

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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THROUGH GLASS AND FIRE

Lillian Whiting.

"And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire—and those that had gotten the victory—stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

I will not falter; Thou dost know
The way by which my feet must go;
With Thee all hope and all desire
Must pass that sea of glass and fire.

I will not falter; in Thy Hand
I lay my own; at Thy command
To tread the Wilderness were sweet
O'er blazing stones, with bleeding feet.

I will not falter, but fulfil
The purposes Thy heavenly will
Reveals to me, as day by day
Thy marvelous life unfolds its way.

I will not falter; Thought is free;
And all my faith looks up to Thee;
The Mount of Vision gleams afar
And o'er it shines The Bethlehem Star!
New Year's, 1906.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"And now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you. For there stood by me this night the Angel of God whose I am, and whom I serve, saying: 'Fear not, Paul, thou shalt be brought before Caesar; and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.' Wherefore be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."—The Acts xxvii: 22, 23, 24, 25.

Happy New Year! However familiar the phrase, it is never trite, for on each succeeding New Year it comes freighted with a new and individual significance. The greeting fits itself into each one's thoughts; into each perspective of life, and represents to each person his own special prayer to the gods. Nor is the happiness nor unhappiness of a New Year a mere matter of chance which may come to one and not to another. The events which the New Year may hold are undetermined. No one may know what undreamed-of combinations of unforeseen forces and factors may occur; into what new paths he may be led; what undreamed-of work he may do. Nor can he in any way assure himself that death, that losses, that privations, may not lie in wait for him in the New Year. Still, admitting these, his happiness is within his own power. For happiness is a thing between the soul and God, and it is the inevitable accompaniment of Spiritual integrity and enlightenment. Happiness is the unfailing accompaniment of right living; of the life of noble aspiration, generous purposes and liberal sympathies. It is not incompatible with even sorrow and loss. One may experience these, and still hold his happiness. For happiness is of the spirit. It is of the eternal and the significant part of life and may be felt when matters of the temporal and the material realm are perplexing and sad.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation," said Jesus; "but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." That is to say, in the temporal and the visible part of life, in the physical realm there is tribulation. It is inherent in the very nature of the physical life; but—here is the inspiring truth—"be of good cheer." Take courage, "I have overcome the world." He, who also knew the limitations and the friction of the physical life (typified by "the world") overcame these; overcame these limitations while still in the physical body, by the preponderating power of his spiritual force and as He so "overcame the world," now and here, so can every man and woman.

Now this overcoming of the lower life is the entrance into happiness of the higher life. There are a great many ways all leading to the same end. There are many methods each aiding in the achievement of the total result. One very simple and very practical method is, if one feels depressed, irritated, annoyed, or sad, go and do something for somebody. It is an absolutely unfailing method, and it may take almost any conceivable form, from the making of a call, the writing of a letter, to the gift of any degree, the work or effort which may require sacrifice. And never mind the results. Leave all those with Infinite love.

"Thou who wouldst a palmer be,
Let thy faith suffice to thee.
Say not, 'I tomorrow will
Get beyond the sunrise hill,
Pass the sea, and cross the sand
Till I come to Holy Land,
And beneath the lamps that glow
In the shrine my heart I show,
Leave my gift and round my vow,
Bearing thence the victor bough.'"

"Say not this, nor take in hand
Staff and scrip for Holy Land.
Thou be wiser than the rest
Who have bound him to the quest;
Breathe thy vow and wait thy gift,
Single heart to heaven lift;
Here remain if thou wouldst be
Palmer in all verity:
Know thy faith doth brighter shine
Than the lamps within the shrine."

No one can read that most impressive passage from Acts 27: 23, 24, 25, quoted at the opening of this paper without realizing anew, perhaps, how intimately associated in daily life and common experiences are that companionship and sympathy and counsel to which Paul here alludes as "the Angel of God" who stood by him, saying: "Fear not, Paul." And Paul then exhorted his comrades: "Wherefore be of good cheer; for I believe God that it shall be even as was told me."

Now as Paul implicitly accepted the promise brought to him by the messenger of God, so may we. The messengers come constantly, daily, hourly, into our lives. We do not always, nor even usually, recognize their presence; but they are unfailingly with us. The friends who have been near to us when we lived on earth; the friends whom we never met in their earthly lives, but who are attracted to us, as spirit to spirit, are those whom God, by his divine laws, makes His messengers to us. We can train ourselves to increasingly recognize this unseen aid, this constant sympathy and counsel, and thus increasingly receive its benefit. When such a man as Professor Hiram Corson of Cornell University—one of the great scholars of the world, one of the ablest and most exquisite exponents of critical culture,—accepts, with what may be termed a divine simplicity as well as the most divinely illuminated spirituality, the natural, easy, every-day intercourse with those in the unseen, his influence may go far toward persuading any doubter that this belief is no illusion. In a letter dated Dec. 14, 1905, Professor Corson says of his friend, Robert Browning:—

"Last night Mr. Browning said he often visits Florence, Casa Guida, and the villa Landor. Of the villa he said, after I had spoken of its restoration, and the additions made by Professor Fiske, 'I prefer the old style.' These words were spoken quite loud. I believe Mr. Browning while in the body never visited Florence after the death of Mrs. Browning. He can now visit it with her. How interesting!"

It is in this perfectly simple and natural way that we may enjoy the companionship; that we may receive counsel and guidance and inspiration from those in the unseen realm. It is by living in this beautiful communion, by living in the Spirit, that we may control the conditions for our own happiness and enjoy, indeed, a Happy New Year.

The Dewey Hotel, Washington, D. C.
P. S.—Since writing the preceding I learn of the sudden transition, on Oct. 21, of that eminent scholar, thinker and psychical researcher, Dr. Richard Hodgson, the Secretary of the Society of Psychical Research. At this moment I can make no adequate expression regarding this event which comes upon me in bewildering impressiveness. For more than fifteen years I have looked to him as not only a great scientific leader, but as a wise and most esteemed personal friend. Of his sincere and noble enthusiasms, his faithful and devoted work, I shall beg to speak next week. There is something singularly beautiful in his transition to the life more abundant whose reality his work had contributed so greatly to establish.

L. W.

"A commonplace life" we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon, and the stars are commonplace things,
The flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
But were the world and dark our lot,
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God, who sees each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

Susan Coolidge.

The Basis of Ethics.

R. J. Schellhaus.

Ethics is a word of broad and extensive meaning. In its scope it includes every conceivable interest in life. It is the science of human life, of mind, of right conduct. It is hoped that this brief explanation will be sufficient to arouse further thought and lead to a more comprehensive view of this all-important subject.

All mental states are conscious sensations. Every impression, conception, imagination—in a word every mental operation is a sensation in consciousness. Sensation is life essentially. In it we move and have our being. It is the Ego, the esse in esse of our existence. Consciousness is that state of mind in which we are aware of our being, feeling, thinking, acting, the conception of ideas and the cognition of facts, events and conditions external to us. It is the field of the intellect.

Sensation in its general sense is expressed in feeling. Desires and emotions are special sensations, ever responsive to hope and fear—desires ever seeking satisfaction—the desire to live, to enjoy, to be happy. This desire gives rise to a concern for our well being and that for those we love. Well being is well feeling and well feeling is enjoyment, happiness. That concern is the incentive to all voluntary human activities.

The human body is a system of organisms. Great sympathetic system of nerves is in part the seat of nervous sensibility, that is, of the feelings. The brain is the seat of mental activity and various portions of it are groups of cells—batteries for mental power. Those in the anterior portion are the seat of consciousness; those in the posterior and inferior portions are seats of the appetites and passions and the selfish desires. The superior portions are the seat of the moral sensations and aspirations for the higher and nobler life which are the special attributes of humanity.

All mental activity has its rise in the various organs of the brain in which it is the seat. The action is strong and vigorous in proportion to the strength and vigor of the organs themselves. Environments are the stimuli to which conscious sensations respond. That response attracts the blood to the respective organs, affording nourishment and growth. Exercise is the law of development of automatic action which is the law of habit, and of the association of ideas with their symbols. The germs of the feelings and the intellect are innate in the newborn child, waiting for development, the formation of habit and the association of ideas in subsequent life.

We now have the basis of ethics as real and substantial as is that of physics. We are on the verge of the greatest discovery that has ever been made in the world. The renaissance had its rise in the discovery of certain forces that gave rise to certain phenomena, the study of which led to the existence of an invariable relation between cause and effect—forces giving rise to phenomena in mechanics, as attraction, heat, light, electricity, etc., in chemistry as chemical affinity and repulsion, and in biology, as vital or organic force in the transformation of inert, mineral matter into living tissue and organic life.

We now begin to realize the existence of another force which has its rise in human nature, separate and different from those above mentioned—the psychic force. The former are, in so far as we know, unconscious, and without sensation, design or purpose; while the latter is conscious, has designs and purposes, ever seeking the satisfaction of desire; therefore, designs and purposes.

This newly discovered force, not yet clearly conceived, but struggling for expression in various forms as "New Thought," "Suggestion," "Christian Science," "Theosophy," "Biochemistry" and the like expressions—all having a more or less vague conception of this force, striving for recognition, giving rise to the phenomena we call human conduct. These various conceptions must eventually culminate in the recognition of the psychic force as the basis of ethics, as the phenomena of external nature reveal the forces to which they give rise.

The great and hitherto insuperable barrier to the recognition of this force as the basis of ethics is the non-recognition of a funda-

mental law of mind, namely, feeling gives rise to the seeming of reality in what is felt; but that seeming is no proof of its being reality. The barrier is in not knowing the cause of the seeming. Let no one feel confident that he could escape any delusion, however preposterous or absurd, if it had been taught at his mother's knee, approved of by his father, enforced in lessons by his teacher and respected and accepted by the community in which he lived, without an extraordinary effort to escape, which few indeed make.

The difficulty lies in the fact that no one suspects the cause of that seeming. The non-recognition of feeling as the state of conscious sensations makes it impossible to conceive this the action of this fundamental law of mind: As a man feels, so he thinks because the thinking has its rise in the feeling that is in him; hence the proverb, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If the wise man who said this, had been a little wiser, and added the words, "to him," he would have given expression to one of the most important truths that was ever conceived by man. The proverb would then be: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he to him."

Another proverb by the same wise man is, "Seek thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him." He is wise to him because he feels wise. It could not be otherwise, since his seeming has its rise in his feeling. But he is not wise to anybody else; therefore, he is not wise, and his seeming is no proof of its being reality. So we see the state of feeling unconsciously developed during infancy. Childhood, youth, up to early adult life, gives rise to the seeming of reality in what is felt which is taken for reality and acted upon as such. When it is understood that we think as we feel, and not feel as we think, the problem will be solved.

This latter is the universal delusion, just as the geocentric theory was the universal delusion for thousands of years. It is as impossible today to convince one of the delusion of feeling what we think, as it would have been five hundred years ago, to have convinced one of the delusion of his seeming of sunrise. The apparent blights the real; it is an effect, not a cause.

Another fact has now to be considered—that of how the feelings come into existence and activity. As has been said, feeling manifests a general state of conscious sensations when aroused. They are not in consciousness until aroused by something in which we feel an interest, by means of the physical senses, which are ever ready to respond to the stimulus of environment. We have here the evidence of our senses, that evidence is the seeming. We are accustomed to rely on this seeming. The feelings—self-existent, self-acting and self-determining, also are ever ready to respond to environment. That response arouses consciousness and that is the seeming. We now see how the universal misconception arises and how the world is led into error, as it has been in regard to the geocentric theory. In that the telescope gave ocular demonstration of the error, while in this we must depend on personal experience and observation. As we now know physical force to be the basis of physical science, so the manifestation of the psychic force demonstrates the basis of ethical science in conformity with the universal law of cause and effect.

The Value of Prayer.

R. R. Thoburn.

Several months ago a religious paper, "The Interior," gave a page of instances of notable answers to prayers—prayer-tests, they called them. It seems strange that the good people who received those answers persistently fail to recognize the fact of angelic agencies who work out God's will for them. As the following quoted instances show, they believe their aid comes directly and personally from God.

"It is the famous story of the Tiger Jungle," and of how the great hero of the tale, Dr. Chamberlain, was wondrously led to his deliverance in the hour of intense prayer. Once while praying most earnestly, he was impressed to carry the gospel message to a people twelve hundred miles back in the heart of India, who had not yet heard the good news. He went. When over six hundred miles from any friendly

help, he found himself with his attendants in the dense tiger jungle. Night came on and there, seemed no deliverance, but almost certain death from wild beasts if they stayed where they were. His helpers, the natives, were terror-stricken. The missionary turned aside alone with God, and prayed. Then there seemed to come a voice to him as from some heavenly Other-world: "Turn to the left—turn to the left." He rose and looked, but there was no place in the great jungle where he could turn. Once more he betook himself to prayer. Again came the same answer, as a still, small voice from God. Again he looked for a pathway to the river, but none was to be found. A third time he turned to the great Helper. Then, as clear as a voice of a friend, came the words: "Go forward—turn to the river and live." This he arose and did; when lo, he found only a short distance on a pathway leading directly to the stream a half mile or more away. As he reached the river he heard a voice call out: "Do not kill me. I tried to put the raft on the other side but the swift water swept it here." It was the voice of a native who had been given orders to land his raft across the stream, but could not on account of the swiftness of the overflowing river, which was inundating the country for miles around. The missionary and his helpers pitched their little tent on the raft that night—a space almost exactly the ground size of the tent. In the morning a vessel appeared, sent out by the government all unbeknown to Dr. Chamberlain, to offer help to him in any way in its power.

The last illustration of the prayer answer that comes when we do what He has prompted us to do, is the remarkable experience of Bishop Thoburn of India. He told it to me when he was home a few summers ago. He said he was very deeply impressed and while at prayer, to go to Singapore, sixteen hundred miles from where he was, and establish a mission station in that city which at that time had never had a resident missionary. He counted the cost, then counted over his funds. He found he had just enough to go, but nothing to establish a new work when once there, much less pay his fare for the return. He took the whole matter again to God in prayer. Stronger than ever came the conviction that he must go. He went. As he was nearing the wharf of his destination he saw a man looking intensely toward him, as though in joyful recognition of a friend. As soon as he stepped off the vessel the man hastened to him with outstretched hand and greeted him most warmly. Then he told his tale of joy. He said he was a merchant in the city who had come there from Glasgow to retrieve his lost fortune in the Far East. Although he was only a nominal Christian and had cared little for the church, when he found the awful blackness of heathen degradation all about, he began to pray that God would send to them some herald of the cross. The night before, he went on saying, he saw a vessel coming in on which were three men. The features of one of these were so distinct that he would have known him anywhere. The dream so deeply impressed him that he was led to go down to the incoming vessel on the morrow. He went. And whom should he see, to his indescribable surprise and joy, but the very man he had seen in his dreams, leaning on the railing of the vessel. The man of the dream was none other than Bishop Thoburn himself. The merchant took the Bishop to his own house. Then he furnished all the money needed for the founding of the new mission work, pledged support for its continuance, and finally paid the passage money for the return home. The merchant said at Bishop Thoburn's departure: "God surely does speak to us in prayer, showing us where to go and what to do."

Such "leadings" are well known to mediums, who understand how the aid comes. It is a fine distinction that our orthodox brethren make between manifestations received by them, and the very same received by Spiritualists. The former are assumed to be directly from God, while the latter are credited to Old Nick, or at best an illusion. It surely does not decrease the majesty of the Infinite when we understand that help is given us through ministering angels, nor that we know the latter to have

(Continued on page 2.)

"What Would You Like to Do in The New Year?"

Answers from Illustrious Sources to the "Banner's" Question.

My Dear Mr. Symonds: You ask me "What I would like to do in the New Year." Just what I am doing now. While I think I have decided evidence of a continued life after what is called Death, I know no more about what it may be than the caterpillar knows about the butterfly, or the unborn child of the world he is coming into.

