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JANUARY, 1907

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THE BANNER OF LIGHT as a Monthly Magazine will maintain the mission of its old form, in which as a Weekly Newspaper it has been the mouthpiece for rational, progressive Spiritualism since 1857. Portions of the Message of Spiritualism have appeared under different names in these later years, but whether the work in the world is being carried forward as "New Thought," "Christian Science," "Mental Science" or whatever, the *Banner of Light* will recognize the spiritual truth expressed, and consider it a part of its mission to report such effort whenever it seems of value to its Readers.

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The Banner of Light

January, 1907

VOL. 100

WHOLE NUMBER 2577

NO 1

There are various methods used in combating the evidence that human personality survives bodily death. Perhaps nothing is more perplexing than the silence maintained in unsympathetic quarters when a distinguished man of science, whose opinion is taken at full value on any subject other than psychic experiments, takes a position of endorsement toward spiritistic conclusions. But the earnestness with which these same centres publish recantation of such conclusions by eminent men, is amusing.

Alfred Russel Wallace testifying in conviction of spirit communications, neither press, nor pulpit, nor scientist give prominence to the testimony; but let a rumor get afloat that he is doubtful, and every printed sheet from the metropolitan daily to the "boiler plate weekly" finds space for the information, and from a quarter to a whole column of mush and nonsense is thrown at the readers in the name of sanity and religion.

This time it is Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, whose apostacy is heralded throughout the reading world.

Hardly have these "great public educators" sold their information (?) when we are authorized by M. Flam-

marion's American publishers, Henry B. Turner & Co., of this city, to say that by personal communication, the great scientist denies the report that he "no longer believes in the continuance of human personality after bodily death," in these words:

"There is not one word of truth in the story. The work that you are about to issue will, on the contrary, prove indisputably the objective reality of psychical phenomena. These phenomena are absolutely certain to every impartial observer who has been able to give sufficient time to their study. My work on 'Some Natural Unknown Forces' will contain the results of my experiments with the famous medium Eusapia Paladino, and with the principal mediums since the time of Allan Kardec."

Now note the attention this plain statement from the author himself will attract.

The energy displayed by mankind in resisting the message of the dead must cause wonder even to the angels.

The evidence that the King of Belgium has maintained a lobby in this country for the purpose of preventing congress from considering the atrocities of his diabolical work in the Congo Free State, proof of which has

been conclusive, seems to have opened the eyes of the administration. Let us hope the Secretary will now see some way to act without disturbing the comity of nations.

The indefatigable worker on this problem, the Rev. E. C. Burr, gives a pertinent point at the bubble of American correction of these abuses by the recent concessions granted by the king to American interests. In a recent address he sums up the situation as follows:

"We are responsible for these conditions. It was under our flag that Henry M. Stanley told the natives of the glories of civilization, and we cannot take refuge behind the technicality that we have nothing to do with the atrocities there because we did not sign the Berlin act. I wish every man here today would write a personal letter to Secretary of State Root asking that he do everything in his power to summon the nations in congress to right this wrong.

"Three years ago we had a peace congress at Boston, and at that time we presented this matter and sent a representative to Washington to lobby, but a shrewd representative of King Leopold of Belgium appeared and suavely asked why the United States should take the initiative—why interfere in something which did not concern them. They say there have been reforms, but we can't find them. Now the king has granted concessions to American interests, and they point to this and ask us to wait and see how the Americans will correct the evils. Americans control only one-seventy-fifth of the territory. How can they correct all the rest?"

To those who have interpreted the

earnest work of the "Congo Free State League," (in which Dr. Thomas G. Barberer of the American Baptist Association, the Reverend Mr. Burr, and Rev. Herbert Johnson of this city have borne so large a part), as the zeal of wild-eyed missionaries without knowledge of the complications of statecraft, the following address to our Secretary of State may appeal:

"Over a year has passed since the report of the commissioners chosen by the chief executive and virtual owner of the Congo, to investigate conditions in that state, was published. In spite of their national desire to give all possible credit to their sovereigns, the commissioners felt constrained to report the existence of measures and practices of flagrant inhumanity.

OPPRESSION OF NATIVES.

Among these measures and practices are the following:

"1. The exaction of a labor tax so oppressive that many natives on whom it falls have little if any freedom.

"2. Appropriation of land to such an extent that the natives are practically prisoners within their own territory.

