message bearer. There was a large attendance at both services. The subjects, "None of These Things Move Me" and "The Science of Spiritual Progress," were interestingly presented, and many spirit messages were given. The medium circle and song service was well attended. Miss Howe, pianist, rendered several selections. Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell, text medium, will address the society next Sunday.

The First Spiritual Society of Portland, Me., held two services Sunday, November 5, with Maud Kincaid of Portland as the medium. Her work is reported as being excellent, with many recognized messages from spirits. Both meetings were well attended. Next Sunday a social meeting and many mediums to take part is planned.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell held two services Sunday, November 5, with Prof. Charles H. Webster of Boston as speaker. In the afternoon he took for his subject, "The Kingdom Come," and in the evening, "Are We Governed by Laws of Fatality?" There were large audiences at both lectures and they seemed much pleased. As an inadvertent name of Mr. Charles Mottram of Lowell was not mentioned in the reports of the services of this society, but we understand that he served the society very acceptably.

The First Spiritualists' Association of Newburyport opened its season's work October 1, with Mrs. Caroline Adams, who made a very favorable impression, both with her lecture and her messages. October 8, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen of Stoneham added laurels to her reputation as an inspirational lecturer and improvisatrice. Her readings were interesting and correct and one gentleman is reported as saying that his message was the best he had received in his twenty-nine years of investigation. Mrs. A. A. Kate had been engaged for October 15, but being obliged to cancel the date, the society considered themselves fortunate in being able to secure Mrs. Allen. October 22, Mr. and Mrs. Dana of Lowell gave excellent satisfaction. Mr. Dana with his lectures, Mrs. Dana with messages, which she read from ballot in a very pleasing manner. October 29, Mrs. Annie L. Jones, who is a favorite in Newburyport, did some excellent work. October 29 the society held a public supper and a circle in the evening, conducted by Mrs. M. A. Bonney of Boston, which was a success. The speakers for November are to be Mrs. M. A. Bonney, Mrs. Maud Litch, Annie R. Chapman and Mrs. Ruth Swift.

The Norwich Spiritual Union held two services Sunday, October 29, with Mr. Blinn, the permanent speaker, occupying the platform. He took for his subject in the afternoon, "The Foolishness of Preaching," and in the evening, "Bible." He held that the success of a sermon or lecture depended fully as much upon the listener as upon the preacher. That the speaker could only make general application, speaking to many, while the listener could co-operate with the speaker by taking the sermon to himself and making personal application of it. Both addresses were well received and attentively listened to and surely such teaching must bear good fruit, and we are glad to know that this society is being ministered unto by so earnest a worker. The quartet rendered excellent music and the Lyceum session was the largest attended for a long time. Next Thursday night the "Helping Hands" are to give a harvest supper and social. November 21 and 23 the annual fair will be held, and excellent financial results are anticipated. The proceeds will go toward the support of the meetings.

The Spiritual Research Society of Salem, Mass., held two grand meetings Sunday, Nov. 5, Edgar W. Emerson being the medium. Mr. Emerson's lectures and messages were grand, especially his lecture in the evening, his subject being, "Saviors," which he handled in a very learned and eloquent manner. Mr. Emerson will be with us during the remainder of the month. The Wednesday night meeting held at 175 Essex Street, will be conducted by Walter H. Rollins.

The Field at Large.

Washington, D. C.—On Sunday, Oct. 29, W. J. Colville conducted a very interesting service in presence of a large congregation at 11 a. m. in Masonic Temple. After the usual

