

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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NO. 17

Somewhere.
"Tis always morning somewhere, little heart:
Somewhere the sky is ever fair and blue,
No night can wrap in darkness all the world,
Some rift in the sun is ever shining through.
There 's always happiness somewhere, sad
heart;
Somewhere is always love and hope and
cheer.
No sorrow can forever hide God's smile,
No life is toll and grief from birth to birth.
Look up and bide with patience then, dear
heart:
The sacred promise of the dawn is true,
Beyond the cloud a glad, new day shall rise,
And what of joy is yours will come to you.
Jessie C. Glasier, in the Christian Standard.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"And having tried all other ways
To just try God's."

Mrs. Browning.

"He that taketh his own cares upon him-
self loads himself in vain with an uneasy
burden. The fear of what may come, de-
sire of what will not come, and the in-
ability of redressing all these, generates
continual unrest. I will cast my cares up-
on God. He hath bidden me. He will re-
dress them."
Bishop Hall.

"O, rest in the Lord; and He shall give
thee thy heart's desire."

The gospel of spirit return is the gospel
of the practical care and the immediate
aid of God in daily affairs. It is the means
employed; the method by means of which
we receive the aid. The idea that spiritual
communication even if actual and true, is
merely a matter of phenomena; that it is—
a curiosity, an interest—a comfort, even—
alone; that it is, in any one sense, a side-
issue, so to speak, something apart from
the common experience of every hour;
something for the great emergencies, only,
of life; something "super-normal"—all these
varied acceptances of the facts are still wide
of the mark. The presence, the compan-
ionship, the counsel, of those in the un-
seen, is no more to be relegated to occa-
sional—or frequent—phenomena, than are
the companionships and influences of our
friends and acquaintances about us, here
and now, in daily life. And the most curi-
ously inconceivable error of belief in all
ages is that which makes the Christian
church, the Christian ministry, the Chris-
tian believer, in any sense hostile, or an-
tagonistic, or sceptical regarding this great
truth; because the continual presence, the
constant intercourse of those in the eth-
ereal with those in the physical world, is
the very means designed by God for con-
veying to man His practical and immediate
and ever-present aid. The great message
of the church of the Christian ministry,
is that of trust in God. It may be regard-
ed as the very foundation and the very
cornerstone of all religious teaching. The
Bible is simply vital with expressions all
conveying this counsel. The Old, as well
as the New Testament, is filled with coun-
sel of which the significant message is—
Trust in God. It may be said, without
exaggeration, that there is hardly one ser-
mon in a century, out of all the multitudi-
nous preaching of hundreds of thousands
of ministers—of all sects, of all varieties
of religious belief—Protestant or Catholic,
Buddhist, Mohammedan, Parsee, what one
will—it is safe to say that from St. Peter's
in Rome, St. Sofia in Constantinople, from
the Buddhist temples in Calcutta, from the
mosques of Cairo, from Westminster Ab-
bey to the most primitive little church on
the Western plains—it is safe to say that
the message of faith in God, of casting
one's care upon God, is the keynote of
every sermon and every aspect of religious
teaching. But this has largely been left
as an abstraction. The idea of God, Him-
self, is so supreme a thing as to be beyond
the definite comprehension of man. "Do
you believe in a personal God?" is a com-
mon question. And if one does, his imagi-
nation yet falters in forming a definite con-
ception of a Being always existing, always
omnipresent. It is impossible to fathom
the sublime mystery which is to be more
clearly revealed in the great evolution of
Spiritual life. Just how this Divine Being
of whose power, nature and attributes the
mind is unable to clearly conceive could
aid the individual in temporal trial or per-
plexity was left a mystery. The gospel of
spirit-return is the solution of that mys-
tery! It reveals the modus operandi. God
works by means and not by miracles. He

works by law. All His creatures are His
messengers. His aid is practical—in the
sense of being applied to the most tem-
poral need—as well as spiritual, in the
sense of the evolving and the exaltation
of the spiritual consciousness. One may
just as freely ask God for a pair of shoes
as he may for the salvation of his soul.
The former may be a very temporal need
and the latter an eternal one, but each has
its place in the scheme of life. Now needs
are met in a variety of ways. Some one
in this world is moved to offer the gift,
or the opportunity. Again, some one in
the unseen so directs currents of influence
that the need is met through what we of-
ten call a series of circumstances, not di-
rectly traceable to any one individual. But
such circumstances do not come "by
chance," as is sometimes said. Nothing
comes by chance. The fact that a man
takes one turning on a street when an-
other would answer precisely the same
purpose, and thus meets a given individual,
is not a thing that occurs "by chance."
As Robert Browning says, "All's love, and
all's law." Now revealed religion will
never be to humanity the all-powerful tri-
umph and irresistible, all-conquering tri-
umph of aid, in every day's and every
hour's experience, that it should be, until
the methods of God's aid are more clearly
grasped and are taken out of the realm of
the merely abstract and vague and are
brought into the realm of that definite com-
prehension which the Divine Power means
that man shall grasp and enjoy. The Bible
is full of the plain, practical teachings of
"the ways of God to man." Modern life
has received anew, a definite revelation
concerning the inter-relation of the phys-
ical and the ethereal worlds. "The re-dis-
covery of orthodoxy, and the re-discovery of
the essentials in Christianity, now going
on, are the most gratifying signs of the
times," said Dr. Hiram Corson recently in
a private letter, and he added—"Jesus is
coming to his own. There is a growing
sense of the divine immanence to which the
idea of an extra-cosmic God, managing
things, is giving way. Hopeful, indeed, are
the religious signs of the times."

Spiritualism has come not to destroy but
to fulfill! It is the expression of religious
evolution. There are those who say that
the value of any communication with those
in the ethereal world is that it proves, by
actual demonstration, the immortality of
the soul. But that is very rudimentary.
Of course, if a man is so defective in spir-
itual perception; so undeveloped and so ig-
norant as to doubt there being any forms
of life outside those that he perceives by
the senses, why, to him the fact that his
friend who has passed through death speaks
to him may, of course, be that proof, and
afford him the first round of the ladder on
which to climb to some definite grasp on
the eternal realities. Learning the alpha-
bet is by no means a thing to be despised,
although if one did not go on to utilize this
preliminary achievement it would, to be
sure, hold very little satisfaction for him.
But the great thing is to grasp the under-
standing of the true nature of life; of the
methods by which God helps man and lifts
his cares and burdens, showing him the il-
luminated way. The method is by spiritual
helpers and messengers, in the body and
out of the body—all linked in a series of
co-operation, each fulfilling his own part
in this mosaic of life. "In addition to all
these," says Annie Besant, "man is him-
self a constant creator of invisible beings,
for the vibrations of his thoughts and de-
sires create forms of subtle matter, the
only life of which is the thought, or the
desire, which ensouls them; he thus cre-
ates an army of invisible servants, who
range through the invisible worlds seeking
to do his will. Yet, again, there are in
those worlds human helpers, who work
there in their subtle bodies while their
physical bodies are sleeping, whose atten-
tive ear may catch a cry for help. And
to crown all, there is the ever-present, ever-
conscious life of God, Himself, potent and
responsive at every point of His realm,
of Him without whose knowledge not a
sparrow falleth to the ground, that all-
pervading, all-sustaining life and love in
which we live and move. Now this all-
pervading life is everywhere utilizing as
channels on the embodied lives, and any-
one of them may be used as an agent of
that all-conscious will."

To cast one's care upon God; to be able

to absolutely rest in the Lord, is to live
in that serenity and joy and faith that li-
berates and stimulates every energy. To
realize the presence of the throng of in-
visible helpers is the most potent aid to
this "resting" in God. It is the one great
aid to the realization that one is not walk-
ing alone through trial, or perplexity, or
sorrow; that sustaining guidance and sym-
pathetic counsel is always at hand, and
that God is over all, and that He is wisely
and lovingly ordering all the combinations
of circumstances. Thus may man lift up
his heart. Thus may he arise in fullness of
joy. Thus may he comprehend that the
Lord is his helper.

The signs of the times are for a vast and
potent increase of spiritual manifestation.
As humanity develops increasing spiritual-
ity, the perception of spiritual truth, the
recognition of spiritual presences become
more universal. The time is by no means
distant when the conversational intercourse
with those in the ethereal world will be as
absolutely and universally a matter of gen-
eral recognition and belief, as is now the
fact of communication by means of tele-
phone, cable and wireless telegraphy. The
time is at hand when not to believe and
to realize this truth will simply be looked
upon as a curious and dense ignorance,
as might be that of the person who should
say he did not believe in the possibility
of telegraphic communication. Spiritual-
ism comprises and holds in essence and
includes all religion—all varieties of re-
ligious belief and power. It stands for the
absolute and changeless truth. It compre-
hends in its highest possibilities the spiri-
tualization of life, the divine ordering of
the universe. There need be no timidity
nor apologetic attitude assumed by those
who know this truth. We sometimes meet
the assertion that this person or that, "has
the courage" to confess himself a Spiritual-
ist! The "courage!" "I am not ashamed
of the gospel of Christ," said St. Paul.
Why, indeed, should he be? Why, indeed,
should any Spiritualist be ashamed that his
understanding is enlightened, and that he
has the immeasurable illumination of
truth? All he has to do is to live his be-
lief; to so live in the higher love and har-
mony and serenity of spirit, and trust in
God—that faith which has added knowl-
edge as well as that he shall radiate some-
thing of the gladness and the glory of his
faith.

The Dewey Hotel, Washington, D. C.

The Finite vs. the Infinite.

"Our finitenesses and limitations seem to
be our personal essence; and when the
finishing organ drops away, and our several
spirits revert to their original source and
resume their unrestricted condition, will
they then be anything like those sweet
streams of feeling which we know, and
which even now our brains are sitting out
from the great reservoir for our enjoyment
here below?"

So says Prof. Wm. James, in his lecture
on "Immortality."

Will we ever be without limitations?
Can we entirely lose the finishing organ?
How can it be possible that our spirits
shall revert to their original source? Who
can postulate an original source? How
can we resume an unrestricted condition,
when it is provable that we have always
been limited by restrictions?

These are all important questions, and
show how easy we can drop into making
statements that are really assailable at all
points, when they seem to be scientifically
clear.

Our finiteness is a personal quality—and
perhaps an essence; but we prefer to term
it a quality than an essence, for the latter
indicates substance rather than force. Our
organs are embodied within finite essences
or unfolded into material expressions that
seemingly "drop away," but always create
a continuity upon a differing plane or in
an increased expression. Within our finite-
ness and limitations there are indices of
infinite possibilities; or, at least, of increas-
ing possibilities. There is no reversion to
an "original source." The plant never goes
back to the seed, nor the seed to the plant;
but these evolve their kind and pass on
into other forms and forces. Who shall
say and be able to prove that there is de-
structibility; or that something ever came
from nothing. If such is unprovable, then
is it not safe to postulate infinite force

back of present forms, as well as to pre-
mise infinite possibilities ahead? Thus the
infinite is ever incarnate in the finite; and
the finite is ever expressed by the limita-
tions. To suppose a period or condition
of perfection shall be attained in future
realms, is without warrant except by human
ipse dixit. Nature proves otherwise.

Ah yes, the "great reservoir" is for us
to sift from or to gain "sweet streams"
of knowledge and sensation "for our en-
joyment" not only here below, but in the
realms that stretch ahead into infinity.
The great revelation that we continue to
develop is made manifest. As the plant
will not revert into the original nor into
any previous plant, but will be carried for-
ward into unfolding continuities, develop-
ing into higher forms and forces, so will
human plants. The same law of contin-
uity applies to both. There is very little,
if any, differentiation in the law of life
by form and force, except we may call
these differentiations as species and kinds.
And these are all in exact accord with the
divine law of causation.

By no analogy in nature can we postulate
a re-embodiment process backward; but all
analysis and evidence shows development.
We cannot return to an "original source,"
because we have become an original source
from which flows other streams unto the
great reservoir unto which all flow, as well
as from which all have come. Thus the
finite and infinite are ever inter-blended
and inter-related. A progressive life ahead
is undoubtedly true—scientifically and spir-
itually provable. That does not prove im-
mortal personality; but is a satisfactory
predicate for immortal energy. It may be
paradoxical; but we are evidently crea-
tures of infinite limitations—or, perhaps
better stated as an eternal continuity of
expression.

G. W. K.

Tributes to Ercole Chiaia, the Spir- itualist Leader.

Recently at Naples occurred an import-
ant reunion in honor of Ercole Chiaia, the
strong Spiritualist propagandist, whose
death occurred recently. A late number of
Luce e Ombra is entirely devoted to the
publication of three interesting discourses
which were pronounced on this occasion.
One by the Advocate Zingales, one by
Prof. Passaro and one by Morelli, and let-
ters sent by a large number of dis-
tinguished people who have assisted at
seances organized by M. Chiaia, with the
medium Paladino, and many of whom owe
to him the first step in their knowledge of
mediumistic phenomena. Among others
present were Prof. Leonard Bianchi of the
University of Naples, Acting Minister of
Public Instruction of Italy, Prof. Schiappa-
relli, Prof. Flourenco, Prof. Porro of the
University of Genoa, Camille Flammarion
and Col. De Rochas. Here is what Prof.
Lombroso said:

"You have reason to honor highly the
memory of Ercole Chiaia in a worthy work.
People have so great a horror of what is
new. He had the great courage and a soul
sufficiently elevated and sufficiently noble
to make himself the apostle of theories
which have ever produced ridicule, and to
do this with a great energy. It is to him
that many people in this world, myself
among others, owe the fact of having seen
opened up a new world to psychic invest-
igation, and that by the only means which
can convince men that the spirit lives, that
is to say, by direct observation."

"Victorien Sardou said: 'The chevalier,
Ercole Chiaia, by the impulse which he has
given to psychic study in Italy, merits the
recognition of all, who, like myself, are de-
voted to these studies. I gladly join in
the homage which you pay to his dear
memory.'"

Here are some lines from the letter
of Prof. Charles Richet: "It would be
rank ingratitude not to recognize the great
part that M. Chiaia has taken in the devel-
opment of psychic study, his perspicacity
and his strong will, strong desire for good,
have caused him to bring about great tri-
umphs in the holy cause of truth. In-
deed, there is needed great courage and a
really great soul in order that one should
not be discouraged by ridicule and calumny
and to follow the cause of right like
chevalier Bayard without fear. Chiaia has
been such a man, and he has to all these
noble qualities of wisdom and courage
joined a delicate courtesy and a joining
modesty."

Prof. Morselli of the University of Genoa:
"Most gladly do I join in the homage
which you are paying to the memory of
Chiaia, although I do not agree so far as
the probable or presumable nature of psy-

chic phenomena go with the ideas which
he has been the first to promulgate in
Italy. But everyone who studies psychol-
ogy, normal pathologic or super-normal,
ought to pay their tribute of esteem to
those who, like M. Chiaia, have worked in
the midst of enormous difficulties and
among the ready sneers of incompetent
people or distinct opponents in favor of
what appeared to his soul to be the truth.
The cultivation of truth, whatever may be
the manner and conception of belief, is
always a step toward the conquest of a
knowledge more vast and profound."

Such are the tributes of respect and es-
teem shown to a distinguished Italian Spir-
itualist by some of the most learned Euro-
pean professors. Charles Richet, it will be
remembered, is president of the British
Society for Psychical Research.

Spirit Photograph.

In the face of Professor Martini's experi-
ence with a murderer, discovering by the aid
of his ophthalmoscope a photograph of the
victim on the retina of the murderer's eye,
as reported in the Banner of Light last
week, who will say that the murderer only
fancies that he sees his victim? This is
good proof of a real vision, and it is also
an augury that we cannot much longer
cover our crimes. We are aware that this
is so in spirit life, where our deeds and
even thought are reflected from our spiri-
tual bodies and upon, as it were, our soul
tablets, until we are known as we know
ourselves.

But the above recorded instance is one
of a physical character that develops the
spirit possibility of a personal projection
common to clairvoyant sight and leaves up-
on the retina the effect that may be pho-
tographed. There is only one sensible
conclusion: The spirit of the murdered
man had made himself visible to his mur-
derer and held sufficient material projec-
tion to be photographed. If the spirits
can be photographed by being projected
to the sensitive plate of the camera, why
not upon the sensitive film of the retina
of the eye?

The evidence in this case is corroborative
and is one more definite record for
our claim of spirit demonstration.

G. W. K.

Character.

"We judge a man by his conduct—that
is, by his character—and not by his wealth
or intellect."—President Roosevelt.