I am contented with the wonderful beauty and richness of this world, making no plans for the future, enjoying each day as it comes, and if I am not too much loaded down with infirmities would like to remain yet many years.

Winchester, Mass.

E. A. Brackett.

What would I like to do in the New Year?

Life is so full of changes that even a few days in advance it is hard to determine what one would like to do. It is an old saying that "circumstances alter cases," and the tomorrow may bring to us all undreamed of duties. If I should say today what I would like to do on the morrow, perhaps when the morrow comes my perception of things would have changed and then my desires would have also changed.

Somehow I feel that we can live only one day at a time, and it is always best to live that day so as to lay a good foundation for the tomorrow. I can safely say that on the New Year I would like to enter upon even nobler work than that of today. Intellectually, I would like to continue the work of the past under better conditions so that I might be able to more rapidly improve my mental powers. Morally, I would seek to be a better man. And Spiritually I would seek to know and understand more fully the real life of man. But this is all from the standpoint of self.

In the broader sense I would wish that I might serve humanity better than I have been able to do in the past. My one great aim for the New Year, as for all years that have passed since I entered upon this, my present embodiment, will be to aid in carrying forward the work of redemption from ignorance and superstition and the ushering in of a fuller comprehension of the real spiritual life of man.

Onset, Mass.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.

Editor Banner of Light: As the old year is dying and the new year dawning, may the sorrows and miseries in the past be obliterated and forgotten by the grand, true light of our great Cause shining in upon all the dark and seeking souls, and may the truth-loving societies and honest and true mediums and workers prosper. And may those that will not see the true light be taught the higher principles for their salvation, by our workers, that they too may be the gainers in the time to come.

I hope and wish that each and every reader of the "Banner" will in the coming year spread this great truth by "passing" the "Banner" to those who have not been fortunate enough to have had one before, thus spreading Spiritualism and the wonderful work being done. The greatest prosperity for the Banner of Light is the wish of Margaret Gaule Riedinger.

New York.

Dear Banner of Light: "What I would like to do in the New Year." There are many things that I would like to undertake to do as one member of the great human family, could I move the human-form house that I live in quite a distance back on the long life-road over which I have journeyed. The spirit tenant is still active, but the tenement will, in the near future, have to be exchanged for one that will never decay.

Being in sympathy with the Universalists and Unitarians, it was very easy to embrace the new, glorious philosophy and gospel of Spiritualism, which seems so rational and well proven that all earnest investigating minds ought to accept it as a grand revelation to mortals.

Though late in the afternoon of my human life, there is a special thing I would like to do, even if it was to be my last effort. "If I had a voice, a persuasive voice, that would reach the wide world o'er," I would proclaim that true Spiritualism is a religion, sacred and holy, and not a show among amusements!

If that be so, it needs no lengthened answer to the question, "What good is there in Spiritualism?" Can there be a greater incentive to purity of life and thought than the consciousness, firmly seated within mortals, that every emotion can be known to those whom we have loved the dearest upon earth? Can there be a stronger check upon the indulgence of the selfish propensities, which sow so much discord among men, than the knowledge that our secret purposes may be made known to all around us?

True Spiritualism enjoins upon us a more earnest and practical obedience to the law, "Love one another," than we have ever conceived of. It is not a matter of option, but it is a positive and an imperative command! And obedience to it consists not merely in repeating it once in seven days, but carrying it into the daily walks of life; not merely in giving alms only when the object of charity falls in our way, but in seeking it out amid its squalid wretchedness; not merely in condemning the evils which others perpetrate around us, but in earnestly and actively toiling to prevent them, or obviate their unhappy consequences. Spiritualism also teaches that progression begins not at death, but at birth, and that it is not in knowledge alone, but also in purity and love. That it is purity which gives us position in the spirit world, and love that gives association. To be happy is mortals' chief aim; to be cheerful is their first duty, and loving God and their fellows the means by which these ends are to be attained.

Newman Weeks.

Landowne, Pa.

Dear Mr. Editor: Appreciating the compliment in the request from you to express my desires and aspirations involved in a personal consideration of this subject, I yet feel that it is not so much what I would like to do in the coming year as it is what I would like to have done, or help to do for the blessing of my fellow men, that should engage thought and effort.

In every day of the year I would like to aid some fellow being to a better consideration and understanding of the purposes of life. I well know that one has no right to expect an individual who is suffering from want and pain to listen to and receive teachings even of high order while the personal need and physical suffering go unalleviated. We must not ignore the demands of the physical and grow indifferent to the anguish and pain of the hungry and homeless or the poor bodies racked with misery, while we endeavor to enlighten their minds concerning the things of the spirit. "Mental Science" may go far in teaching the power of "Mind over Matter;" we can concede much of truth and value in its claims and we would all—teachers and students alike—become better fitted to cope with the affairs of mortal life did we follow these principles more closely, but when all is done and said, we must admit that suffering and sorrow, want and care, privation and misery, are evils that afflict the many and we should couple our teachings with practical aids and sympathy that will tend to alleviate the distress.

Hence in the New Year I would like to do something to help my fellow men. I have no desire for fame or laudation. I have a desire to see every human soul comfortable and happy—physically, mentally and spiritually. Of course, I would like to personally have the power to accomplish great things in this line for humanity, but I would be just as glad and willing to be but one small factor in the work of reformation and blessing for the human family.

Just at the present time I have no special personal ambitions for myself, or to accomplish for the world; sometimes I feel tired of even the small publicity of my career and long to retire from sight and sound of public work, glad and willing for others to take up the work and push it on to better results, but the Spirit so far has said, "Keep on," and the word prevails. In the New Year—and in the Now—I would like to do the best I can to help on the progress of the race. I think we all feel the same way, Mr. Editor, especially the workers who have been long in the field. There is no merit in such a liking to do, because every soul who has sympathies alive to the needs of the times and the demands of humanity would like to do the same. Every one of us can do some part in the great onward march, we can keep alive to the call of duty, do our best each day to have it present a little better record of good accomplished, and of our own personal weaknesses overcome, than we showed the day before.

I do not care so much for the talking of the "I" and of Self, which the theme of this talk suggests, as I do of the WE, what WE would like to do in the New Year; all of us joined together in common fraternity, concord, oneness of mind and spirit to aid the onward march of progress and bless our fellow men. Spiritualists surely would be glad to have the year 1906 the grandest year the world has known; the ratification of Peace for the Nations; the establishment of systems of Equity and Justice in all industrial and social affairs for the general benefit; the abolishment of "Capital Punishment" everywhere, and the instituting of humane and instructive measures of discipline and restraint for the criminal. One might enumerate many things that could be improved for humanity in the new year if all would work lovingly and intelligently together to accomplish good. What I would like to do is one question, what I hope to do is to make myself a little more spiritual, and to aid my fellow beings in some measure to find more of happiness and peace.

Washington, D. C.

Mary T. Longley.

My chief wish is that, during the New Year, a vast harvest of answers may come from all sincere prayers, uttered by true souls since the birth of the son of Joseph and Mary.

Boston.

A. J. Davis.

Whenever old Father Time, with his weight of centuries, passes another milestone on his long mundane pilgrimage and a New Year is born, there arises a human impulse to frame personal resolutions of renewed purity and worthy achievement, and this is well, for the progress of the race depends upon the advancement of each individual. But, service should be the eternal watchword and the most vital question in every heart might well read: "What can I do for others?" For in lifting others' burdens, we soon lose our own; in fighting others' battles, the foes of our own household are annihilated; the surest avenue to personal progress lies in the effort to advance some one else. Therefore, to render worthy service in the vineyard of the world is not this what we would all "like to do in the New Year?"

And what would we like to see in 1907? Above all else, a Renaissance of Spiritualism in Boston, an awakening from sluggish torpor, a new hunger for spiritual truth, a strong rallying round the old standard, a union of forces, a concentration of energy. Allegiance to the personality of any teacher, however worthy, is not enough. Clans and cliques should be lost in a deathless, unswerving loyalty to a mighty principle, a devotion that would once more see dear old Berkeley Hall (with its wealth of beautiful memories), or some other rallying ground, crowded to the doors, as of old,

with eager listeners to the grand words of Truth.

Progression is marked by cyclic waves, a flood tide follows an ebb, a resurrection of life and power to our Cause must come. Let all and each be valiantly instrumental in this uprising. Fellow-Spiritualists, is not this the work we would best "like to do in the New Year?"

Susie C. Clark.

Cambridge, Mass.

Well, I would like to turn the rivers of earth's poverty out of their ancient ways. Yea, dry them up forever! Then I would like to kiss away the tears from the cheeks of the World's Sorrows and from the faces of the Holmes of Woe. I would like to plant pomegranates in hearts overgrown with thistle and cactus. I would like to heap up frankincense and cedar, and cause rubbed censers to shed new and odorous joys of spiritual life in disconsolate souls. I would like to set your tables with golden baskets, O poor! This I would like to do in the New Year 1906. I would like to lift misery from the city streets, up in my arms to heaven. I would like to slay the dragon of Needless Pain. I would like to banish Discontent from every Home. I would like to send the sound of the forests and the brooks into the stifled dens of the great cities. I would like to banish Sickness and the Agonies of the Passing Outs that shall be. I would like to lift the curse of Ignorance. I would like to give Universal dominion to Education. I would like Age to hear the voice of God, in the light of the Evening. I would like to en throne Love on the throne of lust. I would like to unseal sepulchres of the lofty, dead hopes of men. I would like to give the World a New Spiritual Spring. I would like to stay the thunders of battle-fields, and wed War to Peace. I would like to open the hearts of millionaires so that labor shall no longer have an unjust wage. I would like to send music where there is discord, and love where there is hate. But then I also have a more religio-philosophical thing, I would like to do personally for myself in 1906.

First: To so think, feel, and act, that my own spirit may come to know itself more absolutely—as spirit. Defining spirit, to be individualized, psychological, form-force; capable of coming to a universal consciousness of itself, as a divine constructive spark of the First Reason and love of the Universe.

Second: That I may be able to bring others to a realization of their true position in the universe, according to the same spiritual principle.

By acquiring a deep, overwhelming sense of myself as spirit, I am thereby lifted to an altitude by which I can minimize my own troubles, and thus be stronger to help others. This is what I would like to do in the New Year of 1906. As my aspirations give the character to my inspirations, I aspire to be lifted to a position whereby I may the more unqualifiedly be able to assist those who may be in need.

I would like the leaders in Modern Spiritualism to realize that we stand in the most momentous time of all the centuries of the world, so far as the influence of our philosophy on the future is concerned. The human mind is leaping forward! And I would like in 1906 for Spiritualism to be a potent factor in assisting the human mind to gain its new shape in spiritual philosophy. I would like for my co-workers in 1906 to clearly see that the mass of the theological ideas of the past are being rent asunder, and that the heavens of the old dogmatists are being rolled together as a scroll by the modern judgment of science. I would like in 1906 to assist our spiritual philosophy into such educational shape that we shall assist the theological and religious mind in preparing its new start. Old ideas are collapsing like dreams, and bursting like bubbles. I would like for the leaders of Modern Spiritualism in 1906 to see that the Cause stands in a momentous time! A momentous time! Only the blind ones cling to the past. What I would like to do in 1906, in spiritual philosophy, would be to educate, to educate, to educate.

Salvarona.

Endeavor to "fulfill the law" more perfectly; cultivate readier perception of my neighbor's needs, spiritual and temporal, and supply them as far as lies in my power. Give sympathy, comfort, and encouragement to those who mourn, and rejoice with them that are glad. There are opportunities for both in little every-day matters, keeping "the milk of human kindness" sweet. Use all my influence to check and counteract the great wrongs done by slanderers and malicious gossips, whether their victims are friends or strangers. Ascertain from tried, reliable spirits all they can tell that will aid in spiritual enlightenment and a clearer understanding of the future life. Make known the truths of Spiritualism and the mission of every faithful, honest medium, as widely as possible; correcting orthodox misrepresentations and false impressions wherever encountered. As far as means permit, I would contribute financially to the support of the Medium's Fund, N. S. A. and other worthy objects, especially the "Banner of Light," which ranks in our literature with the "Century." It should be in every library, for it does not shame us. Last, I would live up to the highest teachings of our Philosophy, as the best argument in its favor.

E. Ruthven.

The topic proposed causes one to look within. What one likes to do he will probably accomplish. "To do" suggests action, but all activity has thought and intent as its source. One may reply, I should like to make my life fuller and richer. To the degree that I can do that it goes out to the world. The highest gift one can make is something of himself. All good is connected—a part of the general stock. It is above the plane of monopoly. To be, will find expression in "to do."

If upon examination one finds his likes too low in quality, he may gradually raise them by a constant affirmation of the Ideal. He may and will grow like that which he wills to desire. Hold the pattern in consciousness. If high ideals are concentrated upon, as an exercise, they will become graphic and crowd out those which are inferior. Aspiration is the normal law. Be

intimate with high thoughts and they will provide for corresponding fruit.

Men infer that they are already created, but in reality each one is creating himself. The conscious mind is constantly making its deposits in the larger subconscious selfhood. Their quality indexes coming conditions.

What I would like to do in the coming year. In a nutshell: make aspiration an inward habitual exercise.

Henry Wood.

Cambridge, Mass.

What Laura G. Fiken would like to do in the New Year.

I would like to burn the rubbish of my selfishness and unkindness on the altar of the Holiest of the Holy within, and attain a correct vision of my shortcomings in order to overcome them more effectually.

I would like to see the beautiful in my neighbor more clearly, love him better and have a larger understanding of my relationship with all the forces, seen and unseen, which pulse and express around me on their onward march of eternal progression to perfection.

I would like to mount to the sublimest spheres my soul could reach and there, receive a new baptism of greater wisdom to perceive the truth and courage to proclaim it.

From these lofty heights the echo of the inharmonies of the world would be hushed, and as I viewed the disappointments and defeats over which I wept yesterday I would see that the victories of today grew out of the battered wrecks I had watered with my tears.

I would like in the New Year to Be Good and Do Good, so shall the imperfect past which looks like a ragged scar across the path of time lead on to greater heights, until in the everlasting harmonies of ten thousand New Years I shall be united to the days and the years and the eternities of the tomorrows and the tomorrows if I but do my Best and live my Highest in the New Year.

The first thing that I would like to do without waiting for the New Year is to change the title of the article upon which I have been asked to write.

We are too much accustomed to talking about what we would like to do, and too forgetful of the fact that we have infinite power with which to will.

We easily form the habit of wishing and greatly neglect the practice of willing. It is as if the engineer of a fine machine should sit down and consider what he would like to be accomplished through his mechanism, when, by simply turning on the power and controlling the lever, he could satisfactorily manifest the purpose for which the machine was built.

In this human life we have a wonderfully equipped machine of brain and body with an unlimited power of purpose and fulfillment, and yet the great majority of people expend their energy in wishing, simply because they have not discovered the tremendous force of Will. They cultivate the consciousness of helplessness because they fail in the consciousness of power. They fall back on "faith" and "hope" when they should express themselves in action.

It is a truth that we can do what we will to do, but first we must recognize that our Will is the expression of an infinite Power, an infinite Wisdom and an infinite Love, and must be trained with infinite patience.

The most common weakness is our indecision, uncertainty and irresolution. Our opportunities in life are really so innumerable that we waste a lifetime in deciding which shall be most improved. This is the cause of "World-weariness" which can never come to one who has lived rightly.

We nurse our doubts instead of our assurances, forgetting that

"Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the Good
We oft might have
By fearing to attempt."

So let us not talk or think about what we would like to do, but concentrate our energies upon the higher standards of life, and definitely determine that we will be well, do well, and possess all things our consciousness finds desirable.

"Ask of me," says the Soul, "and I will give you the uttermost parts of the earth for your possession." The Voice of Truth calls to us continually. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

Let us then go forward into the New Year with confidence that is more than courage, with a certainty that is more than hope, with an assurance that is more than faith, to the satisfactory accomplishment of all those things for which we have taken up our temporary abode upon the plane of Matter. So shall we find in life "the glory that excelleth."

