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The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"Do not care for doctrines, do not care for dogmas, or sects, or churches or temples; they count for little compared with the essence of existence in each man, which is spirituality, and the more that this is developed in a man the more powerful is he for good. Earn that first, acquire that and criticize no one for all doctrines and creeds have some good in them. Show by your lives that religion does not mean words, nor names, nor sects, but that it means spiritual realization. Only those can understand who have felt. Only those who have attained to spirituality can communicate it to others, can be great teachers of mankind. They alone are the power of light."

(The message of Sri Rama-krishna as presented by the Swami Vivekananda.)

Prof. Hiram Corson of Cornell University, one of the greatest scholars and savants, a literary critic who is of the exalted order of creative interpreters, the friend of Browning and the editor of an edition of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," to which he contributes an "Introduction" that is, all in all, probably the ablest critique ever written on Browning's poetry; Dr. Corson with his long and brilliant experience in life and literature, says, in a private letter, under date of November 25, 1905—with full permission granted to quote his words—"I have been a Spiritualist all my life and have never been an 'investigator.' It was never necessary for me to investigate the subject of communication with the spirit-world. I have generally found that 'investigators' have been people whose lines of thought have so moulded their physical brains as to result in cerebral defects which, in turn, result in inveterate incredulity as to all 'spiritual things.'"

Again, in the same letter, Dr. Corson quotes Thomas A. Kempis as saying, "He to whom the Eternal Word speaks is set free from many opinions," and thus comments on these words: "What a significant sentence!" says Dr. Corson. "Such an one doesn't have opinions about spiritual things—he knows—he has what Rabbi Ben Ezra, in Browning's poem, calls 'knowledge absolute.' By the 'Eternal Word' I understand the Divine Immanence. The 'Eternal Word' is ever ready to speak to every one, but every one is not ready to be spoken to, and to fit one to be spoken to by the Eternal Word is the highest aim of education."

These words of Dr. Corson's in a private letter received only a day or two since, seem to me too great, too convincing, too authoritative in their noble claim, not to be shared with the larger audience. Dr. Corson has the full courage of his convictions. He does not resort to the semi-confidential attitude of many prominent people who will assert: "I really believe in Spiritualism, but you must not quote me publicly as saying so." I do not call myself a Spiritualist, you know." Is it, then, more decorous to call one's self a materialist? Mr. Mallock, in his keen satire on agnosticism in his little book called "The New Paul and Virginia," remarked, "It was formerly supposed to be a proof of the lowest savagery not to believe in God, but it will soon be construed as the lowest barbarism to affirm any belief in the Deity." Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald, the late rector of Trinity Church in Boston—the lofty, noble, tender, wise and beautiful spiritual teacher—often spoke freely, and without any restrictions of privacy, of his own experiences in entering into communication with many in the unseen world, and at one time he remarked to me: "You do not go any further in your belief of the absolute oneness of the life here and the life beyond death than I do. I not only believe it; I know it; I have it."

Just why any person should deny his belief because someone else or even a majority of other people do not share it, is difficult to understand. If one is wrong in any belief, why then it is conceivable that he may retract and correct it; but so long as he feels his conviction to be true, why should he not say so? The chemist working in his laboratory surprises some secret of nature not heretofore revealed to science. His conclusions may be received with incredulity. But in case he is right, the world comes around to a recognition of it, in time,

and to him be the honor. The astronomer, sweeping the heavens with his telescope, discovers a new star; he does not keep silent, but announces it, and all other astronomers seek to verify (or disprove) his discovery, and the reality, if it be a reality, is established. Now the one most important question before the world today is that of the nature and destiny of the soul. The continuity of life predetermines all the significance of life. If the event of death were a definite break in living; if immortality simply meant the perpetuation of life under such absolute changes of environment and purposes as to practically obliterate all identity, then all the effort and aspiration of the present conditions of being are tremendously discounted. For even eighty years of the best-spent life hardly more than lay the foundation for a man's real achievement, unless it is true—as Robert Browning declares, that "No work begun shall ever pause for death," unless this is true, then is the life on earth very largely divested of its possibilities of significance.

Now may not the signal importance of the natural and universal recognition of communication between those in the physical and those in the ethereal worlds, be typically illustrated by the following analogy? Consider, for a moment, the period of childhood and early youth—up to twenty, say—in its relation to the entire life that includes maturity and advanced age—and consider this relation of twenty to the sixty years, or so, of life that commonly follow it—consider this as analogous to the relation of the entire life in the physical world to the life beyond in the ethereal world. Now let us suppose that up to the period of twenty the child and the youth had no real knowledge of the people who had passed the age of twenty; that he had no communication with them; that he never saw one of them, but that he had, simply, a belief, more or less vague, that, after the age of twenty he and his youthful contemporaries would still live—somewhere, some way—he had no idea where or how—if, for a moment we could conceive of the first youthful period of life passed under these conditions, do we see at how fatal a disadvantage is the youth, in any means of intelligent preparation to enter on his future development? As life goes, the distinctively young people have the perpetual and incomparable advantage of seeing and of mingling with all phases of development. They see and know the great men and women of the world whose lives are an influence and an inspiration; they meet and mingle naturally and incidentally and life—from the cradle to the grave—is seen and known in its continuity. There is no definite break in it at the age of twenty, or of thirty, or of fifty, or of seventy or eighty.

Now if all who are dwelling in the physical life could have the inestimable and the incalculable advantage of this easy, natural recognition and knowledge of life in the ethereal realm—of the conditions just beyond this—if we could all be familiar with this higher, more subtle life that is all about us, meeting and mingling with our own just as naturally as age and youth meet and mingle in this world, how entirely would it extend the mental horizon! What an illumination it would pour on all our pursuits, our efforts, our achievements in this part of life! How it would exalt and refine the entire quality of living!

Just why those like Dr. Hiram Corson, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and other of the greater and nobler persons who knew the truth of this absolute oneness of the life that now is and that which is to come—just why they should not be as true and as sincere in stating their convictions as are Dr. Corson and the others named, is difficult to understand. Let one be true to the faith he holds; let him keep faith with his highest and his noblest convictions. Instead of denying that he is "a Spiritualist," because, indeed, there is some prejudice (which is simply ignorance of the true significance of Spiritualism)—instead of denying his faith and apologizing for the fact that he cannot help believing there is "something in it," though he begs you will consider this admission as "wholly confidential"—instead of this ignoble attitude, let one insist that the term "Spiritualism" shall not be allowed to refer to anything base, fraudulent or inconsequential; that it shall be held to its true significance as defining convictions of the continuity of life as Jesus especially taught

it: as the entire Bible teaches it, and as all life, from the Christian era to the present hour: from the creation of the earth, indeed, to the present hour, has illustrated it by the panorama of human experience. Truth requires no apology. Shall not all Spiritualists unite in saying, "Shams and frauds and the low, the base, the inconsequential are not Spiritualism; any more than the Chadbands are representative of the ministry in its faithful service and noble integrity; or any more than counterfeiters and rogues are financiers; or than shysters are lawyers, or than political wirepullers are statesmen; Spiritualism has no more to do with frauds and trickery than has finance with the creation of counterfeit bank bills. When it is fraud and trickery it is simply—not Spiritualism! Let one hold the term as standing exclusively for the noble ideal of Spirituality—a term that includes all intellectual effort, all moral aspiration after the divineness of life. As a matter of actual fact, Spiritualism in its largest significance and highest interpretation is the philosophy that includes and focuses all ethical truth.

The Dewey, Washington, D. C.

Salvarona's "Education" Discussed.

Franklin Smith.

In an otherwise interesting essay, by Salvarona, in the Banner of Dec. 2, and in essays in previous numbers, the works of A. J. Davis, in common with those of Mrs. Eddy, are cited as being "spirit messages, dogmatic and claiming infallibility," which conveys an entirely false idea of Dr. Davis's works, and tends to prejudice the minds of readers who are not familiar with his works. In them he nowhere claims any such thing as infallibility for his utterances. In previous essays he speaks of Dr. D. as writing as a spiritual medium, which he entirely disclaims, and avers that he clairvoyantly, through his own seeing powers, gets the ideas put forth in his various works, covering an immense field in the most varied departments of human interests.

The implication is made in the series of essays in the Banner, that aside from the intelligence obtained through "spirit messages," that our education must rely upon what is acquired through our external senses from the works of various observers and thinkers who are accredited leaders in science and philosophy, such as Helmholtz, Huxley, Tyndall and Hunt, and other great German metaphysical authorities.

But Dr. Davis is a living demonstration of the erroneousness of this view. Without consulting the works of any of these authors, or any scientific and philosophic writers, he has unfolded a system of philosophy before which, in extent of scope and profundity, the past systems of these various thinkers pale into insignificance. It is a complete refutation of the prevailing idea that all education depends upon what is put into the mind through the external senses, or by the study of the works of various writers by means of the appliances furnished by our institutions of learning. These institutions have fostered the nation and instilled it into their patrons, that nobody can know anything that has not been acquired through the external senses, when it is a notorious fact that nearly all the great inventions and discoveries have been made by persons outside of our colleges and institutions of learning.

The case of Dr. Davis is an absolute demonstration that the acquisition of academic lore is not absolutely essential to intelligent knowledge. Although in our present stage of human development, his case may be called exceptional yet it proves the fact, and it also proves that all these external accessories through our senses are not the real causes of our mental evolution but only furnish the means and conditions for an acquisition of the knowledge that already exists in the mental atmosphere enveloping the world in its folds.

It is not intended by these remarks to disparage the common method of acquiring knowledge, but to refute the prevailing notion that our progressive intelligence is dependent solely upon our external senses, and that graduates of our colleges and academies are to be looked upon as possessing more intelligence than others. No external education ever made persons intelligent, if they had not already the prin-

ciples of that intelligence developed within them.

There are different grades of intelligence, but the kind that is given the greatest prominence in most of our institutions is that which is the most readily convertible into cash, as witness the schooling of our financiers and corporation lawyers who prey upon the public, and exploiters who learn how best to manipulate the gambling implements of commercial interests. The materialism taught in institutions of learning is appalling. The cruelties of vivisection excel anything existing in the lowest savagery and barbarism, and our lawmakers and legislators are indoctrinated in the idea that the material interests that benefit the few at the expense of the many are of the most paramount importance.

A New Revelation.

Milton Allen.

A LECTURE INTENDED TO BE GIVEN IN A CHURCH.

My subject today is, "A New Revelation." In making this announcement, a few introductory words will be in order. When the great Spiritual movement began its wonderful course, more than half a century ago, the world was startled as from a long night of uncertainty, doubt, and a growing skepticism, as to a future life. And the masses of the people were attracted to this new movement as no other subject had attracted them in 1800 years. I shall not dwell on how this great movement rapidly spread, first, over the greater part of the United States, then over Canada, then over England and other parts of Europe, and, very shortly, all the rest of the world. I shall not dwell on the varied and wonderful manifestations that were witnessed through the different classes of mediums of both sexes under conditions that challenged the attention of the most critical minds,—the learned, the scientist and the skeptic, until hosts of the foremost minds of the age, in Europe and America, became its firm believers and defenders. All this is a matter of history, as can be seen in the able works of Judge Edmonds, Gov. Tallmage, Prof. Robert Hare, of the Pennsylvania University, Prof. Mapes, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Alfred Russel Wallace, and others.

Very soon the question arose in the minds of the people, cui-bono? Or, of what use, or good is there in all this? How will it benefit the world?

These questions I propose to answer. First, then, let me say that there are three phases of this great Spiritual movement. 1st, The Physical, or Phenomenal Phase. 2d, The Instructive Phase, and 3d, The Constructive Phase. By careful study we will find this to be the course of all great religious movements of the world. The Mosaic Dispensation is evidence in point.

The world is quite familiar with the introductory phase, and the great work it has accomplished. We are now pretty well through with this, and are entering on the Instructive Phase. And here is where danger lies. Theories without end will be advanced; enough of them to confuse and discourage thousands of sincere inquirers, and to cause doubt after all whether there is anything certain that can be relied upon in this great movement. So that the utmost care is necessary to avoid the quicksands of misleading and useless speculation, and to anchor on the rock of eternal truth.

To learn of this truth—to show what it is, and how to obtain it, is the province of Revelation. Here only can the world learn and know of God's Divine Truth.

But, before we pass on to consider this proposition, it will be well to say something of the third, the constructive phase of Modern Spiritualism. In this we may confidently look for a final and perfect finishing of the whole structure. That there will be a perfecting of methods for improvement, in every department of human affairs, we cannot doubt. We have a significant hint of this in the wonderful strides in the sciences, arts, education, modes of travel and facilities for human intercourse, and more than all, in the intercourse with and revelations of spirits. So that it seems as though everything that has been hid for ages is now to be uncovered and made known in this wonderful age of knowledge and human progress. And that, in the light of today, we are enabled to confidently say, there are no unsolvable problems, either in the political, social or religious world. Old things are rapidly passing away, and a new order of things is taking their place.

A writer of Divine Truth has said, "And I saw a New Heaven and a New Earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." That is, there was no more commotion, turbulence, strife, in the new condition of things. "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men! (And the heavens are now open; and God's spirits are with us, and communing with men! What a wonderful fulfillment of what John the divine saw.) "And he will dwell with them, and

they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death (spiritual), neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away! And he that sat upon the throne said: Behold, I make all things new! And he said unto the write: For these words are true and faithful." That is, A New Order of Things, Temporal and Spiritual, are to take the place of the old order of things, that are to pass away! And that this is to come to pass in our world, is as true as anything in the future can be. For He that sat upon the throne said, "Write, for these words are true and faithful."

And now let us return to the consideration of A New Revelation. How few there are who appreciate the beauty and significance of the 21st chapter of Revelations from which I have quoted the above passages, and how fewer still are those who understand and appreciate their wonderful application to this present time, and immediate coming future! Why is this so? Only because "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." And because the great spiritual outpouring God has caused to take place in our age, in fulfillment of prophecy (see 2d chapter of Joel) has been, and is, wholly ignored by the church, and leaders of public opinion. For it is only by the study of the spiritual teachings of our age that the Bible can be understood.

In the present condition of the religious world, when the Bible, by the sharp criticism of its friends, as well as of its foes, has become almost an obsolete book with many, at least with the Old Testament portion of it; and when there are so many conflicting opinions as to what is, and what is not, revelation in the Bible,—and when there is almost a universal desire to know what is truth, and how it can be found, and where can it be looked for with a reasonable degree of certainty? Is it at all to be wondered at, that God, in His infinite knowledge of the condition and needs of man, should, in His wisdom, cause to be given a New Revelation to the world? We know that revelation was given at different times in former ages, as the people needed, and were prepared to receive. Then why not in this age when the need is so great? And when a large portion of the people are quite well prepared to receive one? Does God care less for the people today than formerly? But it may be said by some, We have the Bible and that is sufficient for us, and the world. I have just shown that it is not sufficient, and given reasons for it. But, who is to be the judge in this matter? you or God? Scores of commentaries are made to explain the Bible and all disagree. How then can it be said the Bible is sufficient?

This is an age of knowledge and of progress in all departments of human, and worldly interest. Why should it not also be one of progress and knowledge in the most important of all fields of human interest, the religious, and spiritual? There can be, and there is no reason but that of sectism, and man-made creedism, and a stolid indifference in the church to any progress in this direction. As though the whole world must stand still and wait, and God must wait, till a creedbound church is ready for more knowledge of God's inexhaustible store of truth to be given! Truth, that God is always willing to give when the people are ready and desirous to receive.

If, then, a new Revelation has been given all must admit that there is nothing more important than to know what it is like? What it teaches, and when and how it was given? And what evidence there is that it is genuine? These are all proper questions, and will be answered to the satisfaction of every candid mind. The title of this work is, "The History of the Origin of all Things." It was published in 1852-3 in six books in one volume. It was extensively advertised in the spiritual papers, and several editions were soon after exhausted.

The medium through whom this Revelation was given was L. M. Arnold, a well known and highly respected Quaker citizen of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He early became interested in the spiritual manifestations, through the Fox girls, and soon became developed as a medium, and after about a year's training, he was directed to be ready to write under the direction of his guide and teacher, who he had learned was Jesus of Nazareth. He did as directed, and soon began writing the first book of The History of the Origin of all Things. The work itself informs us, quite fully, how he was directed, and what his trials were.

