

BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. 98.—Whole No. 2542.

Publishing Office:
304 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1905.

Subscription Price, \$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free. NO. 18

A BETTER LIFE.

Ida Ballou.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

It came with a sweet, still radiance,
Like a star at vesper eve,
And shone upon my weary life,
And taught me to believe.

How could I regret her passing?—
The dear heart, never mine,
Reaching its new found happiness,
Secure in love divine.

O, blessed, sacred little life,
That could not linger here!
As a lovely flower thou fadest—
I will not shed a tear.

I am better for your visit,
Dear little angel friend;
The lessons I have learned from thee
The gracious Lord did send.

The past has still its power,
My heart sends forth a cry,
O darling, how I want you,
Why did you have to die?

And then, oh, dear, delicious faith,
I see thee there so grand
Reaching thy loving arms to me
To clasp me where I stand.

There is no death! Oh, little life,
Help me to live,—teach me
To bring to other waiting hearts
This wondrous truth I see.

Help me to spread this knowledge
The world is waiting for;
The life beyond the portal,
As inward swings the door.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy is not an invention, but a discovery of a natural law or process which has been going on continuously through all the realms of space since time began. The sun as the great source and center of energy in our solar system is constantly sending out messages of light and life to his family of planets. It is a scientific fact, clearly proven, that a ray of light is an electric wireless message from the sun to the earth, and it could not be received unless the earth attracted it, and was attuned to it. For here the same law prevails between sun and earth that no message can be received except by some object which is sympathetically attuned to it."

"The free winds told him what they knew,
Discoursed of fortune as they blew;
Omens and signs that filled the air,
To him authentic witness bear.
The birds brought auguries on their wings
And caroled, undeciphered things,
Him to beckon, him to warn;
Well might then the poet scorn
To learn of scribe or courier
Things writ in vaster character."

Emerson.

We are on the threshold of a wonderful era of progress, the secret of which is that man is entering on that higher life of the ethereal realm. This is not mere speculation; it is demonstrated by the way in which he is utilizing the ethereal forces. He is becoming at home, so to speak, in the ethereal; he is learning how to harness and command a new range of power. There is no hard and fast line between the physical and the ethereal realms; the one shades into the other and as man advances the horizon lines recedes. The unknown becomes the known; the mysterious becomes the familiar. The two conditions that most strongly accentuated the difference between the physical and the ethereal—the conditions of Time and Space—are being increasingly overcome by scientific discovery and achievement. When the steamer with electricity as its motor power, crosses the ocean within three days, we see how Space and Time are largely overcome. All the old and clumsy methods of living are being replaced by the new and the subtle methods. In an interview with Edison last week, the great electrician thus related a typical incident of the new civilization into which we are advancing. He said:

"More than a quarter of a century ago I built about three miles of an electric railway at my place at Menio Park. It was a good electric railway and worked well, I

supposed, of course, that it would appeal to men. Well, Henry Villard came over to visit me and I showed him the railway. I explained its advantages over the horse car system. It was better from every point of view.

"I offered to sell that electric railway and all my patents and rights of every kind for exactly the amount of money it had cost me to produce it—just \$42,000.

"Mr. Villard got a lot of capitalists together, some of the brainiest and most experienced men in Wall street—and I explained the thing to them, and they talked it all over very carefully and very solemnly, and then, what do you think—they refused to touch it in any shape or form, on the ground that there was nothing in the idea of an electric railway—absolutely no future for it.

"Well, that staggered me for a while. I seemed to have lost every cent I had spent in the experiment. I could not make any impression on those men.

"Yet, look around you today! Look all over the country! Look all over the world and find me a country in which there are not electric railways! Electric railways have been among the great developers of modern civilization. They have transformed the centers of human population. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been invested in them and hundreds of thousands of men are engaged in operating them. And only twenty-five years ago a body of picked, bright, American capitalists could see nothing in the idea, although it had been developed to a practical, physical demonstration right here in New Jersey.

"Electricity will take the place of horses. It will solve the vehicle traffic problem in cities. My new electric storage battery itself will make electricity cheaper than horses.

All these new devices are not the inventions but the discoveries of man. They are the result of insight into the laws of the ethereal realm. The production of electricity will soon be effected by the direct process of making it in the coal fields and then sending it by copper wire to any distance of distributing points. The glacial streams from Mt. Tacoma already supply the entire electric power used in the trolley line between Tacoma and Seattle—a distance of 168 miles, and also the power for the electric railroad, a third rail system, between those two cities, and also, beside, the power for the several vast industries in Tacoma. When the mountain streams may be harnessed to do such work as this, what limit may be set to the powers of earth and air?

Now all this has the most direct connection with the spiritual laws of the spiritual world. All power is in the ether and as man learns how to draw upon it, and apply it, the toil and drudgery of life is largely overcome.

"Thought is the wages
For which I sell days,"

wrote Emerson.

Thought will not only be the "wages" for which mankind will "sell days," but thought will be, in the last analysis, the motor power of all endeavor and achievement. The ascending scale grows finer. There is the crude and limited and visible force, as that of a horse propelling the machine or the car. Then comes the more subtle and extended force of steam; then the far more subtle and more potent force of electricity, which, at the present time, is the highest applied potency conceivable. Later still will come the potency of thought, and thought can move mountains; thought can take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth; thought can create conditions and control and determine events and circumstances. To learn how to think—to learn how to apply the irresistible and the all conquering power of thought—this is to learn to live in harmony with the new forces. The time will come, even here in the physical world, when all work, all travel, all transportation, will be carried on by power of thought applied in some manner of which man has not yet discovered the secret. The will, which is thought raised to a more intense degree, is electro-magnetic. It is thus in harmonious correspondence with the properties of the ether and can exercise itself upon those properties. A great scientist has recently said:

"A luminiferous ether pervades the universe, rare and elastic in a high degree, fills all space and floods the universe at large. In it suns blaze, stars shine, worlds and planets roll, meteors flash and comets rush in their mysterious flight. In it all material and physical things exist, for it is to them not only the primary meaning of their existence, but just as the infinite and ever-active energy of the Divine is to the universe in its entirety and fulness, the exciting and stimulating spirit of its energies and powers, and without which, though all material and physical things were endowed with the varied capacities of their kind, or life, yet they could neither exert nor exercise them nor even exhibit the simple activity of motion. Hence everywhere, where material and physical things are, there as the medium of their existence or energy the ether is; and where the ether is not, no material or physical thing is, or can be. That the ether is universal is proved by the phenomena of light."

The key to the new civilization of which we are on the immediate threshold lies in ethereal physics. The entire phenomena of light, heat, electricity and magnetism are contained within ether. Here is an electro-magnetic matter filling all interplanetary and inter-stellar space, a subtle matter that stimulates and vitalizes all coarser matter, and forms the medium through which all forces work. Years ago Prof. Dolbear asserted that all problems of the universe resolve themselves at the last into "ether problems," and applied science is now demonstrating his words. "It is now the ether realm that awaits the conquering of man. He has conquered the kingdoms of the earth and the sea; he is now entering on his conquest of the kingdom of the air, the secret of which is in the ether. This is the vast reservoir of all force, all potency. Every point in space is a motor of energy. It is in the ether that man will find the solution of all problems of transit and of communication. Even the support of the physical life will be found to lie in the sustenance of the psychic body which supplies the physical body with energy. The realm of the ether is the realm of the enduring realities. The explanation of the greater progress of humanity as seen within the past half century—in which man has advanced in a greater degree than in the preceding five hundred years—the explanation of this lies in the fact that he is living more and more in the ethereal—which is his true habitat. Man is a spirit and he belongs in the spiritual environment. He is designed to command and utilize the visible mechanism of the physical world, but not to be commanded by it, or absorbed in it. All the great inventions and discoveries; all the great creations in the arts—music, literature, painting, sculpture, are made because their inventor, discoverer or creator is dwelling, for the time, in the ethereal world, and is in touch with this high and intense order of forces. In this electric, magnetic medium all the faculties of the mind are quickened and vitalized.

Now the experience of a great pianist, or of a composer either of music, or poetry, or romance, illustrates this truth. Any pianist will admit that if he "stops to think," so to speak, when playing, he touches the wrong key. He breaks the continuity. For when absorbed in his playing he is in the ethereal realm and his psycho-magnetic powers have taken command. Let the "spell" be broken, as we say; let the person emerge from the ethereal into the physical world—and he has lost this subtle, wonderful creative power.

The poets, who, as Mrs. Browning says: " . . . the only truth-tellers
Now left to God,"

have always divined this deeper truth of being. In that exquisite Serenade of Shelley's, he sings:—

"I arise from dreams of thee
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet."

The "Spirit in the feet" is the psychic self taking command of the physical body; it is the indwelling in the ethereal that makes this possible.

The rationale of spirit intercourse is simply that we are so connected here and now; so related to the ethereal world that those who have passed into that realm are thus able to communicate to us and to manifest their presence. It is really all very simple, and very luminous. The entire key to

health, happiness and progress is found in the words: Live in the Spirit!
The Dewey, Washington, D. C.

Peace.

Mary K. Price.

"Peace on earth, good will to men." How the organ tones pealed, and the voices rang in glad harmony up to the vaulted roof of the beautiful church, down through the dim aisles, and finally stole softly out to the street, to the ears of the passer by, who chanced to be just an ordinary tramp. No, not an ordinary tramp, for he was something worse than the ordinary. He was an ex-convict. He stopped and listened; then laughed an ill sounding, mirthless laugh and repeated the words, "Good will to men."

"I reckon it's easy for them blokes with full stomachs to sing 'Good will to men,' but God a' mighty they don't practice it. Let me meet one on 'em now, and say, 'Here, Mister, I'm hungry, gi' me a dime, won't ye?' Do ye think ye'd git it, Mike Hannigan? No ye wouldn't. Ye're a ex-convict, an' convicts ain't meant when ye're talkin' 'bout 'Good will.'"

Here a tug at his tattered coat sleeve caused him to pause and look down; and the childish treble of a little boy piped the inquiry, "Mister, didn't Santa Claus bring you nuffin? Well, take this dollar Gran'pa give me. I don't want it, any way"—as the man demurred—"cause you see Santa Claus brought me so much, I don't know what to buy." And pushing the money into his hand, the little fellow ran on.

"One o' them bloomin' miracles the preachers tell about, just a miracle, that's what it is," soliloquized Mike; and the hard face softened, the bleary eyes looked out upon the world through a mist. The calloused old heart felt a little of the Christmas cheer. Something like peace stole over him, and today Mike Hannigan, or rather Michael Hannigan, now a prosperous grocer, tells how the little boy's dollar, eventually made of him—the ex-convict—an honest citizen, self-respecting, and respected by others.

"Peace on earth" are the church choirs singing again. 'Tis the Christmas time, the giving time. Hearts are softened, purse strings loosened, hands are opened: Would that it might last through the year. Not the perpetual buying and giving of presents, that could not be kept up, but the Christmas feeling.

Think what it would mean if every one could go through life with the peace thought ever uppermost in his mind. No more wars, no more oppression, no more "graft," no more greed.

Not the peace of lethargy, permitting one to sit down with a satisfied smirk, saying, "I'm injuring no one, I'm doing my part." He isn't. There is a fighting peace if you will allow the paradox, not just trying to do what is right; but also undoing what is wrong; an upbuilding, and a tearing down.

The violent thunder storm purifies and quickens, and often is of greater benefit than the gentle shower.

Peace like charity, or any other good thing, "begins at home"; in the cultivation of all kindly feelings in our own hearts, and the uprooting of malice, envy and covetousness. The "weeping with those who weep, and rejoicing with those who do rejoice," especially the latter. Did you ever realize how much harder is this, than the former?

To honestly rejoice at another's success, when suffering yourself from defeat and failure? He who can do this, has gone a long way on the peace path.

"The Kingdom of God is within you"; wrote one of old, but how many of us can look within, without a blush of shame?

Who has a soul without discord?

Peace, oh, wondrous peace!

Peace toward each other and all the world. May the Divine Giver grant that it rest on each and all of us, like a mantle of bliss, on at least this one day, the Christmas time.

A good way to prepare for the New Year is to pay what you owe us; subscribe for another year; and send a few subscriptions for your friends.

A Historical Incident.

It is not generally known that the original copy of the Declaration of Independence is locked in a dark vault in the Department of State in Washington, D. C. This has been done in order to preserve the document, which has become so damaged by exposure as to threaten its early destruction. Only authorized copies identical of the original, are on view. But there is in the State Department library the original draft of this document, made in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson, with changes made by Adams and Franklin. These three men were the committee appointed by Congress to draft the declaration. Several changes were made by the associates of Jefferson, and in his original the words, "divine" and "creator" were carefully avoided. Jefferson wrote as follows: "We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable, that all men are created equal and independent, that from that equal creation they derive rights inherent and inalienable, among which are," etc. The words "sacred and undeniable" were changed to "self evident," and "from that equal creation they derive rights" were changed to "they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights," etc. These important changes made by Adams and Franklin show that they were not as free from religious bias as was Jefferson; and the original text also bears the appearance of Thomas Paine's suggestion. Several other changes were annotated and makes the document on view of much interest to the visitor. These important facts being worthy of record, and possibly of general interest, I report the same without making any further comment than to say our Colonial forefathers were not entirely free of bigoted members—but the full desire for freedom made all willing to entail religious and political liberty, fully and equally. Fraternally.

George W. Kates.

Tomorrow.

In the land of Tomorrow, near the entrance gate, two newly arrived spirits met, and looked each other in the face. One of them was a strong and beautiful spirit, with shining garments and a face full of clear light; but the other was little and pinched and gray, and she trembled and cowered as she went.

"What ails you?" asked the first spirit, "that you cower thus?"

"I am afraid!" answered the second. "It is all so strange here. I have no home, no friends, and I am alone and frightened."

"That is strange!" said the strong spirit. "I never felt so at home before. Everything is friendly to my eyes. The very trees are as if I had known them always."

"Let me hold your hand!" said the frightened one. "You seem so strong and tread so freely, I shall perhaps not be so afraid if I am with you. I was a great lady on earth. I lived in a fine house and had servants to run and ride for me, and jewels and rich dresses, and everything that heart could desire, yet I had to leave them all in haste and come to this strange place. It is very terrible. Was it so with you?"

"Nay," said the other. "I came willingly."

The frightened spirit clung to the other and peered in her face.

"Tell me," she cried. "Did we ever meet on the earth? Your face is not only friendly; it is familiar. It is as if I had seen you often, yet none of the noble ladies I knew had such strength and grace. Who were you, beautiful angel?"

"I was your washerwoman!" said the other.—From "The Golden Windows," by Laura E. Richards.

It is noticeable that ordinary politeness is not common in public places. People jostle, push and punch each other on the streets, entering cars, theatres and churches. A leading city paper lately gave editorial comment upon the horrid actions of people on the public thoroughfares, saying they did not show a civilized development worthy of this age. As all of us suffer in this direction, suppose we set a personal example of propriety.

The Song the Angels Sing.

William Brewster.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

To shepherds on the plains of old,
A glorious song at night was sent;
The angels touched their harps of gold,
And music with their anthem blent;
It thrilled the heart of simple folk,
Yet keeps a message ever young;
The power of death that cadence broke,
And ever since that song is sung!

If silence of the deep blue sky,
Where all the stars in rapture gleam,
Was lost when heaven's host went by—
And gave to man a new-world dream,
If once the music might be heard,
To speak of peace and end of wrong,
Shall not the years again be stirred—
With melody of angel song?

God yet is God, and souls in need
Of guidance in the realm of night;
And love must love the kindly deed—
Which leads our ignorance aright:
And when our hearts have anguish deep,
When grief is wild with passion strong,
What dries the eyes of those who weep—
Like thought of that sweet angel song?

That song has traveled down the years—
To touch with grace the hearts of men,
To banish doubt and foolish fears,
And bring good-will and peace again;
We are not left in hopeless dread,
For o'er our sky this light is flung,
And we with joy the earth can tread,
Because of what the angels sung!

The angels are the human love—
That man for man has always kept;
The song they sing in joy above,
The harp of time has often swept;
The worlds are one in their delights
To give us peace and end our wrong;
And through the silence of the nights—
The echo is of angel song!

How Christmas Came.

William Brewster.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

It is a beautiful time to have Christmas come. We make the giving of presents a great care in imitation of the wise men who brought their gifts to the child. It opens out our hearts and we are generous according to our means—and it is well if we are of the generosity that desires no return, and feels no disappointment because something does not come. We are beginning to see that giving to Christ is giving to his little ones of want, and to give so as to redeem them from misery. This is a great field for thought and helping. In the meantime it is pleasant to have the fine feelings of love and brotherhood come to flower in the heart of winter; it is an assurance that whatever may be around us of frost and snow, the spring is coming and the growths and graces of gladness. Christmas is an inspiration from heaven and even the worldling falls in line with its promises.

And all this comes from Bethlehem—and when I say this I enter into the temple where the doctors are disputing. Once I was eager to settle the question of whether Jesus was of Nazareth or of Bethlehem and the house of David, now I have very little interest in it as a matter of history. What I want is the thought beautiful about the boy who came to give Christmas to the year. I am satisfied to receive the word as a flower of faith—to believe in the blessedness of the angel announcement that this was a birth from God for the good of humankind; and I love the thought of the angels and the song they sang which shall never die away. There is the newness of a spiritual creation in this—and so the Christmas came.