Charles B. Newcomb.

It needs not two hundred words to tell "What I would like to do in the New Year."

I would like to greet each day with a thankful heart and smiling face, to perform its tasks with cheerfulness and industry, to find each joy it contains and accept it gratefully. I would like to meet each petty annoyance with a laugh and each graver concern, sorrow or disaster with a courage that neither whines nor complains. I would like, in my intercourse with people to be always kind, sympathetic and tactful.

I would like to grasp the handles of my plow, in my own little corner of the world's great field of work, with firm hands and turn a straight, clean furrow.

Mary K. Price.

I would like to utilize past experience and thinking and be cheerful under all circumstances; hopeful, trustful, and brave without whining or flinching; to accept the present as a divine process of character-making, and realize the future as crown and glory of this life of true endeavor. That is what I would like to do.

William Branton.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

My dear Sir: "What I would like to do in the New Year."

I am glad to be alive. The world is exceedingly wonderful to me. It rouses my curiosity in a hundred ways, and in spite of all its burdens and sorrows life has been a

blessed thing to me. I like it so much that I am in no hurry to seek another condition of existence. Yet I believe that the next step will be something better, and so I do not fear.

Now, as to, what I would like to do in the New Year, just one or two of the simplest kind of suggestions:

1st, I would like to help break the mental and spiritual bonds of men so that they would feel free to seek the Truth.

2d, I would like to do what I can to deliver men and women from their burdens of fear. The great majority of them are in a condition that Paul, I think it is, refers to when he speaks of them as, "through fear of death all their lives subject to bondage." My interest in the study of the problems touching a continued life after death has this for one of its great motives.

Besides delivering people from fear, I believe that certainty as to continued existence, coupled with our knowledge of the law of cause and effect, would give the world a great moral uplift.

To help the world, then, towards Freedom, Truth and Hope, this is what I would like to do in the coming year.

Sincerely,

M. J. Savage.

I would like to live up to my highest ideal of myself—spiritually, mentally and physically.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Bungalow, Short Beach, Conn.

My aspiration for 1906 is to make it, in every sense of the phrase, a nobler and more useful year than any that has preceded it. As the lesser 5 disappears, to give place to the larger 6, upon our calendars, so can we resolve the increase of our life work into every way that makes it more of a blessing to all with whom we are brought into association.

As 6 is the fresh numeral this year, I would like to study more practically the true significance of the double triangle, that venerable six-sided emblem which teaches us symbolically that our lives must point upward in aspiration and downward in service. I would like to accomplish some piece of work that will truly aid in the advance of public sentiment nearer the goal of universal good fellowship. Personally, I do not care where my field of activity may be, I only seek to be useful, and I wish to take delight in whatever work comes to me to be accomplished. I hope to do a larger and better amount of literary work this year than ever previously, and, most of all I hope to assist others to take brighter views of life in general and of their own careers in particular. I should like to cross an ocean and visit distant lands and work in various fields of useful activity, but my greatest wish of all for the New Year is to fulfill some part in the mighty work of aiding inquiring multitudes to see more clearly the value of high ideals, to substitute true Spiritualism for Materialism, to reduce external occupations to reasonable proportions, and open hearts and minds more widely to an influence of ennobling truth. I would like to do my part in bringing about a good understanding between members of separated sects and classes, with the end in view of hastening the advent of a co-operative age in which every man, woman and child will aim at being competent to perform some useful work which shall contribute to the general good, while also advancing individual progress.

W. J. Colville.

The one thing in the world I would rather do in this resplendent New Year just opening for 1906, would be to aid in communicating, in such measure as I might, a more true and rational conception of the absolute continuity of life, unbroken by that change we call death.

A truer idea of this transition to the next higher condition of being would be the most potent moral agent which could be introduced into the world. It would cheer and encourage and uplift; it would materially lessen temptations to crime or to sin of any kind, as it would so clearly reveal the action of the moral laws; it would greatly lessen the rate of suicide for everyone who was sufficiently intelligent to realize the unfortunate condition into which one who takes his own life reduces himself, and he would shrink with horror from the thought. The progress of humanity is the result of a great variety of moral forces and factors whose combined result is the advancement of man; but the true and clear realization of the nature of life in its spiritual evolution, would do more for the regeneration of the world than all other trends and forms of advancement. To be permitted to aid, however humbly, in this one great work, is what I would pray might be granted me by the Angel of the New Year.

Washington, D. C.

Lillian Whiting.

The New Year seems always to be a line between the Future and the Past. Old Experiences are relegated into the memory, and we look hopefully forward. Our ambitions are renewed, and even ripen into expectations. We design and hope to accomplish and realize.

For one I am as desirous to effect certain ends, as ever, during the last half-century. I am engaged in specified work which I would like to carry forward to useful results. To those about me, and those toward whom I sustain obligation, I would like to perform all that is required. I would fully exercise charity, both that which begins at home, and that which regards not so much its own as that which ensues to the welfare of others. To serve human beings well is to serve God truly.

We owe our best work to others. I would, therefore, have what I do possess full of influence in bettering human conditions. Liberty is the richest blessing born to a human soul, and I would do somewhat to promote freedom, the freedom of being right and doing right. I desire to aid to break the yokes on others' necks, to help influence the extending of justice and fair dealing, to deliver the conviction and consciousness of an Infinite on which we depend, a world of hope and energy beyond us from which we live and think, and which is peopled with essences ever communing with us. In short, I hope to be able to do what will not merely serve myself, but promote the happiness and best interest of all with whom I have to do.

Alexander Wilder, M. D.

At first I smiled at the question, because it seemed foolish to make a wish, however simple, when the answer is a matter outside of my hands, and yet I did wish for the moment that graft, the eternal graft which began with Adam and continues with less conspicuous sons than Rockefeller, might cease, and that men would begin the New Year by being at least above if not beyond the temptation of graft. There the ifs began to ferment in the meal and I perceived that there were other things to be done, if I was to get a wholesome loaf of sweet bread out of my raw meal.

Did you see how in the recent election every candidate indicted the other for crimes which, if true, would be bad enough, just to secure the nomination at the primaries, and afterward at the election, and they as a fact of good fellowship, because they did not mean it, shook hands and congratulated the successful candidate, though like the proverbial woman they hated to do it and didn't mean it after they did it. But politics make not only strange bed-fellows, but mixes up the social and industrial elements, so that the problem of civilization is rather one of how to lay the dust or keep it out of your eyes, rather than see the path before you. What's the use of seeing the path, anyway? Why not forget the old trail, as the politicians suggest, and just keep busy at a merry-go-round sort of life, without a thought to get a fling at a star, or a climb up some impossible mountain height?

Did you ever try to reform the world? Well, begin first by trying to reform one solitary man or woman and you will understand why the trade of reform is unpopular and why politics, which does not believe in reform, except as a handle to get votes, is the great successful business of today. Reformers have brains, hearts, consciences, ideals, responsibilities, but politicians get along without these assets. They deal in bluffs, and bluffs go at par in most big cities and with most men. An honest face and no money is worth just thirty cents, but a fine suit of clothes and a bluff is a winner. So you see that is why the politician is next to all classes of men and is the bluffer of bluffers, because the world likes a big, big liar, the bigger the better.

Now how are you going to get your wish when the world is against you? And yet I shall make a big wish, even though I know that the world will say impossible, and it is this, that the year 1906 might usher in a civilization in which pain and poverty should disappear. And I would set out to get my wish, if the world would let me, in two ways: first by proving in the life that it is best to be and do the thing that is best; and second, by establishing society, or the members of it, on that excellent basis. Of course I am not asked to work out this order of things, but it can be done, if the world is willing, in any time and place. But—and the conjunction is important—look out for the grafter who will tell you that "he's got the stuff, if you want it," just as you feel sure of holy feelings going up and down your back, or catch a bird's eye view of some hanging garden of paradise. Most men will give 1,000 or more for a gold brick, but if your eyes are open I'll wager eight to five that the grafter can beat you at your own little game. Of course, I am no reformer, but I have had an interview with the world, and I am giving it to you as I received it. Let me close with this sober thought, that what distinguished Buddha and Christ from most men was that they had no use for graft or grafters.

J. C. F. Grumbine.

The Old Workers.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

From memory I give a list of old-time Spiritualists, speakers, mediums and workers with whom I had the great pleasure of a personal acquaintance previous to 1875. Most of them are now in spirit life, ever watching over and seeking the opportunity to send loving influences and aid to those remaining in earth-life. The thought has often come to me; are there any descendants of this long list of well-known pioneers in the Cause now living and holding up the same glorious Banner of Spiritual Truth? Can the army of Spiritualism, now in New England and the Middle West, show any better soldiers and more earnest workers than those who answered the roll call of raps from Hydesville during the first twenty-five years? The field is larger, the workers are more in number, and more widely scattered, and opposition not so strong and bitter as in the early days when it was a constant battle! Where in New England, New York and Pennsylvania can be found the mediums, speakers and workers to match the old-time, well-known band? I give their old-time addresses.

VERMONT.

Achsa W. Sprague, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Mrs. Melvina S. Townsend, Mrs. Nellie Temple (Brigham), Mrs. Abbie Tanner (Crossett), Mrs. A. P. Brown, Mrs. Emma M. Paul, Mrs. F. M. Brown, Mrs. Nellie Kenyon, Austin E. Simmons, Rev. Gibson Smith, A. E. Stanley, Dr. E. A. Smith, Dr. Dean Clarke, John Landon, Newman Weeks, Simeon F. Cheney, Daniel Tarbell, A. F. Hubbard.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Dr. H. L. Gardner, Dr. E. V. Willson, A. B. Child, John Wetherbe, Dr. H. B. Stover, Dr. Richardson, Dr. J. M. Peabes, Prof. William Denton, Rev. J. S. Loveland, Henry C. Wright, Geo. A. Bacon, J. H. W. Toohy, Alonzo E. Newton, Prof. Lewis B. Monroe, Selden J. Finney, Rev. J. G. Fish, George A. Redman, A. P. Greenleaf, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. W. R. Hayden, Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Clara Field (Conant), Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Miss Sarah A. Nutt, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Eben Cobb, Rev. John Pierpont, Luther Colby, L. B. Willson, N. S. Greenleaf.

NEW YORK.

Andrew Jackson Davis, Dr. S. B. Brittan, Dr. R. T. Hallock, Warren Chase, Dr. Gray, Emma Harding (Brittan), Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Giles B. Stebbins, Judge Edmonds, Amanda Britt (Spense), Lyman C.

Howe, Mr. Partridge, Joel Tiffany, Mary F. Davis, Miss Kate Fox, Dr. J. V. Mansfield.

PHILADELPHIA.

Prof. Robert Hare, Robert Dale Owen, Dr. Henry T. Child, Isaac Whren, Col. S. P. Kase, Dr. Pierce.

Sincerely yours,

Lansdowne, Pa. Newman Weeks.

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

December 25th. This is the glorious Christmas day, the one proud day of the year when something like Christianity comes into play and governs the nations of the earth. They are made partners with the Christ to carry out his gospel of peace and goodwill and the result is a world where poverty seems to be unknown. Everybody who has anything is willing to share it—and the supply is abundant, and a feast is for almost every home. Blessings on the generosity and gladness of this golden time of the year. It would serve for the coming of the New Year, or any part of it, so pure and pleasant is the feeling it brings. We have only to live it right along to find paradise with us all the time.

The president rapped on the desk at 8 o'clock prompt, and said the business had been attended to by the several committees, and they would keep Christmas as an intellectual, social and spiritual treat. The Ladies' Quartet had been formed and a number of selections would be given by them. They sang, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" and "Calm Upon the Listening Ear of Night Came Heaven's Melodious Strain" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem." These pieces were greatly enjoyed for the sentiments expressed and the musical manner of their rendition. The audience sang one or two hymns which went well because they were sung with spirit. There is nothing like music to give nerve, snap and success to a meeting. It was all there in honor of King Christmas and the little child—the sign of love and its divineness in the home.

The president said they were surely improving in the conducting of their meetings. They were finding out how to make them run smooth. At first they jolted in wagons—now they were in parlor-cars and on the gleaming rails that reached out to the world's end. It was to be understood that any worthy meeting could be successful if the people would put their hearts into its purpose. If they loved the ideal—they would try to make it real. That was an open secret.

She was pleased that Miss Lilian Whiting was with them. She saw from the radiance of their faces how pleasant was this announcement. Miss Whiting has endeared herself to thousands of hearts by the comfort and inspiration she has brought them in her beautiful books. They have been a great blessing to the world, and she is still the instrument of heaven to enrich others with the sweet and uplifting wisdom of her pen—and the cheer of her voice and presence. She would speak to them on "The High Tides of Joy."

Miss Whiting responded at once with a show of gladness at the opportunity of speaking to so goodly an audience. They greeted her with plaudits which showed how sympathetically they would listen to her word.

She said: "My friends, I thank you for the hearty manner in which you have received me, and also for the cordial kindness of your president. It seems good to be in such an atmosphere of praise, although it is far above my deserts. Yet I think the goodwill you have shown is part of the angel song and belongs to Christmas—and I return your gift with all the sincerity and warmth of my nature. I wish every blessing of life to be consciously enjoyed by you. We are now looking out on the waters of time, standing on the shores of hope, and we see this high tide of gladness sweep in its brightness all round the world. It is an experience millions only have in these exceptional days marked as red-letter days in the calendar. We are thankful for them—and they are to be more common until at last they are the only days.

"The significance of our lives comes to view in these high joys. They show how native gladness is to us. We can appreciate it, and when the opportunity is offered lay hold of it as our own. It is our birthright and we are only claiming what properly belongs to us when we take it. Indeed, so surely is it ours that we are awaking to the need of the special culture of joy as the fulfillment of life. It is the enriching of life at its fountain-head, the spirit itself, which will emancipate men from the slavery of poverty.

"It is not so much material gain we need at the present. That is carrying men off their feet so that they think too often that is the end of their pursuit. We do not praise poverty now. There was an honest poverty for Robert Burns; there is the same for many a noble man where it is the mark of heaven that he has not striven to be rich, with the abundance of the things of this life—he has striven for purity and spirituality—the everlasting riches—this is true, and it must be kept before us as the supreme truth that character is chiefest and best of all.

"Yet let it be said once more that nothing is too good for man, as Theodore Parker said. Jesus rebuking the yearning for material things said, 'Your Father knoweth ye have need of such things.' Heaven will not forget if you do your duty. We have the riches of time as ours. The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome. We have art and beauty as the expression of our delight in wealth of form and color. We must cultivate this finer side of the mind, for this is heaven.

"People as a rule do not suffer from want of food and fuel, of clothing and shelter, as much as they suffer from the deeper needs of friendship, of high aims, of power to make nature a part of themselves, and also to walk with the great souls of time as brothers. In science, history, poetry, do we find the true riches which can never fade away. In religion is the sustenance of holy purpose and the assurance of immortality. That we are feeling after God if that happily we may find him—is the proof positive to the soul that God is and all that

goes with our thought of infinite love and wisdom.

"In all this we are in a joyous world for the affections. We have a joy no man taketh from us, but that each man contributes to as he has the sunny and the exultant mood and proves by his conduct that love is lord of death and king of time. May the high tides of joy carry us over all the sandbars that keep the ship out of the port of peace."

This is only a brief outline of the good spoken. It seemed as if she were writing it all out upon our hearts, and her pen was that of a ready writer inditing a good matter. She will joyously be remembered by our society and I have no doubt it will set many to reading the happy things that she has made into books, poems, essays and gladness of thought fragrant as the richest white flower of summer.

All went away satisfied that they had kept Christmas in one of the most cheerful and enjoyable ways they had ever known.

William Brunton, Secretary.

The War Against Pest-Peddling.

Alexander Wilder.

When Pharaoh encountered the miracles of Moses in regard to the plagues of Egypt, we are told that he neither reformed nor repented, but instead hardened his heart to greater cruelty than ever before. It seems to be so, likewise, with the men engaged in the enforcing of vaccination. As public sentiment becomes more intelligent in opposing the peddling of disease and rottenness, the more zealous they seem to be in continuing the enormity.