(To be continued.)

My maid Norah went to consult a fortune teller and returned wailing dismally. "Did she predict great trouble?" I asked, sympathetically. "Och, me, me poor father!" sobbed Norah, rocking back and forth, wringing her hands. "Tell me," I said. "She told me that me father wurks hard shovellin' coal an' tindin' fires." "But that's no disgrace nor sorrow," I said, a trifle vexed at such affectation. "Och, me, me poor father!" sobbed Norah. "He's bin dead nois years!"—The Searchlight.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION.

Mary K. Price.

Moonlight and rippling rills;
The golden glint of sun-tipped hills;
The purple twilight, ships going out to sea;
And all the wondrous mystery
Of flower growth; and the shoot of grain;
The tulip's gold and crimson stain;
The sunrise miracle each day;
And all of Nature's Alchemy
Transmuting mire, mud and clay
Into beauty strength and harmony.

Starshine, spray and mist,
Green verdure and sun-kissed
Mountain peaks; tomorrow just as yesterday.

But tomorrow, we not here to see?
Will the wind's wild rush and thunder's peal,
Fall upon ears which heed not, nor feel?
Through all the rolling season's change,
From budding spring, to winter's range,
Shall we lie still and take no note
Of all that shall sail and skim and float?

Tomorrow and yesterday,
All merging into eternity.
We but dust, and lying mute,
While atoms to world's shall evolve?
Shall all the wondrous universe,
Fall and rise, and redisperse,
While man, the wisest of it all,
Is an atom of dust, or nothing at all?

Official Report of the Anti-Poverty Society of New York Centre.

November 20th, 1905. The meeting was promptly called to order by the president. Some friends of the society had bought a pretty little clock that had a silver chime. A friend had given a gavel for the president, so she gently rapped on the desk and said the minutes of the last meeting would be read by the secretary. No errors or omissions having been detected, they were declared approved.

The president wished to call the attention of friends to the mottoes on the walls as indicative of the zeal of young workers and as interpretive of what some thought would mark lines of cleavage in their way. She read: "The wealth of the world is for the world, not for a few." "Give the workman his true wages—and charity will not be wanted." "Let us keep the Golden Rule and bless all men." "Let war perish." "Stop the use of intoxicants." "Try to be healthy." "Educate your children." There are several others, she said, which have not been hung because some consider them too radical—but I have appointed a committee to look after these sentiments and we must depend upon their wisdom and discretion for what we shall see added from time to time.

A number of new names were proposed and accepted. To show the remarkable effect of the report of the first meeting, letters were received from several spiritual and free religious societies in Boston, asking for charters, with instructions how they might keep in touch with the mother organization and contribute to its funds, so that a campaign of education could be carried on all over the land. Referred to the committee on work.

A letter was received from Washington, D. C., requesting particular information in regard to the responsible parties behind this wonderful society. Had President Roosevelt given his approval of the undertaking? The secretary was requested to attend to all inquiries of this nature.

He arose and asked that he might have an assistant secretary to attend to this. He saw Miss Mary Brown in the audience and would like to propose her name for this office. She was a good reporter, obliging in spirit, and he was sure she would render invaluable service to the society. She could report the speeches in shorthand, typewrite them for him, and he would blue-pencil them down to proper dimensions for the press. This was carried.

Then James Walker arose and said he would like to propose that the Banner of Light be recognized as the official organ of this society. He believed in the Banner, he had read it for more than thirty years, he had known it before the great Boston fire, he had always admired it as a clean, progressive paper. He liked its form, he liked its printing, he liked its editors and its writers—and he hoped the society would do itself proud in supporting such a grand advocate for truth, progression and spiritual communion. This was carried by a rising vote and loud cheers.

Under the head of new business, there was a discussion as to the advisability of having some form of initiation of candidates for membership. Ten minutes were allowed for discussion of the question. Mr. Benson thought it would be a good thing to have some form and observe secrecy about it—as some people were fond of the mysterious—and would be more eager to join it.

Mr. Thompson said he did not believe in forms—they got tiresome after a while. They were like holly hung on the wall, it did well for a week, then it gathered dust and had to be thrown away. Let them be sensible and keep from all pretence and foolishness. The question was referred to the committee on work.

These matters having been settled, the president arose and said it had been determined on to have a free discussion every evening of some important topic, bearing on this question of No More Poverty. After the opening by some one appointed by the chair, it would be in order for the members to free their minds, speeches being limited to five minutes, unless a special vote for extension of time was passed.

The president said the hour had arrived for the question of the evening, Why is Poverty? She was pleased to be able to announce that J. M. Peebles, the well-known physician, reformer and traveler, was with them. He was called the Pilgrim, because he had gone over the face of the earth many times. He was a seer, he was a soul alive to the needs of men. He delighted to fight the good fight of a noble faith. He rejoiced to help others. She had heard the most pleasing reports of his helpfulness to those in need, and she was sure they would look into his saintly face with gladness. The doctor was received with a volley of ap-

plause, showing how true it is that the kind-hearted are welcome among men.

The doctor said: "I have been asked to speak on the question of Why is Poverty? I am glad to reply to this according to my light. I must say that I have seen much of it in the cities of the Orient, in Great Britain and in our own country. There are places that reek with the stench of it. It is so bad with dirt, crime, sickness, that men and women and children appear little better than the beasts.

"And these pests are suffered by Christian communities to endure, nay, pious frauds fatten on the rents wrung from these disease-haunted tenements. Why is this? Because the Christ of Galilee is a theological figment, and the real Jesus who went about doing good, who healed the sick, who fed the hungry and who bade his disciples to care for the naked and the prisoner and to do kind deeds to them as doing them to Him—this man of the ages is forgotten and that is why we have poverty in New York and Boston. Let the real Jesus live one year in the hearts of those professing His name and poverty would almost be unknown. It is the greed, the cruel selfishness of men that makes poverty. Read a little treatise called the General Epistle of James on this, and it shows riches are to blame if they permit want to be at their door. Read a parable spoken by the man of Nazareth called Dives and Lazarus. Dives is in torment because he had not relieved beggary at his door. His selfishness was his curse and his shame.

"We need the devils driven out of us and sent to the swine, where they belong. We need the white angels of love in our bosoms—and then poverty would be no more, the question would be settled and health and happiness would obtain the world round."

This was received with glad applause. The doctor knows how to speak and he strikes the nail on the head every time. No shilly-shallying with him, a spade is a spade and you know it. It must have been gratifying to him to see how warmly he was received and how welcome his words was.

The president said she had been intensely interested in the manner of the doctor's pointing out of the modern source of poverty. She could not but agree with him that selfishness was the tap-root of this overshadowing ill. The members were invited to speak.

Mr. Bennett said he was pleased the discussion laid the blame where it belonged. The Western world claimed to be followers of Jesus, the poor man who was worse off than the birds and the foxes, but see now how the church and churchmen scramble for money. They worship the golden calf just as much as ever Aaron did.

Mr. Thomas liked Burns' pride in honest poverty—but that was in the teeth of upstart wealth—and then it was poverty of poorly-paid toil, not the degradation of the slums. Workingmen are poor because they have only enough to live on and nothing to spare for a rainy day.

The discussion would have gone on and on, for several jumped up at a time to be recognized, but the president said they must defer many points for other times. It would have to be thrashed out in different ways—and she would like them to consider what real thanksgiving would do to eliminate poverty—the question would be opened by William J. Colville, a man known for his ready versatility, his wonderful insight and wisdom. The meeting closed at 9:30 in good will and peace.

William Brunton, Secretary.

Man the Spirit—His Aim in the Mortal—Right Knowing.

Body, spirit, soul.

Who can tell how comes the body?

Can spirit be separated from a physical body?

Can you prove there is no materiality to spirit?

Are you aware that it is erroneous to speak of a disembodied spirit?

The reality of the spirit-plane of life is true, because spirit is positive substance; and materiality of the earth-plane is negative or changeable.

The definition of soul is clear to the average thinker when stated not to be an entity. Soul is life, eternal force; indestructible power, the positive principle of the universe. Soul cannot become a thing or entity—but evolves form and force into expression. No person has a soul—because the person is soul. Thus no soul can ever be lost.

The foregoing from a recent issue of the Banner editorial page offers much, and interesting, food for reflection.

Body, spirit, soul! What sublime conception rests in those three little words! A world of meaning, of controversy, and withal, of truth enough to make a book?

How comes the body?

Who can penetrate the mysteries of causation?

Clairvoyance is, after all, but an effect. We see spirits through its vision, but not spirit—the stuff that souls are made of.

Can spirit be separated from a physical body?

Can spirit be separated from matter? We may discourse upon them as distinct entities, but there is no demarcation line. A spirit (individualized) may rise in vibratory force beyond the influences which matter has on it, but it is still connected with or to matter—therefore we cannot prove "there is no materiality to spirit."

And thus it is also "erroneous to speak of a disembodied spirit."

A spirit must be embodied to hold its individuality. The dropping of the physical body is simply casting off the outer shell of the real body.

Yes, spirit is positive substance—matter the negative. The positive rules; and man must attain a vibratory force of positive spirit to control the negative matter in his composition to be free—that is, free from the influence of matter, and consequently from his own negative, material or animal nature.

Matter being changeable permits of this possibility. If this were not so, there would be no spiritual progress for the human race. We would all remain as we were originally created—though some find it difficult to rise out of this original state. But as "soul is life," etc., and can never be lost in the absolute sense, the time comes to each as a want felt, and progression begins.

"No person has a soul" is a truism. To imagine such a thing is to degrade it. The soul does not wag the dog. If people could but imagine themselves spirits now, they would have a better opinion of themselves. Self-respect in the mortal is the foundation to goodness or standing. The regard of self as a spirit is synonymous.

True spiritual progress begins where man knows himself as a spirit. The real aim of life can never be known until this is the case.

Self-study assures us that we have sensation, volition, emotion—the negatives of intelligence, will-power and love. The latter is the acme of the whole—being the creative force or causal principle which brought us into existence.

Evil so-called is but our negative or material principles intensified—perverted or misapplied. They may be known as sensualism, selfishness and hate.

Goodness or spirituality is, therefore, to think right, do right and love right. This is in accord with spirit—therefore positive. The aim of mortal existence is to become positive to matter or to the material influences in our own composition—overcome them by the proper exercise of our intelligence; our will, when necessary; our love, when the others fail.

Love has made more people good than education or power. But love is the combination of intelligence and will power, therefore higher than either. But woe be to the spirit who misapplies the love principle.

As it elevates when rightly used, is degrades in spirit when wrongly used. Deception, hate, malice are its antitheses; and if there are no lost souls in spirit, such unfortunate will feel themselves very much lost at all events; for a break with the cause of life itself is a living death—love in the cause being God or nature as a living entity, life omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent or intelligence, will power and love in the macrocosm—in the grand whole.

The soul or spirit who attains a superior vibration of spirituality over materiality may not note any special demarcation line between spirit and matter, but he will be conscious of a difference in the rapport—whether it be in accord with the one or the other.

"Placed in the balance and found wanting" signifies the failure of a spirit to have reached that condition which makes him positive to matter or its influences. Happiness or the sense of peace within hints at the opposite and at transition will find himself free—free to think, to act, and to love as he has trained himself in the mortal.

"The ruling passion" be it for sense or self, for reason or love, for evil or good, goes with him, and by that he is judged. Not by a God, but by Nature's laws, which consign him to his true place—may he have been saint or sinner, rich or poor, high or low, in the mortal.

Who knows himself as a spirit needs no proof of this. Spiritual knowledge is the outcome of self-knowledge—the latter being to the soul what study or travel is to the body mortal.

Arthur F. Milton.

Psychic Experiences.

The London Mail is responsible for the following:

About three months after the death of her husband, Mrs. S. had the following experience: A little daughter about four years of age slept with her mother, and the two boys in little cribs close at hand. She awoke from a sound sleep and found herself looking at a hand which rested upon her little daughter's breast. She instantly recognized the hand as that of her late husband. Her eyes followed the hand to the arm, and then she saw the whole figure. She was much terrified, and as the hand was lifted the little girl became restless and murmured in her sleep, "Papa is away; he is in heaven," and smiled and fell into sound sleep again. Mrs. S. fell asleep, too, but was awakened by the elder boy saying: "Mamma, I saw papa." "When?" she asked. "Just now," he answered, "I woke up and saw papa come into the room and stand at the foot of the bed, and he said to me, 'Be good to your mother, John.' The bedroom door was shut and locked."

DREAM OR VISION?

A novelist dreamed that a well-known London stage manager, a close friend, came to him with his neck banded and an expression of extreme agony on his face. He pointed to his banded neck and tried to speak, but failed. Then the author woke up, and, strongly impressed by the vividness of his dream, related it in the morning to his brother, saying: "It gave me the impression that S. had been hanged." During the morning he went to his friend's house and was told that he had been in bed for two days. It appeared that while at a rehearsal he had strained his neck, and had been in great pain ever since. This was striking enough, but there was more to come, for afterward he said to S.'s wife: "You know I hurried round because I had a dream that S. had been hanged." "That's most extraordinary," was the reply, "because the doctor said he had very nearly dislocated his neck in exactly the same manner that occurs when people are hanged."

The Russian journal Rebus states: In a certain town in the province of Minsk, West Russia, a peasant suddenly disappeared. He was last seen alive leaving the church and going home to his sister, with whom he lived.

One day, in a dream, his sister saw her brother. He looked pale, his eyes were closed, and his legs were broken. He told her that he had been murdered by her husband and his brothers. He mentioned the exact date and place of the deed, and added that his body was put into a sack and thrown into the river. He wanted her to find his body and to have it buried in the family grave.

This dream was repeated several times, and at last the sister sought the advice of her aged father-in-law. He told her that it would be difficult to find the body and if the culprits were brought to justice her children would be left orphans; so, after consideration, the sister gave the matter up. But her brother's spirit would not rest, and appeared in a dream in the above man-

ner to a friend of his. Soon the news spread to the local authorities, who took the matter up. The river was searched and the body was found in the exact spot indicated.

This discovery had such an effect on the murderers that they at once confessed. They gave all details of the crime—how, after service, they took him to a mill, where they all dined, and on leaving for home they attacked their victim. Finding that the sack was too small they cut off his legs, tied a stone to his neck and threw him in the river. The above is certified to be perfectly accurate by the local authorities.

A close acquaintance with the Laplanders shows how these wonderful little people rely on the guidance of their spirit friends.

For instance, a wedding party finished up the festivities with a prayer meeting to petition for help in a forthcoming bear hunt, that, in case they lost the track of the bears through newly fallen snow, a spirit dog might lead their pack till the trail was found again.

"Does a spirit dog ever come?" I asked.

"Why, of course! always; otherwise why should we ask?"

"Do you ever see it?"

"Naturally we see it, or how should we know?"

"Who do you suppose sends it?" I asked, expecting the answer to be "God," but to my surprise my little friend (who was a man of fifty-five) said:

"The spirits of some of our people who have gone on before."

One man told me of an incident that had happened the previous spring.

The herd of deer belonging to the family (in whose tent I was a guest) had found a good grazing field, and were left to themselves. Shortly after midday there came a great snowstorm, but that was nothing uncommon and disturbed no one, for the deer were safe at hand.

In the darkness, toward morning, one of the Lapps was awakened by the spirit of a dead comrade, who told him to get up, awaken the rest of the people, and hurry to the rescue of the reindeer, for a strong frost had come and the buried deer would be sealed up and would die. The Lapp, however, told the spirit to leave him in peace, and went again to sleep. When, however, the daylight came, no trace of the herd could be found.

Then the man who had been awakened told of the spirit's warning, and they all set to work to unearth, or unsnow, the deer, which had been as the spirit had said, actually sealed up by a crust of ice which had been formed over its surface. The animals were found dead, and the tribe, from being a very prosperous one, was plunged into poverty.

The feeling of indignation against the little Laplander was very strong and he looked the picture of misery and despair when the story was related. His only excuse for not obeying the warning was, I thought, a very significant one:

"He, Thor' (the spirit) was always a liar when he had a body; how could I tell that he was speaking the truth? No one heeded what he said before! I could not know if it was not one of his old jokes."

Prof. W. F. Peck Writes of Southern Cassadaga.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The days are here when "the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock."

