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NO. 24

GUIDE US, O GREAT SPIRIT.

Rev. H. S. Gersons, L.L.D.

(Contributed to the Banner of Light.)

Guide us, O Great Spirit!
Through these realms of life,
Filled with toil and anguish,
Dark with mortal strife!

Guide us, O Great Spirit,
As we learn the way!
Help us onward, ever,
Teach us how to pray!

Thou who art the fountain
Of our love and light,
Help us to draw nearer
Wisdom, Truth, and Right!

May we cast out malice,
Hatred, greed, and pride,
And, in thoughtful kindness,
Evermore abide.

Daily may we struggle
With the wrong within,
And, with trust and patience,
Each new day begin.

*Suggested by "Too Poor to Keep Christmas," Banner of Light editorial, Dec. 23, 1905.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whitting.

"Behold, I dream a dream of good."

"Spiritualism comes as a Godsend to millions who are incapable of believing the Christian faith. Without its aid it teaches that death is the gate of life. Hence that there is continuous and immediate and conscious being, with no sleeping in the grave. For, as our beautiful burial service says, the souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh are in joy and felicity."—Archdeacon Colley.

Spiritualism is, at once, a life as well as a litany; it is perpetual realization and experience as well as conviction; it is a working formula of life to be simultaneously believed and lived. Its belief constantly and increasingly prefigures itself to one as most important, for convictions are an essential part of conduct. One's convictions determine his ideals. What does Lowell say?

"Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star, new-born, that drops into its place
And which, once circling in its placid
round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake."

Conviction precedes and controls conduct. The conviction of the entire Christian world that the soul is immortal has had the most incalculably potent effect on the progress of life for nineteen hundred years. Now let us, for a moment, endeavor to estimate the contrast between this bare conviction that somehow, sometime, somehow, the soul has in itself eternal life, held with vagueness even though tenacity; held blindly, yet still held; a belief in which when imagination entered at all, it entered with fantastic construction—yet the holding of this one fundamental truth of immortality has redeemed the world from sinking into utter materialism; it has been the one-leaven that has kept mankind closely linked to moral ideals and has perpetuated aspiration for higher and purer conditions of existence. Now if an idea held with such vagueness, yet one that has persisted through the ages, can exert so beneficent and enduring an influence, what might not be the vitalizing power of this idea expanded into its larger truth; freed from fantastic error; seen in all its noble integrity; held as the great reality and the actual experience of every hour,—as the ever-present and the inseparable reality—of the moment, rather than as the vague and nebulous belief in some unformulated and incomprehensible future? The prevailing Christian belief has been, in substance, that man possessed some incomprehensible attribute called "the soul," that this "soul" was eternal in its nature, and at death was freed from the body, and went—somewhere! and lived on,—someway! That there was,—in some mysterious and incomprehensible locality—somewhere in the universe a place called heaven, to which those who had fulfilled certain moral conditions and accepted certain theological beliefs, at once entered; and from which those who had not so lived and believed were debarred for a longer or shorter time, or even forever,—this latter part of the belief being variable and depending on the sect or the individual. Now

this bare outline of the regulation Christian belief is not given here with any lack of entire respect. For myself,—if I may be pardoned the personal reference,—I have been from earliest childhood closely associated with, and nurtured in, the Episcopal communion; in its sacred form of worship I was confirmed in early girlhood; to it my allegiance has never faltered, but has, on the contrary, grown always more intense, and more vital. With the infinite privilege of being among the parishioners of Bishop Phillips Brooks and of Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald—two men whose absolute personal consecration to God, and whose lives of holy and beautiful illustration of divine ideals have left upon Boston, and as a legacy to the entire world their noble ideals of the Christian life—with this infinite privilege in vivid and grateful memory, I could never lack in reverence of feeling for the Christian Church in all its varied forms and sects,—Catholic or Protestant,—or in any of the many forms and names of the Protestant communion. The only point is this; if the Christian church whose belief, at best, has been so vague, and so lacking in the larger realization of the true nature of the life after death,—if, with all this, vagueness and admixture of fantastic error, the Christian belief has held such incalculable power for good over humanity, what might it not achieve if it could be enlarged, enlightened, illuminated, by the higher and fuller truth?

An inconsequential question has not unfrequently been propounded as to whether a "Spiritualist" is, or can be, a Christian, and vice versa? The question answers itself. The belief of the Spiritualist is preeminently the Christian belief, raised to its highest power, as a mathematician would put it. The faith of the Spiritualist is the faith literally taught by Jesus. It is faith committed to the saints. It is the faith revealed in the Bible. It is the faith especially attested; especially emphasized, over and over again, in the gospels of the New Testament. The renewed life and power of the church lies in accepting this larger revelation of truth that, for the past half century, has especially been given to the world. It is of a nature to reconstruct human life on a new and higher basis; to extend its relationships and inspire it with certainties in the place of fantasies; with the clear perception of divine laws and the realization of the divine nature of life.

"All true, whole men succeed; for what is worth
Success's name, unless it be the thought
The inward surety to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end?"

"New times demand new measures and new men!
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day we
best;
And doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth."

"The steady growth of truth." Here is our point of departure. The religion of Spiritualism provides for and accepts this "steady growth of truth." Fakes and absurdities do not affect it, any more than the manufacture of counterfeit money affects finance. In either case, these are simply evils against which due precaution must be taken. The physician does not renounce the medical profession because of quacks, nor does the lawyer, because of slysters, renounce the profession of law. Spiritualism teaches the rational conception of the life beyond death. It is not that man "has a soul" but, rather, that he is a spiritual being, now and here, and that his present life is an integral part of his immortality; that the present time is an integral part of Eternity. Now to realize this sublime truth is to bring to bear sublime effects on the quality of daily life. One does not live with the idea that to do wrong—or to fall into perpetual minor errors—to be, of course, repented of and forgiven, is inevitable to the entire course of experience this side of death, and that after death "the soul" is conveyed to some mysterious place from which temptations are removed; but,—to accept the spiritual philosophy is to realize that all life is conditioned; that "heaven" is not a locality, but a spiritual condition which we may—and should—enjoy every hour, here and now; that its enjoyment does not depend upon

things, but upon thoughts; that "the soul" is embodied in an ethereal form of which the physical form is the mere replica—the outer case; that this ethereal body is, indeed, the real, the "substantial" body, spoken of by St. Paul, and that the emerging from the physical case and finding one's self—in the ethereal body and in the ethereal world,—is the merest incident in the evolutionary process of life. Miss Martha Craig, in a recent lecture in Brooklyn said:—

"It is the body that has hampered mankind in his seeking after immortality, and as soon as we learn that it is merely condensed air then we shall learn that death is a mistake. We know that light can pass through the human body, as the X-ray has demonstrated, and certainly heat can. Now, I have shown that electricity can be sent through it quite as easily. The body is, in fact, the most immaterial thing in the world, and there is no reason why the trained and educated mind cannot some day throw it off and put it on at will."

That the ethereal body can pass in and out of the physical body is already an authentic fact, too abundantly and scientifically attested to be doubted by any intelligent person. The "silver cord" being "loosed," as stated in the Bible, is a literal fact, and one which Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, for one, has seen and recorded. When this "silver cord" is broken, the magnetic connection between the ethereal and the physical bodies is dissolved, and it is the state we call death. The ethereal body can no more enter into this temporary tenement and use it, but it can step aside from its tenement and return into it again, so long as the "silver cord" remains unbroken. Just as the ethereal body and the physical body are magnetically related, so are the ethereal and the physical atmospheres inter-related, inter-penetrated. The physical world is the cruder and the denser condition of matter; the ethereal world is the finer condition of matter; and the spiritual world and the spiritual body are the still more refined and advanced conditions of the ethereal world and the ethereal body. It is all discrete degrees,—the outer environment being always in harmonious correspondence with the life. The spiritual being, though still embodied in physical form, sees, hears, perceives,—vividly or dimly, as may be—this ethereal world, peopled with beings in the ethereal form, that is all around us, and in the midst of which we live and move and have our being. Every call of the spirit is answered. It rests with ourselves to catch that answer. In the excellent little monthly called "Reason" there is related, in the January number, the following instance:—

"The Rev. Father Hubert, of the Order of Passionists, mentioned in one of his sermons recently that a deceased member of the Order visited and spoke to him in the monastery at Ardoyne, Belfast. He is reported to have said that:

"One night after he had retired to rest in the monastery a knock came to his bedroom door. A familiar knock was also heard by another Passionist father, who occupied the adjacent bedroom. Both opened their doors, and both saw the figure of a Passionist father parading the corridor, and finally disappearing—'melting into thin air.' Similar knocking was repeated on other occasions, on one of which Father Hubert accented the apparition in the presence of other Passionist fathers. The apparition spoke and said that he (the preacher) had not fulfilled a promise made to him when in the flesh, to pray for him a certain number of times on certain occasions."

"Father Hubert then told the astonished congregation that he had made this promise to a Passionist father, since deceased, whose ghost the apparition was recognized to be by himself and two others of the fathers—who had witnessed it. He had overlooked performing the promise, but since this extraordinary reminder from the other world he had said the prayers for the repose of the soul of the apparition, and the ghost had not appeared again in the monastery."

"So far from the apparition being 'startling' or 'sensational,' it was not the first, second, or even third visitant from the other world that had been seen in the monastery at Ardoyne. 'In fact,' said the rector, 'there is not a religious Order such as the Passionist community that has not records in its annals of numbers of instances where ghosts or apparitions have appeared under somewhat similar circumstances. This is a spirit-world, and the reason that more apparitions of the departed do not appear to their friends is on account of the fear and dread and nervousness of the living.'"

The editor of "Reason" embodies a truth regarding the future when he says:—

"We venture the prophecy that the next few decades will witness large accessions to Spiritualism from the ranks of the orthodox clergy. It is true, Spiritualism as an organization has very little in the way of worldly inducement to offer them. All the better then for the purity of motive and sincerity with which they will embrace it. We base our prophecy upon the prevalence and power of the spiritual phenomena, the weakening hold of the old dogmas, the hunger of the human soul for truth, and the vast amount of psychic investigation going on today. Preachers are good men, as a rule, but very poorly equipped in knowledge of spiritual things. When the full truth bursts upon them, as it must some day, there will be found among them men in vast numbers having the martyr spirit within them who will forsake all and follow it."

"The comparative few clergymen who have already espoused Spiritualism are a prophecy of a general turning over in days to come."

Spiritualism is but "the fulfilling of the law." It is the larger concept of the Christian faith. It is the true religion, and truth need not worry in the least regarding its ultimate acceptance. "The solar system has no anxiety about its reputation," well said Emerson. The sublime truth of the absolute oneness of life and the oneness of the universe is pouring itself into the world. "I have many things to say, but ye cannot hear them now," said Jesus. It has required the long evolutionary progress of nineteen centuries to develop man to the degree that he is able to grasp these higher spiritual realities. Now he is entering on them and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.

The Brunswick, Boston.

A Living Faith.

To live the bright side of our faith, to show that open communion between the two worlds means beauty of spirit and conduct,—to do this fearlessly, faithfully and constantly, would be the great blessing we have to give to the world. It is what we must do to make the world respect and love our faith. We must be as good as the best, and a little better if we can.

We see at once that orthodoxy discredits itself as the religion of Jesus because it does not live his precepts, but dogma and a scheme of salvation where Jesus has done it all. We say this is a superstition that is tolerated because it is easy and old. All the same it is as useless as bows and arrows for modern warfare. It is a make-believe and hindrance to the progress of man.

We wish to make no such mistake. We know of our immortality that we may live it. We know of our angel friends that we may be like them. We wish to come up to the standard they set us of purity of thought, speech, and conduct. If we realize it—we have a living faith that makes us faithful to all the duties, graces and virtues of life.

Dr. I. K. Funk to His Critics.

When Dr. Funk refused to join in the denunciations of Mrs. Pepper as a fraudulent medium, he was made a target for a series of savage attacks. A so-called "Anti-Fraud Society" (made up chiefly of two critics, in Brooklyn, avowed materialists, as Dr. Funk assures us), issued a pamphlet bearing on the subject and making certain definite attacks on Dr. Funk's honesty in statement. Dr. Funk has been too honorably known by the American public to suffer seriously by these attacks, but in the following he so well states some excellent points on the subject involved that we give further publicity to his fair and courteous statement, in beautiful contrast to the mud-slinging characteristics of Messrs. Rinn and Davis of the Anti-Fraud Society, as follows:

"It can be of very little advantage to your readers to learn what Mr. Rinn and Mr. Davis think of me as an investigator, or I of them; but it is in my judgment of profound importance that psychologists and other scientists trained to accurate observation and thinking be persuaded to persistent and serious efforts to solve the real psychic problem."

There is no problem before the public that has in it so great potentialities for good as has this one. When a man of clear, hard scientific sense, like Sir Oliver

Lodge, after much investigation, is led to say as he did in the Pall Mall Magazine, January, 1904:

"Some of us have proofs that the individuality persists after death, which are as certain as proof can be. . . . The laborious documents of the Society for Psychical Research are there for all the world to see, and while we have exposed much fraud and discredited much Spiritualism, we have collected evidence of the possibility of communication between this and other worlds, which deserves consideration."

And when eminent scientific men of tried skill, like Alfred Russel Wallace, and other exceedingly keen investigators who have made much study of the tricks of conjurers, and have deeply studied psychology; like the late Richard Hodgson and James H. Hyslop, tell us that when they began their psychic investigations they were materialistic in their belief, but came out of their investigations convinced of the continuity of human existence—then flippant assertion and mere pooh-poohing are out of place.

"Mr. Rinn insists that I am no scientific investigator. On that he and I can shake hands; that is what I have been saying all along and have been simply urging those who are qualified for this kind of work to take it up in earnest and push it to results. In 'The Widow's Mite' two years ago I said

"I am not attempting to discover anything, but am attempting to state clearly a problem and to urge others, better qualified, to the discovery of its solution. . . . that I claim only these simple virtues, if virtues they be: (1) The humility of a man who knows he does not know, and (2) the willingness to state clearly the exact problem to be solved, content to leave its solution to the trained psychologists of the world, inside and outside of universities."

"I presume it is scarcely necessary for me to deny the following from Mr. Rinn's letter in the New York Sun of January 15: 'Dr. Funk frequently misstates facts, as shown by his denial in The Sun of February 25 that he had been to Chicago last winter and had purchased spirit pictures from the Bang sisters, which we later proved to be true by documentary and by personal evidence of the Bang sisters.'"

"This was the mistake of a reporter. I never denied, directly or indirectly, any of the facts in the case, not one. On the contrary, before a word was said in the papers about this matter, I showed the pictures to Mr. Davis, and told him just how, where and why I secured them, and asked him to help me to get at the correct explanation, believing him an expert in jugglery work. Then when the reporters got the affair mixed I corrected it, over my own name, in a card to the press."

"It is not necessary to redden Mr. Rinn's extended assertion about the experiments made at a private house. I find that not one of the others present so misunderstood me."

"Notwithstanding Mr. Rinn grows merry over becoming as 'a little child' in investigations, let me once more quote Thomas Huxley, with special emphasis upon the words, 'every preconceived notion':

"Sit down before a fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing." ('The Life and Letters of Huxley,' by his son, Volume I, page 235). "And Goethe tells us that when he set about to learn any new truth he first emptied himself of all knowledge, until he could feel as he felt when he began to learn his A B C. Humility is ever the entrance way to the temple of truth! But it is well to remember the profound distinction between being childlike and childish, and I think I for one effectively so remember."

I. K. Funk.

New York, Jan. 20.