Perhaps our president should have used
the personal pronoun, singular number,
and not the plural; for it is very evident
that many persons, if not the majority,
now-a-days, judge a man by his wealth.
Character and conduct are not so much
considered in our dealings with one an-
other—particularly in business and society
—as is the question of wealth. But the
just method is by character. A poor and
honest man can be more fully trusted than
can the wealthy dishonest one. The spiri-
tual law leads us to judge by character.
Moral power is by worth, not in the seem-
ing. Conduct and character will be our
sureties in spirit life. Why not make it so
in the mortal? We trust that our gov-
ernment in this fair nation will set high
values upon conduct and character, and in
each the legislative, judicial and executive
departments, such a standard will soon
bring honest capacity.

"Making Good" is employed usually as
a slang term; but there is good value in
the same. If slang would always lead to
what these two words in combination mean,
we would have no objection to slang. We
desire to recommend the embodying of this
term into the daily attempts of all people.
If we make good, we will surely become
good; and as we lead a good life we will
be influencing others into the same effort.
We also desire to suggest that the Spir-
itualists "make good" all they claim for
their cause, and thus unfold the great util-
ities thereof.

A Catholic Bishop in Omaha, Neb.,
lately excommunicated a number of persons
for attending a Protestant wedding. Who
says that religious persecution is extinct?
And who says there is Christian fraternity?
Will the excommunicated realize that he
has fallen up?

SLEEP.

John A. Lewis.

Oh sleep, thou seeming death,
Yet like to death but seeming;
Thou givest life with every breath,
And strength with blissful dreaming.

Our ceaseless round of care,
Each weary day returning,
Makes help like thine seem most divine
For which our hearts are yearning.

We live by earnest toil,
Our rest, the work succeeding;
And thy sweet peace can give relief
And hope, which we are needing.

Sweet counterfeit of death,
Yet life to all the living;
Our song shall be loud praise to thee
For that which thou art giving.

This life is one long dream,
Of joy and grief partaking;
And we shall yet, our grief forget
In joys we find on waking.

Commandments and Beatitudes.

LECTURE DELIVERED IN MASONIC TEMPLE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., OCT. 29, 1905.

(Reported by Walter P. Williams for
Banner of Light.)

A kind friend who attends a great many
of our meetings recently lent me a very
valuable little work entitled "The Mystic
Textbook." It contains these words which
we may take this morning as our text:

"Speak only kind words at all times, think
only good thoughts at all times, be kind,
loving, gentle, forgiving and forgetting at
all times."

Now if the whole law and the whole gospel
have ever been condensed into a single
precept, we find it in these few words.

Let us be always kind, always gentle, al-
ways forgiving and always forgetting, and
yet that last word, "forgetting," is a word
that a great majority of people today will
probably have some difficulty in reconciling
with the teaching that we are always en-
deavoring to convey. To forget means to
put out of mind, as to forgive means to put
out of will. To forego, to give up, to sur-
render, that is to forget, and yet that is
only the negative aspect, for the positive
aspect is to give forth and to extend the
hand of blessing and to exert an influence
which ennoble and uplifts humanity.

Our task this morning may not be a par-
ticularly simple one in endeavoring to show
the perfect agreement between the ten
great commands from Sinai and the eight
beatitudes, which constitute the most inter-
esting and important feature of that body
of doctrine, sacred to the entire Christian
world, which is called the Sermon on the
Mount. The Sermon on the Mount is un-
derstood by many to be the very greatest
teaching which has ever been given to hu-
manity; one may very well regard it as a
summing up of all the greatest teaching
which had been given before the time of
Jesus of Nazareth, the great prophet of
Galilee. That great spiritual teacher who
blessed the earth with his material presence
nineteen centuries ago, whose name has
been revered not only all over Christendom
but over the entire earth, never claimed to
be an original teacher any more than a
mathematician today or a teacher who in-
structs children in the multiplication table
undertakes to be original.

The law is the outer form of the gospel,
gospel being the kernel or soul of law.
When Mrs. Gesteled, in her admirable new
book—an interpretation of Genesis—bear-
ing the suggestive title "And God Said,"
undertakes to ask us whether we are living
according to the Science of Being, or ac-
cording to the doctrines of theology, that
very able teacher means to enquire are we
living according to the authority which we
find in truth for ourselves or are we follow-
ing blindly hearsay evidence which may be
communicated to us by those around us.
Thus, one person says, "I accept it because
it is in the Bible," another says, "I accept
it because the Church teaches it," but no
matter how much truth is taught in Bible
or by Church, no book no literature, no
institution, it matters not how venerable
and venerated, can ever be the embodiment
of all the illumination and the fountainhead
of all the inspiration which man today needs
for his enlightenment.

The tragic story of Mount Sinai in Arabia
is the literal story of an ancient volcano.
Recent discoveries in the Sinaitic religion
prove that seismic disturbances occurred
there some millenniums ago, and when in
the book of Exodus we are told that there
was a pillar of fire by night and a protect-
ing cloud by day, and as the people were
advancing toward Sinai they were sheltered
during the day from the intense heat of the
sun pouring down upon the desert sand by
that protecting cloud and that they were il-
luminated by night during their bewildering
tortuous marches by the pillar of fire. We
need not attach a supernatural interpreta-
tion to either phenomenon. When people
are familiar with ancient and oriental modes
of teaching, when they know that all the
great teachers of the East, in ages gone by
and at the present time equally, have taught
and are still teaching metaphorically they
will know that what the teachers of the
East always intended to impress upon the
minds of their hearers was that the uni-
verse is spiritual and that there is no blind
force in nature. We say that.

"God moves in a mysterious way, his won-
ders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea and rides
upon the storm,"

and that grand hymn which has echoed and
re-echoed from country to country means
that God works through nature, that God
is nature's author and nature's soul, and as
Drummond has put it in his excellent work,
"The Ascent of Man," we are not to look
for divine action in gaps or interstices but
we should search for divine activity in the
ordinary course of Nature's movements.
The ancients did not teach occasional divine
intervention or interposition, they taught
that God worked through universal agen-
cies. "Whatever is done in the Universe
God does it," is a concept which harmon-
izes with ideas entertained by all enlight-
ened Deists today: divine omnipotence,
omnipresence, omniscience, must be intelli-

gently admitted or there is no concept of
Infinite Intelligence.

The Mosaic type of mind is not neces-
sarily confined to one age or to one coun-
try. That there may have once lived a
man named Moses who had a brother
Aaron a few years older than himself, and
that Moses was a prophet and Aaron a
high priest is very probable, but there may
also be another man named Moses with a
brother named Aaron living in this country
today and one may be more spiritually en-
lightened and a braver man than the other.
So far as the Mosaic type of character is
concerned, moral courage is what we need
most to consider, for remember that to
Moses alone it is said that the revelation
from the summit of Sinai was given. We
are told that not a beast was allowed to
set foot upon the hillside. We are told that
all the people were in dread, that there
was a trembling at the base of the moun-
tain, that fire issued from the crater of the
volcano, and that there were awful sights
and sounds, paralyzing with dread the bulk
of the congregation of Israel. Then
through all this fire and smoke and despite
all this awe-inspiring phenomena there goes
forward onward, and upward to the very
top of the burning hill one man, the in-
trepid Moses, passing through the thick
darkness to the place where God is. Moses
has there an interview with Elohim, and
his divine spirit addresses himself to the
intrepid prophet, and Moses comes down
from the mountain with his countenance so
brightly illumined, with such a sheen of
glory encircling him that his audience can-
not gaze upon his face when he is speaking
to them, and because of their urgent re-
quest and to meet their necessity, he veils
his face, and they say to him: "Let not
God speak with us lest we die; speak thou
with us and we will speak with thee." Then
they requested him to keep his face cov-
ered because they could not bear the blind-
ing glow which emanated from his radiant
countenance. This vivid allegorical teach-
ing may also have its literal external side
as we readily perceive when we study
psychic science.

We read much today of the human aura,
we are reconsidering the halo, nimbus,
glory, aureola, surrounding heads of pic-
tured saints. We are beginning to feel that
intelligent men and women fully abreast
with modern scientific revelation are treat-
ing the visions of artists of old as vastly
more than the conjured fancies of an over-
wrought imagination and we feel that there
is actually some basis or substratum of solid
historic fact in the ancient mystic stories.
How well we may picture to ourselves cer-
tain Bible writers taking hold of some im-
portant incidents in ancient history and
clothing them in dramatic form so that they
can be handed down from age to age still
replete with the same instruction which
they conveyed to the people in the days
when their words were first uttered. An-
cient people said that God communes with
man by means of a voice from heaven, and
when we study classic history we find that
voices from above, voices from around, and
voices from below are said to be means of
spiritual communication for all the peoples
of the earth. We read in classic story that
sybils, enchanters, prophetesses, vestal vir-
gins and many others were accustomed to
listen for mysterious voices and those who
approached the sacred shrine of the oracle
at Delphos declared that this most famous
of all the Greek oracles spoke by means of
a voice. It is worthy of notice that when-
ever the Ten Commandments are read in
an Episcopal Church the prefatory words
are also given: "God spake all these
words, saying," Marie Corelli in one of
her recent novels, "God's Good Man,"
which turns upon an excellent and consen-
suous English clergyman, emphasizes the
fact that this good man—"John Walden"—
when he speaks from the altar of his
Church in the presence of some fashion-
able and flippant people, who are there evi-
dently not as worshippers or students, spe-
cially emphasizes the ancient statement,
"God spake all these words." It was the
splendor and majesty of that mighty decla-
ration in ancient Jewry which made the
multitude in Israel listen with awe and re-
verence. Moses never said, "These are my
words," for he never claimed to be a law-
giver. Moses was a law interpreter, a law
transmitter, but never a law originator. It
was because of this that Thomas Huxley,
speaking to a boy concerning the authority
of the Decalogue, and mentioning in par-
ticular the commandment, "Thou shalt not
steal"—though a modern nineteenth century
agnostic and not a teacher of theology,—
said to the boy, "You must not steal, for if
you steal you will throw society into dis-
cord." The disruption of society follows
upon the breach of one or more of the
ten commandments, therefore it is not a
question with us today whether those com-
mands were given from Sinai in Arabia,
whether they were given mysteriously by
means of a sacred voice, or whether, as a
writer in the New Testament says, they
were given by the ministry of angels, which
is undoubtedly the truest interpretation, for
whether given in one way or another they
prove their own intrinsic value.

Take now the first commandment: "Thou
shalt worship but one God."

If there is but one God to be adored, and
if that one God is to be found within the
inmost soul of man rather than to be dis-
covered outside of human consciousness,
then two very important considerations
necessarily follow: The multitudes in the
"heathen" world worshipped gods many and
lords many. With what result? One na-
tion hated another nation and pronounced
its gods devils; the sacred animals of one
nation were regarded as vile by another.
In the history of Egypt and Persia this has
been emphatically the case; everything that
was held sacred by one nation was con-
demned as profane by the other. It seems
impossible to worship a number of different
gods without having a number of different
peoples at war one against the other. But
we are told, even in these days, by many
Theosophists and Spiritualists, and with
considerable show of reason, that multi-
tudinous divinities may actually exist. So
they may, and the Decalogue does not deny
their existence, it only forbids us to wor-
ship them. Produce, if you will, every god
and goddess of mythology; produce, if you
can, all the myriad deities of India, and still,
from the standpoint of Sinaitic revelation
they are only men and women, although
dismantled of external clay. Suppose they
exist, worship them not; commune with

them you may, hold fellowship with them
you can, but worship them you must not.
It was not a denial of their existence but
only a refusal to bow before them which
originally constituted and still constitutes
the pith and marrow of the first and second
commandments.

Then the third commandment: "Thou
shalt not take the name of the Eternal thy
God in vain," has always been interpreted
by Jewish sages and by all truly great
rabbis to mean that we shall never swear
without a determination to fulfill our oath.
The Jewish law does not say "Swear not
at all," but it insists that no one shall swear
carelessly or thoughtlessly. Even to this
day we encounter people holding up their
hands and calling upon the name of God
and saying they will do all kinds of things
they never do, and what is far worse, ask-
ing God to do all sorts of terrible things to
them if they break their word. We find
now in connection with the Roman Cath-
olic Church a society of the Holy Name in
which all the members are pledged to utter
a word of blessing wherever they hear a
word of cursing, and surely there can be no
other way so good as to overcome evil with
good. Why should people use any words
that mean nothing to them? I am not tak-
ing the name of God in vain if I say "So
help me heaven," if I mean that I will do
my very utmost to carry my resolution into
effect, but we may prefer the theosophical
pledge, "So help me my higher self." When
I call upon the highest in me to help
me and then say "God helping me I will
do this good work," that surely is not tak-
ing the name of God in vain, but is seeking
spiritual aid to strengthen praiseworthy
resolution.

Now comes the fourth commandment,
concerning the Sabbath. The Sabbath was
never intended to be burdensome and
grievous; it was intended for rest, for re-
creation, for enjoyment, or why were ox and
ass and all manner of cattle mentioned in
the Decalogue as well as servants and mem-
bers of the family. Was there ever a time
when oxen and asses went in troops to
synagogues or attended service in the Tem-
ple on Mount Moriah? Was there ever a
time when animals were expected at stated
intervals to obey some divine command and
assemble for worship? There is no tradi-
tion of any such belief or practice in Israel,
but animals can do their best work during
six days in the week when they have their
Sabbath rest, and for the human race the
Sabbath provision was even more impor-
tant. No one really understands the full
benefit of the Sabbath who does not look
back to ages long gone by, to times of
slavery now happily remote. The slave was
the property of his master; six days in the
week the slave could be made to do what-
ever his master told him to do, but the
Sabbath was the day when the slave was a
free man, when he could take his orders
from God and not from any earthly master,
saying: "God has told me this day that I
shall rest, and I would be disobeying Him
if I worked." While it is a historic fact
that the Jewish law never entirely abolished
slavery, it is true that it modified it to such
an extent that every Jew who kept a slave
and ill-treated that slave had to give the
slave up. But, as Lew Wallace has pointed
out in his beautiful story, "Ben Hur,"
there were some who chose to remain in
the service of certain families perpetually,
and they had a hole bored in the ear to
show that they desired to remain in per-
petual allegiance to a certain house. The
Sabbath law was also always interpreted
with regard to the cultivation of the earth.
Look at the exhausted farms in Maine and
other New England States today; how fre-
quently the complaint is made that the
ground is no longer fruitful. The soil has
been exhausted in the same way that ani-
mals have been rendered unfit for work and
men and women rendered nervous wrecks,
because they disregarded a provision of na-
ture which the French revolutionists dis-
regarded by making a day of rest occur
only once in ten days instead of once in
seven, and they were obliged to restore
the ancient interval for while they had no
respect for church or Bible they did have
some respect for the physical and mental
health of themselves and their neighbors.
Sabbath observance does not necessarily
mean attendance at Church or Synagogue;
it does not necessitate engaging in any kind
of stated religious exercises. A man who
goes out on his bicycle, a woman who goes
into the fields with her children, keeps the
Sabbath, and any man or woman who at-
tends a place of worship and sleeps soundly
and serenely from the beginning to the
close of the service is keeping the Sabbath
in a most devout manner according to the
fourth commandment, because the Sabbath
command says "Thou shalt rest." It does
not say that you shall sing, that you shall
read, or walk, or preach, or do anything,
it only says you shall rest. Were I to
address a congregation of sleepers, were I
to see on a weekly rest day a tolling multi-
tude enter a house of worship and a few
moments before the commencement of di-
vine worship they were all sound asleep at
the time of the organ prelude, and were I
to see these people soundly sleeping and
did I even hear their snoring until the last
notes of the closing voluntary had died
away, I should say without irony, "What a
blessed congregation of Sabbath keepers!"
No matter whether we keep the Moham-
medan Friday, the Jewish Saturday or the
Christian Sunday, if we keep one day out
of seven for rest for jaded nerves, for good
of mind and body, then are we truly keep-
ing our Sabbath. If it helps people to do
their work better on the six following days
to have a long sleep on the day of rest—if
they remain in bed during much of the day
—if they then go to an art gallery, or to a
library, it makes no practical difference
where they go, so long as they have had a
day of rest their observance harmonizes
exactly with the spirit of the command-
ment. This is no compromise, no conces-
sion to the liberal spirit of the present day;
the oldest and strictest ceremonial
observance has not been interfered with
when people take the Sabbath as a period
of rest with or without special devotional
accompaniment.

Many people enjoy going to church, they
truly enjoy religious exercises of vari-
ous kinds; many enjoy devout meditation and
profitable spiritual reading; many enjoy
change of activities and find that on their
day of rest and recreation they must not
be bound to the wheel which is constantly
rotating, with them attached to it, during

the other days of the week. If all legis-
lators would treat this subject intelligently
—and Sabbath legislation is continually
coming up for consideration—it would not
be difficult to meet every requirement of
the present time without violating the spirit
of the old commandment.