And delightful days they are, too. The year in our northern clime would not be complete without this crowning season of harvest, this ripening, mellowing period, when nature sums up her months of steady labor in teeming fields and overflowing granaries, when she celebrates her achievements by filling the air with wine and the blood with tingling electricity.

But, alas, there is a fly in the amber of our delight, a spot on the sun of our enjoyment. These white mornings, hazy noons and yellow evenings are ominous of greater changes to come. For months Old Sol has been stealing his way toward the southland so slowly and quietly that only the shortening days, lengthening nights and falling leaves gave any indication of his going. We know that he has gone on his annual visit to his Antipodean subjects and that already—taking advantage of his absence, Old Boreas is marshaling his forces up in the trackless wastes of the northland for a descent upon our territory, and ere long his icy breath will lock every stream and cover every town with snowy fetters.

Many months must pass before the Lord of Days will return to break our frosty chains and drive out the invader, and we must either resign ourselves to our icy bondage or follow the example of the sun and—go South. Thirty-six hours' travel behind the panting iron horse will carry us from January to June. Six months swept away in a day and a half.

On that narrow peninsula pointing like a guideboard southward, and swept by ocean born breezes from the Atlantic to the Gulf, lies the land of promise. A spot selected by the angels years ago on which to build a spiritual Mecca. A refuge both from the frosts of winter and the chill of dogmatic theology. The Southern Cassadaga campgrounds, situated on the shores of beautiful Lake Colby, and near the little village of Lake Helen, Florida, is that favored spot. To this peaceful haven Spiritualists and their friends wend their way in ever increasing numbers, winter after winter, and the camp grows and broadens in keeping with the influx, while the hand of hospitality welcomes all to the enjoyment of the comforts provided for body and soul. Here the balsamic odor of the pine fills the air with healing, while the perfume of flowers, the green and gold of orange groves and the songs of birds combine to gratify every physical sense.

The wants of the spiritual, mental and social nature are also fully provided for. In addition to the regular services, lectures, seances, etc., innocent amusements crowd upon each other in ceaseless procession. Dances, card parties, concerts, theatricals and excursions are of daily and nightly occurrence. A beautiful chain of lakes invite to boating and fishing, while the occasional appearance of a fifteen-foot alligator lends excitement to the occasion.

Many points of interest are within easy reach. Blue Springs, DeLeon's "Fountain of Youth," De Land, Stetson's Groves are all close at hand, while St. Augustine, quaint and curious; Daytona, the beautiful; New Smyrna, with its strange history and splendid beach; Cuba, Porto Rica and the Bahamas, may all be visited without much sacrifice of time or money.

Visitors at the camp can have the choice of any mode of living they prefer. Hotels, boarding houses, lodging houses, apartments for light housekeeping, cottages, furnished or unfurnished, are to be had on very reasonable terms, while those who choose to build can procure material much cheaper than at the North, and lease a beautiful lot for a mere nominal rental.

Living at the camp is as cheap or cheaper than at home, and as the railroad and steamers make reduced rates the expense of a winter passed at this lovely spot is very moderate indeed.

Those who prefer the land route can obtain necessary information as to rates from the nearest railroad office. Those who would go by water should write H. N. Budington, 93 Sherman street, Springfield, Mass.

W. F. Peck,
2509 Slattery St., St. Louis, Mo.
Nov. 25, 1905.

Important If True.

VICTIM'S FACE SEEN IN EYE OF ASSASSIN.

A remarkable discovery is announced to have been made by the celebrated oculist, Professor Martini, of the University of Rome, which is an astonishing variant of the popular idea that the image of the murderer could be seen in the eye of the victim.

A young man named Casale was accused of having assaulted a lawyer named Bianchi at Perouse. The alleged murderer, a member of a good family, denied all knowledge of the crime. Professor Martini proceeded instantly to the President of the Perouse Tribunal and asked permission to examine the eyes of the accused murderer. His request being granted, the professor went to the prison and asked Casale to allow him to look at his eyes.

Directly he placed his ophthalmoscope in position to examine the left eye of Casale, the professor saw on the retina the profile of a man's face with a white beard. In the right eye he could distinguish nothing. He examined the face for a long time and finally photographed it. He then said to Casale:

"Confess that you killed Signor Bianchi. The face of the murdered man is visible on the retina of your left eye and I will show you a photograph of it."

Casale confessed immediately.

"Now," added the professor, "tell me, do you see here the phantom of Signor Bianchi?"

"Yes," replied the accused, "I see it always."

"With which eye do you see it?"

"With my left eye."

"In what position do you see the phantom?"

"Always in profile."

The face of Signor Bianchi, according to Professor Martini, continued to be visible in the retina of the eye.

The Medical Trust or Conspiracy.

Mr. Editor: This monopolistic organization is proud of its society. The American Medical Association was originated and has been controlled from the beginning by a small coterie of men who have managed and are still managing the association to their own personal benefit.

Legislatures at present pass public health laws upon the theory that the public needs them for protection, and that the doctors of medicine who advocate them represent the people. But this theory has no foundation in fact. The doctors of medicine who advocate them do not represent the people, but represent themselves. A public health law does not protect the people, but protects those who occupy the offices created by such laws. What the people need is education upon health topics, not laws. Reflection will show that the doctors who lobby for health laws do not represent the people.

The small Board of Examiners can supersede all the medical colleges and ignore all the diplomas with a few catch questions, and charge the applicant a fee of from ten to twenty-five dollars for this usurped and high authority. All the student's knowledge of medicine, with his sheepskin, represents so much skin and ink, and yet the medical laws are enacted ostensibly for the people. Who believes this?

If the medical colleges cannot ascertain during four years whether one is fit or unfit, how in the name of common sense can this ignorant board tell in two or three days? The A. M. Association represents only ten per cent. of the medical profession; then why should this ten per cent. dictate for the entire medical profession, and for the whole people, or all the people in the United States? These vicious, selfish laws should be repealed, as they are unconstitutional. The independent physicians should unite with the people, and have these pernicious laws repealed; if they do not, it is goodby liberty forever.—J. T. Robinson, M. D., Klondike, Texas.

Truth Seeker.

Too long a sojourn in the valley of penitence is never profitable. We have not wholly failed this past week. We may be humbly thankful that we were as good as we were. When a French patriot was asked what he did during the Reign of Terror, he replied simply, "I lived." Merely to live in the rushing, battling, modern world, to do our work and be kind to hold on to purity and honor, to stretch out now and then the hand of helpfulness is something for which to be profoundly grateful. The badness in us has not yet vanquished the goodness, and they who fight for us are more than they who contend against us.—Listener, Boston Transcript.

"It is by their fruits that organizations, as well as men, are to be known."

Fate.

"One ship drives east and another west,
With the self-same winds that blow,
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales
Which tell us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of
fate,
As we voyage along through life,
'Tis the set of a Soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife."

Gleaning from the Bostrum.

Farewell Lectures Given by W. J. Colville.

Close of the Most Interesting Series of Lectures on Theosophy and Spiritualism Ever Heard in the City—A Learned Discussion of Two of the Most Important Questions of Mystic Science.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Two very attentive audiences listened to W. J. Colville's lectures yesterday afternoon and evening at 251 Clay Ave. The subject in the afternoon was "Ministering Spirits," and Mr. Colville handled the subject in a conclusive manner.

When we speak of "ministering spirits and teachers," we are using language entirely above criticism. We may object, and we have a right to object, to the word "control," for no human being should be dominated or coerced by any other; but, however much objection may be taken to the word "control," and to all kindred terms, no objection can be maintained, if it ever be offered when the words "guides, directors, teachers and ministers" shall be employed. "They are all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to heirs of salvation." These are the great words which have sounded down the ages and which today are a challenge to humanity seeking for further spiritual enlightenment.

When it is understood that spiritual light, that spiritual life, that spiritual illumination belongs to all humanity alike, that it is the property of no special age or of no particular people, we must consider inspiration and illumination as vastly different from the possession and exercise of certain limited spiritual gifts.

Many people are greatly enlightened during their sleep, yet they know not whence their enlightenment comes. They arise in the morning with knowledge they did not possess at bedtime the night before—they awake re-enforced and reinvigorated with renewed ability to cope with the difficulties which may beset them during the coming day, but know not how they know, nor whence they receive this spiritual reinforcement.

The idea of one God stands forth unique, sublime, unparalleled; that God is one who has no second, that Deity is absolute, is the contention of all enlightened philosophers and ever has been, not only from the days of Plato who said "God geometrizes"; not only from the days of the author of the nineteenth Psalm who says, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork"; not only from the days of the Egyptians who had realized their god-concept long before the time of the Israelitish exodus, but from the very remotest days of history or tradition every mention of the root idea is of one supreme being, one infinite eternal intelligence.

All the way from a city hotel to the very heavens bending over the earth our guides and teachers may be found. You ask who are our guides, who are our teachers, who are the ministering angels that come to-day as they came in days of old? Men and women in human form manifesting with human attributes.

The guardian angel truly says, "If you follow this road blessing will attend you; joy and success will crown your endeavor." The guardian angel warns you from the path beset with snares and pitfalls, but always adds, "My child, you must do as you please; you must give the deciding vote; it is for you to say whether you will follow as I direct or not." If the guardian angel did not thus warn and guide, direct and exhort, but attempted to coerce, he would be no longer a teacher and minister, but simply a mesmerist, a hypnotist controlling his subject by the exercise of greater mental ability.

DESTINY AND FATE.

In the evening lecture on "Fulfillment of Destiny and Mastery of Fate," Mr. Colville distinguished between destiny and fate as between what we are capable of accomplishing and what our attitude toward surroundings brings about in conditions which sometimes seem inevitable although in reality they are conquerable.

We all desire five great essentials, health, happiness, success, industry, usefulness. No matter what may be our special qualifications, we can all attain to these five great blessings and for them we all industriously seek. In accomplishing the mystery of fate, we have to acknowledge the unchangeableness of law, but though universal order is irresistible, one must always remember that he can change the nature of the seed he mentally sows and thereby change, in consequence, the material harvest we must reap.

Fate does not attach to particular individuals as such, so much as to the kind of thought one entertains. If we live in the glad assurance that all events work together for universal good, we both radiate and attract prosperity, but if we go through the world filled with gloom and fear, we both give forth and summon to us all that makes for disease and failure.

We all know that genius may be inborn, but genius can also be cultivated to wider expression or be so repressed that it seems to fade away. When Longfellow tells us that we can all make our lives sublime by utilizing the example of heroes for the ennobling of our own careers, he strikes the same keynote which all ancient seers and sages struck.

There is nothing essentially new in any modern theory when we compare the highest utterances of ancient teachers with the wisest instructors of today, but the present

widespread dissemination of important aspects of truth long considered to be the exclusive property of occult fraternities and special scholars, is the most encouraging sign of these highly eventful times.

All the records of antiquity and all the salutary counsels of modern authors unite in emphasizing the great doctrine of self control on the mental plane as the key to victory in all directions. Our lives, for success or failure, are influenced far more by what we secretly feel and quietly meditate upon than by any acts we openly perform or words we loudly speak.

The involved destiny of every human being is made manifest in natural tendency, in essential will, but to overcome a seemingly adverse fate requires more than to simply follow the bent of normal inclination. We must positively refuse to allow circumstances to enslave us, and when we have learned to substitute "in" for "under," we shall find environments beginning to blend to the sovereignty of our unfolding will. Quiet, persistently, not frantic effort, is the great necessity for ultimate success.

What is called "Yoga" practice in India is nothing other than determined, unremitting concentration of desire and thought upon a selected goal. We need not adopt the methods or the language of Asia, but if we are to attain to something approaching adepthood and become masters over the limitations which now hamper us, we must tread in the same great mystic path which has always been a "straight and narrow" way, though it is indeed a road of joy and peace.—Muskegon Morning News.

Indicated Farmers.

A matter of fact mind like Mrs. Salter's is a comfort to the person who has it, and a never-ending delight to the person's friends. "I suppose you went to bed with the chickens while you were away," said a neighbor, after Mrs. S. returned from her visit to a farm. "No, indeed!" said Mrs. S., indignantly. "They were very neat, quiet people, though they have never had city advantages. We had rooms in the front of the house on the second floor, and the chickens slept somewhere at the back of the house. We never saw them after sunset, and we were there nearly three weeks. I am sure farming people are often more particular than we have been led to suppose."

We Are Creating Our Future.

Lilian Whiting said in a late issue of the Banner: "What a conviction is this that we are creating our future!"

This statement should be pressed home unto all people. It is a truth. Our future is what we will make it. No longer shall it be considered that we shall be able to place all of our sins upon Jesus, and we escape consequence. The law is absolute that "as ye sow so shall ye reap."

We can become whatever we desire; but we must apply ourselves to achieve it. What grand joy there is in earning all we get! How greatly we then appreciate Heaven would not be heaven unless we earned it! They who get the things of this world, such as wealth, love and honor, without earning them, do not appreciate, but as a rule do abuse the gifts and use them for personal defilement. The era of responsibility has dawned! No matter what our heritage may be, we must work out our physical, mental and spiritual powers unto utility. No one can now do other than encourage and assist. But as we do for others, we are doing for ourself. Good begets good. All nature shows that forms and forces evolve—nothing being created perfect. From the lower comes the higher. Then despair not because of your imperfections; for they are the incentives to your application. Idle not. Seek not contentment. Happiness is the state of being useless. Discontent ushers in progress and develops genius.

Lay aside all notions that you cannot accomplish all you desire. Infinite possibilities are incarnate within you. The world is yours! Immortality is yours! Use every moment to the best advantage and your future is assured. Remember that you must live! And in living all things come in reward of your devoted energies and consecrated lives.

G. W. K.

A Great New Book.

W. J. Colville.

Responding to urgent demand from many parts of the world where I have lectured and where my writings have circulated extensively, I am now engaged in the arduous work of preparing, for immediate publication in America previous to my departure for Australia and New Zealand, a condensed but very wide embracing record of the well authenticated spiritual experience of many sections of the human race. The libraries today contain a large number of extremely valuable works dealing with every imaginable phase of Spiritualism and Occultism, but I have searched in vain for a single portable volume, issued at a popular price, which gives a brief and lucid statement of the claims made in all ages and in all countries on behalf of the mighty truth of communion between inhabitants of earth and dwellers disrobed of flesh in the one vast spiritual universe. The enormous and ever increasing interest in "Psychic" problems and the eager, constant demand for historic information coupled with a rational setting forth of intelligible spiritual philosophy, has led me to appear once again before the public with the prospectus of a forthcoming book, the title of which will be "Universal Spiritualism: Spirit Communion in All Ages Among All People."

The work will have two distinctive features: First, a resume of the spiritual faith and practice of Egypt, India, Persia, Greece, Rome, China, Japan and other ancient nations, not excepting Europe during Christian centuries. Second, a summary of recent experiences in America, Great Britain, Australia, France, Germany, Italy and other modern lands, all tending to show the persistent continuity of spiritual revelation. Clairvoyance, telepathy and psychic phenomena in general will be dealt with in separate chapters at the close of the volume, which will extend to about 400 pages, making it a highly useful textbook for all who are interested in the great question of human immortality. When published the book will be procurable through the ordinary channels at \$1 per copy, substantially bound, printed on good paper, in large bold type, but in order to raise the necessary capital to produce so large and expensive work without delay I agree to furnish two copies immediately the book is published, to every subscriber who sends me \$1 by or before December 31, 1905. Knowing that I have the confidence of the reading public across the Atlantic, as well as all over the United States and Canada, I confidently expect that societies, reading clubs and other organizations, together with many private individuals, will avail themselves of this truly liberal offer, which is actually to supply them at the bare cost of producing the book and paying postage. My profits must be derived from future editions.

Remittances from England should be for four shillings and sixpence, which amount covers all expenses to subscribers. Address W. J. Colville, 125 W. 56th street, New York city, U. S. A.

Cure Your Own Kidney

and Bladder Diseases at Home at a Small Cost—One Who Did It Gladly Tells You How.

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

Knowing, as he so well does, the failure of almost every other treatment in stubborn cases, he feels that he ought to place in the hands of every suffering man and woman this simple, inexpensive and withal positive means of restoring themselves to health.

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

They Will Learn to Like Them.

Among the most interested spectators of the laying of the corner stone of the new Teachers' College of Columbia University the other day were the Italian laborers who have been working on the foundations of the building. They evidently considered it some kind of a religious ceremony, and when the professors and fellows of the university, in their caps and gowns, marched across 116th street in solemn state the workmen were duly impressed, and doffed their hats respectfully.