service the lecture spoke very forcibly on "The Ultimate Rule of Conduct" with special reference to the so-called "Golden Rule." "Do all for others," which has been proposed as the spiritual ultimatum at Minneapolis. Without in the least disparaging the motive underlying altruistic philosophy, which the lecturer declared to be much higher than that which prompts to egoism, he insisted that in mutualism, which is true philanthropy, none can be found a reconciliation. We are all so inseparably interwoven, our interests are so truly unified, that we cannot benefit others without benefiting self; nor can we truly promote our own well-being without aiding others also. That particular unit, myself, can no more be left out than can any other unit in the whole great human family, when the weal of all is rightly regarded. A decidedly fair statement of soundly ethical philosophy can be couched in such terms as "Whatever I do, I do for the good of all." Self preservation is not selfishness, and it cannot be successfully denied that any course of action which develops as must reach educationally upon our neighbors, and vice versa. After the discourse the dedication of the grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, well known workers in Washington, took place. As the parents were unable to be present, the grandparents presented the three-year-old boy for consecration and requested that his name be publicly announced as Joy Colville Hughes. The ceremony was very impressive. Mr. Colville called earnestly upon the assembled congregation to send forth their own blessing to the child, besides calling upon heaven to grant its benediction. Flowers were used as symbols and a touching poetic improvisation completed the service. In the evening Mr. Colville spoke on "Permanent and Transient Elements in Spiritual Philosophy," and improvised a poem on "Dogs in Spiritual Kennels," by particular request. The temple was well filled and great interest was manifested. W. J. Colville's farewell appearance in Washington was at 402 A street on Monday, Oct. 30, from 8 to 11 p. m. Numerous important questions were answered. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes rendered beautiful melodies and more than twenty personal poems were given. On Tuesday, Oct. 31, W. J. Colville gave two lectures in Unity Hall, Lancaster, Pa., which created much interest. Various phases of psychic phenomena were discussed.

The First Spiritualist Church of South Bend, Indiana, is working zealously for the Cause at that point, according to Mrs. Virginia Barrett, president of and speaker for the society. She pays high tribute to the services of Mr. Charles W. Peters, the speaker, test and trumpet medium, in all phases of his mediumship. They hold services every Sunday at 7.30 p. m., in Varier Hall, 303 South Michigan street.

Thursday evenings they hold meetings at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, 1017 South Franklin street.

Mrs. Barrett and Mr. Peters will go out of the city to other societies, if needed, she for lectures, songs and tests; he for tests, class and trumpet work.

"The Times," of South Bend, speaks of their services in these pleasant words: "The lecture given by Charles W. Peters, the well-known speaker of Chicago, in the First Spiritual Church last evening, the subject being 'Mediumship of the Bible times, and so forth,' was a masterpiece and was frequently applauded by the audience, who listened with marked attention. This gifted medium gave tests from the spirit world to persons in the audience. An instructive and interesting feature of the evening was the song of an opera, sung by Mrs. V. Barrett, while under the controlling spirit of one, who, while on earth, was an opera singer and beautifully. The voice of the medium, while being used by the spirit, was far and beyond her natural capacity."

On Thursday evening, September 28, in K. of P. (lower) hall, the Psychic Research Society of Victoria, B. C., held a meeting devoted to psychic work along the line of psychometry by Helen Stuart-Richings. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity and over fifty brief readings were given without a mistake by this gifted lady, and the society felt highly honored and pleased that they had been able to open their doors for such a demonstration of psychic power.

Washington, D. C.—The First Spiritualist Society will be served for November and December by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Kates, much to the satisfaction of their many friends in the Capital City. Mrs. Kates acts as Message Bearer at each lecture.

Mrs. Jacques is the speaker for the new society held at Woons Hall. Mrs. Julia Warkne, the well known medium, gives messages after each lecture.

The Educational Spiritual Society holds meetings regularly at Smith's Hall. Mr. Mason is the speaker, Alfred Terry the message bearer.

Mrs. M. Heptens has returned from the Pacific Coast.—E. R. Fielding, Reporter.

Movements of Platform Workers.

Edgar W. Emerson will be with the Psychical Research Society of Salem, Mass., the Sundays of November, and in Marlboro, Mass., the evening of the 10th.

Sunday, November 5, W. J. Colville began a month's engagement with the New Thought Spiritual Society of Grand Rapids. He will give twenty lectures while here, in addition to a course of class lessons. Week-day evening lectures, of which there are twelve, will be given on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings of the three weeks between the four Sundays of the month.

Dr. George A. Fuller lectured in Manchester, N. H., November 5, and will lecture at Malden, Mass., the 12th, Lynn the 19th and Greenwich Village the 26th.