A wise man is one who keeps his eyes open and tries to improve.

A fool passes through lots of trouble and won't learn to leave it.

Happiness costs nothing if you are willing to take it.

You can't buy happiness if money is all you have to pay for it. Common sense goes with the coin.

So far as existing records show, the oldest approximation to libraries was brought to light by the Assyrian discoveries in the form of Babylonish books inscribed on clay tablets. They are supposed to have been prepared for public instruction about 650 B. C. Plutarch is said to have founded a library at Athens about 537 B. C., but there is no clear evidence to that effect. According to Strabo, Aristotle was the first known collector of a library, and bequeathed it to Theophrastus, B. C. 322, the library finally going to Rome.—Searchlight.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT
SOMEWHERE.

Homer Darling Treat.

In the beautiful, bright Somewhere;
With God's flowers everywhere
Waiting perfumes through the air—
Freed from every grief we bear,
We shall dream, where dreams are fair,
In the beautiful, bright Somewhere.

At the gates of Perfect Peace,
Just this side of Resting Seas,
We will meet our every friend,
All the loved ones of our own.
We will enter pastures, where
All God's mysteries will be known;
Where life's tears and pains will end,
In the beautiful, bright Somewhere.

As we drift through peaceful skies,
All life's dreams we'll realize.
Scenes like panoramas rise—
Never ending Paradise.
As immortals we shall blend
Into love that will not end
In the fields just over there,
In the beautiful, bright Somewhere.

Far away in the distant sky,
Where radiant beings float on high,
Amidst the ether's glorious blue,
Rapturous melodies sweet and clear—
As in dreams we sometimes hear;
All our longings will come true,
Joyous greetings everywhere,
In the beautiful, bright Somewhere.

Love will be the ruling power—
Not the love of life's brief hour;
Love that truly satisfies,
In God's times we'll realize,
Love that never, never dies,
Through all space will harmonize,
We in praise should give our prayer,
For the beautiful, bright Somewhere.

Gleaning from the Bostrum.

What Do We Indorse?

An Address by George W. Kates, December 10, 1905, before the First Association of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C.

This should be a very important discussion; and while it might meet with the approval of most of my auditors and the public, I presume it would scarcely meet with the acceptance of all the Spiritualists. But I do believe there is much in connection with the value of Spiritualism, the message of Spiritualism, the philosophy of Spiritualism and the religion of Spiritualism that does meet with almost general accord of the Spiritualists. We hear it constantly said that we disagree so much that we scarcely can agree on anything. To the contrary it seems to me that we are agreeing very positively and very generally upon some great principles, some great ethical propositions and many very important propositions relating to life here and life hereafter.

In our conventions I find, as a rule, very little disagreement on some of the considerations with regard to the ultimate propositions. Generally there is a disposition upon the part of the Spiritualists to obtain the best from any source from which it can be obtained.

It is true that we have not as yet made any distinctive effort to set up a formulated "doxy." We have approached to some extent a declaration of principles, in which there is a large agreement; and only upon some very unimportant connections is there disagreement. I cannot say that we will ever be able to formulate a declaration of principles which might possibly be called a creed or doctrine of the Spiritualists that would stand forevermore; and I could not for one moment suppose that any such formulations could ever be so projected by any set on earth that would stand forever, for the simple reason that truth is a process of unfolding and not a conscious acquisition. Truth changes with the changing developments of human life and with the applications of human genius and power. Creeds of the past are being changed and have been changed.

I commonly say there is only one doctrine that will stand continuously, and that is the positive proof of the resurrection. Upon that rock I am satisfied Jesus desired his church to be built; and I am convinced that back of him the desire of those ministering through him was that upon that rock the church would be established.

That is the fundamental basis of Spiritualism; but it is also the fundamental basis of every other religion of the world. Of course, if you were to call paganism a religion, possibly it might not be so; yet the people called pagans had a form of belief with regard to the transmigration of souls, acknowledging thereby that there is something that does continue. If they acknowledged that something continued, then there must be something more than the material body to continue; and our proposition of a spiritual force in continued identity is endorsed and may be stated to be a general belief with all religious sects.

Our theological friends have never been able to develop a comprehensive comprehension of how we are incarnate souls, nor just exactly how we became souls; for the statement that God breathed into us the breath of life and made us living souls does not comport with our investigations with regard to the soul property of every form—organic and inorganic—in matter. Then they believe, as they have investigated Nature, that there is a process of unfolding; and therefore there could not have been one distinctive creative process. In other words, creation must be going on incessantly; did not start and stop; was not a beginning and an ending within itself; was not simply an act of a creative being, but is the continuous process of creative energy.

Now this philosophy did not come particularly into vogue until what we might call the Spiritual Philosophy was announced, promulgated and taught—particularly taught by the spirit first.

The fundamental basis of Spiritualism is

spirit communion, the doctrine and belief and demonstration of spirit life, the proof of a continuity of existence. In that respect the religions of the world have failed; and there certainly is in connection with that proposition the greatest necessity today for public demonstrations, which need will continue for some decades.

There is a distinctive necessity, then, for the Spiritualists to continue as a separate cult, sect or class of people, for the purpose of promulgating the doctrine and demonstrating the facts of spirit life. The churches have thus failed; religions generally have not been satisfactory in this direction; and the scientists have failed down the ages to demonstrate, notwithstanding some evidences dropped out along the line.

Shall we rest our case there? Shall we say that is the only value to Spiritualism? Shall we say that therein is the only duty of Spiritualists? Shall we say that that is all we have to do? It seems to me, if that is the case, there is no necessity for a distinctive class; for this fact becomes the property and the condition of every class of people of the world, and has become a possibility within the family relation, within the church, and within the social conditions of the races of mankind.

It seems to me that we as Spiritualists have something to do. But you do not give heed to that something. You do not give heed to the great necessities of the case. You do not bring to the sanctuary anything else than a crude disposition to investigate a crude phenomenon; and you have envied your Spiritualism in that one direction. You do not bring here a spiritual power within yourself, nor do you bring here a mental and spiritual affluence. There is a great necessity to exhort our people!

I think—if I think at all—that there have been brought to us from the spirit side of life, certain ethical teachings. Now these ethical teachings are along the lines of such arguments based upon the evidences of the teacher's life: based upon the conditions of their experiences. That they live, that they exist and can reveal their presence with us, are, within themselves as teachings, great innovations upon preconceived opinions for the revolution of theology, of society, of philosophy and of science. In all of these directions do such teachings appertain to the conditions of spirit life.

If you would run through the gamut of popular theological teachings of today you would find there no progressive development for the individual after this life here on earth is over. You would find the very basis of their teaching is that you will go either to extreme bliss or to the opposite of despair and terror. Two extremes lay ahead of you, according to popular doctrine.

A distinctive condition upon which the Spiritualists of the world agree, and upon which the spirits of the other side of life agree, is that there is progressive development. They may differentiate in their views with regard to the processes of that progressive development; but the doctrine within itself of unfolding in accord with causations and with effects is positively the statement of the spirit without any discrepancies, so far as I have discovered. Directly in accord therewith is the additional statement that we are all going into that other plane of life—the natural sequence of this life; and therein is a harmonic, universal thought, and one upon which we could build a sect with a grander, greater doctrine than the other sects have. As we investigate the latter we discover that they contain certain doctrines like baptism, some advocating immersion alone and others only sprinkling, and others with regard to some minor principle or doctrine enunciated in the Scriptures, up or down to Mormonism, and out into all the fads to which any of the religions are committed that are based upon biblical evidences of one particular character rather than a universal, provable law. And so Spiritualism upon the basis of unfolding in accord with law, in natural sequential development, has a message to the world upon which we could centralize and build up a great and powerful influence if we would.

There would be scarcely any disagreement upon the primary principles. Some of us might go off into other conditions or theories, but it would not militate against the one primal proposition of development.

No one pretends to know all about eternities. Not one of the Spiritualists of this world pretends to know all about the future. Not one spirit has ever talked to us from the other side of life who has pretended to know all about the future. But they may be able to tell us what their opinion is, just as we are very frank and free to tell what our opinion is. Evidences to us and to them are based upon experience; and we find that we mutually agree, with very little discrepancy, relative to the great primal propositions of creation, of revelation, of God, of Jesus, of the apostles, and of miracles, of heaven, of hell, of the devil, the Bible, salvation, to say nothing of the immaculate conception, and possibly it would be well to include priestly power.

On these cardinal doctrines of the churches, we as Spiritualists distinctively and emphatically disagree with them; but among ourselves I believe we will agree. How? Why, we will agree that creation was not absolutely a creation by a being; we will agree that revelations were not only from God; but they were from incarnate spirits of human beings; we will agree that God is not a being. I believe every Spiritualist will today indorse these. We have some who call themselves theistic Spiritualists; but not one of them is ready to say they can announce positively that they believe in an infinite personal God. They see evidences of God, and so do all of us. Every Spiritualist sees evidences of God as an immaculate, eternal power, principle and force in the universe—great divine causations, imminent and immutable, and yet not fully known, but are cognized to exist.

I believe all Spiritualists will agree along these fundamental principles, and yet we are hearing how much we disagree. And in regard to Jesus: They will not accept Jesus as the only Savior, nor as their Savior, nor as a sacrifice as an atonement for our sins, nor that he is a part of the godhead any more than any other human being endowed with divine power, and that he is not God

himself, and so on; that he was not immediately conceived by the Holy Ghost, but that the Holy Ghost, or some good spirit, overshadowed his birth. I believe every Spiritualist in the United States, or in the world, will agree on such propositions as those; every one of them are in harmony with such statements.

As to the apostles, each of us believe that the power of the spirit fell upon them and that they were chosen by their master because of their psychic power; and that miracles are not possible, as the act of a God in opposition to natural law, but were the results of applied powers not then known and hence were miraculous. We believe the devil is the incarnation of evil propensities in us, rather than an individual set up to tempt us to eternal condemnation. The Bible is the history of the ages, prophetic, messianic, apostolic, filled with the power of the spirit universal. Spiritualists all believe that salvation is the achievement by works for the unfolding of their future. Spiritualists all agree along those lines. Priestly powers given to persons as emissaries of God they will not indorse; except as such persons may be endowed with godly power innately. The incarnation of divine power in their lives as the result of heredity, environment and the application of energies for the achievement of good and for the living of virtuous, true, pure and good lives, makes good and true priests. Every Spiritualist will believe that such is the incarnation of the priestly power.

Where are our differences, then? Where are our differences with regard to the great propositions of life? Merely in the conditions of our unfolding which causes us to split hairs, as it were, over statements in the manner of their conception and not the manner of their application. When more carefully considered we will discover a harmoniousness; and these I think are related to the spirit and to the spirits as well as to mortals. Along the distinctive lines enunciated here, as Spiritualists we will no doubt agree. And I have said nothing about vicarious atonement, except in a general way as applicable to Jesus. We will have in connection with all of this the essential principles upon which to build a distinctive sect, or cult, or class of people, call them Philosophers, or Scientists or Religionists or what you may. The Spiritualists will occupy the sphere of labor in all these directions, and they will organize for the up-building of that church of the future that shall be the church of humanity, the church of the soul, the church of the resurrection. For all that we have a mighty work at hand to accomplish in this world, upon which we should and can centralize and create a mission that will please the master—not any one great master, but all the masterful conditions of life.

Now here is another statement: that all spirit individuals inherit continuity, and that all mortal individuals are spirit individuals. Wherein will there be a discrepancy in this connection? No spirit has ever communicated with any one of earth, that I have ever heard of, who has claimed that there is absolute mortal death. Not one. They claim that every individual is an immortal principle, endowed with spiritual energy and will inherit a continuity of life.

Is it reasonable to expect that every mortal individual here on earth will agree upon the propositions with regard to our own earth? We are continually disagreeing. Schools of all classes disagree upon minor principles, upon ethical propositions related to our social, our business, our state or our religious conditions. Scientific men disagree with regard to evident powers and principles of matter; and they are each and all by these disagreements assisting to evolve an understanding and comprehension of demonstrated proofs, out of which come positive knowledge.

Can you for one moment expect, or is it reasonable to expect that because a spirit communicates today, that that spirit is all-wise? Is it reasonable? Is it reasonable to suppose that there is any spirit in the universe anywhere who is all-wise? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that they are spirit entities of men and women who have carried with them their pre-conceived opinions and prejudices and misunderstandings and misapplications; and as they communicate with us that they might project these? Is it not reasonable to say that there are spirit individuals on the other plane of life who, if you could get into communication with them, would deny the possibility that they could communicate with their friends on earth? They carry their prejudices with them. And so we might run through the disagreements of the spirits, but they would only prove to us the one cardinal principle upon which we all agree; that differentiations occur over there as they exist here; and that infallibility of the spirit must not be claimed.

We do not place infallibility upon any spirit. We weigh and measure; and as we were told in other days to do, we "try the spirits" along these lines. There are very few disagreements; but great harmony exists in connection with them. The very fact of disagreement is the process by which we have an unfolding, elastic philosophy; and a religion that is not centralized within a hierarchy; not fossilized upon agreements; not based upon certain ipse dixits which limit our progress; but recognizes a continuous development for greater comprehension and for our greater application.

The future good of Spiritualism, then, depends upon the present discontent and present disagreements of Spiritualists. In those very processes, for which I am thankful, rests the hope of our Cause; for the moment we fossilize upon principles and agree upon every premise, we announce that our utility fails, just as the utility of every sect in the world has failed, to accomplish the great good for which we have organized in behalf of human progress. We are not announcing finalities. We realize the impossibility of finalities. We will not go out for the purpose of unfolding a faith upon which we shall build a denomination and develop great power in the world; but we shall go forth incessantly for the acquisition of knowledge, though the knowledge we acquire today may be said to completely destroy the knowledge achieved yesterday. It is unfolding, it is development, it is the

acquisition of knowledge added to knowledge of the past, it is the unfolding of knowledge of the future, that will lead us out into the great activities, and into the harmonious differentiation wherein we shall agree to disagree.

In these very processes we will have the fundamental basis upon which to build our church, to unfold our organization and to make it of inestimable value to the human race—a value that has never yet been approximated by any sect of the world. And here is the hope and the harmony of Spiritualism! Thankful are we to the powers that be that lead us out into the wide domains of life, into the increasing powers of the understanding, into the unfolding processes, so that we may go forth into life and up the spiritual heights, walking hand in hand with the mighty hosts whose eternal life is for the purpose of unfolding continuously.

I am glad that Spiritualists are ready and willing to come together upon this great basis of mutual equity, of individual right, and of paramount power for the progressive development of the human race; that we may have redemption from bigotry, intolerance, superstition and churchianity, and the unfolding of the reasonableness of free mentalities with a conscious knowledge that we are immortal entities. (Applause.)

The Hidden Life of the "Unseen Real."

J. P. Cooke.

Upon the clear, bright, northern sky,
Aurora's rainbow arches gleamed,
While, from their radiant source on high,
The countless hosts of evening beamed;
Each moving in its path of light—
Those paths by Science then untrod—
The silent guardians of the night,
The watchers by the throne of God.

Lizzie Doten.

The earth life is but the shadow of the life or spiritual careers to come. The spirit "ego" is like Tennyson's "Brook":

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever, ever,
I go on forever."

Up the Eternal Cycles of Being, man is drawn by the Inner Light of Life, if Love be his chosen attraction. For

"In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening, slowly silence all."

The lack of faith in our own essential being is a great misfortune, for then we lack the courage to make the truth of our souls known to men and to declare the ever presence of that Inner Light and Soul Affection which wells up in us under the forms of consciousness.