"But see," said one of them in the hearing of a bystander, who understands a little Italian, "there is no Holy Cross in the procession!"

"Nevertheless, it is of the church, for there is the bishop," replied his companion, pointing to President Butler's robe of royal purple.

Just then a dozen young women students in cap and gown joined the procession, and the doubting Italian found confirmation for his fears in their presence.

"Now I know it is not of the church," he said, "for not even in this ungodly land do they have so many women priests!" he exclaimed in a manner that seemed to settle his comrade's contentions, for they dropped the subject and went back to work.

MR. WILKINS.

Mr. Wilkins had a dollar, so he said he guessed he'd pay.

A little sum he'd borrowed from a gentleman named Gray.

Then Gray he took that dollar, and he said, "It seems to me

I'd better pay that little debt I owe to McAfee."

Then McAfee the dollar paid upon a bill to Smart;

By Smart 'twas paid to Thompson, and by Thompson paid to Hart.

And so that coin kept rolling, as a very busy "plunk."

Until it paid indebtedness amounting in the chunk

To more than forty dollars, and it may be rolling yet.

And all because this Wilkins thought he'd better pay a debt.

For when a dollar's started

On its debt-destroying way,

There hardly is a limit

To the sums that it will pay.

Mr. Wilkins knew a kindness that he might have done for Gray.

But he wasn't feeling kindly, so he thought it wouldn't "pay."

Then Gray, not feeling grateful, said, "It really seems to me

I've done sufficient favors for that blasted McAfee."

Then McAfee felt ugly, and he took a whack at Smart.

Who passed it on to Thompson, who passed it on to Hart.

And so no act of kindness was done through all that day.

But many an act that rankled in a most unpleasant way.

And many a soul was longing for the help to fit its need;

And all because Wilkins didn't do a kindly deed.

For a dollar of kindness,

Rule is still the same, I say;

If you wish to see it rolling,

Better start it on its way.

San Francisco Call.

"Unconscious Cerebration?"

A pretty good story was told at the undertakers' convention about a minister. He had been officiating at so many funerals that he knew the service by heart and one day a wedding was held at the church. After the ceremony he horrified the audience by announcing: "Now, all those who wish to view the body will pass up the middle aisle and down the side."

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Buncoed.

Opie Read, whose new book, "Old Lim Jacklin," has just been brought out, is fond of a joke. He lives in Chicago, and resembles the Chicago preacher, Dr. Driver. One day, while Read was waiting to take an Illinois Central train in Chicago, a stranger came up to him and said:

"Well, Doctor, what are you going to preach about tomorrow?"

Read sized up the situation and said: "I am going to preach about horse racing." The man exclaimed, "I will be sure to be there." The following Sunday night, Dr. Driver was at Read's house. He said to the author: "Look here, Opie, I had something funny happen to me this morning. After my sermon a man came up to me and said: 'Why, Doctor, I was very much disappointed in your sermon. I thought you were going to talk about horse racing.'"

A Notre Dame Lady.

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The Puritan and Ourselves.

We are not among those who find pleasure in deriding the narrow lines by which the early comers to these shores made their measurements. We look with gratitude into the larger day opened to us and would contest with all vigor an attempt to return to those days of "blue laws" and severe restrictions, but those were days of severity in the hardships and dangers that marked every step they took in the attempt to found a righteous government, serious in its intent, reverent in its purpose.

At least there was sincerity in practice and earnestness in effort.

If we have a larger hope and a brighter faith let us make the same zealous endeavor to live up to our ideals as did that band of "zealots"—if you please—who, in the attempt to recognize a surer power than their greatest strength, narrowed the measure of the Spirit and restricted the gracious beneficence of the hand that leads all of the children of men.

If, in place of the fear of an angry God, we find our greater incentive in the supreme love that pauseth not until every least one has learned to show the divinity within him by the humanity that comes out from him, we believe we can do better than mock at their severities.

There is a place for fear, we believe, in our later philosophy.

If they feared to offend their God by breaking what they understood as his commands, we, no less, may fear to withstand our higher ideals.

We hold the world as a family and every son of man a brother; let us fear to fall below this measure in our dealings with men.

If we are sure about the futility of another's attempt to impute his righteousness to us, let us fear lest we fail to express rightness for ourselves.

If we are clear that character is the only way of salvation, let us risk nothing on weaker foundations than justice, love and the permanent values of goodness, lest, forsaking their measure of character, we find ourselves with a less stable one.

The foundation is laid, let us look with care how we build thereon.

There are humiliations we can impose upon our fellows more severe than their pillorys and stocks.

There are pains we can inflict as telling as the flames with which they pursued their victims.

Let us have a care lest condemning them we ourselves be found guilty.

We will have gained little if we change the form of our bigotry instead of supplanting it with a larger love.

Arguments in favor of football, prize-fighting, dueling and war, all seem to be based upon low human instincts and are intimately related to the qualities of the aboriginal tribes.

Religious Education.

A Lutheran preacher of New York city offered the following resolution to the interchurch conference on federation:

"Resolved, That in view of the need of more systematic instructions in religion we would ask the directors of the public schools to arrange their course of studies that children without prejudice be excused from attendance on Wednesday afternoons for the purpose of receiving instruction in their own churches."

The effort to teach religion in the public schools crops out occasionally by a variety of schemes. This is one. The school commissioners will scarcely agree to such a suggestion in any city. We should fear, if this were adopted, that there would soon ensue a compulsory provision to march the pupils en masse to some church. But if left entirely voluntary, few pupils will seek a church during a half holiday.

The public schools must remain entirely secular. Parents who want religion taught their children in schools, have the option to send them to sectarian ones; and it is almost a mania for each sect to have its own schools. Educate for education without regard to Churchianity, is the best way.

Monopoly of Medical Practice.

For years the state of Massachusetts has given to a certain class of healers a monopoly under the plea of "the public's protection." Various legal enactments have been forced upon the Commonwealth along this line, until today it is a crime to heal or help the sick by ministering in any form, unless the one so helping is "registered."

For the past three years the Osteopaths have been before the Senate Committee, where these claims are offered, asking to be permitted to exercise their art, without prejudice to their standing in the community as citizens.

The great president of Harvard College was brought to argue the matter and urged that "it would be turning back the wheels of civilization to abate one whit the restrictions now employed in protecting the community against 'quacks.'"

William Lloyd Garrison made at that time, what seemed to us, an unanswerable argument claiming that, if exclusive rights were to be given the schools now represented in the lists of the "Board of Registration," then those registered should show the ability to heal without failure.

We made the argument at that time that, where the privileged schools of healing fail to heal, if other means of healing, like Osteopathy, Magnetic Treatment, Spirit Healing (now under the law a crime to practice) were denied by statute the right to heal, then the Commonwealth is guilty of interfering with the welfare of her citizens and, in so far as such denied healers are able to heal, is responsible for the results.

We both gave case after case where all "registered" schools had utterly failed and other debarred healers (under the law, criminally), relieved the sufferers.

But the chairman of the Board of Registration argued that the present law was needed to "protect the citizens," and we were unable to start a single pin in the fastenings of medical monopoly.

We recalled with pain the warning published in 1895 by that great soul, the late Alfred E. Giles, in which he said, at that early date, "there are many indicia tending to prove a plot on the part of certain Medical Associations and doctors of certain medical systems to secure as far as possible to themselves and graduates of their medical colleges the monopoly of all medical practice in the United States."

But somehow when the serious chairman stretched forth his serious finger and urged the "protection of the innocent," one could not but feel that he would at least use the power he had to that end even if his licensed "Drs." did fail to heal, and those who had demonstrated their power to heal were denied the right to bring us relief.

Now what do we find? Butchery of the most revolting kind going on in our midst, by a legalized company, registered at the State House to practice medicine and surgery, and carrying on a business of such magnitude that fabulous sums are reported as "divides" in their hellish business. This chairman is now reported as charging the failure "to protect" on the police. That his business is "to get the laws enacted." Yet he has been dogging the earnest people who practice "the laying on of hands," and, because some printed cards having the title of "Dr." prefixed to the practitioner's name, when he has not been examined and passed by the Board of Registration, are found in his office, a strict interpretation of the law is urged, and the healer is prosecuted and the community is "protected" by this man being fined and enjoined. Why was he so timid or so particular in defining his duties when this dive on Tremont Street was slaughtering in a most revolting butchery, under a license to practice medicine and surgery, with no person connected with the place knowing the simplest point in anatomy.

This official is reported as saying there are many places in the city where this unholy practice is carried on unmolested. If this is so and he knows it why is he not protecting the community?

It is enough for the community to be deprived of the benefits of "irregular" practice, when the regular fails or the patient prefers it, and the only possible excuse for regulating the matter of healing at all is for protection. Now if this benevolent Board of Registration is powerless to stop this practice with all the means furnished it, why should it longer be permitted to enjoy its autocratic power? These things seem to us worth considering. Don't tell us that it is by these laws punishment will be executed. There was hardly a cabman on the street it seems that was ignorant of what was going on at this dive. The procession that was continually going up to the slaughter pen was noted by every employee in the building. The law under which these people will be tried will not be the one against unlawful practice of medicine. If the law does not protect and another law is to be used in the prosecution, it is clear that the only possible reason for restricting the power of healing is destroyed.

[The above was written to relieve our mind, when the first shock of the Geary horror crushed us. It was set aside for more worthy matter, but in a few weeks our legislature will convene and the medical bill will undoubtedly be discussed again. It will be well for us to bear in mind this experience. While we write these lines a trial is on and we feel it is improper for us to discuss the matter, but it is well to keep in mind that the trial is of a registered M. D.; that the law prohibiting all healers not registered with the Medical Association has no use in this case; that the dramatic procession of officers and representatives of the Medical Board seeking to break up these "doctors" and their illegal practices did not use this law as their weapon; in short, what we have always argued on this question of limitation in the healing art is proven to be true, viz., that we have sufficient criminal law to deal with those who are engaged in criminal malpractice; that making the spiritual healer, whether treating through psychic gifts or mental treatment, a criminal, was by no means a protection against such crimes as we are now overburdened by.]

In the meantime it is a crime to heal in this state unless registered with the medical association, as having a knowledge of drugs a spiritual healer would not use.

What can be done? Raise a fund, employ proper counsel and go before the Legislature year after year until the present law is repealed, leaving every citizen free to choose his own healer without being a criminal or making the healer a criminal.

Now that such a state of affairs is revealed, with this law in force which the chairman of the board claimed was necessary to guard against such crimes, and the community plainly has not been protected by it, Dr. Harvey's strongest argument is killed.

Shall we rally for a sensible attack; centre our funds (it will take money); have our case properly presented; or, shall we content ourselves with going to the State House when the Medical Bill comes up for a hearing, with no plan, no leader, with nothing but a haphazard presentation of our objections, indulge in a little cheap oratory and let the thing go on? If we are to act, now is the time to get at the work. The Banner of Light offers its columns to aid in any way it can. Speak, ye lovers of liberty.

Christianizing Japan and Other Nations.

The progressive nation in the Orient, Japan, is held to be a fair field for Christian propaganda, since they conquered a Christian nation in war. Indeed, it is being loudly claimed that the Japanese are essentially Christian because they live up to high ideals in both national and personal life.

These Spiritualists of the Orient are Christians of the primitive kind, because they understand and observe the spiritual laws of being and hold communication with arisen spirit. They are practically developing the power of the spirit and do not debase the Holy Ghost to imaginary processes for ceremonialism in support of dogmatic churchianity. They conserve the spirit powers to practical utilities of every day life.

One of the leaders in the interchurch conference for federation said in an address we have just listened to: "Japan offers us a field for missionary effort that will bring a glorious harvest; but the Japanese will not readily accept our dogmas and will gradually develop the spirit."

At the opening of the conference for federation, a letter from President Roosevelt was read, in which he said: "It is possible that the movement may have a very considerable effect in the Christianizing of Japan, which I feel to be retarded by the divisions among ourselves." All of this looks as if fair Japan may become an active Christian missionary field. And further trouble in China is to be forced by missionary aggression. But lately some missionaries showed their intolerance by taking away (stealing) some sacred things used in a noisy Chinese ceremonial, which resulted in a mob killing some of the missionaries.

Much trouble has been created in China by missionary aggressiveness—and in Manila, soon after our armies took possession and the Y. M. C. A. went to work, liquor saloons multiplied. The natives had not previously used American or European liquors. Is such a natural result? Of course, the Christians are not directly responsible. But all this shows just what Rev. Dr. Gladden, the Congregationalists' national moderator, said:

"The spirit of the last fifteen years has not been conducive to the growth of philanthropy. It has rather tended to make men hard and cynical, to intensify the cravings

for large accumulation, to strengthen the tendencies to self-indulgence and luxurious living, to weaken the claims of pity and the claims of the higher human friendship; and the church has been involved in it."

In this address before the Congregational Club of Washington, D. C., which this writer heard, Dr. Gladden made a bad showing for his denomination. He said that their churches had been asleep, and their gains during the past year by membership only averaged one new member for each congregation. Their financial receipts were ten per cent. less, and yet their members were growing richer.

These show a great deterioration of religious enthusiasm. Only about twenty per cent. of their churches have donated funds for the entire purposes of the denomination in the charity and propaganda fields. The Spiritualists seem to be not the only ones neglectful of the public needs conserved by their cause. And all this shows that missionary work is needed at home, possibly more so than abroad. His further words are also applicable and should be seriously meditated upon by the Spiritualists:

"All this, however, involves a conscientiousness and a consecration on the part of our members which is now sadly wanting. It points to the need of a genuine revival of religion, and that means first of all a deepening conviction that faith, fidelity, justice, truth and love are infinitely more important than the things which are temporal, a feeling that the values of character must never be sacrificed for material gain; an abiding sense of the truth that the man who gains the whole world by the loss of his manhood is a stupendous fool."

Denominational support is better developed by small donations from each member than by depending upon large givers. This idea should be well dwelt upon by Spiritualists who are waiting for help from millionaires. Learn the art of giving, is the exhortation of churchmen and should be a clarion call to the Spiritualists. A great crisis in religious affairs is prophesied and the churches are getting ready for aggressive onslaughts into every field of human life; the men and women of the street and slums, the wealth owners, the rulers of nations and the tribes of red men, yellow men, black men of every city, hamlet, island and nation are to be labored with in order to make the dogmatic churches a ruling power.

Shall we sit idly and see Liberalism and Spiritualism crushed under the wheels of a Juggernaut that this power will construct? Let us awaken! We, too, are asleep! The closing words of Dr. Gladden are words of appeal to Spiritualists, for you represent the true principles of primitive Christianity; and in you exists the hope of wise and true spirits for the redemption and exaltation of humanity. Harken well and then act with all thy powers, financial, mental and spiritual. With all possible soul-power go forth unto the fulfilment of human and spirit calls unto thee:

"The church must hear the call to awake and shake herself from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments. She must cease to look for help to dubious alliances. She must use her own resources, and trust her own inspirations. She has been asleep, but she has awakened."

"She has had need to repent, and she will repent. We must have faith in God. We must not put our trust in money, and we must not be afraid of it. We must stand for the things that are true and clean, and honest, even if we have to stand alone. We shall not be alone very long." G. W. K.

The Florence of Landor, by Lilian Whiting. 69x in. 330 pp. Boston: Little Brown & Co.

As we lovingly con the pages of this beautiful book, beautiful in its form as well as its substance, we can feel but certain that, in the original plan of things terrestrial, a benign power created Little Brown & Co. and Lilian Whiting to be the complements of each other. Surely Miss Whiting is, if there ever was one, the gentlewoman of literature; and the book publishing firm knew how to clothe her books in the garments a gentlewoman should wear.

This book is another striking illustration and example of the marvelous versatility of its writer. She is at once a poet and a philosopher of the spiritual with all the careful discrimination and wide research of the historian. It is a pleasure to review the book, for it yields another opportunity to praise Miss Whiting's work. One is apt, in this fault-finding world, to grow weary in well-doing and human nature, which is so prone to carp at everything, with a perverseness all too prevalent, sometimes longs for a chance to pick flaws. Yet, with Miss Whiting's book and in this book especially, look and probe as he will, the honest critic can find nothing, absolutely nothing, which does not richly deserve his highest encomiums. Miss Whiting is indeed a poet, and yet her finest poetry is written in her prose; and flowier better than here.