G. W. Kates and wife have open dates after February, 1906, and would like to hear from any locality desiring their services. Their home address is Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa. Letters are promptly forwarded to them.

Cure Your Own Kidney and Bladder Diseases at Home at a Small Cost—One Who Do It Gladly Tells You How.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), East Hampton, Conn., wishes us to tell our readers who are suffering from any kidney or bladder diseases, that if they will send their address to him, he will, without any charge whatsoever, direct them to the perfect home cure he so successfully used.

Knowing, as he so well does, the failure of almost every other treatment in stubborn cases, he feels that he ought to place in the hands of every suffering man and woman this simple, inexpensive and without positive means of restoring themselves to health.

Our advice is to take advantage of this most generous offer while you can do so without cost.

Songbirds: "It's strange that the house burned before an alarm was given. Didn't your lodge detect the smell of smoke?" Bloggins: "Hunt! Go, no! Why, man, he's a detective!"—Cleveland Leader.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(Only 25 Cents, 100 Cents, by G. E. Webster.)

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

The following Table is an INDIVIDUAL daily guidance for all, such as was never before presented to the world in a public manner. The daily guides as presented in the ephemerides and in public prints are of a general and not of individual import.

Birth No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Oct. 24, 25	- E - K - B - F - G - M											
26-27	M - E - K - B - F - G - M											
28-29	M - E - K - B - F - G - M											
30-31	G - M - E - K - B - F - G											
Nov. 1-2	G - M - E - K - B - F - G											
3-4-5	F - G - M - E - K - B - F											
6-7	F - G - M - E - K - B - F											
8-9-10	B - F - G - M - E - K - B											
11-12	B - F - G - M - E - K - B											
13-14-15	K - B - F - G - M - E - K											
16-17	K - B - F - G - M - E - K											
18-19	E - K - B - F - G - M - E											
20-21	E - K - B - F - G - M - E											

The number especially ruling during the above period is No. 8. Presidential elections always come under the ruling of No. 8. Among the presidents, 1 was ruled by the Moon, 1 by the Sun, 4 by Saturn, 5 by Mars, 6 by Venus, 8 by Jupiter, and not one by Mercury. Seventeen of the 25 presidents were born either under No. 8 or under the good aspects to No. 8. One of the presidents

assassinated was No. 8 (Garfield). The other two were both born under No. 11, which is in Square to No. 8, the ruler number of the Presidential Elections. The following are the Ruling Numbers of the Presidents. Jefferson and Tyler, No. 1. Monroe, Buchanan and Grant, No. 2. Adams, No. 4. B. Harrison, No. 6. Adams, Hayes and Arthur, No. 7. Polk, Garfield and Roosevelt, No. 8. Van Buren, Taylor and Pierce, No. 9. Fillmore and Johnson, No. 10. Lincoln and McKinley, No. 11. Washington, Madison, Jackson, W. H. Harrison and Cleveland, No. 12. No President born under No. 3, nor 6, and No. 6 is the number of the Virgin and 3 the number of the Twins. Numbers 3, 6 and 11 are the Numbers of Humanity. Only one of these could succeed against the Ordinary Prevailing Power of No. 8, and the representatives of No. 11 were both assassinated. Address all matters relative to these Tables to Prof. Henry, Boylston Centre, Mass. All of Prof. Henry's published works are on sale at the "Banner" office. Students of astrology who have spent years in the study of the old methods have freely declared that they have received more light on this subject through the Wonder Wheel System than ever obtained from their other books, and yet at first they were prejudiced against the Wonder Wheel just as other people are prejudiced against things which they have not learned to appreciate. "We will know each other better by and by."

Chats with the Professor—No. 27.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE—VS. MATHEMATICAL HOROSCOPE.