"3. The employment under the authority of the government as sentries of cruel, brutish blacks, chosen from hostile tribes, who murder, pillage and rape the people for whose protection the government is avowedly established.

"4. The abuse of the natives by white representatives of officially recognized companies.

"5. The binding of little children to years of labor at uncertain wages by contracts they do not understand, and even more serious, maltreatment

of children supposedly under the immediate care of the government.

"6. Great injustice in the administration of the courts, so that the natives dread the name of Bona, as the place where the judicial system is centralized.

"7. The sending out of punitive expeditions, not for the purpose of establishing peace and order, but for the purpose of terrifying the natives into paying a tax, which, as administered, even the commissioners regard as inhuman."

NO ATTEMPT AT REFORM.

"It is to be remembered that these are not charges brought against the Congo government, but findings of the commission appointed by the chief executive of the government to investigate and report on the facts. Acting upon these findings a second commission, also appointed by the king, has recommended measures of reform. No steps have been taken to adopt them. There is no evidence that the Congo government is undertaking seriously to remedy these evils.

"The powers which created the Congo government have clearly a right to call that government to account. Inasmuch as the United States gave its nominal support to the establishment of the Congo government, it is justified in giving its moral support to any undertaking to secure conditions in the Congo that will not disgrace civilization.

"We wish to assure you that for any measure you may adopt, in order to give the powers such moral support of the United States, you will have our earnest and urgent approval."

The letter is signed by the Rev. Drs.

Lyman Abbott, Henry Mottet, Wilford L. Robbins, George W. Knox, Charles H. Parkhurst, John P. Peters, William Richards, Anson P. Atterbury, the Rev. Percy S. Grant, and William Jay Schieffelin, William H. Douglas, Charles R. Schirm, Spencer Trask, George Haven Putnam, Everett P. Wheeler, Robert C. Ogden, J. Pierpont Morgan, Willis James, R. Fulton Cutting, J. Cleveland Cady and W. J. Havemeyer.

The careful house-keeper has felt for *Robbed by the* *Dayton Scale.* a long time that she is the victim of high prices, but few doubtless looked for a deliberate plot to steal from her in weight. The mayor of Omaha seems to have left no room for doubt on the subject. Instructing the inspector of weights and measures in his city he gives the following killing evidence:

"A demonstration of said scales made before me with representatives of the Dayton Money Weight company present disclosed the fact that a large number of the money value figures are wrongly placed on the chart of this scale, said figures being set too near zero, so that they are brought into indicating position before there is enough weight on the scale, thereby resulting in the systematic short weighting of the buying public. While it is true there are some money value figures on the chart of this scale which give a slight overweight, yet the number of values which result in short weight are so many in excess of those which give an overweight that the net result of the use of such a scale is to defraud the public as above stated.

"In this connection I quote from a decision by the United States circuit court of appeals, sitting at Cincinnati, O., before which a thorough test and

examination of this scale was made in a pending action. The opinion of this court was handed down on January 9, 1906, and is in part as follows;

The circular of the appellee (meaning the Computing Scale company of Dayton) above set forth produces a strong impression upon our minds that the scales in question were designed for the purpose of enabling the users to impose upon the purchasing public by inducing the belief on the part of the latter that they were getting what they were paying for when in fact they were not.

The circular referred to by this court on these scales is as follows:

"CAN YOU DO THIS ON YOUR SCALE?

Buy 20 pounds pork loins at 9 cents a pound, retail them to your trade at the same price and get your money back?

WE CAN

on our scale and make you
3 PER CENT. PROFIT BESIDES.

If your business amounts to \$10 a day sales WE CAN EARN YOU 30 CENTS IN FRACTIONS YOU DON'T GET NOW. Thirty cents a day means you BUY THIS SCALE every 180 days. How long have you been in business? How many have you bought in that time? Think of it.

ONE SCALE LOST EVERY SIX MONTHS.

LET OUR MAN PROVE THIS.
MONEY WEIGHT SCALE CO.,
47 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL."

The court further says in regard to these scales as follows:

"A demonstration of the operation of the scale made before us at the hearing confirms the belief that by its use the purchaser never gains, but the seller generally, possibly not always, gains over the results obtained by ordinary methods of weighing, and that this gain would be as much or

more than 3 per cent., apparently considerably more."