Everything showing the evil of the practice is carefully suppressed. This has been the policy for the past. For example: Mr. Shorts of the Panama Canal Commission was vaccinated last spring with "pure virus." The result was ulceration of the arm, and constituted disorder, which disabled him for weeks. Whether he has recovered yet is uncertain.

The history of vaccination is full of such incidents; this is inevitable. Vaccine virus is the product of retrograde metamorphosis, or in plain English, of actual rottenness, and cannot be placed in the human body except with danger of blood poison, erysipelas, lockjaw and kindred disorders.

The decisions of the courts on this subject are most astounding. They cannot be based on intelligence, but on assumption and presumption only. Sir Edward Coke declared that a surgical operation cannot lawfully be performed upon an individual without his own consent. To inflict it without such consent is an offense closely analogous to rape.

The English Parliament years ago provided for exempting children from vaccination. There the parents or guardians had conscientious scruples. It is now contemplated to extend this exemption to Scotland and Ireland. It works well where exemption is general.

In two or three states of this Union, there has been legislative action in the right direction. Some years ago Utah led. The Governor vetoed the bill to exempt from the enforcing of vaccination and the legislature enacted it anew. The Legislature of California passed a similar measure, but failed to carry it after the Governor had returned it. In Connecticut a bill doing away with Compulsory Vaccination was lost by a parliamentary maneuver. It will, however, be tried again. Our friends in the Nutmeg State have a habit of sticking to things, till something drops; it has become a disturber in politics, and it is by no means the first time that Connecticut has changed rulers on such issues.

The Rotten Harlot is undergoing an ordeal in Pennsylvania. Philadelphia City in evil odor for misgovernment and political corruption has awakened to a sense of shame. The effort to enforce vaccination has been made more furious than ever. There has been rank oppression; teachers driven from their posts; and employed persons compelled to be blood-poisoned or discharged from service.

It may be remarked that this unjustifiable measure is carried out in business houses, government service, and other places. In many states Murder seems to be in men's hearts.

The Commissioner of Public Health ordered a vigorous enforcement of the old Compulsory Vaccination Law. The result is an arousing of public attention. The Borough superintendent of Waynesboro issued an order that on December 11 the children attending school must be vaccinated. A meeting of citizens in protest was held at the Academy on the 8th and an "Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League" organized. More people attended than the building would hold. Resolutions were adopted denouncing the proceeding as a denial of the rights of parents or an invasion of the God-given rights of man to govern his own household, and declaring vaccination to be wrong in theory and dangerous in practice. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Porter C. Cope of Philadelphia and Oscar Beasley. Both are eloquent men and well informed on the subject.

The order was revoked, and children were permitted on Monday, the 11th, to go to school and home again after hours, sound in body, unharmed by the stupendous quackery of modern time.

Public sentiment in that county is voiced by the Waynesboro Herald which takes up the cudgels and does battle manfully for the right.

Pennsylvania is on the road to a political redemption, and it is to be hoped and expected that this obnoxious statute, the "Penrose-Roberts Health Bill" will be repealed.

Other counties besides Washington are agitating the matter. Ever since the Civil War medical encroachment has been steadily made upon individual rights and moral right. When constitutions were in the way, police power was invoked to give authority to the monstrosity. His Deus dabit finem.

A drop of ink may make a million think.

Idlers cannot ever find time to be idle, or the industrious to be at leisure. We must always be doing or suffering—Zimmerman.

DEAR MADAM: Please Read My Free Offer



Words of Wisdom to Sufferers from a

Lady of Notre Dame, Indiana.

I need few of change in every country, this great woman's remedy, with full instructions, covering all of my past sufferings and how I permanently cured myself.

Aim of a Physician.

It costs nothing to try this remedy once, and if you desire to continue its use, it will cost you only twelve cents a week. It does not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it; that is all I ask. It cures everybody, young or old.

If you feel bearing down pains as from approaching danger, pain in the back and bowels, creeping numbness and faintness, or if you are suffering from any of the above, write to-day, as this offer may not be made again.

Mothers and Daughters will learn of a simple family remedy, which quickly and thoroughly cures female complaints of every nature. It saves worry and expense and the unpleasantness of having to reveal your condition to others. Vigor, health and happiness result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well-known ladies in your neighborhood, who know and will testify that this family remedy cures all troubles peculiar to their sex. It restores the whole system and makes healthy and strong women. Write to-day, as this offer may not be made again.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 237, NOTRE DAME, IND., U.S.A.

The Battle Ground of Modern Thought.

The Chicago Record-Herald has conceived the unique idea of assigning a page of its Sunday edition to the public for the free discussion of important questions of the day. Under the head, "The Battle Ground of Modern Thought," an opportunity is offered to the public for the same discussion of all problems engaging the attention of the American people. Writers of ability present their views on subjects not generally treated in the daily press, and Record-Herald readers generally are invited to join the debate. The fairest, most forceful and original contributions are published. The following are a few of the subjects which have been discussed since this department was first established:

"Is Blacklisting Within the Law?" "Trusts, and the Proper Way to Regulate Them."

"Great Peril that Besets Pagan China." "Liquor Trade and Its Evil Consequences."

"Are Free Books Wanted in Public Schools?" "Inhumanity to Animals."

"New Struggles for the Negro." The Record-Herald disclaims any responsibilities for the dogmas upheld, the theories advanced on the panacea advocated. It reserves the right to preserve order, to keep out personalities and rancor, and to see that good temper and candor characterize the discussions.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in 10 minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19) 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

The City of Light Assembly at Lily Dale, N. Y., will hold its sessions next season from July 13 to Sept. 2.

Arrangements have been made for the ablest speakers, finest singers, and best music they have ever had, and it promises to be a most successful season.

There will be a special Woman's Peace, Press, Temperance, Labor and Young People's Day, when some of the ablest orators in the country will be heard.

Special low excursion rates have also been arranged for with the railroads.

Liberty vs. Medical Monopoly.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Determined effort ought to be made against encroachments on the liberties of the people to select whom they please to try to aid them in healing themselves. The official medical class recorded in our State House on Beacon Hill are a class of medical failures.

Certain evidence of this fact is to be found in their records of deaths in 1904 and in former years, in which we find records of deaths of ten thousand and more children each year, five years of age or less. This is only one of several failures by the M. D.'s that have special laws made to favor them. We examine their system of healing people from insanity and find their treatment to be a failure in Massachusetts.

Yours truly, A. F. Hill.

A Reliable Heart Cure.

Allice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any sufferer from Heart Disease will write her, she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect cure she used.

Investment of His First Earned Money.

If some writer were to collate the true stories of what our famous men did with their first-earned money we would have a volume which, if not so edifying as the volume containing the "last words" of the great, would certainly add much to the gaiety of nations. Recently, at a banquet in a New York Club, it was said of Dan Beard, the celebrated artist and author of "Moonlight," when he received the four dollars which constituted the spoils of his first week's laborious apprenticeship in the mystery of surveying, that he went to the nearest haberdasher's and bought—whisper it softly under the stars!—four dollars' worth of neckties!

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Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

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

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

"What would you like to do in the New Year?" This question was addressed to some of our most valued workers with the hope of closing the "Banner's" work of 1905 with a fresh inspiration from a score of pens on this subject. A little clerical error made our request call for two hundred lines instead of words as we intended, and before the mistake could be corrected many had written. This enables us to not only close the passing year with these suggestions, but open the coming year with these generous responses, and in addition to those given in this number we will, in the issue of January 6, publish the balance of equally valuable offerings on this timely topic.

Lake Helen Camp, Florida, is open. Excursions for this point leave New York City on Jan. 5 and Jan. 12, personally conducted by H. A. Budington, of Sherman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Helen Stuart-Richings in a recent address before the First Spiritual Association of Philadelphia, explained her withdrawal from the Spiritualist rostrum in 1898; her work among our soldiers enlisted for the Cuban War, encamped at Camp Thomas; and her return to the field as a Spiritualist worker.

We shall hope to publish, at a later date, large portions of it. The important thing, however, is that she is now "back to the ranks," enriched by her experience in full equipment for loyal service.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes wishes us to express her sincere appreciation of the many kindnesses shown her while in her recent hospital experience in Boston, and extends most cordial greetings. This we gladly do, and feel we are safe in adding to our own hearty good cheer the offerings of a thousand loving hearts to this old worker, in her New Jersey home.

Looking Backward.

When we come to the close of the year it is quite natural for us to have a little while of retrospection and calm meditation with ourselves. That is like the traveler pausing on the mountain-top to look over the way he has toiled to reach that eminence. He can see the winding road and the beauty of the landscape and he can enjoy in contemplation what may have cost him many a hard pull. But there he is—and for that he is thankful—and he can see how the experiences of his journey have interest and instruction.

We dislike anything like drawing a moral to our stories now. We want authors to leave all moralizing to the readers. They can do it to suit them in a better way than he. Preachers overdid their "be good and be happy" in the other world. We dispense with that kind of easy-going talk—and we

want something that would be good for all worlds—but more especially for this where we are and where we have got to put up a bold front to meet the fight.

The days of the year fading away—may have had all variety of fortune for us—the light and dark, the sad and serious, the joyous and merry. No doubt it has been as liberal to us in this respect as our New England climate is with its changes. Well, that is life, and it is what we must expect. The level prairie of experience is not for many of us—and when we see that character comes from meeting such conditions, we shall not grumble about them in looking backward.

If that story of Lot's wife is worth remembering, it is to spur us to advance. Progress used to be a great watchword—it has not lost its force yet—and it means we shall not become stationary in our ideas, methods, or pursuits. We are to see to it that "up and onwards" is the way with us all the while. Don't look backwards with lament for what is given to the fire of time. Let it go and take up with the living now and its opportunities of work. To be active is to be alive, and the mark of manhood is to desire to help along things that are worth while—and by a glance backwards we sometimes see where we missed it, and it makes us take hold and do our level best in the present.

The long and short of it all is this: we must get life out of life, and keep life agoing according to its own greatness and worth. We know there is no end to it—that is a fact for us—and this being so, we have to make all that is behind us a feeding power for the present and the future. Life is a river and the longer the journey the fuller and stronger should be the flow of it.

With something of satisfaction and cheer, with considerable hope and thankfulness—let us take courage from a moment's looking backward.

Richard Hodgson.

Dr. Richard Hodgson, the American secretary of the British Society for Psychical Research, passed into the majority very unexpectedly on Wednesday, Dec. 20. He was playing hand ball, for which he had all the love of an Englishman who is devoted to physical exercise, when he fell forward upon his face and almost immediately the spirit took its flight.

Dr. Hodgson was a Cambridge man and studied at Java also. He was born in Australia and his early life was devoted to law, but, fortunately for the world, his attention was directed toward the psychic and the occult; and consequently his whole life was passed in investigations of that character.

As a young man, while lecturing at Cambridge on Herbert Spencer and his philosophy, he and a few others formed a private coterie for holding sances. The immediate result of these was his being sent to India on the trail of Madame Blavatsky. This was his first exposure, for he pronounced her a complete fraud and a charlatan. Other cases of fraud he also uncovered until he became an expert as a "fraud chaser."

After the British society was formed, he joined, and in a quasi-official capacity, came to America, particularly to study Mrs. Piper, and here he has since remained. Around his personality has grown up the American branch of the Psychical Research Society, of which he was the secretary.

The "fraud hunter" was at last himself captured by Mrs. Piper and he gracefully yielded. He acknowledged one day to the writer that he believed "discarnate spirits could and did communicate with their friends here in the body through a trance of Mrs. Piper." He was very cautious, but think what the unconditional surrender of the fraud-hunting doctor and such an avowal as the quotation just made means to Spiritualism.

There can be no doubt that Dr. Hodgson has done more to spread the belief in Spiritualism among a class which would otherwise have been very slow to recognize its merits, than any other English speaking man. As we have often said, there are many people who fear to be classed with Spiritualists, but who gladly and openly welcome it when they feel that it is what they choose to call "respectable." Cowardly as we may feel this sort of people to be, we cannot deny that, just on account of that cowardice, they especially need the truths of Spiritualism to strengthen and broaden them. To such the Psychical Society makes an especially strong appeal and while, as a society, it does not openly proclaim itself Spiritualistic, yet the society and Dr. Hodgson were so identified in the average mind that his strong belief in the genuineness of one medium's phenomena carried and will carry great weight. Another good effect of Dr. Hodgson's life is the good does all of us Spiritualists in strengthening the faith that is in us. Now we know, (as we have always believed) that our faith will stand one more mighty test; beyond and above all the research we can each of us individually give it, here is a mighty body of scientific people who have been too hostile, too sneering, to even look at it, and who now are driven by the investigations of Dr. Hodgson and his coadjutors to "sit up and take notice." As soon as they do this

they find there is no escape from the truth that our friends, though dead, yet speak, and that at last death is indeed swallowed up in victory.

Thus Dr. Hodgson's life has taught in quarters we could not otherwise have reached that Spiritualism is not a sect, that it is not applicable merely to certain classes of minds, but is rather an universal, world belief, comforting every human soul everywhere, calming the spirit and satisfying the heart and mind of kings and commons, savant and unlearned, white and black and yellow, all over the planet, wherever a human soul looks up from below to those higher things which are God's.

To the religion of Spiritualism Dr. Hodgson's contributions have been trifling or absent altogether. He was strictly the phenomena hunter, the demonstrator who shows the anatomy of the body which the poet and painter clothe with the beauty of the Madonna or the religious surrender of the saint.

The true beauty, the real usefulness, the uplift and the divinity of Spiritualism, lie not in the part in which Dr. Hodgson was a leader, however valuable and necessary that may be to the world; but in that soul elevation, that mighty power of spiritual strength, the light which shines from the divinity which pervades humanity and the whole universe, the love of God and of man which is revealed to us by it. All these things and vastly more, more than "eye hath seen, ear hath heard or the heart of man conceived of," these are the real fruits of the faith which starts with the phenomena to lead us to higher things, as the baby is taught by the rattle to stretch forth its little hands to grasp after awhile in its strengthening arms the better things of life.

The "Banner" and Mediums.

A great variety of accusations against the present management of the Banner have been sent broadcast since, a little over two years ago, a benefactor of this institution walked into the Banner of Light building, to meet the then manager, by appointment, only to learn from his own hand that he had deserted his post, and left the trust he was bound by every law of honor to defend.

We saw nothing to do to save this organ for Spiritualism but to take command, knowing full well how far from ideal was our equipment for the arduous tasks that confronted any man who should undertake to straighten out the tangled ropes and bring the old craft again in full sail to a worthy course. But to one who sees in the message of Spiritualism, the key to life's tangled problems, there seemed nothing else to do, and with gratitude for what Spiritualism had done for us burning in the heart, and confidence that the great forces of spirit called no faithful soul to defeat clearly in the mind, we took up the duties of management, humbly and prayerfully searching the way. Nor misunderstanding, nor mutiny, nor slanderous attack proved sufficient to swerve us from the course.

But of all slanderous statements and whining complaints (uttered at safe distance in the confidence of the parlor meeting or, traducing a public platform dedicated to messages of Altruism and Truth, bawled from the rostrum, or sneakily woven into the proceedings of a great annual convention)—of all, nothing could be more flimsy than the statement that the present management is opposed to honest, healthy mediumship. The gratuitous favors granted in every issue of the Banner to mediumistic workers should in themselves explode the charge.

It is true we have high ideals for mediumship and mediums. We do not believe any mediumistic work can be so great as to relieve the medium from the responsibility of leading an individual life worthy and clean in his community. Though he speak with the tongue of angels; though he bring our departed ones face to face with us; though he speaks their message so clearly that we can feel the very heart throb of their love, we cannot relieve him from the responsibility of living soberly and worthily the life that now is. It is not for us to condemn, but we feel, as a good friend expressed it, when some worker insisted he was a "free man" and should drink his beer when he wanted to, whether the society (in which our friend was interested) liked it or not. And the good doctor replied: "You are free to do so, yes. And we are, free too, and if you persist in so expressing your freedom for example to our children, whom you are brought here to teach, we exercise our freedom—and you are dismissed."