Members of a theatrical troupe told the
speaker recently that they did not con-
sider it a sign of advancement when they
were required to play seven nights a week
instead of six, thereby getting no rest and
no more salary. They were probably right
when they said that in New York, Massa-
chusetts and various other eastern States
they were required to work only six days,
but when they went out West they were
required to work seven days, that was stipu-
lated in the contract, but no higher salary.
These performances frequently mean
much extra work for many people, and what
do Sunday excursions mean? Nothing but
noise and excitement far too often.

Some intelligent people have suggested
that we might have even a quiet fourth of
July instead of so many firecrackers, with
so much din and confusion. Would it not
be a blessing to us all if we could some-
times retire into a quiet old-world village
atmosphere and enjoy a little Sabbath rest
and blessing? An American merchant who
has lately been in Berlin, Leipzig and other
German cities says that you are astonished
at the quietude and repose with which the
people do their business, especially in the
smaller German towns, where sometimes
for two hours the stores will be closed in
the middle of an ordinary working day for
lunch and recreation; the proprietor goes
out and the place of business is closed.
Yet those Europeans make money. Ger-
many is getting ahead, and is a great power
on sea as well as on land. An abominable
nervous disease which is ridiculed the
world over is called "Americanitis"; you
will hear Germans say continually "Ameri-
cans have such diseased nerves." But do
not imagine that it has not been introduced
into England, for English physicians de-
clare that even boys going to public
schools, as well as girls, are often broken
down from constant nervous excitement.
The atrocious motto "Hurry-up" is a sign
of weakness, not of well-balanced activity.

The fifth commandment, "Honor thy
father and thy mother that thy days may
be long in the land which the Lord thy God
giveth thee" promises health and longevity
connected with filial obedience. It is an
old-fashioned doctrine to tell children to
obey their parents. The command today
is often changed to "Parents, obey your
children." There are multitudes of mothers
under the rule of their daughters, multi-
tudes of elderly men and women under
their sons. The children of today are noisy,
and often unreasonable and upstart be-
cause the parents of today are mentally
lazy. This is a day of much intellectual
idleness coupled with over-strenuous phys-
ical exertion in many a household. There is
no time left for intellectual development.
The over-attention paid to externals breeds
indigestion from overeating and general
discontent from the undue pampering of all
physical appetites. When a mother is
foolish enough to bring up her daughter to
be a "lady" when she is only a "woman"
herself, and when she does all the washing
and ironing and brings up her girl to do
practically nothing, when she teaches her
boy that it is more dignified to enter an
overcrowded profession than to work at an
under-supplied trade what can be expected
but false standards and low morals?

"Honor your father and your mother" is
a command that will be more obeyed as
soon as fathers and mothers make them-
selves more honorable. Fathers and
mothers, make yourselves honorable in the
sight of your children. When the 5th
commandment is read intelligently it is
seen to have two phases, for before the
father and mother are the grandparents. I
have seen a modern girl insult her mother
and when—rebuked her she has turned to
me and said: "How do you think mother
treats granny?" and when I saw how the
grandmother was treated by the girl's
mother I was silenced. The girl could truly
say, "I treat my mother as she treats my
grandmother." If that mother had shown
kindliness, attention and respect to her
mother—the girl's grandmother—that girl
would have treated her mother very differ-
ently. The opening chapter of Genesis
declares that God created humanity male
and female, that God is revealed in woman
as much as in man. Woman is as good as
man, according to the Bible, but no better
than man. Woman's suffrage is not what
we want, and people can always laugh at
the phrase, "for what we want is equal suf-
frage. We do not want man put down in
order to set woman up; we do not want
man driven forth to let woman in, but men
and women must be acknowledged as
equals everywhere, equal honor to father
and to mother. "Thou shalt not kill; thou
shalt do no murder." The 6th command-
ment strikes a blow at capital punishment.
God set a mark upon Cain lest anyone find-
ing him should slay him. In the books of
Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus God says
"Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt do no
murder." But the divine law of nature,
the immutable law of karma, says that
"whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man
will his blood be shed." A certain cause
brings an inevitable result: we reap as we
have sown.

I remember, some years ago, meeting
that admirable man in New York, Prof.
Henry Kiddle, for many years superintend-
ent of schools, who became a fervent Spir-
itualist and wrote a great deal in advocacy
of spiritual philosophy; he was a Hebrew
scholar and could read the Old Testament
readily in the original. Meeting him famil-
iarily in his home I asked him his interpre-
tation of these words and he said "A prophe-
cy; God never commanded us to slay."
God has never descended to the level of the
theory of Cardinal Gibbons, and he is a
veritable angel of light and glory in his
teaching in opposition to the disgraceful
practice of lynching, for he says lynching
ought not to be permitted, that it is de-
moralizing, that its tendency is to increase
crime and not to prevent it. But the De-
calogue does not allow capital punishment;
neither does the statement in the book of
Genesis concerning the first reported
murder. If God wishes us to kill murder-
ers why did He set a mark upon Cain so
that the murderer should not be slain?
We ask the Christian Church and the Jew-
ish Synagogue to be consistent, and neither

has usually been so. Jews and Christians
alike have made the mistake of confound-
ing a prediction with a command when-
ever they have practiced or sanctioned the
death penalty.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery" needs
very little comment. You all understand
it, but the New Testament carries out its
spirit much farther than the majority of
people feel that they can live up to it when
it says that those who wish to commit
adultery are adulterers in their hearts.
Jesus says also that those who hate their
brethren are murderers in their hearts, and
he touched the very bedrock and secret
spring when he said so, for if you hate your
neighbor you may at some time be led to
strike a fatal blow. If you let your
thoughts dwell upon impurity your thoughts
may some day be transmuted into impure
action. The most dangerous mental act is
to allow one's self to think about doing
what he does not dare to do outwardly.

"Thou shalt not steal." An old rhyme
says: "Who steals a pin commits a sin." Stealing
a pin is one of those little venial
sins that the priest in the Roman Confes-
sional easily overlooks, but when Shake-
speare said "He who steals my purse steals
trash, but he who filches from me my good
name, robs me of that which no thief can
steal, and makes me poor indeed," stated
what the Church today declares when it
pronounces it a mortal sin to endeavor to
steal a person's good name. An ancient
teacher says that a good name is more
precious than the choicest ointment. Shake-
speare never came down to the com-
mon over-valuation of material things. I
dare say every one in this assembly would
think a person extremely vulgar who
should seek entrance to Washington so-
ciety and at a fashionable reception purloin
a diamond bracelet or manage to get some
diamond rings up his sleeve. Yet people
can afford to live without diamond bracelets
and rings; many people could lose jewels
without really suffering and could indeed
get along just as well without them as with
them. Thus while it is a sin to steal, and
very vulgar, and it can never do any one
any good to take what belongs to another
—purloined property never blesses the thief
—yet I ask you seriously, which would you
rather lose, your jewel case with all it con-
tains, no matter how heavily stocked it may
be with valuables, or your good name? A
young man goes out into the world with a
splendid diamond ring; some one admires
it and says, "What a beautiful stone";
people think he is doing very well to be
able to wear such a handsome ring, but if
he lost it he could keep his situation or get
another position, perhaps even better. But
if that young man's reputation were stolen,
if a vile report that he was dishonorable
and mendacious, should reach the ears of
his present or prospective employer, I ask
which would work the greatest harm to
him, to deprive him of his beautiful dia-
mond ring and leave him his good name
or to flitch his good name and leave his
ring? Shakespeare, stated God's law when
he said: "He who steals my purse steals
trash" compared with him who steals my
good name.

Take the ninth commandment: "Thou
shalt not bear false witness against thy
neighbor." People over fashionable tea
tables gossip and say most unkind things
about others—mere hearsay. I would like
to translate all these commands into the
affirmative. Edward Bellamy in "Looking
Backward" says that before the end of the
twentieth century the negative form of the
commandments may have become obsolete
and their positive form may alone be em-
ployed. How do you like the new com-
mandment—the old commandment in its
new dress: "Thou shalt bear true witness
concerning thy neighbor?" I think Moses
looks very well in his new coat, when he
comes before us today wearing that beau-
tiful garment—the old Hebrew newly trans-
lated—the letter exchanged for the spirit.
It can never suffice merely to tell no lie;
we must tell all the truth we know. When
people talk over their tea and coffee and
lemonade, let them tell every good thing
they know about their neighbors. Let us
talk about our neighbors behind their backs
in such a way that we can make their ears
burn gloriously, and if they get our mes-
sages by telepathy so much the better, be-
cause our conversation will all be kind and
sweet. We must give up talking against
people, but let us resolve to talk in their
favor and thus overcome evil with good.

Now comes the crown of the Decalogue,
the great tenth commandment: "Thou shalt
not covet anything that is thy neighbor's."
Covetousness is a sin that no man-made
legislation can deal with. When you read
signs in street cars against expectoration;
when you are told not to pluck flowers or
walk on grass; when you are told that
trespassers will be prosecuted to the full ex-
tent of the law, covetous people can chuckle
because they can go on with their sin and
there is no policeman who can catch them.
Covetousness deals with thought, with in-
terior disposition. What is the penalty paid
for covetousness? That you do not succeed
in your own life. If you want what belongs
to your neighbor and try to get it you will
have to go without what rightfully belongs
to you. You do not get your own when you
wish to deprive others of their own.

The covetous person cannot say in the
words of John Burroughs, serenely and con-
fidently:

"What is mine will see my face;
The friends I seek are seeking me."

Friends may be seeking you, but they do
not find you, or you do not find them, be-
cause the veil of covetousness is drawn
over your eyes. The way to succeed is to
wish success to others. The way to be
happy is to wish happiness to one's neigh-
bors, but as long as people covet they will
never be successful in any true sense in any
of their affairs.

Now let us take the eight beatitudes in
very rapid review. The correct translation
of the first as decided upon in Boston some
years ago by a professor at Harvard reads:
"Blessed are the beggars for light; theirs
is the kingdom of Heaven." Poor in
spirit—yes, beggars for light, petitioners
for more and more light. Did you ever
know a thoroughly self-conceited, selfish
person pray for anything more in the way
of illumination. Poor in spirit doesn't mean
cowardly. The cowardly are not blessed;
theirs is neither the kingdom of Heaven

nor the kingdom of earth, but the kingdom of Heaven is possessed here and now (the present tense is used) by the blessed beggars for light, the petitioners for more truth, who knowing that they know but little, seek ever to know more.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they will obtain mercy." Let us be so full of mercy that it is good measure, pressed down and running over, so full of mercy that we cannot hold it all. That is what it means to be merciful—to let our mercy run over—to be merciful with every one with whom we come in contact.

Hudson Tuttle made a serious mistake in a recent contribution to the Banner of Light, tending to spoil his noble, manly protest against vivisection and other forms of cruelty, by saying that the Bible does not teach kindness to animals. It does. "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox which treadeth out the corn." And there are many other passages of exactly the same import. One makes his own cause weak by saying that the great body of scripture venerated by many millions of respectable people in various parts of the world doesn't teach kindness to animals. It is for us to say that it does teach kindness. Every intelligent Bible student knows that it frequently condemns cruelty. All parts of the Bible are not of equal value and do not teach truth with equal clearness, but the Bible teaches kindness to every living creature in its highest moral inculcations, and every literature and every institution should be judged by the best it contains and manifests.

"Blessed are they that mourn; they shall be comforted."

What kind of mourners? Not the whiners and murmurers and self-pitying pessimists who are always going through the world croaking, telling us that the Supreme Being cannot be beneficent because they have such a hard time. Those who when they mourn look up to heaven and see the divine hand; who realize that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of rejoicing, and that there is no such self-evident sign of moral progress as mourning over one's limitations with a view to mastering them, are the only blessed mourners.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." When we truly seek for righteousness for justice we shall surely find it. Be more hungry for justice than for your dinner after fasting twenty-four hours; be more anxious for righteousness than for water wherewith to slake your thirst after traveling through the desert without the natural provision for carrying water possessed by the camel, the ship of the desert. When we are filled to our present capacity we can stretch our capacity. This is exactly what the child in school does. When he has learned all that he could and is full of information, his capacity enlarges, and as he uses the information already obtained he grows mentally and becomes able to absorb more.

"Blessed are the pure in heart; they shall see God." The beatific vision, the sight of divine beneficence is for those only who are pure in affection. No matter what their theological opinions or their philosophical system if they have purity of affection, sincerity in love, that and that alone reveals God. We ask you to note how Jesus lived up to his teaching when he said, "I did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfill." He enforced the great command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, might, strength," then he said, "The second is like unto it: 'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' When we love our neighbor as ourselves we love God. We ask a searching question today: How good does humanity look to us? What is our opinion of human nature? What do we think about the rank and file of our common humanity? Do we see God in human life? The purer we grow in affection the more we will see of beauty in our neighbors. I greatly admire the statement of Ian MacLaren (Dr. John Watson) when he said the Christ found in Mary Magdalen a "great yearning for righteousness, so he took the adulteress by the hand and helped her to become henceforward so pure a woman that when Sir Edwin Arnold wrote his 'Light of the World' he could report that teachers sat at the feet of the converted magdalen and learned from her lips the story of the Christ."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

What a work there is for peacemakers to do in family and boarding house, in Government departments, in schools, in factories. Blessed indeed are the peacemakers. There may be ladies and gentlemen here today who work six days in every average week side by side with people who find fault with nearly everything. When a window is open they want it shut, and when it is shut they want it open; they find fault with almost everything and with everyone and have got a reputation for cursing all and blessing none; and some of you have to live with them, work side by side with them, touch elbows with them in the office. How are you going to earn the blessing of the peacemakers? You can carry so much good will that it will burn up their ill will. You can carry so much kindness that it will destroy cruelty, so much sweetness that it will overwhelm the fault-finding spirit so that people simply cannot quarrel where you are. You thus become a blessed saint, a universal benefactor. We often hear of the canonization of saints. If I were called upon to propose a saint for canonization I would endeavor to find one living in the midst of strife and turmoil always peaceful and winning a blessed reputation for making peace wherever he goes.

"Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake; theirs is the kingdom of heaven." That means persecuted because you are honorable and just and upright. Jesus adds, "So persecuted they the prophets who were before you." They were persecuted for the sake of righteousness, but never persecuted for any other cause. I think I am fairly summing up the mountain teaching when I conclude with this earnest exhortation. When we can get along with people conscientiously on their level let us do so. When we can make honorable concessions to them let us make them; but when there is a matter of principle at stake, never. When righteousness calls, when liberty calls, never sacrifice

either for the sake of quietness and spurious peace.

How easy it is for a minister in a fashionable pulpit to keep silent on many questions. How easy it is never to say anything about popular vices but condemn unpopular ones vociferously. I heard once in a church at the west end of London an address delivered to a very fashionable congregation, almost covered with jewels, in which the minister told the people how wicked it was on the part of some boys at the east end to take fruit from green grocers' barrows. Certainly the apples they stole would never do them any good, but no fashionable ladies and gentlemen went about in White-chapel stealing apples. I would rather say to such fashionable people: If you would pay a little more for services rendered to you by the poor who serve you; if you would be more particular in paying all your bills to dressmakers and milliners and everybody else so that they would be able to pay their employees promptly and liberally, there would not be so much temptation for poor people at the East end to do a little stealing. While the poor may be guilty of petit larceny, the most fashionable society sets a dishonest example on a much larger scale. Jesus took a Pharisee and condemned him, and a Publican and exonerated him. The man who professed to be better than his neighbor is the one who is called hypocrite, and the poor publican who smote on his breast and would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven but said "God be merciful to me, a sinner" went down to his house justified rather than the other. The glory of the Sermon on the Mount will never grow old, but let us remember that the beatitudes are exhortations to perfection; they were never given to multitudes, only to a few disciples, to the special students who climbed the hill to hear them. As counsels of perfection they are before the world today. Happy and blessed indeed are we if we make a determined effort to live up to them, and when we embody these blessed precepts practically in our daily lives, when we become truly peacemakers, merciful, hungry and thirsty for righteousness, petitioners for light, tender, sympathetic and merciful; when we are ready to endure all persecution, if need be, for the sake of truth, great will be our reward in heaven, and the kingdom of heaven can be our portion here and now as well as in a bliss hereafter. Then whenever the dark veiled messenger—death—comes to the enlightened children of God—to those who know their divine inheritance—it will be a beautiful white messenger saying, "Come up higher," and on the other side of the grave we shall only see more of heaven. We can have our heaven now and it will be ever increasing in extent. We can be blessed now and ever more and more blessed as the ages of eternity roll on.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cures Coughs and Colds. By all druggists. 25c.

The Morris Pratt Institute.

I feel that many readers of the Banner of Light are in sympathy with the idea that institutions of learning, of the right kind, with able and well equipped teachers, can be made most efficient aids in the spread of any great truth as well as in the growth of individual souls.