"My own examination of the scale convinces me that the circuit court of appeals reached the only logical conclusion as to these scales, and, being thus convinced, I am obliged to advise you to re-inspect all such scales now in use in Omaha and to withdraw the city's stamp of approval from the same. Respectfully,

"JAMES C. DAHLMAN,
"Mayor."

Massachusetts on
State Free Em- Dec. 1 opened for
ployment Of- business a State
fice. Free Employment
office at 8 Kneeland street, Boston. This is done under an act of the Legislature (approved May 31, 1906). It is under the care and direction of the Bureau of Statistics and Labor. Important characteristics of the work are in the provisions that no fees, direct or indirect, shall in any case be taken from those seeking the benefits of the offices provided for: (Any clerk or superintendent who directly or indirectly charges or receives any fee in the performances of his duties shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be subject to a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or to imprisonment for a term of thirty days and be disqualified from holding further connection with said offices.)

The privilege of registration shall be confined to residents of the Commonwealth.

Much noise is being
"Good made by the 10 per cent.
Times" "voluntary raise" in
wages on the part of certain large corporations. It is always mollifying to see one's own being returned to rightful hands, even in small instal-

ments, but when in addition to this partial restoration it is urged that there has been "no material advance in the cost of living," it is wholesome to have the facts brought out as Henry B. Blackwell has recently done in a Boston daily.

In a former article he showed that, measured by their purchasing power, wages have been and are steadily declining under the joint exactions of the Dingley tariff and its pernicious offspring, the industrial trusts.

He illustrates his position in the following telling manner:

"My contention of an average advance of 45 per cent. in prices and in cost of living since 1896 can be more than confirmed from a variety of sources.

Take, for instance, the trend of prices given in R. G. Dun's monthly review for 1896 and 1906, respectively:

	1896	1906
Breadstuffs	10,589	17,923
Meats	7,529	9,677
Dairy and garden	8,714	12,590
Other food	7,887	9,645
Clothing	13,808	19,177
Metals	11,642	16,649
Miscellaneous	12,288	19,555
	<hr/> 72,457	<hr/> 105,216

In other words, it will cost, in 1906, \$105.21 to buy what \$72.45 would have bought before the Dingley schedules went into effect—an advance of more than 45 per cent.

These Dun prices are prepared by the leading commercial authority of the country. They are not made by any political party, or to sustain any economic theory. And they absolute-

ly sustain my contention that under our existing "system" wages have been steadily declining in their purchasing power and are advancing backward."

HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

Banner of Light, Volume 100

With the coming of the New Year and the first number of our One Hundredth volume, we make our initial bow in the magazine form.

We do so in full confidence of the loyal support of our thinking public which is ever seeking for a proper presentation of the message of Spiritualism.

We take this occasion to thank those whose generous patience has made our tasks possible of accomplishment.

We would in this acknowledge the correspondence which we have been unable to recognize in a regular way, while preparing for the publication of the magazine. Such rare expressions of sympathetic appreciation of the "Banner's" message is pathetic in the concern manifested for her life.

The paths we trod, the shadows through which we groped, the bitter opposition from the seen and unseen forces, all now have lost their power, and in the accomplishment of our purpose they fail to disturb us, save as now and then a faint tremor reminds us of the horrors of the experience that murdered sleep and sapped our forces.

With our ears attuned to the voice of Truth, with our faith in the power of the Spiritual forces undimmed, we face the morning of the New Day, determined that so long as the power to serve is ours, "neither tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword" shall

separate us from the high calling that has summoned us—even to giving all for the truth that made us free.

Now, with the "Banner's" bright face looking confidently into yours, what are you going to do with it, dear reader?

If you are in earnest about your love of the truth that brought the *Banner of Light* into being and has for nearly 50 years kept it as a beacon light for the storm-tossed and distressed, draw nearer to us and the work, and in the place of the question, "What shall this man do, Lord?" ask "What can I do to pass on the word of joy and peace and power that has given me the key to life, and in a brighter, broader and more brilliant light than the dim rays that beckoned me to the path?"

For the New Year, peace, and the fullest service!

American Psychical Research Society Speaks

We have before us the first number of the "Journal" of the American Society for Psychical Research. It is an interesting book. The estimate of Dr. Hodgson as given here by Dr. Hyslop is a valuable contribution to popular psychic literature. To have Dr. Hodgson revealed to the popular mind as having "a profoundly emotional nature" throws a light on his indefatigable effort for scientific methods in his work that must place him among the sound men of science.