We would, in perfect patience, go across the continent to help a man to freedom from his weaknesses. But if he persists in yoking himself to a drunken, lustful life, how can we introduce him as a worthy representative of Spiritualism or welcome him to the councils of the Faithful?

We recognize the value of clear cut "messages," whether by the trance medium, the "normal," the slate-writing medium, or the ballot worker, but for one message so marvelous as to be startling in its accuracy we cannot condone a dozen given with the same apparent exactness when the parties to whom the messages are given are known to the medium, and this fact withheld from the audience.

For years we have followed a modest little medium whose guide in message work invariably says to the person receiving the word, if known to her, "of course, I know you." This puts the audience right. We hold that any practice less frank is dishonest and we would be careful about endorsing a medium who gave out matter to the audience (either through her guide or in a normal condition) that the medium could know from her acquaintance with the parties, without saying so before the audience.

Many an honest little medium, discouraged, has withdrawn from the work because of the "marvelous work" done too often through familiarity with the conditions surrounding the one addressed. Mind, dear reader, we would not deprive the acquaintance of the privilege of a message from his loved one because he knew the medium, but we would have the audience possessed of this fact. We hold anything less frank, dishonest, and the medium who proceeds in this deception has more to fear from exposure of her "marvelous work" than from any scheme of explanation of her mediumship by telepathy, mind reading and what-not.

We saw in the beginning of our studies along this line that we are incalculably indebted to the mediums, and we have never withheld anything, in our power to give, that could aid them in their trying work and sorely tried lives. It is our great concern today to aid the mediums and encourage struggling mediumship, but we are not over-awed by "popular" names or by those who "can draw good houses."

We had rather see the investigator start off in his inquiries understanding that he has something to do to receive rather than see him attracted by the wonder, learning later that the worker has submitted to ambition and in the place of sweetly co-operating with the spirit to give a simple message of helpfulness to the seeking heart, has sought glory in thunderous applause.

"Is the Banner friendly to mediumship?" It is, and will be, so long as the present management remains, but we have a high ideal, and will work patiently to help the medium attain to it.

Keeping Vigil.

Mary K. Price.

Above hang the stars in the sky. All round is frozen stillness. Soon the bells will chime the hour, twelve solemn strokes; your funeral knell, Nineteen Hundred Five. Above will shine the stars just the same, distant and cold.

Round about will the Frost King still reign. In the heart—ashes.

We have been together, Old Year, you and I, twelve long, weary months; and we two know what those months have been to me.

You wish me to say, "I'm sorry to have you go." How can I? You have not been kind. No, not to me. This is our last night together. Let us speak truth; and you know that your whole train, Winter, Spring, Summer and Autumn, have buffeted me sorely. "Winter?" You ask me to "remember Winter?" I'll be honest. He gave me a tolerably happy time. It was "the calm before the storm." Ignorance—I knew not what was coming. After all, perhaps it was better so. I had a little respite before the blow fell. Thank you for that. And I enjoyed it, aye to the full. Nor questioned, nor doubted. Yes, I had the little time of joy, and I had faith.

Old Year, you did give me my little pleasure. (Keep it, Memory, I shall like to refer to it in other times.) "Spring?" You speak of Spring? You are cruel still, I see, Old Year, or you would not refer to Spring. I think the word will ever be to me a synonym for sorrow. "Spring"—chaos, ruin, an open grave, quivering heart strings, bare nerves played upon by ruthless fingers, crushed hopes, tragedy, cataclysm.

Still, I endured. 'Tis something to endure and make no outcry. I presume in a way I am thankful for that. Yes, Old Year, if the blow had to fall, I am glad that I had the strength to bear it; so let it pass; at least I am stronger.

Then Summer. I do not like to recall it. Doubtless the birds sang, flowers bloomed and all was beautiful. I think I remember bright, sunny days of tempered warmth; but they brought no joy. I was simply gathering my strength, trying once more to spell the word—courage.

But at last came Autumn—days, October's sheen of color and sunshine, when wood and upland, valley and mountain were steeped in the most gorgeous beauty which Nature's palette can bestow. One glowing day followed another, shifting scenes of beauty, interspersed by nights so lovely that they seemed only paler reflections of the days themselves; while over all hung the tender, brooding calm, vouchsafed to Earth only in October.

My eyes from turning inward, scarce saw it all, yet must I have been blind indeed not to have felt some responsive thrill to this daily masterpiece spread before me. Yes you dear Old Year, fruition, plenty and beauty followed whatever of

tempest and struggle you had given to Earth before, so hope began once more to, revive in me, and as I count your funeral knell, one, two, three, four, through all the numbers, I feel the burden fall from me. You are carrying it away. Goodby, Old Year, goodby. You were a good friend after all. You taught me what I most needed. I am sorry, Old Year, to have you go. Do you hear me? See, my tears are falling. I am sorry, sorry. You were kind, perhaps, at least, we were acquainted, you and I, and now you are gone. The last stroke of twelve has fallen, and I am almost afraid of this sturdy youth—Nineteen Hundred Six—in whose honor the bells are now pealing so merrily. Goodby, Old Year, goodby.

A Great Dilemma.

"We cannot be certain what the real world is without distinguishing illusions from perceptions; we cannot distinguish illusions from perceptions without first determining what the real world is."

So says Prof. Stratton in his work on "Experimental Psychology." This retroactive process will leave us much mystified, if it is indeed a true and logical proposition. Are our sense faculties always suffering from illusion? If not, then we by perception can discern the real world. An illusion may be perceived—hence perception is the real power of discernment. Illusory sensations will not cause us to perceive; but perception discerns illusions. Wherein is the dilemma? In the human mind that fears to exercise the God-given senses. It will surely suffer from illusions. But the psychologist says: "If illusions spring from misinterpretation—spring not from our sensations, but from the way we mentally supplement our sensations—it would seem that when once we knew the truth the illusion would be dispelled." Sensory nerves may receive two contacts, as by touching the two ends of a pencil, but the pressure conveys to the consciousness only one object. This favorite illusion of two objects really fails. Our real cognition is largely due to sensation—but the consciousness is not so easily deceived as often implied. The view of concentric curves duly cause deception to the untrained eye; but to the person accustomed to discern perfect arcs there is no illusion. Hence, the misinterpretation will most likely be caused by unfamiliarity and not result from psychological impress. There should be a separation of the crass material effect from the psychic perception. In this direction there is need for a truer comprehension of psychological results.

G. W. K.

A Modest Proposition.

Greatness hath charms after all. When you're very great and very good and very, modest—like our honored friend Carl Schurz—you can write yourself up in McClure's Magazine and get \$50,000 for the job. Compared with this beatific arrangement, the Nobel prizes, the Carnegie prizes, the Collier prizes, and the Montyon prizes are simply nowhere. While ordinary mortals may still regard them as nice things to have in the house, the very great, the very good and the very modest want a bigger pot of gold and a chance to specialize their own horn. The McClures furnish both, and they're doing a lot to encourage greatness, goodness and modesty in the rising generation.

It's rough, though, to have to wait till you're as old as Carl Schurz before getting a try at the fifty thousand and the serialized horn. Indeed, it seems to me that the McClures would do more to boost greatness, goodness and modesty if they were to invert their beatific arrangement. Give me \$50,000 in spot cash here and now, and I'll write an autobiography tracing my career to 1955 and winding up with some really delightful dying words expressing my lengthy indebtedness to the fifty thousand. Of course I should give bonds to live up to my autobiography—which ought to be rather easy, for almost anybody can pass for great if he'll spend—say \$10,000—on well-thought-out advertising, almost anybody can be good with \$40,000 left in the bank, and almost anybody can be modest when he's written his autobiography in advance and permitted his countrymen to read it—"Clerk of the Day," Boston Transcript.

Spirit Teachings.

The creed of life, if we may so term it, will be definite, searching, severe in its penalties and as relentless as they are in life itself, urgent (both on the restrictions and the possibilities of life and never forgetful of those inspirations that always come when the full meaning and import of life are revealed. Its sacrifice will be more real than that of a vicarious oblation, for it will be of self and on the cross of obedience to truth and duty. There will be no original sin to confuse the mind, but enough of one's own to be kept down and turned to moral uses. Its heaven will not be so clear and golden as that of old, but it will take on such color and form as overcoming life may give it and become as real and present as life itself. The confusion of today will not be ended by blowing it away into thin mist nor by explosions of criticism, but only by clear vision now opened by real life in a real world.—Rev. T. T. Munger in Atlantic.

Bishop Goodman (impressively)—Only think, children! In Africa there are 10,000,000 square miles of territory without a single Sunday school where little boys and girls can spend their Sundays. Now, what should we all try and save up our money and do?

Class (in ecstatic union)—Go to Africa!—Chicago Journal.

The Literary World.

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"The world of books is still the world."

"My Life."

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the distinguished scientist, Spiritualist, and philosopher, has completed a great autobiography entitled "My Life—A Record of Events and Opinions," which the notable publishing house of Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Company, in New York, are about bringing out in two handsome volumes, with a frontispiece portrait of Dr. Wallace, with many other illustrations, and in the large, clear type, wide margins, and attractive covers that characterize the Dodd and Mead publications.

Alfred Russel Wallace was born Jan. 8, 1823, in Monmouthshire, England, the son of a solicitor who added to his legal lore some literary proclivities. In his childhood the family removed to Hartford where the lad attended school, and in 1837, at the age of fourteen, he was sent to London, apprenticed to a small master builder, a Mr. Webster, where he lived in the midst of the life of London mechanics. The Wallace family was large and it was necessary that each member of it should be prepared to earn an individual living. His first initiation into the world of thought was due to the writings and teachings of Robert Owen, whose fundamental principle, Dr. Wallace states, "was that the character of every individual is formed for, and not by, himself. First by heredity and secondly by environment." A theory that Dr. Wallace well characterizes as "an utter failure," although he adds, after admitting the wonderful work that Owen accomplished:

"Owen contended and proved by a grand experiment, that environment greatly modifies character, that no character is so bad that it may not be greatly improved by a really good environment acting upon it from early infancy and that society has the power of creating such an environment. Now the will is undoubtedly a function of the character of which it is the active and outward-expression; and if the character is enormously improved, the will, resulting in actions, whether mental or physical, is necessarily improved with it. To urge that the will is, and remains through life absolutely uninfluenced by character, environment, or education; or to claim, on the other hand, that it is absolutely determined by them,—seem to me to be propositions which are alike essentially unthinkable and also entirely opposed to experience. To my mind both factors enter into the determination of character and for the purposes of social life and happiness, a partial determinism, as developed and practiced by Owen, is the only safe guide to action, because over it alone have we almost complete control."

For some years Dr. Wallace was engaged in the occupation of land-surveyor, and at Keath, somewhere about 1848, he became interested in mesmerism and phrenology, and thus touched the key-note of that vast scientific research and achievement which was destined to so distinguish his life.

The reading of a book called "A Voyage up the Amazon," by Mr. W. H. Edwards (in 1848), incited the desire on the part of the young man to journey to South America himself. The record of all that voyage and his experiences in South America; his subsequent voyage to Singapore and his visits to Malay and Borneo, are all most interesting. In 1862 he was again in London until 1871, occupied in literary and scientific work.

It was in the summer of 1862 that Dr. Wallace and Darwin met and they seem to have instantly struck the note of mutual accord. "My first letter from him, dealing with scientific matters," records Dr. Wallace, "was in August, 1862, and our correspondence was very extensive during the period occupied in writing or correcting his earlier books on evolution."

A year later Dr. Wallace having been deeply impressed by "First Principles," went to call on Herbert Spencer. Dr. Wallace's thoughts were deeply engaged with "the unsolved problem of the origin of life," and he looked to Spencer as "the one man who could give some clue to it." But Spencer said that it was "too fundamental a problem to even think of solving at present," that not enough was known of matter in its essential condition nor of the various forces of nature and all he could say was that "everything pointed to its having been a development out of matter; a phase of that continuous process of evolution by which the whole universe had been brought to its present condition." Dr. Wallace thus comments on this: "And now, after forty years, though Spencer and Darwin and Weismann have thrown floods of light on the phenomena of life, its essential nature and its origin remain as great a mystery as ever. Whatever light we do possess is from a source which Spencer and Darwin neglected or ignored."

Passing on, however, over many most interesting chapters of eminent friendships, literary work, travels and lecturing, let us come to that part of Dr. Wallace's life which is, at once, the most interesting to the readers of the "Banner," and which is also the most significant part of his life. In his own books, "Notes of Personal Evidence" and "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," he has told the story of his own experiences, but his narrative in this autobiography is especially clear and impressive. Dr. Wallace's first attitude toward spiritual phenomena was that of incredulity; but on witnessing these, under test conditions, he became convinced of their reality. He says:

"At a later period I paid frequent visits, always with someone or more of my friends as sceptical and as earnest inquirers after fact as myself, to one of the best public mediums for physical phenomena I have ever met with—Mrs. Marshall and her daughter-in-law, in London. We here made whatever investigations we pleased and tried all kinds of tests. We always sat in full daylight in a well lighted room and obtained a variety of phenomena of a very startling kind. During this time I was in frequent

communication with Sir William Crookes, William Hewitt, and others who were either interested in, or actively investigating the subject. At a much later period, when I visited America on a lecturing tour, I made the acquaintance of some of the most eminent Spiritualists in Boston and Washington and had many opportunities of seeing phenomena and obtaining tests of a different kind from any I had seen in England."

Dr. Wallace narrates a number of predictions very wonderfully fulfilled and among these he says:

"But much more important to me than the preceding are certain predictions which were made to me in April, 1896, and which have been fulfilled during the succeeding eight years. At that time I was living at Parkstone in rather poor health and subject to chronic asthma, with palpitations and frequent bronchitis from which I never expected to recover. I had given up lecturing, and had no expectation of ever writing another book, neither had I the least idea of leaving the house I was living in, which I had purchased and enlarged a few years before. It was under these circumstances that a medium I had visited once in London, Mme. G., was staying with friends in Winborne, and came to see me, and offered to give me a seance. One of her controls, an old Scotch physician, advised me about my health, told me to eat fish, and assured me that I was not coming to their side for some years yet as I had a good deal of work to do here. The other control, named 'Sunshine,' an Indian girl, who seemed to be able to get information from many sources, was very positive in her statements. She said: 'You won't live here always. You will come out of this hole. You will come more into the world and do something public for Spiritualism.' I replied: 'You are quite wrong. I shall never leave this house now, and I shall not appear in public again.' But she insisted that she was right, and said: 'You will see; and when it comes to pass, remember what I told you.' She then said: 'Fanny (my sister) sends her love. She loved you more than any one in the world.' This I knew to be true, though during her life I did not so fully realize it. Then Sunshine gave me her parting words, speaking slowly and distinctly: 'The third chapter of your life, and your book, is to come. It can be expressed as Satisfaction, Retrospection and Work.' These three words were spoken very impressively, and I wrote them at once in a small note-book with capital letters, though I had no notion whatever of what they could refer to, and no belief that they would be in any way fulfilled."