All such readers of this article, I assume, are interested in Morris Pratt Institute and will read with interest any word coming from one of its inmates. This is the fourth year of its existence. Though it is a healthy child with rich, red blood in its body, still it has not become strong enough to walk alone. It still needs assistance. I am happy to say, however, that with twenty-five or even twenty paying students in full term attendance it would be self-sustaining, provided it is managed with wisdom and economy.

In no way can one help the school more than by coming as a student or inducing others to come and take its courses of study. It was founded and its work prepared especially for the benefit of the public and private advocates of Spiritualism, and all progressive thought. Very many of the active speakers and writers need two years' course at such an institution as this for the improvement of themselves and their work.

The National Spiritualist Association, which met in Minneapolis in October, generously voted one thousand dollars toward freeing it from debt. Officers, teachers and students join in hearty thanks for the much needed aid. To me personally it brought great relief, for it makes me feel like a convicted criminal to meet men on the street whom I owe and am unable to pay. It is almost a crime to go in debt under such circumstances.

I desire to say a word individually to the delegates of the National who voted for this donation. I wish to take you by the hand and say, heaven bless you. I wish you to know that the teachers in this institution, and the students also, are determined that the work they do here shall be of such a quality as to richly merit this bountiful donation. By your act you have identified yourselves with education in general and with this school in particular. I extend to you a hearty invitation to join the Morris Pratt Institute Association and help in the annual meeting to perfect its management. Please write for a catalog and a copy of its newly formed constitution and by-laws so that by their study you may have a better idea of what the school is and what it may be. If possible visit our classes and see our work.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague have just paid us a visit. We were glad when they came and sorry when they went. Fortunately they were here over Sunday and held two services. The evening meeting called out a larger audience than I have ever seen in the building, and we have never had a service which gave better satisfaction. I heard nothing but praise from those who attended. If what they did here is a sample of their work in general I can understand why the National keeps them in the field.

Miss Chaffee, who has been here either as student or teacher since the beginning of the school, has gone to Indiana to fit herself for higher work in the pedagogic field. She carries with her the hearts of all who knew her, both teachers and students. She is a good teacher, a faithful student, an earnest worker in the cause of

truth, and a sincere friend to this school and all its inmates.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Stewart are in the far west representing the school. They left here in October and may be away till spring.

We have with us Mrs. Emma J. Owen, who is student, teacher and assistant secretary. She takes Mrs. Hull's class in the Psychic Department, has a Sunday class in Bible Spiritualism, a class daily in Arithmetic and shares with me in the Sunday services. Mrs. Niver is still with us as teacher of oratory and is doing the same most excellent work as last year.

The students are making commendable progress and represent the states of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Wisconsin, Oregon and Washington.

The spirit of harmony and good feeling pervades the building.

A. J. Weaver.
Morris Pratt Institute, Whitewater, Wis.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in 10 minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19)¢-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

Report of the Editor-at-Large.

FOR THE QUARTER COMMENCING SEPT. 1 AND ENDING DEC. 1, 1905.

To the Executive Board of the N. S. Association:

Dear Sirs: I have the pleasure to report to you the work I have done in the field assigned me for the past three months, by way of contributions to the secular and spiritual press.

Review of Passing Events: Thomas Olman Todd's History of the Rochester Knockings; George Allen Bacon; Ways of the Evangelist—an object lesson. In the Banner of Light and The Progressive Thinker.

Reply to Taylor's Sermon. Question of Immortality Discussed. Furnished by request to Mr. Clark Whitmore for Chattanooga paper.

The death of Henry A. Slade, Banner of Light and Progressive Thinker.

Review of Passing Events: Thoughts on Mediumship by E. W. Wallis—about angels. The Sunflower. Reply to "Chronicles," in Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle.

(The article was refused by the editor who had written the abusive and wholly unjust editorial. A copy was furnished The Sunflower, and copies of that paper circulated as an antidote by interested Spiritualists.)

"An Excommunicated Medium." Reply to editorial in The Watchman. In the Sunflower.

An answer to Henry Frank, Banner of Light. (In a lecture before the Psychical Society of Los Angeles, Cal., Mr. Frank went out of his way to assail Spiritualism. My reply was based on a report of the lecture furnished by the Hon. R. A. Dague. Mr. Frank responded in the Banner of Light, denying the truthfulness of the report. The matter became of more moment because Mr. Frank has been called to the platform of at least one leading Spiritual campmeeting, and was supposed, erroneously, it now appears, to be favorably inclined to the Cause. It thus became necessary for Mr. Dague to be called in evidence.)

Second Reply to Henry Frank—Testimony of Hon. R. A. Dague, Banner of Light.

The new year opens full of promise. The success of the Minneapolis Convention; the high stand taken regarding fraud, and the work planned for missionaries, speakers, mediums and the Lyceum, indicate that Spiritualism has entered on the practical doing of the work before it.

The assignment to me of the duties of this office for another year was an unexpected honor. I had hoped another might be appointed, better qualified, and able to not only lead in the old lines, but shake out into new fields. The choice made by the delegates, as indicating acceptance of what I have done, is indeed a flattering compliment which I acknowledge with grateful feelings. I earnestly call their attention and of all Spiritualists to the fact that the success of my work rests in a great measure with them. They must supply the material and furnish the occasion. Whenever they find it possible to publish articles in their local papers on this subject, or attacks are made, they should make their wants known, giving such information as they think will be of service in the preparation of the desired article or reply.

I am respectfully yours,
Hudson Tuttle,
Editor-at-Large, N. S. A.

Better Than Spanking.

Spanking does not cure children of bad wetting. If it did there would be few children that would do it. There is a constitutional cause for this. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 237, Notre Dame, Ind., will send her home treatment to any mother. She asks no money. Write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it.

The True Value of Spiritualism.

Is it to witness phenomena? Is it to take our dear departed from scenes of glory and splendor to minister to us? Is it to profit in some worldly enterprise? Is it to allow us latitude in wrong doing, evil thinking, indulgence in passions, which border on wickedness to our fellow men? Is it simply to rid one's mind from a dread of death and a hereafter? Heaven forbid! We may enjoy the phenomena, delight in angel visits, profit in our business relations,

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rid our minds of fear, thanking the goodness of God and our dear loved ones for the privileges and benefits, but Spiritualism, to the writer, comes as a blessing in daily life, enabling us to be a larger source of help to others; helping us to freedom from passion, envy, strife, or, in fact, any and all evil influences. We are living in the sight of a dear spirit mother, father, son or daughter, and we feel they cannot be happy, even amid the joys of brightest heaven, if they are witness to our debauchery or any evil doing on our part. Then let us live to give our spirit friends aid to happiness; let us aim to help our fellow man and to help establish God's kingdom on earth. Thus shall we learn the true value of our blessed religion—for this is true religion in the sight of God and man.

The artist, who is true to his calling, paints a picture which appeals to the soul of the onlooker. The musician creates harmony for the soul as well as the ear. The physician exerts his power for the healing of the sick. The electrician studies for the benefit of the world. These workers see something more than money in their aims, and the world profits by their labor, which is largely a labor of love. Granted this is so, may they not continue their work from the other shore after they have left us physically? As they lived, labored and loved here among men for the good they could do, their heaven may be the continuance of work in the new sphere of life they have succeeded to. The true Spiritualist can and should be a mod. spirit, fit for service to humanity here and hereafter. By so living and serving will come true happiness—a true appreciation of spiritual blessings, including angel visits and all the privileges derived from phenomena. Also the benefits which one may be privileged to administer to fellow travelers, in this bright world, which may ever increase in splendor until it seems but a step to the brighter beyond, where dwell our loved ones, who never fail to watch lest at any time our feet may falter in the way.

Onlooker

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A Hearty Reception to Dr. J. M. Peebles.

Learning of the arrival in the city of our beloved and venerable friend, Doctor J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, Mich., we, the Spiritualists and Liberalists of San Diego, Cal., at once arranged to give him a cordial welcome and reception, which was given on Wednesday evening, Nov. 29, in Lyceum Hall of the beautiful Temple of First Spiritualist Society of San Diego. The hall was most beautifully decorated for the occasion by the members of the "Ladies' Auxiliary" to the First Society (the Busy Bees), who have worked so nobly and earnestly in helping to build and furnish the Temple. Heaven bless them.

By the hour of 8 p. m. the hall was well filled with a happy gathering. The program consisted of music, declamations and short and pithy addresses. The doctor responded in a most pathetic manner, interspersed with touches of humor. Altogether it was a most enjoyable time. At the close of the exercises, it was announced by our President, Mr. C. A. Buss, that on next Sunday evening, in the Temple Auditorium, Doctor Peebles will review two lectures recently delivered here in San Diego by a Seventh-day Adventist minister against Spiritualism.

The doctor having resided for many years in Battle Creek, Mich., the centre of Seventh-day Adventism, there is no one better able than he to reply to this attack. We expect a crowded house and have expressed a hope that the doctor will write up his lecture for your valuable journal.

It is well known that the Doctor has of late years spent a number of winters in sunny San Diego, in order to avoid the extreme cold of Michigan. When in our city two years ago this winter, he lectured for our society on Sunday evenings for two months, donating the entire proceeds of his labor for the benefit of our Temple, which was highly appreciated by all.

The Doctor is hale and hearty and full of vigor for one of eighty-five summers. He cannot count so many winters; for he has escaped a number of those by being here where we have no winter.

Long may he live to go forth expounding the grand truths of Spiritualism with love for humanity.

T. J. McFerson.
Sec. First Spiritual Society of San Diego.

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its many readers. Advertisements which appear
fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and
whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons
are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued.
We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover
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Our columns are open for the expression of im-
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Whenever you desire the address of your paper
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is then sent or the change cannot be made.

Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1905.

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

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

Poor Russia! O that the spirit of Him
whom they nominally serve might break
through the lines of bigotry, bureaucracy
and cruel crime, letting in the sun of His
great message of Brotherhood.

We are advised that our friend, Mrs.
Sarah A. Byrnes, bore the journey to her
New Jersey home well. Congratulations from
us all. Her address is 14 West 21st
St., East Orange, New Jersey.

"The incident is ended," says Gov. Bell
of Vermont. How like the "eternal verities"
of the old "Boston Monday Lec-
tures!"

Can we cultivate peace by preparing for
war? Is the strenuous warrior usually a
man who desires peace? Such paradoxes
seem to exist. If we can get peace by
force, then let us have it. Peace with honor
is assuredly a possibility.

Because mediums by spirit aid are able
to learn what follies people commit, is
one reason why so many object to their
marriage partners consulting them.

It was not long ago that many people
said there is "no fun in the country." Now,
it is that a large exodus to the country is
frequent in order "to have a good time."
Rural occupations are not cheerless, but
are replete with good cheer, good health
and good associations. The opposite is too
often the case with city dwellers. It is
now very true that rural dwellers have
most of the modern advantages, and are
losers only of the devilment that infest
cities.

Talented convicts in the Western Penn-
sylvania Penitentiary, on Thanksgiving
Day, creditably performed the comic opera
of "King Dodo." Their musical ability is
reported to be excellent. They should have
good incentives given them to use their
best powers, and such liberty and use as
may have been denied them. One great
utility of a Penitentiary should be to
evolve the human from the bad into the
good. The duty of the State to criminals is
not alone to punish; but the superior good
and protection will result from encourage-
ment and development. Unfold the good,
and the bad dies.

If we live honest and true lives, we
need not fear the scrutiny of men, spirits
or God. If we are dishonest, then be as-
sured we cannot always hide our true
selves.

It is astonishing how many people are
looking for some one into whose ears they
can pour their woes. Try to develop the
habit of talking about joyful instead of
gloomy affairs. There is much virtue in
being an optimist.

"It is an immutable law in the spiritual
world that no one can wrong others and
yet in the end himself escape unhurt."—
Theodore Roosevelt.

This is a sentiment that accords exactly
with Spiritualism; indeed is the very key
to spirit teaching. This idea of the spirit
life is gaining endorsement of nearly all
sects. The positive doctrine of conse-
quence must be incorporated in the moral
code in order to create honor, integrity and
virtue.

What constitutes the greatest power of a
religious body? What surpasses all beliefs,
doctrines and ceremonies? What is the
saving grace that will carry all safely to the
kingdom of light and of salvation? It is
rendering justice; it is by unfolding the
spiritual capacities and keeping the soul
forces undefiled. With these the Jew or
Gentile, Christian or Pagan are sure to in-
herit the Kingdom of God.

Instead of waiting for somebody to do
something to make the Spiritualists more
active in their cause, commence by getting
a move on yourself, and do something.

Notice the superb offer the "Banner"
makes in another column to supply four
noted publications for nearly half price.
That offer constitutes an admirable Christ-
mas present for your friends. We may be
obliged to withdraw this offer at any time
now.

A bill has been introduced in Congress to
further complete the separation of church
and state, by an additional amendment to
the U. S. Constitution. This amendment
will also restrict state legislation in this
direction. We cannot be made too secure
in religious freedom and absolute impossi-
bility of state or national aid to any sect.
Press the amendment.

The Unitarians say they will be found
willing and ready to most cordially co-
operate with other Christian denominations
and all other religious bodies in establish-
ing the kingdom of God on earth.

If such is truly their spirit, they will not
treat lightly nor overlook the request of
the Spiritualists in their last national con-
vention for such co-operation. Has this
request been forwarded to the Unitarians
and other liberal churches? If not, why
not? We hope for an official reply.

Child Labor.

At the conference on "Child Labor" lately
held in Washington, D. C., the state-
ment was made that the employment of
children under the legal age of 14 is con-
stantly increasing. The iniquities of this
abuse of childhood were forcibly shown.
Why not secure soon as possible more
strict laws to protect children from slav-
ery? It is stated that there is less protec-
tion of children of tender years from in-
jurious employment in the United States
than in any other nation. It would seem
that here is a legitimate humanitarian re-
form for all persons to join in who hope to
see a better race of human beings. For
surely, if a million children in our nation
are laboring, some during all of daylight
and others all of nights, to earn their bread,
and are receiving no education, and are
developing imbecility and decrepitude, then
fear for our coming race is legitimate.

The Stupendous Inhibition.

What is meant by "the stupendous in-
hibition," applied to a possible communica-
tion between discarnate persons of the
spirit realm and incarnate persons of the
earth world? Does it mean that God or
nature has made such communication im-
possible? An inhibition means more a pro-
hibition than a possibility. Thus the in-
hibition will likely be held. If inhibited by
the fiat of God, then it is unlawful; and
if inhibited by the laws of nature, then it
is impossible. Can either of these pre-
mises be sustained? One falls by virtue of
ancient spirit-communicating with the so-
called people of God; and the other falls
by virtue of the present-day revealed facts
unto ordinary people. It is logical to sup-
pose that if at one time of human history,
unto any class of people, any class of spir-
its could and did communicate, then it is
possible and right that such communication
is permissible and actual today. And if
any class of spirits can communicate, then
what is to prevent all? Will Dr. Funk and
others charging "the stupendous inhi-
bition" exist, please explain upon what
premise this claim is based? It is not suf-
ficient to claim it when the great majority
may not have utilized it from the spirit
side of life or received it on the earth side.
The argument should be based, rather, up-
on a provable or unprovable basis of,
"does any one receive, or did any one
ever receive in the mortal a communica-
tion from a discarnate person?"

Surely the testimony is that such com-
municating is prevalent today amongst the
people of the earth; and not of one class,
but of all classes. This statement is prob-
able by a cloud of witnesses. The "in-
hibition," therefore, is not "stupendous,"
nor is it even general. The communicating

seems to be natural to all people. The
"inhibition" was proclaimed by the priests
of Israel and sustained by the Sanhedrin.
No proclamation against it was made by
Jesus or the apostles. The early Chris-
tians sustained it and upon that rock built
their first ministry unto the people. And
Paul proclaimed it loudly.

How is the charge of inhibition sus-
tained? Surely not by revelation in the
past, nor by facts of the present. The
greatest power against the possibility,
seems to be, the lack of psychic culture
and the dominance of physical positiveness
(and often physical crudity) in the human
family. Prejudice, ignorance, intolerance,
dogmatism, unreasoning, unwillingness,
seem to militate against the possibility and
create a personal inhibition. If the law of
being inhibits, then we anxiously await the
proofs.

More Fraud.

A Philadelphia book dealer keeps a stock
of pocket Bibles with bullet holes and
knife cuts in them. These are fine things
to show when telling stories of close calls.
The book dealer makes the holes himself.

Can we believe any longer in the saving
grace of the Bible, after this exposure?
The fact that some firm "in the West" has
a catalogue of "make-ups" that it is will-
ing to sell to people for materializing
shows, has seemed of sufficient significance
to recent psychic inquirers to be used as an
argument against mediumship. Will the
same sensitiveness be shown on the providen-
tial care of Bible carriers, after this
"exposure?"

