

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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WE THANK THEE, LORD.

H. M. Edmiston.

We thank Thee, Lord, for the bright sun
To fill with light the horizon
Until man's daily toil is done.
We thank Thee for the twilight gray,
The after glow of sunset ray,
The glory of departing day.
We thank Thee for the veil of night,
For Luna's charming face so bright,
Casting on earth reflected light.

We thank Thee, Lord, for human birth,
For life upon this grand old earth,
For spirit spheres of greater worth.
We thank Thee for our finite mind
To guide the race of human kind
In doing good the Truth to find.
We thank Thee for the love divine
Within each soul to brightly shine
In brotherhood to intertwine.

We thank Thee, Lord, for spirit birth
To free us from the cares of earth
When sadness takes the place of mirth.
We thank Thee for the higher spheres,
For progression through endless years,
Growing in wisdom like the Seers.
We thank Thee for life unending
To the realm of light ascending
All our ideals transcending.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."—St. John xxi:25.

The many appearances of Jesus to his disciples as narrated in the last chapters of the Gospel of St. John are alluded to in the above passage, and the statement is thus plainly made that beside these He manifested His presence in many other ways—so many, indeed, that "if they should be written, the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." This is a very strong expression. How it emphasizes the vast number of the manifestations and suggests in how great a variety of ways they must have occurred. The entire Bible, both the Old and the New Testaments, are simply full of these records of constant manifestation and evidential proof of the Unity of life; of its perpetual meeting and mingling across that change from the physical into the ethereal that we call death. A very large proportion of these manifestations are, practically, identical with those that we have today. Spiritualism is spoken of as modern and dates back, in a certain sense, only to about 1847, when the "rappings" through the mediumship of the Fox sisters, arrested attention. Yet, in reality, from the time when Abraham and Sarah walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and angels came and talked with them, down to this modern date of 1847, there has been no suspension of the law. But there is no one book that is so completely and entirely and impressively filled with the records of these manifestations as is the Bible. From those times to our own the apostolic succession of seers has never been broken. The only special difference has been that, in modern times, communication has been held to be a matter to be conducted through persons of special organization known as "mediums," rather than as coming directly "from the Lord" to the individual. In the Bible we constantly read that God, or the angel, talked with men; but this is equally true today. If we can so live as to be receptive to the voice and the vision. It is, however, scientifically established that persons who are so organized as to have a preponderance of the luminiferous ether are, thereby, fitted to serve as mediums; that by some especially delicate subtlety of perception they can be in communication with those in the ethereal world in a way that the ordinary organization does not permit; that they see that which is invisible and hear that which is inaudible to others. Now with the abuses of mediumship we are not in any way more concerned than is the financier with counterfeit money. He knows it exists, and he takes good care not to have anything to do with it. But he does not devote his days to discussing it, nor does he refuse to engage in finance because frauds are possible. The believer in the communion and the commingling of life, between the seen and the unseen, accepts, once for all, that there are frauds and fakirs in the world and that they are to be avoided. The truth is, it is next to the impossible, for any person with the average penetration to be deceived in any alleged communication, because a message is, as a rule, its own evidence. May I—feeling that I am, as the politicians say, "in the hands of my friends," be permitted to illustrate this in a personal way, using the name of the very sweet and beloved teacher and leader among us, Mrs. Minnie Meserve Soule, whose psychic gift is one of the wonderful and convincing things in its evidences? Some two or three years ago the card of an entire stranger, a Mrs. Julia Burnett of Utica, N. Y. (I am giving

the name as a matter of good faith and I feel assured that the lady would not object)—came up to me when I was at home, in the Brunswick, in Boston. I told the boy to show her up, and she at once appealed to me to recommend her to a reliable psychic with whom she could have "a sitting." She was a stranger in Boston, remaining only for a day or two. I naturally suggested Mrs. Soule, adding that it might take some time before it would be possible for Mrs. Soule to give her an hour, and she replied that she had to leave Boston the next night. It happened I had an engagement with Mrs. Soule myself, the next morning, and, on reflection, I decided to let this lady have my hour, while I would wait my turn for another. I did so to Mrs. Burnett's great comfort—and gave her a line to Mrs. Soule, not even mentioning her name, and beyond her name I, myself, knew nothing. After the "sitting" the next day the lady came to see me again; she told me that her only son, a young lawyer of 27, who had recently died, had talked with her through Mrs. Soule's "control," that he had referred to many things connected with their intimate life, and the entire seance, it seems, had left with her the most satisfying and the most unmistakably evidential proof of her son's presence, and his sympathetic companionship, with her across the change called death. Now does not this illustrate the messages themselves, the communications in and of and by their own quality, are their own evidence? It is not a question as to whether one "believes in" this psychic, or that; the question does much further. Does the message that one receives from a given friend contain within itself evidential proof of identity? When it is genuine it does; when it is not genuine it does not. The whole question is in a nutshell. And it would certainly seem to be one of the most simple in the world.

Now and then a sensational story runs through the newspapers that a certain person has been told by his father, or someone else near to him, through a medium, to deed his entire estate, or to give a large sum of money to that medium; and that he thus finds himself "defrauded," etc., etc., and that—therefore—"Spiritualism is a fraud," and every one who is in any sympathy with it is, likewise, an actual, or a potential fraud, and so the indictment runs on. Now it would be just as logical to declare that because someone had so little common sense as to lose all his money by a "confidence man," that, therefore, all finance, and all financiers, were fraudulent, and one should have nothing to do with investments, with bankers, or brokers, or anything relating to financial interests. The one is no more absurd than the other. Of all things in the world deception through mediumship is the most difficult—not to say impossible—when the sitter is a person of ordinary sense or perception. The intentionally fraudulent medium is, I am persuaded, more rare than may be always believed, but even if a man seeks such an one, if he has any degree of penetration of his own, he cannot be deceived because, as has before been said, a message is its own evidence—or lack of evidence. But leaving this phase of mediumship, there are, among the large number who are both sincere and conscientious, great diversities of power. The preponderance of luminiferous ether in the organization, when conjoined with refinement, exaltation of spiritual life, delicacy of feeling and generous sympathies—these certainly offer a phase of ideal mediumship which renders its service one of the important forces of the day in contemporary progress. May I be permitted to add—and in so doing endeavor to acknowledge a little of my own personal obligation and indebtedness for illumination—that it has been the experience of a great number, among whom I may mention Mary A. Livermore—to find all these qualities and gifts remarkably conjoined in Minnie M. Soule. If this trespasses a little on private and personal appreciation and friendship, I can only plead that the subject is, by its very nature, a personal one; and that a group of interested truth-seekers need not, after all, be debarred from narrating and comparing experiences. Twice, in my own experience, in seances with Mrs. Soule, Rev. Dr. Livermore came to me with messages for Mrs. Livermore, and on transmitting these to her she would explain to me the circumstances, to which they referred and reveal to me how far greater than I had dreamed was their significance to her. Besides many instances of this evidential nature, when Dr. Livermore spoke to me of matters concerning Mrs. Livermore's life, of which I had known nothing, but which, upon telling her, were thus made clear, she had great faith in "other things," not evidential in their character, that he from time to time said to her in her own "sittings" with Mrs. Soule. In a letter to me, dated December 31, 1901, Mrs. Livermore wrote: "What an explanation to this life is that beyond! That gives this meaning. As

you say, 'it makes this a spiritual world.' Mrs. Livermore said to me, through Mrs. Soule, 'you believe that we in this unseen world influence you in the earth life, but let me assure you that you influence us just as much, help us and stimulate us.'"

In another letter, dated June 29, 1904, Mrs. Livermore writes: "The conviction that the two worlds overlap each other has grown very strong within me during the last year, and I often feel the nearness of some one who has passed out of the earthly life."

"The saints in heaven and those on earth
But one communion make."

Mrs. Livermore's letters, of which I have a large package, range over many years; and those written during the last decade of her life are filled with instances of psychical experiences, and with expressions of her conviction in the truth so admirably embodied by Emily Dickinson, when she says:

"This world is not conclusion;
A sequel lies beyond,
Invisible as music,
Impalpable as sound."

The evidential phenomenon of spiritual communication has as legitimate a place in modern life as has any other evidential quest into scientific or ethical truth. The great work of Frederick Myers, entitled "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," comprises such a mine of authentic and authoritative experiences as would, of themselves alone, impress any fair-minded and intelligent person with their truth. These instances are to a very wide extent duplicated in almost everyone's experience, to a greater or lesser degree. They are interwoven with the very texture of life. They cease to be phenomenal; they become part of the daily round.

The directness of this communion between God and man as constantly presented in the Old Testament, and between Jesus and His disciples, as presented in the New Testament, is a phase of life that will return to humanity as life becomes more spiritualized, and the individual more receptive, thereby, to this subtler and finer intelligence with which we are all encompassed round about. We all live and move and have our being in a world of spirit. We are increasingly in touch with spiritual forces. We may learn how to receive benefit and exaltation from them. All this vast and infinite power of electricity has been in the world just as much for all the preceding centuries; yet it was left for the twentieth century, and largely, for the latter years of it, to harness this immeasurable power into increasing use. The analogy holds true with spiritual force: It is around us—infinite as the atmosphere—and it rests with ourselves to recognize and to cooperate with those in the ethereal world, to receive of this higher energy and apply it nobly and greatly to the advancement of life. For this it is to live—as we each and all may live—in the Life Radiant.

The Dewey, Washington, D. C.

An Incomparable Trip and Two National Conventions in One Month.

Laura G. Fizer.

The Grand Canyon, Ariz.
Sunday, Nov. 12, 1905.

Standing upon the rugged edge of the Grand Canyon and viewing the most gorgeous scenic picture nature has produced, which men gaze upon and try vainly to imitate, is a most fitting place to look back upon the past thirty eventful days, during which I have spent the most potent month of my life and enjoyed an incomparable trip.

Seldom, indeed, does it fall to the lot of mortal to spend four consecutive weeks among such rich variety of climate, environment and festivity, each day perfect in itself, yet each day greater than the one preceding it.

Such has been my blessed privilege, as with my winsome traveling companion, Mrs. Carrier Francis, wife of Mr. J. R. Francis, we wended our way a month ago to Minneapolis, to attend the National Spiritualists' convention.

As delegates, we took the liveliest interest in its deliberations, and felt greatly encouraged in listening to the reports of aggressive work done and of still greater plans for the future. I need not dwell on the routine of the work, for you have placed before your readers extended reports. I will only dwell upon the general uplifting tone of the convention.

Measures which at former gatherings were thought impracticable, were earnestly discussed and adopted by this, the most intelligent and aggressive National Spiritualists' convention which I have ever attended.

I was especially pleased with the uniform methods adopted for the endorsement and protection of our honest mediums, as well as

with the educational measures taken to secure a more intelligent comprehension of our sublime philosophy. Each hour's work helped to spell "SUCCESS" in such large-sized letters that he who runneth might read. The delegates seemed imbued with the dignity of our Cause and that it demands clean, able and intelligent interpreters, before it will take its proper place in the estimation of the world at large and induce them to seek its hidden treasures.

Chicago will heartily welcome the delegates at the next convention, which will come to us "bringing their sheaves with them" from the good seed sown in Minneapolis.

On the closing night of the convention Mrs. Francis and I started further West to join the "White Ribbon Special," composed of eighteen Pullmans carrying delegates to the National W. C. T. U. convention at Los Angeles. We met them at Salt Lake City, where they rested over Sunday and caught a glimpse of the Mormon Temple, where no gentle ever enters, also of the tabernacle containing one of the largest pipe organs in the world, and having a select choir of 150 trained voices. We saw the Bee Hive, where the president of the "Saints" resides, also Amelia's palace, directly opposite, which Brigham Young built for his favorite wife, and the Lion House, where an assortment of spouses used to dwell which held second and third places and so on down in his affections, each living her life, an unsatisfied longing, an unsolved enigma, a dry desert, barren of any oasis of love.

Salt Lake City is well worth visiting. Her streets are 150 feet wide, with beautiful trees on each side, her inhabitants industrious, sober, economical and honest, indeed, a peculiar people dwell in the city of "Saints."

The brightest and brainiest woman in Mormonism is Mrs. S. Richards, only wife of the Mormon attorney-general. I first met her at the National Council of Women in Washington and since that time she has never failed to call on me when I stop in her home city. She called at our car, filling it with her sunny smile and cheerful presence, and promised me that she would secure the great Tabernacle for Miss Marie C. Brehm, state president for the Illinois W. C. T. U., when that lady returns, a most gracious concession considering the persistent aggressive work on the part of the W. C. T. U. to unseat Congressman Smoot because he is true to the tenets of his own church.

Mrs. Richards is invincible, she was the Utah representative of the board of lady managers of the World's Fair, has membership in more prominent societies and clubs than buttons on her dresses she also holds honorary appointments from the Governor of the State, who has the good sense to appreciate her intelligent leadership. She it is who will say "Open Sesame" before that massive Tabernacle door, and when the Saints shall listen to our eloquent Illinois president they will thank Mrs. Richards for having prepared for them so rich a feast.

To tuck between four and five hundred women away, each in her own berth, is no easy task even for patient porters, but at midnight the majority were asleep and the special started in two sections via the San Pedro route. Each state delegation had their own badges, banners and decorations, but they all told the same story, sang the same songs and were filled with the same enthusiasm. Special meetings were constantly held in some car, attended by visitors from others.

On Tuesday morning, October 24th, we reached St. Bernardino, where the White Ribboners had prepared a flower show for us. Baskets of beautiful flowers were brought into each car and a general supply presented to us, together with a most hearty welcome—welcome to California. A couple of hours later we arrived in Riverside, where arrangements had been made to hold the trains sufficiently long to give each delegate a drive through this beautiful city, the pride of California. We were driven to the model Indian school, about four miles, the road lined with Australian Eucalyptus and pepper trees, while the abundance of palms, tropical plants and flowers everywhere, the hearty welcome, the laughing, the crying and the singing was most bewildering, and we had to pinch ourselves to be sure we were all awake and had not suddenly been transformed to Valhalla with Valkyrie maidens to wait upon us. We do not wonder that people who go to heaven from Riverside have to be chained there to prevent them from going back home, and we certainly had to tear ourselves away from the great-hearted Stella B. Irvine, the indefatigable worker there, with her assistants and their enchanted city.

The entire army of women once more found their seats and made the last four hours' run to Los Angeles. Our entrance into the city of the angels was the greatest event in its history so far. They heard the largest number of W. C. T. U. members in the world, have twenty-two unions, one of these with over a thousand members. For months they had planned and worked to make our visit

as complete and delightful as possible, and at last we had arrived—that is, some of us, for the following day brought another special via the At., T. & S. F. R. R., bearing delegates from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Indiana, and other trains brought delegates in smaller numbers for the following two days.

The reception committee was equal to the tremendous demands made upon it. State presidents were given names and addresses where their delegations were to be entertained, and each at once went to her hostess, rested and prepared to attend the reception given the same evening in the Chamber of Commerce by the leading business men of the city. The next two days were spent in attending excursions prepared by special committees, while the evening was claimed for some social function. On Wednesday we visited Catalina Island, going forty miles by cars to San Pedro, the great shipping port of Los Angeles, from whence a fast steamer took us to Catalina in four hours. After a dinner, including broiled "Tuners," the famous fish of this place, we went in glass bottom boats to view seven miles and a half of the wonderful marine gardens, filled with thousands of fish in different sizes and colors, returning upon reaching the seal rocks, where hundreds of seals are holding sociables all day and taking life generally easy. On Thursday we went to Santa Monica, reached by electric cars from Los Angeles in two hours. This is a favorite bathing place and a number of us had the pleasure of having a dip in the briny Pacific ocean, affording us a delightful experience.