We come to the four Gospels for our picture of Jesus. They may be imperfect, as all records are, but there is no need of the average man troubling himself on the niceties of critical discussion—these things will be worked out by the scholars in their own way and time, and we shall submit to their conclusions as to when these documents were written and by whom, and what their historical value is. Reason must have its true and proper play, and also the heart. We have a dream in our souls, and there the star appears and guides us over desert ways to the birth of new beauty and strength. We hold to the thought of the one from heaven, because it is only the heavenly which can endure—all that is of earth will perish with the earth—and what is of heaven will outlast the stars. We want a divineness that will hold the good from perishing, and then we want the humanness which calls us in friendship with that divine—and in Jesus we have it.

And so we study him as we do no other. We give no disrespect to the others who brighten the lives of millions with their words. We are learning their helpfulness to their own people. They arose out of conditions as natural to them as the palm, and they are beloved in their own lands—Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster and Mahomet. We have many things to hear from them yet, which will round out our character. We are free to express this without any injury to the claims of Jesus. Nay, rather does it intensify our interest in him as the ideal of humanity. The more we know of him the more profoundly are we touched to noble service. He stirred his own when he went about doing good, he won them by the attraction of love, and since he has by the same power been winning men everywhere. Each century has contributed numbers of hearts to him—until they are like the sands on the seashore or the stars for multitude. As men have loved him, so must they love. It is part of our native admiration.

We have to ask ourselves what we think of Jesus—and surely at Christmas this is a question to which we would give our best reply. The disciples were asked the conclusion to which the people had arrived. Some thought him Elijah or John the Baptist—a prophet indeed—but Peter gives the declaration that he is Christ, and Christ is the divine thought of God in man, His word of perfection finding its life in life.

"Man, that last imperial birth,
And Christ, the flower of all."

He is a life of love expressed in terms of our daily duty. He is leader by natural

right of being the highest we know. Our faith in him is the stimulus to imitation and fellowship—so that radiance of his virtues passes through the windows of our hearts and illumines them. Life is the gift he bestows—that we may have it in more abundance. And life of the same sort as his own. We are doubtful of it, and quite often deny it—or only admit it in part and sparingly; but all the same he is with us for the purpose of making known the divine life. Men are satisfied with the experience he gives of realities. He unfolds spiritual beauty, he impresses us with the delight of service.

There has been injury to the thought of Jesus by his removal from the sphere of humanity. It was in the line of evolution that he should be taken from the realm of the actual world. It seemed unworthy of the pure to mingle with the sinful, and it would not do to attribute our nature to him when we seemed to be of another kind. The Caesars claimed divinity and yet were vile—should not the man without fault be placed in higher rank? And properly in the controversy Christ is asserted to be "very God out of very God." And this no longer shocks our thought, for we believe the meaning of it. Jesus is out of the nature of the Father, of the very substance of his love, and this without in any sort doing injustice to our manhood, which has none other origin or possible destiny. "To as many as believe on him, he gave them power to become the sons of God."

We had emptied the world man of high meaning, we poured contempt on pride of love, and looked on man as a worm of the dust. The psalmist called him a little lower than the angels. Christ looked in the face of the child and saw the heir of the kingdom.

We come back then to manhood by Jesus and discover it to be the glory of the ages. He shows its higher meanings and great possibilities. And if we assert the complete manhood of Jesus, we must receive the beauty and power which come with his life, as the expression of manhood under divine leading. It seems impossible that any one of us can represent the gifts of intellect and heart and hand, that we can be scientist and seer and saint and skilful workman—but we can be in friendship with Jesus to this extent of being inspired with his spirit and aim. Only a few could companion Raphael, or Mozart, or Webster, but there is not a little child in the world who cannot be of the love and sweetness of Jesus. Here is where the universality of his life has sway—it is not local, it is for men everywhere and in all times. The untold marvel of Jesus is the deep trust he has in man, it is the audacity of love to believe in us with entire completeness. He sees the possibility of every excellence in us. We are the children of God, and we feel it, and he gives us the freedom of the household. Others might do this.

In my early revolt from the theological Christ I was brought into friendship with Theodore Parker, and I found in him for a time what I did not in Jesus. I was exceedingly glad to have friendship with this great preacher and reformer—and I read his life and works with unbounded joy. All the same he brought me back to Jesus and made the man of Nazareth the one to whom I should look for light. He acknowledged his own indebtedness to this leader, he showed me how wise he was in word and way—and so I paid allegiance again to him. The great souls of our day confess that he is to them the life, the truth, and the way.

When the book "Ecce Homo" appeared in England it came as a sunrise to thousands of hearts who had been wandering about in a theological fog. Here they were told to behold the man. He was shown to them as a living reality—and they were made glad.

We need one who can communicate the grace of love raised to its divine fulness. Jesus is this to us. The controversy for practical ends is over—we have no call for arguments once so weighty—we are confronted not with speculation but with fact. Here is the one who touches the heart of the western world and who supplements the teachings of the East so as to give them completeness.

He came of the people who had the practical religious genius of the world—as the Greek had the genius for beauty and the Roman for law. This is the naturalness of his coming. It was in the fulness of time, when the ages were ripe for him, and when his appearing was as inevitable as the sun in the morning or the rose in June. And he gathered to himself all that was best in the life and training of his people. He was of them, and he was the justifier of the law and the prophets; and the religion of Jesus is the perfect expression of the law of life for men, and his word cuts through all their differences, because the reality behind everything they can say lies in this love to God and love to man. There are only these two worlds of moral obligation, but they are one in our thought as he brings them before us, and they win us with the enthusiasms of the soul. We are forgetting the story of Bethlehem in the wider sense of Jesus coming in such close friendship to men. And it is easy now to take him as the ideal in spiritual things. Our vision fastens on the man who was made perfect through suffering; who came in poverty and who lived with the people for the years of his ministry and then came to a death of sorrow and shame, but who in it all enforced and illustrated his religion of love.

The churches are at a loss how to take hold of men anew. There is only the Catholic church in Christendom that keeps the masses with it, and it is losing its grip on the common mind. It has been weakened by its own self-seeking; and the question is, how shall the power of the churches be made more efficient so as to emerge and inspire the great nations who claim the name of Christ? It would seem as if a closer connection must be made with pure Christianity, with the religion of Jesus in its sweetness and light. That is to say, we are to teach not the doctrines of men, but the doctrine of the man—we are to take his word and make it life.

And his word of God is the one word men desire to hear. It is the name Father, and no prayer comes to the soul like "Our Father." There is the driving away of all clouds—there is the breathing of all comfort and sustenance. In a world of trouble nothing breathes peace to our souls like this. The way is always open to Him. It needs no intercession of priest or church. It is the love of heaven for all of earth.

I can think of nothing that is so purifying and uplifting as this thought. It gives the heart a desire for things good. It puts a right heart in a man—and what a transformation this is. Theologians have been worrying how to accomplish it. It seems to them like melting banks of snow while the flakes are falling—but the sunshine does the miracle in a natural way. And the hearts of men are turned to righteousness by the same simplicity of power. When the heart is won to the heavenly it will surrender to the heavenly and the deeds of its devotion will blossom like flowers of May. Jesus himself is the result of this communion with the Father. Whatever is beautiful in his life is the result of this abnegation of self, and the allowing of God to be all in all.

We have indeed but a brief history of his career. We are not to know, however, many particulars—and the records may be defective or in part legendary—and yet give us a portrait that is all the soul asks. We have pictures of great men in our minds about whom we know little—as of Alexander the Great, yea, of men like Goethe or Carlyle, or Emerson. These are living forces in our world and yet the average man could tell but a short story about them. And as so much has been made about the outward—there is a swing to the other extreme—and of not knowing, like Paul, "Christ after the flesh."

Perhaps we need to know all we can of the Gospels, to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the word—and then to exercise the powers of dream and devotion to reproducing the features of faith and love in our own lives. This is where Christ is to be born.

The gladness of Christmas is the assertion of the good heart of man. Here is a spirit of good will, lovely in its manifestation. It means a blessing for every home, it means a ray of love for every soul.

I like Christmas to come, it seems a golden time, one of the June days of the soul, and one of the signs of a present heaven. I am not adverse to what we call the trials of time. They are of no particular moment if we have the Christmas spirit—just as we do not ask for flowers now to make this happiness—it is independent of outer circumstance. Most likely Jesus was born in the autumn when the shepherds watched their flocks by night; but all the same the utter desolation of winter seems more loudly to call for the sun—and indeed this is an old festival of the return of the sun to our earth—and it is made spiritual in its bearing on our lives. He has brought a world beautiful to us wherein we can live and show how Christmas comes all the year!

Heaven Attainable Before Transition

Arthur F. Milton.

Mortal man has sense-consciousness, will power and sympathy—the latter also termed love.

But if love is life or first cause (God) sympathy per se is not love. It does not create. It is not an active agent for a creative effect. It merely feels—comforts, soothes, allays sorrow.

If love is life, it must be active—a creative force. And the analysis will prove that it is in man a combination of sense-consciousness, will power and sympathy.

If such it is in man it must be the same in Nature. Thus we say God (or life in the Cause) is omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent—sympathy being synonymous with omnipresence; for neither time nor space can separate souls allied to each other through the bonds of sympathy (love so-called).

Love, therefore, in its true sense, is the creative force in human nature; or the creative force is the only power to which we can apply the term love.

But, while love may be the divine principle in man, it is not always divine—not always pure or unselfish.

When impure it becomes lust; when selfish it becomes jealousy.

Those who insist upon calling lust love, and that there is no love without jealousy, are viewing it through their animal nature—not through the principles of spirituality. Through the one man is held to the material plane of existence; through the other he rises above it as a spirit.

Heaven is that which rises above matter; and the spirituality of love is that which rises above the animal instincts thereof.

The spirit of man rises to the light and the joys of Heaven as it has overcome the materiality of love in earth-life.

The proof of this may be realized in the body by experience—self-knowledge and self-culture.

A New Revelation.

Milton Allen.

A LECTURE INTENDED TO BE GIVEN IN A CHURCH.

(Continued.)

The next question, what does it teach? is best answered by the book itself; but I may state briefly some of the main things. First, it teaches the true origin of man. This has never yet been done except in an obscure way in the first three chapters of Genesis, which nobody understands, unless he has read this work. It is true, Darwin and Wallace explain his physical origin, but not his spiritual, which is the true man. It also explains the creation and formation of worlds, suns and universes. It explains what the deluge was, and how it was, in a rational and natural way, that science must admit to be true, because in perfect accord with the natural processes of nature. In fact it explains the first three chapters of Genesis in such a clear and satisfactory manner that no Biblical scholar can criticize. This no commentator has ever done. It makes Bible chronology a rational matter instead of a speculative theory. In short, it throws so much light on the Old Testament that it seems almost a new book. And what is also very important, it explains the prophecies relating to the setting up and establishing of the kingdom of Christ on the earth—where it is to be located, and how it is to be established, both as a political, and as a spiritual kingdom, or govern-

ment. In this work we also find the only satisfactory explanation of the 2d and 12th chapters of Daniel that has ever been given. And this can be said, too, of the 12th and 21st chapters of the Apocalypse. In order to understand how wonderful is the light thrown upon these chapters the work must be read.

Thus it is that this New Revelation will shed its light upon the old revelation and harmonize and utilize the Bible as it has never been done before. And in this way, by the help of the old and the new revelation, all branches of the church can be brought together on one grand plane of harmony, as a one universal church of Christ.

And again, it teaches and explains what the Future Life is, and what the Spirit Worlds are like, their location and laws, the duties of each sphere, and each circle, and how spirits are divided into classes, according to development, and how they all advance, from low to higher, and higher conditions, until every spirit who lives, has lived, or ever will live on this earth, till the end of time, will all finally reach the highest state of perfection and happiness, and become joint heirs with Jesus Christ, our elder Brother, and all be equal before God, The Father Almighty!

And now in conclusion, I will quote a few passages from this New Revelation.

"There is a great work to be accomplished in this present time. All men who have desires to love, and serve God, are called on to help." "Work now, while the day lasts, for the night cometh, when no man can work. The night is the next stage of existence, in which no man can work out his salvation; but he is worked upon as he is willing. He is acted upon by God's higher spirits; persuaded by example, taught by precepts, instructed by his memory of his earthly experiences. He is never forced to receive the good, but he is never allowed to pursue the evil. He may be inactive and unprogressive, but every step he does take is one reducing his distance from God; one leaving error and sin behind. He then marches forward; every step reducing his toil, increasing his enjoyment; every step enlightening his pathway with good actions and wishes, and with meek regrets and kind wishes to others, and for others, he proceeds on his way rejoicing more and more, till, at last having reached the circle in which he can see God, he bursts into praise. He declares himself his servant, begs to be allowed to serve him forever, in any position it please God to place him; and in harmony with God, and with the servants of God, he proceeds at an accelerated pace. The mighty roll of time, ceaselessly beating on the shores of eternity, is faintly heard in those lofty and distant halls, or mansions of bliss. The echoes of the past are no longer reverberating through the ears of the former inhabitants of the earth. Spirits of the great and good, as measured by God, congregate. They harmonize most perfectly; they have one will and one law, one power and one wish, one love and one hope; and all these being common and joint, are equally common to, and joint with God. They harmonize with God; they fall down as it were, at his feet, united to him by the closest bonds of love, and united by a resolution to have no will but his, to exercise no power but his, to feel no desire he does not implant, to have no motive of action, no love but God's. Being in this state, one with him, they are sons of God; joint heirs with Christ, seated with him on the right hand of God, from whence they shall come with Christ, one with him, to judge the world; and to enter into every soul that is willing to receive them, and to lead that soul to God, even as they were led."

These inspiring passages, these lofty teachings, speak for themselves, and more than confirm what I claimed.

The answer to the next question is already partly given, but I will add that a "Life of Jesus of Nazareth, Spiritually Given by His Spirit to L. M. Arnold," was written and published in 1853 and bound with the other six books. Several editions were sold, the last in 1892 by B. F. Carpenter, now of Roselle, N. J., who was formerly a business associate with Arnold, the medium, who died in 1895. Before he died he wrote and published, by direction of spirits, a new translation of Job, with a sketch of his life, which is, without doubt, the best in existence. He also wrote, as a medium, by special direction of his guide, a work on health, and cure of disease, which is still in MSS. and probably not finished. All of these works, taken as a whole, are the most comprehensive and perfect system of truth, and of knowledge, on the widest range of thought, on the varied interests of man, that has ever been given to the world. And will be, in the near future, without any doubt, the basis for a New Theology, a perfect Science of Health, a New Cosmogony, and a New Spiritual Science. And I will say further, that, if there ever has been a revelation from God, these six books, the Life, and the Health Book, are such.

And now in conclusion, I will answer the last question: What evidence is there that this New Revelation is genuine? This question must be finally settled by the work itself, and by each individual for himself, after carefully reading and studying the books, with an earnest desire to know the Truth. The work itself points out the way for all sincere inquirers to know it to be a genuine Revelation. I quote:

"If any doubt the genuineness of this Revelation and sincerely desire their doubt removed; sincerely desire to know whether to believe the whole of these writings, or a part, or none, let him go to a medium, and he shall have an answer. Ask not with a desire to hear their answer in a particular way; but with an earnest desire to receive a truthful answer, and with a resolution to be governed by it, and you will not ask in vain. You will indeed bless the hour in which you so became passive. It is in such a state, that prayer ought to be made. It is in such a state, that the Bible, or any other book, that claims to be revelation, ought to be read."

This is the way by which to test this Revelation. And yet, as with all revelation, the Internal Evidence of the work itself must settle the question of genuineness. And here is there its impregnable strength lies. For where can be no doubt in the mind of any sincere reader of the book, of

its being a revelation from God, if he desires truth impartially, and without regard to preconceived opinions. I will now quote one more passage and conclude. "There is a proceeding from God's Spirit, an influence which acts on man, through the spirits of his departed friends, who have left the body to exist in spirit only. This state is a blissful one by comparison with that of bodily existence, because man is thereby relieved from the temptations which the bodily nature impels; and having no thought for self only, or no need to have such thought, he delights in doing good to others with himself. Being relieved from bodily temptations, he ceases to sin, and becomes purified by the fire of God's love, from the consequences of the sins he has committed in the body. Being privileged gradually from these he ascends to a higher condition in which he possesses a greater measure of God's presence in him, and being so fitted for higher duties, is set apart to usefulness of various kinds, such as God, in his wisdom, imposes as his duties."

"God now directs a new, or rather, a more constant, and visible proceeding from spirits to men, or, more properly speaking, from spiritual bodies to those yet in earthly bodies, which is designed, first, to awaken men of earth to a knowledge and sure consciousness of the fact that the spirit of man is immortal; that it exists in another state, conscious of its former existence on earth, and retaining its individuality, affections, and character; somewhat modified, to be sure, but not at first, essentially different from its manifestation in the body. Second, the way in which spirits progress in the world to come, from a low state to a higher one, thus giving to men the hope of salvation, by an eternal and general law. Third, the particular manner of this progress, and what it depends upon. This, I am now unfolding through this medium."