While Life is the soul of things, Light is the substantial soul of life. The Mystic doctrine of the Microcosm, or "world in little," is too refined, too subtle, as some think, for such times as these. The disposition is to simplify, to get hard clearness and superficial consistency rather than the hidden secret of the Inner life of things.

In our days it is customary to take a more superficial view of man, as a creature of organization or of circumstances; a mass of animated clay, a product of brute force, that here and there crops out in forms of intelligence. Like the coral reef he is supposed to bloom faintly at the top, all beneath being dead limestone.

The psychologist burrows deep to discover the roots of mind and works at last in a region "where the light is as darkness." At times in his doctrine of evolution, making the latest comer the heir of all the bestiality that has gone before, he seems about to reproduce the doctrine of the microcosm.

Man the paragon of animals! A little more earnest feeling mixed with his investigations would class him among the mystics.

In its modern interpretations, the Spiritual Philosophy is in great measure a form of Philosophical Mysticism.

The latest words of the psychologists, such men as Wm. James, E. B. Titchener, R. P. Haller, and others, go far to throw a flood of light upon this doctrine, so long neglected on account of its obscure implications. Thus it comes about that the first shall be last and the last first. For many (theories) are called but few are chosen.

Let us note some of the forms in which this hidden life is demonstrably with us; day by day, although unrecognized, it is present as the "Unseen Real," as the inner life of every sentient organism.

The Arisen Theodore Parker sang it through Lizzie Doten's inspired lips:

"Yes, I am nearer thee! Though still unseen,

Thy Presence fills my life's divine part.
Now that no earthly shadows intervene,
I feel a deeper sense of what Thou art."

When we attempt to delve into the unseen, we find there is a hidden life of organization which is familiar to all. It is simply true that our physical constitution is the result of innumerable influences, near or remote, that deposit themselves in the blood, the bones, tissues, nerves and act there beyond the reach of our will.

If you have observed a child in its infancy, you have noticed the ceaseless activity of its waking hours; the experiments it makes at seeing, hearing, feeling, moving; the slowness with which it comes to the use of its senses, as if it were practicing the rudiments of existence for the first time.

But, the experiments finished, the results remain. They deposit themselves in the system as a permanent possession. The child uses them but thinks of them no more. His conscious life is, perhaps, on the surface, idle, thoughtless, passionate. Yet beneath it all the powers acquired in infancy go on silently, never slumbering, nor sleeping, working while he rests, active while he sleeps, still renewing what he wastes.

The Physical functions are automatic. The digestion of food is accomplished by a series of intricate processes which only experts pretend to understand, and which they could not reproduce by any mechanism of their own. Yet on the fidelity of these unwatched functions, the mere thought of which makes us marvel that we live at all, our daily existence depends.

As the old poet, George Herbert, expresses it:

"Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one thing to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother
For head with foot hath private amity
And both with moons and tides."
(To be continued.)

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

January 29th. The meeting was another great success. The way to make a meeting really alive is to have some live purpose before you; to follow it out without fear or favor, to stick to it with a determination to make it go. It will live if you will live with it and help it along with all your might.

We have learned this as an open secret, and we govern ourselves accordingly. All the same we are willing that other societies should share in our fortune and rise like the sun in brightness. It is what every good cause can do. Everything depends on the spirit of unity and aim in the people. It is when the grumblers stop growling and wish to do something helpful that they are added forces of labor, and they push instead of climbing into the car of progress. It makes a great difference, and should set some people to thinking whether they are of the workers or of the grafters who are always stealing a free ride.

Then success itself is success. We have learned that, and we are so successful that we shall have to branch out in several directions other than those we already follow. We see that our lecture course is all right, and we have had some of the best speakers and the finest audiences to listen to them, but we propose for awhile to buckle down to plain work of education. We are to study Civil Government, Social Duties and better ways of living. We are going into this so as to have classes every night in the week, and I may not have any further reports of our doings till we see how they work. But they will come out all right we are fully persuaded, because we have a program of study that will enlighten the mind and allow it to judge wisely on current events and know the principles that are for the making of man and the building up of a great Republic like ours.

The president appeared very charming tonight. We all perceive what new life it has given to her to have us in charge. It really adds grace to her grace and brightness. Indeed, this is the remark made about our society in general. The members seem as if they had something to live for besides the dull routine of the days. Here in our work of enlightenment is cheer and interest. People forget trouble and weakness and care when they have the uplift of purpose and sense that they are helpers on, and that the grass will grow where only the sand was before.

The president, after calling the meeting to order, announced the change of program, and said that success in one direction meant success in any other direction they might turn their forces. This was not an invariable rule, but it would be a success to instruct in history and science and the working powers of life—and she was pleased so many were willing to go to school and reduce the intellectual poverty of the world. Men as men ought to know all they properly could, for with the new freedom of life there must be new insight and reason to meet it. She was pleased to say they were at this meeting to have a word from the brave worker, Hudson Tuttle, who had been a student of Nature and the Spiritual man and had given enduring writing to the world.

The speaker announced his theme, "The Progress of Man." Progress is the charm of our living—it is the coming of the springtide and the growth to summer and harvest. Science has carefully traced the growth of our planet from fire-mist to the present beauty of creation. The reading of this story is an illustration of the advance of man in understanding. At first it was myth, fable—then poetry, and finally the verifiable word of science.

The social condition of the civilized nations is following like unfolding. It were an interesting story to turn over the pages of history and see the emergence from barbarism and the tribe to the unification of peoples until they felt that their interests were wide. The last and final step of good is when they feel nothing belonging to man is foreign to them. There is to come a golden time when man will so consider man that none shall be in want without all the rest being anxious to alleviate the want and remove the cause.

And here is the climax of our striving—to know the law, to obey it, to put into efficient working the force that makes man the intelligent ruler of the kingdom of earth and time.

In this aim unseen powers and presences come to our aid. No doubt there is a thrill of interest in the sphere above us to help in this grand work of making man free from poverty and master of all the inimical conditions fronting us.

He was glad that they purposed to be students of economy and true living, for in such scholarship was the redemption of the world in the days to come.

This was the gist of his word, and it was carried along like a river flowing through a summer land, and we parted in peace and harmony, but with a touch of regret that these pleasant times were to change. The spring days are so cheerful that one hardly cares to go on to the ripper, fuller days of June.

William Brunton, Secretary.

"Say no more then. How shall it be with me; for however it be thou wilt settle it well, and the issue shall be fortunate."

The Literary World.

CONDUCTED BY

LILIAN WHITING.

"The world of books is still the world."

"Florentine Palaces."

Every visitor to the "Flower of all Cities and City of all Flowers" is interested in the history of the old Florentine palaces with which are interwoven so many stories of romance, of tragedy, of the storm and stress of human life. Indeed, the history of Florence is almost written in her palaces, whose building and successive periods of history have contributed the largest part of the records of this most enchanting city. In the beautiful scarlet and gold volume entitled "Florentine Palaces" by Janet Ross, there is brought together a vast fund of rare and interesting information, enriched with legend and tradition, and authentic history that throws new light upon Florence.

Miss Ross has gone to authentic documents for her data. She gives us the story of the founding and the subsequent historic life of seventy-six palaces, including Palazzo Pitti, Vecchio, Strozzi, Rondinelli, Riccardi, Donati, Acciaiuoli, Buonfondmonti, Rucellai and others well known to all Florentine visitors. The convenience of such a book as this is easily recognized. Miss Ross has brought together old legends, and the historic data of old documents from ancient libraries and archives. She quotes Giovanni Rucellai as saying, in the fifteenth century, "I thank God for being born in Italy, which is the most worthy and the noblest portion of all Christendom, and in the province of Tuscany, which is reputed as among the worthiest provinces in Italy, and, in addition, to have caused me to be born in the city of Florence, which is reputed the most worthy and the most beautiful birthplace, not only in Christendom, but in the whole world."

Of Palazzo Riccardi, Miss Ross writes: "Cosimo de' Medici, for whom Michelozzo Michelozzi built this great palace in via Larga, is described as tall and of imposing presence. He applied himself so strenuously to increase the political power of his house; he was so prompt in giving aid to all that his liberality gained him many partisans among the citizens."

This book fills a place of its own, with its collation of unique and fascinating data which is practically inaccessible in the old libraries and archives. The publishers make the volume still more attractive in its dress of scarlet and gold, and its numerous illustrations giving so vivid an idea of these wonderful old palaces. The exquisite taste of the great house of E. P. Dutton & Co. is well known and this volume illustrates anew the fine art of publishing. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The Reviewer.

Mystic Words of Mighty Power, by Walter De Voe, published by the College of Freedom, Chicago, Ill.

This is a book for the use of students in Mind Culture. It gives lines of thought to bring one in rapport with the spiritual and hold to health and peace and power. It has proved its worth in the classes of the author and from this may be judged efficient. William Brunton.

Mental Healing, by Leander Edmund Whipple, New York, the Metaphysical Publishing Co., 1905.

This book has undoubtedly done good service in this field of thought as this is the fifth edition, revised and enlarged. The author has in view of making other books to further unfold things that require the larger treatment. He does very well in clearly stating the reach and helping of this power of mind over body and circumstance. He brings the matter to the intelligent, thoughtful man in such a way as to win respect and make him feel that this is better than dosing with drugs and going through life subject to new fears all the time. It is strongly and capably written and is a good book to put in the hands of the inquirer. William Brunton.

She Has Arisen.

Hudson Tuttle.

Rosa Bonheur Tuttle Staley—Entered the Higher Life Dec. 30, 1905—"Is Death the Final Sleep? No, it is the Last Awakening."

To us the old year went out in darkness and the new year dawned with sky overcast with clouds.

After months of suffering, the inevitable had come. Our daughter had borne all patiently, hopefully, bravely. She wanted to live, for her own sake and for those dear to her. No one ever enjoyed life more. She loved its strenuous duties, and never shrank from, or set aside, its obligations. As friend, wife and mother, she gave; her best with self-sacrifice and devotion, and with a care for others more than herself.

In the evening her sister asked her: "Are you in pain?" "No, dear," she whispered, "I am going home at twelve." After awhile she said: "I am happy, but hate to go!" As the midnight hour approached, her dear ones, gathered around, saw the unmistakable shadow of the messenger whose task it is to break asunder the cord of life. The lines of pain disappeared, her eyes looked from one to the other questioning, and then into the vacant air above her with an eager joy. She was seeing through the veil what mortal eyes have never seen. A smile came over her face, from her lips a whisper that was not audible; her spirit escaped the bars of its bondage and left with us only the broken cage.

And thus she passed through the gateway of the resurrection into the angel land.

Did you ever hope against hope? Hope with your heart when reason all the time told you it was folly? Have you had a dear one bound to the torturing rack of

disease and prayed with stifling prayer that the inevitable would be turned aside? So had we prayed and with our prayers went every effort that skill and love could suggest. Her room was filled with flowers sent by thoughtful friends, her whimsical appetite enticed by dainties; every symptom noted and carefully provided for, her least wish answered. Had her disease not been incurable, her tenacious constitution would have been victorious.

She fought a brave battle against fate. When she came from the hospital she thought the operation had been successful, and always buoyed up by hope, she expected to be soon well. We dared not deceive her, and while she planned pleasures for the coming seasons, visits to friends, receptions for them, outings here and there, what she would do for her children, and ornamentation of the home and grounds, we knew all to be dreams that never would be realized.

And so she drifted on till Christmas time. There was a slight improvement, so much that her brother, her physician, said there would be hope did we not absolutely know the incurable cause. She gained strength to walk around the room and take her place at the table. On that blessed Christmas Day, she was bright and cheerful. How many kind and thoughtful friends she had! A table was placed in view of her, easy chair on which were placed her gifts that she might enjoy them. Friends near and far remembered her. The morning mail brought many tokens, with accompanying notes. Some of the writers, not knowing the condition, wished a Merry Christmas, which sounded like mockery. Others expressed prayers for her speedy recovery. How much she enjoyed these symbols of regard! Never lived one who more devotedly loved her friends, or more appreciated their kindness.

Nor had she been forgetful. With all her suffering and unable to do anything for herself, she sent souvenirs to all members of her family and nearest friends. Last tribute of friendship already half transplanted to the realm of souls!

Oh, that Christmas day! We all made merry for her sake and she concealed her mortal hurt with smiles and bantering words.

You come today to pay your last tribute. You who always met the glad smile, the hospitable recognition, the heartfelt voice of welcome, find no greeting. The mistress who loved home more than any place on earth, and in every sense was a home-maker, greets you not. The rooms are silent. Her favorite pictures on the walls are dumb. The body she possessed while here lies on a couch in unquenching mockery of life!

The departing spirit left a smile of triumph on her dead face when it caught a glimpse of the heavenly glory!

It is human to regret and weep. Not one who has not felt the shafts of bereavement strike deeply into his heart. The happiest lives are prolonged to see those nearest and dearest depart. The grand majority are on the other side of the river.

Can we not see across to the other side? Do the fogs never lift, or is it forever shrouded with dense clouds, and brooded over by darkness? When we sit down by the ashes of our hopes, our hearts bleeding with wounds and every sense numbed, justice, affection, mercy, pity fade from view and the God of love seems afar off. A wall juts between us and heaven.

And yet we know that the sun is shining above the murky clouds—shining serene, bright and beautiful as on creation's morn. Through the darkness and doubts of the senses shines the glory of the future life. This existence is only the stepping stone to a higher life. We may not comprehend, we may not know its sublime possibilities, we must be content.

Must we be content? Nay, we may have knowledge. We may have visions of the glories of the spiritual kingdom!

Our dear one believed this with a knowledge that bridged the gulf between life and death, and made it a triumphal pathway for her discarnate spirit. She constantly saw spirit friends and conversed with them. Her daughter, Emma Clair, who died in infancy, was constantly present. She said, toward the last, to her little children who came to kiss her, "I have been with you a long time, and now I am going to visit Emma Clair, who has come for me." Was this a delicious dream of fever or a "ministering spirit"? Can there be doubt? We cry out in the blindness of our grief. We are selfish and want our friends to stay and that there will be no change. But it is not more, even to our selfish desires, to have an angel enthroned as a guardian above us?

If we could by our prayers recall her to the full flood and joy of life, on bended knees we would pray without ceasing until the answer came. But if it must be to this worn body, which she has deserted because it is a burden, how supremely selfish to recall her!

Rather will we pray that we may approach her—devoted life! The angel world may bend low over us in infinite love, but ours is to ascend to them.

Grief brings suffering hearts into sympathy. It shows human weakness and need of dependency. We are strengthened by sympathetic tears and adversity, disappointment and loss are not the worst that can befall us. They when rightly met give us strength. They chasten and free us from egotism. While they show our weakness, they develop our strength.

We come together and share and bear each other's burdens, and thereby brighten the golden links of fraternity which bind us together.

This world is not always under a clear sky with gentle winds. There are times of fierce storms, which leave ruin behind them. So in every life some rain must fall, some blasting lightning stroke be received.

There is no flock however watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there;

There is no household however so well defended But has one vacant chair.

We think there is little left of joy when such disasters come, and yet if we survey what is left to us we will see how much worse our condition might be. How many ties yet bind us, how many duties to be performed!

How much joy in life if we grasp what is presented! We make the mistake of thinking as there is no happiness for today none will come tomorrow. No day so dark but some joy comes into it, and whatever comes to us we should make the most of.

Enjoy the living! Grief chastens and makes us more gentle and careful of others. There are times when we would give all we possess, the whole world were it ours, to receive

"The touch of a vanished hand" and to hear the sound

"of a voice that is still!"