Florence lends itself so easily to the pen of a poet, an artist, a philosopher or a historian. Poetry breathes in its air and penetrates its inmost history. Art seeks the banks of the Arno as steel rushes to the magnet. Philosophy and history join hands and dwell together in perfect union in the city of Salvanarola and the Medici.

Here, in this valley of the Arno, hemmed in by the Italian hills, overarched by the Italian firmament, painted by the enchantment of Italian sunsets and soothed into languorous dreams by the air of the Italian mountains, romance and poetry and art have for centuries conspired to produce inspiration for high living in the very midst of revolution and tragedy. Beauty and loveliness have here linked themselves with cruelty so fiendish as to serve as an example and standard of the very worst; and that the high lights of possible happiness should

more clearly show, tragedy the most horrible and treachery the most detestable have served as a background.

Here, in the middle of the last century, came together fortuitously a society of poets, artists and literary folk of the English speaking races never before or since gathered in one place. Walter Savage Landor, exiled from England, the Brownings, William Artman Story, the poet-sculptor and son of our own Judge Story—Harriet Hosmer and others of less fame, dwelt here. Hither came, as passing travelers, our own Emerson and Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray, John Forster, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Theodore Parker, whose last resting place is but just outside the town. His dear friend, Francis Power Cobbe, dwelt here also.

Into this grand coterie came at one time Miss Whiting's friend, Kate Field, and one imagines it was through her love for Miss Field that Miss Whiting was moved to write this book.

The wealth of historical lore disclosed in the book is equalled by the wealth of the knowledge of the poetry of the world the writer shows. And much of it is new; new to most of us. For Savage Landor was a poet's poet. He wrote for the few, the learned few, and not like Longfellow, for the many. The great heart of the common people must be touched if the laurels of widespread fame are to deck the poet's brow. And yet Landor was a man, like the rest of us. He was so conversant, so saturated with the learning of the Greeks, that no English-speaking poet has yet lived who could put himself in the place of the Athenian of old, as could he. He not only read Homer; he thought it and wrote it.

Yes, he was not only a man, but a very human man with some very glaring human faults. The Brownings and the Storys almost worshipped their friend and his declining days became the pensioners of the bounty of these more prosperous companions. One loves to dwell upon these people, whose feet brushed the dens of Parnassus where so few can ever tread, supporting, as his days declined, the weary, poverty-stricken old giant of literature, and making easy his descent to the body's death, a descent described so sweetly and pathetically by Miss Whiting in her chapter appropriately called "The Twilight of the Gods." She says, "The closing years of Landor's life were a veritable twilight of the Gods, shot through with golden rays from the tender courtesies and beautiful kindness of the Brownings and the Storys."

And thus surrounded by their tender care, the impetuous Englishman sank down to his last rest in a foreign land, summing up his life and his resignation in going further on, in the last quatrain he ever wrote:

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and after Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

And here we will leave him. But not until we have spoken over again of the high delight the book has given us. Miss Whiting never descends from the heights. In their ethereal atmosphere her pathway ever winds. Among the groves whose whispering leaves speak only the loftiest sentiments, she leads us, always in the sunlight of sweetness and joy, never in the shades where the evergreen pine spreads the gloom of pessimism in summer's warmth and winter's snows. Her harp is so tuned that no minor chords jar our heartstrings to sadness and despair, but where she walks, joy and hopefulness go along with her, leaving behind naught but sweetness, happiness, comfort and that "peace which passeth understanding," the peace of the spirit and of God.—Mime Inness.

The Sunbeam Gift Boxes.

Tuesday evening, Dec. 12, the annual Box Opening will be held in the Banner of Light building. Ice cream and cake will be served and a short entertainment provided, the proceeds of which will be added to the fund for the Christmas work. For a number of years this work has been carried on by the Gospel of Spirit Return Society and the gladdened hearts and merry voices of the unfortunate little people in our midst has fully repaid everyone connected with the work for any weariness of body or sacrifices which were made to carry it on. Any gifts of clothing, books, games, toys or money will be gratefully received by the committee and may be sent to the Banner of Light Building, 204 Dartmouth St., or to any member of the committee.

Mr. A. A. Hewitt,
Mrs. Henry Ireland,
Minnie M. Soule,
Committee.
care Banner of Light.

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, at \$1.00 and at \$1.25 each; card cases, either design, in leather, 50c.; calendars, 50c.; blotters, 25c.; pen wipers, 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.

What have you to say in concise form on the subject of spirit "control." Some of our clearest thinkers are opposed to it—seem afraid of it. What have you to say about it? The Banner of Light opens its columns for a symposium on the subject, reserving entire freedom to express itself editorially after the rest have had their say.

If it were not for the vitality and virility which abides in the Biblical stories, the treatment the Bible has received from those who claim to be its guardians would long since have destroyed its authority and killed the book.—Christian Register.

The Literary World.

CONDUCTED BY
LILLIAN WHITING.

"The world of books is still the world."

"Two in Italy."

"Two in Italy" is the title under which the author of "Roma Beata," one of the popular holiday successes of last year, has collected another volume of Italian sketches, the chapters being entitled, "Anacrap," "The Inn of Paradise," "Buona Fortuna," "The Castello," "Savonarola Finerty: What I Heard of Him," "Savonarola Finerty: What I Knew of Him," "In Old Poland," "The Hermit of Pietro Anziani," and in the sketches the author, Maud Howe, employs the dialogue form almost exclusively, the conversation running on between herself and the peasants encountered in the little trips and journeys about, made by the "Two," who are sojourning in Italy. They cross from Naples to Anacrap and go from the Marina Grande to "Paradise." After a little description and conversation with the peasantry on landing, we find the author saying:

"When they had looked us and our belongings safely into the cab and seen us started on our drive along the winding carriage road which leads from the seashore to the upper plateau of the rocky islet, Semiramide, Olympia, and the other women all took the short cut, the way of the Seven Hundred Steps, which, from the time of Sibirius till the days of Victor Emanuel (when the new road was built) was the only path from the Marina Grande to Anacrap. Our road made a wild leap and came back far above their heads. They looked up, laughing at us, just as they looked and laughed at Burne-Jones when he caught the impression that remains for our joy in his 'Golden Stair'."

"That drive was a spiral of delights; every turn of that corkscrew road gave us a finer and wider view of the sea and the sky that the poets have sung from Theocritus to Verlaine—almost prepared us for the draught of beauty awaiting us in the garden of Paradise. The cab stopped suddenly.

"What place is this?" I asked.

"Paradise," the answer came from the other side of the wall.

"You hear?" said the driver, a man of few words.

Philippina, a daughter of the house, led us up an outside stair to an upper gallery overhanging the garden, from which our rooms opened. Silent rooms at the top of the house with nobody over our heads, bare, delicious rooms, with brick pavements and furniture of iron, painted white."

The luncheon hour is at hand and the "Two" discuss the wines of the country and other topics. Very amusing are the chapters on "Savonarola Finerty" and his mishaps in Venice. The author enters into the spirit of the Italy of the tourist—of the ways and means of this part of life, so to speak—the difficulties, the delights and the comedy of securing lodgings and food, the railway and cab transportation experiences—all of that outer life which everyone must encounter and conquer, or be conquered by, before he can enter into the real life of Italy—the life of art, thought and ideas. All these racy chapters of the "Two in Italy" reveal the keen observation and recording instinct of the author. The volume is illustrated with drawings by John Elliott. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Divining Rod."

The oil regions of Pennsylvania have furnished Mr. Francis Newton Thorpe with scenic background and with a group of characters for a remarkably strong story which is interwoven with the discovery, development and exploitation of oil. The excitement in all the intense eagerness to gain wealth, the unscrupulous methods by means of which large dealers crowded out small ones, the entire terrible side, indeed, of the oil enterprise is laid bare in a manner to command interest from the start, and there is added a story of home life and family devotion which lightens up the sombreness of the picture of man's love of money. The story is filled with human interest, action, vigor and fine character drawing, and it is both original and powerful in its treatment. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., the publishers of "The Divining Rod," are making a special name for themselves as the house that is bringing out an unusual line of popular novels of late, especially in this year's "The Breath of the Gods" and "The Ballingtons." All Japan is now reading "The Breath of the Gods," and the Japanese part of the story is pronounced to be a masterly production. "The Divining Rod" will add another success to the Little & Brown house in their line of popular fiction. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

"Her Letter."

In a beautiful illustrated gift book edition with nine full page illustrations in color, with decorative cover, and the volume put up in a white embossed box is brought out an edition of Bret Harte's famous poem, "Her Answer to His Letter," and "Her Last Letter," poems that are so full of feeling, of wit, of fidelity to the deepest truth in life, as to absolute classics of American literature. Nothing that Bret Harte ever wrote can appeal more deeply to every chord of life than this love romance of "Poverty Flat." The three letters tell a typically American story, in which the happy ending is left largely to the reader's imagination. The genuine pathos and irresistible humor, which supplant each other continually, afford a fine contrast; while the steady and pervading sincerity serves to interest all ages and conditions of people, and justifies the publishers in giving to Mr. Harte's work this exquisite setting.

Arthur L. Kellar, the artist who has so charmingly illustrated the poem, has vivified the very spirit of the author and impersonated his visions. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"No altar fire set burning in the ages of the past should be allowed to blind our eyes to the sunshine and stars as they gleam and glisten with the quivering life of the God who guides them."—M. M. S.

Announcements.

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

Thursday evening meeting at 202 Main St., Everett, opposite Forest Ave.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., 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. Vesper 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.

The Brighton Psychic Society, Mr. D. H. Hall president, holds meetings every Wednesday and Sunday evenings at 14 Kenrick St., Brighton. Good mediums at all services. Mrs. H. C. Hall furnishes musical selections.

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. Wednesday evening conference at 8. All are welcome.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Sunday, Dec. 10th, at 2.30 and 7.30. Dr. George A. Fuller. Circles at 4. Song service and concert at 6.30. Good soloists and readers.

Edgar W. Emerson will fill engagements for December as follows: Methuen, Mass., Dec. 10; Manchester, N. H., Dec. 17; Augusta, Me., Dec. 24-31.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists will hold its regular meeting Dec. 13 (Wednesday) at Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Ave. Mrs. Hilliard, speaker. Business meeting at 5.00 p. m. Supper at 6.30. Evening meeting at 7.45.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kates will be in Washington, D. C., through December. They are open to engagements after the 30th. Their address is 702 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie Meserve Soule pastor, holds services every Sunday evening at 7.45, in the Banner of Light building, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell had two very interesting services on Sunday. Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell was the speaker and gave her usual good satisfaction. "Mignonette," with spirit messages, did her part and gave many fine delineations.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Rev. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday, Dec. 3. The two addresses, "The Spiritual Significance of Nearer My God to Thee" and "For Are They Not All Ministering Spirits?" were ably presented. A large number of spirit messages were given at the Mediums' Circle. Miss Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections. Mrs. M. A. Jacobs of Lawrence, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.

Mrs. Fiffeld Washburn will accept a few more calls for test work during the winter and spring. Address 52 High St., Worcester, Mass.

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.]

RUBY BELL LORD.

At Keene, N. H., at the age of eight years, on Nov. 24th, came the Angel of Death, almost without warning, and the little spirit of Ruby Bell Lord, only child of Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Lord, left its garment of clay for that land of brighter day. May the Spirit loved ones gather around our brother and sister and comfort them in this, their trying hour. The remains were taken to Orange, Mass., for interment. The writer officiated.—Wellman C. Whitney.

CAPT. DANIEL K. PRICE.

In his 72d year of earth life, passed to the spirit on November 25th, at Washington, D. C. He was the husband of the well known medium, Mrs. Mary K. Price. Capt. Price commanded a company of the New York volunteers during the Civil War. His remains were interred in the national cemetery at Arlington, Va., and services were conducted by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates and the G. A. R.

Birthday Party.

Friends of Lorenzo Sturtevant, magnetic healer of Rockland, Mass., surprised him at his home, Nov. 26, by a party, it being the anniversary of his "natal" day. Gifts were numerous. As the guests were all Spiritualists we held a seance. Mrs. S. E. Hall of Cambridge gave an "Invocation" and brief talk, while her control, "Sunshine," gave tests which were all recognized. Mr. West made a few remarks, also Mrs. Crossley, all suited to the occasion. "Red Jacket" returned thanks and gave several tests through his medium, Mr. Sturtevant.

After the Spiritual food, all enjoyed material food and went home happy leaving Mr. S. in the same condition.—Minerva.

Progressive Lyceum Started at Parkland, Pa.

That zealous worker, Elizabeth M. Fish, at last has her dream realized and a Progressive Lyceum established in the village that for thirteen years has been her home.

Their first session was held Oct. 29, 1905. The Campmeeting Association, at its regular monthly meeting in Philadelphia, cordially endorsed the work and recognized the workers, promising to make the Lyceum an object of mutual care.

Elizabeth M. Fish in opening the work stated that the Lyceum had for its purpose the Spiritual, Mental and Physical unfolding of the individual; that these must all

work in unison to develop the harmonious man which should be the aim of all.

Eight adults and fifteen children were enrolled as members. Thirteen more names were enrolled at a subsequent session. Two beautiful silk flags once used at the First Spiritual Lyceum ever held in Philadelphia were presented to the Lyceum.

They will use for lesson guides The N. S. A. "Progressive Lyceum" and Hudson Tuttle's "Lyceum Guide."

The officers elected for the coming year are: Conductor, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Fish; guardian, Mrs. E. Marie Prettiman; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Zilla H. Prettiman; musical director, Mrs. Elizabeth Haslam. Mrs. Lydia R. Chase is leader of the adult class and the children are in charge of Miss Fish and Mrs. L. C. Greenlee.

[Much success to this band of earnest workers. The increasing interest and harmonious co-operation seems to bespeak a healthy, growing Lyceum movement. May their efforts encourage others to establish this important work at different points. Editor.]

The Thanksgiving Dinner in Banner of Light Building.

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear and cold and when the first guest arrived, the open grate fire, with its cheery warmth, was like the welcoming smile of a friend.

Everything and everybody connected with the dinner seemed imbued with the real spirit of Thanksgiving and with such a spirit manifested there could be nothing but good will and joy and love.

The tables were spread and the dinner served in family style and it was long after dark when the last guest whispered "Good-night" and added, "This has been the happiest Thanksgiving day I have ever had."

Beside the friends who were served at the tables in the Banner Building, baskets were sent to families or lonely household people who were unable to be with us.

Only by the united efforts and the co-operation of the several societies in and around Boston could such an amount of work have been done and it must be a cause for congratulation to all who contributed money, provisions or service that a joyful, happy and abundant Thanksgiving was made possible by their thoughtfulness and love.

Helen Stuart Richings in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Richings commenced her engagement with the First Spiritualist Church, Philadelphia, last Sunday.

Below we give some excerpts from her address before an appreciative audience that braved the storm to hear her.

On the subject, "Beginning," she emphasized the primary importance of a right beginning; of having the foundations such as will sustain the structure; of preparing, with utmost care, the ground, for the placing of the cornerstone.

"The Spiritualists talk much of 'liberty' and of 'love.'" "True liberty is the child of true love." "Talking love does not prove us loving." Love is an inward glow, flooding the secret recesses of our being, and radiating thence upon our fellow-men. Love makes us long to take the whole world within the clasp of our tenderness—helps us to understand the feeling of the man Jesus when he wept over Jerusalem—teaches us to distinguish between the sin and the sinner—is blind to the faults and failings and open-eyed to the noble qualities of all men.

We are continually asking ourselves and each other why do not the many outside who are seeking what we have to bestow, come in and unite with us? Why are the pews empty in a church that is reared upon such a beautiful stone as "spirit communion?"

"Spiritualists, unless our cornerstone be laid upon the bed-rock of love, the walls of our super-structure will inevitably bulge, sooner or later, and betray to the world our weakness. Men fear and shun bulging walls. But, laid upon the smooth, solid, sure ground of a love that is all embracing, long-suffering, and all-forgiving, our cornerstone would sustain a stately structure whose beauty, within and without, would draw men within its doors, and its strength would give them a sense of abiding security and peace."

Good News for the Deaf.