To all who have any desire to know anything of the future life it is important to learn all we can of this law of progress. It is foreshadowed in the teachings of Christ and the Apostles. I will refer you to a few passages, Matt. 5th chap. 25th-6th vs. First Peter, chap. 3, vs. 10-20. First verse, chap. 15, vs. 22, 41-4, 5-6. But in the New Revelation this law is fully explained. I can only quote one passage on this point. "The lower circles of the Second Sphere long hold men within them. It is there they must obstinately resist the influence of God's higher spirits, acting in his will. Then, the will he had indulged most on earth continues most active, and leads to such 'manifestations' as Swedenborg saw, 'when in the spiritual state,' except that he mistook some movements as downward which were not so. For there is no retrogression beyond the grave. No repentance, no retrogression. They must either be stationary, or submit their wills so much as to desire to be better, to be improved, to have higher spirits instruct them. Sooner or later, all will have this desire. But there are spirits of antediluvians now in the lowest, or first circle of the second sphere. And yet eternity is long enough to carry them through the whole remaining 41 circles, before it ends. It of course is unending, and at last every spirit will be equally sons of God, and sharers of his Will, Power, Thought, Love, and Action."

"This proceeding now progressing in the earth, proceeds from God through his Son Jesus Christ; one with all the Spirits of the Seventh Circle of the Seventh Sphere. From Him it descends through various spirits or circles, till it is manifested in the outward form to men," (similar to that given in the 1st chapter of Revelations).

"The outward manifestations are given to attract attention, to excite curiosity, to lead mankind to inquire, to investigate, to ask, why are we thus disturbed, or aroused from our old wellbeaten tracks? Come and see."

"Remember, that John sent to Jesus to know whether he was, or not, the Messiah? Jesus answered by referring to the outward signs of the fulfillment of the prophecies respecting Him. And I point you to the outward signs that testify of me and of this Revelation. I refer you to the writing and to the rapping mediums. I refer you to the inspired preachers, and to all who receive in any way directions or guidance from God, and last of all, but most of all, I refer you to the internal manifestation of God's Spirit, the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, in your own internal, generally called your heart. All these, will testify of me, if properly interrogated; and I submit now to your reason, whether these proofs, from all these sources, are not enough to establish my authority to teach, inasmuch as I do not ask you to make any such great change, as did occur, between Judaism and Christianity. Then these signs shall accompany those who believe, and who practice upon their belief. They shall have the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, dwelling in them, preaching within them, guiding them to all truth!"

"Be, then, oh! all ye people, ready, and willing, and desirous, to hear the word of God addressed to you, calling you to inquiry, investigation, to all possible efforts to learn the truth respecting the call now made to you. Awake! then, ye leaders of public opinion! On you first falls the responsibility of receiving or rejecting this call. You can wield the minds of others, and must answer in the day of judgment for the talents you received," from God. "A strict account will be required of you for every opportunity of investigation heedlessly passed by, for every manifestation wasted upon you, for every inattentive observation, for idle word or hasty conclusion, for all you have said or done in relation to this call, or these manifestations, or for all you have left undone, if love of ease, love of self in some way, either of home, or affection, or popularity, or reputation, or wealth, or power, had not prevented your doing, or desiring to do, the work which every man is obliged to perform that is his duty. What is your duty if these manifestations and this revelation are of and from God, as it is claimed, and as they are claimed to be, by every well known?"

These last few passages quoted show the aggressive character of this work, and the loud call that is made to hear what God has to say, has said, and is saying to the people of this land!

In my next article, I shall consider what the New Theology must be, as a foundation for a Universal System of Religion of Man.

1723 Francis St., Philadelphia, Pa.

On Christmas Morning.

Martha Shepard Lippincott

Hear the merry little patter
Of small feet upon the stairs,
Coming down to peep in stockings,
Just to see how each one fares.
On this joyous Christmas morning,
Little hearts full of delight,
Scarcely knew how to be sleeping
Through the long and tedious night.

But how quickly in the morning
Children all spring out of bed,
Wild to see if Santa brought them
Candy, toys, a doll or sled.
And how merry is the patter
Of the little running feet,
While the faces all are beaming
With the smiles so wondrous sweet.

Can we wonder how Christ loved them,
Childish hearts, so free from guile,
And for them, e'er had a welcome,
With a loving, tender smile.
Well He said, to enter heaven,
We as children must become,
Then the joys of bliss eternal,
We should never wander from.

"O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight."

And on, through the familiar verses,
Then, still in the thin, sweet, childish voices,
another carol:

"Once a little baby lay
Cradled on the fragrant hay,
Long ago at Christmas.
And today the whole glad earth
Praises God for that child's birth,
Long ago at Christmas,
Long ago at Christmas."

Christmas Meditations.

Some one has said that Christmas is like a great play and the people are actors. All do their part at the right time to produce the great spectacle of this time of the year. When I go into the stores just before Christmas and mingle with the throng I become unconscious, as it were, of my individuality and seem to merge into the common atmosphere of the Christmas feeling just as one drop of water would with other drops.

When I am quietly at home and hear the friendly horn and see the good people with happy faces hurrying by with bundles and the busy housewife making so many good things and everybody, old and young, preparing for the great event I think that all this is being made in honor of one particular eve long ago when history says a babe called Jesus was born.

All on account of a dear baby coming here, and I wonder how many folks really stop to consider the hidden or spiritual meaning of all this.

Some people say: "If we do not have a tree it will not seem like Christmas." Others "If I cannot go to church, hear the sermon and music there will be no Christmas for me." Yet others say "If we do not have a turkey dinner, company to enjoy our grand display and all those presents, it will not seem like Christmas," etc.

Now, it is true that Christ, not Jesus, is being born in some one all the time and when that event occurs it will be Christmas for that soul no matter what day in the year it is. We will truly say that we never had a Christmas till then. The Christ child is within everyone and when He is born or brought forth, means, when we become conscious of Him as being our very innermost selves and as such at one with the Father, and that our only reason for being here is to do the will of the Father, which will can only be done by the Son or Christ within and let Him do the Father's will through us. The way can be shown to us many times, but to realize it is quite a different matter. Some souls are quite sceptical and unwilling to believe that Christ must be born in their consciousness. It seems so much easier to keep on living in our sins (ignorance) and shift all the responsibility on God's Son, believing we have very little or nothing to do, and that He has done everything for us, whereas, if we follow the life of Jesus closely we will find that He was conscious of and made real the Perfect Son of God.

No matter how beautiful and alluring the toys of the world are and how earnestly we may wish to possess them, some time they will be outgrown, all laid aside, and like tired children, weary of our play, seek rest and comfort in the heavenly Son within, who has all these years remained unrecognized. Oh! the joy of that moment when we find the real treasure. Then indeed will we know the true meaning of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Among Men and Glory to God in the Highest."

Louise Muhlhausen.

Annual Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Assn.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 12, 13, 14, 1906, in "Grand Army Hall," Montpelier, our Vermont friends have appointed for their Annual Convention. The Vermont Spiritualist has staying qualities that are equaled only by the Vermont Democrats, so tellingly named by Congressman Grady, some years ago. This seems a quality well-nigh indigenous to the very soil of that sturdy section of New England. But with what pain and patience must they have kept the altar fires burning through the years! Naturally conservative, "orthodox," partisan, the Vermonters are slow to accept the changes inevitable with progressive thought. But the Weeks, the Goulds, the Smiths, the Gibsons are types bound to be developed by the force inherent in Spiritualism, and we hail this persistent band of workers in most cordial greeting, after the years of struggle, strain and service. A "necessary" worker passes out, and with Spartan courage they close the lines and move on the enemy for another charge. These are the true noblemen. These, soldiers worthy their illustrious Allen, with his appeal from petty "established order" to God Almighty.

How our great representative, W. J. Colville, aglow with the spiritual message, fervent in the consciousness that we are in a spiritual universe,—measure and weigh as we may—how brightly will his illumined words light those receptive minds as they gather for the message of truth! And as they go back to their homes, how clear will shine the watch-fires from a thousand hill tops, illumined by the daily lives of the re-consecrated individual! Greatest blessings upon them all and most valiant service from them all.

Among representative workers from the State we note they are to have Alonzo F. Hubbard, Mrs. Abbie Crossett, Mrs. Emma Paul and our own earnest worker, Mrs. Effie Webster-Chapman, with Mrs. Ella Roys and Mrs. Lula Allen in charge of the music.

If the editor is missed from his wheel about the time of this convention, know that he could not resist the currents that are already drawing him toward the scenes of his school days. Keep your bricks until he returns, or shy them at an unfeeling post—don't pile them before the entrance to the Banner of Light Building, the landlord objects to litter on his premises.

Spiritualism Presented in Pittsfield

The Banner of Light in issue of Dec. 2, reported the meeting of the Mass. State Association in Pittsfield and its attempt to assist some earnest souls there to establish a Spiritualist society in that place. We are pleased to note that the Berkshire Evening Eagle shows its cordiality toward the movement by giving a column and more to the meeting, presenting for its readers a most intelligent report of Dr. G. A. Fuller's address on that occasion which we gladly present as follows:

There is no necessity for me to apologize for my belief in Spiritualism. The phenomenon of Spiritualism has already passed into history. It has been recognized by the great scientists of the world and intelligent thinking men all over the civilized globe, so that today we speak of the phenomena of Spiritualism with as much certainty as of the phenomena of physical science. Some of the greatest scientists of the world have investigated the claims of our phenomena and have been forced to acknowledge that our hypothesis is the only one that can explain them.

SCIENTISTS INVESTIGATE PHENOMENA.

Alfred Russell Wallace, the great English scientist who shared with Darwin the honor of the discovery of the theory of Natural Selection, turned all his trained powers of investigation to the phenomenon of Spiritualism at the age of 50 and gave to the world several valuable books on Spiritualism. Years after publishing these books, he visited America in the interests of physical science and in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco gave his remarkable lecture in answer to the question of the ages, "If a man dies shall he live again?" and answered this question in the affirmative, claiming that modern science had answered this question in such a way that it could not be denied, because it rested on demonstrated facts. This lecture caused much discussion throughout the land because a man so eminent in the ranks of material science should give his credence to what so many people believed to be superstition.

The great American chemist, Prof. Hare, was another eminent scientist who investigated Spiritualism with a view to making an expose of its alleged frauds. Yet the book he later wrote was one of the strongest advocates and supporters of Spiritualism. He was convinced that men will live again after they have passed beyond the change we call death.

Eminent men all over the world have been forced to conclude that the two worlds are not separated for the matter of common speech.

THE PSYCHICAL IN LITERATURE.

In the department of literature a great many persons who have made their names famous have investigated our phenomena and have given their adherence to the same. The world has been greatly stirred by the psychical during the 19th century, and what has already passed of the 20th century. Those who have read the literature of this period will find it permeating all poets, scientists, and philosophers alike. Spiritualism in some form or other has somehow crept into all their writings. The nearness of the great world of the spiritual to the world of the material, our present world, has been one of the revelations of Spiritualism. Prof. Tyndall said that it was impossible to explain the phenomena of the material universe without hypothesizing an under world from which all these phenomena grew.

Spiritualism explains to man the most important of all of his experiences. The pages of the Bible teem with Spiritualistic truths. When Jesus came He showed His disciples the close relation existing between the material and spiritual worlds when He went up on the mount and was transfigured and they were able to converse with Him. Thus was demonstrated that inhabitants of the spiritual world can still hold communion with denizens of the material world. The apostles and disciples of Jesus were in constant communion with the unseen world. Jesus throughout His life showed His consciousness of the existence of a world of the spiritual. With Him it was not a matter of faith but a matter of knowledge, because it had been demonstrated to Him beyond the possibility of doubt.

SPIRITUALISTS KNOW, NOT BELIEVE.

So we declare tonight that we Spiritualists are the only people in the world today who can say that we know that we shall live again after the change called death for we have held communion with those beyond this material world. Death has no power over the spiritual. Its domain is the domain of the material. It cannot enter into the domain of the spiritual and can, therefore, affect only the material body. No Christian minister in the world today can rise in his pulpit and say he knows he will live again. He will say that he believes or has faith that he will, but that is as far as he can go because he has not received the positive demonstration as have Spiritualists. Thus Spiritual-

ists do not fear death. They look upon it as their greatest friend which only opens the way to a higher and better life eternal.

The Rebuilder.

Miss Lilian Whiting's Book of Poems

"From Dreamland Sent."

Here is a dainty book by Miss Whiting that invites our interest and delight. It is full of fine sentiment, musical expression and spirituality. It is really a blessing to come into the atmosphere of such fine thought and feeling to be with her in these moods of divine uplift and affection. She tells in most excellent verse her friendships, her seeing of beauty, her realization of the unseen—and all those things that are the poetry of life. You are in royal company all the while as you walk with her in this rich garden of verse.

Where does poetry come from? Is it the gift of heart or head? Perhaps it belongs to the whole nature spiritually quickened. But we like to say it comes from the heart, and it comes there as flowers come to the spring, because a bright shining world is over the earth and creative in its influence. Poetry is born out of a large love in things spiritual, and is sent from a world of light and joy to which the poet is responsive. Her title is taken from a line of the poet Lowell—

"Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent."

and it characterizes pleasantly the impression we receive from reading the some eighty-two pieces found in this new edition. You feel that she has relation to the daily walk of life, but after all she is in a spiritual region and the ethereal blessedness of her lines calls us to heavenly places. We are subjects with her of the kingdom celestial—and from the beautiful world are these noble things sent to us.

Miss Whiting's books are all a joy for their beauty and these poems are particularly pleasing in their make-up, beautifully bound and printed. It is a book to make one glad for its sweetness and its golden utterance of the life that is life indeed, that has meaning for both worlds—which with her have divine unity and helpfulness. There is no ambiguity in her singing as to the future. It is real and earnest like the present. There is no dim shadow of a life to those advanced, there is the strong purpose that makes music in the breast. How devoutly she sings of her heavenly friendships. She thrills with the nearness of their love. She rejoices in the new vision they have of the spacious world and its glory. Phillips Brooks and Kate Field are tenderly held in remembrance with others whom she dearly loves. This helps us in our estimation of the departed. We can sing with her of those who were of our circle, and the good things and true she speaks of hers will apply to ours. This is the function of poetry to speak for us our sorrows and joys—though the expression be personal to others. Miss Whiting has said the things we would like to say of those near and dear to us.

I would very much like to make selections to show my preferences, but as I began to try to quote I found that I should be trespassing very largely on the space allotted me and that no one nor two poems would be my favorites merely. I like them all—and I am thankful for them all in their sweet variety and blessedness. It is a volume that brings comfort and grace and cheer to the soul and gives you a vivid feeling that "there are beautiful things out in the years" and "some of them are for everybody."

"There are beautiful things far out in the years;
Can we not bear bravely some burdens and fears?"

Certainly, we can, with the certainty of joy before us and the friends unseen at our side.

"Thus ever sweet-companioned
I will go on my way;
Life deepens in beauty and meaning
With every succeeding day."

William Brunton.

Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography is one of the best books Henry Wood has written. All his writings are good and helpful and guiding, but this is worth its weight in gold to those who are sick and troubled and don't know what to do to come out of the snarl of life. He shows how wisdom looks on life and how hope and faith make it beautiful. This is what the book does for an appreciative reader.

It is one of the first books I read on the New Thought line, and I have been ever grateful for it. To think of it always gives me a happy feeling and thought—it shows the better way and makes us wish to walk therein. I am sure that thousands would deem it beyond price if they only knew of it. It would seem to them what freedom is to the captive. It shows how to escape sickness and sorrow and perplexity by the culture of the cheerful disposition and glad. It shows how to make a word we admire to be redeeming in its influence by being a picture in the mind. It appeals to the latent powers of the individual so that he is master of his own fate.

The book is in a form that allows the print to be clear, and in the 163 pages we have a deep understanding of mental culture without any barrier in our way. It makes us wish to be healthy and wise and assures us of the accomplishment of this—if we will follow its suggestions and directions. But reading is the evidence of the truth of its helpfulness. (Boston: Lee and Shepard.)

Prevention of Premature Encoffment, Burial or Cremation.

To the Public:

With the vital organs intact there is no sure test of death yet discovered.

In a case of apparent death—whether by drowning or electric shock, from extreme exhaustion or from interference with the working of any of the vital organs, resuscitation may be reasonably expected in the majority of cases if appropriate measures

are intelligently applied under right surrounding as regards air, warmth, etc.

Nature's unaided operations sometimes restores normal life; in some cases restores in time to save from a living burial; more often, probably, afterward. For before burial bodies are usually kept at as low a temperature as possible; too cold to allow nature to restore; but when placed in the coffin, and in the ground, every atom of heat is conserved, and so becomes more favorable for a return to life. The magnetic conditions of the earth would also tend to restore.

A great many cases of premature burial are known to have occurred, and yet it is estimated that not one body out of 50,000 is ever seen after burial; and how many premature burials there may be which are discovered and the knowledge hushed up out of regard to relatives, physician, undertaker, etc., no one knows.

Physicians' certificates do not make declaration that the person is dead, but state "cause of death," and is usually given by the attending physician at the request of the undertaker, or some member of the bereaved family, and without the physician seeing the supposed dead person. Or, if it is a case for the medical examiner, he carefully inquires into the "circumstances" of the case, whether there is any indication of foul play, and if none appears fills out the space with "natural causes," or "heart failure," etc., while the subject of the investigation may be dying from want of help.

The separation of the Spirit from the material body human eye cannot see. There is evidence that it is usually at least a process and not instantaneous; hence, encoffment or burial should not be hastened, nor should a low temperature, which checks nature's processes, be permitted, or embalming allowed, until death is made sure by the one and only sure test.