Friday was the opening day of the convention, held in the Hope Street Congregational Church, the largest in the city. As we entered we were charmed with the beauty which met the eye everywhere. The interior was artistically decorated with the hand-painted silk banners of the different states and departments of work, while flowers in richest hue and bewildering variety in beauty, with garlands of smilax, met the eye everywhere. Above the platform a globe of smilax representing the world, encircled with a wide, white ribbon. The delegates were seated by states, indicated by bannerettes placed in the pews, and, as Illinois had her seats directly on the right of the platform, we were favored with some of the choicest seats in the house. Promptly at 10 a. m., amidst flowers and flags, beauty, enthusiasm and great anticipations, the W. C. T. U. convention was opened with song and prayer, and then proceeded to business.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, the national president, is an unwearied worker, a fine chairman and a woman much beloved by her constituents. In addition to being the national president, she is vice-president of the World's W. C. T. U., and has for nearly thirty years been president of the Maine State W. C. T. U. She is very courteous and fair, has a fine voice, an inspiring presence, and holds the convention well in hand, needless to say she is a superb parliamentarian. Miss Anna Gordon, who was Miss Willard's companion and friend, and is now the national vice-president, is constantly at her side, and proves a very efficient assistant. The deliberations throughout were most dignified, a time-keeper promptly rang the bell at the expiration of the three minutes or more allotted a speech or report, and, as the delegations filled the main part of the church and but a few hundred visitors could be crowded upstairs, overflow meetings were held in adjacent churches, where the speakers and superintendents were sent, so that all could enjoy the privilege of seeing and hearing these prominent workers. The daily routine of reports was enlivened by frequent scintillating flashes of wit and oratory such as might be expected from so large a gathering of bright minds. The most prominent woman in that convention was Miss Marie C. Brehm, the illustrious president of the Illinois union. Standing on the floor, she has a dignified, commanding presence, indicating concentrated energy and great reserve force. With it she has a marvelously clear voice and her words fall from her lips like music. She is logical, witty and eloquent, and compels everybody to listen, for she is a natural orator and the probable successor of Mrs. Stevens for president, for in her is the satisfactory answer to the question, "who shall be our next leader?" and although Mrs. Stevens was elected by an overwhelming majority, as was expected, the Illinois delegation and a few others cast their ballots for Miss Brehm for president. As this eloquent speaker will deliver the address on Women's Day at the City of Light Assembly next summer in place of Miss Anna Shaw, thousands of Spiritualists will have the pleasure of hearing this sweet-voiced orator.

On the Sabbath day a large number of White Ribboners occupied the pews. I was assigned to preach in the Free Methodist Church in the morning, and had the pleasure

(Continued on page 4.)

THANKSGIVING.

Now gracious plenty rules the board,
And in the purse is gold;
By multitudes, in glad accord,
Thy giving is extolled.
Ah, suffer me to thank Thee, Lord,
For what Thou dost withhold!

I thank Thee that how'er we climb
There yet is something higher;
That though through all our reach of time
We to the stars aspire,
Still, still, beyond us burns sublime
The pure sidereal fire!

I thank Thee for the unexplained,
The hope that lies before,
The victory that is not gained—
O Father, more and more
I thank Thee for the unattained—
The good we hunger for!

I thank Thee for the voice that sings
To inner depths of being;
For all the upward spread of wings,
From earthly bondage free;
For mystery—the dream of things
Beyond our power of seeing!

Florence Earle Curtis in Scribner's for November.

As Ye Sow.

William Brewster.

A great many people praise the farmer's life; they look on it from the ideal side, as it might read in poetry; they think how this was the primitive calling, the work of the eldest nobility of the earth, that men began their conquests here and found their prosperity by its enrichment. They think farmers are the kings of men, that they have health and strength, freedom and blessedness none others possess. They think of their friendliness with the soil, their nearness to nature's heart, how they enjoy the freshness of the fields, the beauty of sunrise and sunset, the clearness of the sky, the beauty that God gives so freely to the world. They think of his broad lands, meadow and pasture, woodland and garden. They think of his simple food and tasteful; his congenial labor, his happy rest. They picture the delight of mingling with cattle and knowing their intelligence. For those who handle dry goods, for those who are shut up in stores and shops, for those who have to do with blind machinery, however wonderful it is, the farmer's life reads with the interest of romance. It has everything that is good and pleasant, like Adam being in Paradise. Well, that is all true in its way their labor is calculated to impart these very gifts, and conduces to this satisfaction. They are especially settled for life on the homestead and their children succeed them, and all things considered they have a good time of it—but you can't paint it all in rose-color. He has to do with the rough as well as the fine he has to toil, and plan, and economize, and watch the seasons with a keen eye. And they do not all reach Arcadian peace, for a number of reasons that would spoil heaven itself. Any looker-on can see why and wherefore Eden is not with them, and that when the land flows with milk and honey they should be dissatisfied. Some are not born good farmers, any more than ministers are by nature adapted to the ministry, and such would naturally be discontented with the best chance in the world. Some do not study to improve in their methods; they think all suggestions of books as poor as those of Horace Greeley, and they are slack and slow, and getting little, are always complaining. Then, in the country, we find a great deal of poor human nature, what we call the old Adam, and where there should be brotherly love, the reciprocity of relationship, there is envy, jealousy and bickering that runs from the plains away back up on the hills, and spoils things just as when the serpent came into the happy garden. A great deal of this might be easily cured. If only needs common sense and kindness, and willingness to live by the golden rule—then there is the pleasant side to the farmer's life, which is a greater comfort than you can think. Where man and woman are truly mated and help each other, and bring their children up in the way they should go, and encircle them with a moral atmosphere, of freshness and strength like that they get in the fields, then you have struck about as much content and bliss as the average man can fairly claim. There are times when the work is hard indoors and out; there are certain hardships they have pretty much to themselves, but in tending horses and sheep and cows, in the care of bees and poultry, in planting and cultivating and gathering of crops, in looking after the woods and orchards, in being responsible to no master but themselves, in the sure living they have, you come to a state that most of us picture as the very best of all. Sick men and men tired of trade think it a little heaven here below. The farmer does good to the world, he gives more than he takes, he helps the workers in the busy cities; he spends his days in peace and usefulness, and may see his children come to the same good. He has the earth for his possession, and the rain and the sunshine are his hired men and helpers. He must be prudent and patient; he must work in a manly way and then he is all right.

It is good to watch the sower as he goes forth to sow. All winter long he has been waiting for the time to come when the cold shall be past and the snow gone. The day dawns when he drives his team afield of oxen or horses that the plow may prepare the ground.

Then comes the harrowing and the planting. He selects this plot for oats, another for beans, another for potatoes and corn and garden stuff, and has the land parceled out according to his wishes. But it is all buried in the ground, with months between the beginning and the end. Here is a lesson of faith in the course of nature, a belief in her truthfulness. She has promised men that if they would do so and so, she would see that it came out all right. And they take her at her word. They believe in the sequence of events in the lines of production that saving for the drawbacks that sometimes come of a long spell rain or drought, the seed is safe, and in due season they shall reap.

There must be supervision of this wonder, there must be helping of its perfectness, man working for the finest results. The weeds must be kept down, draining, or irrigation may be of service, but something must be done pretty much all of the time. Then what a happy moment is that when the fields are white to harvest, when the nights and days have done their work and all is ready for the sickle and scythe. The reaping is the crown and glory of the year, the true test of the sowing, it shows the kind and quality of the seed, and the care and labor expended upon it; and it further shows the large return, for the single seed the sixty or the hundredfold.

Let us follow the analogy, and in the first place consider the land as our starting position. There is a great deal of difference in that; some is pretty much all clay, some all sand, some mire, some rock and the best generally has a mixture. A farm in the meadow is worth twice as much as one on the hill—

and all this has to be considered when we are thinking of ourselves. Life is not exactly like land, but we must be honest enough in our judgment of others to see that we are not all free and equal. One has a farm of twelve acres, another one of twelve hundred, and others with all the variations between. We differ in physical as well as mental and spiritual qualities. One is narrow-chested, one is slim, another stout, one strong and another feeble. One is born honest and clean, another has to create it by effort and prayer. You are aware of all this, for the Scriptures tell the parable of the bestowment. But we are grandly gifted. The lowest savage has the promise that makes all other creatures small; the ordinary man has possibilities that startle us when we consider them. Jesus says we are entrusted with talents, and we think that is fine, when it is the three or the five, but the one, what does that amount to for equipment? And we misunderstand the bestowment as being of small account, when in fact it is quite large, and is so represented, for a talent was worth about a thousand dollars in ancient days, when money went much further than it does now, even if Washington did throw a sovereign over the sea, and the one talent people therefore are in no wise badly treated. Nobody has all and everything, the mountain peaks are barren, while the valleys are rich. Fine-feathered birds have no sons, while the nightingale has its dusky-brown dress with its royal music; the ruby shines for ages, but it has no such fragrance as the rose that blooms for a day. We must be willing to share and not claim everything. And we bring ourselves to the enjoyment of what we have when we see it makes our individuality, and that whatever the farm is, there is some good crop producible. And most farmers have more land than they can take care of, and it is equally true that we don't use half our gifts even when we are trying to bring them under cultivation. Daniel Webster once went fishing on the Cape and was followed by the owner of the farm as he went down the stream casting his line in all the promising places. First he remarked that there was some bog on the place, then that there were plenty of mosquitoes, and then plenty of briars, and then that he didn't believe there were any trout there, and at each remark the owner replied: "And that ain't the worst of it. Well," said Webster, "I would like to know what is the worst of it." "There never was any," it is about as bad to try to cultivate sterile land. But we are giving no place up as irreclaimable, and we can't afford to let anyone shuffle off of his responsibility of doing the best with what he has. The blind are being taught to read and work; the deaf and dumb to hear and speak, and it would be pretty hard saying what child or man need despair, if they will only consider the worse their situation the more need of effort. The Swiss make their hills ready for the vines by carrying dirt up from the valleys, and the Chinese have floating gardens on the river that they make to patch out the land. We try to cure deformities of shape by surgery and by training—the same thing must be done for any bias of mind that is unfavorable to growth. You think of your health and education, your social circle, your calling, and see in them all a possession, like that of the farmer, which he must till to perfect. This is your trust, not your own, but yours and God's; you take it on halves, and you are not to let your fields run out to barrenness; you are to make them more productive, and keep all in the finest order. You have signed an agreement like this by virtue of receiving your nature, and you are bound to do the best for the soil, such as it is—you are bound to sow it with suitable seed.

And here we come to what that seed-sowing is. I have allowed that the earth varies and the crops put in the ground vary. We do not want uniformity—there was provision made for corn and roses, and apple trees, a wide variety to suit different climates and soils. And the seed of thought and purpose and desire is divided into many classes. Children in the same household, growing side by side to maturity, turn out differently, are different right along. You put a dozen kinds of seed in the same ground and they will assimilate what they need, whether it be to grow a pansy or turnip, whether a willow or an oak. I recognize this—but it remains true that the parents by their own bearing of seeds of good or evil in the minds of their offspring. We are saying all the time that if someone else could take the child then the father or mother, it could be made to mind and amount to something. But it hears bickering and contradiction from the elders; it sees passion and unkindness, and the seed is sown that may never be uprooted. And then again there are qualities of heart and mind that are little thought of, like sweetness of speech, ready attention to the needs of others, the sacrificing spirit that counts it a favor to do good to others—this is good seed that makes the boy or girl grow up to worthiness. Seed does not make much show, and as you hold it in your hand you wonder if these fine, powdery particles, or this dry looking bulb can ever turn to use or beauty—but it will, and so will every word and deed of yours when put in the life of another, child, or wife, or friend. We are sowing seeds all the time like this.

Then our children are sowing for themselves in their dreams and preferences; in their imitation of others and their aspirations. The dream is a seed of heaven, that only Jack in the nursery tale that can buy the beans that, sown under the window, climb away up in the skies—but the child does find this seed—and he dreams of music and art and wealth and fame that reach beyond the stars. Don't despise all this. You may be as practical as you please, but you must dream of better things to come. It would not do merely to dream, to sit at the foot of a mountain, and wish yourself at the top, without trying to climb. The seed must germinate. It is no use intending to have a fine harvest, unless you make up your mind to plant it. But dream and plan count for a great deal. They should be of the right sort—for young folks have no time for wild-ot-sowing, if they want better grain. Few can get two crops from their field, for soon is the harvest past, and the summer ended. I wish we could see the importance of preventing little flaws that seem of no account. A piece of timber is put in a ship that has only a small worm-hole in it, and it seems as if it might go well enough; but the worm is still there, and it enlarges the hole, and through this the ship springs a leak and goes to the bottom of the sea. The sower word to parent or teacher, the snarling, whining crossness of the child, the first swear-word, the tasting of tobacco or drink, the first over-reaching and dishonesty, all these are weeds in the garden that grow faster than the vegetables; without the sharp use of the hoe. Our Saxon ancestry taught their children to wish to be first and wished them success in all their strivings with the world. We are to do our best in every place, black our boots on the heels, as well as polish the front. The scholar must do what the master asks. The young workman must be willing to learn and anxious to do. He must stick to his task, whether pleasant or not, and show he is reliable. To be trustworthy—to work for the lowest pay as well as for the highest, is to sow good seed without any question. To be obliging, industrious, joyous as children, to have these qualities fostered in an inestimable price. A mother says, "I want a good school for my girl—it is the only thing I can

give her and she shall go out in the world with a fair education." I admire that—but the home influence is going to count for as much as the spelling book and the reader. The boy must see himself as the guide to honesty. The ten commandments and all the beatitudes should be stamped on the countenance of our children. Good principles and a good heart are the best of all possessions. You must be careful about these, and teach the young to be careful about them. There is a sure connection between these attributes of mind and habits of life, for success, as there is between the root and the flower. You cannot have the one without the other. You may wink at your children's failures and think they will outgrow them—but that all depends on whether they are really doing so. You look over the prairies and you don't see a tree growing, but as soon as it is fenced in the seeds begin to grow and the wood-lot comes into existence. They are protected from fire and browsing cattle. Put around the child restriction enough to give him better feelings and impulses a chance. You don't want to overdo this, as you well might, by being too watchful. Seed is to have life in itself—and the child must be taught its own responsibility and self-helping. A large tree gives shelter, but it also gives shadow to the plants beneath it and stunts their growth, if the sunshine cannot come to them. I own all the difficulties of proper seed growing, and I see many cases where I should be unable to give advice even—but the work is to be done, and the harder it is the more must be the devotion of parent and teacher, and the more must the youth be enlisted in the success of this primary condition of good. They must be powers of right in themselves. It is not mere lack of mischief and harmlessness that is to be their growing. A smooth stone is not like a seed, and the inward light is willing to action, that is the great gift. You tell your children that their restrictions are not mere whims, but the ordinances of nature, that you have come to respect as the farmer does the seasons. You must give them insight and reliance. You can't carry them all the time if they are going to learn to walk. I have a rich friend I blame considerably for letting his boy go out on a sheep ranch and sending him over the ocean steamer, but it might be the saving of a boy to make him rough it and know what kind of realities are needed in his requirements. We must learn that our feeble powers are strong when they work conjointly with nature, the seed must be put in the soil, then all things work together for our good, wind and frost, sun and shade, rain and dryness. And we are all the time busy with inventions to facilitate production and learning that there is no end to the returns. The sowing of the seed in any direction we pray for benefit is the greatest of all works in the day.

And so we are brought to the idea of the harvest. There is a wide difference in that as in the seed. See how it comes to men. One has health and a good conscience; one has wealth and makes good use of it; one has a wide circle of friends; one is rich in manners and disposition; one is happy and cheerful as the sunshine. And then again, many a one is the opposite of all these. You get the sharper and the saint; the scholar and the ignorant; the philosopher and the clown; the thrifty and the prodigal; all seeds and conditions men, as the result of their seed-sowing and cultivation. Whatever the tree, it bears its fruit, for life or death, whichever it may be. Burdock seed never yields violets. There is variety in the same kind, but from the same seed similar results. This holds the world together and makes man observe its integrity. There is no just ground of complaint. Men can't put the ill on luck or chance, fate or fortune—they have had all that nature could do for them—they doing as they did. The good and the bad are no accident or freak; they are the fair growing of the seed such as was sown. As God told Cain in the beginning, "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." All history tells us that love and truth, knowledge and kindness, faith and hope, grow to divine beauty, and flame out in wonderful manliness and womanliness. God has made good trees fragrant and pleasant, and the poisonous disagreeable and ill. The drunkard, the thief, the liar, the licentious, was sown and sown as having the mark of Cain. The seed of wickedness looks very different thing when it comes to growth in blighted lives, when it has made homes desolate, when it has ruined purity, when it has trodden on others to crush out the bloom of their living—then it is terrible. As we see the broken trusts of the commercial world, as we hear the lamentations of society over sin and crime in high and low places, as we see the devastations of war—we recognize with shuddering the evil productions of pestiferous seeds. Then men say they did not bear Cain for this; this was not their meaning—but they could reap no other fruit what they sowed. And when we see the fruit of goodness we are equally surprised, though in another way. The good boy and girl growing up turn out so much better than we dreamed. They accumulate power in their special line, artist, poet, historian, musician or artisan; in character and bearing and name they come to such sweetness and power. Think of our poets, Longfellow and Whittier; think of the good old preachers you know, simple as children, wise, benevolent and beautiful always. That stirs us to admiration of these qualities, and we see how spiritually minded we can become. The harvest sets men to thinking of improvements, and they transplant, cross, and graft, and do all they can to perfect what shows readiness to improve. Religion is never going out of fashion—and virtue is never going to be otherwise than king of men. We see what they can do and they quicken us to call on their helping. I rejoice when I see men say religion will make them cease swearing and drinking and make him kind and true. Religion can bring a man from the gutter, as we see in the case of Gough—but he has to bear the fruit of his early misdoing. Religion is the right way of living from childhood to age, and then we see it in its perfection. It is to be with us always, like the use of our right hand. And we are always to be doing good to receive good. There is never a time or place in which we cannot help and bless others, when our sympathy and kindness will not yield us the fairest fruits. We can all be doing something to spread the sentiments of justice, righteousness, peace and love. Thoughts and words produce according to their kind. There is no cheat or deceit about them. Use them as seed and you gather them as fruit. But you cannot gather grapes of a thorn bush, and it is no use expecting wheat where you have sow thistles. Be honest to recognize this. Don't try to cheat yourself, or think that the all-seeing eye does not discern the intents of your heart.