We cannot forbear quoting an extract from a private letter written by him in 1901:

"I went through toils and turmoils and perplexities in '97 and '98 about the significance of this whole Imper-

ator regime but I have seemed to get on a rock after that,—I seem to understand clearly the reasons for incoherence and obscurity, and I think that if for the rest of my life from now I should never see another trance or have another word from Imperator or his group, it would make no difference to my knowledge that all is well, that Imperator and his group are all that they claim to be and are indeed messengers that we may call divine." [Perhaps we should say for those of our readers who are unfamiliar with his work that "Imperator," to whom reference is made, was the spirit who was the head of the group of spirits through whom the later Hodgson experiments were carried on under Mrs. Piper's mediumship.]

It seems to us significant that, according to Dr. Hyslop's testimony, Dr. Hodgson, while he thought Crooke's experiments with Home were the best attested psychical phenomena on record, he could not finally accept them until some additional ones had been added.

Dr. Hyslop marks Dr. Hodgson's "extreme reluctance to accept phenomena which he had not personally examined."

This seems to us worthy of more than passing notice. The Psychical Research workers are ever solicitous for what they term the unreasoning credulity of Spiritualism. They propose, as did Hodgson, to put all experiments beyond the possibility of deception. Good. But, if Hodgson had "extreme reluctance to accept phenomena which he had not personally examined" may we expect others to suffer less than he did from this

same desire for the personal experience? If he could not accept so distinctive an authority as Crookes, how can the Psychical Research experimenters expect the world to come to its conclusion in a manner less convincing than the personal experience? Isn't this the reason why the many who receive testimony in various channels open to the public,—in Spiritualistic circles or through the "Professional medium" (who oftener than otherwise has no connection with the serious work of organized Spiritualism)—find in these unguarded centres (unguarded from the scientist's stand-point), more of reality in the fact of Spirit communications than the average inquirer evinces who seeks in the scientifically guarded quarters of Psychical Research?

We would not be understood as unsympathetic with the work of the old or new society, but while these investigators have been spending \$75,000 experimenting through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper, the thousands have been refreshed at other fountains,—and not often does a given individual continue to fill his pitcher with bitter water.

We believe that we can over-do the "scientific methods" in these matters. In fact, the samples that have come to our notice of those lay inquirers who seek at the scientific centres for their knowledge of these things do not compare favorably with the more intelligent who hold converse with their arisen in the natural, wholesome manner that Mrs. Livermore talked with Dr. Livermore after his passing, and in which Lilian Whiting visits with Kate Field today.

We are reminded of the valued

words of that clear-headed and brave-hearted investigator and incomparable medium, the Rev. Stainton Moses, as given in "Spirit Identity":—He (the investigator) will find as he goes on, that his early notions of literal demonstration and scientific analysis are becoming impossible. He will see that the subtler truths of spirit—or rather the higher conception of spiritual truth—lend themselves to no such methods; and that they even elude the hard limits of human language, and find expression or adumbration (if at all) in the language of symbolism and allegory. More frequently they are intuitively perceived, and elude absolutely and entirely the crude methods of human expression."

By all means let the rough work of Psychic Research experimentation go on. To those who must have a professional endorsement of a subject before they can feel secure in their experiences it may prove helpful. We are glad to see the work go on, but it ill becomes those urging their own methods to continue to belittle the work of Spiritualism. While they are preparing to erect the scaffolding of their evidence, the multitude is being fed intelligently by spirits through mediumship in natural, sane and altogether healthy ways. We believe that the quotation given above from Dr. Hodgson is a tribute to the inherent growth of healthy co-operation with spirits in natural relationship.

France and Religious Liberty

Sorry days when all great powers cannot see to work in their given states to one purpose, even for the progress of all. France is struggling

for separation of Church and State. We have heard of no serious complaint from Protestants at the methods adopted to this end, after being considered by prominent discussion in several elections.

As we understand it, the real things a spiritual organization should stand for are left perfectly free. It is the "coat" that is being taken from them (even when the Catholics tell it.) Here is a grand opportunity for this self-assumed "only authoritative representative of our Divine Lord" to offer the "cloak also."