And yet when that hand was grasped in life and the voice replied, we gave not the greeting it craved!

Sorrow has its lesson—it is to gentleness of spirit, tenderness of feeling, loving kindness. All the care, thoughtfulness and interests we had for our departed ones we transfer to the living. What the departed would have done is for us to do. If we love them we shall finish their tasks, as we hope others will complete ours that remain unfinished.

"I am going home at twelve!" Home! Is the soul conscious that this world is not its home? How it longs for greater opportunities and dreams of happiness never gained in this life. Countless generations have reiterated the saying of the olden prophet:

"Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."

Six hours before, the angel flashed his message: "Coming home at twelve!" Father, mother, husband, children, friends, may unite in prayer to hold back the going, but when the fateful hour tolls from the tower the command "Arise!" will be obeyed. All are going home. Going to the home of the soul! The kingdom so glorious that it has been pictured as of gold and all precious gems, because nothing on earth can represent it. All going home in endless procession, going to their rest!

Rest for the weary toiler in new activity. Rest for the sorrowing in meeting those gone before. Rest in doing the things undone in this life, no longer bowed by reclusive burdens. The weary toiler feels that this life is not his home; that there is a place of rest whither he is going. The stricken hearted have reliance on the promise: "You are going home! When the hour strikes you will go!"

Spiritualism gives knowledge which is a higher faith, to the greeting soul. There is a higher life where the injustice of this will be righted; its pains repaid by joy; its losses with gain; its deprivations compensated, its fetters broken. There the tangled skein of this life will be made straight, its broken threads united. There the separated will be joined together, friendships renewed and the emancipated soul, unpinned, arise to its destiny.

Our narrow lives feel the loss, the disappointment, the regret, the ruin of our dream castles all built on this side. Though the departed come through the mist-curtain shutting down between our mortal lives and theirs, and give us assurance, all are so changed and different our senses are unprepared.

Even in the clouds of our grief our dear one has come, like a star of hope, and already our dream castles arise on the other shore. We will not reflect our grief on her.

"Ministering spirits!" remember us and bend low in brooding care, and as a beacon light on some jutting headland guides the storm-tossed mariner through gathering fogs, from reefs and treacherous bars and wreck-strewn coasts, may their influence guide until the morning calls: "Come home!"

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Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1906.

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.

Think the best things.

Think the best things all the time.

Think the best things all the time and of everybody and your life will be an influence of peace and enjoy peace.

The great discoveries of the art of true living are the finding of the laws of our being and faithfully following them. We often have found the law as of love, and try hate and expect to gather grapes of thorns. How foolish!

The physiological aspects of the liquor problem have been carefully considered by a committee of fifty, and they have issued their report in five volumes. The drink question is candidly dealt with and it is admitted a little wine for the stomach's sake may be good, especially for people who overeat. But the point is that it is used not in so-called moderation—but runs away so often with its users—and then there is the sad sight of a decadent life. We have seen it again and again and that is why we strongly protest against its use.

There is in Congress now a "Free Alcohol" bill for the manufacture of alcohol for use in mechanical need. This is favored by the liquor interest and therefore seems a new danger to man, for some do not mind what they drink so that it is cheap and intoxicating.

The only redemption is to lift men to see they are too good in every way to spoil by drink, and their families are too precious to have their happiness on verge of wreck by the insidiousness of yielding to drink.

Italy prizes the works of art by the great masters—and they are to be out of the reach of money in the future. It is proposed in Parliament that a law be passed to prohibit their exportation, and that those now abroad be repurchased.

There is a great famine in North Japan.

It is somewhat humorous, before Mark Twain touched the question, how very poor the millionaires are when the assessor comes round, to know how little they would like to be taxed for. They are accommodating and give him the lowest term in their difficult mathematical problem. The poor man is asked how much he can pay—and then a little more is put on for good measure and running over.

The iceman still has a chance, but where will the people be next summer?

Rockefeller did a good thing in providing for President Harper's wife. The scholar could not save money or make it. He was too busy in his way.

It is interesting to read that Zion's prophet has been taken from lugging the cash box around with him. He makes too much profit to the loss of the people. His trip around the world cost a cool million. Think of the spirituality of it, and yet the orthodox white elephant goes unscathed by the churches. If a Spiritualist had got hold of a few thousands what a howl there would be as to undue influence and fraud! Consistency is a jewel.

The boys at Annapolis, who had to have their little fun according to ancient rites and privileges, are getting sent home on a vacation for the rest of their days. Perhaps this house-cleaning may teach tidiness for the future, and good behavior, and decent morals.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy has found our Carroll D. Wright, president of Clark University, and ex-commissioner of labor, worthy of decoration. The common people found this out before royalty.

At the latest banquet the doctors, the undertakers and the florists were gathered together around the festive board. A rather suggestive trinity, though there were no remains.—Boston Herald.

The remains paid the freight.

The Colville lectures conclude on Friday, Feb. 2, with an evening lecture.

It has been a brilliant series, and any misgivings we may have had at bringing Mr. Colville out of his course for the work in Boston have been dissolved by the happy response of Intelligent Boston. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, afternoon and evening, 3 and 8 p. m., of this week, are the hours made memorable in this season by the remarkable work of this wonderfully endowed teacher.

The regrettable advertisement of recent attempts to display psychic power brings from the Boston Herald the following note:

Communication with the spirit world through mediums is still somewhat imperfect. The apparatus will stand a good deal further development.

We cannot refrain from inquiring of this worthy sheet what it is doing to "improve the apparatus." This problem concerns us all.

Those who object to Spiritualism because the communications received, or manifestations presented, are imperfect, irregular, and often trifling, have only to learn the fact that their own spirits, in their connection with the agencies employed by those who would communicate, have the power to disturb or assist them in so doing. Are not the communications you receive generally as perfect as your own heart? Are not the manifestations as regular and harmonious as your own mind? Are they more trifling than your own thoughts? According to every principle of spirit manifestation, results corresponding in some degree to the condition of spirit and mind where they are given must be expected. Hence the importance of seeking the aid of developed spirits and assimilating ourselves to them. Where our hearts are there shall we find our treasures laid up.—Banner of Light, April 25, 1857.

The Poet, William Cullen Bryant.

What music some names carry with them and how good we are to repeat them! They carry with them the light of a lamp, the beauty of a flower, the song of a bird, the sweet influence of nature and life. Among these honored and inspiring names is that of William Cullen Bryant, the poet.

To those New England born and bred he is one of the poets they were taught to revere as belonging to the order of the lofty, wise and good. It was eminently proper to read him and to look to him as one of the poets who represented the true order of nobility in poetry. They read *Thanatopsis* without knowing the plain English of it was—A vision of death, and they were struck with the grandeur of the pictures called before their eyes, the impressive manner in which death was stamped upon and into the earth. It made them shudder and walk like a child at night through the wood road near its home. They were glad to get where the light was burning in their own dear home. They would carry with them as memory haunting the closing lines:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each
shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon."

And the rest is fine—we love it as having the right ring of encouragement. That is well and was written when he was but eighteen years old. Perhaps he struck twice the first time, or perhaps it struck us more forcibly than anything else without it is the last verse to a Waterfowl.

"He, who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy
certain flight.
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

The subject is lovely, purely poetic and closes with the trust sweet and beautiful. We simply speak of this to draw attention to the fact that it is worth while keeping up acquaintance with our school-day friends, more especially with this sweet spirit of kindness, the full-bearded, noble man whom we so respect.

He had one fault of the times—and this brings out the blessing we enjoy in our larger knowledge of life—he speaks of death, O so constantly—it is hark, from the tombs a mournful sound. If you will take the volume of his collected poems and look at the index, you will be surprised at the number bearing on this then dismal subject. It was considered serious and religious and one of the plain suggestions of nature, and the house of life was hushed by the thought, and the curtains drawn, and only golden gleams of faith permitted through the shutters, and in the penetrating beam—we were like to see the dust of doubt.

He wrote well. He was even fastidious, and had the ancient pride of the literary art, he wished to leave nothing that time could tarnish or destroy—and yet his hope was vain, because he did not rise to the height of love's great argument for the life immortal. He did not know and therefore could not tell, and the language of hope has not the potency and strong-sweep of knowledge.

In the death of the flowers he sings:

"They all are in their graves, the gentle
race of flowers.
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the
fair and good of ours."

The passing of this kind of poetry is no loss. Bryant was its laureate and now in the glory and beauty of our day, we ask the poet to know the great hopes and the certainties of immortality and so hearken for the battle of life and for the return home after the victory. We want to die full of hope and manly trust, going not to a dungeon—

"But, sustained and soothed
By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams."

But you ask if there is this marked change of sentiment why do you recommend still reading him? The answer is clear that literature is the best thing these best men could do in their time. They voiced in the noblest manner what was of their generation and that will even in its ignorance long cast a spell over us, and Bryant, by the sincerity of his work, the gifted skill of it, by the music of his lines, by his love of nature and good will to man, repays us for our companionship and admiration of love.

Obedience to Law.

The great virtue of the Roman was bravery, virility, the man power to overcome opposition and to hold his own in the world. Then there was the regard for law which was religious and nobly patriotic. The Roman sense of justice, of right, has given us our jurisprudence and government and left us an ideal that is worth following.

There is an awakened conscience in the body politic at present, and an appeal is made to citizens at the great centres, to arise in their might and have good laws—and have them enforced. We want to be sincere in our civil life, and have office honorable by service being rendered for pay received. We want a manly obedience to the law of honor and the law of the land.

In New York City Jerome has won fame by merely being what his position calls for. We have to praise him because he is one of the bright exceptions to truckling subservience to party of politics. He is trying to be one of the noblest works of God in being a decent, honest man and doing his duty.

Judge Emmons was a candle of the like brightness in Boston so long as he "stuck to his last," but he was snuffed out because the law was for the statute-book, according to the politician, and not for the obedience of citizens. Moran seems to be trying for a similar reign of law—we hope he will soon forget the "gallery god"—we need quickening to see that true care should be exercised by the law-makers, but when made we all ought to co-operate to see that their order and helpfulness are carried out by our obedience.

Subject to Bondage.

There are people who all their lifetime are subject to the bondage of fear. It is a sensitive dread they have of things that are going to happen and bring them bad luck. They go to sleep with such thought and have the nightmare. They awaken with such a feeling—and they give everybody they know the blues. They spoil life for lack of humor, cheer and common sense. They act as the slaves of their fears, when they might be free men.

It is worth while settling these absurd notions and being true to the circumstance of our living. We have a right to be in this world, because we are here. We have the right to enjoy ourselves, because our faculties are sharp strings of enjoyment. The world wants the sunny countenance and the glad heart. And we wish for happiness, but fear to take it. We hypnotize ourselves to be afraid, when we ought to claim self-possession and show that we appreciate our rights and privileges by being glad as the bird and fair as the flower and strong as a true, brave man.

Dumb Animals.

The growing civilization of our day has deep regard to the dumb animals. They demand and deserve our best regard and kind consideration. They are part of the grand world in which we live. They contribute to our comfort and enjoyment. What we owe to the horse, the cow, the dog, the poultry and the singing birds, is not to be passed over as of small account. It is our duty to recognize our indebtedness to them. And if this strikes home, these creatures are sure of proper treatment at our hands.

It is shameful to see a man with a whip in his hand laying it on the horse most of the time without any thought of its feelings, or the service it is rendering. You say the man is a brute, and then you do the brute injustice.

So it is necessary to have those keenly alive to the public treatment of animals, to be on the lookout for this abuse of power; this barbarism and unfeeling thoughtlessness, and hence the society for the protection of dumb animals. We have always been in hearty sympathy with its work, and have ever wished it were more active by presence and literature. And we have thought it fortunate that it has an Angell in the earthly form to promote its interests and direct its campaign. We wish its success and the helping of those who love animals, and may we keep the conviction in our minds that justice and kindness amply pay the one who lets them reach all animals and prevents one treading on the worm.

The Medical Conspiracy.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I read with great interest your recent editorial on The Monopoly of Medical Practice. I note that under the laws of your State it is a crime to heal unless registered with the Medical Association. And what is more natural the M. D.'s register only themselves. This completes the monopoly. I cannot easily imagine that the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts will stand this much longer.

You will have to rise as California did a year ago. Looking to a medical monopoly in that State, the M. D.'s introduced a bill in the Legislature requiring all medicines to be sold only on physicians' prescriptions. Under the bill it would have been impossible to have bought a twenty-five-cent bottle of castor oil for the baby without paying a doctor two or three dollars for a prescription. When the press exposed the scheme the Legislators were swamped with protests and promptly killed the outrageous measure.

William Lloyd Garrison's argument that "schools claiming exclusive rights should show the ability to heal without failure" is not only unanswerable, but what is the truth? Let Dr. Jacob Bigelow, former president of your own Massachusetts Medical Society, answer: "The premature death of medical men brings with it the humiliating conclusion . . . that medicine is still an ineffectual speculation."

And even if that was not enough you have given case after case where the "registered" schools had utterly failed and debarred healers had relieved the sufferers.

Further as showing the incompetence in the profession that would assume so much, I have before me a paper read before the Philadelphia Medical Association (see Pharmaceutical Era of January, 1905.) It discusses 1,000 prescriptions from Philadelphia physicians, taken from drug stores patronized by leading doctors. Of the total number only 621 were correctly written. The paper was actually prepared to accent the necessity for competent pharmacists to act as a "safety valve," when dangerous compounds are ordered either through ignorance or oversight on the part of the prescribers.

The necessity for more competent pharmacists to prevent incompetent doctors killing people is apparent to every one who has much knowledge of the profession, but that the need should be so urgent as to cause the druggists to openly discuss the question in such official organs as the Pharmaceutical Era comes as a surprise—but not too soon.

And let it not be thought for a moment that the danger lies entirely through the average ignorance that maintains in the profession. There is a subtle danger that is carefully concealed—that is the unwritten law that compels them to cover up each other's mistakes. I doubt if any one ever knew of a doctor admitting that his incorrect diagnosis or bad judgment had

cost a patient his life. They even go further—they must maintain the ethics of the profession even at the very cost of life itself. Do not raise your hands in holy horror—here is the proof—an English weekly whose standing is above reproach, in an article gibbering an orthodox physician, it quotes from his article in "The Medical Times" as follows:

"I think it would be better for the profession if we would all recognize the fact that it is better to have patients to die under scientific treatment than to recover under empirical treatment."

There you have it. And I have given you the date and page, so you can confirm it. When I saw it I could hardly believe my own eyes. Even if physicians believed it I would not have thought that they dared put it in print and less still in an orthodox medical journal. I don't think I ever read that remarkable admission to one who did not feel that the author ought to have been executed. Of course, "empirical" in the Satanic quotation above meant unorthodox. It once would have meant homeopathy and eclecticism. It now means mental healing of all kinds.

In other words, the medicos would rather see the patient die under calomel than recover under a prayer. Did you in all your life ever see such a "dire phantasm from the abyssal depths of nethermost perdition." Words are inadequate in the presence of this diabolical admission. And this from a profession that is supposed to consider first of all things the preservation of human life. But it is ethics first. Hence it is the ethics that are drawn to bar outside healers who may get between the doctor and the dollar; right here let me quote from American Medicine, the great stickler for ethics and orthodoxy. See page 4, issue of July 1, 1905, editorial comment, "All physicians must demand of their druggists, and of all druggists, that there must be no refilling of their prescriptions when the patient calls for the drug after the first time."