A "Christian" civilization should not stop there, but tests should be made to discover life, if present, and attempt restoration. A living burial should be made an impossibility.

If a farmer's wife finds a chicken apparently dead she will wrap it up and put it near the fire where the warmth and nursing will often bring back the life. The chicken is fortunate in finding a sympathetic nurse and in having a value alive. If a man apparently dies those in whose hands he falls have no interest in him alive; but dead he is an asset.

Embalming is supposed by many to be a sufficient safeguard against premature burial, and to be almost always done. This is a mistake. Children are almost never embalmed. And children's deaths are nearly one-third of the whole. Some undertakers have never embalmed a body. The undertaker's aim is to have the body look natural at the funeral. If the funeral is hastened, or the weather is cold, or the friends of the deceased are poor; or the person is not wholly dead, embalming is not usual. The more natural and lifelike he looks the less need for embalming.

It has been proven that the phenomena which usually accompanies death; the cadaverous look, the changed condition of the blood, the absence of any perceptible action of the heart, or lungs, or circulation, rigor, failure of any response to electric shock; any or all of these together may be present and the person be alive. The only sure proof of death is the setting in of putrefactive decomposition. In the words of one of the oldest in practice of the M. D.'s of Boston, "There is just one sure safeguard from premature burial,—wait."

In consideration of the above stated facts a Society has been formed (having at present more than 200 members) with the following constitution.

CONSTITUTION.

Name: This Society shall be known as "The Society for the Prevention of Premature Encoffment, Burial or Cremation."

Purposes: To secure and record facts, or rumors which may lead to facts as regards resuscitation of those apparently dead and of cases of premature burial; to circulate literature and disseminate information on the subject and to have enacted into statute law such safeguards as will ensure restoration to life when possible, and prevent premature encoffment, burial or cremation.

Members: Any person who is in sympathy with the purposes of this society may become a member by signing an application or this constitution. Membership may be dissolved by written request.

Officers: The officers of this society shall be a President, a Vice President, and a Secretary and Treasurer (which last two offices shall be held by the same person). Each officer shall perform the usual duties appertaining to their respective offices.

Meetings: The meetings of this society shall be in December of each year for election of officers and such other business as is specified in the call for such meeting. Other meetings may be held when the interests of the society require it, in the judgment of its officers, or when two or more members so request. All meetings shall be called by the officers of the society.

Provisions: No fees shall be required for membership, nor tax levied on the members of this society. All expenses and outlays shall be paid by voluntary contributions, the Secretary-Treasurer keeping a true record of all receipts and expenditures which shall be open to any members of the society.

You are urgently solicited to detach and send in as directed, the accompanying coupon as a member of this society.

Date, 190

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP

IN

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF PREMATURE ENCOFFMENT, BURIAL OR CREMATION.

This Certifies that

Name,

P. O. Address,

is a member of the above Society, having filed an application as provided in the constitution.

Geo. W. Allen, Secretary pro tem,
East Bridgewater, Mass.

Sign both blanks with your name and P. O. address and forward this one to Geo. W. Allen, Secretary pro tem, East Bridgewater, Mass.

Date, 190

Being in sympathy with its purposes I hereby apply for membership in The Society for the Prevention of Premature Encoffment, Burial or Cremation.

Name,

P. O. Address,

Cure Your Own Kidney

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

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

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

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

"Is your husband an even-tempered man?" "Yes," answered Mrs. Cornstossel. "He's as about as cross one day as another."—Washington Star.

The Works of

SUSIE G. CLARK

A UNIQUE BOOK.

JOHN McCULLOUGH

MAN, ACTOR AND SPIRIT

Illustrated. Price \$1.00.
An authentic portrayal of the mortal career of the eminent tragedian and the first biography ever written that continues its recital beyo. d the portals of the grave.

TO BEAR WITNESS: A Metaphysical Sketch.

CLOTH. 128 PAGES. FIFTEEN CHAPTERS.
Contents:
The Valley of the Shadow. The Resurrection. What The Bible Says. The Last Rites. Miscellaneous Christian Healing. Law versus Science. The Teacher's Work. New Revelations. Alone With Nature. For the Truth's Sake.

Price \$1.00. Postage Seven Cents.

THE MELODY OF LIFE.

A Presentation of Spiritual Truth Through Musical Symbolism.

CLOTH. 128 PAGES. FIVE CANTOS.
Contents:
1. The Staff-Spirit. 4. The Rhythm-Action.
2. The Key-Lyre. 5. The Melody-Progression.
3. The Score-Life.

Price 75 Cents. Postage Five Cents.

PILATE'S QUERY.

CLOTH. 212 PAGES. TWENTY SEVEN CHAPTERS.

The Wedding. An Awakened Soul. A New Light. Resurrection. The Rift Between. Further Investigation. The Sudden Transition. The Last Rites. Miscellaneous Comments. A Missing Link. The Wrong Door. Spiritualism. A New Experience. Inspiration. Separation. Deep Waters. Christ as Scientist. Angelic Visitations. Ascending Problem. The Unveiled Presence. Freedom. One Lord Over All. Individual Growth. Earnest Students. A Visa for Unity. Chicago in '98. Reunion.

Price \$1.25. Postage Nine Cents.

KEYNOTES FOR DAILY HARMONIES.

Includes a "Key Note" for every day in the year, to enable all "to make connection daily with higher spheres of thought than those of mundane interest."

LEATHERETTE.

Price 50 Cents. Postage Five Cents.
For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORE, 224 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass.

PORTFOLIO OF

ASTROLOGIC KNOWLEDGE.

Wonder Wheel Science Series.

This portfolio contains all that is actually necessary in the practical work of Astrology.

1 copy of Astrology in a Nutshell, with character reading in the appendix.

1 copy of Wonder Wheel, on tough paper, for easy reference to all of the geometrical, or heliocentric laws of calendar, aspects, planetary rulings, sidereal circles, years of life, planetary hours, clock hours, fixed stars, decanates, terms, etc., etc.

1 copy of Prof. Henry's Key, Guide and Lessons, for Horoscope Work, with law for American or English time, and all the necessary laws for reading the same.

1 copy of Tabula Magus, of planetary hours, for vest pocket use in hourly guidances, for all time. Character Reading on last page.

1 copy of Character Reader, on card, for desk use, or parlor diversion.

1 copy of vest pocket lesson for immediate telling the Ascendant, the Meridian point, and place of the Sun on any day or any year, without mathematics; also a table of the approximated places of superior planets, for nearly 100 years.

1 dozen Horoscope or Nativity Blanks for tabulating.

1 dozen Wonder Wheel Blanks, for quickly tabulating the places of the planets.

1 copy of an Ephemeris, for year of birth, with Tables of Houses, etc.

This entire portfolio of Astrologic lore sent to any address for \$5.00.

It is guaranteed to be reliable; free from pretentious claims; founded on the very highest of Nature's known laws, and worthy of a place in any man's library.

Any one of the series may be purchased separately if so desired.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORE, 224 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKS
No. 125 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce
Building, Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS.
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
41 Chambers Street, New York.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year \$2.00
To Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand, Ten Shillings and sixpence.
Postage paid by publishers.

Managing Editor.....IRVING F. SYMONDS
To whom all Literary Contributions, News Items, Reports
and Announcements must be addressed.

Treasurer and General Manager
IRVING F. SYMONDS
To whom all Business Communications must be directed

Representative-at-Large,
Dr. GEORGE A. FULLER

ADVERTISING RATES.

Full particulars furnished upon application.

Advertisements to be returned at continued
rates must be left at our Office before 9 A. M.
on Saturday, a week in advance of the date
whereon they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to vouch for
the honesty of its many advertisers. 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 persons to notify us promptly in case they discover
in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved
to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

Our columns are open for the expression of imper-
sonal free thought, but we do not necessarily endorse all
the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may
give expression.

Attention is paid to anonymous communications.
Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee
of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return
unsolicited articles.

Whenever you desire the address of your paper
changed, always give the address of the place to which it
then sent or the change cannot be made.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 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.

And on earth peace among men in whom
He is well pleased.

Let us all send thoughts of healing for
that brave worker, Mrs. Gutierrez.

If you receive your Banner of Light on
time this week it will be because we have
in the personnel of our mailing department
some pushing business men, equal to defying
fire, flood and explosion. If it is a little
late in delivery know that a little extra time
was necessary to overcome these obstructions.
Let the gossips beware of the tempta-
tion to report again that there will be no
more issues of the Banner of Light, for the
laugh will surely be on them as soon as we
can clear up the forms and get the lists
ready.

The Banner of Light Healing Service,
usually held in Banner of Light Building on
Mondays at 4 p. m., will be held at that
hour on Tuesday of Christmas week, the
Lecture Room being devoted on Christmas
Day to the little guests of the Gospel of
Spirit-Return Society, and a merry little
company it will be too.

Topic for the Progressive Lyceum, Dec.
24: "Our Earth, Peace."

We shall open the New Year with a sym-
posium on "What I should Like To Do in
the New Year." Already some of the most
noted public workers in the land have sig-
nified their intention of responding to our
request and among those who have sent their
messages are Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Lillian
Whiting, Andrew Jackson Davis, Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine, Susie C. Clark. We
expect a great uplift from the suggestions
that will come from these varied sources.
You will need some extra copies to send
your friends. Better order now.

Our Special Features for the coming year
are: Mrs. Squire's splendid work with the
"Home Circle Page," including the Mes-
sage Department; Miss Whiting's incom-
parable series in "The Life Radiant;" Prof.
Henry's practical astrological work in the
"Wonder Wheel Department." We have
many plans for special work on various
lines. Many able contributions are already
waiting space for publication.

Let the glad news ring out! The Arisen
Ones have in the Banner of Light a mes-
senger indeed. Listen for its coming.

Man and Woman.

The human animal finds in the opposite
sex the greater part of his and her mental
life. The arts rose out of sex. When man
ceased to capture woman, he cut a reed
and blew a tune to win her; and it was
not until he had won her that he began

to take an interest in the tune for its own
sake.

Physical intimacies are but surface emo-
tions, forgotten as soon as they are satis-
fied, whereas spiritual intimacies live in the
heart. They are part of our eternal life
and seem to reach beyond the stars.—
George Moore's "Sister Theresa."

Too Poor to Keep Christmas.

"I used to take great pleasure in the
Christmas time, but now I have nothing to
do with." This is what she said.

When we saw this delicate woman, with
her frail body poorly nourished, with no
friend on whom she could call without tak-
ing from those as needy as herself—for
the moment our view was clouded, and we
could think of nothing to suggest. Our-
selves overtaken with demands, we could
not postpone, we could not do what would
have been simple under different condi-
tions, and given us great joy in the doing—
written a check of such size as to have freed
her from the exactions of the plane on
which she was clearly defeated, and added
an amount of sufficient size to give her free-
dom to mark the season with gifts for
others, which makes every woman happier
and every man glad.

We tried to say: "Forget yourself, dear
heart, in doing for others,"—but the words
froze before the consciousness of her condi-
tion.

We went back to our special tasks per-
plexed, suffocated, despairing. We felt if
only she could give out, that would make
her feel that again she had a part in the
great pulsating world. On our return this
is what we found crowded on a single postal
card, costing a cent, in money:

"Beloved: Here is more joy for you,
hope for you, love for you, money for you,
health for you, peace for you.

"Some day the camels will come over the
desert laden with treasures for you, so cheer
up. You will not always have to slave at
the commerce of life.

"You are enriching mankind. You are
despoiling materialism of her rouged beauty.
You are pointing the Age to the Olympian
heights of the ideal of spirituality.

"The camels are coming laden with rich
spices and gifts for you! Have faith! Have
trust! I see your darkness changing to the
grey of a New Day!

"May the Crown of Christ be yours.
May the palm trees of mercy send you a
grateful shade. May Memnon chant for
you. May you break bread with the an-
gels! I see a dove on your mast! Through
your snow the flowers are peeping. God
bless you!"

All that on a postal card that anyone can
buy for a cent! We can give our little
friend a postal card. Can she furnish the
blessing? Ah, there is the key! The heart
that brought these fragrant blossoms to us
had a bountiful storehouse from which to
draw. He might have given us a check of
such size as to free us from a great bur-
den and increase our power to serve, but
without something of the graces for which
he prays, how could we be of any use, with
money merely. With money and without
the power of a devoted purpose we might
only bungle our problems. Relying on
the money aid we would be lost if we lost
the money. No, 'tis better so. You have
shown us in the rich offering you have
brought, dear friend, how we can lay up
treasures that are riches, indeed, and pre-
sent to others gifts of value immeasurable.

Now, little friend, look about you; think
of the sweetest truth you know and mark
this time of Christmas giving by this joyous
gift to anyone you may reach.

Let us be careful, those of us who have
money with which to go into the markets
for presents, that we do not barter this
sweetly joyous season by making it an
occasion for the barterings of commerce.
Christmas belongs on a higher plane.

"Too poor to keep Christmas?" Not if
you have love in your heart. Give, give,
give, out of the abundance of your love,
and this will be an occasion of great joy.

Let us share with you our gift from the
postal card: "Here is more joy for you, hope
for you, love for you, money for you, health
for you, peace for you."

The Anti-Vaccination School, Berke- ley, Cal.

Our readers are more or less familiar
with the attempt of a little band of patriots,
in Berkeley, looking toward protection of
their children from the dangers of vaccina-
tion. As in many other cities, the health
authorities of Berkeley, crazed with theories
and armed with power, insist that children
attending public schools must submit to
vaccination. The power of the Board of
Health to enforce the rule, coupled with
legal enactment compelling a certain num-
ber of months of schooling for children be-
tween given ages, would seem to make the
vaccine business a rich one, and the doctors
employed for this work well taken care of.
But the Berkeley citizens seem to bring
their convictions to a practical basis for
operation, not contented simply to "hold
tentatively" the theory that vaccination is
dangerous and unscientific, and enforced
vaccination a crime against personal liberty.
They started a school of their own, thus
furnishing educational privileges for their
children and getting away from the au-
thority of the Health Board.

Mr. Samuel Taylor of Berkeley writes of
this work:

"We grow more confident of ultimate suc-
cess daily, and we are awakening interest,
not only in our own state but in others, as
well as foreign countries, in the uniqueness
of our undertaking. We have planned a
Christmas tree for the children, to be held
on Dec. 22, in connection with the gradu-
ating exercises. We are also looking for-
ward to a successful entertainment and so-
cial in January."

They have at least one local paper with
them it would appear by editorials from the
"Berkeley Daily Gazette." They are com-
piling a directory giving alphabetically the
names of the people of California who are
opposed to the compulsory vaccination
law, and of the children whose health has
been injured by vaccination, giving a list of
deaths occurring from the same.

It ought never to be necessary for loyal
citizens to be submitted to this expense,
but so far has medical monopoly been al-
lowed to fasten itself upon us that without
concerted action all along the line there is
no telling how far this coercion will be car-
ried.

As the Banner of Light pointed out in a
recent issue, we are little better off in
Massachusetts. We offered the prestige of
our paper for the work of building an or-
ganization to deal effectually with these
matters. We have had but one response but
trust before many weeks to show reason for
congratulations from our California friends
as we now extend to them our recognition
of their brave spirit.

The address of the Berkeley Anti-Com-
pulsory Vaccination League is 2109 Allston
Way, Berkeley, Cal.

"Give Instruction unto Those Who Who Cannot Procure It for Themselves."

The above is an inscription over one of
the window arches in the Library of Con-
gress. It seems to embody a duty of the
United States government and of every
citizen. The worst thing that can befall a
person is to go through earth life with-
out instruction; and the first need in spirit
life is to gain such. Perhaps they who fail
to impart instruction to others in this life
will find it imperative to render such in
spirit life. In view of these conditions,
should we not render help now to all we
can in order to achieve the betterment of
humanity and the fulfillment of our personal
duty? This certainly applies to the dis-
semination of truth, and the utilization of
so important a fact as spirit manifestation.
May we as Spiritualists grow into such a
love for humanity that we shall more vig-
orously disseminate knowledge.

Mississippi and Capital Crime.

Some are careless about the need of the
message of Spiritualistic teaching in the
legislative economy of a progressive state.
We are hardly through with the horrors
of forcing a woman of low development
out of the course of progress on a plane
where she is obviously defeated in the
moral, if not intellectual, state, by legal
murder, under the provisions of the statutes
of Vermont, when word comes that Mis-
sissippi has increased her capital offences
by adding burglary to her capital crimes.
We can congratulate this old state neither
on her morals nor her legislative protection
of her citizens.

Without going into the merits of the
question of capital punishment for any of-
fense, which as Spiritualists we are clear en-
tangles the lines of progress in every case,
we must protest against the logic of the
legislators who anticipate action on the part
of the burglar by assuming, because a bur-
glar has sometimes killed his victim, that
every burglar is a murderer.

When we are a little farther away from
"the eye for an eye" theory of justice, we
will know that to lead one man out of a
condition of mind in which he would sacri-
fice a life to attain his ends, into a state
of knowledge where it would be impossi-
ble to force him to such an act to save his
own life—to lead one person into this larger
life, is more worthy of a Christian state
than to hang all the murderers and law-
breakers in the world. Spiritualism teaches
us that there are more things to fear than
the physical bodies of men of evil intent.
Teach the spirit of the murderer, and when
you have the light of the spirit leading him
you have a positive force working with the
good to overcome the tendencies that made
him a murderer.