If in the adjustment of an involved situation the Roman church loses in her material possessions she may have cause for complaint; but if her mission is spiritual she should not be cast down while she is left free to exercise her divine right to worship in her own manner and serve in the name of her acclaimed Master. The fact is that the church has made the worst of her wretched history when she has been the greatest in temporal power. France has so seriously felt the political power of Rome in the internal affairs of the country that after full discussion in several elections, as we note above, she has determined on a policy that breaks this untoward power and makes a separation of the Church and State.

It cannot be overlooked that much of the temporal holdings of this same organization was accumulated by royal grants and tithes enforced by a state with whom Rome had power.

To separate such holdings from those gained by bequests and private sources seems too great a task to have been accomplished, and whatever temporal loss comes to the Church is

only one of the results from this unholy wedlock.

But let us note that in the new order, some eighty parishes in France have taken over the church buildings and other property, through the laymen of the congregations, and are already authorized to conduct religious services under the "separation law." This leaves out the priests, but when have they wrought in political matters with benefit to the State or honor to their head? Mark also in the new order, whatever the priestly orators may declaim, that it is not proposed to attempt to change a tenet in the Roman Catholic faith. We would naturally expect to hear from Roman Catholic sources much about Atheists and Socialism, but the fact is this is the decision of the State after much deliberation. If the United States politicians keep up their flirtations with Rome, we may be able to realize more clearly than we do today what it means to have a church organization set up a claim to a distinct kingdom and will more fully sympathize with the statesmen of our sister republic in their attempt to bring the clergy under the common law.

Capital Punishment

It is impossible for a Spiritualist to "believe in" capital punishment, for he knows that when by legalized violence we release from the body the spirit of a murderer "with all his imperfections on his head," we have but turned loose upon an ignorant, because unseeing, community a bad spirit who, earth bound by his sin, will remain here seeking to wreak further harm. We have committed the

worst possible folly. We justify capital punishment on the ground that by it we are protecting the community. Protecting it? We are loosing upon our friends a new and constant power for evil.

Isn't Jesse Pomeroy in his cell at Charlestown far safer for the community than would be his unfleshed spirit, tempting weak boys and girls to commit the horrible cruelties in which his soul rejoices?

There can be no doubt about this in the mind of any Spiritualist.

But our audience is larger than the Spiritualistic body. In order to abolish this legalized evil we must appeal to others than of our own fold and to do so effectively we must use arguments which our audience, this outside audience, can understand.

One forceible argument is that the evidence shows that

(1). In those states where there is no capital punishment murders are less frequent or at least no more frequent than in the Killing States. The records of Maine and Wisconsin show just that.

(2). The records also show that convictions more frequently follow accusations in the non-killing states than in the others.

(3). Further, the community is just as well protected without capital punishment. The most frequent disposition of a murder case is not death but the acceptance of a settlement by which imprisonment is substituted for the death penalty.

(4). The courts are human tribunals and like other things human are not infallible. Mistakes will occur and innocent be punished. It is hard lines to find we have killed the

wrong man. It cannot be undone. But an innocent man can be released from prison. A dead man cannot be brought back to life.

Psychic Page in a Secular Paper

The secular press has from time to time of late given space in a more or less important way to the newer thought, including psychic matters. It has generally been discounted by editorial sarcasm in the same editions.

The "Denver Post" has made a departure in this line by making as a regular feature of its Sunday edition a department for the consideration of these matters, with Dr. Alexander McIvor-Tyndall as "New Thought editor." Some of the topics considered in a recent edition are the following: The Power of Magnetism, Fear of Death a Common One, Is it Harmful to Leave the Physical Body at Will?, A Wonderful Psychical Experience, What if the World Accepted "New Thought?"

From an editorial on "The Doctrine of Non-Resistance," the doctor gives among other telling paragraphs these which we beg to quote:

"The 'resist not evil' doctrine has always been misunderstood in its application, and we have had the spectacle of human beings spending their good time that should have been devoted to useful work or recreation or mutual help, or some kind of joyous, creative effort, on their knees in frantic appeal to a supposed all-wise Creator, to absolve them from this terrible, formidable monster, 'Evil.'

"As a matter of fact this bugbear we have created for ourselves (or more properly speaking, for our

neighbor), simply lives and thrives upon the power we give it by our concentrated thought.

"It is as though one held in one's hands a scales. On one side is good (creative thought), on the other side is evil (destructive thought.)