"In a Life Reading we do not want to find out whether or not Simon's wife's mother lies sick with a fever, any more than we do to find out whether Simon's dress coat will wear shiny or his trousers bag at the knees. People who wish to appeal to the laws of the heavens to find out such nonsensical things, and so far apart from one's true life, should call for the 'Fortune Telling Features' of Horary Astrology, and be willing to pay well for it, as it caters only to impulses of curiosity, although, if properly and conscientiously performed by an adept astrologer, will hit pretty near to the mark. To perform horary astrology, the finest of mathematical operations are required, because Horary figures are calculated from the exact minute that a question is asked, or an event occurs,—birth of human, or any other thing. Such a calculation, by what is properly termed a 'Horoscope,' because it is based upon the exact degree and minute of the signs of the zodiac as they stand related to the Terrestrial Horizon."

"There are three horizons varying in many different ways, yet these must all be co-ordinated in order to make the proper divisions of the earth's surface, by Cusps of Houses, exactly as they should be with the heavens at the time of an event. This cannot possibly be done by the smartest of mathematicians without he knows the time of the event to within a minute, as the very farthest from the true time of the event. All other data will give only a mathematical approximation. In detailed matters, such as an horoscope calls for, the further the seconds are from the true time of the event, the farther the horoscope findings will be from the true facts in the case. It is not so in the Wonder Wheel Science Method, for it does not attempt to ascertain whether a coming birth will be male or female, nor whether or not a lover is unfaithful, and such Tomfoolery."

"Wonder Wheel Science Methods reveal, without any regard to Horoscope Data, the true forces that are operating upon the life from time to time. If these are good or bad, they will surely give some sort of corresponding event in accordance with the environments, whether a person is alone in the woods, or surrounded by friends, or up in a balloon. By such knowledge of conditions, opportunities, and strong or weak forces, the 'Wise man rules his stars' in matter of events."

"Bliss or unbliss, no man is able to rule the conditions or the forces of the stars as they are destined to be upon his life. When the forces are weak, there is but one thing for the wise man to do, and that is to keep still and declare that 'I am God.' As God, it is proper for him to observe the unchangeable laws of the Universal God, who has appointed a time to keep still, and a time for All Things."

"When people will strive to understand astrology in this manner, instead of as a fortune telling method of revealing hair-splitting events, then they will come nearer, my God, to the 'I' which they sing so loudly without understanding what the song means."

"The weak times of each and all forces are regulated by a General Mathematical law called the 'Sabbatarian laws.' These are, to Remember the law of the Sacred Number Seven, in all cycles, for every cycle is a Day, or Die. It will be almost noted that a healthy person, more or less, stops breathing for a second on a close approximation to every seventh breath. The Destiny of our lives in these Divine laws of Conditions, but the Fate of our lives is in the laws which our own civil enactments create. Our Individual Will consists only in our own Choice of events, as we wisely or unwisely observe the Divine Conditions. The church, has been for ages trying to tell these things, but, having ignored the True Scriptures, written in the Book of Life above our heads, they have been able to indulge only in theologic Speculations."

"If anyone desires to engage in the superlative prognostications of an horoscope the Wonder Wheel Science Method contains simple laws for approximating those matters, and by this method the approximations will average as correct as by the tantalizing mathematical operations."

"When Jesus wrote with his finger on the sand, he noted the conditions of Mars, whose Celestial period is one-ninth of the Neptune cycle, and he knew that it was the unreliable Mercury Hour of the day, and that he was surrounded by a Seditious and an Hysterical crowd, hence he struck them on their weak point, just as astrologically adept priests were wont to do in former years. As the crowd was of a superstitious trend, not understanding the laws of the heavens, they were overcome by his Superior knowledge. Clairvoyantly, he could tell by their exterior appearance, their present mood. It was never given to him nor to anyone else, the power to see just what their sinful actions had been, in positive event, but such conditions may be approximately surmised by any student of human nature, or by a good shrewd detective of the Sherlock Holmes order."

"We will never clear our own minds of a superstitious taint, inherited from the ignorance of the Masses of the past, until we are able to look God's Divine Laws squarely in the face, and refer our desires for true knowledge to the Heavens, where Jesus was taught to refer his, and to give glory to the

Father God, for what we as Sunship Gods, receive therefrom."