The state of Mississippi has further added
to the disgrace of a Christian civilization by
making burglary a capital offense. A bur-
glar may be ready to commit murder, but
if he does not a long penal sentence is suf-
ficiently a protective punishment—and is the
best possible protection to society. Bur-
glary is a terrible crime, and the offender
caught with a deadly weapon in possession,
or using the same, is entitled to penal serv-
itude. Such will be protection, because
the offender will be placed beyond mis-
chief and will work for the society he has
outraged—and perhaps be reformed before
being sent into spirit life.

Chickens Come Home to Roost.

Reverend Chas. T. Williams, in his Chau-
taqua address, said, relative to the final
test of Christianity: "The church is to
speak as fearlessly from her pulpits against
the evils of commercial dishonesty and po-
litical corruption as she does now against
the evils of divorce and drunkenness, let
it cost her what it may in patronage, in
gifts or in social prestige. And until she
does she will not commend her religion as
valid or virile to this age and generation."
If the pulpits would as freely denounce the
errors of the churches as the churches de-
nounce the errors of those outside of them,
there would be some hope for humanity.

It is the corruptions and false teachings
in the churches that inspire the false teach-
ings and corruptions in politics and com-
mercial operations. Bigotry in the churches
leads to bigotry in every walk of life.
When the churches learn to teach freedom
of thought and opinion, as well as freedom
of the body, then merchants and politicians
will learn to respect private opinions, with-
out persecuting people for their expressions.
Every man's mind is a church. Organized
churches of associated minds were original-
ly created for the purpose of protecting each
individual in the exercise of the individual
mind, but when a few in the churches were
elevated to exalted positions, to carry out
the wishes of the many, they took advan-
tage of their positions, and organized a
ring power of like nature as the "political
machines" and the "trusts." Their exam-
ple as an example of bigotry has been re-
flected upon the community and imitated
in politics by party domination from head
centres, until now greed and opulence flour-
ish, in church, politics and in commercial
operations, to the detriment of the masses
of the parties, the masses of the people
and the masses of each respective church.

The greatest persecutions of all the ages
have been imposed solely for opinion's
sake. Such persecutions, mainly for graft,
were first created by the bigoted factions
in the churches. Persecutions for opin-
ion's sake and mainly for graft, have been
inherited from the church, by the political
and commercial bunco men.

The churches have not as yet learned to
respect the Divine Word and Spirit of
God, as it issues from every man's mouth
when the tongue of man is permitted to
speak freely without fear of ostracism or po-
litical sufferings. The Spirit of God, born
into the heart of every individual on the
face of the earth, has been gagged and
made tongue-tied by the false teachings of
the church relative to the lowly Nazarene,
hence the Christian world (so called) is to-
day overcrowded with hypocrisy and deceit,
in political, commercial and church circles.
Few men dare stand forth and proclaim
the truth through fear of another crucifix-
ion on the cross, like unto that of 1900
years ago, for they know that the same cry
now dominates the heart of men: "Give us
Barrabas, the robber, and let the Christ be
crucified."

Yes, to cry out against political and com-
mercial corruption, would, no doubt, fill the
churches with gaping crowds to hear "the
pot call the kettle black," but would it not
be better for the churches to remember the
fifth verse of the seventh chapter of St.
Matthew, or the 43d verse of the sixth chap-
ter of St. Luke. The tree on which the
principles of politics and commerce grew in
this country was the church, in spite of the
fact that church and state were disconnected.
The organized churches of this country have
had their fingers in every pie that the peo-
ple made, and the contribution graft, to
support the leaders has been the main in-
centive, if we may judge from the fruits
of their works.

Never, never, never, will there be "peace
on earth, good will to men," so long as
bigotry sits in its regal robes, under the
legislative protection of corrupt politics, fos-
tered by the anti-Godliness of churchianity.
Charles Beverly.

It Can Be Done.

A Greek named Epaminondas was con-
demned by his enemies to fill an office much
beneath him, which consisted in cleaning
the streets and clearing away refuse. He
declared that he would make them see that
not only does the task show what the man
is, but also the man shows what the task
is, and he raised the office to a great dig-
nity, teaching that no honest work need de-
grade the worker, but an honest worker
can dignify the work.

Individualism vs. Socialism.

A discussion of "Individualism vs. Social-
ism," by William J. Bryan, will be published
in an early number of The Century. Mr.
Bryan is in favor of Individualism.

Progressive Therapeutics.

Ellen Goodell Smith, M. D.

Therapeutics as commonly understood ap-
plies to the relief or cure of diseases in
human bodies. Our therapy, however, of-
ten fails to restore equilibrium, which means
a perfect balance—strength and health—
whether applied to human bodies; or to the
conditions consequent upon the manifesta-
tion of life in the entire universe of activity.
Life is invisible substance and represents
principles that are not fully understood. It
is composed of numerous chains, each lead-
ing in divergent directions, yet all tending

toward individual completeness or perfec-
tion.

We claim to have discovered certain laws
and have formulated rules for our guidance,
and have endeavored to live by them. But
from deficient knowledge and wisdom the
results have been painfully manifest in a
great lack of ease—or contraction of the
vital force—which means confusion, sickness
and pain, in opposition to relaxation and
expansion, which means health and content-
ment. Ill health is a species of servile self-
ishness, that demands the most exacting
conditions, that control, contract and stag-
nate not only the sick, but all people and
things about them. Health expands and in-
vigorates, and enables us to enjoy and ap-
propriate all that comes into our daily life,
and when prevailing conditions cease to
supply our needs we endeavor to change or
improve them.

So in therapeutics, the principles of life
have not been correctly interpreted and our
methods of therapy, progressive as they
have been during a half century and more,
have failed to meet our expectations.
Through the centuries medical lights of
greater or lesser brilliancy have arisen with
their various conflicting modes of practice,
each claiming superiority, yet not one of
them satisfactory in their results, and this
beautiful world is still the camping ground
of multitudes of invalids and semi-invalids.

R. T. Trall, M. D., president of the col-
lege that bore his name, a half century ago,
a brilliant writer and author of many books,
and to whom the world of medical progres-
sion is deeply indebted for a system of med-
ical logic that cannot be refuted, wrote
many years ago these words of truth. "The
historian who carefully and without preju-
dice surveys the present state of the med-
ical profession will observe one of the
strangest anomalies which the human mind
can contemplate. He will observe a learned
profession adorned with as bright a galaxy
of names—scholars, philosophers and phil-
anthropists—as any profession in any age
of the world could ever boast, devoting
themselves with a zeal and industry worthy
of all praise to the study and practice of
medicine, yet having no confidence at all
in their own system, and stranger still won-
dering and complaining that the great mas-
ses of people have no confidence in it! Among
their most popular authors we find the
most contradictory theories and practices.
Many of the most powerful drugs
have been in use for centuries and medical
men have been divided in opinion as to the
value of those drugs in the same diseases." And
thus medicines come and go, often ap-
pearing in a new dress with a new name to
suit the new "disease," and after a brilliant
run drop out of sight like a last year's fash-
ion plate! At the present time "tablets"
are in the ascendant among "fashions." We
find them on the dressing table, the work
table, the sideboard, the dining table and
in the pocket, "for they are so nice to drive
the pain away and make one feel good." But
one thing after another now being pre-
sented to us in the great procession, shows
that the world is moving at an unaccus-
tomed pace toward higher ideals in thera-
peutics.

Onward and upward are more than ever
the glorious inspiration of present day
achievements. From many an avenue
thought is evolving that proves its utility
by solving problems that have been waiting
the tide of evolution, which to many of us
seems tardy. But if "all things come to
those who wait" and work we shall dis-
cover and make practical the unerring law
of cure for all the ills of life, for we are
working more in harmony with nature's
plan.

From the crudest practice in medicine has
evolved delicacy and refinement more in
harmony with the development of the race
in regard to the main essentials of life,
food, dress, exercise and many other things
having also become a part of progressive
therapy.

This broader and more comprehensive hy-
giene including scientific sanitation has ex-
tended its lines all over the civilized world,
grasped and developed the means that have
made possible health and cleanliness where
disease and all manner of uncleanness
reigned in the supreme indifference born of
ignorance. The laws controlling these things
have been made practical so far as the in-
telligence of the people admit and adoption
can move no faster nor farther, but it is for
the conservators of health to keep in ad-
vance of the race and manifest in their own
lives as far as possible that which they de-
sire others to become.

"Honor to whom honor is due." First to
the noble and heroic pioneers, and next we
honor our intelligent public, or rather the
advance guard of the public, who made pos-
sible the adoption of progressive methods
which had their birth and were developed
from the necessities of the race and the
voice of people in bondage demanding
something better.

Those who have left the ranks of the
long established systems of therapy should
not fail to recognize the fact that those left
in the rear are adopting as fast as possi-
ble everything that seems "best in their
sight" and that thousands of them today
occupy honored positions as our family phy-
sicians, and in the world of scientific re-
search, in the ranks of educational progress,
in which the developments made were un-
dreamed of by the most sanguine optimist a
few years ago.

No matter what our general or special
modes of therapy we cannot ignore the im-
provements in the scientific surgery of the
present time. Its later achievements are
marvels of skill that admit of no incom-
petent workmen and woe be to those who
are not thoroughly progressive, where the
best is demanded.

But with all this rapidly advancing sci-
ence who can predict the possibilities when
the enlightened soul becomes more of a
factor in the science of surgery.

In time to come when mind is fully
aroused to its grand possibilities, and be-
comes triumphant, one half, at least, of
the present day surgery will be found use-
less, and with the present unscientific med-
ical practice will be set aside as among the
barbarisms of our crude age.

Amherst, Mass.

Absence extinguishes small passions and
increases great ones, as the wind will blow
out a candle and blow in a fire.—La Roche-
foucauld.

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

November 27.—Rapid improvement has been made in our meetings. It is a surprise to everybody to see how people are taking hold of our idea that poverty should come to an end. Our society meets a long-felt want evidently. A number of eminent speakers have volunteered to address us, so that we have a wealth of names to choose from—and a literary committee has been appointed, and it now rests with them whom we are to hear—and when. We have great things in store and have reason to be proud of our position and the progress we have made. It is simply wonderful—as everybody remarks. We are no longer a butt and a bye-word, but are taken seriously as meaning to benefit men. Honors are coming fast to us, and we shall have to be careful lest we get stuck up and overdo the matter. Our president, however, has shown a level head and most likely she will keep us well in hand.

It has been proposed that we start anti-poverty bands in the schools and educate the young in this art of right living in the right way. They ought to be taught to shun extravagance in every direction, to think more of sources of happiness in their own lives than of things material. It was thought the value of money ought to be shown by having classes keep market day and go shopping once in a while. This will again be discussed.

We had the pleasure of many new names—and quite a list by letter—so that our funds are beginning to be quite respectable—and we have opened a bank account, which makes us of no little importance.

The president called the meeting to order promptly on the hour; the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, several little items of business were attended to and then the president announced that she had been very fortunate in obtaining the services of Miss Susie C. Clark, a speaker who was well known upon the platform, a writer of quite a number of helpful books and pamphlets. She was a worker for the good of the world. She brought health and gladness to many lives by her ministrations of healing. Very pleasant things were said about her work and she was sure they would welcome her in their midst as an angel of light.

There was a perceptible feeling of satisfaction in the audience as Miss Clark, in her quick, breezy way, came forward, and, with a bright smile and a clear voice, announced her theme as "The Riches of a Quiet Mind." She said the wealth of the world is not in material things; it is in soul culture and the possession of self in its full play of divine forces. The way to exterminate poverty was by the enlightenment of soul which sees its divine origin and its encirclement in good. When the mind is free from the bondage of fear, when it sees the law of progression to be the rule of its unfoldment; when it is sensible how near God is to it, nearer even than thought—then the path of success is all open before it. It is in a world of wealth that never diminishes, but ever reveals itself in new fulness and splendor.

The great need of the hour is to bring people out of their caves of old theology and worn-out systems of philosophy. We are all too much stuck-in-the-mud of past thought. We do not have anything worth owning until we know ourselves to belong to ourselves.

People were obsessed with foolish thoughts of old-time. These half-views of truth, these misreading of facts, in relation to spiritual growth, make and keep people poor. Their houses or lands count for little until there is the full enjoyment of the liberty of truth.

She could speak from her own experience in relation to the upward look of life. It had freed her from sickness, it had given her the power to do so as to astonish those who had known her in the days of seeming feebleness. She had been enabled to help many to be free, as she herself was free. She had taught them the open secret of right living and the blessedness it gives. It brought peace and power to the life; it made one gentle and kind and filled the soul with the calm strength of a summer day. Quiet belonged to the soul when it was itself. It shone with a golden light like a star, and peace, peace, was the atmosphere in which it moved.

The soul can do all things in its native strength. It is rich to do and dare. In good works it does not tire or faint. It feels no feebleness, suffers no pain and is always master of the situation.

But bustle and fuss and fear and fret spoil the melody of life. The keynote of daily harmony is to come in tune with the higher strata of thought, to feel the inspirations of the unseen world, and to be active in progressive causes of truth. Truth is youth; it is angel youth, and with a heart aflame with its zeal, its generosity, its divine aim—there can only be the beatitude of wealth as its own. To sense what illimitable bounty the cosmos has for us is to be free at once and forever from the thought of poverty; it is to own the whole universe and to have no fear of expending its forces or losing the plenitude of its grace. She wished all success to the society and was sure it merited it by its

choice of work, that was so radical and beneficial in its influence.

Miss Clark is a fine speaker and she did herself proud, as everyone confessed, and it was just lovely to see how appreciative and glad the audience was. A warm vote of thanks was given her and the meeting dispersed in peace and good will, feeling it had been a most profitable and enjoyable time for all present. It is expected that Andrew Jackson Davis will be the speaker at the next meeting.

William Brunton, Secretary.

Review of Passing Events.

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

MAGNETIC HEALING.

Healing has been an acknowledged credential of the religious teacher since a thought of religion entered the mind of man. All the great and small religious systems accept it as evidence of their divine source.

To the Christian Scientist it is the sheet anchor of his faith. Christ was acknowledged as divine because He healed the sick.

Spiritualism is not an exception. In its early years "healing mediums" were as efficient in making converts as any other form of manifestation. The almost miraculous cures by Dr. Newton made thousands of believers. Yet, and it is a remarkable fact, this phase has received little attention from researchers, and the Psychological Society has not given it investigation. The thousands of magnetic healers, and mediums who healed by spirit power, have pursued their way and no one has sought to record their manifestations or give an explanation.

There are probably many fraudulent healers, but no one has sought to expose them, and the public cannot, by any credentials, know the genuine from the false.

Yet healing is among the most common forms of manifestation, and has been important as a factor in ameliorating suffering and in making converts. That it is not more popularly recognized is because it is usually developed in the home circle, and few make it a business. Whenever this is done, there is usually waning or departure of the power. While it must be admitted that the laborer is worthy of his hire, the most successful results of magnetic healing must come through devotion to the object, pure and unselfish love which prompts desire to assist others, without a thought of pecuniary recompense. Such a magnetic healer is Margaret Coe of Norwalk, Ohio. For more than twenty years she has been before the public as a healer. Quiet, unassuming and refined in manners, without a touch of the positive, assertive manners supposed essential to the magnetist, she comes into the presence of the sick like a benediction. Wherever there has been sickness, she attended and gave her best efforts to heal and save. The most indigent received the same attention as the wealthy. She never asked if she would be awarded. Her reward was in the consciousness that she had alleviated the sufferings of others. It would take a large volume to record a part of the cures she has made in these twenty years. Some of them, to the personal knowledge of the writer, border on the miraculous. Setting no price on what she regarded as a gift too sacred to sell, we doubt if any one who has demanded fees for their service, has been better rewarded. Because of her helpfulness, her patients have been generous, and although giving all her time she has not suffered from want.

There is no distinction among those who employ her. In fact, her clients are principally drawn from the churches, and there is not the least prejudice expressed by the doctors of various schools, in her home city. Recently she has at the request of prominent physicians established a quiet sanitarium, where they send their patients whose illness is complicated, or critical, for her care and treatment.

The key to her success is her wonderful spiritually endowed magnetism, to which must be added her unselfish devotion and honesty of purpose. There is no "commercialism" in her practice, and so far from discrediting her, the physicians of the town give her unqualified praise.

Carrie Twing at Lake Helen, Fla.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having been appointed "Camp Scribe," I hope to be able to give some glimpses of camp life in the South that will more closely unite the North and the South and impress people who travel this way to make a visit to the Southern Cassadaga Camp.

Husband and I sailed from New York on the good steamer Comanche via the Clyde line, on Tuesday, November 28, and arrived here the following Saturday. We found the camp more beautiful than ever, with several new cottages and others in process of construction. Mrs. Carrie Pratt's cottage and its surroundings reflected in the lake is a picture worth looking at. Mrs. Pratt has for a companion Mrs. Nellie Nutting of Lily Dale, who is comparatively well now, the Southern climate having worked wonders for her health.

Hotel Cassadaga has been brightened up during the past season. There will be no empty rooms a little later on. Mrs. Lloyd and Mrs. Sherman have several boarders who are being served bountifully by their hostesses.

The Spencer House is also being patronized by the cottagers, who praise the quality and abundance of food. The writer officiated at a quiet little wedding on the 6th, at the cottage formerly called the Webster, but now owned by Miss Mary Stewart, formerly of Lily Dale. The bride was Mrs. Emma Forbes, the well-known cook of the Leelyn Hotel, and Edwin Scott, both of Lily Dale.