Maeterlinck on Immortality.

Maurice Maeterlinck, although a Bel-
gian, is more widely known as a French
writer. In the December number of Har-
per's Magazine he appears with a most in-
teresting article, "Of Immortality," which
is translated, by Alexander Teixeira de
Mattos. M. Maeterlinck suffers in his
translator, one cannot help imagining, al-
though not having the original French be-
fore us, it is impossible to make this im-
agining a statement of fact.

Our interest in the article is as Spiritual-
ists. The fact that Maeterlinck goes, as
yet, only a part of the way we have trod-
den, makes an examination none the less
interesting. It is a cause for hopefulness
on our part and leads us to look forward
with assurance to the coming of one more
convert of world-wide distinction in the
not distant future. But the Belgian is a
compound of Celtic and Saxon blood. The
latter leads him to go slowly and investi-
gate carefully each step in his advance be-
fore he takes it. The former makes the
taking of that step an imperative neces-
sity when logic, informed by investigation,
approves his conclusion.

The opening sentence shows how inti-
mately the author is in touch with modern
thought. He says, "In this new era in
which the religions no longer reply to the
great questions of mankind, one of the
problems on which we cross-examine our-
selves most anxiously is that of the life
beyond the tomb."

His first postulate is the indestructibility
of matter, which he extends to spirit, soul
and consciousness in his sentence, "Like
all that exists, we are imperishable. We
cannot conceive that anything should be
lost in the universe."

But, he tells us, that nothingness cannot
exist, is not the point. The real point of
interest, indeed, for us, the only point of
interest, is the "eternal persistence" of
that little part of our life which used to
perceive phenomena, "our ego." This
ego he thinks is less than mind and is
not our body. It is memory. M. Maeter-
linck is strangely wrong here. For an
article which so often exhibits close, de-
licate reasoning, this one surprisingly con-
fuses consciousness, which is the only ego,
or at least our only method of apprehending
the ego, with the memory which is but a
means of transmitting the continuity of the
ego, the consciousness of yesterday carried
forward with, and inextricably commingled
with, the consciousness of today. This
connecting link, this memory, is not the
ego, it is not the consciousness. One
might exist in perfect consciousness for a
mathematical point of time and then be
blotted out by forgetfulness and yet the
ego would still persist, still continue, still
be. This confusion of the memory with
consciousness is taking the instrument in-
stead of the wielder of the instrument. With-
out memory consciousness could not be.
Without memory consciousness could ex-
ist, although crippled and practically use-
less. Through the memory alone, the au-
thor conceives, is immortality possible:
for without it either we should continue to
exist merely as a point, as a speck, in the
great mass of being, or we should exist
without consciousness at all which, he is
frank enough to argue, is impossible. This
conclusion is wrong and arises from con-
fusing consciousness and memory, the tool
and the user. He asks, "Memory being
abolished, will that ego recover within it-
self a few traces of the man that was?"
This implies that no man can be immortal,
because if, after death, he does not re-

member his earth life, he is a different man
and therefore personal identity is gone,
which is shown to be absurd by considering
the cases of double personality and by the
further consideration that though memory
be lost, if consciousness remain, the power
to use the tool still inheres in the user,
although the tool be lost and the user is
still existent. If the ego be but the mem-
ory, that being lost, the ego is lost and
personal identity is lost.

But after all his fine thread-spinning the
impossibility of the non-existence of immor-
tality, he fully recognizes. He cannot ex-
plain how we are immortal, but while he
believes that our imagination is utterly
unequal to the task of picturing the life
to come, yet "we have no right to doubt
the possibility of that which we cannot
conceive." But like all gropers in the dark
who prefer to advance guided only by the
sense of feeling and refuse the light which
modern psychical research proffers, he
gives it up. He believes we are immortal
because he cannot believe otherwise. He
tries to reason it out and gets deeper into
the dark.

Despairingly, and with a most astonishing
atrophy of mental vision, he says, "Since
humanity began—it has not advanced a
single step on the road of the mystery."

The most active and searching
inquiries of late years have taught us
nothing." And then only a few lines down
the page, speaking of the evidence gather-
ed recently by the psychic societies,
"Notably in England," he recognizes the
conclusion, "No sincere mind now dreams
of denying the possibility of these facts,
supported by documentary and other evi-
dence. As conclusive as that which serves
as a basis for our firmest scientific con-
victions."

But yet, unsatisfied, he says: "But all
this merely removes—by a few hours—the
beginning of the mystery."

Again he mistakes. It removes the be-
ginning of the mystery beyond the greatest
barrier to our faith, the body's death. It
settles beyond dispute the question of the
persistence of personal identity beyond the
veil. Shall we grieve and doubt and hesi-
tate and fear because we cannot prove this
persistence forever? This first great,
immensely great, barrier, has been over-
come. Let us wait, humbly, calmly, with
faith in God.

The Unitarian Exclusion.

That the Unitarians were excluded from
the late meeting of the federation of
churches in New York seems to be a bene-
fit to them in rousing them from their sleep
of respectable behavior. They are too
good in their quiet way of doing things.
All men speak well of them as gentlemen
and scholars. They have a name to live
as being of the elite, and they point with
pride to a long list of eminent names that
give glory to our American literature. This
is all very well and deserves the credit it
receives.

But they produced a Theodore Parker as
a New England prophet, a man aflame with
Hebrew zeal and power of utterance—and
one utterly fearless in the presence of old
theology and the princes and kings of or-
thodoxy. Such virile utterance ought to be
with the denomination now; they ought to
be sending forth reformers and preachers
for our day and stand in some new Christ
relation to the needs of men at this mo-
ment.

They are challenged to show their cre-
dentials of work and character, and while
we condemn utterly the foolish position
of the so-called Orthodox, it may be a
good thing for the Unitarians to know
they are heretics and they had better live
up to their name and do something to add
new glory to it.

Another Burden Off the Bible.

After trying in vain for three years to
persuade the authorities of the Oxford and
Cambridge University presses to consent
to the omission from reprints of the au-
thorized version of the Bible, its ridicu-
lously false and fulsome dedication to King
James, the Rev. Dr. Dawson Burns ap-
pealed to the "Christian public," a few
days ago, to assist him in getting these au-
thorities to "yield to the force of reason
and reflection." The appeal has been suc-
cessful. Dr. Burns, who is an orthodox
clergyman of considerable standing, has
just announced that the consent has been
given. The wonder is that the most potent,
grave and reverend seigniors concerned
should so long have insisted on a lot of
laudatory lies being included in the popu-
lar version of the Bible, of which they
have been placed in control.

As Dr. Burton pointed out, the actual
James I. of England and VII. of Scotland
was the direct opposite of the belauded
James of the dedication. James was not a
"most high and mighty prince," but a
low, mean and despicable one. He was not
"King of France," as the translators
style him among other things. He was not
comparable to Elizabeth as "the sun in
his strength" to a "bright occidental star."
His coming to the throne was not a "great
and manifold blessing," but a national cal-
amity, and his "hopeful seed" filled the land
with confusion and bloodshed.

Instead of "many singular and extraordi-
nary graces," James had not one ordinary
grace of body or mind. He had not one
attribute which the epithet "kingly" is in-
tended to express. "He was," adds Dr.
Burns, "a coward by temperament and a

tyrant by disposition. He sacrificed Rich-
ard to the vengeance of Spain, and his
despotism would have sacrificed those lib-
erties which England had preserved despite
Norman feudalism and the wars of the
roses."

There is some excuse for the authors of
the inflated eulogy of King James. In those
days it was the proper thing when inditing
an epistle to a monarch to slobber all over
him. But there is absolutely no excuse
for the retention of the "Epistle Dedicato-
rie" nowadays. The Bible societies for
the last twenty years have rejected it. Ap-
parently they consider it unsuited even to
the spiritual diet of a Tamil coolie or Tong-
an islander. It is good tidings that it will
be no longer forced upon English folk.—
Boston Herald.

Retrospection.

Mary K. Price.

I went down deep into the big cedar
chest today; into the old chest that has
been locked for years; and I brought out
all the half forgotten finery; bits of lace,
that I had treasured long ago, silks, heavy,
lustrous and beautiful as when they were
first folded away, remnants of a time of
luxurious living, exhaling a faint perfume,
evanescent as the days when they were
worn.

Deep in our hearts, folded away from the
gaze of mortal eyes, like these garments in
the old chest, lie many things which each
of us holds dear. Sometimes in the hushed
pauses of our busy life we bring them out,
one by one, and live again in retrospection
those days that are gone. Sweet days,
some of them, belonging to the spring time
of life, when all things looked bright before
us. Sad, and freighted with sorrow are
some, while others bear the stain of sin.

Over these things we linger, and fondly
brood, with tearful eyes, as one always
lingers over tokens of the dead; and per-
haps it is well sometimes to take these
faded looks into the past; but one can
look too long, so long that when the eyes
come back to the present, the gaze is dis-
torted, and we see the beauties and bless-
ings of today through a haze so thick that
it almost blots them out. 'Tis the haze
caught from too much living in the past.

We all know people who live in the past
till their mental atmosphere seems actually
mouldy, who have about as enlivening an
effect upon others as a visit to the ceme-
tery. Even though they may not croak
over the wickedness and misfortunes of to-
day—though enough of them do that—they,
individually, have experienced so much
trouble, hardship, suffering or other evil,
that it is, from their standpoint, impossible
to see any joy in living. Happiness must
be for them henceforth an unknown quan-
tity, if it ever has been known, which is
doubtful.

Happiness we all know is largely tem-
peramental, and to be born with a cheerful
disposition the greatest blessing—one can
inherit; but—and this is a large but, too—
it can be cultivated; and it is no more nec-
essary to entertain gloomy thoughts than
to put our hands in the fire so that we may
enjoy (?) the pain of the burn.

We've all been burnt times enough, we
have suffered from our indiscretions, our
folies, sins, and from the sins of others.

Each has his own burden to carry. None
of us past his first youth escapes, and in
fact, not even children are exempt, for
some of the keenest sorrows are those of
childhood; but our load will not be made
lighter by telling how heavy it is to carry.
So why not bear it with as straight a back
as we may, and forget it as far as possible.
If it is true that "Misery loves company,"
then the knowledge that we are all in the
"same boat," so to speak, ought to afford
consolation.

Bringing all the garments out of the old
chest into the light, some way it happened
that light seemed to enter my soul. Not
clearing away the sorrow—that can not be
—but reaching below and showing me that
happiness once grasped, if rightly viewed,
can never be taken from us. What once
was ours remains with us still, held fast
by the guardian Memory. Then let us
shake off this spell which binds us to the
past, and bring out these memories in the
clear sunlight of today. Let it fall full upon
them, showing us the faded patches, the
moth and worm eaten spots. Let us look
about and scan with clearer vision what
stands before us. The friends that still are
ours, the capacity to still enjoy, the energy
to work.

Let us grasp with firm hand our own
lever in the world's upbuilding, and bear
on steadily; feeling joy in the mere fact
of being alive, one of the world's workers;
with small leisure to give to the "Has
Been," when all around us are present
needs and joys; and may it not be that in
another and happier time after this life is
past, those golden days long gone will
stand at the portals of Heaven, rosy dawn,
and glowing sunset, one after the other in
a long unbroken line to greet us.

It is a fancy one would like to believe.

"For we know, not every morrow

Can be sad.

So forgetting all the sorrow

We have had,

Let us fold away our fears,

And through all the coming years,

Just be glad."

Father Taylor's youngest grandchild de-
clared she saw angels in the clouds beck-
oning her to come and play. One day a little
friend said: "You're not the only one who
sees angels. There's a friend of mine up
there, too. See!" Little Pearl looked, and
then drew with exasperating indifference:
"Oh, yes. But she isn't much of an angel,
she, sitting on the back doorsteps of
heaven, a-swinging her feet!"—Selected.

Two dollars invested in a subscription to
the Banner of Light will give any recipi-
ent you name in this country fifty-two
weekly blessings. Think this over.

The Reviewer.

The Song of the Soul Victorious.

The Song of the Soul Victorious is a strong and interesting poem by Eliza A. Pittsinger, and it is illustrated by Henry A. Hancox, and in this pleasing form it reflects high credit to poet and artist. The poet signs herself, "Yours for the Light" in handwriting neat and clear, and she sings of her gladness in being on earth—and of all the joys it opens out in happy prospect to her as an immortal soul.

There is verve and motion to the verse. It is active, it is alive throughout; it has sweetness and light in it—and strength. It is good to have such affirmation of joy and to feel the divinity of life with this singer of the triumph of truth. To have this feeling of faith and certainty is the great victory and it is beyond all price. We are stirred by such words and feelings to be our best.

And the artist has faithfully performed his part. He has given it a setting that is very attractive. It is printed in old English lettering on one side of the paper only, and it has illuminations of bits of artistic grace, which make the book a treasure for the parlor table. If one has not time to read—he would be pleased to see these suggestions of beauty and carry them as pictures in his mind's eye. Really one grows enthusiastic as he looks it over carefully and sees how finely matched are the words and the illustrations. The borders and the filling in between the lines are just lovely and poetry of themselves. This is a perfect gift for a friend at Christmas.

William Brunton.

"Aspiration," by Susie C. Clark.

This is a very pleasant addition to Miss Clark's words of cheer and help. Those who have read her books know how profitable and inspiring they are. They are written with the purpose of help, of help to those seeking light for their souls upon the path; and she certainly gives it. She is progressive, forceful, sympathetic and helpful every way.

This pamphlet of twenty-four pages is a lecture on the great theme of prayer as the advanced thinker must estimate it. She puts on one side outworn theories that the vital fact of its worth may appeal to us and find an answer in our hearts. Aspiration is the breath of life. It is for the blessing of the days as dew is for the refreshment of the flowers. It gives virility and strength, it shows we have a look upward and that we carry the heavenly life with us in our common ways.

There are some splendid passages enforcing this. And near the close she comes to the question of keeping a way of communion open between ourselves and our unseen friends. It is the path of light, of high aspiration that invites them to us—and keeps them near us with all tenderness and fidelity. She deals with this in a very gracious way, indeed "Aspiration" is a good Christmas gift and would be a great blessing to many who are wondering why they are not stronger and why life has not more joy and beauty. Let them read this word and grow in wisdom.

William Brunton.

Kindly Light. By John Milton Scott. 6 1/2 by 4 in. 243 pp. Upland Farms Alliance, Oswego-on-Hudson, New York.

Here is a little book of songs with an invocation following each. It is written by a prophet who is more thoroughly inspired by the sweetness of God's love than any writer of the time. His book makes

"Life, death and the vast forever
One grand sweet song."

In this book we hear Milton without his sternness, without the horror of his Calvinistic puritanism, the Shakespeare of love, not of the stern command to

"Be still and know that I am God,"
but the still, small voice speaking to the inmost heart of hearts, making us feel that now indeed do we know the motherhood of God. In humble, adoring faith, we exclaim with the Quaker poet

"I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

God is love, and the God of this book is He of perfect love, speaking with childlike simplicity and quaintness to the soul of man.

The fear of the Lord! A terrible phrase and yet, with the eyes of this booklet, we see that the true fear of the Lord is the fear which forbids us to offend the slightest wish of those we love.

And how it raises and glorifies humanity, the lost humanity of Calvinistic creeds, which out-devil Satan; for it makes our human souls as necessary for God's expression of His love as is God for the expression of our highest ideals.

After the book, just as after a realization in our souls of the truths of Spiritualism.

"The dread of something after death" is banished to the limbo of exploded theologies, of wasted creeds and of burned out hells.

Its quaintness and sweetness are shown by a few verses.

"What we shall be in what we are
Is scarcely any shown;
As in the root we cannot see
The blossom that is blown."

"My life may be an orchard sweet
When thou wilt be my June"

"And peace eternal in my heart
In answer to thy kiss."

"Eternal Lord of deathless life,
Thy perfect love we're prizing,
That in the earth and in ourselves
Each death is but a rising."

Mime Inness.

No one learns how weak and foolish many people are, more than do mediums.

The Magazines.