"Suppose Simon's wife's mother was sick with the fever. If Simon was under good planetary conditions, then her sickness could not affect him. If he were under bad planetary conditions then he would be able to do her no good. In fact, if he tried to do so, he would no doubt put his foot in it and be accused of meddling, unless his services were called for. Then would be the time to sacrifice his own comforts and do the best that he could in strict conformity with what others called for him to do."

"666 is the Number of a Man, according to Revelation, and 3 times 6 are 18 by mathematics, and 18 years form the Metonic cycle, and 37 Metonic cycles make 666 years. Apply these numbers to the various movements of the planets, and your results will be as marvelous as your mathematical perception of proportions will permit."

"To arrive at hair-splitting details it is not well to attempt to split the hair until we first know how to split a log into equal or diversified proportions. The horoscope operations are the hair-splitting. Wonder Wheel Science is the log splitting. When we understand how to do the one as it should be done, then we know how to do the other by the self-same law, as applied to the different basic quantity."

"People who tinker away at horoscopes, without positive data to the minute, merely strain at a gnat to swallow a camel, no matter how expert they may be in mathematics, because the hair cannot be split properly, as relating to the particular event, unless it is exactly known where to make the first cut."

"In trying to elucidate this matter, in the course of several years, for the benefit of humanity, I have had to contend against not only the deluded minds of people tinkering at horoscopes, magnificently calculated on a false integer, but also against those who know astrology only by the name of 'horoscope,' also against the press who do not know astrology from card reading and such other devices, and also against a bigoted and ignorant class of minds who pretend to worship the laws of God with the laws entirely omitted from their category and catechisms."

"Of course my lot has been a hard one, but does seem as if the 'morning light is breaking' in the minds of more or less of all these different classes. The planets Neptune and Uranus are ruling all of the cardinal and leading minds of the world today, and at the end of seven years, the minds of the useful ones among the masses will have caught the Spirit of the Times, and the new cyclic work will be on a good footing."

"If we say to a mountain, 'Get thee hence into the ocean,' the mountain will get there if we are able to emphasize what we say with a pick and shovel, but the mountains that we move by the sound of our voice are the mountains of trouble that are upon our mind. When ancient fakirs blew down walls with couch shells, the language was different than it is today, and the scientists of those days wrote of mental and mystical matters in allegory. We have been taught to accept their interpreted sayings in a strictly literal manner. We have, therefore, been hypnotized to superstitious beliefs, even though we have been taught to decry superstition. No people of today are so superstitious as the church people. They are so superstitious that their ears are blinded to truths that are as plain as the nose on one's face, yet they are afraid to look at the nose. Each age has its own particular powers, and we must obey the powers that be and not the powers that were."

"The planetary powers have been ignored by the mind of man for a few hundred years, because of misunderstandings, superstitions, and bigotry which clouded the mind in the dark ages of mediæval Christianity. Astronomic matters through ignorance got into a tangle, and ignorant minds still cling to the fables engendered in those days of religious riot and tyranny. We are beginning to get the dark age tangles unknotted. Inside of a few years people who do not believe in planetary laws will be looked upon in the light of an heathen."

"The several planets are as distinct in their powers as are the months of the year or as the seasons. If one goes blackberrying in December he may get the berries at a grocery store hermetically sealed, or if he goes skating in summer he will have to use roller skates, so, if you expect to talk baby talk to your best girl in the Saturn hour, you are likely to find her too serious to enjoy it, or else some aged member of the family will want to break in upon your fatherlies with some tedious story."

"There is a time for all things under the sun, and when the world learns to regulate business matters by the planetary laws of hours, days, weeks, months and years, then buying and selling and eating and drinking and singing and dancing will be done in clock work order, at the most appropriate times with better results all around, and labor and capital will have found the paces for all of their present ills."

"When for the first time small Katherine witnessed a hailstorm she was very much surprised. Almost without warning large white globes fell peering down out of the sky. Astonished Katherine, who was out of doors, lost no time in getting under cover. 'Oh, mamma!' she exclaimed, rushing into the house, 'come quick. It's raining with balls!'—Lippincott's."