Mrs. Forbes Scott is supplying a long felt need of the campers by furnishing bread, baked beans and all kinds of pastry at reasonable rates.

Brigham Hall is ready for occupancy and will soon have its quota of guests. There are now 111 people on the grounds and in the cottages outside the gate, and it is still several weeks before camp opening. Many visitors are with us, among them



Ready!
You needn't wait long for a cup of beef after the theatre or dance. If you have a jar of

LIEBIG COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

In the house, cups of delicious, strengthening bouillon can be ready in a minute. The Liebig Company do all the "making," all you have to do is mix. 16 breakfast cups in a 2 oz. jar.



Dr. Bodefield and wife from Cleveland, Ohio. The doctor is well known there. Also the widow of the late Thomas Black of Cleveland, former president of the Ohio State Association and well known among the Spiritualists of that state. Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Goss of Ravenna, Ohio, are located at the Philbrook cottage. E. F. Cummings and E. H. Cummings and their wives of Springfield, Mass., are late arrivals. Mrs. E. F. Cummings is a fine writer and a great worker for the Cause.

Hon. Alonzo Hubbard of Vermont and Mrs. Laura Holt, a trustee of the New York State Association, are expected soon and will occupy rooms in the Apartment House.

Charles W. Hains, M. D., formerly physician for five years for Camp Lake Brady of Ohio passed his Florida medical examination Nov. 28, 1905, and is legally registered in this state. He has a very excellent helper in E. O. Shively, an experienced nurse, who has worked for years with the doctor and will remain in camp with him. There is a movement to establish a sanitarium near the camp, with Dr. Harris in charge.

Mrs. J. D. Bartholomew has been quite ill for a day or two but is better now.

Mr. J. F. Norman of Rochester, Ohio, occupies the Beckwith Cottage. Mr. A. Kelsey of Sandusky, Ohio, is also an occupant of the Beckwith Cottage.

Mrs. Sarah Davis of Watertown, N. Y., and Mrs. S. G. Stull of Rochester, N. Y., are at Hotel Cassadaga. Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood are guests there until the completion of Prospect Cottage on the hill. Mr. Greenwood has plans for a fine house which he will begin as soon as the cottage is completed. People who desire valuable sites for building cannot do better than to secure one on the hill side.

A. Norman and wife of Lily Dale declare themselves well pleased with the climate and the people.

Florida fruits are abundant. Good oranges two dozen for 25 cents; Tangerines and mangelines 15 cents per dozen. Lettuce, young onions, radishes, turnips and some peas, etc., are to be had for moderate prices.

The Bond Mills are being rebuilt and will be better than ever.

C. E. S. Twine

Midwinter Excursion.

To Montreal and Quebec via Boston & Maine Railroad.

Midwinter vacation? No longer are the far-famed resorts of Florida, California and the South and West the only haunts of the winter vacationists! Canada, that large, beautiful, exhilarating country, which lies north of us, has in recent years acquired great reputation as an ideal winter vacation ground. Montreal and Quebec, delightful, interesting cities, are the Canadian winter play grounds. To many the idea of a winter vacation in Canada means a journey through snow and ice to a cold, frigid country; but to one who has experienced the joys and pleasures of a Canadian winter there is nothing which can compare with it for real enjoyment.

Montreal is a city flourishing in its commercial activity but with environments of country life, extraordinarily pleasing and satisfying. It has a life of manners and customs entirely foreign and different, as compared with any of our great cities. The churches, which are examples of the most beautiful architecture in North America, are always interesting and fascinating visiting points for the tourist. Notre Dame, one of the largest churches in the Dominion, is particularly noted, also St. James, patterned after St. Peter's in Rome. The hotels are magnificent hostleries and the Windsor and the Place Viger compare favorably with any in this country. Mt. Royal, the mountain which overlooks the entire city and from which the city was named, is a delightful place in the winter time. Jangling sleigh bells, fur coats and caps, snow covered streets, joyous tobogganists, healthy juveniles experiencing all the pleasures of an exciting hockey match, and hundreds of skaters on the glassy surfaces of the rivers and lakes indicate the true test of Montreal's popularity as a winter resort. Life, invigorating, healthful and fascinating follows the Canadian sports.

Quebec, noted as America's impregnable fortress and like Montreal, famed for its historical connections, is a city which offers more to the visiting excursionist than any resort in North America. Thousands of pilgrims annually journey to the Plains of Abraham to look upon the battle ground where the heroes, Montcalm and Wolfe, each fighting for his cause gave up their lives. The antiquated dwellings, the French customs and manners, the magnificent religious displays and the architectural beauty of the churches remind one of an old world city. But there is another side to Quebec, and only the winter traveler may expect to enjoy it. There is something refreshing and rejuvenating in the cold, crisp atmosphere of this Canadian Metropolis. Quebec has always prepared for an elaborate winter program, and during the past few years, the influx of tourists has been so great, that her reputation is now solidly established as a winter vacation ground solely because of her ability to furnish sport and

enjoyment which one cannot procure in the sunny South. The Dufferin Terrace, which runs along the St. Lawrence River by the famous hotel Chateau Frontenac, one of the grandest hostleries in North America, is a famous toboggan slide in the winter time. On the St. Lawrence, thousands of skaters pursue this popular pastime; and sleighing parties, snow shoeing, hockey matches and skiing are sufficient to keep the winter vacationists on the go. The climate, although sharp and frigid, lacks the dampness and moisture so common to New England. The cold is not at all uncomfortable but rather infuses one with life and vigor. It has now become an established event with the Boston & Maine R. R. and connecting lines to run midwinter excursions to Montreal and Quebec at very low rates, and this year rates for this annual journey will be in effect from December 29th to January 2d, going, and good returning until January 31st. For full information regarding rates, routes, etc., see Boston & Maine posters or inquire of agent.

MRS. J. M. GRANT will give readings by sending a lock of hair and two dollars. Box 54, West Millbury, Mass. 1541 41.

CANCER CURED

WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS. Cancer, Tumors, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Eczema and all Skin and Female Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent free. Address DR. BYE, Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

PHILOSOPHY OF CREATION, Unfolding the Laws of the Progressive Development of Nature, and embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and the Spirit-World. By Thomas Paine, through the hand of H. G. WOOD. Paper, 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents.

For Sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT.

New Edition. Just Out.

With a beautiful portrait of Paine, the Spirit-World.



In the World Celestial

BY DR. T. A. BLAND.

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

This book has a brilliant introduction by that distinguished preacher, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., president of the American Congress of Liberal Religions, who gives it the weight of his unqualified endorsement. He says: "This beautiful book will give us courage to pass through the shadow of death to the sunlit plains of the world celestial."

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

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

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

This book in best cloth binding for \$1.00.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORE, 204 Dartmouth Street. Page 15 of 17

READ!!

MAGNIFICENT OFFER FROM

Banner of Light For NEW Subscriptions.

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

OUR EXTRAORDINARY OFFER!

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

Banner of Light,	-	one year, \$2.00
Cosmopolitan,	-	one year, \$1.00
Review of Reviews,	-	one year, \$3.00
Woman's Home Companion,	-	one year, \$1.00

\$7.00 WORTH FOR ONLY \$4.00.

Fill out Coupon — mail it to-day with your remittance — and be sure of getting the greatest magazine combination that was ever offered — an opportunity of years, and one it is safe to say will never be made again.

Cut this Coupon out, and Send To-day!

Date _____

BANNER OF LIGHT.
I accept your offer of Cosmopolitan, Review of Reviews, Woman's Home Companion and Banner of Light, for one year, all for \$4.00, and herewith enclose remittance for same amount.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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

ALL FOR \$4.00.

If your subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT is paid for the coming year, you can have the BANNER OF LIGHT subscription placed to your credit for an additional year, or send it to some person you would like to have receive it regularly for a year.

If you wish only the BANNER OF LIGHT, \$2.00, the Cosmopolitan, \$1.00, and the Review of Reviews, \$3.00, (\$6.00 regular price for the three), send us \$3.50, we will send you all three to any address you name for one year.

Most Extraordinary Offer of All!

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

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

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

Make all remittances payable to

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

Our Home Circle.

MINNIE MCKENNA SOULE.

No Santa Claus!

Minnie Soule.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

"Oh, mamma, teacher told us
There is no Santa Claus;
That climbing down a chimney
Is 'gainst all natural laws."

"What does she mean, dear mamma?
Is Santa really dead?
And won't he fill our stockings
When we're asleep in bed?"

Thus spoke the baby, grieving;
Mamma, to heal the wound
Which his imagination
So cruelly had found,

Said, "Santa still is living.
We call him mamma's love,
'Tis that which fills your stockings;
It comes from God above."

"So long as love shall cherish,
So long as children reign,
Dear Santa shall not perish,
But e'er shall come again."

The baby quiet sleeping,
Smiled as I stood above,
There always will be Santa
So long as there is love.

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.
A MERRY CHRISTMAS MAKE IT.

"My darling has gone to Spirit-land and left me alone. In her dear name won't you spend five dollars on something for the little children whom you are to entertain on Christmas day? I know it would give her more pleasure than anything else I could do at this time."

So a much loved friend writes as he sits in his lonely home after the body of his betrothed has been put away from his sight forever.

All his happy dreams have faded, and darkness, the darkness of a world from which the sunshine has fled, falls about him. That wild, exultant thrill of joy that possesses the strong man when he reads in his sweetheart's eyes the answer to his yearnings, had been his; and the home where she would reign as wife had been arranged with thought of her; and love had fashioned all its fittings and fancied her sweet presence in the midst. That the Death Angel might lead her into another life was never for a moment to be thought of, and when the summons came and the body slipped away, the shock was the nearly unbearable because so nearly inconceivable.

Face to face with the unrelenting truth, what can be done?

The days and months and years will be so desolate without her merry laugh, her hopeful words, her blessed companionship. Self is trying its own case and pleading its own cause.

Truth lashes the soul until it winces and groans in despair.

"Lonely, yes, and always must be, since she, my all, is gone."

"Why should she be taken, when life was all so bright and glorious? The old should go first or the lame, the halt, the blind."

Ah, dear friend 'tis not the young alone, who cling to life, nor yet the strong and sturdy. The soul of every man makes fight for existence, as if it knew that out from the great school of life it might emerge a better angel for the training, oft clinging to the class room, unwilling to move on as if it half knew its own unfitness for any world but this.

All questioning is vain, and revolt is useless.

Soon or late the mourner by the graveside discovers this hard fact. But alas for him who, silent, wraps his despair about him and shuts out the bird's song and the sweet breath of roses, the angel whisperings and the light of the moon and the stars. And happy the soul that ever so feebly and tremblingly holds to faith and keeps the life attuned for the message from the country of the beloved dead whose gateway men call Death.

So our young friend, with a sweet, brave spirit looks beyond the narrow confines of his earthly home and sees the darling of his heart still interested in his life and purposes.

Well he knows her love for little children and in his yearning to do something that will bring a unity of purpose into her life and his, he plans to do just the thing that would please her most.

It is such a beautiful and hopeful action, so much more to be commended than the expenditure of money on fragrant flowers that wither and die in the forbidding shadow of marble and granite.

A flower placed in the hand of a little motherless child in love's sweet memory gives more joy to the spirits who love and watch over us than tons of statuary or acres of bloom in a spot made sacred only by the notion that the dead rest there.

Oh may our sweet sentiments simmer in broth for the starving and hungry, and may our love linger in garments made for the protection of little wayfarers.

This is the glad Christmas time when, for a day, the songs of joy and good will, of gladness and plenty should have no minor chords of pain and want and woe.

Anything that we can do to make it possible for the song to be universal will make happiness in heaven. Anything that will make our lives bigger and broader will draw the higher and holier spirits close to our hearts. And in their keeping are our loved ones. In their kindly care are the darlings of our homes, who have but stepped out of the shadow into the light.

In the name of these, let us do something to bring that life of light and beauty to the shadowed and loveless lives about us and in angelic ministrations bring heaven to the earth.

"A Merry, Merry Christmas" will be more than a trite expression. It will resolve itself into a reality of smiles and sunshine, good cheer and stronger lives.

M. M. S.

Sid's Christmas.

Frank H. Sweet.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

Sid Bently was hungry, and he had just stepped into the bushes by the roadside to gather up a handful of acorns when there was a whir of carriage wheels, and, "Oh, Willie! Willie!" in a merry, girlish voice, "there's some on that branch almost over the horse's head. Stop quick, and maybe I can reach it from the seat," and a light carriage suddenly swung in under the tips of the very live oak under which he was standing.

"Now hold the horse steady," the girl went on, as she stepped lightly upon the seat and caught a branch with one hand, and with the other began to strip off some little clusters of green and white. "There! two—three—four—that's all. And, oh dear!" still holding the branch and gazing wistfully into the top of the tree, "just look at those magnificent bunches up yonder. If only I were a boy who could climb!"

Sid stepped promptly from the bushes. "I can climb," he said rather diffidently, but with a smile.

The girls looked at him for a moment without answering, then they smiled frankly in return. Though coarse, the boy's clothing was neat and whole, and he was nice looking, with straightforward gray eyes. Even his heightened color, so long as his gaze did not shift or fall, did not detract from his appearance.

"You mean you can climb that tree?" incredulously.

Sid's eyes measured the big trunk, and then went up the long, tapering branches, some larger than his body and with scarcely a branch.

"Yes," he answered positively. "I've climbed harder trees than that after hawk's nests. You want me to throw down a lot of those funny green bunches that are growing on the oak branches, I suppose. What are they?"

The girls regarded him curiously. "Mistletoe," answered the one who was still standing upon the seat grasping a branch, as though that might keep her in closer touch with the alluring bunches in the tree top; "didn't you know? Where are you from, anyway?"

"Vermont," good naturedly. "I've read about mistletoe, but never knew what it was before."

He threw his coat and cap upon the ground, and then, as the lower part of the trunk was too large for him to grasp, sprang into the air and caught one of the down-bending branches, up which he went hand over hand until it was large enough for him to throw a leg across and hitch on toward its junction with the trunk, twenty feet above the ground. The girls watched him breathlessly until he reached the trunk, which was now small enough for him to grasp with his knees and shin up; then the one on the seat let go the branch and slipped down beside her companion.

"We oughtn't to let him go, Willie," she said, her face whitening. "It's a hundred feet up to those big branches, and it would kill him to fall. I never heard of a boy climbing that tree before, not even one of our black ones."

"But this boy appears to be doing it all right, Alda," hazarded Willie, looking up at the dizzy height toward which the boy was making his way rapidly and steadily. "He doesn't seem a bit afraid."

"No," anxiously. "I wish he did—enough to come down. I never really believed he'd do it, and—and I was thinking more about getting the mistletoe than anything else." She was silent for some time, watching Sid as he went up, until he was almost within reach of the large bunches, in the very top of the tree, then, with sudden enthusiasm, "But won't it be fine to have such a nice lot from this tree!"

Willie laughed. "That's just like you, Alda," she commented. "Scared to death of the boy's falling, and in the same breath sarcastic about other boys not daring to climb the tree. You'd be up there yourself if you were a boy. You never do get frightened at your own dangers. O—oh, Alda! Just look!"

An immense bunch was dropping down through the trees, striking against one branch and then another, until finally it fell upon the ground with many of its berries gone and some of its frail sprigs injured. They saw Sid look down speculatively then draw something from his pocket. "String, of course!" ejaculated Willie delightedly. "Catch a boy without a pocketful of string. See! I told you so!"

Another large bunch of mistletoe started down, this time lowered carefully and steadily at the end of a string which Sid allowed to slip rapidly through his fingers. When it reached the ground Alda was there to untie it so the string could be drawn back for another bunch. An hour later Sid came down.

"Got all you want?" he asked with a grin, as he glanced at the closely packed carriage.

"Yes," Willie answered. "We've put in every bunch the carriage will hold, and now Alda will take her arms full while I lead the horse. We live only a quarter of a mile away, behind those big trees yonder. You see," she explained, "the mistletoe on this oak has larger and finer berries than any in all the country round; but no one will climb the tree. They say they can't, it's so dangerous. Papa sent some of the negro boys into the wood this morning after mistletoe and holly, but they won't find any such berries as these. So Alda and I came down to get a few pieces for the hall chandelier, on account of its being so conspicuous. We live mostly in the hall, it's so large, and all our Christmas games and amusements will be there. Let's see," wrinkling her forehead in calculation, "there'll be fifteen—sixteen—eighteen boys and girls to spend two days of Christmas with us; then we'll go and visit the rest of Christmas with some of them."

"Two days, and the rest?" looking at her curiously. "Why, Christmas isn't but one day."

"Christmas holidays, I mean," impatiently; "that's a week. Don't you know? Don't you keep Christmas at your home?"

"Not so much as Thanksgiving," Sid answered, "and never more than one day. What do you keep a week for?"

"Oh, I don't know," vaguely; "only it's the custom and the right way. And it's lots of fun. All the neighborhood comes to visit

us, and we go to visit them, and we have games and candy and everything in the world to eat, and in the evenings the negroes come up from the quarters and sing and play on their banjos for us, and we give all of them presents, and—and then we go to one of the neighbors and do it all over again, and then to another neighbor, and then another, until the holidays are over. But you'll be able to see it all for yourself. Now go and pick up that biggest bunch of mistletoe there. It's too heavy for Alda to carry. And all the little ones, too. We don't want to leave a single piece. And oh yes, who are your friends round here—the people you are coming to visit, I mean? Maybe we know them."