The December "Arena" contains a rich and varied Table of Contents. Among the full-page portraits are admirable half-tone pictures of Count Tolstoi, Mayor Johnson and John L. DeMar and a beautiful reproduction of Mr. Elwell's great statue, "Egypt Awakening." There are also four full-page, original cartoons on the dollar-worship of the age, drawn expressly for "The Arena" by Garnet Warren, and numerous other interesting illustrations. Among the contents we mention the following as of special interest: "Uncle Sam's Romance with Science and the Soil," by Frank Vrooman; "Economics of Moses," by President George M. A. Miller, Ph. D.; "Mayor Johnson: One of the Strongest Leaders in Municipal Progress in America," by Professor E. W. Bemis; "The Evolution of Marriage Ideals," by Theodore Schroeder; "The Reign of Graft in Milwaukee," by Duane Mowry; "DeMar: A Cartoonist of Contemporaneous History," by B. O. Flower; "General Sam Martin: The Washington of South America," by Professor Frederic M. Noa; "Dominant Trusts and Corporations in Colorado," by Hon. J. Warner Mills; "Our Latest and Greatest Social Vision," an interpretation, being an extended study of Joaquin Miller's new social vision; and "Count Tolstoi on the Land Question," a general discussion of the great Russian's recent argument in favor of the land philosophy of Mr. George, by the editor of "The Arena." The publisher's announcements for "The Arena" for 1906 are extremely attractive.

The Search Light.

This new weekly is purely news; and it is condensed news; and, once more, it is condensed news with an index; and, fourthly, it is all the news of the whole world; and the index is continuous; that is to say, if you wish to find some particular theory, you can find it indexed in the last number. There is no turning back to past indexes. The last index is the whole thing all the time.

The editor is William George Jordan, who was at one time the managing editor of the "Ladies Home Journal," for whom the Curtis Publishing Company purchased the "Saturday Evening Post."

Mr. Jordan, however, had other plans in his head and "would not."

His plan, which the Search Light finally accomplishes, is to cover all the news of the world and publish it each week with illustrations and then to index it, so that it may be available to every user at a minute's notice. This he accomplishes by his continuous index, the utility of which is apparent when it is known that as soon as it appeared it was copied by the Literary Digest. As the idea could not be patented Mr. Jordan had no protection for it; he only smiles and says "Emulation is the sincerest flattery."

Mr. Jordan, who by the way is the author of the "Kingship of Self Control," has associated with him George J. Hagar as managing editor. Mr. Hagar has helped get up more encyclopedias than any man living. Now he is helping to make the Search Light what it is, viz., a continuous encyclopedia brought up to date. The Search Light idea is unique. We are glad to hear it is succeeding.

Pittsburg and Port Hudson.

MRS. BETHEA WHITE—THE SILENT CALL.

On the 26th of November I closed a month's engagement with the First Spiritual Church of Pittsburg, Pa. It was a gala day from start to finish. Good audiences, good music, and good weather, made a happy trinity of goodies. The sky behaved royally and the earth reciprocated. The people felt their environments and reflected them: Sunny days and starry nights blend their influences to make an atmosphere of expressions in which human nature shares and grows. The Lyceum sparkled with the awakenings of childhood and the genius of progressive evolution. The Ladies Aid improved the opportunities of meeting and gathering knowledge by mutual expressions and psychic readings, led by Mrs. Pressing as president, and the influence of the unfleshed thrilled all with happy inspirations. C. L. Stevens presided at the Sunday meetings and Thursday evenings, in a graceful and impressive manner, giving to all the wealth of a clean, opulent personality, and generous earnestness and sweet good will. Bro. and Sister Kates and Marguerite Gaulle-Reidinger had preceded me and filled the air with wings which continued to winnow the chaff from the wheat and fan us with breezes from Summerland.

I was especially fortunate in having one of the sweetest homes in Pittsburg for my resting place. Mrs. E. F. Keyte was the central sun which lighted the dining room and made all the house radiant; while her two children—Charles and Jessie—added their social and intellectual life most pleasantly. If I did not do good work in such surroundings, my case must be hopeless. I left all these attractions and hastened home, leaving the people aglow with anticipations of the coming of E. W. Sprague and wife, to create a vigorous revival. Finding Mrs. Howe improving but very feeble, I gave myself to another order of work, making home comfortable, and taking some of the cares on myself, while I tried to utilize time in reading, writing and planning history. But on Monday, the 4th, a wire call from Port Huron, Mich., changed all, and I hastened away Tuesday morning, and on Wednesday, the 6th, I met Melvin A. Root of Bay City, and Prof. Hudson, at the home of Hon. Jas. H. White, where we jointly contributed our loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Bethea H. White; who, for 50 years has walked by the light of Spiritualism, a noble example of its best fruits and a credit to the Cause and to the human race. Her husband, Jas. H. White, ex-member of the legislature, has shared her love and blessings, which were fully reciprocated, and together Spiritualism has been their light in all the changes of fortune, and is the supreme comforter now.

A highly appreciative audience attested their regard for the family and their interest in the last ceremonies. Agreeable to her expressed wish the body was cremated at Detroit Thursday, when a short service was held in the crematory, introduced by Bro. Root, and choice music by Prof. Hudson, who is a brother-in-law of Rev. J. H. Harter, late of Auburn, N. Y., and a musical companion with James G. Clark and the Hutchinsons.

Solemn and sweet were the moments when the blessings of two worlds breathed into the silence, and we took our leave of the fading shadow and gazed through a mist of tears at the sacred vision of death crowned with immortal life, opulent with supernal glory.

Lyman C. Howe.

Review of Passing Events.

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

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

Mr. Felix Schelling is a noted musician and composer of many compositions which met with remarkable public favor. He is spiritual in character, and all his life of more than four score years has lived and moved in an atmosphere above the affairs of ordinary men. After many years in this country, where he delighted the public with his performance, and taught his divine art, he returned to his early home in Switzerland, where he is enjoying his declining days among the Alpine mountains, which present to his fervent imagination their sublime beauties.

He read of the work the National Spiritual Association was engaged in, to assist the needy mediums who had given more to the Cause than they received, and his sympathy was aroused. He had been all his life too enrapt with his art to give time to making money, and he found himself unable to give as he desired.

And now I come to the point of what cannot otherwise than be regarded as a most delightful instance of filial love and duty. He wrote to his daughter in this country, telling her what he desired, and she, to gratify her father, though not identified with the Cause, sent the five dollars he wished to contribute. Such a daughter is a treasure of whom a father may be fondly proud. True, the donation is not large but the love, sympathy and appreciation of the objects and aims of the association are measured only by his noble and earnest spirit. The gifts of millions by the money kings, are dwarfed in comparison.

In a letter accompanying the gift, he speaks of his wonderful preservation and his remarkable endurance with the bicycle. Last May at a grand festival of the Bicycle Union of Italy, held at Milan, when 14,000 attended, he received a silver medal over a host of competitors.

PROF. EDGAR L. LARKINS' HITS OUT WITH HIS SHILLALAH.

Prof. Larkins is the observer at the Lowe Observatory, California. He passes the nights when the atmosphere permits, on the top of Echo Mountain, and under California sky, the air is unusually clear for unusually long periods. Perched on this promontory, he looks out through his mighty telescope across the abysses of space and notes the revolutions of the spheres. It is a sublime calling, and should more than any other, spiritualize and uplift the mind.

Prof. Larkins, one of the most eminent astronomers of his time, gazes on the resplendent stellar systems and seeing no footprint of the God of popular theology, refuses to see anything more than the conflict of forces. With an intellectual endowment, equal to the understanding of the laws of the universe, he would believe that he is simply a wave thrown up by these forces, to sink again into the great current.

In an article in the English Mechanic, of course written to please the mechanics of England, he attacks Spiritualism in a most unique manner for a "scientist." He says:

"But another monster, so terrible that statesmen are beginning to tremble in its presence—Spiritualism (malignant hypnotism), is growing faster than any historic religion. Every town and city is infected with horrible mediums. Gold is rapidly swelling streams is flowing into their awful clutches. Our social state is being disturbed, while asylums for the insane are filled to the doors. This horror will disrupt this great nation; the government is powerless to wipe it out because advantage is taken of that clause allowing freedom of religion."

It is not called for, to make an argument against this frantic attack, which is, as every Spiritualist knows, false, unjust, and unworthy of being written by anyone calling himself a scientist. Science is calm, impartial, slow to admit and slow to condemn. It is not true "our social state is being disturbed" by Spiritualism. It is not true that "statesmen tremble in the presence of Spiritualism." It is not true that "asylums for the insane are being filled to the doors" by Spiritualists. It is not true that there is danger "that this horror will disrupt this great nation." The inference that this government desires to "wipe it out," but is restrained by the constitution, is not true. There has been no demand made on this government to restrain Spiritualism.

This paragraph is a doubly distilled, poisonous libel, sent out to prejudice and harm a cause of which the writer, by his own words, knows nothing. I admire Professor Larkins; I am gratified to write his name among my list of friends. The more am I bewildered by this paragraph which seems to be the rant of insanity. Has the observer at Echo Mountain gazed and gazed until he has fallen under the malign influence of Saturn or the Dog Star? We regret that Prof. Larkins has thus expressed himself—regret not for the harm his publication may do to the Cause, but to him. He may sometime investigate the phenomena, and if he does honestly, he will have to change his views.

It will not be pleasant for him to say, "That was all rot I asserted in the days of my ignorance."

Possibly he will not investigate. If he desires to keep up a show of consistency, he had best stay by his telescope. That will not play him false, nor allow him to play false.

The under side of every cloud
Is bright and shining,
And so I turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining.

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EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

A SONG OF OUR DEPARTED.

William Brunton.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

Like sunshine fading from the sky,
And night of darkness drawing near,
Appears the world when loved ones die,
And take with them what makes life dear;
They are the beauty of our day;
They give to earth the sense of home;
And when they go—what can we say,
But silent wonder where they roam?

Somehow, somewhere they must abide,
Or life itself were but a cheat;
Like stars of day in light they hide,
But in our grief their glow we meet;
In darkness come the golden gleams,
Which show to us the worlds above,
Then life again all beauty seems,
And is to us the song of love!

Then daily burden we can bear,
And follow on in faith's employ;
The blessed ones we know are near;
They touch our hearts with strains of joy;
They tell us life is like the sun—
That sets to us, but still is bright;
Its course in other sky is run;
And those we love still live in light!

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND."

It was night. A train was flying through the country. The steady and persistent roar and sound of travel had grown so monotonous that sleep had fallen on the passengers and they had taken various positions in their endeavors to comfortably pass the tedious hours that would cover the rest of the journey ere New York could be reached.

In a seat, half way down the car, one man sat alone and the sights and sounds, the discomfort and weariness that seemed to oppress his fellow travelers apparently had no effect on him.

With eyes unnaturally bright and lips close pressed together he sat straight and unbending in his seat and gazing fixedly at the scene before him, saw nothing.

Once or twice as the train slackened its mad rush and the flickering lights of the station revealed a solitary traveler settle himself into the waiting carriage with that air of satisfaction that the trip was over for him, he seemed to arouse and then relapse into that attitude of stony despair. He was young and strong and handsome.

His bearing, even in his grief, had majesty in it; something of that wild majestic bearing that the king of the forest expresses when he tosses his maned head and stalks up and down his hated cage. At last the myriad lights and the bustling employees weakened the sleeping passengers and with many a yawn and much rubbing of eyes and peeping out of steaming windows they made ready for their entrance into the great city in the middle of the night.

The young man of majestic bearing was first to alight and with swift steps he hurried out into the glare of the city and was lost to view.

In a silent chamber, a white-sheeted form lay so still, so still.

The dim lights cast flickering shadows over the dear, familiar objects; the books and pictures, the low chair by the window, the mirror where her happy smile had been so oft reflected. The snowy draperies at the window are moving in the winter wind. How cold and chill the air. So cold it seems, but no one heeds. Now, surely, one will come, and with kind, protecting care, shut out the night wind and set the lights a gleaming and dissipate this sense of awe and mystery that clings about the room.

The door swings wide and with heavy step and slow a man walks toward the little bed. Alas, too late! The breath is stilled. Fleeted death has won the race and the iron steed, though shooting, arrow like, through valley and town, hillside and city, is hours behind that angel train that bore her soul away.

Now all the majesty and strength melts into utter helplessness and like a broken reed the young man kneels beside the body of his dead and weeps and prays and bows his head in anguish. It is the old, old story of love and death, of happy hearts and bright hopes, of desolation and despair. A chill, a fever, a struggle, a fear, a hope, a horror and all is over. One is still and silent and cold as marble, and one is quivering and tortured and supplicating.

Life and death; joy and sorrow; happiness and torment; sunrise of rose and gold; night of sobbing winds and sighing trees, and mists that shut the stars from sight.

Who can whisper words of comfort now? Will not the poise of the purely metaphysical be unsteady and uncertain? Will not the faith of the most devout be shaken?

Will not the confidence of the trusting be shattered?

Will not all the ordinary expressions and advice, though delicate and well intended, seem like cant and insolence?

Is there any word that can satisfy the aching, breaking heart?

Ah, surely there is always the word of truth.

The word of truth that is not only beautiful and cheering, because it is what the stricken heart yearns to hear, but because it is absolutely dependable and demonstrable.

The word of truth which speaks itself into the sorrow-burdened lives of men and women and makes the glad smile of recognition bring sunshine and peace and joy. And the word of truth is "There is no death."

Though still and cold and responsive the body may be, all that made it smile and love and whisper words of tender cadence has survived the fever and the onslaught of disease.

Arise young man. Bend your splendid energies to your purpose and pursuit of evidence and expression of the survival of your darling's personality.

Let no mocking voice deter you from your quest. Let no haunting fear pursue you in your search.

She watches your every aspiration and yearning and with eager, swift and sure responses will bring you peace.

"Would be a crime to her, an insult to her memory to sit in a darkened chamber and entomb yourself with anguished thoughts, when listening you might hear her sing, 'I am not there, I have arisen!'"

"Seek me and you shall find me, and I will reign the queen of your heart; the sharer of your joys, the ever living, loving companion who is not lost but gone before."

Bobbet.

Frank H. Sweet.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

Bobbet flung himself out of the tiny cabin and up the three or four companion-way steps, to the deck, almost crying with vexation. He owned the little schooner, and his voice was not even listened to in its management.

The lookout nodded affably, but grinned at him, and he scowled back and stumbled round to the port side of the cabin, whose room rose two or three feet above the deck level, and there threw himself down at full length in the sun to sulk it out. For that was Bobbet's way.

Presently he heard Tracy and Earl at the companion-way, laughing, and his scowl grew darker. Of course, they were laughing at him. But a moment later, when they came up the steps, and he heard the word "dog," he realized he had been mistaken this time. They were talking about the big street rough and the wonder on his face when he toppled off the wharf into the water. Bobbet himself had done the toppling, at the port where they put in the night before, and it was on account of the rough's cruelty to a dog on the wharf. The scowl gave way to something which sounded very much like a chuckle. It was funny, the way the rough looked.

"That beggar Bobbet's got a whole lot in him," he heard Tracy say, "if it wasn't for his silly ideas and insufferable self-conceit. Sometimes I—"

But Bobbet was pressing his hands resolutely against his ears. Whatever he might be, he wasn't an eavesdropper and sneak.

At first he thought of slipping round the cabin, or rolling over into the port scuppers, beyond hearing; but either would be sure to attract their notice, and just now he did not feel that he could face them after that snubbing in the cabin.

"Yes," he could not avoid hearing Earle answer, "it is using the fellow pretty rough, after giving us this trip and all the other things. But as you say, what else could we do? And, besides, it's a sort of liberal education for Bobbet. If someone could catch him as soon as he wakes in the morning and plunge his head into a pail of ice water, and then browbeat and snub him steadily through the day, it might in time make him fit for average society. It's too bad, though, and is all his bringing up. Bobbet would be a pretty decent beggar, with gentlemanly notions, if it wasn't for his mother."

The listener's hands slipped gradually from his ears. They could not shut out the words, and, after all, the talk was only what he had been hearing openly every day. They would say the same sort of things if he were standing there beside them. It was not really eavesdropping.

"Yes, it's his bringing up that forces this way of treating him on us, of course," agreed Tracy. "For one, I wish we'd insisted on being put ashore when we first mentioned it. I like Bobbet immensely, but there's hardly an hour when I don't feel like kicking him overboard. It seems strange that so much exasperation could be crowded into one fellow, and especially into a fellow like Bobbet, who would do anything in the world for one. I used to wonder why he didn't have a single friend in the school he attends, but I understand now. Just think of our own case. He asked us to go on the sound for a few weeks' fishing, and then ran ashore to search for Captain Kidd's treasure; and because we felt grateful to him for our invitation we dug holes in the sand for ten days and had all the people along there laughing at us. Then we persuaded him off to the Rips, after bluefish, and just as we got in sight of them and were getting our hooks and lines ready. Bobbet suddenly turned pirate, with a red handkerchief around his head and red paint on his cheeks, to show for blood, and nothing would do but we must swagger about the deck obeying his orders for a week or more, while he cruised back and forth on the Spanish Main. I never felt so like a fool in all my life. And that only ended with his picking up the half-witted Norwegian in his outlandish costume. It was the costume that captured Bobbet, and he insisted on putting the fellow in captain at once for a cruise to Norway and thence to the North Pole. If we hadn't mutinied promptly when that blow came they would have run the boat to the bottom."