Mr. Geo. P. Way, the inventor of the Way Ear Drum, is himself a living witness to the efficacy of his marvelous invention. Mr. Way, who is a local preacher in the M. E. church and who formerly had charge of the mammoth electrical plant of the Detroit Y. M. C. A., was deaf for 25 years; in fact, before he perfected his discovery he was known as the deaf engineer of Detroit.

Mr. Way's affliction was so distressing that he was practically debarred from enjoying the conversation and society of his friends. Today with one of his drums in each ear Mr. Way can hear clearly the lowest tones used in ordinary conversation.

Mr. Way's efforts in his own behalf met with such a remarkable success that prominent Detroit business men have given him financial aid to place the Way Ear Drums before the public. Any one suffering from deafness should write personally to Mr. Geo. P. Way, 1213 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

He will frankly tell them whether they can be benefited by his ear drums or not.

England's heir to the throne, Prince Edward of Wales, now 11 years old, is a humorist. King Edward asked him the other day what he was studying and the little prince said: "All about Perkin Warbeck." Asked who Warbeck was, he replied: "He pretended he was the son of a king, but he wasn't. He was the son of respectable parents."

"Our particular business is to watch carefully lest some gleam of truth flashing across our sky finds us all unresponsive and unheeding."—M. M. S.



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Containing easy and progressive Lessons on the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spiritual and Moral Culture of Children.

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In the World Celestial

BY DR. T. A. BLAND.

Is a wonderful book, being the personal experience of a man whose dead sweetheart, after separating to him many times, etherialized, materialized and through trance mediumship, has him put into a hypnotic trance by spirit scientists and held in that condition for ten days, which time he spends with her in the celestial sphere, and then returns to earth with perfect recollection of what he saw and heard in that realm of the so-called dead. He tells his wonderful story to his friend who gives it to the world in his best style. This friend is Dr. T. A. Bland, the well-known author, scientist and reformer.

This book has a brilliant introduction by that distinguished preacher, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., president of the American Congress of Liberal Religion, who gives it the weight of his unqualified endorsement.

He says: "This beautiful book will give us courage to pass through the shadow of death to the sunlit clime of the world celestial."

Rev. M. J. Savage says: "It is intensely interesting, and gives a picture of the future life that one cannot help wishing may be true."

The Medical Gleaner says: "It lifts the reader into enchanting realms, and leaves a sweet taste in his consciousness."

The new edition has a full page photo of the heroine, Pearl, from a spirit portrait obtained through the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters in the presence of Dr. Bland and his wife.

This book in cloth binding for \$1.00.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORE, 204 Dartmouth Street.

April 12

READ!!

MAGNIFICENT OFFER FROM

Banner of Light For NEW Subscriptions.

For a long time we have been ambitious to give our readers a larger scope in the topics considered than seemed feasible for a publication like the BANNER OF LIGHT, with its special message. We have arranged to take a limited number of subscriptions from other standard publications which will enable us to meet this demand for general reading through the publications of our allies.

OUR EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!

As noted above, we have secured a limited number of combination subscriptions to *Cosmopolitan*, *Woman's Home Companion*, and *Review of Reviews*, which we offer with a year's subscription to BANNER OF LIGHT, as follows:

Banner of Light,	-	-	one year, \$2.00
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Review of Reviews,	-	-	one year, \$3.00
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This gives you, or any one to whom you wish to send it, the BANNER OF LIGHT for one year at regular price, \$2.00, and *Review of Reviews*, \$3.00, *Cosmopolitan*, \$1.00, and *Woman's Home Companion*, \$1.00, for \$2.00 more, or

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If you will remit \$2.25 we will send the BANNER OF LIGHT \$2.00, and *Cosmopolitan*, \$1.00, one year, to any address you name.

Now, IF YOU DO READ, here is an offer for you.

We cannot agree to keep this proposition open for any length of time. Never before was such an offer given to the public, and it is safe to say never will it be made again. This year several magazines have increased their subscription price, which shows how much greater this offer really is. Only a limited number will be sold at this price, therefore we advise everyone to accept this without delay. When we have received a certain number, we shall withdraw the offer.

Make all remittances payable to

IRVING F. SYMONDS, Treasurer,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

Death.

William Brandon.

Men have such disappointments keen,
Such care to keep in body breath,
That from my tower I look and lean
To see approach dear, friendly Death.

And then I dream, with sudden change,
I'll win escape from fear and strife,
And with my friend in gladness range,
And have companionship of life!

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.
EVERY DAY AND EVERY DEED
HAS A SPIRITUAL VALUE.

It is proverbial that the children of childless parents are always well behaved and properly trained, and that ever recurring and trite expression, "If that were my child, I'd find a way to teach him how to behave," gives color to the popular belief that the average mother is negligent of her opportunities to unfold and bring to perfect flower the little life in her keeping.

It is our belief that the average mother desires to have her children loved and lovable and that, whatever she does to thwart that result is done through a belittling of the spiritualization of the daily life and the common and ordinary duties that belong to child life and child expression. In just the same way that a man postpones settling down into a strong and useful life until he has had experiences which bring the blush of shame to his cheek in after years, and a girl postpones her days of devotion to one true-hearted and whole-souled man who strives to win her affection, until she has flirted to her heart's content; so many mothers excuse the ill manners and forward ways, the selfish demands and outbursts of temper in their children, under the pretext of childish extravagances which all children must be expected to indulge in. If there were any reason in the world why a man should "sow wild oats" or a woman play and trifle with affections, or a child insist on making life miserable for humanity in general, without any protest or effort to overcome the evil, the case would be different. If the end attained were any more brilliant or helpful or important, there might be the shadow of an excuse for our indulgence, but the percentage of pain and woe is so much greater than the percentage of joy and peace that we can feel no safety in such reckless and thoughtless waste of opportunities for spiritual growth and unfoldment. There is no day and no act in the life of any soul that may not be a day or act of infinite spiritual possibility. When the mothers understand this and do something more than theorize about it, the first step will have been taken in the emancipation of the race from the thralldom of suffering.

If a mother knew absolutely that when, through her punishments she encouraged deceptions which eventually made untruthfulness a matter of course when anything of importance was at stake, do you think she would use the lash of her greater strength or the authority of her motherhood to induce submission? Certainly not. It is the demand of the moment that she be obeyed, and the utter disregard of the effect of fear on the character of her baby, that moves her to the act. If there were the slightest idea in the mind of that mother that her foolish indulgence of every whimsical notion of her child would create a spirit of unrest and demand that would brook no denial, whatever the cost to the rest of the family circle, do you think she would read her novel with the same imperturbable ease, which she purchased with this indulgence? No, indeed.

She desires above all things, far and beyond the momentary gratification of her love of reading, a strong and beautiful and spiritually unfolded child, and will tell you so if you talk with her five minutes seriously and alone.

It is because the full importance of the child life and its effect on the moulding and shaping of the character has not become real to her.

Are we Spiritualists doing all we can to help mothers to understand the beauty and joy and wonderful possibilities of motherhood?

That is a vital question. It is easy enough to find fault with the burden and responsibility of a family and the shutting-in from social life and the cutting off of many recreations. But is there not a new significance to life and a new joy in living to the real mother that makes every other joy fade away into the dream life of the past, before the living, vitalizing power of motherhood chastened and hallowed every moment? That first breath of maternal life, when, with the bit of a body, so soft and so warm, so helpless and so appealing, so dependent and withal so wonderful in its littleness and perfectness, is a breath of the real spiritual life.

Self is lost in a sea of love and the glad surrender of every other conceivable duty or pleasure bespeaks the power of motherhood before the external demands and added cares have impressed themselves on the situation. That little body, cradled in its mother's arms, is all absorbing, and that little life, whose care is in that mother's keeping, is her sum total of happiness, at that moment. As the life expands and the limitless opportunities for unfoldment, daily present themselves to the little mother, she becomes overwhelmed and bewildered with the task before her.

She talks with other mothers and learns that other babies have been as wonderful and beautiful as her own. Then if she does not grow competitive, she may settle down to the patient, enduring, self-sacrificing mother, whose only concern is to have her children respectable.

Respectable!
Perish the word!
There is no room for it in our vocabulary, as an expression of worth for our babies or as something for them to seek to be. More than respectable they must always be, and if we can help a mother to comprehend the

fact that it is an immortal spirit which is growing in experience and needs wisdom as well as love and confidence as well as training, we shall have helped to make the world better.

When a mother begins to look for spiritual gifts in her darling and learns to recognize and value them, she will find ready response in a life made beautiful, sweet and strong.

When a mother realizes that each day is the stepping stone for the next and that every act produces a sure and unerring result in the development of the character, life will become real and important and earnest. Mothers cannot expect the world to do the moulding and unfolding that the home-life is designed to do.

Childhood is the seed-time of life. Whatever the desires and hopes may be for the future, the mother must always remember that the spirit is unfolding and any protest of hers or any method of shutting her eyes to the fact will not hold that budding life a moment.

Mothers, can you not take time from your strivings and reachings, or your personal endeavors of any sort, to identify your life with the real, spiritual life of your daughters? Fathers, can you not still your ambitions for your son to attain the successes which you have missed, and seek to know if the spirit growing beside you is not seeking expression in some purely spiritual avenue?

The material demands must never deaden your perceptions to the upgrowing spirit and its needs, and the fact of a continued life where all the steps that are taken here lead to a definite Somewhere, ought to be an encouragement and power.

There is time to grow as men and women with immortal destinies, not as flowers that wither in a day or as grass that withers and is cut down.

From the earliest moment of infancy the work is going forward and every act has a spiritual value. Our safety and our happiness, our growth and our peace, is in spiritualizing every deed and every day.

A deed or day that cannot be spiritualized is unworthy and will bring pain and remorse as surely as the stars nightly flash the message of unswerving and unchangeable law.

A Recipe for an Old-Fashioned Mother.

Heaps of love and patience.

A full measure of common sense and fine flavor of imagination.

Unselfishness, honesty, simplicity and reverence in equal parts.

Add beautiful ideals of permanent character with little regard for changing fashions. She will dispense with beating, but will mould with firmness. Much depends on judgment, and an ounce of successful practice in handling materials is worth a pound of theory. A heart-shaped mould is better than some of the newer designs, and only comradeship and prayerful watchfulness will insure successful results.—The Helping Hand.

The following article was written through the hand of a girl, 15 years old. A number of such articles have been written in that way and each one has been signed by a different name:

LOVE.

In the Divine mind love was the controlling power that created the universe and adorned it with the attributes of divinity. It was that same power that united spirit and matter together in a bond that is so beautiful and subtle that they are inseparable through all worlds, all times and all space. Love in the Father is expressed in the arrangement of all things for use, and consequently for the happiness of the various intelligences that inhabit the universality of nature.

Therefore, love is a governing law, a principle which was first taught as practicable among men in daily life by Him who exemplified in His life God's love to man. "Whoever you should wish that men should do unto you do you unto them," is the keystone of the arch that spans the universe whose base is love. It has redeemed the world from materialism and opened the eyes of the spirit to see its own immortality! It is the offspring of wisdom and the crowning glory of the spirit of man. It is spontaneous in its life, because the germ in the noblest and truest of nature, and is the link that unites man with God. We can see it expressed in the delicate flower whose perfume is wafted to us by the gentle breeze, and in the insect whose form and adaptation to its home fills us with wonder and admiration.

Love speaks to us in the rolling worlds, floating in the azure deeps, far above our heads, teeming with intelligence even to the great center of soul—God—all, all, is love in this vast realm of nature.

And we see it was designed and carried out by will and power of the Divine mind, for the progressive happiness of His children, and all tending in the best way to develop the latent germ of goodness, that, like a seed, buried deep in the earth, lies hidden to the consciousness of the individual.

It was said by the Nazarene that "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and does not that mean the satisfying of the whole nature of man? His moral, affectional, aspirational, as well as his intellectual nature?

If we look closely into social life, shall we not find all needed aid for the development of every part of our being? Surely the entire organism must be changed so as to come into the harmonious proportions of a perfectly developed human being, which is the aim of earthly existence.

Therefore, love, in its truest, noblest and highest sense, is the embodiment of happiness, lasting as eternity and progressive as the spirit of an.

A family lately settled in Oregon, coming from the South where the only ice ever seen is artificial. When the first cold snap came the mother put out a tin cup partly filled with water, that it might freeze for her little daughter. In the morning she gave her the ice to eat. After crunching a mouthful of it she looked up and said: "This is the first time I ever ate wild ice, isn't it, mamma?"

Some fools and their money are parted only by death.

"Knoops and Doalot."

Emma Parrot.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

Did you ever meet my twin brother "Knoops"? No? Well, you have missed a good deal. I shall tell you about him. He has blue eyes and light, thick hair, nice sweet ways, he seldom gets ruffled, though he loves to ruffle things around him just as all baby brothers do, and yet he loves sister dearly, because she likes everything orderly about her. We have such pleasant times together. No doubt you have laughed at his name. It is odd, I must confess, but more peculiar how he received it. We had quite a time selecting a name for brother, and many were the nicknames, until one day the kitchen clock on the small mantel said "Knoops." Everyone looked up surprised and every day after that at exactly half past five, which usually is supper time, the little clock called "Knoops," until one day I said, "The clock desires us to name brother 'Knoops.'" Everyone laughed, but "Knoops" was finally decided on for his name, as the little clock showed its interest in brother as much as anyone else. My name is "Doalot." Funny, too, isn't it? But quite correct. Brother says I am always doing something. I am never still, am in perpetual motion. When I walk through the country or town or in the parks, the birds, flowers, trees, grass, all seem to say, "How do you do, little girl? You do a too." When I go to the seashore and sit on the pier, the waves come swishing in, and say, "How do you do, little girl; you do a lot, but we do more, for we never rest, are never tired; we are moving in response to the great tireless force of God under us and through us, compelling us ever on."

Brother and I have our kitties and doggies, and all the little bugs are our playfellows. We love them all, for the same Father-Mother made us all. Having one parent, we will be good and kind to all of our brothers and sisters.

On cold winter evenings brother and I wrap up warm and run out and play with the Wind. He is a saucy fellow and tries to pull our wraps and hoods off. He plays hide and seek with us; around the corner he is waiting for us, for he can run much faster than we; then he plays tag with us, yet he never gets caught. The Wind is very inquisitive. You can hear him quite plainly, at times, when he raps at our windows and rattles and shakes them, calling us to come out and play. "Whew," "Whew," he calls all the time. Then he opens and closes the doors on the porch, continually lifts and rattles the curtains of porch windows, wondering why they need be there. He is a very good-natured fellow, nevertheless. When it is warm he comes with his large fan and says, "Come, children, I will cool you and make you quite comfortable." I have told enough for this time of our doings. Come visit us if you like.

Our residence is Flower Park Lane, Snow Ave., Moonville.

Boys, do not judge a man by his clothing. A little incident occurred on one of the lines of street cars of this city a few days since which is worthy of notice. A poorly clad woman entered the car carrying an infant in her arms. As she sat opposite I observed she seemed troubled about something. When the conductor passed through the car for the fares she said, in a very low voice, "Please, sir, I have no money; let me ride this time and some other time I will pay you." "I can hear that story every day," said the conductor, in a loud, rough voice, "you can pay or get off." Two fares, please," said a pleasant voice, as a toil-worn and sun-browned hand passed the conductor ten cents. "Heaven bless you, sir," said the woman, and long and silently she wept; the language of the heart so eloquent to express our hidden thoughts. This man in worn and soiled garments was one of God's noblemen. He possessed a heart to feel for the woes of others, and although the act was but a trifle, it proves that we cannot, with safety, judge a man by his clothing—"For many a true heart beats beneath a ragged jacket"—Selected.

The daughter who comes home from boarding school is often a disappointment to her mother. Is it not so? She is inclined to be critical and make remarks about the furniture, the table, even though she is your daughter. She seems discontented with the old life. And you are at a loss as to what is to be done. But do not take the situation too seriously. And above all things, do not harass her with showing her what you consider her "plain duty." She loves you just as much, but she is young, and has been away.

Although she seems very self-assured, very confident of herself and her abilities, she has only not gone far enough to realize how little she knows. She must be led by affection, and led with tact and gentleness. If she wants to make changes in the home life, so far as they are possible, permit her to do so. It will give her occupation, and possibly the new ideas she brings out will mean something to you, too.—Ex.

As the Parson Told It.