"I don't think you do," replied Sid, "for I haven't any. I'm—just looking round."

"I'm sorry," began Willie, changing it quickly to, "No I mean I'm glad. Now you can spend the holidays with us. You'll be right handy to help put up the mistletoe and holly, you're so strong and willing; and you can help arrange the stage and curtain for pantomimes. The negro boys are so clumsy. And yes, looking at him speculatively, I wouldn't wonder if you could help us in some of the parts. You're not very bashful, and you're not bigoted. Most boys are one or the other when they try to act in pieces. Now look out and don't shake off any of those berries," warningly. "I'll lead the horse."

But Sid stepped resolutely past her to the horse's head.

"You and Miss Alda divide her mistletoe between you," he said authoritatively. "I'll carry the rest and lead the horse. I can do it all right by putting the bridle over my arm. And as for that invitation, I'm just as much obliged as though I could accept it. But you see I'm not any of your folks, and have no claim, and of course I couldn't make a visit like that. And besides, you're—you're—"

"Too young to give such an invitation," anticipated Willie mischievously.

"Well, yes," desperately. "Your folks would think it pretty funny."

Both girls laughed.

"I reckon you don't know our folks," Alda declared. "Down here a stranger is the guest of any house he happens to stop at, especially during the holidays. But papa will fix that all right. Just you wait and see. You won't have a word to say about the matter if he gets after you."

And so it was. Sid led the horse around a bend in the road, up a slope to the entrance of a roomy Colonial mansion with wide, hospitable verandas, helped the girls carry the mistletoe into the house, and remained for an hour or two assisting them in arranging and hanging it in place; then he turned to say good-bye.

But by this time his presence had become known to the owner, and as the girls were teasingly repudiating his attempts at farewell their father stepped into the hall, followed by a black girl.

"Howdy, young man," he exclaimed cordially. "Glad to welcome you to our home. Dinah here will show you to your room—the one over the porch, to the black girl, "and see there is a fire started and hot water for a bath. I know how it is after a journey over our dusty roads," turning again to Sid. "My first longing, even before a meal, is for a bath and fresh clothes. Of course you couldn't bring any baggage with you, traveling on foot as you did. It's the finest way in the world to see a country, but one has to go unimpeded. I will have Dinah put some of my son's clothing in the room. He is about your size. You need not hurry. Dinner will not be ready under an hour."

He was turning away when Sid put out a detaining hand.

"I'm much obliged, sir," he began; "but you don't understand. I—I—"

"Oh, tut! tut! boy. I understand you're not booked as guest for any of the neighbors, so of course you're ours. That's all there is to it. Don't you think of a thing but just good times until after New Year."

It was a week Sid never forgot. He had thought he could ride; but discovered his mistake in the wild scurries he took with the accomplished young riders of the South, where the girls seemed in every way as enthusiastic and reckless as the boys. He joined in games he had never heard of before, took part in the plays on the stage, spent evenings at the quarters listening to the weird tales and music of the negroes, visited with the family at this neighbor and that, went possum and fox hunting, and even carried the left hind foot of a rabbit in his pocket at the earnest entreaty of a negro boy he had made friends with, and through it all met with such genuine, unchanging cordiality that often, when he went up to his room at night, the choking sensation again returned to his throat and the dimness to his eyes. When it was over, the day after the New Year, he went to his host.

"I won't try to thank you, sir," he said, with a slight break in his voice. "I can't. Sometime, when I'm older and have done things, and know how to say all I feel, I want to come back and tell you what this week has been to me. I—I can't now. I will just say good-bye."

"But you must let me know where you are going, and what you expect to do," said his host kindly. "I have grown to like you very much during the week. You have the qualities I admire in a boy. Isn't there some way in which I can assist you, money, or—"

"No, no," hastily. "I'm strong and able to work."

"At least you might tell me your plans. You don't object to that."

"Of course not, if you care to know. I'm going back north and get work on the farms where I'm known. It was a mistake my coming down here. But after father died I worked pretty hard and—and got sort of lonesome. I didn't have a relative in the world except a brother of my mother, who was somewhere in the south, and I thought I would come down and see him. I—I don't think they were very friendly, for father never spoke of mother's people; but I felt she would be pleased, if she could know. I had nothing to go by but an address on a piece of old letter, Thomas Calhoun, Oak Crest, Alabama."

"Yes," with an odd note in the voice; "go on."

"I found lots of Calhouns," Sid continued; "and four named Thomas. You are

(Concluded in 5th column.)

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM, MISS 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 accurately 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.

With perfect faith we lift our hearts to the Father of all life, the giver of all good, the creator of all that is. Every aspiration is sure to find its answer, every reaching after righteousness is sure to find flower in the life that is to be. So with perfect faith we come with all our upreaching and all our aspirations and would pour them out in words that the very air may be quickened by the pulsating thought and the expression which we yearn to give. All pain and sorrow and distress that is in the world may be dissipated by that understanding of the ultimate triumph of truth and good. All the heartache, all the loneliness may be conquered by the inflowing of that never-ceasing stream of peace which comes from an understanding of truth. So we listen for the voice of the Spirit which shall give us strength and wisdom and patience to grow into all these things; to grow into an understanding of truth and to make the world nearer to the perfected world which all souls desire to see. May our especial work, the work of reuniting loved ones, of bridging the chasm of death, of clasping hands over the grave, of wiping the eyes of the mourner, be so faithfully done, so sweetly performed, that very much that now is pain, may be transformed into glory and joy. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Stephen Raymond, Bridgeport, Conn.

The first spirit that comes to me today is a man, I should think about fifty years old; he is tall, broad shoulders and a very strong and energetic looking person. He says that his name is Stephen Raymond. He doesn't seem to be the least bit disturbed by this effort to come, but takes it all as a part of the experiences of life and seems to be happy in the coming. This is what he says:

"I want to go to Bridgeport, Conn. I have a wife there and her name is Kate; she is as mediumistic as your average medium. But she doesn't know how to explain what she calls the apparitions and the manifestations which follow her wherever she goes. This is not a new subject for her or for me. We used to discuss it before I left her and we had no sort of an explanation. It didn't always happen when she was well nor when she was sick. The manifestations were not confined to one place or to one time or day or night, but came just the same as any other expression of life might come. She was always disturbed and felt that perhaps there was something uncanny or unwholesome about herself, as the people she saw were never her own friends, but invariably some one who seemed to be making an effort to reach some person or locality where she happened to be. Since I have been over here, I have been able to make myself positive enough to make a reproduction of what I was, for her to see. It has comforted her more than once. Now I feel that it is time for her to see if there is not something which she may do to take the same comfort to the world. She hasn't much to bother her or hinder her and I can see no reason why it wouldn't be a beautiful and blessed work for her. Her father is a great help to me. He died when she was a little girl and what he doesn't know about the spirit-land isn't worth knowing, that is, it seems so to me for there is hardly a subject that I speak to him about that he doesn't have a ready answer and one that seems to bear the stamp of truth. I have often been near Hiram and wished that I might have been able to make him feel my spirit, but he seems too dense to get any sort of an idea that there is anything in the world except the things that his physical hands can touch and his physical eyes can see. I am happy. It may seem strange that with someone still living for whom I have love and regard that I can be happy, but I am, and I am happy in the consciousness that the time will come when I shall have her with me and we will take up life together in much the same way, with many new and beautiful truths to be exemplified in our lives. God bless you people for making it possible for me to come in just this way."

Charles Sinclair, Columbus, Ohio.

There is a spirit of a man I should think about thirty-eight or forty, with blue eyes and dark brown hair and dark brown mustache and rather heavy brows. He is a little below the medium height and is very nervous in his manner. This seems entirely new to him for he approaches me with a sense of fear that he won't say just what he wants to, just as perfectly as he wants to. He says, "O, dear, if one could only know just what to say at a time like this, it would be such a help. But the consciousness of the publicity of the loving message; the possibility of defeat in the effort, and the wonderful thought that at last the time has come when you can speak some word to your friends after you have been mourned as dead, oppresses and hinders one. My name is Charles Sinclair. I lived in Colum-

bux, Ohio. I have been gone about twelve years and in all that time it seems to me I have never lost sight of my wife and children. They have settled down to the life without me, with as much bravery and steadiness of purpose as they could command, but I know that I am not forgotten and I know that anything that I may be able to do to help them in their life will be appreciated by them. My wife's name is Carrie, she is a slender, delicate little woman and sometimes the burden seems too great, but she never complains and seems always to make the best of every adverse condition. My death was so sudden that no one had a chance to make any preparation about it and I, myself, sometimes can hardly understand how it all happened. I seldom go back to the old life, but am striving always to find something to do that will keep me busy and help me to establish myself in this real life over here. It is so much more real than anything I ever knew before and a man is appreciated for what he can do and his real worth, while in your life it is too often the case that his financial success brings him his acquaintances and companions and place. My little boy has grown to be a young man and I am anxious for him to be good—more anxious for that than for him to heap up great wealth—and sometimes when I draw very close to him, I feel as if I must whisper something about my present life so that he may understand that there is something more than what he is living today. Please say for me that all the interest and love and devotion that they would expect me to have for them if I had stayed with them is theirs today, multiplied by my clearer vision and my better adjusted life. Thank you."

Alice Ross, Cambridge, Mass.

There is a spirit here now of a woman probably not over twenty-two or twenty-three years old; she is very fair, skin is like a rose leaf, as beautiful and fair as it can be; she is like a flower anyway and steps so lightly and gracefully over to me and she says: "Well is it my turn now, and must I tell you first who I am and where I came from? My name is Alice Ross; I lived in Cambridge, Mass. I can hardly come back without a feeling of pain because I was so sorry to die. Nobody wishes to die when they have everything to live for and I had so much of happiness and so many things to look forward to that I couldn't think of death as a thing I courted. I wasn't sick very long and nobody felt that I would die. It really seemed as if I were getting better, when my heart failed me and that was all there was to it. Grandma Harris has been so kind and so many times she tried to comfort me and said that it was all right and the time would come when I would understand, I never believed her. Today I do understand, I don't feel that it is right for people to die. I am afraid they are very careless with this precious jewel of life. They take so many chances with it and yet expect to keep it and the first thing they know they have lost the casket in which they had it and have to have another. I went to Sunday school and church and learned about God, but He didn't seem to help me very much when I came over here. I think it made me better while I lived, but you people who believe in Spiritualism can be made better while you live, and still have something to help you when you die. I wish my sister could only realize that I can come, it would make me very much happier to know that she understood my life, but I am afraid that she would think it very strange just the same. I am sending this message hoping to attract her attention and help her to come into the real understanding of the life that is beyond the grave. Thank you."

Hattie Wright, Omaha.

Here is a woman and a baby. The woman is about thirty, dark hair and eyes and a round full face and a very earnest and energetic manner. She says that her name is Hattie Wright and that she wants to go to William Wright who lives in Omaha. She smiles when I tell you that, and she says, "O, it is so good to be able to send a message. I have not been over here long and I have been trying every way to send a word to Will. I want to tell him that I found the baby and that I am so glad that I have, and that it cannot be taken away from me now. I often used to ask him where he thought she was and he didn't like to talk about it, because he thought it troubled me. Now I am able to tell him all about it. I am so eager to talk to him. I wish he would go to a medium and let me say what I want to. I think he will, for he has been thinking about it himself, and has been on the point of doing it several times, but some of his friends have laughed about it and told him not to get mixed up in that sort of thing. I am going to keep right on impressing him to go and bye and bye I am sure I shall have a chance to speak to him face to face. I want Walter to know that I am just as much alive as I ever was. That there is no getting away from the fact that I can see and hear and understand. I love flowers and I have them, O, so many of them. I guess it's just because I love them. I have my dog, too, and he goes with me everywhere. I am sorry that I cannot do more to make myself a reality, but I guess when I have been here longer, and got a little stronger I can. Thank you."

Sid's Christmas.

(Concluded from 3d column.)

one of them. But a postmaster told me Alabama hasn't any Oak Crest. So it must be some other state—or maybe Uncle Thomas isn't living. The letter is dated twenty years ago."

The gentleman was standing now, and his hand dropped softly on Sid's shoulder. "Yes, he is living, my boy," he said in a low voice. "I am your Uncle Thomas. I thought your name Sidney Bentley seemed familiar. It belonged to your father. I always thought my father treated him and my sister too harshly. But we never knew what had become of them. They were very proud. And 'Oak Crest' is the name of my plantation here, not of a town. So the post offices would not know. But I am glad, glad, my boy," his voice tremulous, "that you have found your way to us, to your home."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1906.

Society News.

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

Boston and Vicinity.

First Spiritual Science Church, M. A. Wilkinson, pastor. 11 a. m. conference. 21, test circle. 3, Prof. Carpenter, demonstrations of his wonderful power and a test circle conducted by Dr. Blackden. 7:45, "Mediums' Night," Mr. Marston on the platform. Speakers and mediums: Mr. Hill, Mr. Privoce, Mr. Baxter, Dr. Combs, Mrs. Blanchard, J. Rhind, Mrs. Sears-Hill, Mrs. Robertson, C. W. Emery, Mrs. Nellie Thomas, Mrs. Bell Robertson, Mrs. Fremont. Musical selections, Prof. Peak. Mrs. Peak-Johnson, Mrs. Chapman.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall.—Regular monthly supper, Mrs. Whall presiding. Very interesting remarks were made and beautiful messages given by Madam Bruce and Prof. Mahomet of Boston and by the president, Miss Jennie Milton presided at the piano. Sunday, Dec. 17, Lyceum at 2 o'clock, led by the new conductor, Mr. A. W. Patch. Subject, "Forgiveness," very interestingly discussed by both teachers and scholars. Circle at 3:30 p. m. opened with song service. Interesting remarks by Mr. A. W. Patch and beautiful messages were given by Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Whall and Mrs. Carter. 7:30 p. m. Mr. James S. Scarlett occupied the platform and gave a most interesting address, subject, "The I Am in Nature," which was handled in a masterly manner. He then devoted a half hour to interesting messages. Next Sunday evening, Dec. 24, 1906, there will be a children's concert and a Christmas tree and all present will be considered children on that occasion.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor.—After the opening address by "George," Dr. Huot gave helpful thoughts, followed by Brothers Newton and Winslow. Communications by Mrs. Morgan and others. 2:30, "The Wages of Sin," was "George's" theme for the afternoon. After Brother Newton had spoken all enjoyed the messages of Mr. Huot and Mrs. Morgan. Classes were formed. 7:30, "The Mercy Seat," was the lesson of "George" for the evening. Mrs. Lewis gave one of her beautiful songs and messages. Mrs. Moore then spoke and Mrs. Morgan gave messages.

The L. S. I. S. held its weekly meeting in Dwight Hall Dec. 14. Business meeting at 5:30. The French Supper was served at 6:30. At the evening meeting there was a good attendance. Mrs. Belcher, the president, opened the exercises. Mrs. Dix, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Mason gave addresses. Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. McLean gave spirit messages. Mr. Kernohan, song. Mrs. Blanchard made a few remarks, closing with benediction by the president. Next week there will be the usual business meeting at 5:30. At 6:30 a "Mum" Supper will be served (a prize at every plate), followed by an extra fine meeting in the evening. The third Thursday Mrs. Cunningham gives one of her seances. The first Thursday in January Mrs. Annie Banks Scott gives a flower seance.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston held its regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., at 11:30 a. m. After the discussion of the lesson and the march Pauline Puffer and Edwin Lawrence gave readings. Wilhelmina Hope, piano solo. Mrs. Butler and Mr. Murray, of the Malden Lyceum, spoke. The circle was formed at 1 o'clock and was very interesting. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in Lyceum work to join. A concert will be given in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., January 2, 1907, for the benefit of the Lyceum.

Rick St. Offton Psychic Society, 14 Kendrick St. (147 Foster St.) Scripture reading by the president. Invocation, Mrs. Ida M. Pye. Readings, Mr. C. F. Hill of Newburyport. Descriptive tests, Mr. C. Dearborn of Wakefield. Benediction, Dr. Greenwood. Meetings every Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Wednesday evening, Dec. 27, Mrs. Ida M. Pye and Mr. C. Dearborn of Wakefield. Come and hear them and get the truth. Mrs. H. E. Hall, soloist. D. H. Hall, president.

The Hall, Industrial Society of Spiritualists held its regular meeting Dec. 13. Mrs. Mamie Helyett was the speaker and gave great satisfaction with her messages, doing some of the finest work of the season. Much sympathy was expressed for the president, Mrs. Zwalhen, who was confined to her home with her father and husband, both very ill. Next meeting, Dec. 27, will be an entertainment.

The Spiritual Research Society of Salem, Mass., are having Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridge during this month, and on Sunday, Dec. 17, had two large audiences. Mrs. Cunningham devoted most of her time to communications, which were very convincing.