The revelation comes in spite of you. As you sow, you reap. And the seeds of life never fail. The best seedmen in the country will not guarantee their seeds against failure. They do the best they can to insure them, but there is always the possibility that they may come to naught. God guarantees that virtue, faith, love, piety, shall produce their kind with increase in this world that is for their growing, and in the world to come that is for their harvesting and re-sowing. First and last it is good to be good. Well sowing now and always brings glory and honor and immortality, and evil doing brings shame and sadness and death.

Dr. Amoreth Beecher.

Alexander Wilder, M. D.

AN APPRECIATION.

Some one who knew her better than I ought to write the obituary notice of Amoreth M. Beecher. My acquaintance with her began when she became a student at the United States Medical College twenty-four years ago, and virtually ended when she became a graduate of that institution. She was of the famous Beecher family, though a cousin only of the several members who became distinguished in the greater world. One day while delivering a lecture I remarked that people from Connecticut usually dated from Litchfield, but there were some from Guilford. She promptly spoke: "I am from Litchfield."

Her appearance in no respect belied her. She displayed the unmistakable features of the family, a figure of full size, and a mien indicating self-possession, purpose and decision. She had been a teacher and won the respect and confidence of her pupils. She mastered the details of study required by a medical institution, neither exhibiting affectation nor extraordinary forwardness. It did not take long to perceive that she was not a common woman. A class of such women would place the practice of the healing art on a high basis, both in the scientific department and in moral and practical character. Amoreth M. Beecher was the daughter of David Beecher of Litchfield, and was born in 1822. She acquired an education thorough as was attainable. Convinced early of the right, the ability and duty of women to take a higher and more useful place in active life, she became a teacher in the seminary for girls at Hartford. This institution was the first of the colleges for women in the United States, and in it studies of a practical character, rather than the accomplishments by which girls are "finished" were in the curriculum. She taught also in other places, always with success.

Having an aptitude as well as eagerness for knowledge, she engaged in the study of medicine. I was at the time Professor of Psychological Science in the United States Medical College, and my aim was to exhibit Psychology as a knowledge of the soul and only incidentally as a theory of insanities and mental delinquencies. She used to follow the lectures closely and critically, as with a purpose to know what was set forth. At the full class she passed easily.

It may be accounted stupidity that I did not know or even suspect that she was a Spiritualist. I knew her only as a most diligent student with an understanding sounder and more acute than others.

When the graduates of the class assembled a day afterward, she attended in company of her cousin, the late Dr. Edward Beecher, a former President of the Illinois College at Jacksonville, and of the Knox College at Galesburg. I had seen him in 1856 while holding the latter position, and had read his book, "The Conflict of Ages." When he addressed our little class of graduates he declared his confidence in actual communication between the dwellers in the world beyond, and those who still were tabernacled this side of the line.

Several years later I heard that Miss Beecher was about to deliver an address to the Society of Spiritualists in Newark. I knew little of that body, but took the pains to attend. It is not necessary to say that she spoke ably and well. I greeted her at the close of the meeting. She was in excellent health and as usual resolute in performing what she had undertaken.

She had, like others who find Eastern winters and sudden changes of temperature too severe, made her home in California. She lived at Santa Barbara. Her illness was brief, probably little else than the weariness of the labor after his life-work at the night-fall of existence. She died on Thursday night, November 10th, at the age of eighty-three. At her request her body was cremated.

Thus passes from our number one whom to know was to esteem, respect and admire. She was one to do the will and think the thoughts of God.

Concentrated Testimony.

A subscriber to the Banner of Light in a discussion through "The Times of Natal" has gathered some testimony that is worth considering again and we would suggest that our readers scatter the Banner containing this broadcast among their friends who are inquiring, "Who are these Spiritualists?"

Sir,—Your correspondent "A la Altruist," in reply to my communication in your issue of 7th November, 1897, "I challenge him to produce a single written statement by any one of the scientific men quoted by him that they have scientifically proven such a thing." What is scientific proof? It means proving through the medium of the physical senses anything pertaining to the world of science, and in its broad sense it includes proof upon any matter established by investigation, research, experiment. It is frequently asked, Why is it not a universally accepted fact by all scientists that man survives the death of his physical body, and that under certain requisite conditions he can prove and establish his identity to those still in the flesh? Simply because scientific men have in the past, with few exceptions, confined themselves to the investigation of physical matter, but every now and then the more progressive of them ventures out of the old beaten track to investigate metaphysics and kindred subjects until at the present day we have scores of the most eminent and advanced scientists, not to mention hundreds of eminent brainy men in other walks of life, who declare from personal experience and experiment that the matter in question is a solid, concrete fact. There are many scientists who scoff at this subject, but their opinion is absolutely worthless, however eminent they may be in other lines of research work. They are in the position of the late Professor Huxley, who when asked to devote some time to the investigation and study of the phenomena of Spiritualism, replied, "I have no time for the investigation of this matter; the facts, if facts they be, do not interest me." Others again are unsuccessful owing to their crude, prejudiced, clumsy methods of conducting the investigation, for be it understood that the conditions under which these proofs can be obtained are of the most subtle, fine, and delicate nature, and require the utmost care, knowledge, and experience to obtain the proofs such as scientific men require to establish the truth of the matter. I have investigated this subject in my own home under absolutely test conditions that do not admit of even the suspicion of fraud, trickery, or hallucination, and from weekly personal experiences, covering a period of four years, I can add my humble testimony to that of the scientific and other men I quoted. I am considered quite sane and practical on all other matters, and I do not think I am otherwise in this respect.

Sir Alfred Russel Wallace, L.L.D., F.R.S., D.G.L., the greatest European living naturalist and co-discoverer of the Origin of Species and the Evolution Theory of Darwin, and former leader of the materialists, after four or more years of scientific research, published a work entitled "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism." He says: "My position is,

therefore, that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further examination. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts."

Sir William Crookes, after three years or more of close experiment, investigation, and strictly scientific research in his own laboratory and home with his able and trustworthy colleagues, obtained the most overwhelming and startling proofs that no man outside the walls of an asylum could doubt. He published a work entitled, "Researches into the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism," in which he records the scientific proofs and mode of procedure during the course of the investigation. Recently he was written to and asked if, in the light of more recent experiences, he had occasion to go back on anything he had written. The substance of his reply was: "What I have already written and published is a record of scientific facts obtained by the investigations of myself and colleagues, and while more recent investigations have enlarged and added to these facts, the facts themselves cannot in any way be altered. I adhere fully to all I have chronicled in this book."

Sergeant Cox, a Judge of the Middlesex Sessions, London, is President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, composed of scientific men, two-thirds of whom, after periods of from one to twenty years' investigation, declare it proven to their satisfaction that the so-called dead can manifest to and prove their identity to the living. Judge Cox was a co-worker with Crookes, and says: "I can only say that I was in the full possession of my senses; that I was wide awake; that it was in broad daylight; that the medium was under my observation the whole time, and could not have moved hand or foot without being detected by me. That these spiritual phenomena do occur it is vain to dispute."

Professor James Challis, F.R.S., Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy, Cambridge University, says: "The testimony has been so abundant and constant that either the facts must be admitted to be such as reported or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."

Professor Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, King's College, London, says: "Twenty years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly were soon after developed in my own family. This led me to inquire and try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude the possibility of trickery and self-deception. That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late now to deny their existence."

Professor Elliott Cross, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, Norwich University, Professor of Biology in the Victorian Agricultural College, says: "Will you have the opinion of a person who has studied, watched, and investigated the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism for ten years, and who speaks from personal experiences? Then let me tell you that I know the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are true, substantially as alleged."

Professor Robt. Hare, Professor of various subjects, Pennsylvania College, Graduate of Yale and Harvard University, etc., says: "Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agency of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account of my work, I have had even more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question." (The work referred to is entitled "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated.")

Professor J. C. F. Zollner, Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig, and member of most of the great scientific societies of the world, says: "We have acquired proof of the existence of an invisible world which can enter into relations with humanity."

Dr. William Hitchman, M.D., L.L.D., M.R.C.S.E., F.R.S., F.R.P.S., Edinburgh, Consulting Surgeon, Cancer Hospital, Leeds, and author of various works, says: "Phenomena like these present a question not to be settled by leading articles, but by positive experimental testimony; in this case such testimony has been given in abundance." Dr. T. L. Nichols, M.D., F.A.S., and author of various works, says: "I have in my possession direct writings and drawings done under absolute test conditions by departed spirits, of whose handwriting I am as familiar as with my own."

Robert S. Wyld, L.L.D., says: "With regard to spirit writing, there is no order of spiritual phenomena which impressed me more powerfully. The evidence that the writing was produced by a spiritual intelligence without the intervention of human hands was overwhelming."

Professor Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., D.Sc., L.L.B., Professor of Physics, University College, London, and author of "Modern Views on Electricity," says: "I went in a state of scepticism as to the reality of physical phenomena (of Spiritualism) produced without apparent contact, but this scepticism has been overcome by facts." For fuller confirmation of the above statements, and corroboration by numbers of other scientific and otherwise learned men, and to gain a fuller knowledge into this question of the proofs of a hereafter, I would recommend all those interested to cease ridiculing what they know nothing about, and begin reading the best books, many of which can be obtained from the Public Library and the leading city stationers. The following are a few: "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," by Alfred Russel Wallace; "The Investigations into the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism," by Sir W. Crookes; "Spirit Identity," by M.A. Oxon; "Twist Two Worlds," by Farmer; "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," by Epes Sargent; "Who Are These Spiritualists?" by Dr. Peebles; "Mrs. Piper and the Physical Research Society," by a French scientist, M. Sage; "Psychic Philosophy," by Desmet; "Mediumship Explained," by Wallis; "The Arcana of Spiritualism," by Hudson Tuttle.

If your correspondent doubts the quotations of the scientists and others mentioned above, I would suggest he write direct to them for confirmation. Yours, etc.

Maritzburg.

Altruist.

THE MESSAGE VERSUS THE MESSAGE-BEARER.

Kate R. Stiles.

What matter who Truth's message speaks,
So it be spoken?
What matter whose the hand that breaks
The bread, if broken?

What care we though cup be tin,
—When lips are burning?
It is the nectar cool within,
For which we're yearning.

Truth still is truth, whether expressed
By saint or sinner;
And he who learns this lesson best
Will be the winner.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1906.

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

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The action taken at the First Spiritualists' Society, Washington, D. C., in the Sunday service, urging concerted action on the part of Spiritualists regarding the religious persecution of the Jews in Russia should receive attention. The N. S. A. seems to be our only mouthpiece for such expression and we would urge that the N. S. A. should at once be authorized by every society of Spiritualists in its jurisdiction to express to the world and to the Russian government in particular, their indignation and horror for the massacres of Jews in the name of religion. They should demand that all nations shall welcome persons in their midst irrespective of religious belief; and that the freedom of conscience shall be demanded of every nation of the earth.

If we say that the Spiritualists of the world are to a person bitterly opposed to religious prejudice, and hence horrified at the massacre of Jews in Russia as a result of Christian intolerance, we speak feebly by their feelings in this matter. But it is sufficient to say that our sympathy is entirely with the Jews. There is no need to persecute them. Any nation wherein such massacres are possible is a blot upon civilization. If monarchs cannot stop such holocausts, then temperate thinking people should rise and form a republic, which is evidently a form of government under which the rights of humanity can be unfolded and protected. To our Hebrew brethren we offer our heartfelt sympathy and words of help to courageously meet every righteous issue.

At the inter-church conference on federation, held in New York city, Rev. Washington Gladden presented an appeal imploring the Russians, as Christians, to cease from the massacre of the Jews. This appeal was referred to a committee for action. Would it not have expressed Christian indignation a little better to have at once unanimously adopted the appeal? It seems to us that federations should show a wholesome Christian spirit or else accept a broader brotherhood than is bound by sectarianism. They do not begin well to develop a more wholesome Christian spirit. At least, the proposed appeal, acknowledges that they were Christian massacres.

The question comes home. Does the present system of Christianity christianize? If not, why use so much treasure and waste so much energy to convert the heathen and people of other religions? Better employ wealth and talent to develop the Christ spirit in the professed Christians.

The N. S. A. Secretary has one of her questions answered in the clear statement of Mr. W. H. Bach. It may be that a reformation has taken place and the last annual convention exercised more care in the matter of representation, in that body being confined to Spiritualists. It ought to be settled beyond peradventure.

Now let us hear from the chairman of the Committee on Delegates' Reports.

At the late N. S. A. convention a resolution was adopted to commemorate the 60th anniversary of modern Spiritualism (1846) by

making, if possible, the annual convention of that year an international one. The object is certainly courteous and practical, excepting the N. S. A. would require separate days for its own special proceedings. The international proceedings might follow and make very profitable record for our Cause. Reciprocity between nations is very necessary—and especially so with regard to Spiritualism. If the call is to be made, we suggest to meet in Washington, D. C., our national capital, and have the invitations issued at once in order that proper preparation shall be effected.

Dr. Funk declares, when before his Presbyterian brethren, "But I do not mean to say that Spiritualism is proven." It is still an open question. Read "Concentrated Testimony" in this issue of the Banner of Light, and, if you need more testimony than your own experience has given you, you may be reconciled to let Dr. Funk remain in this state of "scientific" uncertainty.

We are assured that our friend, Mrs. Sarah Byrnes, is steadily improving and expects to go to her home next week. We are glad to pass the word along to her hosts of friends.

Five persons were burned to death a few days ago in New York city while praying for help during the burning of their tenement. Others who sought the fire-escape were rescued. Is it not high time to realize, that effort is the handmaiden of prayer?

A Detroit man has erected a monument to Satan. Well, if all the great things attributed to this mythological person, which have resulted in blessings to the world, are to be considered as his handiwork, then he is entitled to a monument.

Will the N. S. A. be able to formulate a working plan to materially aid the extension of Spiritualist Temples? An able committee has been appointed to present a plan at the 1906 convention to be held in Chicago. George W. Kates, Thornton, Pa., as chairman of that committee, desires to have practical suggestions sent to him. He also trusts that persons desiring to help the Cause by bequests shall place the same for benefit of the Temple fund and thus help generally more than they would do by contributing only locally.

Now with the abuses of mediumship we are not in any way more concerned than the financier with counterfeit money. He knows it exists, and he takes good care to have nothing to do with it.—L. W.

Orthodoxy Gives More Truth About the Bible.

It is not the purpose of the Banner of Light, as at present directed, to worry other centers of instruction. It is far from our purpose to belittle the Bible's hold on the minds of men. Its wonderful message was never so clear to us as under the light that first shone for us through the revelation of Spiritualism and by guidance from the spirit realm. When the narrowness of the schools is broken away from, and fear of ecclesiastical threats outgrown, we believe there is the greatest inspiration awaiting the reverent student of this collection of ancient writings. The very simplicity of the language in which we commonly read it has a power in expression that dims the message of all other Bibles. But we are not unmindful of the vast influence held still by the orthodox teachers, and their power to reach multitudes that are suspicious of "irregulars," and it makes us long to see them using their opportunities in the strongest way.