"Yet two months later the first step in the fulfillment was taken through Dr. Lunn's invitation to give a lecture at Davos and my acceptance of it, due mainly to the temptation of a week in Switzerland with a pleasant party. As already described (chapter xxxii) this lecture was the starting-point of all my subsequent work. The very next year brought me renewed health and strength to do the work as already described. Another year passed and I received a pressing invitation to take the chair and give a short address to the International Congress of Spiritualism, which I felt myself unable to refuse, and thus, as I had been told I should, I did something public for Spiritualism. Yet another year, and a great desire for life more in the country than at Parkstone, led me to join some friends in trying to find a locality for a kind of some colony of congenial persons; and though the plan was never carried out, it led ultimately to my finding the site on which to build my present house, and thus 'get out of that hole,' as I had been told by Sunshine that I should do. And now, looking back upon the eight years of renewed health I have enjoyed, and with constant interesting work, how can this better be described than as 'the third chapter' of my life; while 'Man's Place in the Universe'—a totally new subject for me—may well be termed the 'third chapter' of my book, that is, of my literary work. Again, this whole some activity of body and mind, the obtaining a beautiful site where I am surrounded by grass and woodland, and have a splendid view over moor and water to distant hills and open sea, with abundance of pure air and sunshine, the building of a comfortable house in one of the choicest spots in the whole district, surely all this was well foretold in the one word, 'Satisfaction.' What has chiefly occupied me in this house—an autobiography extending over three-quarters of a century—is admirably described by the word 'Retrospection.' And the whole of this process has involved, or been the result of continuous and pleasurable 'work.'"

"I will only add here that during the whole of this 'third chapter' of my life I had entirely forgotten the particular words of the prediction which I had noted down at the time, and was greatly surprised on referring to them again for the purpose of this chapter, to find how curiously they fitted subsequent events. Of course, it may be said that every one who reaches my age enjoys 'Retrospection,' but that kind of general looking back to the past is very different from the detailed 'Retrospection' I have had to make in searching out the many long forgotten incidents and details of my varied life as here recorded; and the Work this has involved, and the Satisfaction I have had in writing, fully justify the solemn emphasis with which the prediction was made."

It would be of especial interest also to the readers of the "Banner" to present some of the great scientific records of Dr. Wallace, and in a future return to this notable autobiography of one of the great leaders of Spiritualist thought, it is hoped to do so. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York are publishing the work in the most admirable way, and it is one to find a place in every household. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Value of Prayer.

(Concluded from page 1.)

been once mortals like ourselves. Such aid has been given ever since human history began, and only for perverted interpretations of the Scriptures, it would never have been misunderstood nor denied. Whether

we regard the Infinite as a personal Being, or an impersonal Principle, He is an indispensable focusing point for our minds and hearts when we uplift them in prayer, by which our desires and needs ascend higher to spheres whose denizens possess the power and wisdom (which, of course, are from the Infinite), to respond to us if it is best. The writer has received many direct, and seemingly improbable—unexpected, answers to prayer, and would suggest that more earnest, persistent prayers might bring financial aid to Spiritualist institutions and societies; as it did in several instances mentioned by Rev. Frank N. Riale, from whose article the foregoing cases were quoted. "George Muller's great orphanage was founded and continued for forty years, housing as high as six thousand children at one time; and every penny that came for the building of the homes and the supply of the children's needs came entirely through direct prayer to our Father, without a personal solicitation for any of it." The president of Wooster University discussed the above instance with Mr. Riale two years ago, and resolved to adopt the same means. "From that day there opened a new chapter in money-raising for the University. Some of the gifts in direct answers to prayer, have seemed almost as miraculous as any in Geo. Muller's experience."

A "Blind Pool" Ended.

In New York, H. H. Rogers gives \$300,000 for a home for children, connected with the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), and in Boston Thomas W. Lawson after mortgaging his Beacon-street house for \$265,000, throws up the sponge and tells the "gulls," who went into a speculative blind pool at his invitation a few months ago, that \$3,000,000 of the money is lost—36 per cent. of what was put in—and they can have the rest of their money back.

Thus ends the last great scheme on the part of this Boston performer to "do up" the Standard Oil crowd. Every calculation and prediction that Lawson has made in regard to the stock market this year seems to have been erroneous. His attempt to depress the price of copper stocks, at a time when it was plain that the world's demand for the metal was larger than the supply, made his proposition for a "slump" at this time equivalent in sanity to saying that the sun will not rise tomorrow morning. The "lamb" who advanced money for the purpose of selling stocks short have no one but themselves to blame for their folly, and should not complain. An intelligent child should have known better.—Hartford Weekly Times

A Way to Lay a Ghost.

A zealous young curate went to stay with some friends at a country house. On descending to breakfast each morning he noticed his hostess inquired particularly how he had slept, and seemed relieved when he said he had passed a very good night. On the last morning his hostess said: "Mr. —, you perhaps noticed how very particular we were in our inquiries every morning as to how you had slept, but the truth is that the room you occupied is said to be haunted, and we were anxious to know if you had seen the ghost."

"The ghost!" repeated the curate, thoughtfully. "Oh, yes, I do remember the first night I was here some fellow came and stood by my bedside."

"Oh!" said the company with great interest, "and what did you do?"

"I said, 'Please, will you give me a subscription for my Sunday School?' He instantly disappeared and I never saw him again."—London Tatler.

The stars that high in heaven their courses run,

In glory differ, but their light is one. The beacons, gleaming o'er the sea of life, Are rivals but in radiance—not in strife. Shine on, ye sister-towers, across the night!

I, too, will build a lasting home for light.

Henry van Dyke.

Chinese Religious Metaphysics.

THE IDEAL UNITY OF TRUTH AND GOD.

Souls all originate from One Truth divine; unto this Truth all Spirits must conform! Turning each his way out of Sorrow's Storm; returning to this Truth!

At last resign all Hope that sunders Thine Own World from Mine. O, Form Creator, of Ascending Form! Father of Truths and Forms; aid to adorn Life, that I may tread Thy Press, of New Wine always with Joy!

For: I come to Thee, On the Morn of My Completion! Seeing Unhappiness turned into Holy Glee; triumphant over Darkness! My Being, safe above the Past, I at Thy kneel

Evolved to where Form can know no fleeing! Thou—as Formless—art Cause of Form; and all Heaven holds!

Of Man, the Son of Heaven! Evolving to Thee through Thy star-hid Seven, Sighting the Path as the Path-goers crawl on the Eternal Road to the Home Wall!

Nearing the Goal through Sorrows! Which leaven our lives. Shewing us the Path to Heaven. Freeing us from Our Lesser Self; the pall hiding Our Greater Self, and its power even to rise to Universal Life! Always some New Hope for the Coming Hour.

Vigilant to cure Self of all the strife Error has left her as an Earthly dower; needing the Path to slay the Sin most rife!

And tells of how She creates Necessity. Eating Fate's Forms as meats. Gluttonously transmuting Nature's dote. Evolving Spirits beyond Fate's control. Renouncing allegiance to Nature's Sweets; as She transmutes Food-Chains. And sometimes greets Sottishly the Earth she would swallow Whole. Thou must eat Form to make Thy new Form's Form higher and higher. Beyond present Sense.

Evolution Form upward! Above the norm laid down by the childish feeling intense as known in the days when the Stomach's storm welcomed green Apples near the Orchard fence! Greed is untransmuted mental Force; ready for Spiritual Form and change. Outgrowing Earth's Forms in transmuted range unto the Eternal! Strays, in its source, naturally, from Womb to Breast; to course, defiantly-imbibing, through Life's strange Oasis of Mental Foods.

Pre-arranged for the Soul! The Soul outgrows all Remorse. Because She transmutes Disease—a new Whole. Eventually transmuting all Thought!

Libertating all Forces of the Soul. In-generating each Ideal she sought. Expanding new Force as Centuries roll. For-casting new Times, by what Time has taught!

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Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

Here Is the Glad New Year.

William Brewster.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

The whistling winds may loudly blow—
To greet the coming of the year;
Jack Frost may send his flakes of snow,
But we will welcome it with cheer;
It is a jolly time for sure—
To every happy girl and boy;
It says: "Be brave, learn to endure,
And keep your hearts attune with joy!"
This is its word with accents clear—
To make for us a glad New Year!

Just think of it—in winter wild—
We have this blessing to us sent;
It comes with beauty of a child,
A dear companion for us meant;
And it will be till spring is here,
And it will bring the birds and flowers;
And it will bless the summer dear,
And hail return of harvest hours;
And stay till ends December drear;
So kind to us in this New Year!

Its tasks that wait us are our own,
Whether in home or in the school;
Our faces in that glass are shown;
Remember this and keep its rule;
We must be best that we can be,
And follow out the year's wise plan;
Then every day some good we'll see—
All in our hearts a gentleman;
And we shall count the days as dear,
And say, "This is our glad New Year!"

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

MOTHERS, CO-OPERATE WITH YOUR BABIES FOR THEIR GROWTH AND HAPPINESS.

"My baby has such a dreadful temper that I don't know what in the world I can do with her."

We looked up. It was a sweet faced young woman who was speaking, but the vexatious problem of a baby girl with a masterful will had distorted the fair features until they were anything but lovely to look upon.

There was not the slightest doubt about the love and devotion which that young mother was ready to lavish on the little life in her keeping, but before the piny, up-raised fist and the defiant, flashing eyes of the willful little autocrat she stood helpless, amazed and uncertain.

And really, what could she do? She might set her own will and wishes against those of her child and persistently and resolutely refuse to be scared by screaming voice or stamping foot and in the name of motherhood demand obedience, but in order to do this she would be obliged to pursue a course of relentless authority and would only be transferring the autocracy from the person of her baby girl to herself. An autocracy between parent and child can never exist for any length of time with safety to either.

Parenthood, like every other partnership in life, must be expressed in co-operation and co-operation of necessity demands faith, confidence and unswerving allegiance on both sides.

Fathers and mothers grow in wisdom through the days when the unfolding child-life is constantly opening up new avenues of thought and development. The baby is as much an instructor, a teacher, a leader, to the parents as the parents are to the baby and every problem of parenthood should be met and mastered as a lesson in character building.

Impatience, doubt or despair never yet helped a student to solve a problem in mathematics and never will help a father or a mother to understand what to do when a little girl stamps her foot in a frantic demand to have her own way. The energy that is displayed in an exhibition of temper is a force that may be utilized to do great and wonderful things in the world. But that energy and force must be as wisely and carefully adjusted to its surroundings and environments as an electric current or it may strike down its dearest friend or destroy the very life it might bless.

Babies have rights.

This is comparatively a new idea to a large majority of parents.

And babies' rights are not confined to food and shelter.

Their lives must be touched on all sides and in all expressions by a wise love. They must laugh and play and think. Think, that is what they are doing whether we realize it or not and very early in their lives they give abundant evidence of their reasoning powers and if prolonged crying or a determined and unusual shriek brings mamma running breathless to their assistance, they store that bit of knowledge away somewhere and produce the self-same noise when they want attention at some later time.

Why make a baby wait for care until it has to scream to attract notice? The first exhibition of bad temper is often given before a step has been taken.

A baby with spirit and energy resents being tied in a chair with nothing to do but kick and play with a spoon.

That sort of thing is all right for a while, but the growing limbs and expanding brain need a change of position and something new to think about.

A mother who prides herself on having a child that needs no attention is very likely to find herself with a child who will demand much attention a little later in life.

When the little one makes demands, why not talk it over?

A soft tone and a winsome smile will subdue the temper of the baby in the house as effectively as it will charm a friend at dinner or win approval from the public.

No child wants its demands ignored and it is neither wise nor kind in a grown person to pass along unheeding the appeal of the little people about them. It takes more time to sit down and sweetly reason with the children than it does to make direct com-

mands and expect implicit obedience, but in no other way can a mother expect to hold the confidence and trust and respect of her baby than to give proof of her desire to listen to the child's version and interpretation of its demands.

That is the act of wisdom. Then love finds a way to express itself and direct the desire into some channel of usefulness. Wisdom is the Key that opens the door to the palace where Love sits waiting to serve.

Smooth the wrinkles from out your white forehead, dear little mother, and put music in your voice and see how soon that willful and ungovernable temper of your baby girl will become an active force in your life, co-operating with you in many of the daily duties and bringing the inspiration of a strong, young, daring and untrammelled spirit to the hard, unpleasant or irksome tasks in your path.

M. M. S.

The following little poem has been passed up for use in the Home Circle Department, written by Mrs. Shirley, the medium, through whom many poetical expressions have been given to cheer and sustain the lonely ones of earth.

Life's Souvenirs.

S. Shirley

From the depths of the inborn spirit,
There comes a quickening sense—
Of the gifts we each inherit,
In the past and present tense.

We have a ladies' album,
With all its wondrous store—
Of past and present conflicts,
Of trials sad and sore.

Here is a ladies' hand clasp,
It fits us like a glove,
Here a mother's anguish,
Each filling us with love.

A father's loving message,
Treasured here with care;
Here a dear friend's letter
Bidding us beware.

There are crowns of roses, lilies,
Wreathed with special grace;
Here a lover's tribute,
There a baby's face.

Grief, that we never told one,
Love, that's all our own;
Sweet whispers from the angels,
Of love and peace and home.

Bibbet.

Frank H. Sweet.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)
(Concluded from Dec. 16.)

Bibbet paused here, his brow contracting. Perhaps that was the trouble. He had always insisted on taking those parts for himself and making the others obey his orders. There was more fun that way. And, besides, he owned the boat. Could it be his mother was—

He read on: "So you are on the Maine coast, where New York gets its Christmas trees. They say the young balsam firs up there are the finest in the world. Now, when your cruise is over, if you should come straight from the Maine coast to New York, it might be a good idea to bring some Christmas trees along for the boys. Good trees in New York would cost several dollars, and perhaps their people would not feel they could afford to buy any. It will be well along in November and just the time to get Christmas trees, and I think it might please the boys."

Please them! Bibbet looked up from the letter, his face suddenly clearing. Of course it would please them, and he would not only take trees for the boys, but one for every member of their families. He had seen trees arrive in New York, tied up five in a bunch, with their branches pressed closely together. They would require scarcely any room. He could stow a hundred of them in one end of the hold and hardly know they were there. To be sure, he would take them, for all the members of their families and all their relatives. The boys were all good fellows, if they did nearly plague him to death.

But when he went on deck, his face still thoughtful, the plan elaborated itself more and more, until finally the thoughtfulness had changed to a continuous broad grin of anticipation.

The ten days' fishing along the new bank put all of the boys into the best of spirits. Even Bibbet's unusual readiness to follow their lead, instead of demanding that they should follow his, was ascribed by the others to the number of large fish he was taking. His attention was too much occupied with them to elaborate personal matters just now.

On the last day of the fishing, Tracy and Earle came to him.

"It's your turn to be captain again, old fellow," said Earle. "Just give us your orders, and we'll try to obey them, like able seamen."

"All right," answered Bibbet promptly. "You may run the boat into that little river we noticed yesterday. We'll go up a mile or so, until we see some especially fine firs, and then cast anchor. I want to take a few Christmas trees back to New York."

"But, look here," began Earle; then he stopped abruptly. He was about to say that a few Christmas trees would cost very little in New York and it would save all the trouble of going up the river and cutting them, and the inconvenience of carrying them on such a long journey. But, after all, it was Bibbet's affair, and it would be preferable to a piratical trip or a cruise under Captain Jagg Jomphewold. Let him have the trees if he wanted them, a dozen, fifty, or even a hundred, and if he wished he could set them up about the deck for the birds to light on when they flew near the boat; and Earle's eyes conveyed this to Tracy and the other boys, with a significant look, and they all grinned and nodded acquiescence.

However, when Bibbet entered systematically upon the business, setting them all at work cutting and wrapping the branches and tying the trees into bundles of five, until the hundred became five hundred, a thousand, two thousand, until the hold was packed solid and every available foot of the

deck was piled high, and even small spaces under the bunks and in the cabin were filled, their eyes became full of protest when they looked at each other. But even then their lips conveyed no remonstrance to Bibbet. This was his week, and when they were by themselves they admitted grimly that he was making the most of it. The only thing now was to get this rubbish to harbor just as quickly as possible. There could be no more fun on the boat with it; indeed, there was scarcely enough room for them to stretch out full length to sleep.

It was a drizzling, foggy day when they entered New York harbor and fastened to one of the piers; but the day was no more depressed than their spirits. The trip down from the Maine coast had been hard, continuous work, looking after the shifting load and the boat; there had not been a single hour of pleasure.