"No doubt of that," said Earle. "But didn't Bobbet fuss when we ran the boat ashore and landed Captain Jagg Jomphertwold, as he called him. After that we insisted on running the boat ourselves in our own way, with him out of the struggle, or going ashore; and of two evils he chose for us to stay on board. But within half an hour he was trying to order us round again, with his head crammed full of crazy plans. I suppose the course we've adopted of snubbing him unmercifully and continually is the only way, but it does seem a little hard on Bobbet. Under it all, he's really a fine fellow, and we owe him a whole lot. I've been thinking that after we've had a week or ten days' fishing along the new bank we heard of, we might turn the boat over to him again for the last week of the cruise, and obey him in everything, without question—unless, of course, he

should order us into some harbor to burn the town or scuttle a ship or carry off the mayor."

"All right," good-naturedly. "I'm in for that. If he don't order us into some mischief, we'll make that week the time of Bobbet's life. I'll even run up a black flag myself, or eat sawfish and shark, if he orders me. We want him to get back home feeling he's had a jolly trip in spite of his hardships. Now, suppose we up anchor and run a little farther along the coast, and then drop over some lines. There's said to be fine fishing in these Maine waters."

Bobbet heard them walk around the other side of the cabin and commence to haul on the main sheet. Then came the sound of the anchor being raised, and one of them going back to the tiller. He was glad they had not come his side, for it enabled him to twist round and slip down the companion-way unscathed.

His face was flushed from the conversation he had overheard. He had listened to much the same things before, but then he had been facing the speakers, and his resentment or mortification had made him answer just as bluntly, without much thought of what was being said. But lying there on the deck, unable to reply, the words had gone deeper. His face was unusually thoughtful as he slipped into the cabin.

His first act was to draw out his mother's last letter and open it. That was another of Bobbet's customs. His mother believed in him thoroughly, unchangeably, unalterably, and whenever he was depressed or chafing under a feeling of mortification he had only to read one of her letters to experience a full restoration of buoyancy and self-confidence. It was his mother who had given him the schooner, who had purchased an automobile for him and built him a little hunting lodge in the woods, who had done everything for him, that he had suggested or hinted, and a great deal more. They were both versatile in plans and imagination, and were both—as their acquaintances averred—phenomenally foolish and lovingly generous and thoughtful of those in less better circumstances than themselves.

Bobbet's gaze ran hungrily over the pages, for just now he felt himself in need of sympathy and appreciation of just the kind that his mother showered upon him. But it was over the last paragraph that his gaze lingered longest. This read:

"And now, dear Bobbet, about your companions. You must remember that they are all poor boys, who have not had any of your advantages or opportunities, and you should be especially nice to them on that account. Living as they have, even their imagination must be dull and commonplace. You might have an imaginary little pirate cruise, or discover some vast continent in a bit of an island, or—anything. Your imagination is not dull. I believe in fairy stories and their value in developing young people. Only you must always let the other boys be pirate captains and discoverers and robber chiefs. It gives them more zest for the game."

(To be continued.)

Rest in Working Hours.

The value of a few minutes' rest in the midst of hard work cannot be too much insisted on. Work never killed or hurt anyone if it was accompanied by a proper amount of recreation and relaxation, says a writer on health. It is the habit of doing too much at a stretch without suitable intervals of rest, or overtaxing one's strength by trying to do the work of two, and fretting over the result, that kills. The art of resting after work and while one works may not be the most important business of life, but it certainly belongs to it. Let no woman, however strong she may be, imagine that she can go on working incessantly without growing prematurely old. Constant toil makes the heart sick and wears out the body.—Ex.

The Whistling Cure:—When the throes of indigestion and the qualms of dyspepsia are making your life miserable, just pursue the lips and whistle a brisk, merry tune.

Not a muffled, doleful, half-hearted whistle but a whistle so deep and voluminous that the whole house will be filled with the sound. Don't be afraid somebody will hear you. Let them hear you. It will do them good. It will enliven and cheer them while it cures you.

There is something about a good, well-rounded whistle that gets the digestive apparatus to work in a more natural, wholesome manner than all the pepsin tablets and digestive pills on the market.

Indigestion and dyspepsia always make one feel gloomy and depressed and morbid and blue. Everything seems to go wrong, and doubtless you won't feel one bit like whistling. But no matter, whistle anyhow.

If possible, go out in the fresh air and do your whistling. If you can't go outdoors, just open the window wide and whistle with all your might. Any old tune will do, so you put life and vigor into it.

Whistle, whistle, whistle. Keep it going. Don't get tired. Go on with all your might. Harder, harder.

The first thing you know the stomach will have righted itself, the liver will be working good and strong, the blood will be bounding through your veins, your brain will be clear and vigorous, and you will feel twenty years younger. All because you have whistled away the indigestion, the dyspepsia and the blues.

Whistling is one of the best tonics in the world. It is far better to whistle away all your petty ailments and little worries and perplexities, a great deal easier to float them away to the tune of "Nancy Lee" or "Dolly Gray" than to sit down and try to drown them by swallowing a lot of the doctor's nasty, poisonous medicines.

A great deal better and a whole lot cheaper.—Medical Talk.

He Knew.

Little Tommy, aged six, one day found four little kittens in the cellar. His aunt came to visit him and being told of them expressed a desire to see them; soon crying and caterwauling was heard in the hall. "Don't hurt the kittens, Tommy," "No, mamma," said Tommy; "I'm carrying them very carefully by their stems."—Ex.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF.

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

In Explanation.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides for the good of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported 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.

Unto the Infinite Father we would lift our hearts; out of the depths of material existence we would rise to that pure living and that exalted life which can only come through a spiritual poise and a spiritual interpretation of all the wonderful manifestations of life. Away from the busy din of all the business of life we would hasten, and in the deep silence and the stillness we would draw near to the very fountains of being the very source of spirituality. Then hastening back to the duties, the practical things, the demands, the many cares, we would find ourselves so refreshed and strengthened by our retreat that all duties would become sacred and all work be hallowed. So may we live this wonderful life which is being taught by those who have passed through and into that next existence. So may something of the glory of the real shine through the unreal. So may our souls peep through their prison houses and smile out an understanding of life to every other soul that shrinks and is afraid to step forth. Amen.

MESSAGES.

William Clark, Toledo, Ohio.

The first spirit that comes to me this afternoon is a man named Clark. He is tall and thin and has a strong face. He is very emphatic in his expression and seems so eager to get to his wife. This is what he says: "My name is William Clark and I am from Toledo, Ohio. I have been over here for about six years and have never made the least effort to talk with any of the people I left behind. I died with a cancer and under the circumstances nobody could wish me back. They got used to the thought of my dying because I faced it ever so long, and, strange as it may seem, I never realized that there was no hope for me until the very last. As long as one is breathing and living, death seems unreal, and it is only the friends who get an idea that life may cease. My wife's name is Alice. Now I have seen her so many times and have been conscious of what she was saying and doing, and I finally decided that perhaps she could see me, so last week I made an effort to attract her attention, and I found, by snapping my fingers together, I produced a light, just as you produce a sound with the same movement, and she saw it, but she had no interpretation of what it meant. I stayed around and each time that I was able to make the light it attracted her attention, but didn't give her any particular thought that it was I. I was talking the matter over with some friends and they told me about this place, and told me to come and send her a message, so here I am. For a long time after I left her she was in a very much disturbed state, was hardly able to settle herself down to the ordinary duties of life, and she had no help from any of my people or hers. It made me indignant to see the way they let her plod along, without making any effort to lift on her burden. But she came out of it all right, and now that she is able to take care of herself, of course, she hasn't got them to thank. My mother and Aunt Sally, who died at our house, is anxious to send a message to Alice, and to tell her that it is a beautiful thing to believe that your friends are able to communicate and to understand. Aunt Sally was a very devout church member, and it is a good deal of a confession for her to make that there is anything that can give a woman peace outside religion. Tell my little girl that I don't forget her and as the years roll on and I see her brave effort, she grows dearer and dearer to me, and that it will be a joy to me when I have her with me in this other life. The life is not quite complete without her, and so I wait patiently for her coming. Thank you."

Frank Wheeler, Malden, Mass.

There is a spirit of a man who comes here now and says that his name is Frank Wheeler. I should think he was a man about forty years old, medium height. His hair is a little on the auburn. His complexion is sandy and he has a mustache and side whiskers. He is very eager to give his message and go along and doesn't seem at all to be sure that he can say all that he wants to. He says: "O, dear, it is so much harder to come than I had thought. I lived in Malden and I have often thought if ever I got a chance I would come back and tell my friends what I found out when I died. You see, I came so suddenly that I couldn't make any preparation. I don't know that it would have done a bit of good to have known all about it and made all the preparations that I could, but somehow I feel that it would have been better for me. I have a brother who ought to have taken a lesson by the way I went and been more careful of himself, but he don't, and now he is laid up and I doubt if ever he gets out again. Sometimes, when I see people blown up and drowned and crushed and killed in so many different ways, it

looks as if a man wasn't safe to even walk the streets; but, of course, I know it is only a small percentage, after all, that are killed by accident. I was anxious to say to George Hart that I never intended to have made so much trouble for him. It is just one of those things that cannot be helped, and while it brought any amount of woe into his life, I don't know how I could have helped it. I see now how there are a good many things I can do by influencing people to turn his way and give him a lift on his affairs, and that is what I will do. That is what I want to say, and I want him to look for a better state of affairs, and that before very long. Thank you."

Sarah Moody, Manchester, N. H.

There is a spirit of a woman here, I should think about fifty years old. She is very pretty, indeed; she has gray hair and it is all curled and fixed up so pretty in the front, and she looks so sweet and good, as though she always tried to have a smile and a pleasant word, whatever else happened. Her name is Moody, Sarah Moody, and she says: "I lived in Manchester, N. H., and I knew something about these communications, and I am so glad that I did, for it made life so much easier for me when I got over here and found spirits living just as they do. All the questions about eating and sleeping and working that are of such vast importance in your physical life seem to settle themselves without any particular difficulty when you get over here, and while it is true that some spirits gormandise and are lazy after they leave the body, it is just as true that some who have been burdened with the weight of care of the material life are suddenly released and seem to bound into a condition where all these things are out of the way and unthought of. For instance, I had been over here some time before I even thought of how I was living, of whose bounty I was partaking; my intense interest in psychical matters brought me at once to a little company of psychic investigators, and I seemed to care for nothing else and had no especial craving or weakness from lack of care of the body, as I would have had in the other world. We all know that there are some people who grow intent in some investigation or study and will go without eating or sleeping, and still feel no weariness, but they invariably awaken to the demands of the body, more quickly than people who have stepped into the spirit life, and who are pushed on by desire to make investigations in certain lines. So you see your life is not so different. It is what the spirit demands and seeks which forces your habits and customs, and so it is in this life over here. I have been so eager to tell my friends of the power which they possessed in themselves while they were still in the physical world that I have hardly been able to restrain myself, and now I come, and united with my message to my dear friends is this one, which I think may be of some help to someone. I wanted to go to my son, George. He doesn't feel particularly interested in these matters, because he thinks there will be ample time to solve these problems after he gets through with this life, but there is no such thing as separating the spirit and its expressions and the physical life is an expression of the spirit. Tell George that his mother seeks this method of proving to him her existence, her love and her forgetfulness. That is my message."

Edgar Berins, Denver, Col.

There is a spirit here who says he came from Denver, Col. He is very tall and gentlemanly looking; he has gray eyes and a soft voice and a manner that is as gracious and bland as a woman's. He says: "Will you kindly take my name and a message that I am anxious to send to my wife, Ella. I have not been gone very long and it is all so strange to me and yet so important, this law of communion. I have been making every effort possible to tell my little wife that I am near her, but every word I try to speak is lost before it reaches her, and while I can hear her sob and I can see her tears, she doesn't feel my arms about her and doesn't hear a word I say. Nothing else it seems to me would make me come in this public way except my desire to give her comfort and her great need of it. She is in no financial need; she has no lack of spiritual advisers and friends, but she wants me and wonders where I am, and so I have come to tell her. Everything looks so black about her and she is so disturbed over the future it seems as if she cannot live and face the life, but I know she will be braver when she knows I am not lost, but am in her presence almost constantly. Thank you so much for taking my message."

Thomas Bell, Pawtucket, R. I.

There is a spirit here by the name of Thomas Bell. He is just as jolly as he can be; he has blue eyes and brown hair and a merry, laughing face, and he says: "Don't put on any long face or say any solemn words about me. I am just as much alive as I ever was, and it affords me a good deal of fun to come back and let my friends know that there is no such thing as losing me. I lived in Pawtucket. I worked there, I never got very far away from there, and I don't know that I regret that I didn't travel. I knew that place pretty well. I have got a wife; she is with me; her name is Mary; I have got a brother and I have two sisters who are alive in your world. They none of them have any notion that the spirit of their friends are always near and ready to help them; they go along their way, neither very good or very bad, just ordinary sort of people. When anybody dies, they take it as a matter of fact that it has to be. I have got a little girl over here with me. She died a long time before I did and I used to think I heard her voice sometimes. I never felt sure about it until I came over here, and she told me that she often called me. You please send word to Augusta and tell her that I think her pain will soon be over and that I think that it won't be through the help of the physician she has got today, but through a new one who will understand her case better. She isn't to be discouraged; she is just to know that she is getting help from those in this life. Thank you."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 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 First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor.—Conference at 11, test circle at 12, afternoon service as usual. In the evening a testimonial to Mrs. Wilkinson which was well attended. The jubilee singers charmed the audience with their soul-stirring music. The following workers took part: Prof. Carpenter, Mr. Hill, Mr. Privoe, Mr. Hicks, Mrs. Peak-Johnson, Miss Jennie Rhind, Mrs. Read, Mrs. Robertson, Mr. Newhall, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Blanchard, Prof. Clark, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Fremont. Next Sunday afternoon Prof. Carpenter will commence a series of demonstrations. Tuesday afternoon, Indian Healing Circle; Thursday afternoon, readings for all. Indian Peace Council, Dec. 22.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, held its regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Sunday, Dec. 10, at 11.30 a. m. After the lesson Clara Weston and Evangeline Cousins sang; Lester Young gave a reading. The rest of the time was devoted to the circle which was very interesting. All who are interested in the young, especially mediums, are cordially invited.

Red Men's Hall, December 5 and 6, afternoon and evening. The Ladies' Lyceum Union held a fair with dancing Wednesday evening. Wednesday at 6.30 the supper committee, Mrs. Turner chairman, served supper to a goodly company. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the Witch supper advertised was not served. It is reserved till later in the season. Under the management of Mrs. Andrew C. Berry, chairman of fair committee, with the interest and help received from friends, it was a very successful fair. The ice cream table was well patronized and was under the management of Mrs. Stillings and Mrs. Weston.

American Psychical Research Society, Malden, Mass., Harvey Redding president. Meeting opened as usual, with song service, followed by a stirring address by one of the president's controls, Dr. Wilson, after which another control gave some satisfactory messages. An interesting meeting was closed with hymn and benediction. The Thursday evening meeting was held at the home of the president. The first half hour was devoted to healing and development by the president, many being benefited by the treatment, after which Mrs. Emma Wells gave piano selections; she also read an inspirational poem. Mrs. Raulins of Everett read some beautiful thoughts from the Spirit. Mr. Redding gave satisfactory delineations. There was a large attendance.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong pastor. The president, Walter T. Mason, was heard with great pleasure. Mr. Newhall, Mr. Drury and others followed and messages were given by different mediums. In the afternoon Mr. Mason was again heard, after which the pastor spoke with earnestness. Dr. Huot gave many messages; Mrs. Feedy of New York gave helpful thoughts in inspired verse. Mr. Chase and Mrs. Graham spoke and Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Read and the pastor gave messages from the Spirit loved ones. In the evening Mr. Mason was never heard to better advantage. The pastor took up his theme and then many messages were given.

The Brighton Psychic Society held a very pleasant service Wednesday evening, Dec. 6. Scripture reading by the president, D. H. Hall; invocation by Mrs. M. Pye of Wakefield; solos by Mrs. H. E. Hall; introductory remarks by Mr. J. R. Minton. A short lecture by Mrs. Pye, followed by many wonderful and verified tests. Mrs. Pye's work with this society has been the means of much good; every week shows an increase in the attendance and interest. Mrs. Pye will be with this society every Wednesday evening in December. Mr. C. Dearborn and "Pat" gave some remarkable tests. Wednesday evening, Dec. 13, Mr. C. F. Hill of Newburyport and Mr. Dearborn of Wakefield will participate in the exercises. Wednesday evening, Dec. 20, Mrs. Pye and Mr. Dearborn. Meetings Sunday and Wednesday evenings, 14 Kenrick Street (off 147 Foster Street). An evening with this society is well spent. A collection of 15 cents is taken to defray the expenses.