When a man holding a position as associate editor of the "Outlook" and lecturer at Andover Theological Seminary rises to his opportunity, we believe the largest publication should be given his utterances, and we give below some quotations from the Rev. Amory H. Bradford's latest published utterances in these lines:—

"Those who find the final authority for the spiritual life in the Bible, do not essentially differ from those who find it in the church. At first it appears to be an easy and sure solution of all problems of thinking and living to be able to go to an authoritative book, and have it remove all difficulties; but troubles multiply the farther this road is followed. How do we know that the Bible may be trusted to such an extent? Is it replied that the Bible asserts its authority? If it does, I know neither the verse nor the chapter; but, granting that it does, what then? The same claim is made for the Koran, the Zend-Avesta, and the Upanishads. That assumption should be made for any writing. Assertion is not proof. If the Koran, the Zend-Avesta, and the Bible assert full spiritual authority, it is evident that all can not be true, inasmuch as they often contradict one another. Either such assumptions are false or the reason for believing them true is something other than its own assertion."

"Moreover, perplexing inquiries arise as this subject is pursued. These Scriptures, which we call the Bible, were written by different men, in widely separated periods of history. They represent various types of literature. Some of them are compilations from still older documents which have been, probably, forever lost. The Book of Jasher is known only by a single reference. There are at least three distinct narratives underneath the Pentateuch; those narratives are lost. The Gospels are supposed to have been compiled from now unknown records of the words and deeds of Jesus—none the less valuable for that—a fact which increases the difficulty of recognizing their authority as final. Many of these books were written in languages long since dead, and two of which languages have been greatly corrupted. In that fact there is both an advantage and a disadvantage. The language is no longer changing—that is an advantage; but it is no longer living, and consequently is more uncertain and difficult of interpretation. When the Scriptures were written, many words meant something quite different from what they mean now. If a truth has been translated from a language which has been dead

a thousand years into a language which is steadily changing, its precise significance may easily have been sacrificed in the translation."

Mr. Bradford goes a step further and boldly says on the question of our attitude toward the world's Bibles:—

"They are as sacred in the eyes of those who were born where they hold away as the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures are to us. Paul met the problem in his characteristically frank and lucid fashion. Any writing claiming recognition as sacred Scripture, before it should be accepted as such, must commend itself to the one studying it as calculated to inculcate truth and to promote righteousness. Whatever, when brought into the inward light and thoroughly and honestly examined, is found to promote goodness and loyalty to truth, may be trusted; and whatever does not is unworthy of credence. There is no authority and no sanctity in locality. What are its fruits in character? This is the test to which every claim to spiritual inspiration should be brought. The value of any religious truth may always be determined by the inevitability with which it tends to produce right conduct, and in time virtuous character. Truth and right are joined together throughout the universe, and no man can put them asunder."

"So far as opportunity offers, all men should be hospitable to the various Bibles, for no one of them is without some fair claim to recognition."

When Col. Ingersoll, in his address on "The Bible," held before his audience a string of cowards, ranging from the clerk, fearful of discharge, to the college president, solicitor for endowments, filling in as little beads the minister, the tradesman, the doctor and the lawyer—and twirling them before his hearers declared, "they dare not tell you"—and in that indescribable pose of his, confidentially murmurs, "so I thought I'd tell ye," then and there the audience became his, and however inaccurate his statements, however unfair his quotations, to whatever absurdities he drove his conclusions, his followers scrambled along after him as a deliverer from "superstition, priestcraft and ghosts."

The secret of his power, it seems to us, was in making his followers believe he was the only one who "dared tell ye." We felt the last time he spoke in Boston that his work was done the moment the religious scholars became frank with the people who were listening for the last word of research. It seems as though that time is here. There will be a few spasmodic attempts at discipline; now and then a Mitchell will be frowned upon by a House of Bishops; again and again some little man will betray his lack of faith in the great Maker of All. Truth, by turning the yellow pages of a "Guide to Discipline" and pipe a remonstrance, but it will be as the cackle of a Canadian quail before the thunderous roar of Niagara.

"God's truth is marching on."

Has Spirit Manifestation Been Proved?

This question is often mooted by the pseudo investigator. He will claim to have proof, but insufficient to rely upon in order to claim that all spirits have the possibility open to them. They all deplore the lack of great intellectuality in communications and the evident crudity of the spirits who produce physical manifestations. Dr. Isaac Funk seems to be following in the footsteps of others who are satisfied, and yet are unwilling to endorse that Spiritualism is a distinctive and proven philosophy based upon positively demonstrated evidence. He talks about overcoming the "stupendous inhibition" which separates the earth dwellers from the realms of the unknown. But he is candid enough to say: "If Spiritualism can ever make good its assertion that its priests (mediums we presume) are actually in communication with the persons who have passed beyond the veil, I will be very glad." Thus Dr. Funk proceeds until he says: "I am not in any sense a Spiritualist, and I do not think that the truth of Spiritualism has been demonstrated." This stands his opinion that has some slight reaction perforce of meeting some evidence of fraud work, which always rebuffs and prejudices the investigator until he has solved the philosophy of human relations to psychic laws. Until then too much is always expected of the spirit through the defective humors. There is much evidence that many mediums are not able to determine exact facts and to understand their own powers; but there are many others who are fully competent to make as exact scientific application as any so-called scientist. Thus we are able to claim that Spiritualism is proved! The fact that millions of people have had positive communication with their loved in the spirit is a strong evidence, far outweighing either the claim or disclaimer of proof made by any body of scientists. And yet Dr. Funk asks, "Who can tell if Spiritualism will ever be proved?" We humbly reply that these millions of ordinary people can tell! But he says: "That is a question which must be determined by scientists and by them alone, for the mediums themselves are not capable of conducting such an investigation." It seems to perhaps our untrained mind that facts in nature appeal positively to the sense perception of the child or woman as they may possibly do to the minds equipped by academic culture. The child mind may not grasp the powers and utilities of the phenomenon, which is assuredly a function of the trained mind. The evolution of utilities is a matter for the scientist, philosopher and theologian. The facts are patent to all. As Spiritualists, we claim the facts are proved! And we say that the majority of mediums are honest, earnest and do have understanding. The flippant accusation of nine-tenths of mediums being frauds, falls entirely, for no one person has and assuredly Dr. Funk has not consulted the accused nine-tenths. In dealing with facts, stick to facts, doctor. The great nine-tenths are unknown to the world, in homes, who at their own firesides or in the silence of their chambers hold sweet communion with the loved gone before. Please

erase the record of failure from that of the mediums. Spiritualism cannot yet carry the load of evil dumped upon society by professed Christians who "steal the livery of heaven, in which to serve the devil."

We welcome Dr. Funk and all scientists and theologians to the investigation. We are equally glad to have the humblest person sincerely investigate. Spiritualism is for all! We thank Dr. Funk for saying to the people as follows: "The study of these phenomena has reached such a stage that an eminent scientist exclaimed that we are seeing a new science in the making. There are enough of ascertained facts to convince us that this subject is worthy of thorough examination. With whom will the examination occur? The mediums."

The Evangelical Federation Invitation.

"We believe that the great Christian bodies in our country should stand together, lead in the discussion of and give an impulse to all great movements that make for righteousness. We believe that questions like those of marriage and divorce, Sabbath desecration, the social evil, child labor, the relation of labor to capital, the problems created by foreign immigration, the bettering of the conditions of the laboring classes and the moral and religious training of the young—indeed, all great questions in which the voice of the churches should be heard—concern Christians of every name, and demand their united and concerted action. If the church is to lead effectively in the conquest of the world for Christ"—From the Invitation.

The Evangelical churches claim to be the only Christian ones. Hence they decline affiliation with liberal churches that stand emphatically and particularly for the essentials of united effort that is the proclaimed impulse for the federation. As Spiritualists, we distinctively labor for the human relations referred to in the invitation; but we are deemed unworthy of effort for good, just as we were held to be defiling to the Cause of temperance in former crusades, and our assistance declined. The Christian spirit must further broaden before it becomes Christian—but we hope the federation will break down such barriers.

U. S. Court of Appeals Declares Mental Healing Lawful.

The case of Helen Wilkins-Post is familiar to most of our readers we suspect. For two years even her personal mail has been returned to the writers under the "fraudulent" act of the U. S. postal authorities.

The U. S. Court of Appeals in its decision has this interesting clause:—"The case should be tried with the distinct understanding that the practice of mental healing is, in federal law, as lawful as healing with drugs. As to the right to use the postal establishment of the United States no discrimination is made between those whose vocation is healing, whether they be allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, or mental scientists."

Mrs. Post's crime was in making her vocation a paying one. When the "Medical Trust," as the late Alfred E. Giles dubbed the medical teeth that is ever scheming to monopolize the medical fees,—when the American Medical Association started in its legislative plans it limited its restrictions to those practicing the art of healing, without their registration label, who did so "for hire." Until recently this was the limit of their concern. So apparent was their purpose that now they have succeeded in limiting these services "with or without recompense for the same."

Mrs. Post will be more cautious in opening her mail and not return the returns before the starring M. D. Poor fellows, they could not bear it to see her carriage loaded with the crisp bills as she wheeled away from the P. O. while they trudged along the dusty way on foot and their glands grew dry in their unused cases.

Souvenirs.

Have you seen the souvenirs of the "Birthplace of Modern Spiritualism" and the V. S. U. Home? They are very attractive indeed and will make just the gift for Christmas. They are all prices, to fit any purse. Sofa pillow tops of plush with the "Fox Cottage" or the V. S. U. Home, done in pyrography, for \$1.00 and a \$1.25 each; card cases, either design, in leather, 50c.; calendars, 50c.; blotters, 25c.; pen holders, 15c.; fobs, 25c. Come and look at them or let us send you one neatly packed in a box, ready for a holiday gift for ten cents extra.

Our Thanksgiving Dinner in Banner of Light Building.

The work for Thanksgiving is going forward with zeal and good will because Love is at the helm.

Several societies have already responded with donations and offers of assistance. Bags have been prepared with a list of the articles needed for the work and these bags will be distributed among the people and can be returned, filled, to the Banner of Light Bldg., any time before Wednesday evening, Nov. 29.

If there are more bags contributed than will be used for the dinner at the Banner Bldg. on Thanksgiving Day, they will be distributed among families where the need is great and the means are small.

There are so many who will have no dinner at all, even though we all give generously and freely, that no one can afford to be selfish in the joys of a hospitable table, spread for the family and special friends, who never know the pangs of hunger or the heartache of loneliness.

Send whatever you desire to give to the Banner of Light, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston.

When I have the tasks committed to me all done, and there appears nothing I can do to help another, then, not till then, come to me with your gossip and dirty scandal, and if I am off guard you may succeed in interesting me in your malicious business.

Movements of Platform Workers.

H. E. Clifford of New Bedford informs us that Mr. F. H. Roscoe of Providence, who "has been a very sick man for four weeks," requiring daily care from his physician, is gradually improving and hopes to be in the harness again within a few weeks.

Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly concludes his November engagement in Jackson, Mich., next Sunday. In December he is with the First Spiritual Temple, Cleveland, O. The Sundays of June 10 and 24 and July 1, 8 and 15 he would like engagements in New England. He is ready to make engagements for season of 1906 and 1907, beginning with September, 1906. His permanent address is 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

W. J. Colville's lectures in Toronto begin Nov. 29 and continue daily until Dec. 11. Letters, etc., should be addressed, Grand Union Hotel, Toronto, Canada.

Dr. Mary E. Sellen, 54 East 59th street, New York City, will take engagements for platform work on short notice.

Mrs. Wm. S. Butler, 175 Tremont street, Boston, is open for engagements for general platform work.

Announcements.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists will hold their regular meeting Wednesday, Nov. 22, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. Ave. Mrs. Minnie M. Soule will be the speaker. Supper at 6.30 p. m., and evening meeting 7.45. Emma E. Zwalhen, president. A. M. Case, secretary.

American Psychical Research Society (Inc.), Harvey Redding, president, holds meetings in Malden Square at Old City Hall every Sunday evening at 7.30. Mrs. Abbie Burnham and other good talent. Seats free.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter St. Lecture at 10.45 a. m. and 2.30 p. m., through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker. School at 12 m. for adults and children. It is not only a privilege but should be the duty of all liberals and Spiritualists to identify themselves with some Spiritualistic educational school; not only a duty to the Cause but to themselves and their children. If you are not already identified with a similar movement we would be pleased to see you with us next Sunday. Wednesday evening conference at 8. All are welcome.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Sunday, Nov. 25, 2.30 and 7.30. Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden. Circles from 4 to 5. Song service and concert, with good soloists and readers, at 6.30.

The Brighton Psychic Society, Mr. D. H. Hall, president, holds meetings every Wednesday and Sunday evening at 14 Kenrick St., Brighton. Good mediums at all services. Mrs. H. C. Hall furnishes musical selections. Wednesday, Nov. 22, Mrs. Ida M. Pye will serve this society.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie Meserve Soule, pastor, holds services every Sunday evening at the Banner of Light Building, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston, 7.30 p. m.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, holds services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington St., up 2 flights. Conference 11 a. m. Service with classes for messages 2.30 p. m. Vespers service 7.30 p. m. All are welcome.

The Banner of Light Circle for Spirit Healing will be held in Banner of Light Lecture Room every Monday from 4 to 5 p. m. Doors close at 4. Mr. Nicholas Williams is the medium for this work.

A Word from California.

A letter from that faithful friend of the Banner, Mrs. Ann Hibbert of San Jose, Cal., brings the most encouraging news of the work for Spiritualism in that city. When she, like an apostle of the Truth, sought the most place of those of her faith in her new home, she found an earnest, devoted body of people who gave her a right royal welcome. She started out early one Sunday morning to attend the Lyceum which meets at ten o'clock and her story of the interesting way in which the work is done was like a bit of sunshine and we felt proud and happy to know of growth and development of Spiritualism among the little people in California.

The society, also, is in a prosperous condition and the officers and members, under the leadership of the President, Mrs. Bigelow, and the Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, spare no effort to present the truths of Spiritualism in an interesting and instructive manner to the audiences gathered every Sunday.

Reception to Mrs. Dr. Caird.

One of the pleasantest affairs held by the Lynn Spiritualists took place Monday evening at Freedom Hall, the occasion being a reception given to Mrs. Dr. Caird, who has recently returned from an extended trip in the West. A large number of friends offered greetings and congratulations during the evening. The hall was profusely decorated with flags, bunting, Japanese lanterns, etc., and presented a very pretty appearance. During the evening elegant bouquets were presented to Mrs. Caird and to her husband, Dr. Alex. Caird, who has been the president of the association for the past five years. The following program was rendered: Greeting, by Vice-President Mrs. M. C. Chase; presentation of flowers to Mrs. Caird, by Master Harold Merchant; thanks and a short address, by Mrs. Caird; presentation of bouquets to Dr. Caird, by Mrs. Hattie Lewis; Dr. Caird responding in behalf of himself and wife; piano solo by Mrs. Eliza Graves Blaisdell, one of the famous Barker family of singers; readings, "Brier Rose" and "The Railroad Crossing," by Miss Gracia Chaffee; readings, "Raggedy Man," "Kiss and Kiss" and "How the Leaves Came Down," by Miss Frances Holmes; piano solo, by Mrs. Blaisdell, and remarks by various members of the regard and appreciation in which Dr. and Mrs. Caird are held by the association. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Stiles of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wildes of Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. Parker Webster of Stoughton; C. B. Eaton of Everett, besides guests from Reading, Revere, Nahant and other towns. Refreshments were served by the ladies of the association.—Lynn Item.

Child labor in factories is a great iniquity in this fair nation—and in older countries. There is great need of earnest action by humanitarians and philanthropists to abolish this great evil to health, happiness and development of the human race.

Rich honesty dwells like a miser in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

The Literary World.

CONDUCTED BY

LILLIAN WHITING.

"The world of books is still the world."

"Il Libro d'Oro."

This priceless collection of the sacred legends of those whose names "are written in the Lamb's book of life" of more than a hundred and twenty of the miracle stories written by fathers of the church and published in Italy in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—stories rich in history and legend—is one of the books of all others to appeal to the spirit. Here is one of the stories—of "miraculous Providence of God," written by Saint Bernardino.

"A disciple of the Abbot Bessarion, being with him one day on the seashore, said to him: 'O, my father, I die with thirst.' And he told him to drink some of the sea-water, which he did, and finding it sweet he filled his bottle with it. And the Abbot Bessarion seeing that, asked him why he had filled his bottle, and he said: 'Pardon me, my father, but I was afraid I should be thirsty again.' And the Abbot replied: 'God forgive you, my son, for you ought to believe that in every place God can give you sweet water.'"