Of course not. There's the darky in the woodpile uncovered again—can't extract money from the patient if they can't keep him calling for prescriptions. And you wouldn't expect to find that admission either in a respectable medical journal, but I have given you the date and page there, too.

From the above quotations from orthodox medical sources it is not perfectly clear that the doctors do not propose to let anything—even life itself—get between them and the dollars of the people? Again words fail me.

S. O. N.

Pagan and Christian Ideals.

Charles Algernon Swinburne is the most eminent English poet at the present time. And he is receiving considerable attention just now because of the gathering of his poems into complete edition. The magazines are giving him appreciative estimates of his work. As a master of language, the English language, he probably is without a peer. It is simply wonderful the flow and richness of his words, without any reference at all to what is uttered. He has the full strength of a river, and the music of the April rain with the sunshine playing between its strands. He is a master of verse and all elegance in letters, but he is a pagan in his ideals, so the critics say, and so we are led to believe.

Well, that is a serious charge to bring against him because it seems to put him back in time and make his singing to-be of other days.

Perhaps that were no evil—we certainly need something to feed our natures that was the life of life to Greek and Roman. We need a passion for the state, for the commonwealth—a love of country that made Athens and Rome to be glorious. We need the sense of duty that nobly lives for it—and which would dare to die for it. We need the simple integrity of a Socrates or an Epictetus. They were pagans, but men who beautified life and made it worth while. It is a royal thing to live in this proud man uprightness.

The poet, however, draws on the world's sources of inspiration. He blows away the chaff of theologies and the dry dust of creeds and he finds the universal and native, the thing that makes man to be man. Christianity has given us the power of love; Confucius gave the world the spirit of duty; Mahomet imparted the passion of devoted faith—and so the religions go, and the true man gets acquainted with the world's word and lives from the divine side of all human ideals.

Love gives itself away to the beloved because there is not money enough in the world to buy one ounce of it. Diamonds and silk get something other than love, and so come away dissatisfied.

"Controversy equalizes fools and wise men, and the fools know it."—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

What true rhyme is to poetry—so is kindness, to daily life—it makes it musical and sweet.—W. B.

FACE TO FACE.

William Brewster.

When I pass on from this fair earth,
Twill be the dawning of new day,
The glad discovery of worth,
And friends beside me on the way;
With great expectancy I shall start,
With wonder at the new-found place,
And all enjoyment in my heart—
To see my loved ones face to face!

There is but pleasure in the thought,
And pictures of supreme delight;
I am to rapture of it caught,
My hopes shine out like stars at night;
I have assurance I shall see—
All beauty that I long to trace,
But best of all with dear ones be,
And fondly greet them face to face!

'Tis good to feel their influence here,
As on I go upon my way,
But O companionship so dear,
When we all love in love can say:
No partings more, no petty strife,
But work and help in love's high grace,
And perfectness of life in life—
To see the blest ones face to face!

A Good Man Laid to Rest.

We have received word from our esteemed friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles, of the service held in loving memory of E. W. Morse of San Diego, Cal. It is pleasing to read the word of his fidelity to his religion of Spiritualism. The funeral was on January 19, and a letter was read by Col. Dryden, which is as follows:

In view of the fact that I shall, in all probability, soon pass to spirit life, it is well, perhaps, that I express my wishes in certain matters.

I wish all services at my funeral to be very simple. I wish no display if there be an address, I wish it to be by a Spiritualist, or, if none convenient, then that it be Spiritualistic in character by whomsoever made.

I do not wish or care for any stone monument to be placed to mark the spot where my body or ashes repose, for I care to be remembered only by those who wish to remember me for some little good I may have done, or kindly act performed.

To all my friends I say, do not mourn me, but rather be glad that I have gone, to be with my loved ones in a more beautiful country, where "the summer hath no heavy cloud, and the rose leaf does not fall."

I wish no flower pieces; perhaps a few plain flowers, as I have always loved flowers, and I expect to be present.

I know I have made many mistakes in my life and regret that I could not have done more to make the world better for my having lived. I expect to suffer for every wrong I have done, believing in the inexorable law. "As ye have sown, so shall ye also reap." I know there is no death, only transition to a fuller life of endless progression.

I will now say good-bye to my relatives and friends on this side the veil—good-bye for a little while. I will see you all again, soon.

A fine address was delivered by Dr. Peebles, who said in part:

"Before us lie the encased remains of a brother who, only a few days since, walked and talked in our midst, as we now talk, but the temple is vacated, the body is lifeless, the spirit, which was the real man, having risen therefrom and entered the higher spiritual realms of existence. Death, at a ripened old age, is just as natural as life. It is the friend of man; and so, before we can traverse the highlands of immortality, our bodies must die. It is an immutable law of nature that the spirit may return to God, who gave it."

"The soul, or soul-body, is not immortal, but the conscious spirit being a potentialized portion of the Divine Spirit—the very living breath of God—is immortal, existing in that better world of progression and beatific blessedness. And the only irrefragable and positive proofs of this future existence are found in ancient and modern Spiritualism. Our ascended brother, whose body lies before us, was a Spiritualist, and Spiritualism is the direct antithesis of materialism."

"I had the honor of personally knowing our friend Morse, and those who knew him the best esteemed him the most highly. He was a pioneer in this city and interested himself in all its improvements, and, in a wider sense, he labored for the benefit of humanity. Resting from his earthly labors, his good works follow him. He was a member of the mystic fraternity, he had wrought well in the quackeries, he had heard the Master's word, he had borne the pilgrim's burden, he had partaken of the seven libations, and he has now gone from labor to refreshment—the refreshment of peace and love and progress. God's love is unchangeable and evolution relates to all worlds."

"After careful and candid investigation of the psychic phenomena, he became a firm believer in the present ministry of spirits to earth. Following the command of Paul, he added to his faith knowledge, hence death had for him no terrors. It is known to the well read and cultured that the most distinguished scientists and erudite men of the world today are religious Spiritualists, such as Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Alfred R. Wallace (who was pensioned by Queen Victoria for his high attainments), and Professor Hyslop of Columbia University, in New York. I once met the illustrious Victor Hugo in a Spiritual seance in Paris, when a guest of Baron Kirkup of Florence, and seeing our poet, Longfellow's, card on his table, I was informed by the baron that Longfellow attended several seances and did not hesitate to affirm his belief in a present converse, between the worlds visible and invisible."

"The true Spiritualist is necessarily spiritually minded and necessarily a worker in all the reforms of the age. They believe in the brotherhood of the races. They acknowledge the living Christ. They feel the

influx of the divine spirit. Like the primitive Christians of apostolic times, they are richly blessed with visions, trances, inspirations and the reception of beautiful messages from their loved ones in the varied spheres of future life. They consider that it is character that saves, rather than creeds and at death they do not gloomily say good night, but, looking forward in perfect trust and assurance, expect to soon say good morning over there—a morning whose sun never sets."

A Visit to a Volcano.

Charles Daborn.

AN EXPERIENCE.

With spectroscope and telescope, man is ever trying to discover what is going on above and below him. But the instrument has yet to be invented that will tell the history of a block of lava before its mother volcano permitted it to run alone. Lava is everywhere around me, as I write by the side of the crater of the most active volcano in the world. And some of it is yet so hot that no policeman is needed to order the wayfarer to "move on." I just pushed a stick into yonder bank. It came out coated with sulphur, liquid with the heat. Everything is weird and unreal. The lava bends as you walk and below is an echo which is at best a very unsatisfactory foundation for the trail, three miles long, by which you creep to the edge of the crater of the belebrated Kilauea volcano, the glory and terror of the island of Hawaii.

I rarely note down a first impression, and have often regretted it, so here, on the spot, I record a rather irrelevant comparison suggested by the scenic play going on 100 feet below.

It is not yet quite dark, so the lake is still dimmed by the light of day. But it is crossed and recrossed by lines of fire. They are just cracks in the lava, but have a strange regularity that somewhat resembles the map by which a dealer in real estate advertises his coming sale of most valuable and eligible lots. But the play goes on. Fountains begin to sparkle, cascades tumble and roar, geysers spout and presently a huge wave of white hot lava rolls over at least one-third of the great lake, where it had seemed previously rather neglected and unsalable. In one corner the hour has come for increased activity, and we hear the puff, puff as of engines, with the thundering of piston hammers evidently pounding and smashing great blocks of chaos into fragments of suitable size for the fuel needed by the volcano.

It is a gruesome and weird scene, and none the less so when the guide tells me that he considers this rather comfortable ledge on which I am sitting as liable to tumble into the crater any hour. No one has yet gone to heaven—or elsewhere—by this route, but the guide says he has often found the resting spot of one day has disappeared at his next visit. So a rather startling newspaper epitaph is included as one of the possibilities of a tourist's ticket. This volcano is presided over by the Goddess Pele, and at intervals that seem almost decimal she sends from a much higher crater a stream of lava that usually makes quite a reputation for itself before it ceases. And thereby hangs rather an interesting tale.

In the year that the theologian calls 1882, the last of these great lava rivers started to cross the island, and reach the ocean. But right in its road was the one seaport of the island, the flourishing little city of Hilo. The inhabitants, both sacred and profane, naturally objected to being wiped out in this manner, and a battle royal began, just as, according to sacred history, a similar battle was fought to the bitter end between Elijah the prophet and the priests of Baal. The prophet defied the priests to set fire to the sacrifice on a great altar he had built. Their prayers were many, but too cold for the occasion, and the sacrifice remained unroasted. But the prayers of the prophet went straight to the spot. There was a grand conflagration, and, of course, the "maddening crowd" joined his church immediately. For there was, even in those days, nothing so popular as success. Here was to be a similar battle royal but this time the victor was to put out a fire instead of kindling it.

The missionaries and their flocks took first innings, but the dread goddess continued her march to the tune of "Roll on, thou shining river." When the awful stream was less than three-fourths of a mile from the city, a dear, good princess of the then royal family undertook to appeal to the goddess. It was Princess Ruti—a sylph weighing something over 300 pounds—who proceeded to take the accustomed offering in a chariot which would vulgarly be called an ox cart, only it was drawn by loving and enthusiastic natives. She sat flat on the bottom of the cart, with her princely limbs hanging out behind in the full glare of the nineteenth century. With her were offerings well known as acceptable to the divine Pele.

From a rock overhanging the flowing stream the princess cast in a sucking pig and bananas, where the goddess could immediately scent and enjoy the feast. In a moment the lava ceased to flow and the city was saved. A gentleman holding high office under the king told me he witnessed the ceremony, listened to the prayers and personally saw the instantaneous effect of the sacrifice.

Of course the natives believed more firmly than ever in their great goddess. And why should not they? Elijah murdered all that did not believe in his god. These gentle natives are quite willing the white race should continue to make unanswered prayers. The missionaries shouted, "only a coincidence." Just so. But the same remark hits the case of Elijah. Personally I confess to a great respect for an answered prayer, but none at all for the petition that can neither start a fire nor do any other useful work. So Pele, dear Pele, write me down as a humble admirer, and accept my earnest congratulations on your success.

Just one question to the learned. How comes it that the goddess of the Hawaiian volcano on the lonely isle of the mid Pacific has the same name as the Atlantic volcano which since the above was written has

destroyed the city of Martinique and its 20,000 inhabitants almost in a moment. Surely it points to some prehistoric mingling of races.
San Leandro, Cal.

A Tribute to Mrs. Angie Clapp.

Dear Banner:

We saw the notice of Mrs. Angie Clapp's death in the Banner a short time ago and wish to say that a passing notice of the dear lady is not enough in our estimation. Those of us, "twenty or more," who have for nearly twenty years gone from Winsted and this part of Connecticut to Lake Pleasant and had our home with Mrs. Clapp, must sincerely say that we regret the removal of her, whose loss will be felt by all who attend the campmeeting. Not only did she provide a most wholesome dining hall, but gave us a clean, pleasant home to rest in and always a warm welcome. Her pleasant look we shall miss, and we were always sure to find help if we had troubles of any kind. Her heart always responded. We shall miss her. The camp will be lonely now she is gone. Attracted by the lovely lawn and beautiful flowers last summer, a lady came to buy a bouquet for a sick friend, but Mrs. Clapp said, "No, I'll give you all you wish for your sick friend." We never heard a word said against Mrs. Clapp. As far as lay in her power, with her feeble health last season, she sat in her large sitting room and entertained all her guests. May she now rest from her labors and be entertained by her angel friends.
M. A. P.
Winsted, Conn.

How the Seed Grew in Pittsfield, Mass.

Eliza Rhodes Douglas.

About three years ago, when I came to Pittsfield, with my parents, we were surprised to find no Spiritualist society, and at once we wrote the "Banner" office, and through the courtesy of the office procured the name of Mrs. Kingman.

We at once sought her acquaintance. Mr. J. T. Rhodes, my father, called and introduced himself, at the same time taking a letter of introduction from Miss Elizabeth Harlow, one of our good, faithful workers, who had known Mrs. Kingman ever since she first went to live with the glorious inspirational lecturer, Mrs. Clara Banks, who has since arisen, Mrs. Kingman and Mrs. Banks were school girls together and as we knew Mrs. Banks well that was a good introduction, with Miss Harlow's letter.

Mrs. Kingman said that for nine years it had been her prayer for a Spiritualist family to come to Pittsfield that they might at least have family circles. So we began by meeting on Sunday nights, just the two families, and as the writer is a medium, we had very pleasant results. We began to get others interested, having about twenty people come regularly, until I met with an accident which resulted in a broken shoulder, which caused a standstill with our circles for a time, while I was away. Mrs. Kingman's loneliness at no meetings caused her to write to the Massachusetts State Association, which responded at once to the appeal and plans were made for it to meet at Pittsfield. A hall was obtained and a large audience came to greet Dr. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch and Maud Litch. Great interest was manifested. The daily papers gave a generous report of Dr. Fuller's address, which the "Banner" encouragingly published with a liberal account of the meeting.

Since I came home we have had another large meeting, at which Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden gave great comfort and satisfaction. There were some 150 people present. This week we expect Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds. Between the hall meetings we meet at Mrs. Kingman's, and I, with guides, continue the interest. A few of us have to bear the expense, but we shall succeed and be able to do more. An old lady in Canada sent to the State Association meeting a bundle of "Banners" to serve as missionary help. She had been a subscriber from the start and prized it so that she wanted others to enjoy it. And so the work goes on.

Pacific Coast Wonders.

How \$100,000 is Being Spent in a Campaign of Enlightenment.

The spending of \$100,000 is an interesting event, no matter who spends it or for what aims, but when it is devoted in an almost philanthropic way to the enlightenment of those who seek better health, or new pleasure, or perfect rest, it is indeed worthy of remark.

The Sunset Magazine, that marvelous reflex of Western life, published in San Francisco, recently contracted with N. W. Ayer & Son, the great advertising house of Philadelphia, to spend \$100,000 in telling the people of the wonders of that scenic country extending from Los Angeles, California, to Portland, Oregon, now so easily accessible via the Coast Line and Shasta Route of the Southern Pacific Company.

To convey this message in such a graphic manner that everyone everywhere would have a true mind-picture of the amazing things to be found in this land of perennial sunshine, required all the resources even of N. W. Ayer & Son, a veritable army of photographers, artists and writers, working hand in hand in preparing pages upon pages of interesting material for the great magazines and periodicals. When it was found that even this great space was too limited to tell a title of the story, a beautiful book was published for free distribution, containing rare color prints, fine engravings and most vivid pen-pictures. "The Road of a Thousand Wonders" is the title of this book, and it is indeed well worthy of the name, for on its pages are depicted all the veritable wonders of California and Oregon, including the Home of "Ramona," the heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous romance; the old Spanish Missions still used by the sombre-robed monks; the mystic Cypress Forest on the great Seven-

teen Mile Drive; the historical town and bay of Monterey; the rosebushes that climb telegraph poles in midwinter; the pyramids of the Santa Lucia Mountains; the nature baths of Paso Robles Hot Springs; the orange and olive groves, the endless sea of blossoms that makes Japan look like a peapatch; the Big Trees of Santa Cruz, the oldest living things on earth; the glories of the Sacramento Valley; the grandeur of snow-capped Shasta, and the inexhaustible game preserves of Oregon.