Malden, Mass.—The American Psychical Research Society. Meeting opened with song service, Scripture reading and remarks by the president, followed by Mrs. Abbie Burnham, who gave an interesting address on Modern Spiritualism. Mr. Redding gave delineations which were readily recognized. The musical part of the meeting was rendered by Mrs. Grace Reector. Meeting closed with singing and benediction. Thursday evening meeting was held at the home of the president. The first half hour was devoted to healing by Mr. Redding. Mrs. Emma Wells followed with a selection on the piano, after which she read a poem written by herself under inspiration. Mrs. Abbie Burnham and her little guide, Patience, gave convincing messages. Mrs. Redding gave proof of spirit return. There was a good attendance.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its regular meeting Friday, Dec. 15, in Appleton Hall, Mrs. Althea presiding. After a very pleasant hour with the mystery sale, Mrs. Waterhouse opened the meeting, followed by music by the pianist, Mrs. Lovering. Messages and remarks from Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Shackley, Mrs. Helyett. Special entertainment for Pilgrim's night next Friday and a week from then, Dec. 29, Mr. A. P. Blinn will give a benefit by delivering one of his lectures.

Dwight Hall.—December 13 the Ladies' Lyceum Union held their business meeting in the afternoon. Supper served at 6:30. After the social hour Mrs. E. A. Weston called the meeting to order. Mrs. Emerson opened the exercises with piano solo. Mrs. H. C. Berry short addresses and messages. Mrs. Weston gave notices of the meetings of different societies. Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. Fannie Fisher many messages. Mrs. Fisher singing by request in the Indian language, accompanied by Mrs. Kneeland. Mrs. Weston calling upon Mrs. Kneeland to close the meeting.—F. A. Bennett, sec.

New England States.

The Haverhill Spiritualist Union, opened its meetings Sunday, October 1, with Sadie L. Hand as speaker and test medium; October 8, Minnie M. Soule; October 15, William A. Hale, M. D.; October 22, Nellie M. Putney; October 29, Nettie Holt Harding; November 5, Ida M. Pye; November 12, William A. Hale, M. D.; November 19, Annie L. Jones; November 26, Mamie A. Helyett. All these speakers gave good satisfaction and the meetings were well attended. November 15 we gave an entertainment entitled "Squire Judkins' Apple Bee." The affair was a great success, both artistically and financially. A public supper is served every Saturday evening from 5 to 7 o'clock by this society. On Thursday evening of each week a public circle is held in Mystic Hall. One circle for spiritual unfoldment the other for messages. Seekers after truth are cordially invited.—Clara E. Illsley, sec.

Augusta, Maine.—The Progressive Spiritualists' Society held interesting meetings in G. A. R. Hall Dec. 3 and 10. The weather was fearful, causing the attendance to be small, but well represented by some of the best citizens of all professions and religious beliefs. The speaker and medium was Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding of Somerville, Mass.

Newburyport, Mass.—The Church of the Soul gave an interesting entertainment Wednesday evening, Dec. 13. May Lewis, a fine inspirational singer and medium of Boston, was present. Her songs were beautiful and her tests were correct. Mr. M. A. Graham of Boston also assisted voicing Messages of Truth which were recognized.

Portland, Me.—The First Spiritual Society held two interesting and instructive social meetings. We had for speakers both afternoon and evening Madame Kincaid, Mr. William E. Bradish and Mr. Dobson, through whose efforts and by aid of spirit power a pleasant evening was realized. Next week Mr. James Scarlett of Cambridge will speak. The society is going to hold a Christmas social, free to all, for the purpose of extending cordial greetings to all.

Norwich Spiritual Union.—Although the Sundays of this month have been stormy, the attendance has been excellent and Mrs. Ham's work has met with merited appreciation. Her addresses have been interesting and her messages have been accurate and convincing. The suppers given by the "Helping Hands" have been successful financially and socially. The Christmas Festival generally given by the Lyceum the latter part of December will probably be given early in January so that Mr. and Mrs. Blinn can be present. Mrs. Ham will serve the next two Sundays, giving messages forenoon and evening, and on Sunday, January 7, Mr. Blinn will resume his work as permanent speaker. The next supper will be held Thursday evening, January 4.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden spoke for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday to a large audience at both services. Mrs. Pettengill's addresses are always interesting, holding the closest attention of all present, and are supplemented by many evidences from the spirit side of life. The mediums' circle and song service was very helpful. The piano selections by Miss Howe were much appreciated. James Lucas of Fall River, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.

The Field at Large.

On Sunday, December 17, W. J. Colville delivered two eloquent discourses to excellent audiences in Builder's League Hall, 74 W. 126th St., before the Ethical and Spiritual Society of which Mrs. H. T. Brigham is regular minister. The morning topic was "Suggestion on a Spiritual Plane." Evening, "Life More Abundant." Each lecture was followed by impromptu poems on various subjects combined. Beautiful music was rendered by talented musicians who are members of the society. W. J. Colville lectures there again twice next Sunday, Dec. 24. Services begin at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Evening service will be a special Christmas function. On the same day at 3:30 p. m., W. J. Colville lectures for the Circle of Divine Ministry, 76 Hanson Place, Brooklyn. On Tuesday, Dec. 26 and Thursday, Dec. 28, he lectures at 3 and 8 p. m. in Alliance Hall, 33 W. 67th St., New York, and on Wednesday and Saturday, December 27 and 30, at 75 Hanson Place, Brooklyn. On Thursday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 8 p. m. at 125 W. 56th St., New York, to which address all letters, etc., should be forwarded. Nearly five hundred subscribers have been responsive to advertisement for new book by W. J. Colville which will go to press very early in January. Offer to send two copies for \$1.00 (price of one) positively closes January 2, 1907. W. J. Colville will be expected in Boston to lecture in Banner of Light Lecture Room about Jan. 17.

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

Announcements.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Sunday, Dec. 24, at 2:30 and 7:30. Mrs. Helen M. Putney of Lowell. Mrs. Putney is an excellent speaker and a very accurate test medium. Circles will be held from 4 to 5; song service and concert, with first class talent, at 6:30.

American Psychical Research Society (Inc.), Harvey Redding, president, holds meetings in Malden Square at Odd Fellows' Hall every Sunday evening at 7:30. Mrs. Abbie Burnham and other good talent. Seats free. Thursday evening meeting at 202 Main St., Everett, opposite Forest Ave. A social will be held at the home of the president Friday evening, Dec. 29. The object, to deepen the interest in each other and in Spiritualism. Light refreshments will be served and all are welcome.

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.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts State Association will be held in the annex of Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley St., Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 10:30 a. m. This meeting will be for members only. The reason this method has been adopted is because in former years this day has invariably been a stormy one and the attendance to the public meeting has been so small that the association did not feel it was justified in paying so large an amount for large hall. Members will please bear the date in mind and try and be at the meeting at time of opening. Geo. A. Fuller, president. Carrie L. Hatch, secretary.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, 724 Washington St., up two flights. Conference 11 a. m. Service followed by test classes at 2:30 p. m. Christmas tree, 7:30 p. m. President Walter I. Mason will be present. First supper and fair at 724 Washington St., Wednesday, Jan. 31, 1907. Donations will be gladly received at the church or office. All are cordially invited.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Exeter and Newbury Sts. Lecture at 10:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis. School at 12 m. Wednesday evening conference at 8. On Wednesday evening, January 3, we shall have a New Year's Festival, when a cantata will be presented, entitled "New Year's Eve," after which presents will be distributed to the children of the school. Seats free. All are welcome. On account of the Festival the Hygiene Supper which should occur on that evening will be postponed until the following Wednesday, January 10.

First Spiritual Science Church, Boston, M. A. Wilkinson. Tuesday, 3 p. m., Indian Healing Circle. Thursdays, 3 p. m., readings for all. Indian Peace Council, Friday evening, Dec. 22, Watch meeting, Dec. 31.

Announcements, Special.

On Christmas Day, 3 p. m., in Huntington Chambers, there will be held a special Peace Service. Many well known speakers will take part, and there will be matters of public interest to be studied, and steps taken for furthering educational methods which make for peace. The Associated Peace Workers, which were organized on May 25, last, at a celebration of Emerson's birthday, by the Emerson Union have this meeting in charge, and cordially invite all friends of real peace to attend.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

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

DR. J. S. LOUCKS.

A noble man gone to his reward. On November 19, Dr. J. S. Loucks of Stoneham, Mass., passed to the Great Beyond from Bright's disease, aged 76. He had an extensive practice as a physician all over the United States. He leaves a wife and three daughters. He will be greatly missed by his patrons and friends. The funeral was at the house. Dr. Hale of Boston officiated. Interment was at Pottersdam, N. Y. Frances L. Loucks.

MRS. JAMES H. WHITE.

Mrs. Bethea H. White, wife of James H. White, Port Huron, Mich. Mrs. White had been a sufferer from cancer for four years and several months ago submitted to an operation in the hope of arresting the progress of the disease. She never fully recovered from the operation and gradually failed till the end, much of the time for a few days before her death being unconscious.

Mrs. White was born at Wolcott, N. Y., July 22, 1838, and was 67 years of age at death. She was the daughter of Nathaniel W. Tompkins. She married Mr. White September 2, 1860, at Wolcott, and immediately came to Port Huron with her husband and has ever since lived at the old homestead on Water street.

Mrs. White was possessed of a most amiable disposition and all who were fortunate enough to be numbered among her friends held her in the highest esteem. While she led a rather retired life, her many acts of kindness and charity among those with whom she came in contact endeared her to all.

Bad Manners.

A school teacher instructing her classes in grammar wrote this sentence on the board for correction: "The horse and the cow is in the lot." No one seemed to know what was wrong with it till at last a polite little boy raised his hand. "What is it, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "You should put the lady first," corrected Johnny.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

Only M. Copyrighted, 1906, by C. W. Walker.

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

Three days before the beginning of this Table the "Sun" (so-called) has been standing still. Earth has been on the Cross, at the extreme North. We rejoice and call it "Christmas," or "Mass," because, on the earth, we are now going to speed South, towards warm weather, into which we will be resurrected at Easter. Between now and

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

then we pass through Capricorn, the grave of winter, but the Angels of the Lamb (or angels Aquarius and Pisces) will roll the stone of ice away, and the Lamb (Aries) will

rise again in Spring. The grave people (Saturn, Capricornus) will be the special rulers of life matters under this table. They are No. 10. Their ruling is favorable to Nos. 12, 2, 6 and 8. Not favorable to No. 1 (Mars-Aries) put on the + by the Centaur (Jupiter-Sagittary) or the Centurions under the Ju-Paters, or Jewish Fathers, nor to No. 7 (Venus-Libra) the Mary, or Marry-ing people, nor to No. 4 (Moon-Cancer) the people who love their home. The Jupiter money makers have been at work from Nov. 22 to Dec. 21, increasing their wealth under the demands of the Ice King, and Business balancing of accounts makes all feel the coldness of the grave demands. The mythological story of the crucifixion, or the crossing of the Aries point of the earth (Vernal Equinox) over the Capricorn point (Winter Solstice) is herein briefly told to those who understand the movements of heaven and earth.

Address all matters relative to these Tables to Prof. Henry, Boylston Centre, Mass. Instructions in every kind of Occultism, or Astrologic readings, given by correspondence. Open for lectures on various subjects. All of Prof. Henry's published works are for sale at Banner office.

Chats with the Professor—No. 32.

(Continued.)

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES.

"The True Astrologer does not permit his intuitions nor his impressions to have the slightest of weight in his astrologic findings, any more than a grocer would in weighing a pound of sugar. The True Astrologer is not influenced one particle by the appearance of his client, in demeanor, physique, dress, or conversation. The data of birth and the map of the heavens are all there are before his eyes. From them and them alone he makes his scientific deductions. If he makes no clerical errors, he knows his findings are true, even though his client may deny them. In that case, to please his client, he lets the client have his own way, but the True Astrologer does not in any way change his own knowledge of the matter, unless, as before said, he finds a clerical error. He knows that 'he heavens do not lie'."

"A king may come to him in the garb of a beggar, or a beggar in the garb of a king. The forces behind the mask are what the astrologer sees, and it is not necessary for him to even see the person at all. The true date of his birth tells the story, better even than his own mother can tell; but I don't mean the story of his tumbings out of the cradle, or of his stubbing his toes, or of his getting his feet wet, or of his finding gold dollars rolling up hill, nor of his love escapades with his neighbor's daughter. Those are what the horoscope pretends to tell and it is such pretensions that have caused the wise men of all ages to denounce horoscopes, and because the masses supposed that horoscopes were all there is to astrology, it caused the whole science to fall into disrepute."

"Of course it is a very difficult matter to elucidate the difference between the two, especially as there is great truth in the horoscopic findings, even in these trivial matters, when the exact moment of birth is known, or when a figure is cast for any important event, upon true data, but even then, it takes an adept of the soundest judgment to sit out the nonsense rubbish that is in the books that have been put upon the market in the past 2000 years."

"Material minded people judge things by their external appearance; the Lunar minded judge by their animal senses, the intellectual minded, who are the purely spiritually-minded, judge things by the principle of law and action that is behind, or above, the realm of appearance or animal sense."

"The Horoscope is designed only to judge the Appearance of things. It has nothing whatever to do with the Quality, or the True Essence of the thing, to the True Astrologer."

"Here are a few propositions for consideration."

"All opaque bodies are moved by forces either in or about them."

"Opaque bodies are the masks or batteries behind which the spirit forces are."

"Material astrologers judge by physical forms and objects and movements, as revealed in a horoscope, when the horoscope is accurate enough to be judged."

"The form of man and all other forms are due to the operation of spirit forces in or about the form."

"The form does not represent the true inwardness of the spiritual character behind the form."

"A thing of beauty may be but a deceptive mask behind which the devil's workshop may be concealed."

"An angel may be concealed behind a hedge of thorns."

"The forces behind a masked battery are the creators, or rulers of the appearance, or form of the battery, and its mask."

"Appearance is created for the special uses, or defence of the forces behind it, whether it be open friends or deadly foes."

"The inferior can never be greater than the superior, hence form and appearance, or the things visible to the mortal eyes, are apt to be false and deceiving to one's mind, or but delusions of the senses, instituted by the forces behind them like unto the spider's web to the fly."

"The animal nature is as much a resident of the spirit world as is the human nature, although it occupies a different sphere of life among the spirit forces, just as the animal form is a resident of the earth as much as is the human form, and the animal form occupies a different sphere of operation in earth life."

"The animal form and the human form are but masks, behind which spirit forces of different calibre maneuver."

"Beastly forces, such as greed, jealousy, murder, thieving, warring, and preying are animal spirit forces, and they can no more be seen with mortal eyes than love or wisdom."

"Forces, good or bad, manifest on earth (which is material) in whatsoever form they can find material to masquerade in."

"Without material to manifest, a force is like unto a carpenter attempting to build a house without any lumber."

"Human forces would not, except for a good purpose, demean themselves by entering into the quadruped."

"Beastly forces too often take possession of the biped. They make the money grabbers the thieves and the murderers in the human race."

"I shall soon endeavor to give a very interesting astrologic reading of the lives of Mabel Page, and of the young man Tucker who is now under sentence of death as her murderer and I will try to show how the forces led these two people together upon that fatal day."

"My claim, after nearly half a century of careful study is, that my body is a piece of property in like manner as my house, or my earthly residence."

"As a residence for me to dwell in, my body is a part of the real estate, on earth, of a national government in the heavens."

"The several national governments of the heavens are known as the Signs of the Zodiac. Over each sign-government is a ruler, like unto a king or president. This ruler has always been called 'Lord.' That lordship is designated by a planet, from whose movements we obtain the especial law governing the sign-nation of which the body and all its inmates are subjects."

"The Lord having charge of my house is my Mind, the action of which is my Thought, and Thought is the main part of me."

"The Mind is the god part of the house, and Thought is the son of that god."

"Ideas and opinions which are the free moral creations of thought, are the Son of Man, or children of the thinking processes. They are governed by Mercury and equally sensitive to erratic changes."

"There is but ONE LORD and MASTER over my house and over me, and that one is the one that dominates the solar mind. All other planets are lords of the relationships to my sphere, or to my celestial government in earth. My body and its material environments are in earth."

"I am Eternal Life, subject to the One ruler of my house, who in turn is subject to the One ruler of the Solar System, which is the Sun."

"If I permit my opinions, or my faith, to run after the ways of the other lords, then I am a traitor to my own house and my celestial nation, and by so permitting my children (ideas or opinions) to stray after other gods, or the gods of the other celestial nations, I lose my own soul, just as I would lose my country by being traitor to it."

"In our own sphere of action, our celestial nation, mind, body and thought, are fed by good spirits, or spirit forces, but, in our covetousness of the ways and opinions of the other lords and of their possessions, we are deluded into our own spiritual downfall, even though we obtain the wealth of a Rockefeller. We may communicate as neighbors, but not covet outside our sphere."

"All forces are spirit forces, whether they animate us in this life or the life to come."

"These ideas which I have set forth may, by any scholar, be readily seen to be in strict conformity with the ideas set forth in the Bible, and they also have a leaning towards ideas in ancient mythology, yet no one can deny that they are the foundation of all sorts of religious worship, and whether or not they conform to man's egotistical assumption, as the especial favorite of the Great Supreme, as any person who gives a little study to this cult of the heavens will find proof enough to assure him that 'the heavens do rule' in a manner not far removed from the conclusions that I have herein rendered."

"The sign language of Astrology is the one and only universal language of the entire earth, but charlatans, enthusiasts, bigots strive in all sorts of ways to change it, or to misinterpret it, making a confusion of tongues, so that the illiterate can understand only that which has been heard from the cradle. Come back to the Old Landmarks of Fundamental Principles and we restore 'Peace' on Earth, Good Will to men."

(To be continued.)