And here is another of the fables of good and evil men:

"There was a wise and holy man to whom it happened that eating in company with some friars, he saw, by divine revelation, that some were eating honey, some bread, and some ashes; and wondering much he prayed God and said: 'Those who appear to you to eat honey are those who, being at table, give God thanks humbly and pray to him with their hearts, and their prayers rise to him like incense; those who appear to eat bread are those who give thanks as much as they think their duty, but whose thoughts are not much raised to heaven; and those who seem to be eating ashes are those who murmur and are not content with the food placed before them, but seek greedily for better food and take too much pleasure in it. It is not well to do so, but in all things God should be glorified as the apostle teaches when he says, 'Whatsoever ye do, do it all to the glory of God.'"

And here is a miracle of Saint Anthony written by Saint Jerome:

"It so happened that two monks were coming to see Saint Anthony, and their provision of water failing by the way one of them perished of thirst and the other was near death, which Saint Anthony knew by divine revelation; and he said to two friars who had that day come to visit him: 'Take a bottle of water without delay and follow the road that leads to Egypt, and you will find one monk dead of thirst and another who will die shortly if not relieved, and give this one some water.' And when they had helped the dying monk they buried the dead man and brought the living one to Anthony. The cell of Anthony was so far from the place where this happened that he could only know it by spiritual revelation. But there were some of the brethren who wondered and said: 'Why was not this revealed to Anthony before one of these monks died, so that both might have been saved?' And he answered that such a question did not become any good Christian, because this was the hand of God who gave to one the judgment He saw fit while He granted life to the other, and that the dealings of God must be held in great reverence, for we must always fully believe them to be just and right though the reasons for them may be concealed from us."

These legends, translated from the Italian by Mrs. Francis Alexander, are derived from four books: I. "Selections from the Lives of the Holy Fathers, Together with the Spiritual Field," Venice, 1623. II. "Selections from the Lives of the Saints and Beati of Tuscany," Florence, 1627. III. "Selections from the Wonders of God in His Saints," Bologna, 1593. IV. "Flowers of Sanctity," Venice, 1726.

Mrs. Alexander is the widow of the Boston artist who in his early life went to Italy and made his home in Florence. Francesca Alexander, the author of "The Story of Ida," "The Hidden Servants," and other works is her daughter. Mrs. Alexander is now in her ninety-third year and she and her daughter live in a picturesque apartment at the top of the Albergo Bonciani, looking down on the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella. The Libro d'Oro is exquisitely gotten up by the publishers and will be one of the leading gift-books of the season. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Coming of the Tide."

A quiet, artistically told story is Margaret Sherwood's novel, whose scene is laid on the coast of Maine in summer. It is told with that refinement of manner and dainty touch that made Miss Sherwood's "Daphne" so enjoyable. Its theme is a study of heredity. The analysis is fine and the story is full of charming fancy and true sentiment. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Select Poems of Browning."

This volume of admirably made selections from Robert Browning's poems, arranged and edited with introduction and notes both biographical and critical by A. J. George, A. M. Litt. D., the editor of the "Poetical Works of Wordsworth," "Shorter Poems of Milton," "From Chaucer to Arnold," etc., fills a definite demand. The selections include "James Lee's Wife," "Old Pictures in Florence," "Child Roland to the Dark Tower Came," "The Lost Leader," "Any Wife to Any Husband," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Saul," "The Statue and the Bust," "Evelyn Hope," and many more of the most important poems of Browning. The method of Prof. George's selection reveals the principles which formed the mind and fashioned the art of this "subtlest of poets" in the art of the "subtlest of poets" in the art of the "subtlest of poets." The poems are arranged in chronological order; and the notes are biographical and literary, relating each poem to the events in the author's life out of which it grew, and to the characteristics of art in his own career and that of his great contemporaries, Wordsworth and Tennyson. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

Literary Notes.

J. A. Spender, the editor of "The Poems of William Watson," which is being published from The Bodley Head by John Lane Company, in two volumes, is a critic of the highest standing in England. Mr. Spender occupies an important position in the literary world there. He is the editor of one of the first papers in the country and also has a reputation of being a fine critic, a scholar, and although a liberal in politics, he is fearlessly independent.

Mr. Arthur Symonds, poet and essayist, will publish shortly through Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co. a new volume entitled "Spiritual Adventures," being a series of studies in temperament.

An Incomparable Trip, etc.

(Continued from page 4.)

of speaking at Mrs. Maude L. von Freitag's meeting in the evening, where over three hundred people were turned away, unable to gain admittance, and while I spoke to the most ultra orthodox in the morning and the most liberal in the evening, I enjoyed both services very much and found my listeners equally attentive.

The convention closed on Wednesday evening, November 1st, amid great enthusiasm. I wish every Spiritualist could attend such a convention, proving to them the incomparable value of thorough organization and of competent trained leaders at the head of each department. The work is of quite as great a help to those who labor as they are to the work. The National W. C. T. U. is the largest body of any delegated convention in the world. Those who went to this convention paid out about \$100,000 to the railroad companies alone, and more than that for other expenses. Its deliberations are most dignified and impressive, carried on with rare executive ability, it is at once an education and an inspiration to be a member of this exceedingly orthodox, aggressive, devoted and persistent opponent of the saloon. No wonder the liquor traffic fears the W. C. T. U. more than the temperance legislation of lukewarm politicians. The women are in deadly earnest and woman's hand shall yet close the dram shop and keep it shut.

On Thursday, November 2d, the day after the close of the convention, the excursions and social events recommenced. Mrs. Francis and I spent the day in calling on friends, and on Friday joined a special excursion to Pasadena, where we were met at the Hotel Green with carriages and automobiles and were taken around to see this beautiful city, placed like a flower garden in the St. Gabriel's valley, where Eastern capitalists decidedly the worse for wear are trying to build up their battered constitutions and make peace with God and the world, after having worshipped Mammon and bowed to the golden calf in their greed for money, which now obtained, they would gladly exchange for the beggar's stock in trade, a hungry stomach. After our drive was completed, we attended a reception, where greetings were extended by the citizens, headed by the mayor. Lunch was then served, after which we took the electric cars to Mt. Lowe and went 5,000 feet up the Echo Mountain to Alpine Tavern, a delightfully quaint Swiss hostelry. Burros took us a thousand feet higher, and on the back of these sure-footed carriers, we went to the summit, from whence we had a view of peaks and valleys never to be forgotten.

On Saturday, November 4th, a special excursion was arranged, carrying the guests to Hollywood, visiting the art gallery of the world famous flower painter, M. Paul de Longpre, then through orange, lemon and walnut groves to Santa Monica, where a luncheon was served on four adjoining lawns by Dr. Sarah Morris and Mrs. Helen L. Eaton, thence continuing the trip, visiting eight cities and ten beaches twenty-eight miles along the surf, making the day most complete. On the same day another excursion went to San Diego, which Mrs. Francis joined, while I attended the funeral of Brother Dye.

On Monday, November 6th, there was an excursion to Long Beach, where the Board of Trade entertained, taking everybody for a drive first and then on a boat ride to the breakwater, finishing with a reception by the W. C. T. U.

On Tuesday the citizens of Whittier entertained, taking the delegates through the delightful groves of California fruit trees and serving luncheon.

Contemplate for a moment the amount of work involved, not only entertaining this large company of visitors, but in arranging for the delightful outings and receptions. The social features of this convention were as prominent as the business part, and far reaching in effect. It is hard to conceive of the tremendous task involved, but California was indeed a royal host, and everybody was made welcome and made glad to see everybody else having their company smile and company manners right with them. During our stay we had the pleasure of attending a seance given by John Slater for the benefit of Mrs. Maude Chesbro, a well-beloved worker there. Her hall at 139 W. 5th street was packed, and Mrs. Francis and I were both introduced to the audience and made most welcome. On this occasion Mrs. Francis made a very appropriate speech and was warmly applauded.

Wednesday evening, November 8th, Mrs. Esther Dye invited some friends to her beautiful home to bid us a farewell and God-speed on this, our last evening in this hospitable city. The event was naturally quiet in view of the late bereavement of our hostess. Mrs. Maude L. von Freitag favored us with one of her remarkable Bible scenes, each person writes a question on a piece of paper which the medium reads aloud. She then holds a Bible in both hands, a tremor passes over her fingers and when she opens the Bible under spirit guidance a little light on a verse directs her where to read. It never fails to be a most appropriate answer to the question asked.

Mrs. Dye presented Mrs. von Freitag with a bouquet of flowers together with a testimonial embossed on vellum and reading as follows: "We, the undersigned friends and representatives of the various Spiritualists societies of Los Angeles, desire to give thanks to the giver of all good for having placed in our midst for ten years a beloved co-worker, Mrs. Maude L. von Freitag, whom we consider the greatest medium in the world today. We also desire to pay tribute to her honesty and loyalty as a message bearer for the angel world, as well as for loving kindness in spiritual ministrations to the hosts who come to her for counsel and messages from the dear ones on the other side.

"We give thanks for her improved health as well as for the new wonderful psychic de-

velopment recently bestowed upon her. She enjoys our confidence, and we extend to her our hearty support and tender love."

This testimonial bore the signature of a number of the leading Spiritualists of Los Angeles, and was a most graceful tribute to this remarkable medium.

On Thursday we started for the Grand Canyon of Ariz. to view this, the most stupendous sight in America. We arrived on Friday evening and on Saturday morning a large number of us started on horses or mules for a five-mile ride down the Canyon. Riding habits and guides were furnished, and the all-day ride tested our physical endurance, but weariness was forgotten in the constant traveling along steep mountain trails, up and down, each view perfection in itself. At 1 p. m. we took luncheon on a plateau nearly 4,000 feet down the canyon from whence we could see the winding river, thousands of feet below. This was the sight of our lives and the ride of our lives, for not until dark did our steeds poke their noses above the rim of the canyon, each bearing a weary burden, full of gratitude for the blessings of the day.

Sunday morning we spent at the Grand Canyon. Greatest text! Sublimest sermon! Divinest benediction! Every blade a harp string, every leaf a tongue, every rock a voice, eloquent in its silence, singing its praises to its Creator. We extol music, admire art, praise poetry and are moved by the world's greatest orators, but to obtain the finest music, grandest art, choicest poetry and highest oratory, a human instrument is needed to express the divine—the Grand Canyon is superior to all of these, for the touch of man is absent and only God, revealed in nature, speaks. Here the voice of man is discord, his handiwork a blot, art a faulty coloring, poetry out of rhyme and oratory but the twaddle of man. One of its vast silences Mother Nature tells her child the story of the Rock of Ages; while the river, like a well matched watered ribbon, winds its way, singing its lullaby, and the whole vastness echoes and re-echoes the refrain of creation's "well done" to its Creator.

Finally, how can I give an adequate idea of those remarkable thirty days, with its two national conventions, thirteen special outings, ten addresses, nine receptions, six thousand miles of travel through fourteen states and territories, in cars or carriages, automobiles or on horseback, never resting, yet never weary, seeing new faces, meeting new friends, seeing new things, this remarkable trip to the Promised Land, seeing our star of Bethlehem leading us to new and better things, determined that our lives shall be filled with more helpful, loving service, because of our incomparable trip, which I hope that you, dear reader, may some day take and enjoy as we did.

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.)

MRS. ELIZA F. DUSTIN.

Mrs. Eliza F. Dustin, aged 78 years, passed to the higher life at her home in Dorchester, Mass., on November 5. Our sister was a Spiritualist for many years and her husband and friends will miss her loving presence. The remains were taken to Springfield, Mass. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery. The writer officiated.

Wellman C. Whitney.

MRS. SARAH FRANCIS BICKNELL.

From her home, the "Wayside," on Longwood avenue, Onset, Mass., November 4th, Mrs. Sarah Francis Bicknell, aged 71 years and 2 months. For more than forty years Mrs. Bicknell had been an earnest Spiritualist, and until her illness a hard worker in the Brockton Spiritualist Society. She was the widow of Robert Bicknell of Chelsea, who passed away about thirty-eight years ago. Alone she raised her little family of three daughters, and these in the latter years of her life proved a blessing unto her. Three sons died in infancy. The daughters are Miss May Bicknell of Philadelphia, Miss Susie H. Bicknell and Mrs. Jennie C. Cooley of Brockton. Services were held at her late home at Onset, November 6, at 5 p. m., the writer officiating. On November 7 at 10:30 services were also held at Brockton, Mrs. N. J. Willis officiating. The daughters have the consolation of Spiritualism in this their hour of great sorrow. Mrs. Bicknell was a woman who was beloved by a large circle of friends and neighbors, on account of her many sterling qualities. It may be truly said of her—she has gone to her reward.

JOSIAH SHOVE.

From his summer home at Onset, November 4, Mr. Josiah Shove, aged 81 years and 27 days. Hardly without any warning, he passed into the higher life. While conversing with a party of friends, he gasped and was gone. Thus he passed on as he had many times expressed his hope that he would. He was a retired business man, a native of Rhode Island, where he had a host of friends, for so genial was his nature that everyone loved him who knew him. He was brought up in the Quaker faith and his whole life reflected the simplicity and beauty of that faith. He leaves a wife, who was the daughter of Isaac Shove, who was a municipal court judge for over thirty years. The funeral services were conducted by the writer at his late home at Onset on November 7. The body was cremated at Forest Hills. May his kind and loving spirit be near the wife that has sustained this great loss to bless and comfort her.

George A. Fuller, Onset, Mass., Nov. 17, 1935.

MRS. FRANK M. DAVIS.

Mrs. Prof. Frank M. Davis of the Copley Square School of Music, Boston, passed to the higher life November 5, from her late residence, Tolman place, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Siddons' part in "The Grecian Daughter" was one night taken by an understudy. A lady present was hysterically affected by the pathos of the play, and the gentleman beside her said: "It is fortunate Mrs. Siddons is not acting. If this moves you, you would hardly be able to bear her at all." "Mrs. Siddons not playing!" cried the lady angrily. "Why, if I hadn't thought she was playing I never should have cried!"—Selected.

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Our Home Circle.

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

JOHN McCULLOUGH.
(Nov. 14, 1832.)

S. C. C.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

His natal day! O spirit, grand, serene!
(He of the honored name, of world-wide fame),
Doest know in that bright realm, where time is not,
That mortal memories still mark thy years,
And mourn they were so few, so brief on earth?
Doest know that human hearts still love thee true,
And on this natal day enwrap thee in their love?
And pictured face with garlands fair, until
The air in earthly homes is fragrant now
With breath of flowers, that speak th' eternal love
In which thou'rt held, the flowerets of esteem
That bloom in faithful hearts to honor thee?

A score of years thou'st walked in Paradise!
Nay—not so, for earth receives thy spirit's trail.
Thy tender ministries, thy thoughts, are still
For needy souls who tread our paths,
Lifting their burdens, pouring oil of gladness
Into grievous wounds. The bliss of heaven
Calls after thee in vain; if thou canst bless
Evens as of old, all hearts who suffer here.
O messenger of Light! Evangel grand!
Receive the largess of our tears, as tribute
Of our gratitude! Thy meed of praise is more
Than mortal lips can frame, as is our love.
Our reverence for thy work, thy matchless name!

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

THE CHURCH MUST NOT RAISE ITSELF AGAINST TRUTH BUT AGAINST THE BARRIERS TO IT.—Rev. James Eells.

A few years ago our attention was called to a mid-week service held in the First Church, Boston, and one Thursday afternoon, when the many demands on time and energy made it almost impossible to meet any demand, we walked over to the beautiful building to be refreshed and strengthened by a quiet hour in new and peaceful surroundings.

All that wealth and culture could produce had been bestowed on this temple of worship, and one could not escape the impressiveness of beautiful externals. The aspirations and prayers of generations lingered in the deep recesses and, like a subtle odor, diffused themselves into an atmosphere of holiness that compelled silence and a bowed head.

A master hand was gliding over the keys of the organ and the music rose and fell like waves of light and shadow, bringing glimpses of meadow land and mountain peak, soft tints of the morning or strength of the noon-day sun.

A rich contralto voice poured itself out in supplication and over and over again the words, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," rang out as an invitation to the weary and the sad.

Then the music died away and the calm, Sabbath-like stillness seemed a sea of glass over which the silken garments of the ladies rustled like sails moved by soft breezes. The senses were alert, made keen to the faintest move or sound by that complete isolation from the world of stress and strain just outside the stone towers under which we sat.

It was that expectant moment when the spirit looks up for the blessing that waits to be poured out upon it by some gift of sign or language, some precept or prophecy.

A young man, in the simple dignity of manhood, began to speak. His manner was direct and earnest and his words were practical and sincere.