All this and so much more is described in this remarkable book—more remarkable when it is considered that it has no price, and that anyone may have one by writing to the distributor, Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, 431 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Another Volume of Big Bible Stories

W. H. Bach.

I have received a number of letters asking for Volume II. of Big Bible Stories. It appears that those who have the first volume want more.

I have the matter nearly ready for another volume about the same size as Volume I., but through the expense we have been to on account of sickness and the fact that a Monotype type-casting machine I bought failed to do the work, causing a loss of between \$1,000 and \$1,200, I have not felt that I could take the financial responsibility of getting out the new volume and taking the chances on its sales to pay the bills.

Recently I have had a number of letters asking for the volume. I will make this proposition: I have the matter ready so I can get the book out within the next two months. It will cost nearly, if not quite, \$300 to publish it, as the bill for the first volume was \$302.50. If enough people want this volume to subscribe for sufficient copies at 50 cents a copy, or five copies for \$2.50, to pay the bill, I will get it out.

From present indications it will make a volume of about 150 pages. Now, if it is wanted send on your pledges. Do not send any money, but merely say how many copies you will take, and I will get the book out if I get a sufficient number of subscriptions to warrant me against financial loss.

The stories are as good as in Volume I. I present the matter to those who want the book. If you want it send in your pledge to take a certain number. I will not attempt it unless 600 copies are ordered.
Address, W. H. Bach, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Movements of Platform Workers.

G. W. Kates and wife are serving the Cause in Philadelphia, Pa., during January and February, and are having large meetings. They are engaged at Cleveland, O., for March, and can then accept some nearby calls for week nights and also for the month of April. They are open for a call to serve at the anniversary of Spiritualism March 31. Address them at Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa.

Rev. H. S. Geneva Lake is now listing engagements for the season of 1906-7. Societies making early application will secure choice of dates. Address Lock box 502, Olympia, Wash.

Edgar W. Emerson has engagements as follows for February: Springfield, Mass., Feb. 4-25; Methuen, Mass., Feb. 11; Providence, R. I., Feb. 18.

The Chicago Courier for January 20 pays Dr. Bland's book, "In the World Celestial," a very high compliment. The editor says: "I warn those who desire to live ten days in heaven not to dally long after supper before taking up this book, for they are liable, like the editor, to be late for breakfast next morning. One simply cannot stop till he finishes the story of Paul's delightful experiences in the celestial world with his angel sweetheart."

That Dry, Rasping Cough is not necessary. Piso's Cure will relieve and cure it.
25c.

Mark Twain to His Illustrator.

When Dan Beard, the famous author and illustrator of "Moonlight," a romance of the coal regions, was about to begin the illustration of "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," he went to Mr. Clemens for suggestions.

"Look here, Dan," said Mr. Clemens, "if an editor should come to me to write him a story, and should then sit down and tell me how to write it, I'd say, 'Gol darn yer, go and hire a typewriter.' Now, Dan, it's your business to illustrate that book, not mine."

After a few moments of reflection, however, he looked up and said with an affection of great solemnity:

"Dan, I don't want to inflict any mental suffering on your part or subject you to any undue agony, but I do wish that you'd read the book before you make the pictures."

How well the artist acquitted himself on his friend's book is now a matter of literary history, but it is only fair to state that Mr. Clemens recognized the merit of the work instantly, for he wrote Mr. Beard:

"What a lucky day it was when I went netting for lightning-bugs and caught a meteor. Live forever! S. L. Clemens."

A Notre Dame Lady.

I will send free with full instructions, some of this simple preparation for the cure of Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, Hot Flashes, Desire to Cry, Creeping Feeling up the Spine, Pain in the Back, and all Female Troubles, to all sending address. To mothers of suffering daughters I will explain a Successful Home Treatment. If you decide to continue it will only cost about 12 cents a week to guarantee a cure. Tell other sufferers of it, that is all I ask. If you are interested write now and tell your suffering friends of it. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 237, Notre Dame, Ind.

Are You Deaf?

I was deaf myself for 25 years. I perfected and patented a small, invisible ear drum in order to help my own hearing. It is called "The Way Ear Drum," and by the use of these drums I can NOW HEAR WHISPERS. I want all deaf people to write me. I do not claim to "cure" all cases of deafness, neither can I benefit those who were born deaf. But I CAN HELP 90 per cent of those whose hearing is defective.

Won't you take the trouble to write and find out all about me and my invention? Geo. P. Way, 1415 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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In the World Celestial

BY DR. T. A. BLAND.

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

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

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

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

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

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

This book in best cloth binding for \$1.50.

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For Sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY
MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

A SONG.

William Brunton.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

In passing by I stand and hear,
An unknown voice in accents clear,
Ring out the rapture of a song—
With passion pure and feeling strong;
It has a charm my heart to wake,
To noble faith for its sweet sake;
And though the face I cannot see,
The voice is music unto me!

Ah! so I think we wend along,
And help is given by a song!

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

IGNORANCE OF THE LAW DOES NOT MAKE THE LAW INOPERATIVE.

In a home in Cambridge where spirits have been welcomed and recognized as ministering angels, a man lay sick with pneumonia.

Hour by hour the fight for life continued until at last it seemed as if the dread disease would win and the heart must cease to beat.

"You must not let him die, doctor. I can't let him go. There must be something which you can do to save him!"

It was the anguished and heartbreaking wife who spoke, and she only heard the serious tones of the physician. "My poor child, I can do no more, unless God sends some help he will surely die. I have done everything in my power, and I am helpless."

Then he went away.

O, the agony of those moments! Nothing more to be done.

The utter helplessness of the situation was appalling, and the woman sat down beside her loved one and her heart was full of prayers.

In a little hall several miles away a company of people had gathered for an afternoon meeting.

They were Spiritualists, and they knew the wonderful, magnetic, and healing powers of spirits.

Their hearts were sad and heavy, for the husband of their president was lying at death's door.

It was their friend and leader who sat with pain tugging at her heart strings as she watched her husband's labored breathing.

What could they do?

They were willing to undertake any service, make any sacrifice, but what should it be?

They would form a circle and link themselves to their suffering friend and hold him in their strong arms of love until he could take hold of life once more.

So they sat down, and in confidence waited for the work to begin.

Suddenly the currents of life and healing began to flow into the chamber where the sick man lay.

So still, so still he lay, but the ashy whiteness of his cheeks began to lighten and the pulse began to quicken.

Life was flowing in and the tear-dimmed eyes of the waiting wife grew big with hope as she watched the light come into the loved face just as the sunbeams flicker through the shutters in the gray of the early morning.

Swiftly and silently the stream of love flowed from the devoted company of friends in the hall to the receptive two in the home, and from that moment the miracle of healing through spirit co-operation was once more demonstrated.

God had sent help?

Yes, but not especially for this case or in any marvelous way setting aside the natural working of law.

It is the law that health and love and strength and peace and happiness and joy shall flow from one life to another, but when a life is insulated from any cause the currents cease to flow.

Ignorance of a law does not make a law inoperative, and so we suffer and learn as we look for the cause of our sufferings.

Sensitive people often shrink from contact with people and imagine they are protecting themselves by isolation, but the wise man knows that isolation cuts off resources as well as dangers.

To impede or retard the natural flowing of the streams of health and happiness through fear of selfishness or ignorance is as wicked as it would be to refuse to walk through fear of falling, to keep out of the sunshine to escape sunburn, or freckles, or to take laudanum instead of water.

The psychic law which attends mediumship and makes it possible to send currents of healing to the sick is a part of the outfit of the soul in its journeyings through the physical world.

It was discovered and applied by the mediums and sensitives just as Hahnemann discovered the law of homoeopathy and applied it for the healing of the sick.

The fact that modifications and alterations have been made and labels pinned to specifications by pretenders and belated arrivals does not in the least effect the truth that was first whispered to the sick through the lips of mediums that spirits may carry magnetic influences from one center to another for the physical, as well as spiritual, adjustment; that the spiritual and physical are so interwoven and inter-dependent that what effects one effects the other.

The more receptive and responsive one is to these influences, the reader and swift will be the relief in time of spiritual stress or physical illness.

To fear the unfolding of the sensitive, receptive nature and to refuse its expression because there is a possible danger is as absurd as for one to insist on baking bread on a rock in the sun because fire sometimes consumes houses and people.

Mediumship, which is receptivity to spirit

impressions and personalities, both in and out of the body, is a wonderful and beautiful gift.

Not the least of its many beautiful and expressive phases is the power to heal and be healed.

Oh, may we never forget the wonderful possibilities and resources of this ever unfolding and revealing power.

Vastly superior to poisons and drugs is the simple, yet wonderful healing power which we may transmit to our loved ones.

The specific cases that are constantly being brought to our attention command our respect and ever increasing faith.

Oh, blessed, blessed law that unites us with our own in every condition of life and in sweet bondage equalizes our powers and our gifts, our strength and our poise, while love's triumphant song is ringing in our ears. M. M. S.

Open the Door.

Open the door, let in the sun:
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems:
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul: let in
Strong, pure thoughts which will banish sin:
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine:
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart: let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin:
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unawares:
Open the door!

British Weekly.

Chrysanthemums.

Frank H. Sweet.

She was kneeling just inside the fence, stirring and patting the already prepared soil of a flower bed with a pearl-handled trowel, ordered especially for this first summer in the country. And as she stirred and patted, her lips murmured a few bars of a French labor song, and her brow wrinkled and smoothed with the motions of the trowel.

She was pretty, with the winsome, clinging beauty of the vine; and on her lips and dimpled cheeks was the delicate bloom of outdoor toil, or exercise—or was it inexorable health?

Presently she arose and surveyed her work critically, approvingly. There were many little corners and scallops and much scroll work tracery. Certainly it was very nice and artistic. All it lacked now was the flowers.

The costly white gloves which reached to her elbows were discolored with the soil she had been manipulating, and she regarded the stains with pensive satisfaction. Then, as approaching footsteps sounded upon the sidewalk, she took the trowel and made a dark line across what she considered a too large space of white. A laborer should not be ashamed of the marks of his toil. As she raised her eyes she looked straight into a pair of admiring ones on the opposite side of the fence.

The man's gaze was averted instantly and he would have passed on, but she stepped to the fence with a pretty, impulsive gesture.

"Aren't you Mr. Ware of the next cottage beyond?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've been admiring your flowers," frankly, "and—yes, I may as well confess it, I was in your greenhouse yesterday and spoke with your gardener. He said you had the finest chrysanthemums in all the country round last fall—prize takers, and all that."

"Yes, I had some very fine ones, I believe," he answered, smiling back at her, "and they took several prizes at the fair."

"How lovely!" clasping her hands. "I dote on chrysanthemums. Most of my china has chrysanthemum patterns, and my latest ball gown is figured with them. You see, raising her hand so that the tip of one of the discolored glove fingers pressed a dimple in her cheek, "I'm counting so much on them for my summer's pleasure in the country. I mean to have beds and beds and borders and borders, and I want them all to be lovely prize-takers. I know pretty much everything about them, of course, for your gardener said they only bloomed once a year, and that they had all kinds of colors, and that they needed oceans of water. But maybe he forgot something, and I don't want the least bit of a mistake about anything. Now, this bed," turning and regarding the little circle of disturbed soil anxiously, "has cost me a lot of thought and labor. I've been toiling in it—with my own hands, mind you—more than half an hour; and of course I can't risk any uncertainty. It's all ready now for its upholstering—no, I mean its—its farming. Will you tell me where I must get the prize flowers, and would I better plant them or just stick one side in the ground for—for slips—Isn't it slips they're called?" looking up into his face confidently, and nodding an, "Of course it's slips, but I want to hear you say so."

"Why, no, I'm very sorry, but you're mistaken," he answered, admiring the delicate color which came and went in her face, and glad to know that the face belonged to the next cottage and would remain there all summer. "You see, it's bulbs. My gardener had a great box full come the other day, and he's so choice of them he'll scarcely let me go near the box for fear I'll get something mixed. Of course, they're the prize-takers. He puts the bulbs in the ground and covers them all over with dirt. I saw him do a few this morning."

"Oh, that's it!" in a relieved voice, "I didn't know, but it's lovely. If they're bulbs there won't be any wilting, and everything is sure to come out all right. But where shall I get them?"

"If you will permit me," eagerly, "I will be only too delighted. My gardener shall bring them over and plant them for you himself."

"No, no," she protested, "not that. I must do the work. It's to be my penance for frivolity last winter. Besides, I'm going

to like it. It's so sturdy and independent to labor."

"Of course it is," he agreed. "Well, suppose I don't say anything about it to the gardener. There are lots of bulbs in the greenhouse and storeroom. I will pick out some of the handsomest and bring them over myself, and—help plant them. May I?"

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Why, yes, I don't know but you may," she answered. "You can tell me how."

"And do the digging," he supplemented. "I will put on gloves. It will be so droll, and—nice. And it is so unconventional. I hope you don't mind."

"No, I don't think I do. We're next door neighbors, you know. And I think I've heard of you in New York, at—"

"The Manhattan?" inquiringly.

"Yes, very likely it was the Manhattan. I'm Miss Richardson, of Forty-second street."

"Miss Olga Richardson?"

"Yes."

"Who visits a Miss Trelawney—Olive Trelawney?"

Her hands came together in pleased surprise.

"Do you know Olive? Why, she is one of my dearest friends."

"Indeed! Isn't it delightful. My sister knows her, and has heard her speak about Miss Olga Richardson. Really, it seems that we are old acquaintances, after all. I will get the chrysanthemum bulbs now, and hurry back. But you must let me call this afternoon to talk over old times."

"Certainly, it will be lovely."

Ten minutes later he was back, bringing as many large bulbs as he could carry; and with delightfully profound remarks on the art of gardening and the usefulness of labor, they knelt on opposite sides of the trowel-carved bed and planted the bulbs, one by one. As the last bulb was receiving its covering of soil a deprecating face appeared in the shrubbery.

"Av ye please, sorr," an anxious voice called, "have yees been aither seein' any b'ys or tramps lurkin' about?"

Two or three pats were given to the little mound which covered the bulbs, then Mr. Ware turned—

"No, Michael, not this morning," he answered. "Why?"

"Because some rascals' been stealin' the pertaties I put aside for plantin', sorr, bad cess to the crather! They was in a foine noo basket—" He stopped suddenly, adding, "I beg pardon, sorr!" and disappeared behind the shrubbery. The "foine noo basket" stood beside the newly planted flower bed, empty.

A QUESTION.

Emily E. Gillett.

How much longer must I wait
Before I reach the Golden Gate?
Before St. Peter says, "Come in,
I hope you're good and free from sin."

What must my answer be to him?
I've done my best to keep from sin.
And did the very best I could
No matter what all others would.

I'm not an Empress or a Queen,
But just plain Emily, I ween,
Always willing to divide
And with my fortune to abide.

That was the best that I could do,
And now I humbly come to you
And ask you to forgive my sin,
St. Peter, can you let me in?

Sacramento, Cal.