"We cry out to all who pass to see how weighty the evil side is becoming, and each one who looks remembers something that will add a little more weight to it, and so the evil in time chains our attention by the very power of our concentrated thought.

"And in the meantime the good is forgotten and neglected, so busy are we calling attention to the importance and the terrific power of what?—negation, which is nothing in itself—only the lack of something. Now, how can we lessen this effect?

"By losing sight of the negative side and throwing all our power to the side of Love. Life may be divided into two spectrums through which we look out upon all manifestation. The spectrums of Love and Hate.

"The only way in which we may overcome the false power given to Hate is by outweighing it in Love.

"Can this be done by constantly crying out to all, to see how strong Hate is? I think not.

"When preachers talk about preaching 'more hell,' and warning people against the terrible evil that is about to 'catch 'em' like 'goblins,' they are keeping alive the very power they so much wish to crush.

"I once had a Methodist evangelist in my classes in Psychic and Mental Science, and the only fault he found with my philosophy was that 'I didn't tell my students of the terrible pitfalls

of evil.' He said: 'We must preach more about the awfulness of Hell if we would save people from their sins, and the snares of the devil.'

"And so I asked him whom he was working for, God or the Devil, and he said he was working for God, of course. I advised him to preach only God or Love then, and let the Devil do his own advertising."

Cesare Lombroso and Spiritualism

Everyone knows of Prof. Lombroso, the great Italian brain specialist and psychologist. The scientists everywhere know their leaders. The general reader knows the learned man whose researches have so changed former notions of good and evil. The Spiritualists all over the world recognize the fearless thinker who has not hesitated to investigate psychic phenomena when such investigation was everywhere in the scientific world greeted with derision and contempt.

He is, indeed, a most interesting personality aside from his marvellous scientific attainments. Although sixty years of age, with a devoted wife and daughters, he is in all practical affairs a big overgrown boy. His moods are of the highest happiness or of the most despondent gloom. Usually it is sunshiny weather, however, and then with the light-heartedness of youth his work is a labor of love.

His habits of work, too, are like a boy's. No matter where he is, he seizes paper and pen and writes. Perhaps it is on his own desk, perhaps at the table in the kitchen; it is all alike to him, provided he is in the sunshine; that is the only requisite. Quiet and seclusion so necessary to

most of us for clear connected thought, are not at all needed by this great mind.

His charity is as big as his purse, giving to every applicant, and of the use of money he knows nothing. When he makes a purchase at a shop he often opens his purse and tells the tradesman to take what is his due.

It is quite in keeping with this disregard, or rather ignorance, of conventionalities in practical affairs that in his mental life he should be equally careless of the opinions of his confreres, and when, in 1890 or thereabouts, M. Ercole Chiaia published an open letter inviting Prof. Lombroso to investigate Spiritualism and to come to Naples for that purpose, the invitation was accepted: and in March, 1891, he, in company with a dozen professors and doctors, began and carried on a series of sittings with the Italian medium, Eusapia Paladino. The conditions imposed by Prof. Lombroso upon the medium were most severe, but the results obtained were to him so startling, that he wrote:

"I am all confused and am filled with regret at having, with so much persistence, combatted the possibility of the facts of Spiritualism; I say facts because I still do not believe their theory. But the facts exist and I boast that I am their slave."

This frank statement created everywhere a most profound impression. M. Alexandre Aksakoff, the great Russian Spiritualist, wrote of it, "Glory to M. Lombroso for his noble words."

From this resulted the memorable sittings at Milan in October, 1892, in

which took part Lombroso, Aksakoff, Chas. Richet, Schiaparelli, Brofferio and Gerosa and Drs. Finzi, Karl du Prel and G. B. Ermacora, where equally marked results were obtained.

In 1893 M. Chiaia obtained, under the mediumship of Eusapia Paladino, his marvellous impressions on plaster. Lombroso wrote of these in 1903 that they were of more importance than he had supposed. "Certain sculptors," he added, "have told me that they could not produce so perfect a piece of work in a month."

Truly is Prof. Lombroso especially entitled to credit for having added the weight and authority of his great reputation to the investigation of the phenomena of objective mediumship, a side of the field too much neglected and despised. The intellectual phases of supernormal phenomena have too long excluded all other subjects of investigation.

He is one man of science who, like Myers in England and Hyslop in America, is not deterred by a laugh or a sneer.