One awoke from the dream of sunny skies and indefinite longings after ease and luxury. The pulses began to stir and the heart beat faster.

The prayers and aspirations of the years had found an answer in the young man standing there. The yearned-for ideal had become real.

Religion was no longer a thing apart from the world of activities and work.

The church was as holy and sanctified on Thursday as on Sunday and its holy and helpful and beneficent influence should be shed on those in need, just as freely in the mid-week as on the days when the murmur of business was hushed in the market place.

The religion preached by the Rev. James Eells was the religion of truth and nothing that in any way impeded the flow and progress of truth could be tolerated.

The truth must be sought in all expressions of life, and with this purpose in view the strong young preacher invited from time to time representative people from other denominations and other walks of life to come into his pulpit and tell his people about the truths they had caught glimpses of in their journeyings.

The Episcopalian rector and the man who could speak for the "Consumer's League" were invited to tell the story of spiritual uprisings and the power of greed.

So broad and deep and significant was the work of Mr. Eells that the news of his resignation from this pastorate fell across our consciousness like heavy clouds on a summer day, and the loss to our city became at once personal and sincere.

A few days ago he came back to deliver the sermon commemorating the 275th anniversary of the First Church, and no message of greater import or more vigorous vitality could have been given than this, "The church must welcome truth as another force of the living God."

Ab, surely the church must not only seek but welcome truth,—and not only the church but the individual.

Our particular business is to watch carefully lest some gleam of truth that flashes across our sky finds as all unresponsive and unheeding.

No altar is set burning in the ages of the past should blind our eyes to the sunshine and stars as they gleam and glisten with the quivering life of the God who guides them.

How insignificant seems the battle waged through the dark and narrow years of the past in the endeavor to imprison the precious lamp of truth and confine its radiance within the temple doors! And how puny and weak appears the hand of priest or parson who strives to stay with stained glass and masonry the floods and floods of light that stream from truth's lanterns, ablaze on the hilltops everywhere!

The mist of the ages, the damp of the centuries, the smoke of incense, the over-trimmed vessel, the dead fuel, all weaken and devalue the light that should light the whole world.

Out in the great world, where men and women are living and loving, are working and striving, are growing and searching, the truth is flaring up in their lives and should be the beacon that shows us the way to right living and perfect unfolding into the plans of the eternal God. That is religion. That is truth.

No class of people and no individual can make real progress until the desire for truth is the ruling influence in the life.

An old fisherman, sitting in his little house half buried in the beach sands of Cape Cod, reads his weekly paper by a kerosene lamp that throws no light beyond his kitchen table. His poor old eyes are strained and his reading is slow and laborious. Into his darkened cottage city guest strolls one evening and with a sincere desire to save the fisherman's eyes and give him larger opportunity to understand what goes on in the world, he tells him of a reading lamp that is so superior to the one he is using that the poor old man immediately concludes that he is being deceived and grows unhappy and doubtful.

As a final argument in favor of his miserable apology for light, he asserts that "I've used that lamp for twenty-five years now and I guess it will do me all right for the rest of my days."

The growth and evolution and discoveries of mankind have no influence on the life of the fisherman and his life and energies are wasted because he will recognize no light except the one that shines on his kitchen table.

He can tell the city people just how far that boat is from the shore; what steamer it is that is sending dark clouds of smoke toward the blue sky; where the best fishing will be found and all the various bits of information about the shore where he spends his life.

Why not welcome the knowledge of his new acquaintance?

That is the question. When we can let another teach us and we welcome the truths as they are revealed to us, then the perplexities and incongruities of life will soon disappear, for in this interchange of knowledge we shall come to know and "welcome the truth as another force of the living God."

We Spiritualists know the truth of spirit communion and co-operation, and we yearn to pass the comfort of our knowledge to those whose lives are spent in mourning and sorrow over seeming separations, when the Death Angel visits the home.

They sit in the little cottage, half buried in the sands and strive to read the lessons of life by the imperfect light of an age when mediumship was not accepted. Their tired eyes are strained and the heads are weary, but they fear to believe our wonderful story of the light that we have seen shining out over dark waters and transforming the illegible writings of life into words of comfort and love and wisdom.

They have had the barriers of church and creed too many times raised against the truths of the living God, and it took not only the strength to accept a new and wonderful message, but the power to resist the stigma of following a will-o-the-wisp that would lead them into poisoned morasses and unhealthy lowlands. A few wise and honest men who fearlessly seek to know the truth always can do much to help spread the gospel of Spiritualism.

They may not know about the laws of spirit communion, but if they have left their people stimulated with a zeal to know truth and adjust themselves to a revelation of it, they have made the path easy for the investigator and the teacher.

This is our hope and in such leaders we place our confidence, for we know that when the day dawns for them that the truth shall be made manifest and there will be nothing but a sweet acceptance and devotion to its laws. M. M. S.

Going to the City.

Arlene Heath-Williams.

One day Louise found herself going to the city with Aunt Janet, and carrying Snippy, the pet squirrel that belonged to her and her brother Paul, who curled himself up peacefully in his cushioned cage, paying no attention to what was going on about him.

Louise almost envied him his powers of sleeping, for she seemed strangely out of place, having asked so many questions about what they were going to do that finally Aunt Janet, who had the corner seat, leaned back and dozed.

Aunt Janet was not very sympathetic to-day, and Louise, sitting upright there, her feet scarcely reaching to the floor, felt herself left out of the journey, until a pretty young lady came, and, turning over the seat in front of her, thus forming a compartment big enough to accommodate all three, invited her to sit by the window, and let the squirrel occupy the seat between them. For it must be tiresome, she thought, to sit there and hold the cage.

"Don't put yourself out," said Aunt Janet, rousing herself to see what was going on. But the young lady, who was used to traveling, said she did not want to be selfish and riding on the cars, she guessed, was something new to this little girl.

After that Louise felt as if she were in a dream. The train sped on and on. She tried to count the telegraph poles as they went by, but failed, and half the pretty sights were lost to her view; it was in such a hurry. Then there was the sound of the engine, keeping up a sort of an accompaniment to her own thoughts.

Every once in a while she turned away from the window and looked at the young lady, who always smiled in recognition.

Once, when turning suddenly, she saw two great tears starting to run down her cheeks, which she quickly brushed away, and Louise put out her hand, and then bashfully slipped it into one of hers.

"Is there anything the matter with your brother?" whispered she.

"Yes," replied the young lady, cuddling the warm little hand; "there is something the matter with my brother."

"So there is with mine," confided Louise.

"You mustn't annoy the lady with your prattle," said Aunt Janet, starting up suddenly and shaking her head vigorously at Louise.

"She isn't annoying me," the young lady answered, sweetly, putting her arm about Louise, and drawing her closer. She didn't want the little girl to say anything unpleasant, for it would only make her more conscious of her own sorrow; so she began talking to her and Louise forgot to look out of the window. Their conversation aroused Aunt Janet, who had been trying to keep her thoughts away from Louise's brother Paul. She sat upright now, and could scarcely keep from crying out in surprise when she heard the young lady tell Louise her name.

"I hope your brother isn't sick," Miss Pelham said, smiling.

"Oh, no!" replied Miss Pelham; "he's gone away; I don't know as he'll ever come back again."

"I'm Paul Wilson's aunt," she informed her, seeing the tears come into her eyes, "and that," pointing to Louise, "is his sister."

Miss Pelham did not take her arm away, as Aunt Janet expected, but told her little companion to lean against her closer. "You must be tired, dear," she said.

No unpleasant word was spoken, and when the station was reached Miss Pelham still held Louise's hand, and they all went out of the train together.

Miss Pelham's carriage was waiting for her, and she said Aunt Janet and Louise and the squirrel must get in and drive home with her, for they had no acquaintances in the city.

"I want to see Paul!" coaxed Louise, grasping Miss Pelham's hand tighter.

"So you shall," promised Miss Pelham, telling her to climb into the roomy carriage, the trio occupying the same position they had held in the railroad coach; "but you must not talk too long to your brother," she added.

Aunt Janet had recovered her calm self-possession by this time, and believing they were at the mercy of this young woman, was, like Louise, ready to consent to anything she asked.

"My poor boy!" she cried, in a burst of regret, as the carriage stopped.

"It's all in his hands," said Miss Pelham, with an attempt to soothe her, and leading her visitors into her house, she carried them at last to a little room close to her own, and they stood by Paul's bed.

He was too weak to show much emotion at the sight of his sister and aunt, and they were too greatly surprised at finding him here to encourage his doing so, and presently they went downstairs again.

"We'll all come back when the doctor has been," said Miss Pelham, "if he thinks best."

"He can't bear much," the doctor told her, but was willing she should do what she asked.

Miss Pelham set down like a little mother, the side of Paul's bed, holding in her hand a tiny box, and a letter, which she opened, and began reading.

"Dear Sister," the writer said, "here is the ring I took and accused Paul Wilson of stealing. I got money for it, but I made out to get it back again, for I couldn't stand your kindness to the boy, taking him into your house and telling the authorities you would be responsible for him until the time of his trial; it was a shame for a little chap like him to go anywhere else. Then when I saw the little fellow take out his sister's picture and kiss it and talk to it, saying she knew he never took the ring, nor anything else that didn't belong to him, I broke down completely."

"But I wanted money so bad that night! I'd spent so much I was ashamed to ask you for any more, so when nobody but Pratt's errand boy had been in the dining room where you'd left your handsome ring, putting the stealing of it into him was easy enough. For who would suspect me? He's worried himself sick, poor little soul, but he'll be all right now. You better keep him with you, for company, and let his aunt come and take the care of the house off you. Maybe the little sister might be just the girl for you to adopt; who knows? At any rate, I shan't come home until I am worthy to be called 'Your affectionate brother,'

Munson Pelham."

"Then," began Aunt Janet, "Paul didn't have to go."

"Sh!" said Miss Pelham, putting up her hand. "Paul has been here with me ever since he left the store." Meaning ever since the evening she went to a meeting of the Children's Aid Society, coming back to find her valuable ring missing.

Then she told Paul, who had raised himself up to look at the ring, showing great interest in the letter, how she happened to meet his sister and aunt on the train, Miss Pelham having gone down to Brerly shortly after the letter came, to tell them it was all a mistake about their having to come to the city to be present that day at a hearing, to see if Paul was the one who took her ring. But she had found the house closed, Aunt Janet having taken an early start, reaching the waiting-room an hour before train-time.

She told him, too, how she saw Louise sitting there in the seat, and she felt she must do something for her comfort, for she fancied she was about as big as his little sister.

"And there it was, all the time," cried Louise, starting up and running to Miss Pelham. "Wasn't it nice, Paul?" asked she, climbing up beside her brother. "Oh!" she exclaimed, without giving him a chance to answer, "Snippy! I must get him. He'll want to know, too."

"Your aunt has consented to stay with me until my brother comes back, Louise," said Miss Pelham, when she brought the squirrel in, "and Paul says he knows he shall get well."

"I shall treat you and your brother like my own little son and daughter, and we will all have only love and pity for my dear brother."

"And love and pity can do so much," remarked Aunt Janet.

Gone to Heaven.

M. E. King.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

I listen all day, I listen,
But I do not hear him at play;
The sound of his merry laughter
I miss through the dreary day.

And my eyes are dim with weeping
For the sound of his baby feet,
Soft pattering over the floor,
In effort my coming to greet.

Oh, little face by the fireside!
Oh, dear little hand on the door!
Is it true that your baby tones
Will be heard in our home no more?

Oh, aching heart of a mother
That can nowhere find ease or rest;
That yearns to hold to her bosom,
Warm, sweet, rosy lips to be pressed.

And to hear again through the house
The sound of your laughter in play;
Oh, the rooms are still and empty,
For my baby has gone away.

ANSWER.

A little child with ringlets fair,
Comes softly to thy side;
And to thy cloudy vision, faint
Would throw the portal wide.

For mist is thick around thee still,
Cannot be cast away;
The tiny hands not strong enough,
Your weeping to allay.

O, rosy, dimpled feet, long since
From these have passed away;
But the music of their pattering
Thou'lt hear at close of day.

Thy baby comes through the twilight dim,
With arms and kiss once more,
A shadowy form of brightness,
Back from the golden shore.

Though they may wound your feelings,
These three, you have only to forgive,—
The breeze that scatters your flowers, the cloud
That hides your moon, and the man who tries
To pick quarrels with you.—From the Japanese.

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 verbatim by a representative of the "Banner of Light" and are given in the presence of other members of the "Banner" staff. These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the "Banner of Light" as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth and will bear its own burdens wherever it is made known to the world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist us to 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.

In confidence and perfect assurance we lift our thought in aspiration after strength and goodness and peace. For all the things that have been brought into our lives to make it beautiful and sweet, for all the love that has been unceasingly poured into the weary and darksome days, for all the sunshine and attentions of loving friends, for all things that have made living broader and better, we feel nothing but gratefulness and joy, and because of these things we look forward with confidence and assurance that they shall always attend our paths. Sometimes, when life seems very weary and love seems dead and God so far away the light of the day is turned into darkness and then the stars appear. So we are not left without a knowledge that the over-ruling hand is a hand of love, of power, of wisdom and that with love and wisdom at the center of the universe nothing can go wrong, but all will be right and we shall grow into an understanding of that right. We are so glad for this special truth that is manifested to us, so happy in the knowledge of the continuance of life, so strong because we know that every step of the way leads us on to new strength and new and broader conditions. May these dear spirits who are eagerly seeking an opportunity to tell their loved ones the story of their new life, to whisper into their saddened hearts the joy and the hope that is born with their death, have no doubt and no fear to keep them from the clearest expression of their tenderest love and devotion. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Andrew Mason, Macon, Ga.

The first spirit that comes to me this afternoon is a gentleman about twenty-five or twenty-eight years old. He has very blue eyes and brown hair that is just a little wavy; he really is a very fine looking young man and he seems to have been well thought of and had a good deal to do in public life. He says that his name is Andrew Mason, and that he lived in Macon, Ga., and he says, "It was more of a shock to my friends when I passed away than it was to me. I had been in the habit of making the best of conditions, doing what I could to get ahead and had very little inclination to find fault with disagreeable tasks. When I came over here I brought that same spirit and it helped me to set about the new life with energy and composure, but my friends couldn't seem to adjust themselves to my loss and they have never felt that it was quite right for me to go. My mother's name is Lucinda and she grieves as much over me today as when I first left her side. I want to tell her and that is what I have come for today, that she need mourn no more over her lost boy or a broken career, for the very things that I was most interested in when I was with her are the things that interest me now and the things that I am in pursuit of. Of course that includes my music and I am so glad to say that there are a thousand opportunities for me to advance where I had one in my earth life. It is wonderful to see the people who have been masters of the art in their earth life still going forward and achieving and accomplishing so much. I know my mother will be glad of this, for she was proud and eager, for me to get to the top of my profession and when she comes to me she will find not only her son, but her son grown into some of the power that she desired him to have. I am able to see her and wish that she could understand when I come. I am going to try to make some manifestations in the home. I thank you exceedingly for this chance to come."

Fannie Harding, Leadville.

There is a spirit of a girl here who says her name is Fannie Harding. She is full of life and jollity and she says, "It seems to me that it is the greatest pleasure that I can have to be able to come here. I used to live in Leadville and I didn't stay there because people who had died knew anything about people who were living. I was so busy having a good time that I guess I never thought very much about anything only the places that I had to go and what I would wear. You will know by that that I wasn't a Christian and when I had to die lots of the people felt sorry that I couldn't have been converted before I went and to tell you the truth, the first few months that I was over here I worried a good deal about it myself. I expected every day that I would be sent for to go up before the judgment seat and answer for my sins and my frivolous ways; but one day a beautiful woman came and asked me what it was that was troubling me and I told her and she was kind to me and took me to a school where I learned very much about spirits. It was there that I found out that there was no difference in spirits whatever place they were in; it was an alarming prospect, for it was so different from anything I had known. But I am getting where I feel that whatever the truth is I want to know it. Whether it upsets me or not I want to know it. I wish I could tell my girl friends what I know. They would be happier if they knew the things I know and that is why I am making this effort to speak today because I thought perhaps in time I might be able to speak to some of them and make them understand how much happier they can be when they know the next truth than they are today. Thank you, you have helped me to go on with the work that I am interested in."

Grace Lee.