This was suggested by reading of a Queen who requested admission to Heaven on account of her title. St. Peter refused, saying that no one was received there on account of their earthly titles.

[The writer of these lines is in her eighty-fourth year, and at present but poorly. She has been a subscriber to the Banner from the first, and carries in her heart our beautiful faith in sweetness and light.]

The Man and God.

William Brunton.

The man had been in a beautiful dream, for he was out in the country and it was an early summer's day when all the world was at its brightest and best. He had strolled out of the little town, over the fields and down to the water's edge, and there was the ocean stretching away and away to the world's end as he pictured.

He sat down on one of the rocks and began to consider life from the vision of beauty before him. He said to himself: This is the time to know things while earth is so enchanting and I can look on it all with delight.

O how wonderful it is that I am living! I can never get over that. I forgot it for a moment, and then awoken to the fact, and it catches my heart like sweet music.

It surprises me like love, and I am delirious with the delight of it—for it is just blessed to live and look out on earth and sky as I do now. O how thankful I am for existence as I realize what it is from feeling its vibrating joy. If I had only food and shelter and small companionship, it would be well enough for the term of years from youth to age, but here I am with so many pleasures, and they multiply with the springtime coming and going. Yes, I am thankful for life, and yet how little I know about it. I wish God would tell me more.

The man felt strangely impressed; it seemed as if a Presence were near that brought worship in his heart and he forgot about the body and time; he was exalted to a perfect beatitude of soul, and all that was in him was referred to a sweetness beyond compare. He had no thought, only love and the hallowed satisfaction of love. He had no wish and no fear, but only the glow of transcendent joy and trust, and the sun was going down but its glory suffused the heavens; and so it was in his soul, and the man felt that God had verily spoken to him!

"Help us to turn disaster to account."

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM-

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE H. 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.

O, Spirit of Light, we lift our hearts to Thee as the flower lifts its face to the sun. We would be refreshed and strengthened and our lives made sweet and holy by the instreaming light of the Infinite Father.

The aspirations of our hearts find response only in the spiritual life. The struggle, the incessant clamor for place and power sometimes drowns our very outburst for peace and pure happiness, but we would still all other cries and shut out every desire except an aspiration after strength and truth and joy. Not only for what it may bring to us, but for the joy that shall go to the world from us, we pray for strength and light and peace.

So closely linked are we with every child of earth in its joy or sorrow, its pain or happiness that we cannot separate ourselves and understanding this, we would have strength and be strong and pure that only these things may reflect on the lives of others. May the knowledge of spirit communion be the same staff to those who are in fear and doubt that it has been to us. So may we make the world happier through the inflowing of truth. Amen.

MESSAGES.

William Carroll, Seattle, Wash.

There is a spirit of a man probably forty-two or three years old; he is a very strong, active-looking person and I think he passed out of life very suddenly, for he seems to have no trace of illness or suffering. In a very matter of fact way he says to me, "Well, I don't know what to say first. I suppose I had better make my identity known. My name is William Carroll. I was in the leather business. I lived in Seattle, Wash. I traveled in the early part of my life a good deal, but I had settled down and thought I was established for the rest of my days; so I was, for I ended my days there. It may surprise you when I tell you that I am not the least bit interested in the money I worked so hard to get or the business I left behind or anything with which my hands were employed. I seemed to cut off all my particular interest in them and to excite a new interest in my friends. I guess I was too much absorbed in getting them and that I had worn out all the energy that held me to them. I dropped dead, apparently, there was nothing the matter. It was night. I didn't realize what had happened. I didn't understand that it was all over. I felt as if it were a dream and that I would awaken after a while. I heard the minister's words over my body and I saw the lessons he was striving to draw, of how uncertain life was, that everybody had better be prepared to die and I concluded that he didn't know much about the preparation of death. What he meant was that they had better do something to save their souls. I have got a little boy; we call him Jack. The child has seen me a dozen times. I shall never be dead to him and I am striving to appear to him so naturally that he will have no fear. He is as bright as he can be and if nothing happens to him I think he will make a smart man. I am not able to see very far into the future so I cannot prophesy to any great extent, but I feel happy that my affairs were in good order and that no great commotion was caused by my death. If Hattie wants me to, I can talk to her, but I will have to wait until she gives me a chance to speak to her alone. I am grateful to you for your assistance."

Howard Grover, Princeton, N. J.

There is a young man here I should think about nineteen; his eyes are as black as jet; his skin is dark, but clear and pale. His hair is very dark and just a little bit wavy; he is very sober and seems to take everything so seriously that it spoils his youthful appearance. He says his name is Howard Grover. "I lived in Princeton, N. J. I used to suffer so with asthma that I was glad when I got out of that body; it was nothing but a box to me without any cover that I could lift to get breathing space. My first feeling when I got over here was that I could breathe and I have never been sorry a minute and never for one moment wished I was back. I had a mother and father and sisters, but they never understood what I was going through. They used to try to make me do things just as they did and eat the things they did and they laughed at me when I couldn't. Sometimes I used to wish as hard as I could that I was dead and out of their way. I guess I got bitter about it, because now I begin to feel better towards them and my grandmother, who has been taking care of me ever since I have been

here, told me it was time I came back and sent a message, that it would make me feel better and them too. I never could bear flowers, they seemed to stifle me; I liked to look at them, but I didn't like them around. Now I can have them everywhere and I love them very much. I have got a little baby brother over here. I didn't know I had him until I came over and found him; he and I take long walks into the country and are very happy together. Thank you for helping me to come. Goodby."

Lucy Burnett.

There is a spirit of a little old lady just as bright as a dollar. She is short and stout and quick as a flash. She has dark hair and eyes and she is just as busy and happy and bright as she can be. Her name is Lucy Burnett and she says, "Everybody always called me Aunt Lucy and I like it, too. You know people like to have other people love them and it just seemed to me that when people called me Aunt Lucy, they liked me. I never had any trouble with anybody in the world, didn't see any sense in making trouble for yourself and finding fault with other people. You cannot make them do what you want them to, just because you want them to, so I used to let them do as they pleased and got along the best way I could. My companion came over here two years before I did and I nursed him and worked over him and watched him and I never was very strong afterwards; I don't want you to think for a minute that I was sorry that I lost my strength that way for I wasn't. He had taken care of me a good many times before when I had been sick and I used to say to him: 'Never mind, Joe, I am glad to do this work, instead of having strangers in.' He hated strangers around and so did I, so we got along the best we could. Now I had a sister and her name is Julia and I want her to get this message from me; she will be glad to hear from me I know and I want her to know that the blinds are not closed in the mansions of Heaven, we never put the curtains down, but leave the windows open and every little while we look out to see which way the wind is blowing and if there is a wind toward our friends we just take advantage of the current and go where they are. They tell me these are magnetic currents, but I call them love currents; it is on one of these that I am here today."

Maud Harris, Dayton, O.

There is a beautiful woman here. I should think about thirty-five or six years old; her hair is light and her eyes are quite blue; she is slender and very delicate looking. She seems so anxious to get her message to her friends that I feel I must help her all I can and she says, "Oh, dear, I am so weary trying to find the way. First must I tell you my name. I am Maud Harris. My husband's name is George. We lived in Dayton, Ohio. We were so happy together that I am quite unhappy away from him. My friends do not know how real this life is; if they did they wouldn't talk so lightly of the subject. It is of such vast importance to me that I get close to George and my children that I cannot content myself to do anything else until I had made every effort to reach them. My little Marion, oh, I didn't want to leave her, she is so sensitive and so strange. The hardest thing in the world is for a mother to leave her babies. Oh, I have prayed to God to make it possible for me to get to them and tell them that I would take care of them. Why did they lie to my little Marion and tell her that I had only gone away. She knew better. Every night I go to her and try to make her understand that I have not left her. Please say to Jennie that I think she is working wisely and she must not mind what any of the rest say. She knows my wishes and I will help her to carry them out. Oh, thank you for this opportunity."

A Night Song.

Mrs. Nicholas Williams.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

Like threads of gold my baby's hair
Clings round his neck and temples fair,
His lovely eyes and dimpled chin
Were made to hold the shunshine in
His rounded limbs, so soft and sweet,
His perfect hands and rosy feet;
His voice, a cadence soft and low,
His breath, like sweets, where lilies blow
With golden head, laid on my breast,
I rock and croon him into rest.

SONG.

The lingering glooms of night are here,
But naught can harm thee, baby dear.

The purple wings of night are furled,
And silence wraps the drowsy world.

The new moon, like a little boat,
In fleecy clouds, is set afloat.

And stars are scattered o'er and o'er
Like crystal nails in heaven's floor.

The cricket's song is loud and shrill,
The katydid pipes on the hill.

And every voice in earth and sky
Is murmuring thy lullaby.

So sleep till morning's rosy bars
Put out the light of twinkling stars.

So sleep, my white souled, tender dove,
In God's own care, and Mother's love.

What Dr. Henson Was Doing.

The Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, pastor of Tremont Temple, was met by a friend in one of the big department stores while doing some holiday shopping.

"Good-day, doctor; what are you doing here?" he asked.

Dr. Henson, who had been delayed some time, replied: "I can best answer your question with the words of Job xiv, 14: 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'—Selected.

"For thine it is to act well the allotted part, but to choose it is another's."

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1906.

Societary News.

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

Boston and Vicinity.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists held its regular meeting Wednesday, Jan. 24, in Cambridge Lower Hall. Mrs. Katie Ham drew the largest audience of the season. Many of the members attended the funeral of the president's father, Jan. 25. Mrs. Minnie M. Soule will be the speaker Feb. 14.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson pastor, Mr. C. W. Emery of Lynn assistant, Commercial Hall, 694 Washington street.—Morning circle, readings given by Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Reed, Prof. Mahomet, Prof. Clark Smith; beautiful thoughts expressed by Dr. Blackden, Mr. Privoce, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Hicks; treatments by Prof. Payroe and Mr. Delhante. Afternoon—Opening exercises conducted by Mr. Brewer; personal experiences by Prof. Carpenter; messages by Mrs. Belle Robertson, Mrs. Grover, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Mahomet, Dr. Blackden, Mr. McLean.

Evening—Prof. Peak at the piano; poem, Mrs. Dr. Wildes; astrological readings, Prof. Clark Smith; readings, Mrs. Fox, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Gaugh, Mrs. Stinan; poem, Mr. Starkey; astrological readings, Mrs. Baker, Mr. Marston assisting on the platform.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall.—Sunday, Feb. 4th, 2:30 and 7:30. Prof. R. A. Macurda, lecturer and test medium. Circles at 4, supper 5, song service and concert, with first class soloists and readers, at 6:30. Ladies' Social Union every Wednesday. Circle at 3, supper 6:15, test seance 7:45. Good mediums always present.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong pastor.—"Word Made Flesh" was the subject of "George" in the morning, followed by Miss Rhind, after which Mr. Newhall and Mr. Brewer spoke. Messages were given by Mr. Baker and Mrs. Morgan. "Heaven and Earth" was the subject of the afternoon. A poem read by Russ H. Gilbert was followed by messages by Dr. Huot. Mrs. Lewis sang a poetic hymn. Messages were given by Mr. Baker, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Morgan. "What Is Truth?" was the theme of the evening service. Messages were given by Mr. Baker, Mrs. Steen, Mrs. Morgan.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, held its regular session in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, Sunday, at 11:30 a. m. After the discussion of the lesson by the group and the march, the circle was formed and some good proofs of spirit return were given. There are some fine mediums among the children. Come and join in the good work. Thursday evening, Feb. 20, an Indian concert will be given for the benefit of the Lyceum. Concert, 8 to 10 p. m. Dancing until 12. Tickets, 50c.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, Jan. 24. Business meeting in the afternoon; supper served at 6:30. Jan. 31 there is to be an old-fashioned supper served by "Ye Dames of Ye Olden Time." After the social hour, Mrs. Butler opened the meeting, and in a few words paid a loving tribute to her friend and co-worker, Mrs. Hill, a member of the society. The following speakers and mediums were then introduced: Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. George, Mrs. Alice Whall, Mrs. Robertson, Prof. Matook. Mrs. Butler closed by giving messages from loved ones.

The Brighton Psychic Society, 14 Kendrick street, held a large and interesting meeting Wednesday evening, Jan. 24. Mrs. Annie Morgan of Cambridge gave readings to nearly all present, all being understood and fully recognized. Mrs. Fannie Mariner of Roxbury will serve this society Wednesday evening, Feb. 7, and during the month of February.

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, the L. S. I. S. Mrs. Belcher, president, had a good attendance at the business meeting and supper. The evening was spent in dancing. Mrs. Whitlock, a former president, was present awhile in the evening. Feb. 22 there will be a Martha Washington party. Feb. 1 good speakers and test mediums. Supper, 6:30.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, 9 Appleton street, met as usual. Supper served at 6:15. The evening was given over to Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, who kindly gave this society a benefit. Meeting opened with singing, after which Mrs. Stiles recited a poem. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Mason sang "Open Those Pearly Gates." Mrs. Stiles then answered questions presented by the audience and spoke of the religious and spiritual life of today. After another song by Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Stiles gave messages, which were all recognized. The society extended to Mrs. Stiles a vote of thanks. Next Friday there will be a Candelmas supper. All are invited to come. Mrs. M. F. Lovering was the pianist. The president, Mrs. M. E. Albee, was still detained at home, but will undoubtedly be present next Friday.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Mrs. Alice M. Whall president. Thursday evening meeting, Louise Hall.

Mrs. Whall presided, Miss Jennie Milton at the piano. Meeting opened with a hymn. The Rev. F. A. Wiggins of Unity Church, Boston, was introduced to an appreciative audience. He opened his services by reciting a poem, and then spoke from the subject, "The Life of Tomorrow and the Law That Governs the Same." His lecture was broad and elevating. After the

lecture he read many ballots. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 2 p. m., Children's Lyceum, E. J. Patch conductor. Mrs. Andrews at the piano; opened with a hymn. The subjects, Perseverance, Patience, Truth, and "Does the End Justify the Means," were all discussed intelligently. At 3:30 p. m., the afternoon circle, Mrs. Whall presided. Mrs. Andrews at the piano. Circle opened with a song service. Mr. Milton gave the invocation. Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Whall and Mrs. Morton, inspired by their guides, gave beautiful messages. Miss Maggie Vaughan spoke on the subject of the Lyceum. Closed with singing and benediction. Evening meeting, 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Whall presided, Mrs. Andrews at the piano. Meeting opened with a song service. Mrs. Whall reading from the scriptures and Mrs. Litch offering the invocation. After the hymn Mrs. Maud M. Litch of Lynn was introduced. She gave an interesting address, after which she gave many messages. Mrs. Whall gave several messages. The meeting closed with singing and benediction. Mr. James S. Scarlett will occupy the platform Feb. 4.

American Psychical Research Society of Malden, Mass., Harvey Redding president, held its regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden Square, Sunday evening. The invocation and song service were followed by an able address by the president. Subject, "Temptation," followed by remarks on Spiritualism, by the vice-president, Mrs. Abbie Burnham, in a graceful and fluent manner. Mrs. Redder presided at the piano and rendered many pleasing musical effects. Communications were given by mediums present, including Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles; soloist, Mrs. E. Coote.

Friday evening, Jan. 26, the regular monthly social was held at the home of the president and wife. Many friends helped to pass the evening in an enjoyable manner. Mrs. Frank Vickery rendered musical selections. Mrs. Emma Wells read a poem dedicated to the occasion. Mrs. Abbie Burnham recited and gave communications. Solo by Mrs. E. F. Coote. Many mental questions were answered by Mrs. M. E. Deane. Mrs. Lizzie Rollins displayed her gifts in palmistry and Mrs. A. L. Bean contributed much to the merriment by impersonating a gypsy. The next social, last Friday in February.