R. R. Robinson of Elmira tells the following story on a minister who is a friend of his:

"Now, while this clergyman is not an Englishman, I believe he inclines that way, or at least his sense of humor does," said Mr. Robinson. "A few days ago a man at a little dinner propounded the following: 'Why is a tin can tied to a dog's tail like death?'"

"The answer was, 'Because it is bound to occur.'"

"This made quite a hit with the rector, and a few days later, when he was invited out to dinner one evening a series of conundrums was passed around."

"The divine saw his chance and he asked the same question, 'Why is a tin can tied to a dog's tail like death?'"

"No one knew the answer and the propounder immediately spoke up, 'Because it is sure to happen.'"

"And he looked disappointed when the quib did not break a laugh."—Kansas City Star.

Much of the charity that begins at home is too feeble to go next door.—Anon.

SPIRIT
Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.
SHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE W. 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 stenographically by a representative of the "Banner of Light" and are given in the presence of other members of the "Banner" staff. These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the "Banner of Light" as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth and will bear its own burdens wherever it is made known to the world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist us to 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 perfect confidence and trust we gather here in the name of Truth and listen for the voices of those who have passed into that other life, knowing well that no message of love can ever be lost. So wonderful is this revelation of God's power and love, so beautiful is the constant expression of human endeavoring love, so blissful is the prospect, and pleasing the anticipation, which the message of the spirits brings to us, that all life is transformed and made holy and wonderful and sweet. May we never forget the blessings that are showered constantly about us. May we grow into an understanding of these blessings and learn to pass on whatever joy or peace is given to us. Wherever hearts are reaching and yearning to know more of truth; wherever the children of men are sitting in silence, waiting for the message, or wherever souls are battling and struggling with the issues of life and still striving to understand something of the purpose of life, there would we go, and, with the message that has been given to us, make them feel our oneness in their purpose, our unity with them in their upreaching. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Frank Haskell, Orange, Mass.

The first spirit that comes to me today is a man about thirty-two or three years old. He has very fair hair and blue eyes and red cheeks; he is rather tall and slender, and it seems as though the flush on his cheek is more a sign of ill health than it is of strength. He says that his name is Frank Haskell and that he lived in Orange, Mass. For a long time he has been trying to get to his mother, whose name is Abbey, and he says: "Isn't it strange how we can see so plainly all that is going on and hear the voices and yet can get no response from those we want to hear from? Sometimes I have grown discouraged and would go away to my Uncle Charles, and we would take a long trip off into some other part of the country, where we could see new things and come in contact with new people and forget our desire to return to our friends. But invariably we come back to the same point and always desire to send the message. My mother is ill; she has been ill for some time and lately she has been thinking much of death, and naturally wondering what would happen to her after death. That has brought me here today, and I want to tell her that there isn't anything for her to be afraid of; that before she has time to be afraid or to feel lonely she will find me and know me. I have seen Arthur and George and Mr. Pray, and they all express themselves as much interested in these phenomena. O, I am so glad that I have been able to say these words."

Lillian Shumway, Albany, N. Y.

Here is a spirit of a woman. I should think about twenty-eight years old. She is dark, with very large, dark eyes and a round, full face; she is very handsome and seems to have been a woman of taste and refinement. Her name is Lillian Shumway and she says: "O, how wonderful that I can come here and send a message to my husband. His name is Fred and he lives in Albany, N. Y. I wish you would tell him that I am safe, that I didn't suffer as much as he thought I did and that I knew when he came into the room the last time and tried to make me answer, but I had lost my power. It is so beautiful to be able to see him and sometimes when he is so lonely and doesn't know what to do with himself I sit beside him and try to comfort him with the influences of my presence. Life was so beautiful for us. We had so much to look forward to that it seemed a pity to have it broken in on by my sickness and death but somehow I feel, that even though the years pass away before he comes to me I shall pick up life where we left it and go forward happily with him. I cannot say too much about the life of today. It isn't strange or unusual, but it is real and doesn't appeal to me any more than the life in another city without him. My father and mother are both with me and they treat me as if I were a little child and they try to care for me, but I want to be with Fred more than anything else in the world, and if it were not wicked I should pray for him to come to me. Do give my love to all my friends, and especially May. Good bye."

Mary Sharpe, Charlestown, Mass.

There is a spirit who comes here to me of a woman probably sixty-five or seventy years old; her hair is quite brown, her face is round and smooth and her eyes are dark. She is very pleasant in her manner and seems concerned especially over her children in the earth life. She says that her name is Mary Sharpe and that she lived in Charlestown. She wants to speak to Edith and tell her that it is the desire of her life to get into communication with her, for there are so many things that she can do

that will make life brighter and easier, if the line of communication is only established. With this Mary Sharpe is an old man with a gray beard and gray hair and a very infirm manner. His name is Henry and he has been over in the spirit a long time, and he seems so eager to have everybody know that he has never lost his identity and has never been sentenced to punishment. He is a man who had no fear and no respect for churches or ministers, and he is anxious that his friends shall know that it isn't through respect or fear that one gets special recognition in the other life as they do here. Both these spirits seem satisfied now that they have sent this little message, and they move along to give place to someone else.

Corrie Brown, Boston, Mass.

Here is the spirit of a woman who I should think was pretty nearly fifty years old, very nervous and excitable. She is medium complexion, brown hair, blue eyes and seems so much engrossed in her own message that she pays little attention to me. In a very rapid manner she says: "O, do give me a chance to say something about myself, for I have been trying so long to get a word in this little circle. My name is Corrie Brown and I lived in Boston and I died after great pain and agony. I knew I had got to die, because I had an incurable disease and I begged to have anything done that would ease my pain, but everybody seemed afraid to give me an opiate or to do what they would naturally have done, for fear my heart would give out, and they would have a hand in my death. At last, in desperation, I took something myself. They didn't know it, but they feared it. Oh, dear, I suffered more after I did it than I did before, because Alice was so troubled. Why, when I was free from physical pain, my agony of spirit was more unbearable than the pain had ever been. My mother and father and nearly all my friends are still in the body. They speak of me so often and always with a relief that I am through with my suffering. If they only knew that I sat there in the family council, that there is never a matter of importance discussed that I am not interested in, I think they would make an effort to get into communication with me. So I am sending out this message with a hope that they will try. There are so many mediums in Boston that no one need go without a message if they make an effort to get one. I am very grateful for this opportunity and hope it will bring the desired result."

John Fiske, Mansfield, Mass.

There is a spirit of a man here now who is very tall, bald head, and what hair he has is very gray, and he is outspoken and rather severe. He says: "My name is John Fiske and I lived in Mansfield, Mass. I was a carpenter. I was also a Methodist and I had an idea if I served my Lord faithfully, when my time came to die I would find a mansion prepared for me. I was killed by an accident. It is true, I have found a home but it wasn't the glorious place I had anticipated, and really, when I came to my senses, I didn't see why in the world I should have such a beautiful habitation; I hadn't done so much for the Lord as I had for the church and that was a very dead story. I hadn't done so much for God as I had for the parish, trying to drive members into the church, and I didn't have very much of an idea that it was going to do them any particular good to join the church, but figured it was good to make the church stronger, as an institution; and I had to learn the lesson that to serve God I had to serve his children, and if it didn't make them stronger and better men and women, broader, more charitable to be in the church, it hadn't done them any good, and I had better left them outside, let them grow naturally. My message to my church friends is: don't bother about getting a big membership but be sure that every member you have grows kinder and more thoughtful of every living creature for their welfare and their growth. You can please tell my Ella she thinks about the way I do and that I am pretty near her, and sometimes, when the rest of the family wonder where she gets her strange ideas, I can tell them she gets them right straight from the spirit; and that I am there giving them to her, and that I will help her in her expression of freedom. That is about all and I thank you."

A Practical Message.

Christmastide is the season of good will and of loving kindness. For that time, at least, the spirit of the world becomes unselfish and helpful. It cannot, then, be out of place to make a suggestion that will mean comfort and happiness to many at the small expense of a little thoughtfulness. If the immense number of Christmas buyers will only begin their work of choosing and purchasing early in the coming days and weeks, instead of leaving it for the end and the later hours, it will be a great boon to the host of assistants and working people who are to bear the brunt of fatigue and stress of holiday demands.

An hour or two taken in the beginning of the day will mean better service to customers, better conditions for the display of goods and better temper on both sides of the counter, than twice the time spent in the afternoon when both purchaser and employee are tired and fretted. Last year, when a similar appeal was made to the public, there was a very general report by the larger shops of an immense business done with less effort than ever before. May the present season better the good record.

This message comes to you from the Consumers' League of Massachusetts, which is working to strengthen the conscience of the purchasing public and to help by its patronage the righteous merchants and manufacturers to compete with the sweat-shop and the employer of child labor, cheap in money but costly in human life.

Life giveth unto each his space. A span of earth, an arch of sky,
And unto each a several grace. To each a separate destiny.
And some were born to win and spend,
And some to love unto the end,
And thou to be thyself. And I to love thee, love thee till I die.

The Question Bureau.

CONDUCTED BY W. J. CULVER.

This department of the "Banner of Light" is not intended for personal matters, nor can the conductor undertake under any circumstances to answer questions by mail. It is intended to deal with matters of general interest, and as far as possible, to promote the good of the greatest number.

Questions and Answers.

Questions by S. St. C., Washington, D. C.—If everything that occurs adds that much to the universal progression, and the act of every soul helps forward the whole, even while it seemingly retards, are not the kind of experiences and powers peculiar to each soul themselves designed by the great Designer?

Man must use his power of choice voluntarily when he has developed to the point where he is conscious of having it, but what use he would make of it must have been foreseen by the great Designer, otherwise the whole fabric would be thrown into confusion; also provision must have been made for the protection and continued progress of the whole even when the individual deliberately or ignorantly disobeys the higher laws.

If this was foreseen and provided for (and it must be so if God is all knowing and all powerful) how is such a truism consistent with perfect freedom of individual action?

If the powers and experiences peculiar to a soul had to do only with his individual development, it is readily conceivable that he could retard his own development by his kind of choice, but as every experience for each soul is designed to further not only his, but universal progress, it is inconceivable that perfect freedom of choice would be given to any soul, unless the kind of choice which he would make was known beforehand and the effects from such choice were made to still further push forward the purpose of existence.

Answer.—Our questioner has certainly propounded a series of inquiries the vastness of which is quite bewildering by its immensity, and in these queries the age-long controversy concerning predestination and human free agency is again revived. There are certainly two very important and definite considerations raised. To do full justice to them both may be beyond our power, but we will at least endeavor to suggest a line of thought which may be profitably pursued. All elevating spiritual teachings refer to this present earthly existence and indeed to the planet on which we dwell, as to a school, a workshop, a laboratory. Those three comparisons serve to illustrate the great idea which must ever be enforced if we are to regard our present experiences in any truly profitable light.

The question raised is not whether an omnipotent intelligence can render us automatic and make us, therefore, simply machines for the execution of divine purposes, but whether an automaton, even though perfect, could ever possess the dignity of a human soul. The great law of necessity undoubtedly prevails throughout the universe so that it is essentially true to declare that "nothing walks with aimless feet," as Tennyson has beautifully reminded us, and we can happily go as far in our optimism as did Robert Browning when he declared, "There shall be never one lost good, and for evil so much good more." The "musicians" to whom Browning refers in "Abt Vogler" are the seers of the ages, the true prophets of all lands who have in greater measure than ordinary penetrated the secret mysteries of being, but the existence of the apparent evil which is transmutable into manifest good eventually causes continual perplexity.

The infinite purpose of life is unquestionably good, but the manner in which ultimate good is brought about often greatly tries our faith and courage, and unless we are consciously in communion with rather highly advanced spiritual teachers, or are ourselves more than usually illuminated, we find it extremely difficult to harmonize the sin and wickedness which certainly confront us with the idea of infinite power, love, and wisdom.

Taking, however, the simply educational view of all experiences we see how possible it is that God does not choose to create automatons, but purposefully places us in the very conditions in which we find ourselves, because these very surroundings are conducive to a higher development than we could attain without them.

Sir Henry Thompson, in his deeply philosophical essay, "The Unknown (?) God," declares it to have become his fixed conviction after fifty years of earnest thought and study, that the only manner in which we can be truly educated, as a race and as individuals, so as to attain to full self-consciousness, is the very way in which God through natural order is educating us. We do not see every point in a philosophy which embraces a universe clearly, but so far as we are able to see at all, we can certainly trace the evolutionary advantages of the system by means of which we are being trained.

Had the absurd and infamous doctrine of everlasting useless misery never been invented or proclaimed, and had that other milder, but utterly unsatisfactory result of hasty judgment based on imperfect knowledge—conditional immortality—never been set forward, it is not probable that the phenomena occurring in this experimental world would ever have been so bewildering to many wrestlers with theology as they now appear. Evidences and examples are never lacking within the limits of undoubted human experience which go far to show that though law or order is inexorable, human conduct is subject to human control.

In the final reckoning we shall surely see that all events have worked together for universal good, and when we have learned lessons enough to enable us to become guardian angels or spiritual professors, where we are now but humble undergraduates, we shall regret nothing that caused us bitter grief while we were passing through it; but, until we have attained a height which now appears to the average dweller on earth altogether superlunary, it is necessary that we should stumble along in dim, but ever increasing light, learning our lessons by the often unwise exercise of incipient freedom we have not yet learned wisely to employ.

However deep the mystery which shrouds the problem of fate and freedom, we must

admit that the great purpose of the universe, though never thwarted, but always fulfilled, must include our self-conscious individualism through the possibility of mistakes which can afterwards be rectified. We can do nothing that will upset eternal equity; but we can and we do bring about temporary local disarrangements in many ways.

True it is that no one ever gets an experience by which he cannot profit, and true also is it that no circumstance can affect anyone except in accordance with his susceptibility. We cannot controvert the obvious conclusions of our questioner, we simply maintain that, in the outworking of the universal plan, place has been made for limited and progressive human freedom and it serves a truly beneficent end.

An Essay by John Hay.

A study of the great Franklin from the pen of John Hay, our late Secretary of State, will appear, it is announced, in an early number of The Century. The paper was prepared several years ago, with the expectation that it would be delivered in Chicago. Ill-health caused postponement of the address, which was finally set aside altogether, and will now be given to the public for the first time.

Letter from Alfred Russel Wallace.

Dr. T. A. Bland, author of that beautiful spiritual book, "In the World Celestial," has received a letter from that eminent scientist and philosopher, Alfred Russel Wallace of London, dated November 15th, in which he says:

"I have read your book with great pleasure. It is written in very pleasing style, and the information it contains accords so well with what has been received through many different mediums that there seems every probability of its being substantially correct. I have very pleasant recollections of my visit with you and Mrs. Bland at Washington, and have referred to it in 'My Life,' just published in England and also in America. With kind remembrances to Mrs. Bland and best wishes for your health and happiness, believe me, Yours very sincerely,

"Alfred R. Wallace."

[Prof. Alfred Russel Wallace and Sir William Crookes rank among the greatest scientists of the world and their report to the Royal Society in favor of Spiritualism has done the Cause great good.]

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Letters from Our Readers.

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

More on Spirit "Control."

Dear Sir:—In reading the controversy now waging concerning who are, and who are not eligible delegates to a Spiritualist convention, permit me to call the attention of your readers to an employment of the phrase "Spirit control," by your gifted contributor, W. H. Bach (Nov. 25), which is in my judgment a most unfair straining of language. I emphatically protest against the word "control" being forced to the front in so utterly unnecessary a manner. Cannot intelligent Spiritualists acknowledge and prize the great boon of conscious, helpful, spiritual communion without being under anyone's control? To my understanding it is self evident that spirit communion may be enjoyed by multitudes who are never subjects of control. I trust that representative Spiritualists of equal age and experience with the editor of "The Sunflower" will define their position on this important point. I take no issue with Mr. Bach when he insists that delegates to the N. S. A. should be members in good standing of some legally organized Spiritualist society. That position seems perfectly fair; it is only on the much wider question of what constitutes the foundation of Spiritualism that I rise to a point of order. I know well enough that spirit control is a fact and that great good is often accomplished through its agency, but I do claim that it is not necessary to be dominated by any entity in or out of a physical body in order to enjoy the privilege of spiritual intercommunion. This is a live issue, not a quibble, and I do not raise it as between Mr. Bach and myself, but solely to call forth some clear expression of views from leaders in the Spiritualist movement.—W. J. Colville.