There is a woman who comes here now who says her name is Grace Lee. I think she is about twenty-five or six years old, she is very fair and very delicate looking and

she seems more anxious to give a test than she is to give a message. She looks in her hand a locket and chain and I think it was put away with her, that is that it was on her body when her body was buried. She says there was a good deal of question as to whether it should be put away with her or not and that they finally decided to leave it. Since then there has been more or less discussion as to whether they did right and she has come to get their minds at rest by telling them that it didn't make the slightest difference to her; it was a material thing and might just as well have been left with some one who would get some pleasure out of having it, as to put it away where no one would ever see it and that she has the spiritual duplicate of it. Now this woman I think lived near Boston because she seems familiar with all this part of the country and she wants Charlie to send some sort of a recognition to her for she hopes in that way to get a more complete and perfect communication to him.

Willie Leonard, Taunton, Mass.

Here is a spirit of a young boy about nineteen or twenty; he is very tall and thin and has big brown eyes and he has the sweetest expression on his face, just as innocent and childlike as if he were only ten years old. His name is Willie Leonard and he says, "I have been over here so long that it seems very much more like home than any place where I lived before. I used to live in Taunton, Mass., and I came over here after quite a long sickness and really had no desire to get back. I had tried so hard to get well that when I didn't I was discouraged and it was like coming into some good change when I came over here. My father and mother are both alive. They are not grieving over me particularly. Of course I know they think of me and are fond of me, but it isn't because they can't do without hearing from me that I come, but because I know that I can bring a good condition into their lives. I have been watching for a long time the affairs, the way things have been going about them and I felt sorry that there was not anybody who would take hold and lift and do what they ought to help them. My mother has worked so hard that she is all tired out and I would like to see her able to take a rest. Father gets more discouraged than she does; it doesn't seem as though he were able to get ahead a bit, but I feel that I can encourage them, not only with the hope of something better while they live, but with a knowledge that it isn't all that there is in life just to own a house and have some money in the bank. There is a better condition that is bound to come from the earnest study of truth and its application on their lives than if they were just able to count dollars and have things better than their neighbors. Uncle Ben says that if father would stop taking everybody's advice and just try to get an expression from me he wouldn't come out the little end of the horn as often as he does, and so our work is to try and get him into touch with some of us who can see farther than he can and who will tell him the truth. Thank you."

Sarah Wyman, Plattsburg, O.

Here is a spirit of a woman, I should think she was about forty-five, medium height, with blue eyes and brown hair and a very pleasant face. She seems strange to this thought of communicating and yet anxious to give a message. She says that her name is Sarah Wyman and that she lived in Plattsburg, Ohio. She smiles when I say that, and she says, "It really is a great privilege to stand here and give a message when you remember the numbers of people who are lying every hour and think how few the opportunities are for them to return. You will readily see that it is a privilege to come here. I am more eager to reach my sister, Ann, than to do anything else in the world. She always lived with me and she is ill and many times I feel her need of my spoken word; she is very despondent and at times feels as if she would like to end her life, but those feelings are only momentary and are occasioned by her ill health. Her husband, who passed away a long time before I did is here with me, and he is so eager to get to her and says, 'Tell her that James has never forgotten her for one moment and he is as eager to have her with him as she is to come.' But there is nothing to do but to wait patiently. My mother is here and she says it is such a strange thing to her that she won't attempt to send any particular message. If I could only speak to Ann personally, I think she could see how literal our influence is and not get lost in that fog of doubt and misunderstanding. That is about all I want to say and I thank you for the chance."

Caroline Welch, Jersey City.

Here is a spirit of a woman who says her name is Caroline Welch, and that she lived in Jersey City. She is very stout and has also smooth hair only just a trace gray and a round wholesome looking face. I think she passed into the spirit life very suddenly and unexpectedly, for she stands here with just the air of one who is bewildered; and she says, "That is true. I had no more idea that I was going to be taken into the next world than if such a thing as death had never been known among men. My mother and I were talking and the first thing I knew I was overcome and felt as if I were being stifled. That was the last I knew. I am told that I had a shock; I suppose that is true. I didn't suffer. I have felt many times since I came over here that I would give a good deal to talk to my friend, Mrs. Flake. She always tried to tell me something about spirits and I wouldn't have it. I thought it was a sad that she had accepted and that it would do nobody any good. My father came over to the spirit a long time before I did and he seems as contented as if he had known no other life; his name is Joshua, and he says, 'Tell my friends that I enjoy a good smoke just as much today as I ever did. I am still pretty much attached to my physical life and the things that appealed to me when I was in the physical life appeal to me now.' I have no desire to pick up the physical life again. I only want my friends to know that I did not suffer, that I am all right and I am glad to be able to see them and know how much they think of me."

In Xenophon the elder Cyrus says, in dying, "Do not imagine, my beloved sons, that when I go from you I shall be nowhere or shall cease to be. For, while I was with you, you did not see my soul; but you inferred its existence from the things which I did in this body. Believe, then, that I am the same being, even though you do not see me at all." The fame of illustrious men would not remain after their death if the souls of those men did nothing to perpetuate their memory. Indeed, I never could be persuaded that souls live while they are in mortal bodies and die when they depart from them, nor yet that the soul becomes void of wisdom on leaving a senseless body; but I have believed that, when freed from all corporeal existence, it begins to be pure and entire, it then is wise.—Cicero.

When we are positive that we are the instruments of a great work, and are being used by higher powers, we do not but feel the dignity of living.—The Initiator.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

Societary 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.

Appleton Hall.—The First Ladies' Aid Society held a very successful Union Meeting on Friday, the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albright, presiding. Miss Annie Shurtliff of Everett rendered a beautiful piano solo; Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse welcomed the guests; Mrs. James Sawyer sang sweetly; Mrs. Alex. Caird, just returned from her Western trip, gave readings, which were all recognized; Madam Blanchard, dressed in Indian costume, spoke; Mr. J. B. Hatch spoke on the finances of the society and described its charitable work; Mrs. Alice M. Whall of Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society, voiced messages that were all recognized; Mrs. Kate R. Stiles spoke briefly on the benefits of Union and the Universality of life and the power in a practicalized life, closing her remarks with a poem, "Don't Let the Song Go Out of Your Lives"; Mrs. S. C. Cunningham spoke briefly of our beautiful philosophy and gave messages; the president delivered loving greetings from Mrs. Sarah Byrnes and the assembly sent expressions of loving sympathy to her in her illness; Mr. Mahomet spoke briefly and gave delineations; Mrs. S. C. Chapman closed the meeting with remarks on the breadth of Spiritualism. Messages from Mrs. Carrie F. Loring and Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn explaining regret at their inability to be present were read. Mr. Irving P. Symonds and Mrs. Minnie M. Soule of the Banner of Light were unable to remain for the evening meeting, but expressed great pleasure in the social hour spent with us. A bountiful supper was served and all enjoyed it. Thanks were extended to all that assisted us in the union meeting. Meeting will be held next Friday. Supper served at 6:15 p. m. Don't forget our apron sale December 1st; be sure and come and buy your Christmas aprons here.—C. L. H.

Dwight Hall.—The L. S. I. S. met for its weekly meeting on Nov. 16; business meeting at 5:30. Supper at 6:30. The evening meeting commenced at 7:45 with an invocation by the president, Mrs. Belcher. Remarks and tests by the following mediums: Mrs. Annie Morgan, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Ratter, Mrs. McLane, Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Starkey, Mrs. Anna Banks Scott, closing with the benediction by Mrs. Belcher. Good attendance at both meetings. Next week business meeting 5:30; supper 6:30; usual monthly dance at 8. Thanksgiving night there will be a white party in the same hall. Good prizes. Admission 15 cents.—S. L. S., sec.

The American Psychical Research Society held its regular service Sunday evening, Nov. 19, at Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden. Meeting opened with song service, Mrs. Grace Reedes, accompanist, and Scripture reading. An invocation was given by Mrs. Redding's Indian control, followed by an interesting lecture by Mrs. Abbie Burnham. The president gave some remarkable communications and a successful meeting closed with singing and benediction. The regular mid-week meeting was held on Thursday evening at 202 Main St., Everett. There was a good attendance and satisfaction given by the president, Harvey Redding, and others.

The First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge held two services at 573 Mass. ave. Sunday, Nov. 19. In the afternoon a new feature was introduced, viz., semi-private readings of five minutes each by several mediums working simultaneously. At 7:30 p. m. the guides of the pastor, Mrs. Annie Banks Scott, read sealed ballots and did some most remarkable work, in all cases giving correct readings and in many instances telling the names that were written and answering fully the questions submitted. Mrs. Haidee Hall sang very pleasingly at both sessions. The new organ, under the skilled hands of Miss Fowler, adds materially to the success of the meetings. Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Morse and Thomas A. Scott assisted in the service.

First Spiritualist Church of Boston. Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, held three services Sunday. At the morning session remarks and communications were given by Dr. Willis, Mr. Newhall and Mrs. Morgan. In the afternoon the opening address on "God our Refuge" was replete with thought of comfort and help. Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Hughes gave messages and Prof. Carpenter spoke after which the classes were formed. The evening address was on the subject, "As Ye Sow." Mrs. Morgan again gave messages and Mr. Tuttle gave messages and inspirational verses. George Cutter brought pleasure to the audience with his music.

The Brighton Psychic Society of 14 Kenrick St., Brighton, was favored with Mrs. Letitia B. Sears-Hill as speaker and test medium Wednesday evening, Nov. 15. The parlor of this society was filled with people anxious to learn more of the truths of spirit return. Mrs. Hill and her spirit guides, "Red Jacket" and "May Flower," gave many very remarkable communications to the entire satisfaction of all present.

Sunday, Nov. 19, the First Spiritual Science Church of Boston, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor, at 11 o'clock held a very harmonious conference test session. Those taking part were the following well known speakers and mediums: Mr. Prevost, Dr. Greenwood, Mr. A. F. Hill, Mrs. Millen, Mr. Jackson, Dr. Blackden, Mr. Newhall, Miss Sears. In the afternoon Prof. Carpenter spoke and was followed by Mr. Brewer, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Millen. At the evening session—Clark Smith, Mrs. Kampe, Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Blanchard and Mrs. Lewis spoke. Solos were rendered by Mrs. Trask and recitations by Mrs. Starkey. Mrs. May Lewis assisted on the platform. Meetings are held every Thursday at three o'clock. The first Sunday in December will be the fourteenth anniversary of Mrs. Wilkinson's work.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall Nov. 15th. The business meeting in the afternoon. Supper was served to a goodly number at 6:30. After the social hour the children entertained a good audience, Mrs. Butler presiding. Mrs. Emerson opened with a piano solo, Miss Charlotte Weston, a solo; Caroline Nels, a recitation; Wilhelmina Hope, piano solo; Eva Cousins, song and dance; Ruth Shannon, a song; Clara Weston, a song; Winifred Gilbrin, a dance; Caroline Cousins, a song; Eva Cousins, recitations. Each number received hearty applause. The floor was cleared for dancing at about nine o'clock. It was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season.

The Malden Progressive Spiritual Society held its regular weekly meeting Thursday

evening, Nov. 16. The circle was in charge of Mrs. R. P. Morton and was delightful. Miss Maggie M. Vaughn, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Tracey, Mrs. Morton and others took part. This mid week circle is doing good each week. Every one is welcome, no matter what the religious belief may be. Sunday Lyceum at 2 p. m., Nov. 19, when all had a splendid time studying the lesson, which was "Angels." Every scholar and teacher had something to say on the topic. You are invited to join this Lyceum. The Sunday afternoon circle was well attended and some fine spirit messages were given through the following mediums: Mr. Oliver Thomas Newcomb, Mr. Tracey, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Carter, Miss Milton and others. At the evening service, Madam Bruce of Boston was greeted by members and visitors from Marblehead, Lynn, Boston and Cambridge. Madam Bruce is a test medium well known for the accuracy of her messages. Next Sunday Mr. James S. Scarlett of Cambridge will serve this society.

New England States.

The Mass. State Asso. held a most interesting mass meeting in conjunction with the New Bedford Society of Spiritualists at New Bedford, Thursday, Nov. 16, afternoon and evening. The afternoon session opened with an invocation by Mrs. Carrie Loring. Dr. Owen, president of the New Bedford society, then gave greeting to the M. S. A. and said it was a proud moment of his life. It reminded him of a time in England 25 years ago when he presided at a meeting which afterward developed into a grand organized working society. After again saying how pleased he was to welcome the M. S. A. he introduced Dr. Fuller, its president. Dr. Fuller responded saying the State was pleased to hold a joint meeting with the New Bedford society, as the State Association has an interest in all local societies and will always work for their interest. He then introduced Mrs. N. J. Willis, a pioneer worker. Mrs. Willis said she was gratified to have a State Association of Spiritualists. She asserted that Spiritualism is the one religion that can rescue men and women from degradation. It comes to educate all humanity, and should be lived.

To praise of the work, of the sweet by and bye is not enough. The work has come to lift ourselves up to the spirit friends. Mrs. Alice M. Whall was then introduced; she said she was pleased to be with the State Association and to bring her greetings to the New Bedford society. She gave loving messages, which were recognized. Miss Susie C. Clark said it really seemed like coming home and she was glad to bid good speed to those assembled. All are working for the same purpose in different quarters of the world. She spoke of the necessity of the phenomena.

"Perhaps," she said, "we are apt to take it into the clouds and make ourselves as practical as we should." She gave several precepts which, if followed, would make an ideal world. President Fuller then spoke of Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes and asked all present to send love and sympathy to her. Mr. Hatch was introduced and said he was specially glad to meet with one who last spring was lying at the point of death, and for whom the audience sat in silence, Mrs. Channing. He then attended to his financial work. A good collection was taken. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, treasurer of M. S. A., was the next speaker. She spoke of Mrs. Byrnes and was glad that loving sympathy had been sent. She said if all could abide by the beautiful precepts Miss Clark had given we would indeed have a beautiful world; if we could meet our difficulties and rise above them, we would grow. She then spoke of the sacredness of our religion. Mrs. Maude Litch followed with tests which were all recognized. Dr. Owens said he had received a letter from Mrs. Ann Hibbard, formerly of Fall River, now of San Jose, Cal. She sent greetings to the M. S. A. New Bedford and Fall River societies, and wished them all success. The greetings of the association were sent to her. Mr. Jas. Scarlett then spoke of the religious phenomena. Meeting closed with singing and benediction by Mrs. C. F. Loring. Evening meeting was called at 7:30 p. m. by Mr. Hatch, vice-president, presiding. Dr. Fuller being obliged to go home. Meeting opened with singing, after which Mr. Thomas Thompson was introduced. He spoke of woman suffrage and his belief in it. When he was a boy, and his father died, and his mother had to pay taxes, he felt she should have a voice as to how the money was used. Mrs. Channing, chairman of the Ladies' Helping Hand then spoke briefly. She rejoiced with all and thanked the State Association for all the kind love and sympathy extended to her. Mr. James Scarlett was the next speaker. He said the world had advanced in every way since the beautiful truth of Spiritualism had been revealed. Dr. and Mrs. Dounhill then sang a beautiful duet. Mrs. Whall voiced messages which were recognized. Mr. Thomas Cross, the next speaker, told many laughable stories, which put the audience in a most harmonious humor and paid a high tribute to woman who fight but do so bravely. Mrs. Woods and Mr. Guden then sang a duet, which was highly appreciated. Mrs. Maude Litch spoke briefly of the work of the State, and gave many messages which were all recognized. Dr. Owen thanked the State Association for the work of the day and invited all to attend the Sunday meetings. Mr. Hatch in behalf of the State Association thanked all who had in any way helped to make the meeting a success. The platform was decorated with beautiful flowers and everything was harmonious. It is most encouraging to see the State Association and the New Bedford Society, but to every lover of the Cause to have such active, earnest interest shown in the welfare of Spiritualism.

The Cathedral Class (or Conference), under the auspices of the First Spiritual Church of Boston, held its sessions during Sundays of November at the Aurora Grata Cathedral, corner of Bedford Ave. and Madison St., at 2:45 p. m. Sunday, Nov. 5, Rev. May S. Pepper spoke on "Psychic Experiences." Sunday, Nov. 12, J. Thornton Sibley, A. M., M. D., "Hypnotism as a Curative Agent in All Times." Sunday, Nov. 19, Dr. C. O. Sahler, "Life and Its Expression." Sunday, Nov. 26, Prof. Zamael will speak on "Practical Astrology." Comments are invited by those present, making the sessions instructive and interesting. Excellent music is furnished by Mr. Wm. Ahrens, organist; Miss Paula Levy, contralto soloist, and the Harris Brothers.