Thursday evening meeting held at the home of the president. A half hour was devoted to healing; a selection was rendered on the piano by Mrs. Emma Wells, followed by an inspirational invocation by the president. Mrs. Hobson and Mrs. Knight did good work; Mrs. Wells read an inspirational poem. Mrs. Rollins read some lines. Mr. Redding and his guide gave messages. Mrs. Dean answered mental questions to the satisfaction of all.

New England States.

The Greenfield Progressive Spiritualist Society had for its speaker Jan. 14 and 21, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., vice-president of the New York Association of Spiritualists. Two large audiences turned out to greet this estimable lady. Every seat was filled. Her lectures were both instructive and interesting and the tests following were very satisfactory. The society hopes to have her again.

Norwich Spiritual Union, Norwich, Conn.—Last Sunday Mr. Albert P. Blinn delivered two interesting addresses, in the morning upon "Looking Into the Future," and in the evening upon "Death." In connection with the evening service recitations were given by several members of the Lyceum, and a special musical program was rendered. The Lyceum is active and thriving. Mr. Blinn has been given a call to remain another year, but has not yet accepted. His work has been successful in every way.

Thursday evening, Feb. 15, the male members of the society are to furnish the supper. It is expected that it will be a unique affair. On Sunday, Feb. 4, Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas of Brooklyn will follow Mr. Blinn's addresses with tests and clairvoyant readings. The young people of the society are now rehearsing a comedy to be given during the last week of February, probably on Washington's birthday.

Salem Progressive Spiritualist Society met in Odd Fellows' block, Salem, Sunday, Jan. 21. President Edwin R. Fly in the chair. Since the last meeting the hall and lobbies have been completely renovated, and present a bright, new, clean aspect. The afternoon service was opened at 2:30 with a selection by the quartet under the leadership of Prof. E. J. Holden, followed by invocation by the speaker and medium of the day, Prof. R. A. Macurda of Lynn, Mass. After a vocal selection, the speaker gave a very interesting lecture. At its close many communications were given, all being recognized. The evening services commenced at 7:15 with song service. Mrs. Frye and Mrs. Johnson sang a duet. Prof. Holden and Mrs. Mabel Page, musical selection. Mrs. Frye gave a poem, followed by a selection by the quartet and solos by Mrs. Frye. The speaker, Prof. Macurda, gave a very interesting lecture, after which he did some of the finest psychic work ever witnessed in this hall; reading ballots verbatim, voicing absolutely correct messages. At 9:15 the lecture was dismissed. Next Sunday Dr. Clough of Lynn will be the speaker.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell had for its speaker on Sunday, Jan. 28, Mr. Oliver Thomas Newcomb of Cambridge. His lectures were full of good, practical, common sense views of Spiritualism, and he gave many original ideas. After the lecture Mr. Newcomb gave messages, which were all recognized. Next Sunday, Mrs. Nettie H. Harding of Somerville will speak. On Thursday evening last the Ladies' Aid held a very successful poverty party at the home of Mrs. Forrest Bingham, 177 Fort Hill avenue.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn was speaker and medium for the First Spiritualist Society, Sunday, Jan. 28. Every seat was taken at both services. The subjects chosen were "Comfort the Sorrowing, Lift Up the Fallen," and "The True Mission of Spirit Return." The addresses were followed by many evidences from the

spirit side of life. The Mediums' Circle and song services were largely attended and many spirit messages given. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several selections. Mrs. A. J. Pettigill, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.

The Spiritual Research Society of Salem, Mass., had as speaker and medium Sunday, Jan. 28, Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell. The subject of her afternoon discourse was "Is Our Spiritualism a Comfort?" In the evening her subject was, "Is There Any Good in Spiritualism?" Both subjects were handled in a very interesting manner.

The Progressive Spiritualists' Society of Augusta, Me., Mrs. A. J. Pettigill of Malden, Mass., filled an engagement Jan. 4 and 14, and held two meetings each Sunday. The lectures were very interesting and her many tests were recognized very readily.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield, Mass.—Dec. 3, 10, 17 and 24, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds was the speaker. She has many friends in Springfield and her work was excellent. Dec. 31 and Jan. 7, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand was the speaker, and her work was greatly appreciated by all. Jan. 14 and 21, Mrs. E. D. Butler was speaker and she cheered many with messages from the spirit world. Jan. 28, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham occupied the platform. Her work was wonderful. The fair was a success. Mrs. Reynolds was one of the hardest workers to make it so.

The First Spiritual Society of Portland, Me.—A large number were in attendance at Mystic Hall to greet Mr. M. A. Graham of Boston. He delivered two very fine lectures, the subjects being, "Many Are Called and Few Are Chosen" and "Don't Look for the Flaws as You Go Through Life." He also gave good messages, everyone being recognized. Next Sunday one of the society's most honored members, Mr. John M. Todd, will serve, with lectures, which are always appreciated. Mrs. Vaughan will aid him by giving some of her wonderful messages.

W. J. Colville in New England.—On Saturday evening, Jan. 27, W. J. Colville lectured at the School of Expression, conducted by Miss Post at 150 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn., to a splendid audience, which completely filled the spacious double parlors. On Sunday, Jan. 28, he addressed two large and greatly interested assemblies in Alliance Hall, Chapel St. Questions were answered after each discourse and impromptu poems given. At 6 p. m. he appeared at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham Storrs and gave an original poem during the celebration in memory of the work of Thomas Paine. On Monday evening, Jan. 29, he responded to an invitation from Mrs. A. A. Cate, 132 Main St., Haverhill, to reappear in that enterprising city, where he has spoken often in years gone by. Mrs. Cate is actively engaged in good works in her home city and invited many representative people to Mr. Colville's lecture.

Field at Large.

First Spiritualist Union, San Jose, Cal.—"The world is my country, To do good is my religion." Thomas Paine.

The birth of the above great patriot was duly celebrated at Hale's Hall, Jan. 28, where an able and efficient program was presented throughout the day.

At 10 a. m. the children of the Sunset Lyceum took an active part by recitations and songs from the pen of the honored sage.

At 11 a. m., conference services in his honor. At 12:30 a picnic dinner was served, after which a social time until the hour arrived for the afternoon program, at 3 p. m. There were many able speakers, a select orchestra, solos and congregational singing. The evening service was held at the Unitarian Church, commencing at 7:30, under the auspices of the people who are inspired by Paine's noble deeds. We are looking forward to a visit from those venerable workers, Moses and Mattie Hull, who are touring the state in behalf of the Morris Pratt School. They have promised to be at San Jose one week, from Feb. 7 to Feb. 11. The society is preparing an all day meeting Feb. 11, making it a "Hull" day, in their honor. Rev. Hull will give an address in the evening.

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 St., 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. The doors close at 4. Mr. Nicholas Williams is the medium for this work.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter St.—Lecture at 10:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis. School at 12 m. Wednesday evening, Feb. 7, hygienic (vegetarian) supper, at 6:30; conference at 8. Tickets for the supper, 15 cents.

Public Spiritual circle every Friday afternoon, 446 Tremont St., mediums welcome. Mrs. Nellie Carleton Grover, conductor.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St.—Bible Spiritualist Society, Mrs. Gutierrez, president, holds meetings every Sunday. Circle, 11 a. m. Evidences, 2:30 and 7 p. m. Circle, 4 to 5.

American Psychical Research Society, Harvey Redding, president, holds services at Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden Square, Sunday evening at 7:30. Mrs. Abbie Burnham and other good talent. Seats free. Thursday evening meeting, 202 Main St. (opposite Forest Ave.) Everett.

If we are body, mind, and soul, then we ought to live so that these powers shall act in concert like three strings of one instrument. They should be in sympathy and express one joy and purpose.—W. B.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 26, Copyrighted, 1904, by G. H. Webster.)

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

The Ruling People during the term of this Table, are those born under the No. 11. In general, they will not accumulate money nor

people born under Nos. 2, 5, 8 and 11, and to the advantage of those born under Nos. 1, 3, 7, 9, and to some of No. 11, who may happen to be exceptions to the general rule.

People born about the 17th or 18th of January, March, May, July or September will be favored financially, or, its equivalent. People born in 1823, 1827, 1835, 1839, 1843, 1847, 1850, 1855, 1858, 1862, 1867, 1870, 1874, 1879, 1882, 1886, 1891, 1894, 1898, 1903, also Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11 will be favored this year, yet, bear this one important fact in mind, that there are exceptions in all general laws.

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.

glory, being careless in these matters. They will operate disadvantageously with

Chats on Wonder Wheel Science.

MODERN MANKIND.

The animal spirit forces of life are Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting and Feeling. These can have no conception of the Solar Spirit life, any more than a dog can realize what is going on in a town meeting or in a church. The Soul life is in an appreciation of subjects beyond the sphere of the senses. The Senses may respond, in a secondary manner, to the purposes of the soul sphere, but the two spheres are distinctly separate and apart. The senses are only capable of momentary gratifications. The Thinking, or Man part of us, is of a like temporary nature, hence, man is mortal. The soul, however, conceives or accepts of an ideal, and in that ideal it basks with delight, for years maybe, until it is destroyed, superseded or obliterated. Sense and thought impressions are as changeable as the winds, but soul impressions are long abiding.

We lose our soul when we have no appreciation of things, only so far as they please us in our temporary thinking, or in the gratification of our senses. Neither the senses, the thought, nor the soul, are the mind. They are only expressions of the mind on different planes of life. The mind is like a slate or a blackboard upon which the senses, the thought or the soul may write the watchword of the passing moment or of the entire life, and as it is written so the life will respond to the orders encribed.

That is how the Word of God is written to us all. We have a free moral agency, to be governed by the senses, the thought or the soul. The mind is totally unconscious and permits either of these departments of life to write the watchword upon it. If the senses rule, then we are led by the animal, and instinct rather than thought prevails. We may be led by thought; then we are termed "absent minded," or we may be led by the soul force; then we are perfectly oblivious of the comments or the opinions of our fellow men. Thought stands as the medium between the animal and the soul forces, and often, as quick as lightning, changes from one to the other, or plays between the two. On this line of conclusion, it is said, "As man (or thought) thinketh, so is he."

It must not be forgotten, however, that each man, each soul and each sense, is moulded to a particular type of planetary power, and can manifest no power, nor any tendency outside of the particular type or sphere, to which it is moulded.

Life is motion. We can make nothing more out of it if we try. Spirit is a particular kind of motion and one that is not impeded by form or formalities. Matter is but another, but slower kind, of motion, and matter is impeded and restrained or held by form. By being held, or held-ed, we may say that matter can be in hell, and the held condition may be suffered by such animal or human spirit natures as are in sympathy with the matter that is held, but the spirit may leave the matter, or the body, to its fate, which is the grave, like a man forsaking a house that he has long lived in, because the spirit objects to being longer held in sympathy with such annoying restraints.

Who makes these hellish restraints on the body? Man—thought—man, and nobody and nothing else. It is as natural to be sick as it is to be well, but it is not natural to be miserable in being sick. Sickness is in reality nothing but the Sabbatarian rest which nature calls for at the four quarters of every cyclic movement. Through ignorance and greed we evade those laws in the small cycles, but we are not able to do so on the larger cycles, and then it is that nature balances the account to our misery. If we observed the appointed rest on the small cycles, the resting on the larger cycles would be periods of enjoyment. Mankind is too ignorant and greedy to understand such a law, so the body is put to its utmost strength to satisfy the animal greed of sense gratifications, and thought works night and day to scheme up some kind of devilry. The soul power becomes lost. Thought does not look for success on the soul side of spirit life, but only looks to success measured by dollars and cents. Man loses his life to obtain these, gives up his life to death and permits his gains to be spent in animal gratifications by the succeeding generation. "What fools we mortals be."

Every man desires to run the universe to suit himself. The thought man, I mean. In the old industrial world every man was a Jack-at-all-Trades and good at none. Now the industrial world has learned to classify itself, so that in making a shoe, for instance, each class of workers makes not the whole shoe, but merely a part of a shoe.

There is but one man. He is the thought of the entire world. All others beings are

but a part of that one man, but mankind in general is so much taken up with the inconsequential pieces of this one man that nobody seems to know one part from another, only as it presents itself in silks and satins. The thought man of today is a crazy man. Each individual part tries to make himself the entire man, and what he does not know he thinks ought not to be known. We all know in part, and only in part. Nature has classified us into distinct parts. Many attempts have been made to classify mankind, but the golden calf first came forward for recognition, and that broke up the tables of the other classes. Soul classifications cannot be made on the foundation of a golden calf. Gold is matter. It is a force held in mineral form. The thought that worships it is also held, and such man may be said to be in hell. That thought goes into the grave with the body, or is held around the places where its life attractions have been, because it is not familiar with the soul power of ascension, which belongs to the higher expression of mind. We are conscious only in our thinking. Thought, Spirit, Matter and Form are nothing but different modes of Motion, and Motion is life.

The Mind is the Matrix upon which the life is written by unseen forces of two classes, viz., human and animal, or, as they have been termed, "Beauty and the Beast." Thought is free, morally, to accept the impressions of these two forces as it will. This freedom of thought is what is called "Conscience." The mind has no conscience. Neither have spirit, matter, or form, any conscience. Only thought, which is the man part of the universe, has conscience. Thought may choose animal gratifications, or spiritual enjoyments, as the leading laws of life, and the mind will give strength alike to either choice. When the thought is altogether sensual, then we term it a weak mind. When the thought is altogether spiritual, we likewise term it a weak mind. Both the animal and the spiritual natures were given us by the Creator for a rational enjoyment of them both. Time is appointed for them in every individual life, and, in each solar classification of people, but these laws of God have been prostituted, denied, denounced and misrepresented, until nature, deprived of her rights in one department, has led thought to imagine that the animal gratifications can only be secured through the getting of money. That is the only excuse for money getting that was ever made.

Thought should be taught the line of equilibrium, the medial line of life, as that is the True Mediator, the True Saviour, the True Redeemer, and the line that runs through the True Center of everybody's cross. All people should be classified into their own field of Solar Life, and then be taught their own animal plane of life, and then clearly shown towards which field they would naturally trend by birth influence. Under such a teaching, with the medial line as the center, as it was designed to be by the teacher from Nazareth, we would be on the true and only road to "Peace on earth good will to men." All other laws for peace are built on the platform, "We will have peace if we have to fight for it."

Man has only to say that he thinks the church has got the right idea of what God's laws are, and the church will swear that the man is saved, but if the man says he thinks the church has not quite got on to the laws, then the church is ready to crucify that man with no more mercy than if that man were a dog.

The soul or Solar spirit in each individual body is the Master spirit, to which the animal spirit is subservient, but through false teachings of the scriptural laws the animal nature now rules nearly the entire body of mankind.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson pastor, Mr. C. W. Emery of Lynn assistant, Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St.—Services, 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.; Tuesday, Indian healing circle; Thursday, psychometry; Sunday evening, Feb. 4, Walker's pictures thrown on canvas.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong pastor, holds its services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington St., up two flights. Carrie D. Chapman, H. W. Chairman and Walter I. Mason will assist. Conference, 11 a. m., and services 3 and 7:30 p. m.; messages at all services; Mr. Peake, musician.

Supper and fair Wednesday, Jan. 31, at Templar Hall, 724 Washington St. All welcome. Tickets, 25c, including supper.

"You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it."—Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.