As soon as the boat was secure they all sprang for the pier, but Bibbet was there first. He motioned the others back. "Not yet, boys, not yet," he called. "You must look out for the cargo first. I've done my part and am going home now. Those trees are yours and you'd better get them into market as soon as you can, to capture first prices. There are plenty of draymen along here who'll be glad to have the hauling. The trees ought to net you at least a dollar apiece. Good-by."

"Here!" "Hold on!" "Wait a minute!" yelled the boys in a wondering chorus; but Bibbet had already raised a finger for a cab, and as they sprang toward him he jumped in and went rattling up the wharf.

A Difference.

When I beg to stay up late at night
They say it will not do,
"Tis time you got your beauty sleep,
Such a little girl as you!"
But when there's dishes to be washed,
And lots of work to do,
They say, "Come, Mildred, you can help,
Such a great big girl as you!"

Anon.

A Noble Epitaph.

A writer in the Louisville Post tells how he once found on a Kentucky hillside a quaint and loving inscription on a roughly-hewn stone over one of a pair of neglected graves in a sassafras thicket.

The stone was overgrown with wild ivy, but he could make out these words, rudely chiseled on it:

JANE LALER

Died Aug. 1849

She wuz allus kine to evrybuddie

Inquiry of an aged mountaineer about the Laler family elicited the fact that the woman was the wife of an old woodsman who once lived and hunted on Mount Elkhorn. It was probably his unpracticed hand that had carved her epitaph before he, too, was laid by her side in his hillside grave.—Selected.

Here is a new story of Whistler. Once, when in the country, and walking through a field, the great impressionist suddenly became aware of the fact that a huge bull was making straight toward him. The master ran as he had never run before, and succeeded in getting to the other side of the fence before the bull got to him. When he reached the other side he saw a farmer, the owner of the field, coolly watching the proceedings.

Mr. Whistler was furious, and, shaking his fist at the farmer, said, "What do you mean, sir, by letting a savage brute like that roam at large? Do you know who I am, sir? I'm Whistler!"

"Are you?" replied the farmer. "What's the good of telling me? Why didn't you tell the bull?"—Selected.

Modern Civilization.

Burton Holmes, the lecturer, says that the Indians of Alaska regard white men and canned goods so closely associated that they are nearly synonymous. Wherever the white man is seen canned meats, fruits and vegetables are found.

When Mr. Holmes visited Alaska, recently, he carried with him a talking machine, and it was exhibited to an old chief who had never seen one before. When the machine was started and the sound of a human voice came from the trumpet the Indian was much interested. He listened gravely for a time, then approached and neeped into the trumpet.

When the machine finished its cylinder and stopped the Indian pointed at it, smiled an expansive smile, and remarked: "Huh! Him canned white man."—Ex.

DR. BERNARDO.

The man who redeemed fifty thousand children from the gutter and who freely laid down his life in strenuous service rather than cease from that work. How the British press has changed from sneer to panegyric, while contributions beginning with twenty-seven farthings poured in until fifteen million dollars were given.—In Banner of Light, Oct. 28, 1905.

Fifty thousand children snatched from the gutter,
Fifty thousand children given bread and butter,
Fifty thousand souls given joy-words to utter.

"Good people" oft scorn the work of a man
or a woman,
And practice base methods, low, vile and inhuman,
But the work never ceases when done by a true man.

Each will be turned into praise and blessing,
And scorn and sneering to words of confessing
The power above to give full redressing.

Dr. Bernardo has passed to the fair summer land,
But his work still moves 'neath a guiding hand,
A monument ever enduring and grand.

George Spaulding Green, M. B.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

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

In Explanation.

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

To Our Readers.

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

INVOCATION.

Out into the busy world we would send our spirits, bravely seeking some task that shall lighten the burden and the load and the weariness. Away from the calm and the peace of the silent life we would hasten with spiritual purpose and bring the light of our knowledge, the joy of our truth down into the very midst of misery and pain and heart-ache. Swift would we fly to the bedside where the sick are lying. Strong shall be our arm to lift the fainting and the fallen and steady shall be our heart when with agonizing cry they ask for some solution to the question of their life and its purpose. O bless us in our undertaking to serve. May every selfish thought be cast aside; may every purpose be made so true by our aspiration after goodness and truth that the very work shall be beautiful and sanctified. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Louise Safford, Oberlin, O.

The first spirit that comes to me this afternoon is a lady about twenty-five years old. She is fair, brown hair, blue eyes and is rather a fragile, delicate looking person. Her name is Louise Safford and she says that she lived in Oberlin, Ohio. She seems quite a little excited over her coming and she says, "It is not easy for me to come. I find myself hampered by the last conditions that I had when I was in the body. I have been to see my mother, who is quite ill, and she has seen me, but she doesn't know quite whether to think that I am a spirit or that I have come to warn her, like an apparition. I wish I could make her understand how real and how tangible she is to me and how our lives can be interblended if only she would make the effort. Last week I went to see Harry. He is studying so hard that he gets very nervous and it would be much better for him if he took a rest. I suppose that that is out of the question though at present. Aunt Abbie has been very near me and has been so good helping me with my music and encouraging me to do something special to get my mind off the people I have left. She says that when she first went over she fretted so over Uncle Charlie that it kept her from making progress a good many years. I would like to see Evie and Marion. I want to send so much love and I thank you for helping me to come."

Ethel Stephens, Knoxville, Tenn.

There is a spirit here now of a girl, I should think about eighteen or nineteen. She is quite fair, has blue eyes and very light brown hair and she is just as sweet and lovable as she can be. She says that her name is Ethel Stephens and she says that she lived in Knoxville, Tenn. "O, this is so helpful to know that one can send a message to the people they love. I have been gone two years and I have been able to see my friends, but they didn't know a single thing about this and they have not had any comfort or joy since I left them. My father doesn't cry, but he sits and thinks and thinks and is so absorbed that my mother and my friends sometimes wonder if he isn't losing his mind. I wish I could tell them just how I felt when I first came away. Why, I knew when my mother stooped over me just as I was dying and she whispered to me and I wasn't able to answer for then I was looking into grandma's face and grandma was talking to me and I didn't know which one to speak to. When I began to ask questions about my body and what was being done to it, grandma and Aunt Nell both told me that what was done to that body should not affect me and it didn't. I didn't want to study or work or do anything for a long time. I just wanted to look around and see what there was that was beautiful and I found so many things. I haven't always been able to do what I wanted to over here, but I have always been able to see all my friends and now I thought that if I could just send them a little word at this happy Christmas time and let them know that I haven't forgotten them, but that I am just as fond of them now as I ever was in my life and perhaps more so because I can see them more plainly. I wish I could bring the music and the flowers that we have; they are all so much more beautiful than those in the earth-life. But I suppose I will have to wait and hold that as a surprise to those who love me. I thank you very much for the coming; it has helped me a great deal."

Fred Egan, Chelsea, Mass.

There is a spirit of a boy, I think he is about fifteen. He is just as bright as a dollar. He has dark hair and eyes, and he walks up to me and throws out his arm and says, "How's that for muscle? I have got muscle enough to fight my way anywhere I want to go, but I don't know as that will help me coming back here. I am Fred Egan, and I lived in Chelsea. I was run over and I never knew what struck me or

how it all happened. First thing I knew I wasn't in the same place and wasn't seeing the same people. The people that I met I had never seen before and I didn't think I would like them very much, but after a while they got kind of chummy with me and we got along all right. I wish I could take hold of the boys; they haven't any idea that spirits can help them and I know they can 'cause I keep whispering a word over and over again and the first thing I know the one I am whispering to begins saying it too and that makes me think they must hear my thought. I am not a lecturer and I cannot tell about these things very well. The most I can tell is that I have got a little baby brother and he seems to be the only fellow that sees me when I come. I am going to stay right close by him and not let him get run over the way I did. I have got lots of friends over here, but I made them all over here. I thank you for this chance of coming and I hope I can come again sometime."

George Barrows, Worcester, Mass.

There is a spirit here now of a man. He is tall, broad shoulders, a strong, beautiful face. He has a very broad brow and heavy eyebrows and a dark mustache; he says that his name is George Barrows and he says that he lived in Worcester, Mass. "I have heard more or less about spirits coming back. I suppose that it seems very strange to you people who talk with spirits so much to find a man who has never talked with spirits before he left his body and never tried to communicate since then, but that is my case exactly. Why, I thought life was too full of practical demands for me to ever go ghost-hunting, and it was quite a surprise to me when I got over here and found that ghost-hunting had a deeper and more significant meaning than I had ever dreamed of. I left a wife. She didn't know any more about this subject than I did and I have seen so many opportunities to give her a word of advice or help or caution if we had both understood this. I have wondered why in the world we did not have some code of signals or some method by which we could communicate if we wanted to. Do you know the first person that I saw was my own son who passed away seventeen years before I did; somehow I knew him right away, but I didn't know what to say to him, for he seemed almost a stranger. But he began to talk with me and was so easy and so much at home with my affairs that I concluded that he had a knowledge about me that far exceeded my knowledge of him. Now if I had let my practical mind embrace the practical value of the Spirit Message, I would have been one of your ardent Spiritualists working to bring some sort of order out of chaos and disorder. I am glad I have come, it will be helpful to me and I hope sometime I will be able to come again."

Charles Stedman, Jacksonville, Fla.

There is a spirit of a man here. I should think he was about six feet tall; he is very strong and athletic looking and he is very persistent and smart in his manner. He comes in with an air of premeditation and he says, "Is this the place? This is where I am to send my message, well here it is, my name is Charles Stedman and I come from Jacksonville, Fla. I have been in Boston a great many times and now that I have left your world of sense and flesh, I am anxious to make connections if it is possible. There are a good many things that intimately affect my life over here, in your world and if I could get at them and sort it out and keep a hold on the conditions I think I would be happier and I could do a good deal of good. I would like to send a message to Nellie in the first place, she has been very brave and has developed wonderfully through the burden that has been put on her shoulders and I feel like telling her so. Sometimes when she has been downcast and it didn't seem as though she could face the conditions, I have tried to encourage her with my thought and usually I have succeeded. She had depended on me so much that it was very hard to have the support taken out from under her and take matters into her own hand. You will please say to her that there is absolutely no cutting off of my life from hers through death. Why, if it were not for the lack of ability to make men hear me I think I wouldn't know any difference in my existence now and then. I am very often able to turn people my way through my will, but I don't get into any conversation and have no power to make them understand who it is that is effecting them. My son is with me over here and Julia is here, and Julia says that she tried for months after she first died to connect with Nellie, and that all the sleepless nights, the noises about the house, that used to disturb us so were nothing but manifestations of her. About the first thing I asked Julia was what she had found out about God and she said, 'I have found Him a living influence in my life today just as I did in the other life and no more.' I am going to make some little investigations in the realm of these psychic expressions and I shall come again. I shall be in the home and I doubt very much if there is any power that can keep me away from those I love. I wish Nellie would make an effort herself to see if she cannot get into definite communication with me and that would be more satisfactory. Thank you."

Pope Pius Still Learning.

Talking to some cardinals who came to congratulate him on his seventieth birthday, Pope Pius said: "I never thought I would learn as much in my old days as I am doing. For instance, I can now write my name without missing up a cascade worth 200 francs. For years I indulged in the habit of wiping my pen on the left sleeve of my coat before I began and during writing. Of course, that didn't matter much as long as I wore black clothes, but when I donned the white papal habit things looked different, and so did I when I came from my writing room. For a time my valet didn't know where to get enough clothes for me to wear. Then I determined to break with this bad habit and I did. One can give up anything if one tries hard enough."

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? An Address
Delivered by THOMAS BALDWIN FORBES, D.D.,
Bible, Newton, Mass. Sunday afternoon, October 10, 1891.
This address was given at the request of the Boston Spiritualists.
It should circulate this pamphlet in their
respective localities with a lavish hand.
Paper, 8 cents.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.
23

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 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, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor.—Morning, conference and circle. Afternoon, Prof. Carpenter entertained the audience in a successful way. Parlor circle conducted by C. W. Emery was a success. Evening, Mr. Marston assisting on the platform, Mr. Peak at the organ. Prof. Clark-Smith, Mr. Hill, Mr. Privoe, Dr. Combs, Mr. Graham, Mr. Blanchard, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Kemp, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Peak-Johnson, Mrs. Fremont, took part. Poems by Mrs. Belle Robertson, Mrs. Dr. Wildes. Solos by Prof. Peak, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Chapman.

The Brighton Psychic Society, 14 Kenrick Street (off 147 Foster Street) met Wednesday evening, Dec. 20. Mrs. Ida M. Pye and Mr. C. Dearborn of Wakefield were the speakers and mediums, both giving tests and readings that were recognized. They will be with this society Wednesday evening, Jan. 3, 1907.

Sunday evening, Dec. 24, a Christmas "At Home" with this society was participated in by a number of its supporters. Supper was served, followed by a social evening.

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street, Dec. 21, 1906.—The L. S. I. S., Mrs. Belcher, president, had a good attendance at its "Mum Supper" and all enjoyed it. The evening services were opened by the president with an invocation, followed by Mrs. Annie Morgan with communications. Mrs. Scott gave some remarkable tests and Mrs. Dix an interesting discourse, followed with tests and poem. The president gave communications, closing with a benediction. Dec. 28 the regular dance will be held.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston held its regular session at 11.30 a. m. in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street. After the lesson, Alice Barron and Lizzie Johnson gave piano solos; George Togg and Pauline Pfeiffer, read; Pauline Wagner sang, then the circle which is very interesting was held. All mediums interested in the development of the young are cordially invited. The Christmas concert and tree exercises will be held next Sunday evening in Red Men's Hall at 7.30 p. m.

Dwight Hall, Dec. 20.—The Ladies' Lyceum Union held its business meeting in the afternoon. Supper was served at 6.30. After the social hour the children from the Lyceum entertained the friends. Mrs. Butler presided. Willemena Hope and Edith Kimball, Annie Stoven, Carrie Engel, Ida Johnson, Bernice Tupper, Caroline Weiss, Gladys Hale, Lina Brown, Pauline Cousins and Eva Cousins contributed songs, readings and dances. At the close of the entertainment there was dancing.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. M. Allbe, president, held its regular meeting Friday, Dec. 22. "Our Fore-Fathers" celebration was a complete success; the costumes were unique. A suitable souvenir was given each one. After an hour of social fun the meeting was opened by singing old-fashioned songs, followed by remarks and messages from Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Fremont, Mrs. Shackley, Prof. Mahomet, Mrs. Mason. Mrs. Stiles gave an original Christmas poem. Mr. Albert Blinn will lecture next Friday evening.

American Psychical Research Society, Inc., Harvey Redding, president. Meeting opened with song service and an invocation by the president. Mrs. Frank Vickery artistically rendered a piano selection. Mr. Redding made inspirational remarks. Mrs. Abbie Burnham made remarks. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Stiles gave good messages, after which Mr. Redding gave some wonderful tests. Meeting closed with hymn and benediction.

The Thursday evening circle at 202 Main Street, Everett, devoted the first half hour to healing. A selection on the piano by Mrs. Emma Wells was finely rendered. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles did good work. Mrs. Ella Gary gave convincing messages, as did Mrs. Hobson. Mrs. Emma Wells and Mrs. Rollins read poems written under inspiration. Mr. Redding gave satisfactory delineations. There was a large attendance.

The Malden Progressive Spiritual Society.—At the Thursday evening circle, Mrs. Whall presided as leader and at the piano. Messages were given by Mrs. Morton, Mrs. O'Neil and Mrs. Whall. Sunday, at 2 p. m., the Lyceum opened with a good number of scholars. The topic lesson was "Christmas." The hall and the Christmas tree reflected much credit to the decorators. Subject for next Sunday, "New Year's." At 3.30 p. m. the Circle for Spiritual Unfoldment and Messages.