The Progressive Spiritualists Society of Augusta, Maine, had two large and interesting meetings in G. A. R. Hall, Sunday, Nov. 12, with Nellie M. Putney of Lowell, Mass., as speaker and test medium. Much interest is shown in these meetings by people who have never before attended Spiritualistic meetings and it gives a very encouraging outlook for the officers and members of the society.

Christ's First Spiritual Church of Hartford, Conn., Dr. Mary Haven, conductor, held its regular service Sunday evening, Nov. 12. Mr. C. E. Brainard gave a short address on the subject of "Truth." Mrs. J. J. Freeman of Boston gave messages. There was a good audience. Meetings are held every Sunday evening at 7:24 Main St.

The First Spiritual Society of Portland, Me., held two very successful meetings at Myrtle Hall, the first at 2:30 p. m. with Mr. Graham of Boston as speaker and test medium. He gave a short lecture on "Don't Worry." The evening meeting began at 7:30 p. m. with Mr. Graham presiding. He spoke on "Which Are You?" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. His tests were grand and all recognized, both afternoon and evening.

The First Spiritual Society of Fitchburg had large audiences at both services Sunday to greet Mrs. Ruth A. Swift of Haverhill. Her addresses were very interesting, holding the closest attention of all present, and were supplemented by many evidences from the spirit side of life. The Mediums' Circle and Song Service was helpful. The piano selections by Miss Howe were well rendered. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridgeport, the well known test medium, will address this society next Sunday.

The First Spiritual Society of Lowell, Mass., held two very interesting services on Sunday, with Miss Annie M. Foley of Haverhill as speaker. A large number of persons received messages, many strangers, and all acknowledged recognition. The Ladies' Aid held a bazaar on Nov. 15 and 16 from which a neat sum was realized to go for the Building Fund. A large bundle of Banners donated and placed on cake table helped to swell the grand total. Next Saturday the society will hold one of its famous bean suppers from 5 to 7:30 in Grafton Hall.

Norwich Spiritual Union, Albert P. Blinn, permanent speaker, held two services at the Academy Sunday, Nov. 12. In the morning Mr. Blinn took for his subject, "Saints," and in the evening, "Destiny and Re-birth." Both addresses were well delivered and very instructive. Sunday morning, Nov. 26, the subject will be "Man and His Poor Relations," and for the evening a special program has been arranged with a short address on "Thanksgiving," and recitation and songs by the children of the Lyceum. It is expected that the musical program will be very fine. The Lyceum session for Nov. 12 was most interesting and the question, "What proof have we that Christ ever lived?" was discussed, with good results. Readings were given by several of the pupils and Mrs. F. H. Spaulding, the conductor, talked interestingly.

The Field at Large.

The New York State Association has lately obtained Mrs. Elise Stumph and the N. S. A. has indorsed the certificate. Mrs. Stumph is at present working for the First Church of Spiritualists, of Rochester, N. Y. On Nov. 14 she had a large audience to greet her and her very evident desire to edify herself to the people brought good results. She is to give a test service Wednesday evening and the society holds a social and party on Thursday evening.

Baltimore, Md.—Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott Hiedose of Topeka, Kansas, have been with us since the first Sunday in October and it is indeed a pleasure to testify to their excellent work as speakers and mediums. Their engagement with us terminates Sunday, December 31. Societies who desire to engage fine clairvoyant speakers and gifted mediums would do well to address them at 428 W. Forest St., this city. Henry Scharffetter, sec. First Spiritual Church.

Washington, D. C.—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates are holding interesting and successful meetings in Washington for the First Association. During the morning address by Mrs. Kates, last Sunday, she alluded to the Russian massacre of Jews and scored the Christians of the world for seeming indifference. She urged a monster petition of the Spiritualists be sent to the Russian government expressing their indignation. Upon motion made by Mr. Kates the N. S. A. was requested to take some action to express the indignation of the Spiritualists of the United States for such massacres in the name of religion and sympathy for the suffering Jews; and if possible to extend some practical help in the hour of need. This is surely an occasion when the Spiritualists should show that they are true humanitarians. Let us each heroically labor for Religious Freedom.

Michigan.—The secular press, particularly in Muskegon, a very enterprising city about forty miles from Grand Rapids, is now paying considerable attention to psychic questions. W. J. Colville's recent lectures in Lyceum Hall, West Chicago, have attracted excellent audiences and most courteous treatment from representatives of the press.

The following from a local paper is only one out of many equally good notices which have recently appeared:

W. J. Colville again gave two interesting lectures at 251 W. Clay avenue yesterday, the first address being at 3 p. m., and the second at 8 o'clock in the evening.

In the afternoon the subject was "Ancient Symbolism." The speaker took occasion to refer to the spreading conviction among students of Oriental literature, that all sacred writings contain an interior meaning which constitutes their abiding value. But earlier than books were monuments, and it is to these that we can look for the earliest and most perfect expressions of universal ideas. In Egypt, the great pyramid may be fairly regarded as the greatest extent temple of universal science and religion, its interior architecture plainly revealing that it must have been intended for far higher purposes than storage of sepulture. All over Asia we find remains of splendor long since departed and America also reveals much of prehistoric antiquity to the careful student.

Symbolism is a universal language, adapted to all ages and nations. Among the many universal emotions of correspondence may be mentioned the members of the human body and the celestial orbs. Animal and vegetable forms indigenous to many lands but not common to the entire planet are regarded as correspondences of secondary rank. In the light of symbolism all Bibles can be helpfully and reasonably interpreted and union between nations can be more readily established.

The lecture at 8 o'clock on "Spiritual and Mental Healing" dealt with distinctions between various forms of treatment newly in vogue. The lecturer warmly advocated simple suggestions, but deprecated hypnotic practice when an element of coercion entered.

It was claimed that it is quite possible to remove pain by mesmeric and magnetic processes which are often better than medicine and surgery, and far safer, but to heal, signifies much more than to eliminate distress or to destroy unpleasant symptoms.

Healing means rendering one super-susceptible to a return of disease and this can only be accomplished educationally.

Complimentary reference was made by Mr. Colville to the teaching of Urania Gestefeld of Chicago, whose system known as "Science of Being" aims to help students to rise above liability to common infirmities. Suggestion is a means to an end and that end is self-mastery. One mind helps another. A stronger will strengthens a weaker, when right mutual relations are established.

A traveling salesman just back from Maine says, in the Boston Record, that he recently asked an old fisherman in a snow-bound hamlet what he did with himself evenings. "Oh," said the old man, easily, "sometimes I set and think, and then again I just set."—Christian Register.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 20, Copyrighted, 1904, by C. 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 Nos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Nov. 22-23	M	E	K	B	F	G						
24-25	M	E	K	B	F	G						
26-27	G	M	E	K	B	F						
28-29	G	M	E	K	B	F						
Dec. 1-2	F	G	M	E	K	B						
3-4	F	G	M	E	K	B						
5-6	B	F	G	M	E	K						
6-7	B	F	G	M	E	K						
7-8	K	B	F	G	M	E						
9-10	K	B	F	G	M	E						
11-12	E	K	B	F	G	M						
13-14	E	K	B	F	G	M						
15-16	M	E	K	B	F	G						
17-18	M	E	K	B	F	G						
19-20	M	E	K	B	F	G						
21-22	M	E	K	B	F	G						

The number especially ruling during this period will be No. 9, under which the influence of the Trusts will be strong, also people with Birth No. 9, 5, 1, 7 and 11.

This table covers the General Basic Guidance of our lives, as has been for over a year explained. The Special Key for the other matters, which so many have availed themselves of, cover the Basic Guidance in the most popular practical operations of general

life. From these, or, inside of these, like wheels within wheels, guidances may be found for even the most superficial things, by finer and finer calculations, and, if our ability were equal to the task, the laws set forth in the above table might be divided and subdivided, even down to the infinitesimal movement of a zephyr. How foolish would be the spending of the time and the money, in matters that would be gone so quickly. Even the above influences are quickly moving, and gone almost before being realized. It takes from two to three days for them to form, to express themselves and to depart, therefore one of the two or three days is stronger than the others, like going up hill, arriving at the top, and going down again. While these are the foundation upon which all other influences must rest, and without which no others can be, the others are in many ways interesting and most often sought by curiosity seekers. During the above period, one of these other influences will be of such a nature that people born most any year, about the 23d of January, March, May, July and September, will find their financial affairs easier in this period. This will make Birth Nos. 10, 2, 6, 12 and 4 strong. Therefore, Birth Nos. 3 and 8 will be the weakest during the above period. 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. Instructions in every kind of Occultism, given by correspondence.

Chats with the Professor—No. 29.

EXPLANATIONS RELATIVE TO A READING.

"I will now, doctor, give your other friend a more extended reading, and on more extended lines, and in a different manner than the other reading was made. Unlike the majority of astrologers, I make my calculations as I go along. I make no horoscope, no speculation; indulge in no mathematical problems such as are usually employed. I know nearly all of the systems, and might work by any of them. I also have two orderly systems of my own. In them I depart from nearly all of the formulas laid down in the old authors for working out conclusions. What need is there for regular order of procedure except for the amateur? For instance, suppose I go to New York to write up that city, would I have to commence at city hall, high bridge, central park, Wall Street or the battery?"

"Supposing I say that in a certain part of the city a gang of cut throats. Some one says I have lived in the city for forty years and I never heard of the place. Well, some people live in their bodies for a longer time and never know one tenth of its mental or physical powers or detriments. They might say what I found was untrue, because they had never been made aware of it before. By skipping around without the prescribed routine, we are apt to tumble on to things that regular procedures overlook, yet seldom lose the ordinary demands. The natal planets usually are the first thing that my attention is called to, because without them we have no basis to work with. If I ever indulge in horoscopic suppositions I either blend them with other findings, or leave them to the last, as they amount to but very little. Now I will take the given data, which is 'April 24, 1875, just before sunset.'

"Just before sunset would be when the upper limb of the sun is sinking out of sight, and yet, from 4 to 6 p. m. might be called just before. If it were the former, then a horoscope might be calculated to some effect, but if the latter, the data would be very unreliable for horoscopic purposes, as it would give 30 degrees at the midheaven to guess from, with greater variation at the cusp of most of the other houses. Divide the time and even then there might be 15 degrees at the midheaven from the true time.

"What nonsense to bother with trigonometry, logarithms, and tables of houses, with such data. No matter how fine the mathematical problems might be performed, the result would be nothing but guess work. The only aid the data gives is in the case of the moon. As she travels about 1 degree in 2 hours, then we know about where she was in the Zodiac if we do not know positively her position in the horoscope, and if the data is anywhere near correct, we have some idea of the quarters of the earth circle that all of the bodies were in, but that is not horoscope.

"The birthplace was New York, which is about 5 hours west of Greenwich. Therefore, regardless of exact minute of sunset, or of longitude, or of horoscope, we may conclude that the moon was about 21 degrees in Sagittarius, with the sun in 4 degrees of Taurus, Uranus 11 degrees Leo, Saturn 24 degrees Aquarius and Jupiter 26 degrees Libra. These are the most important significations in any life, and with the exception of the moon can all be found in the Table in Astrology in a Nutshell.

"Mercury and Venus are never far away from the sun. Mars, and even the moon, can be quite closely arrived at without any library of ephemerides. A little ordinary figuring may be used if their birth positions are needed, or, the ephemeris of birth, may be used without any casting of a horoscope. In this present case I will roughly call the time 6 p. m. in case I wish to draw any supposition from the guess at horoscope. Also in the ephemeris of birth I find, Mars, 1 degree in Capricorn; Venus, 25 degrees in Pisces, and Mercury, 18 degrees in Aries. If that was the correct time then about the 24th degree of Libra was rising, with 0 degrees of Leo on the midheaven. Cancer and Capricorn were intercepted in the north-eastern and the south-western quarters, yet these considerations and many others belonging to horoscopic rules are of no account, because a little difference in the data might alter them. To draw any facts from them would be like shooting a gun in the dark. It is the ephemeris of birth that depends upon everything. Sun in Taurus, denotes Determination as per tablet on the wheel. In same manner, with secondary power, Moon in Sagittarius is filled with Sagittarian-Pride. Determination and pride working together are apt to create some outward expression of positiveness and haste, in an extreme manner, if not otherwise modified.

Although working together in the life they do not always blend their powers in the expressions of life, because they are not in aspect, therefore express their special tendencies separately and at different times, alternating or following each other like night and day. In this case a little modifying might be a good thing, so we will hunt for it. I am writing and judging as I proceed in my work, thus expressing my own clear-sightedness as I perform my work. That is much easier than figuring through a lot of problems that would be but a waste of time with no better results.

"I have no idea of what I am to run up against, whether for good or evil, therefore I am sure not to be biased by favoritism or prejudice, as many astrologers are apt to be. I rattle my findings off just as if I were taking stock in a store, without knowing whether the summing up will be profit or loss.

"Now for modification I need some planet within orb of aspect to sun or moon. Well, Mars is within 3 degrees and Uranus within 7 degrees of some sort of aspect to sun. That shows that Determination will be both bold, energetic, enterprising and peculiar, erratic or changeable. The boldness of Mars was on the wane at birth, because the sun was in advance of Mars by 3 degrees, called a 'sinister' aspect. The Uranian force was on the increase, called 'dexter' aspect, because Sun would have to move 7 degrees to receive the aspect of changeability. These forces would come prominently into the life at 23 and 33 years of age respectively. Very little figuring to arrive at that fact.

"Now the Mars influence is true, and the Uranian square, therefore the life is changed at birth, with good from Mars and evil (so-called) from Uranus, just as a chowder, when made, has a fine warming influence, but a little too much salt in it. These birth ingredients can never be overcome, that is to say their virtues, as component parts of the chowder, cannot be altogether eradicated, yet at 27 the Mars influence will be square (or the chowder warmed over), and at 37 the Uranian force will be sextile (or something added to modify the excessive saltiness). Thus we perceive that man is fearfully and wonderfully made, just like a chowder, and much depends upon where and how he is made.

"Now Mars in the sign Capricorn, possesses the strenuousness of which Gladstone was and President Roosevelt is possessed. It is a quality of earnestness not altogether appreciated by those who are at the time of his activity entertaining different ideas; hence the ones having this influence in their lives are very apt to meet with many backbitings and unjust accusations, yet in the end they rise superior to them, to the consternation of the maligners, who, through fear of the strenuousness, take good care to keep themselves in the dark. Slander and discredit, at certain times in the life, are considered to be the influences of Mars in Capricorn. This sign by the ancients was called 'the southern gate of the sun.' The modifications of the sun signify modifications of the solar character as given by the sun.

"Now we find the modifications of the moon as follows: Mercury, within 3 degrees of a trine. Jupiter, 5 degrees of a sextile. Saturn, 3 degrees of a sextile. Venus within 2 degrees of a square. All of these are dexter aspects except that of Jupiter which is sinister. The moon Pride seems to be well supplied with modifications. These aspects to moon likewise create aspects of the planets to each other, but without moon they would be of no value except in transitory effects. They do not operate upon the moon at the same time with equal effect, but one after the other, as the moon strikes their lines. So one planetary effect may be weakening when another is growing stronger.

"Saturn and Jupiter are in trine with each other, because the moon is besieged at nearly the centre between them. Saturn's influence strikes first, and, as his force weakens, the force of Jupiter grows stronger. Venus throws in her influence between the two. So closely are they to each other that in a calculation of them for a day, Saturn would operate for two hours, Venus the next two hours and Jupiter the next two hours. In six hours' time it would first be serious, then gay, and then self-satisfied. In months it would be first month steady, second month pleasurable, third month purse-prod, or provided for. Venus and Jupiter not being in strong aspect with each other, would make the pleasure indifferent to means, and the means indifferent to the pleasure. Mercury is almost too far away to have any great effect on either, or they upon him, yet there would be a lingering influence of his effects upon the moon that would harmonize best with Saturn, just slightly with Venus, but discordantly with Jupiter.

"Now this combine would indicate that a little windfall of honor or means would make the subject indifferent to love or to other pleasure, or, when the love force should become temporarily the stronger in the life, it would be indifferent to worldly means in the support of it. Thus like chessmen on a chess board the planetary influences are playing a game with us of fast and loose, from time to time, or blocking the expectations created by one planet, by a crossing of forces from some other planet.

(To be continued.)

"My husband died last spring," remarked Mrs. Muldoon, plaintively. "All the doctors' medicines couldn't save him. They tried a post mortem examination, but they didn't do it soon enough to do him any good."—Christian Register.

The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts; therefore, watch well over them, and entertain none that are contrary to purity and truth, so that if your soul were laid open there would appear nothing but what would bear the light and call up no blush.—Exchange.