Honor to Italy and Lombroso

MY PRAYER

By Helen Hawthorne.

To hold the brimming cup to parching lips,

The staff for feet that fail;

To set the candle high for dimming eyes,

Pour balm for such as wail—

My prayer. O Master! great the boon I ask,

Yet humbly do I plead.

Strength of the staff, wine of the cup, art thou;

Light, Balm for sorrow's need—

I do but ask to serve, and—like the hind

Who parts his master's bread—

Some crumbs from Thy abundant store to keep.

And by Thy hand be led.

Spiritualism and Its Critics

By Mark A. Barwise

I have decided to speak to you for a little while on "Spiritualism and Its Critics." I do not expect to completely cover so large a subject in the little time that I shall ask your indulgence, but my purpose is merely to take up four or five of the more important theories which have been advanced by the critics of Spiritualism, as explanations of mediumship, and to point out what seems to me to be the fatal weakness in each.

The question of whether or not Spiritualism is true, is now reduced to very narrow limits. In the early fifties, and even in the sixties and seventies, the opponents of our philosophy and religion had two explanations, and only two, which were offered on all occasions as the explanation of mediumship; and they were "fraud" and "the Devil." The genuineness of phenomena was either denied altogether, or else was due to the presence of Satan and his imps. Our opponents have grown in the last forty or fifty years—somewhat through our own teachings—and nowadays they themselves do not seriously believe in the Devil, and we never hear fraud advanced in intelligent quarters as an explanation of mediumistic phenomena. All are now agreed that the phenomena of mediumship are real, that most mediums are honest, but instead of the "Devil" and

"fraud" being appealed to as explanations we hear much about "subconscious selves," "secondary personalities," the "spirit ego," "astral shells," "telepathy," etc.

In ordinary discussions of Spiritualism, especially in the arguments of its critics, one important point is commonly lost sight of, or at least is not emphasized as it should be, and that is, Spiritualism proclaims its own philosophy through its phenomena. This is unique in the history of science as well as religion. Men have believed, and still are believing today in Spiritualism, not so much because they have reached this conclusion through large generalizations, as because the controls themselves declare through unconscious mediums that they are actually spirits, that they are our old friends. In all the thousands upon thousands of controls which have manifested and spoken through mediums, I never have heard of one who claimed that he or she was a telepathic wave, a subconscious mind, or a secondary personality, but on the other hand they invariably say, or make known that they are real persons who used to live here, our fathers, mothers, relatives, and others whom we never knew in earth-life. Now, the significance of this fact can hardly be overestimated. The causes of mediumistic phenomena *seem* to be spiritual; the controls *seem* to be spirits; and it is not incumbent on Spiritualists to prove that the controls are really spirits, but it is incumbent on the op-

[The presidential address delivered by Mark A. Barwise at the opening of Temple Heights Spiritualist camp meeting, Northport, Me., Aug. 11, 1906, substantially as it was delivered.]

ponents, if they wish to make out their case, to prove that the controls are not what they seem to be by offering some explanation. As a matter of logic we are not compelled to prove that what seems to be real is actually real, till some point is raised which casts serious doubts upon its reality. For instance I am not required to prove that this flower is really a flower till you bring forward some good reason for supposing it to be something else.

In the light of this principle let us now review, briefly to be sure, certain theories which by some are regarded as casting serious doubts on the truths of Spiritualism.

SECONDARY PERSONALITY

We hear much nowadays about Secondary Personality as a theory to explain the phenomena of controls. By some this secondary personality is regarded as another mind belonging to our brain, as complete and even more subtle than our ordinary waking consciousness. By others it is regarded as merely the temporary control of certain groups of ideas, or lower centers of consciousness, which belong to our ordinary mind but commonly remain below the conscious threshold. Such writers claim that the secondary personality merely claims to be this spirit or that spirit in much the same way that children at play claim that they are great men of whom they have heard. This view is strengthened by the fact that a medium under control often makes statements which the medium in a normal condition believes to be true, and which afterward turn out not to be true at all—statements which it might be presumed that the

controlling spirit ought to know all about.

Now, I, myself, am not yet ready to admit the existence of any such a thing at all as a secondary personality, much less that such a personality could be advanced as an adequate explanation of the phenomena of controls. My own view is that where the medium's knowledge and opinions become mixed with those of the control, it is merely an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the spirit to control the medium—in fact, is a case where the spirit is able to control only certain parts of the brain, and ideas from the medium's consciousness flow on unguided as in dreams and become blended with the messages of the spirit.