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In the "Florence of Landon" Lillian Whiting has made a rather new departure—not only from her own previous lines of work, but in the entire range of general literature this book is somewhat unique in conception—its aim being to suggest the living drama that was set in the scenic enchantment of Florence during the period of Walter Savage Landor's life in that "Flower of all Cities and City of all Flowers"—1821 to 1866, during which time groups of the most brilliant people of the nineteenth century came and went, or—as in the case of the Brownings and the Trollopes—came and stayed. "The Florence of Landon" is handsomely illustrated and bound by the publishers, Little, Brown & Co.

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Epigrams from Rev. W. R. Alger.



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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1905.

Society News.

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

Boston and Vicinity.

The L. S. I. S. met at Dwight Hall for a whist party Nov. 30. A good time was enjoyed. Next week, business meeting at 5:30, supper at 6:30, meeting at 7:45, with good mediums.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Rev. Clara E. Strong pastor. Interesting services were held. After the opening address Dr. Huot spoke and gave many messages, also Mrs. Morgan, after which Mr. Newhall spoke; 2:30 p. m., after the address, many remarks were given and spirit communications; 7:30 p. m., after the opening remarks, messages were given by Mrs. Johnson. A solo was rendered by Mr. Peake. The pastor closed the services. Next Sunday Walter Mason will be present all day.

The Spiritual Research Society of Salem, Mass., had as speakers Sunday, Dec. 3, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridge, Mass. Her talks were practical and her messages very convincing. She will serve the society through December.

The First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society, M. A. Allbee, president, held its meeting Friday, Dec. 1. After a social hour, spent in the apron sale, Mrs. Waterhouse opened the meeting, followed by an original Thanksgiving poem by Miss Creighton, remarks by Dr. Marston, Mr. Sprague and poem by Mrs. Dick. Supper every Friday at 6.

American Psychical Research Society, Inc., Harvey Redding, president. Meeting opened with song service, scripture reading and invocation by the president, who then delivered an inspired address, after which he gave a number of very accurate communications that were much enjoyed by the audience.

The mid-week circle was held Thursday evening at the home of the president, and was a meeting to be remembered for its harmony and spiritual power. These meetings are continually on the increase.

Dwight Hall, Nov. 29—The Ladies' Lyceum Union business meeting, held at 5:30 p. m.; supper served at 6:30. It being stormy, there was not a large audience present. The presiding officer, Vice-president Mrs. Weston, decided, as it was the wish of many friends, to hold a circle. Mrs. Dix, Prof. Victor, Mrs. Morgan and others voiced messages for the friends in spirit land making it an evening of pleasant memories.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society Dec. 3d; Lyceum at 2 o'clock. The lesson was "Peace." At the afternoon circle the most of the time was devoted to messages by Mrs. Bird of Everett and Mr. Tracey of Boston. Sunday evening Mrs. W. S. Butler of Boston spoke. She recited many incidents and experiences of her thirty-eight years in the field, after which she gave most accurate messages. Mrs. Whall, through her guide, "Prairie Flower," gladdened the hearts of many. Mr. Willis Milligan rendered a piano selection, and a vocal solo by one of Mrs. Butler's soloists was much enjoyed. Sunday next Mrs. Whall will occupy the evening giving spirit communications.

Fourteenth anniversary of the public work of Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson—Morning, circle; afternoon and evening many of her friends assembled to give her greetings, presenting her with a beautiful table and a cake. Music was furnished by Prof. Maynard and Mrs. Hall. Original poems by Mrs. Belle Robertson, Prof. Clark Smith and Mrs. Dr. Wildes. Remarks by Mr. Marston, Mr. Hicks, Prof. Carpenter, Dr. Wise, Dr. Combs, Mr. Hill, Mr. Privoe, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Bakstran. Musical selections by Mr. Starkey, Mr. Barton, Mrs. Banks and Miss Trask. Recitations by Miss Maud Brown. Mrs. Wilkinson was assisted on the platform by Mrs. May Lewis, Mrs. Susie Dolliff and Mrs. Carrie Chapman. Meetings each week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 3 p. m.

New England States.

Miss Nellie Putney of Lowell, Mass., gave two lectures, followed by spirit messages in Tarrantine Hall, Oldtown, Maine, to full houses, on Sunday, Nov. 26. The audiences were delighted with her.

The meetings in Brockton, Mass., for the season thus far have been very successful. Mrs. Ruth A. Swift served the society October 1, 8 and 29. Many beautiful communications were given. Mrs. Pauline R. Nutting and Mrs. S. Mac Crowell, local mediums, served well in October, and are able speakers. The society takes pleasure in recommending them to other societies. During November Mrs. Katie M. Ham spoke to packed houses. She has been there for many seasons past and the Brockton people always anticipate her engagement with much pleasure. Last Sunday she spoke to the largest audience ever assembled in that hall. She voiced many messages in such a sweet and lovable manner that her month's work has not only given strength to the mortals, but joy to many spirit friends. The society has bought a lot and expects to build its temple very soon.

The Worcester Association of Spiritualists met in G. A. R. Hall, 35 Pearl St., the first Sunday in November. Miss Susie C. Clark of Cambridge occupied the platform. Her lectures were well received by an interested and appreciative audience. Nov. 12, Mrs. C. F. Randall of Worcester served the society very acceptably. The last two Sundays in November, Rev. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster occupied the platform. For the month of December Mrs. Kate R. Stiles and Dr. George A. Fuller of Onset will be the speakers.

The Spiritual Harmony Society of New Bedford, Mass., reports interesting and successful meetings during November.

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The Field at Large.

Miss Annie Foley, Thomas Cross, James S. Scarlett and Mrs. White all brought out good audiences. The local workers are encouraged and the work is growing.

The First Spiritual Society, Portland, Me., Sunday, Dec. 3.—On account of inclemency of the weather, meetings were not so well attended. Miss Nellie M. Putney of Lowell, Mass., was the speaker. Her addresses were beautiful and well delivered and the tests were very convincing. Next Sunday the society will have the pleasure of listening to a local medium, Mrs. Vaughan of Portland.

Springfield, Mass., First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Nov. 5 and 12.—Mrs. Ruth H. Swift of Haverhill, Mass., did very satisfactory work. Nov. 19, Mr. Wellman C. Whitney, whose work grows better each season, was the speaker. Nov. 26, Mrs. Fannie H. Spalding of Norwich, Conn., speaker and medium, made many friends. Nov. 14 the annual meeting was held for the election of officers. Mrs. Sara G. Haskins was re-elected president, with a full quota of efficient officers. The past season has been most prosperous and there is a bright outlook.

Newburyport.—The First Spiritualist Association held sessions through November at 30 1/2 State St. Mrs. M. A. Bonney of Boston, Mrs. Litch of Lynn, Mrs. Chapman of Brighton all did excellent work. Mrs. Bonney is always satisfactory and her audiences were large. Mrs. Litch also had large numbers who recognized the messages. It was Mrs. Chapman's first appearance and she gave good satisfaction. Wednesday evening, the 22d, a public circle was held by Mrs. Hattie Woodbury of Haverhill, who also served Sunday, the 26th. It was her first work on a public platform but it was good, honest work, and was well received. Speakers engaged for December were Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Annie Jones, Mrs. Helgett, Mrs. Fannie Spaulding of Norwich, Conn., Mrs. Pettengill.

I don't care to meet the man who has never made a mistake, for that infallible individual has likely never made anything else.—H. Macaulay.

Toronto people are going to have an instructive course of lectures by that eminent author, W. J. Colville, given under the auspices of the ladies of the city, who, while at Lily Dale, Campmeeting, heard Mr. Colville lecture and were so impressed by his deep thought and brilliant utterances, that they conceived the idea that the citizens of Toronto ought to have an opportunity of listening to such an able speaker. With commendable zeal they set to work and got some of the best citizens interested in the movement, which has consummated in a two weeks' engagement of this brilliant lecturer.

Mr. and Mrs. Kates are doing very good work in Washington and are very popular. Sunday, the 25th, Mr. Kates, at Masonic Temple, gave an address, and Mrs. Kates sang "We Are Passing but Once This Way." The children of the Lyceum met at the home of Mr. Willis and surprised Mrs. M. J. Stephens, their teacher. Refreshments were served and the children enjoyed themselves.

The San Francisco Spiritualists meet every Sunday evening in Odd Fellows' building to hear brilliant addresses by Miss Mae Hunt, speaker and message bearer. This entranced speaker is so interesting to hear that late attendants are obliged to stand. After the discourse, written questions are answered.

In Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. Elsie Stumpf has been giving lectures and readings for the First Church of Spiritualism the past three weeks and has been a drawing card, gaining many friends, who will be glad to extend to her dates later on. Mrs. C. D. Greenamyer will occupy the rostrum in Columbia Hall for an indefinite time.

Medical experts have discovered that mosquitoes do not carry yellow fever germs in winter time. To the Bostonian this is reassuring.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 24, 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. age	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						
"28-29-30	G	M	E	K	B	F						
Dec. 1-2	F	G	M	E	K	B						
3-4	F	G	M	E	K	B						
5-6-7	B	F	G	M	E	K						
8-9	B	F	G	M	E	K						
10-11-12	K	B	F	G	M	E						
13-14	K	B	F	G	M	E						
15-16-17	E	K	B	F	G	M						
18-19	E	K	B	F	G	M						
20-21	M	E	K	B	F	G						
22-23	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 sub-divided, even down to the infinitesimal movement of a saphyr. 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 22d 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. 5 and 9 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. 31.

EXPLANATIONS RELATIVE TO A READING.

(Continued.)

Of course, it would be ridiculous to suppose that any planet can be in more than one place at the same time, hence we must realize that these different positions, by birth, by ingress, by progression, by celestial circle, and of the ecliptic, and of the manner be one and the same, and that their recorded differences are but symbols of movements of other cycles relative to the only one place in which any planet can possibly be. Every degree of the equinoctial circle, and of the ecliptic, and of the equator, and of the meridian, and of the year, and of the month, the day, the hour and the minute, each has a zodiacal circle of its own, numbered in divisions from 1 to 12, and otherwise designated by the same names as are used by the "constellations," which is still another circle. These sign names are but the equivalent of numbers, or letters, and may be, and are, used, the same as numbers, to designate the self-same division of any circle, whether it be great or small. The hours on the clock may be called Aries for 1 o'clock, Taurus for 2 o'clock, etc., etc. So called, they would only be tabulating the movements of the planets.

If from 2 to 3 o'clock (third hour from noon) was the Jupiter hour, we might say, "Jupiter is in Gemini in the clock's zodiac." These divisions, and the movements of the planets, are so harmonious in the eternal law, that they can never be out of their mathematical power any more than can be the numbers or digits, in a continuous sum. They bear the same relation to their original simple power, whether we speak of them as hundreds, thousands or millions. All planets on the same day are in the same place, whether viewed from India or America, but to show how their rays differently strike the earth's surface, we use the term "House," instead of "sign," "number" or "letter." These various differences are but the workings of a multitude of heavenly movements, designated in Genesis as the flaming swords turning every way to keep the way of the tree of life." Every portion of the heavens surrounding us is as an envelope, and everything inside of the envelope is more or less affected by it, according to the location of the contact with it. The sphere of Venus, at birth, has a warming and cheering influence. We all love it, hence it is called the influence of love in its highest form, while the other planets, are also loves, but of a grosser order. If our grosser loves are stronger in us than the finer love that comes from Venus, then, we are attracted to such grosser interests as they represent, and especially so under their times of influence. "There is a time for all things under the sun." The sun is the father, or center influence of the Solar system, yet this father is again under some other central force, covering a larger circle farther away from our own personal center, which is our personal father within himself, representing the kingdom of heaven. All centers of force are on the cross, hence the center, called the "soul" is the Christ-principle in all things, and is a finite likeness of the infinite center. The center of our forces enjoys communion with the center of other forces, and this is affinity. We find this affinity more or less in all others whose cross is not bearing down upon our own cross, and making it heavier than we can bear. Place two crosses in support of each other at an angle of 720 degrees, and one cross will support the other, and two souls can rest quietly beneath them as in a tent. The tent is the symbol for the first letter in the alphabet, and thereby represents the cabalistic power of the Almighty One. It is well for us not to forget, that in an entire lifetime we do not advance so much as one degree on the equinox, hence all movements in a life are but cycles inside of cycles, and all of them inside of that 1 degree, and that one degree inside of another movement, for at the same time we are moving with the entire solar system in an apparently straight line, towards the star Vega, at the rate of about 700 miles a minute. Now, relative to the earth, no matter how much the planets appear to be going around and around; they are only moving about in that one degree, like unto a gold fish in a globe of water, returning constantly to their place at our birth, the influence of which never departs from our life, as related to that one equinoctial degree. As we are promised at birth, is

our portion in love, or anything else. Temporary appearances of better conditions are but will-o-the-wisps, or, little glimmerings, or shadows, temporarily brightening or darkening our pathway. Out planetary lords are the kind of lords that the ancients spoke of, until, through a loss of these understandings, the world began to place the lordships upon other things. If, by these delusive lordships, we are led away from the paths laid down by our own lords, we are, sooner or later, forced back to the normal condition of our guidance, and, to our chagrin and sorrow. If we enter into iron-bound contracts for life, with hopes not in conformity with the normality of our own life powers to fulfil, then we suffer after the delusive period is past, but if our contracts are made with a full understanding and in agreement with these temporary lights and shadows, then we are safe-guarded, for, when the delusive period is passed we are once again free to observe our normal powers. In this particular life which we are considering, Venus did not promise any satisfaction on the sentient plane (seeing, feeling, tasting, hearing and smelling) but she was separating from dissatisfied sense gratifications, and, applying to a fullness of soul, or soul, desires, and will reach that point, when, by progression, she becomes conjoined and combusted with the sun, in his birth-promise of gratifications, by determination. The sun (or earth) makes a progressed revolution only once in 360 years, which is between 4 and 5 degrees of the precession of the equinoxes, or, as many reincarnations. The higher powers of love, then, are now entering this life at the solar point of birth, and may be utilized by determination. It will, in this department, be in soul power for the rest of the life, because Venus will travel over the path that the sun in the life has progressively traveled, varied from time to time by the lunar, or sentient forces. These latter will be annoying unless fully understood and reconciled. At 33, the sentient forces run up against the conjunction of Saturn, but this is modified by the trine of Jupiter, thus blending the ideal love with feelings of pride and self-importance. On the material plane of life, these two are disposed to give some sort of a wind-fall in ways and means, and, on the physical plane, their influence is allied to home and bodily self, or self in connection with success in real estate, or means thereby.

This success might be, in general, home comforts, which would imply the same thing. By the ordinary thumb-rules, these forces would apply to endings in the domestic or parental realms of life, from one side if single, or from either or both if married. Marriage in no manner changes our life conditions for weal or woe, that I can learn, nor do they change by any choice selection of the partner. Marriage only narrows our joys and sorrows to a smaller circle of mutualities. The square of Jupiter denotes outlay, quite liable to exceed the receipts in same given time. I have found this to be quite certain, whether the receipts were as great as Rockefeller's or as meagre as those of your humble servant. Efforts put forth under the influence are no evidence of overcoming it. Credits and discredits occur to man just as the planets declare, so long as the world's estimation of things is as it is. Herein may be learned an appreciation of charity, a virtue which the world has forgotten or misapplied. Also, by this planetary infallibility, we may appreciate the old saying, "When the devil was sick the devil a saint was he." By knowing our pathway in life, we, individually, become saint, sinner, or sane. Otherwise we are more or less insane, which means "no saint." As saint, when the winds blow, we know enough to say, "Peace! Be still!" to our animal nature, and, by foreknowledge, we may, in our good days, prepare a good cover to protect against the wind. The general world is like the Arkansas squatter, found under a table in his hut, during a rainstorm, trying to avoid the drippings through the roof. "Why don't you mend your roof?" said the visitor. "Can't," replied the squatter, "cause it rains." "Why don't you do it when it is pleasant?" urged the visitor. "Don't need it then," was the reply. There is a curious, latent, occult, or hidden force in every life. In the one I am reading it manifests itself by a desire for mental control over others, and, with determination and pride as the base, it will attain great power, in worldly operations, though not without unjust comment and reverses, but all successes are made up of reverses. They are the law of the universe.