Dec. 7.—The L. S. S. met at Dwight Hall for its weekly meeting. Business meeting at 5.30, supper at 6.30. At 7.45 the evening exercises were opened by the president, Mrs. Belcher, followed by Mrs. Hattie Mason, who gave an address and communication, also Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. McLean. Mrs. Dix gave a talk and concluded with an inspirational poem on the American flag, which she noticed draped on the altar. Mr. Cohen gave tests. The meeting closed with the benediction by the president. Next week there will be a French supper served at 5.30. At 7.45, a musical program, followed by good mediums.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Boston held its regular meeting Friday, Dec. 8, the president, Mrs. Allie, presiding. Mr. Sawyer rendered a fine solo, followed by cheerful thoughts from Mrs. Waterhouse. After some sweet singing by Mrs. Hall, loving messages were given us by Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Freeman, Jennie Rhind and Mrs. Shackley. Next week there will be a Mystery Sale and supper; it is also mediums' night. All mediums invited.

Those of you who wonder why the Spiritualists do not better support their cause financially, please examine your own figures for glue or other sticky substances.

New England States.

Norwich, Conn., The Norwich Spiritual Union.—The past two weeks, Mrs. Kate M. Ham of Haverhill has been serving the society with good results. Her talks have been interesting and her message work convincing. Excellent audiences have been in attendance. Mrs. Ham will serve the balance of this month and will hold seances at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. each Sunday. The "Helping Hands" held its usual supper and social last Thursday with a large attendance. After the supper, Mrs. Ham gave a seance that was very satisfactory. The next supper and social will be held next Thursday night. Owing to Rev. May S. Pepper's engagements in Brooklyn each Sunday, a special engagement was made with her to serve this society on Thursday evening, January 11. [Received too late for December 9. Editor.]

Fitchburg, Mass.—Mrs. M. A. Jacobs of Lawrence was the speaker for the First Spiritualist Society. A large number of convincing communications and spirit messages were given at the morning service. At the evening service, the subject, "Rejoice and Be Glad" was presented in her usual interesting manner and was supplemented by many evidences from the spirit side of life. Miss Howe, pianist, rendered several selections. Mrs. A. J. Pettigill of Malden, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.

Portland, Me.—The First Spiritual Society held very pleasant meetings both afternoon and evening. Mrs. Vaughan, one of the home mediums, served the society with pleasing social chats and most all who attended received messages. The society will hold a free entertainment and social gathering on Christmas night, and invite everybody who wishes to come.

Lowell, Mass.—Sunday, Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall of Lowell, with "Shining Star" as control, voiced messages for nearly two hours, afternoon and evening, and all were recognized. On Tuesday, Dec. 12th, the Ladies' Aid held a Christmas sale and social, with a long list of talent for the literary and musical part of it. Miss Annie L. Foley of Haverhill will be with this society next Sunday.

Announcements.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists will hold their regular meeting in Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Avenue, Wednesday, Dec. 13. Mrs. Hilliard will be the speaker. Supper at 6.30. Evening meeting, 7.45.

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 Street, Boston.

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.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Exeter and Newbury Streets. 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, Dec. 20. Hygienic (Vegetarian) supper at 6.30, followed by the usual conference. All are welcome; tickets for the supper 15 cents.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Sunday, Dec. 17th, 2.30 and 7.30. Mr. Albert P. Blinn, inspiration lecturer. Circles, supper, song service and concert. Good soloists and readers.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, holds services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington Street, up two flights. Services 11 a. m., 2.30 p. m., followed by classes. Vesper service 7.30 p. m. All are welcome.

American Psychical Research Society, Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden Square, Harvey Redding, president. Meetings Sunday evening at 7.30, Mrs. Abbie Burnham and other talent. Seats free. Thursday evening meeting at 202 Main Street, Everett, opposite Forest Avenue.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association holds its Annual Convention Jan. 12-14 inclusive at Montpelier. The management has secured W. J. Colville for the occasion, also Alonzo F. Hubbard, Mrs. Abbie Cross, Mrs. Emma Paul and Mrs. Effie I. Chapman.

Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, of the Banner of Light, will serve the Haverhill Spiritualist Union on Thursday, Dec. 14.

Movements of Platform Workers.

G. W. Kates and wife addressed audiences in Washington, D. C., last Sunday, on "What of Value Have the Spiritualists to Offer?" and "Children's Rights." These were practical and timely, and were discussed with vigor and reformatory spirit. These workers will serve in Philadelphia, Pa., during January and February. Address them: Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa.

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.

To Societies and All Connected with the N. S. A.

Official announcement of the transition of Brother S. D. Dye of Los Angeles, California, has but recently been received at this office. The passage to spirit life of this esteemed friend and co-worker leaves a vacancy on the board of trustees of the

N. S. A. Already many Spiritualists from the West have been named as candidates for the office. The N. S. A. constitution, Art. V., Sec. 9, declares that a vacancy upon the board must be filled by the remaining trustees by ballot, as there will be no regular meeting of the board till May, next, there can be no balloting for the successor to Brother Dye till that occasion.

Mary T. Longley, Secretary N. S. A. Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

The First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn.

This society, through its officers, issues a "memorial" to the public quoting from the constitution of the United States and the constitution of the State of New York, as they bear on the subject of freedom in the exercise of religious profession and worship; print the eight articles enunciating their principles and scope of the work proposed by their organization, as declared in their charter granted by the State of New York in February, 1904, (which were printed in the Banner of Light at the time.)

After stating the unfair treatment received by their pastor, Mrs. May S. Pepper, at the hands of the press, by the publication of "the railings of a convicted criminal against her, while the testimony of honorable persons in her favor was refused publication," they conclude by inviting a clerical investigation in the following proposition:

"In conclusion, we invite all clergymen in our municipality to meet Mrs. Pepper, our officers and friends, in the near future, that they may witness and judge for themselves, the source or sources of the powers manifested through her instrumentality.

"Those desiring to accept this opportunity, may signify their acceptance, by writing to that effect to Dr. John C. Wyman, 305 State Street, Brooklyn, Secretary of the church. When a sufficient number shall have signified their acceptance to warrant the expense, a time and place will be designated, probably a Saturday afternoon, between the hours of three and six,—in the latter part of December or early part of January, for the place of meeting, and those accepting will be duly informed of the same.

"Finally, we ask all those who read this memorial, and believe and feel that the treatment to which we have been subjected, as hereinbefore set forth, has been unfair, and should be rebuked, irrespective of religious belief, to send to Dr. John C. Wyman, 305 State Street, or to the Rev. May S. Pepper, 258 Monroe street, Brooklyn, or to any other member of our church, their names and addresses."

Mrs. Wheeler, secretary, writes from Manchester, N. H.: "The Ladies' Aid of the Progressive Spiritualists Association of this place have voted to sit in the silence on their meeting nights for a short time, beginning at 9 o'clock, giving out beneficial thoughts for the benefit of May Pepper in the work which we understand she is undertaking. I have been requested to write the same to you, asking you to make it known through your paper that others might also send their best-thoughts to aid her for the cause of Spiritualism in general."

Notes from G. H. Brooks.

Dear Friends: One and All:

I cannot remember when I have sent any report or my name to the Banner—so long, indeed, has it been that I fear I shall have passed from the minds of the friends; or they will think I am relegated to the past. Well, I am not, nor dead, nor gone so far away that I have stepped away from my work. I am here in Milwaukee and holding meetings at Severance Hall, 421 Milwaukee street, every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. I began meetings the first Sunday in October and shall remain during December and perhaps longer. My audiences are good, and are growing all the time. I have spoken here in Milwaukee more than any other city in the country and have many dear friends here who attend the services and are loyal in their support. Milwaukee is not the easiest place in the world to work along spiritual lines, as it is an amusement town. Many are eager to attend some place of amusement, and the large foreign population makes it hard for the spiritual thought to be expressed here. There are several German societies and one that owns its temple. I have never visited it, as it is some distance from where I am, and then I do not understand German, but I intend one of these fine days to attend the meetings and see if I cannot understand. I should like to speak of various ones here, but I have not the time, but I feel I must speak of one who is well known in many ways, whose beautiful poems have found their way to many of our spiritual papers and other publications. I speak of Mrs. Mary E. Van Horn of 555 Fifth Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. She is gradually losing her sight and cannot see to read. She can write a little, and it seems doubly hard in her declining days to have this, of all things, to come into her life. I know there are several of her friends who take the Banner, and I wish after you have read this you would sit right down and write Mrs. Van Horn a good, cheery letter, and thus aid in sending blessings along the way of life. I should be glad to respond to calls for mid-week meetings in the state or out of it if matters got to me. I will also respond to calls for funerals. I send my Christmas and New Year's greetings to one and all. Trusting that all may feel as the years come and go, we are on a higher plane of life and thought.

G. H. Brooks, 823 Cass St., Milwaukee, Wis.

They who think mediums are workers of iniquity, had best study the mote and beam parable; and if they do, there will be less accusing by virtue of conscious knowledge of the ways of iniquity. Hypocritical respectability is entirely too prevalent.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 20, Copyrighted, 1904, by G. H. Webster.)

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

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

Birth Nos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Nov. 23-24	M	E	K	B	F	G						
25-26	M	E	K	B	F	G						
27-28	G	M	E	K	B	F						
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	B	F	G	M	E	K						
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 zephyr. How foolish would be the spending of the time and the money, in matters that would be gone so quickly. Even the above influences are quickly moving, and gone almost before being realized. It takes from two to three days for them to form, to express themselves and to depart, therefore one of the two or three days is stronger than the others, like going up hill, arriving at the top, and going down again. While these are the foundations 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. 3 and 8 will be the weakest during the above period.

Address all matters relative to these Tables to Prof. Henry, Boylston Centre, Mass. All of Prof. Henry's published works are on sale at the "Banner" office. Instructions in every kind of Occultism, given by correspondence.

Chats with the Professor—No. 32.

EXPLANATIONS RELATIVE TO A READING.

(Continued.)

"In the life which I am considering, at 28 years of age, Jupiter transited the seventh house, and during the past year or so he has been likewise covering that same region. Not necessary to refer to ephemeris for the fact, or to make any great amount of figuring. It can be more or less confirmed by referring to the Table in 'Astrology in a Nutshell.' This transit inclines the thought towards public affairs or interests, blending with the other present year's attractions.

"These conditions are the general tendencies and not merely the trivial events from day to day. These are but the molehills, out of which delusive mountains are made. These kaleidoscopic ephemeral pastimes, might produce marriages, or contracts, which could not be lived up to when the transitory excitements had passed, unless they happened to be in harmony with the other laws as given. The transitory influences are only the 'fuss and feathers' of the occasion. The horoscopic features are but the physical masks worn by the parties concerned in physical relationship. These ephemeral matters will take care of themselves as occasion requires, and, when the masks are removed by the cyclic laws, a beggar may prove to be a prince, or a king may prove to be a beggar. The chronic ailments denoted are in the heart, blood and throat and reproductive organs, no matter where the symptoms manifest. The acute troubles are denoted to be in the cardinal parts of the body and in the top zones of those parts, but the lower zones of these same parts are fairly strong, while in the middle zones there are nervous forces or fluctuating vibrations. The blood, naturally, is positively cold, but is warmed by the forces of pride. Hence pride is a beneficial factor in this life, toned in its turn by the conservative idealism of the life.

"Well, doctor, I suppose that I might go on and on, finding more and more in regard to this life that I have been reading, yet as stated at the beginning, I have made no thumb rule calculations, have ignored hair splitting mathematics, which are but book rules for amateurs. In strictly horoscopic findings, which only relate to the cusps of houses, the mathematical laws are positively required, but are of no earthly use unless the time of birth is positively correct to sidereal time. I pick my way along in the operation, guided mainly by my familiarity with the science and with the philosophy of the heavens. These do not need to be learned by rote, but here a little and there a little, until the field opens up to the mind in all its grandeur of light. If new findings do not harmonize with the previous findings, then, of course, they must be modifications, but the ginger is in the soup if it was once dropped in, and no matter how it got there. 'We cannot rail the seal from off the bond.' The combination is like a child putting together the picture of an elephant that has been torn into hundred pieces. This, I term, Pure Astrology. It is dependent upon an analytic judgment of the true conditions of the heavens as they operate by constant laws, with the variations as constant as the basic laws themselves.

"Taurus people, while enjoying happiness fully equal to the great majority, are not considered to be a class upon whom the marriage yoke sits lightly, or, at least, in this field, they seldom realize their fondest expectations.

"I would not have it understood that astrologic readings can be made intuitively, or off hand, regardless of the well known scientific laws and tabulations of the heavens. Oh, no! The heavens have been measured and marked off into divisions with boundaries as complete, and as exact, as are the boundaries on earth between townships, counties, states, and nations. The laws of each are laid down and have to be observed as rigidly as we have to obey the laws of earth jurisdictions. Readings have to be made by virtue of these precise conditions of the heavens, so astrologers may well be termed lawyers or counselors of the courts of the heavens, and judges as well; but all lawyers do not have to depend upon their law books. Daniel Webster very seldom referred to a law book. He knew the general principles of the civil laws so well that he could arrive at his conclusions by his familiarity

with the fundamental principles of law, yet, if called upon, he knew where to apply to sustain his arguments. So, the facts that I have stated may be confirmed by mathematics, or, by reference to astronomical tabulations, making allowances for the corrections between the various systems. There can be no difference in the real positions of the heavens whether calculated by heliocentric, geocentric, or any other system, when brought down to hair points for comparisons."

"Do you call Wonder Wheel Science a part of Spiritualism?" asked the doctor.

"You are touching upon a delicate question," replied the professor. "You of course must know that all persecutions in this world have been made solely for Opinion's sake. What should anyone care what it is a part of, if it happens to be a truth that can be mathematically verified. Some people form in their own minds a code of sentimental opinions, and whatever does not conform to those opinions they denounce. This tendency may be found among all classes of people, and some are free enough to declare that what they believe is all that they have any use for, and they would refuse to believe anything else even if they were informed by an angel from heaven.

"It is the most foolish thing in the world to 'butt up against' opinions so formed, hence I call what I present 'Wonder Wheel Science,' and, with Paul, I say, 'Let every one be persuaded in his own mind,' whether or not it appeals to them for serious consideration. They are the ones to answer for their belief, no matter what it may be. All that I have to look out for is to keep on the right track myself, and assist anyone that happens to be going my way. If I should call it Spiritualism, some people would not like it. If I should not call it Spiritualism, then some other people would not like it. To those who can appreciate it there is no difficulty about it, for it will come to them without calling. It certainly ranks among things called 'occult,' because its principles are hidden from the comprehension of the masses and no matter how clearly it may be explained, only those who have minds able to penetrate the occult will be able to understand it as anything but some fortune telling scheme, or some hocus pocus 'hodge-podge' of ancient superstition. The trouble is not in the science. The trouble is that unappreciative minds are not far enough advanced into the realm of spiritual knowledge, or, from material desires.

"It will surely never do anyone any harm to believe in Spiritualism, if they do not get deceived by having Materialism passed off upon them for Spiritualism. Much that I have seen that has been called Spiritualism was nothing but the purest of Materialism. Some people actually believe that anything that is mysterious to them is Spiritualism, but there is as much mystery in Materialism as in Spiritualism.

"Some people judge how far a cat can jump by the look of his body. Some people judge whether a man is honest or dishonest by the look of his face or the cut of his clothes. Those belong to the material side of knowledge. Spiritualism, as I find it, means a belief in purity. So there may be purity in material things, and purity in spiritual things. Hence, we may speak of spiritual Spiritualism, or, material Spiritualism. Spiritual purity is represented by pure things that cannot be seen with the mortal eyes. Material purity are the things which are pure and can be seen with mortal eyes.

"We cannot see love, nor wisdom, nor independence, nor determination, nor home, nor action, nor criticism, nor intuition, nor magnetism, nor pride, nor ambition, nor usefulness, nor absorption. With the mortal eyes we see only the things in which these spirit forces are manifested. The spirit forces stand behind the form of these things, as ambushed soldiers, or as soldiers behind a masked battery. The spiritual-minded sense these forces as a deer scents the hunter when the conditions are favorable. The true astrologer reads them from the spiritual laws of the heavens, as written by the movements of the bodies in the heavens (the book of life), as systematically as a member of an army signal corps would read the signals displayed miles away from his station. It makes no difference to him what the external conditions may be, what sort of a face, or what sort of clothes the person wears. They have nothing to do with his judgments.