The president, Mrs. Whall, and Mrs. Carter gave many messages which were much enjoyed. Mrs. Andrews presided at the piano. At 7.30 p. m. the Christmas tree and concert. The hall was filled with interested friends. After the president welcomed the audience the little ones gave many selections. Mrs. W. S. Butler of Boston spoke beautifully to the children. Mr. Willis Milliken presided at the piano, and was repeatedly encored. Mr. Milton acted as Santa Claus and sang a Christmas song in greeting. Santa Claus received the gifts from the guards and presented them to the children.

New England States.

The First Spiritual Society of Portland, Me., held two very successful meetings. Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridge, Mass., was the speaker. His lecture in the afternoon was interesting. In the evening he answered some very difficult questions regarding the Cause. His messages were also very good. Mr. William E. Bradish, one of the home mediums, is expected next Sunday.

The First Spiritualist Society of Fitchburg had a large attendance at both services Sunday. The speaker James Lucas of Fall River, gave two interesting addresses, supplementing them with evidences of the continuity of life. Miss Howe, pianist, rendered special selections. Many comforting messages were given from spirit friends at the Medium's Circle. The special song service was helpful. Mrs. M. A. Bonney of Boston, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.

The Field at Large.

On Sunday, Dec. 24, W. J. Colville conducted the Christmas services for the Spiritual and Ethical Society of New York in Builders' League Hall, 74 W. 126th St. Very large congregations were in attendance. Miss Cushman delivered a Christmas greeting for Mrs. Brigham and herself, and spoke very earnestly concerning the good work the society was capable of accomplishing. Beautiful music was rendered by gifted artists. W. J. Colville's addresses and poems were entirely appropriate to the festive season and were heartily appreciated by the crowds who thronged about the speaker at close of the service to offer congratulations. Mrs. Brigham resumes her regular ministrations Sunday next, Dec. 31, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

At the Circle of Divine Ministry, 76 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, W. J. Colville conducted Christmas service Dec. 24 at 3.30 p. m. to an overflowing audience. The decorations were very beautiful. On Sunday next, Dec. 31, another Christmas service will be held at 3.30 p. m., with special music and an Old Year's Service at 8 p. m. both conducted by Mr. Colville, who will also lecture there on Saturday, Dec. 30, and Wednesday and Saturday, Jan. 3 and 6 at 3 and 8 p. m., also on Sunday, Jan. 7, at 8 p. m.

Mr. Colville lectures in New York at Alliance Hall, 33 W. 69th St., Tuesday and Friday, Jan. 2 and 5 at 3 and 8.15 p. m., and on Thursday, Jan. 4, at 125 W. 56th St., at 3 and 8.15 p. m., to which all letters, etc., should be addressed till further notice.

The Willing Workers Spiritual Society of Hamilton, Canada, gave expression of their confidence and interest in the work of the medium, Mrs. Susanna Harris of Columbus, Ohio, in a very pretty and substantial manner. Mrs. Harris has been serving this society for the last eight weeks, and in appreciation of her interest in it she was greeted at the close of an address by a number of the leading members and friends and was presented with a purse of \$25.00, accompanied by a cordial invitation to return at an early date. Mrs. Harris expressed her hearty thanks for all the many kindnesses shown to her. Such sincere and practical expression of the work done by the mediums who throw themselves into the work with all the devotion and zeal at their command is surely worthy of commendation, and we are glad to note this event already published in the Hamilton Herald.

Announcements.

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.

Mrs. N. J. Willis is to move from her present address to 122 Western Avenue, Cambridge, where she will be glad to receive her friends and patrons.

W. J. Colville in New York: Saturday, Dec. 30, 3 p. m., Sub-Consciousness and Super-Consciousness; 8 p. m., Memory and Intuition. Sunday, Dec. 31, 8 p. m., How to Secure a Truly Blessed New Year. Wednesday, Jan. 3, 3 p. m., A Study in Consciousness (Suggested by Annie Besant); 8 p. m., Life More Abundant (Suggested by Henry Wood). Saturday, Jan. 6, 3 p. m., "And God Said": A Study in Genesis (Suggested by Ursula N. Gestefeld); 8 p. m., Human Freedom—Its Nature and Development. Sunday, Jan. 7, 8 p. m., Ideals Actualized—The Soul Triumphant. Questions invited after each lecture. Single admission, 25 cents. Course tickets (12 functions), \$2.50.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor. Meetings Sunday 11, 3 and 7.30. Tuesday 2.30. Indian Healing Circle. Thursday 3. Psychometry. Watch meeting Dec. 31st.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists will hold its regular meeting Dec. 27 at Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. Ave. A fine miscellaneous entertainment will be given by Misses Camie, Bonney and Parker, assisted by Mr. J. S. Scarlett in giving messages and Mr. Taylor vocalist.

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. On Wednesday evening, Jan. 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 Hygienic supper, which should occur on that evening, will be postponed until the following Wednesday, Jan. 10.

The annual meeting of the M. S. A. will be held in Berkeley Hall Annex on Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1907, at 10.30 a. m., for members only. G. A. Fuller, pres. C. L. Hatch, sec.

American Psychical Research Society, Harvey Redding, President, holds meetings in Malden Square at Old 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 Avenue). A Church Social will be held on Friday evening, Dec. 29, at the home of the president, 202 Main St., Everett.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

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

MRS. MARTHA W. REEVES.

Mrs. Martha W. Reeves, 68 years, passed to Spirit Life Sunday evening, Dec. 3d, from the family home in Minneapolis, Minn. Mrs. Reeves was a Spiritualist of many years' standing; she was a member of the Ladies' Swedenborg Union, which is an auxiliary to the "Band of Peace." She was a reader of the Banner for thirty-five years and took the keenest interest in everything that pertained to the advancement of the Cause which was so dear to her heart.

Mrs. Reeves came to Old St. Anthony in 1857 with her husband, the late Isaac P. Reeves. She is survived by six sons, five of whom reside in Minneapolis.

Services were held at the family residence under the auspices of Mrs. S. M. Lowell and Miss Alice Wickstrom, both Spiritualists, which was in accordance with Mrs. Reeves' wish.

May the joy and peace that comes from the knowledge of the interblending of the Spiritual life with every moment of material existence sustain these sons whose mother will ever draw near in time of sorrow or distress or joy and gladness during the days that will intervene ere they are gathered as one family in that home to which she has gone.

W. J. Colville's New Book.

The author desires us to announce that the peculiar offer of two copies for \$1.00 to be sent to all subscribers whose remittances are received before the work goes to the press positively closes Jan. 31, 1907; after which date all who desire to subscribe before publication must send 75c. for each copy.

Price of book when published (expected in March) will be \$1.00.

The color-printing in the January Century will include another of Miss Anna Whelan Betts's drawings of old-time days in America, this month, "The Sewing-room," besides two pages of decoration, by Miss Beatrice Stephens, of an old English religious lyric.

"The Phillistine" About to Jump?

Fra Albertus says: High intellect and spiritual power, says Dr. Emerson, must not be expected until sex is, in degree, in abeyance and the rose-blush of body takes on the tinge of autumn. Wrinkles and gray hair are nature's gentle touch upon the arm and a hint that mortality is a divine order—nothing is permanent but change—and if anything endures it is spirit and intellect.

And then for the first time we think—before this we did nothing but feel.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Rebbeiter.

"The Old Salt's Grave" is a pleasant Christmas gift from Henry Allen Hancock, who makes a booklet of a little over twenty pages, selling for a quarter, which gives a story of sea life in prose and verse which is very interesting and poetical. It would please the sailor and his friends immensely—it is so real and true to life. The illustrations make the poem stand out in clear and lovely pictures. The artist has the spell of illuminating and making beautiful the text. It is charming work—and this picture of sea life ought to have a large sale.

Mr. Hancock is the artist who so beautifully illustrated "The Song of the Soul Victorious."

The Symphony of Life is the pleasant title Henry Wood gives to a collection of essays on the higher life and the law of its attainment or expression. The title itself is friendly as putting music into the mind and making us see that the melody of the days may be the great work of life.

The author is keenly aware of the declining faith of many who have been in the churches. The old liberal interpretation of the Bible has deadened its import, and he revives our interest in it by showing it is alive with meaning for us, that it has thought for us to carry out the daily struggle and win. Mr. Wood has the insight and sympathy of such souls as Channing and Phillips Brooks—and he has the freedom of the layman to tell all the truth revealed to him, and in such a way as to make us desirous of being its friends.

He is a builder, taking away the old but this without any offence. He is open-minded and acknowledges the good wherever found—and we see it with delight as if we were with the wise men and saw the star. He has no isms to force upon us, and it is refreshing to read right along and have such manly humanness set before us. Many questions receive illumination as Evil, War, Sickness, Conscience, Liberalism, Dogmatism, and other subjects near to our modern life. On every one he gives us a word new and clear and helpful. (Boston: Lee and Shepard.)

A cough will be quickly relieved by Piso's Cure for Consumption. 25c.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(Pat. 28, Copyrighted, 1896, by C. E. Webster.)

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 "4 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 Nos. as	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Dec. 31-45	G	M	E	K	B	F						
46-57	G	M	E	K	B	F						
58-69	F	G	M	E	K	B						
70-81	F	G	M	E	K	B						
82-93	F	G	M	E	K	B						
94-5	B	F	G	M	E	K						
6-16	B	F	G	M	E	K						
17-28	K	B	F	G	M	E						
29-40	K	B	F	G	M	E						
41-52	E	K	B	F	G	M						
53-64	E	K	B	F	G	M						
65-76	M	E	K	B	F	G						
77-88	M	E	K	B	F	G						
89-90	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 especial 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 4 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-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. 33.

WE ARE BUT CHILDREN.

Many religionists play upon the saying: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that the world through him might be saved." This might be all right if they would only try to remember that they are not all there is to the world. In fact, the whole body of mankind is not all there is to the world. The animals are as much a part of the world as human beings. Animal man is brother to the animal ox and spirit man is an angel to the spirit ox. The spirit of the ox whom the man drives may be better than the spirit of the man that drives the ox. True astrology can tell which is the better of the two.

Up to the time of the Reformation the Christian world was largely under the domination of a juggling priesthood. They took pains to keep the masses in scholastic ignorance, and clothed their own knowledge of the heavens in every sort of a mystic garb to confine the knowledge within their own domineering circles. The masses meanwhile were mixed with worshippers of the cross and worshippers of the skull and crossbones. The former was the emblem of the priesthood, while the latter was the emblem of the banditti or the barbarian.

One emblem was but a mockery of the other, and each of them represented man's place in nature at the center of the four quarters of the earth. By the wisest of men it was so understood. By the masses these emblems were only understood as the symbols of the priesthood, and of the banditti as opposed to each other. One was claimed as the talisman of Good; the other as the talisman of Evil. Other than that the masses knew nothing only by word of mouth as the priests chose to tell them. Books were few and far between, and cumbersome as well, being constructed on papyrus or rolls of parchment. Not one in ten thousand knew how to read or write, and the condition was not a great deal better even up to the time of the American Revolution. Public schools were unknown and only the rich could take advantage of private instructions or of the exclusive universities, not more than one or two in an entire nation, with transportation mainly by horses or lumbering vehicles. Up to the time of Galileo the priests and almost every grade of scholarly effort were devoted to study of sacred astrology, of which the masses knew nothing, yet were left to be imposed upon by designing priests or by others, who, in spite of their privileges, were not over and above educated, as a whole.

Putting the best face possible upon the matter, and the Christian world, en masse, has not had more than 400 years to thrash out the impositions foisted upon the world during a period of nearly one thousand years of the Christian Dispensation, which is historically known as "the Dark Ages."

Was it dark before that time? Ah, yes, and for centuries, and from another sort of darkness out of which Jesus of Nazareth is purported to have piloted us, but—go back to times before the degenerated condition of Babylonia, to the palmy days of the Arcadians, the Chaldeans and the Medes and the Persians. These times and these people, particularly the former, were highly educated, and Father Abraham, with such learning, especially in astronomy and astrology, which were one and the same at that time, went into Egypt and blended his knowledge with that which the Egyptians had already possessed. Later Moses gathered his superior knowledge from these people and capped it with knowledge among the Midianites.

Books and extensive libraries were not unknown to these people, but after the days of Moses, literature declined or was totally wiped out by wars of nation against nation and tribes against tribes, so that the preservation of life became of more importance than spiritual understandings. For nearly two thousand years, then, the masses had no great opportunity of learning the Truth. During these two thousand years they lost the Divine Spirit of the previous ages, and have been dependent upon only what their fathers knew. Their fathers were at the mercy of every mouth to mouth argument, or dependent upon exclusive organizations who shouted in their ears, "Believe as we say or suffer our condemnation, through ostracism."

Not much over a hundred years ago and the people of "cultured Boston" were so unable to read that merchants had to use pictured signs to inform the people of the kind of wares they sold. Beer mugs and decanters were among the most numerous. In order to overcome intemperance, the

Washingtonian movement set up a cry against signs, and it became an act of temperance morality, to cry out against a belief in signs. They did not mean a disbelief in the Signs of the Heavens, which Jesus of Nazareth advocated, but liquor signs. In order to overcome them they denounced store signs in general, especially of the pictorial order, which directed the illiterate to dens of vice. The church expression of those days, saying: "I don't believe in signs," has come down to us as if it meant a denunciation of the Signs of the Zodiac, or any other sign connected with things without which we would have no understanding whatever. This is not to be wondered at, but now the time is past when such a disbelief had a purpose, it is not wise to continue in the error and lose the superior knowledge of spiritual and heavenly laws which were known thousands of years ago, when such books as the Book of Job was written, and which contains knowledge of how Saturn afflicted that patient man, and how he recovered when Jupiter came around to his relief.

Just think of it! Only four hundred years for a whole world of ignorant people in general to rise to the state of literary knowledge it now possesses and in direct opposition to church powers that termed the art of printing a "black art" and the work of the devil. Printing, no longer ago than when I was a boy, was a dirty, slow and exceedingly tedious operation. Every press was run by hand power and no presses capable of running off more than a few hundred impressions an hour, and but one page at a time, of a paper the size of the Banner. Daily papers were almost entirely unknown in the whole world. We are only slightly above the general ignorance which about two hundred years ago was as dense as that of the lately liberated slaves of the South, and without the advantages enjoyed by those slaves who were at once able to take advantage of an already educated community about them.

We are only just crawling out of the shadows of the dark ages. Is it any wonder, with the superstitions entailed by a condition of 2,000 years, and inherited from the blood and mentality of our immediate ancestors that we are unable to look at truth squarely in the face and separate the wheat from the chaff. Out of chaos God created the material world, then it lifted itself up into a high estate in spiritual understandings, and then fell back again to the material stage, and is now again struggling to recover that spiritual understanding, such as was known by Job and the men of his far distant age.

Materiality and spirituality, operate upon the world like night and day. "First the corporeal, and then the incorporeal," or "The first shall be last and the last first." The world is in its last throes of materiality, but the last part of any condition is always the worst part. We are now in the "Abomination of Desolation in holy places." Things are not said in popular life because the sayers have anything of importance to say, but things are said merely because the sayers are expected to say something.

We are at the ending of the Mercury cycle, and are about to enter into the Mars cycle of nearly forty years. The sign was given in the heavens in about 1894, but who among men cared for what the heavens said? Who among the Romans under Nero cared for what they said through the mouth-piece of Jesus of Nazareth? "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" The Mars cycle means war, war, war, and not alone in Russia, nor alone on the Eastern continent. This Mars cycle is the ninth Mars cycle from the time of Alexander the Great. It means Change, Change, Change, all over the world. Forces that have been slumbering as if they were dead have only been waiting, waiting, waiting. Not all at once will it break forth, but a little here and a little there, until, like a prairie fire, it will rage in all its fury, started no one knows where, but devastating in its series of years. No one in particular to blame, for we are all but part of one stupendous whole, but standing above a volcano. Man's ignorance consists in not knowing how to prevent man's inhumanity to man.

The eight-day clock is a hard worker and a chronic striker.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind Man's erring judgment, and mislead the mind, What the weak head with strongest bias rules, Is Pride—that never-failing vice of fools.

Alexander Pope.