But whether I am right or wrong in denying altogether the existence of a secondary personality, it is clear that if this theory is to be set up in opposition to the theory of spirit control it must explain all the facts of mediumship where spirits are apparently controlling the medium. A theory in opposition to the apparent explanation which fails to account for all the facts—or what is still more to the point, a theory against which one or more well-defined facts militate—must be abandoned as a working hypothesis. And it is equally clear that any kind of a secondary personality could have only such knowledge as the training, experience and environment of the medium would allow.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing has never studied German, unless she has done so in recent years. Several years ago she was controlled and wrote automatically a great deal. Among other things she wrote many pages of

a foreign language, not knowing what it was, but upon taking it to a German scholar she learned that it was German written with the ease and precision of a native. In my judgment this is inexplicable on any view of secondary personality. Again, Dr. Colson, of Bangor, Me., has never studied Abnaki or any of the Indian dialects whatever. He has never associated with Indians in earth life and has given no thought to their language. Several years ago Nicawa controlled him in the presence of two or three Indians of the Penobscot tribe, and they could understand Nicawa when he spoke in his own language; only they declared that he used old-fashioned words and expressions which would not be common among Indians now. This likewise cannot be explained on the theory of a secondary personality. If we should resort to telepathy and say that in some way the language was gotten out of the minds of the Penobscot Indians present, how are we to account for the old-fashioned words and expressions which they were not in the habit of using? Now, when we accept Nicawa's account of himself, that he is a real Indian spirit, that he died more than a hundred years ago, and of course used a language which would differ in little expressions from that now in use, as the language of Washington and Jefferson would differ from ours, all the difficulties disappear and everything becomes as clear as light. The spiritual explanation is the simplest, most natural, and the only one which will explain all the facts. And if one Indian spirit can control a medium, other spirits can control other mediums under favor-

able conditions, and the theory of secondary personalities as exclusively explaining the phenomena of controls is forever exploded.

ANCESTRAL CELLS

Last winter a lecturer, heralded as a scientist of repute, among the other subjects, lectured upon Spiritualism, and he claimed the whole subject could be explained without the supposition of spirits. He made many foolish criticisms on mediumship, which showed small knowledge of that which he was attempting to teach others. The greater part of his talk was very ordinary and not worthy of our attention at this time, but there was one point which, so far as I know, never was advanced before, and as it might seem a reasonable explanation of mediumship to some, it may be well for us to examine it a little more closely. He lays great stress on heredity and asserts that there are tiny cells in our brains which have been handed down from father to son even from the remote cave dwellers. He takes up the question of ancient controls, undeveloped controls and Indian controls, and attempts to show that they are not real spirits, but are merely certain brain-cells which we have inherited from our ancestors of long ago and which have become unduly excited in the brain of the medium and take on the semblance of spirits. What seem to be spirits on this view are ancestral brain cells which become active in our brains and control the organs of speech and the senses.

Now, in the first place in answer to this theory, it is not at all clear that brain cells are handed down from a remote past by means of heredity.

The modern biologist is in no position to dogmatically affirm this, but on the contrary there are many things which go to show that this is not the case. But for our purpose we will give the lecturer the benefit of what little doubt there may be, and assume that cells from the brains of our ancestors still exist in the brains of modern mediums through heredity. Then mediums would never be controlled by their own parents and ancestors. It would be utterly impossible for anyone having a pure European ancestry to be controlled by Indians. It would be likewise impossible to receive messages from one's father or grandfather through a strange medium. One could never receive messages from boys or girls who died leaving no children. One could never receive messages from a sister, brother, aunt, uncle, cousin or any lateral relative or friend. You must receive messages, according to this theory, only from those from whom you are directly descended; because it is clear that you could not inherit brain cells from anyone outside of a direct line of descent.

Now, everyone of these suppositions which this theory forces upon us are contradicted by the plain, everyday facts of mediumship. We all know that mediums do receive messages from aunts, uncles, and lateral relatives and friends, as well as those of whom the medium never knew. We know, also, that mediums who have not a drop of Indian blood in their veins have well defined Indian controls. In fact some mediums have half a dozen nationalities among their controls, rendering it impossible

that they could have ancestors in all of them.

It is quite clear that for this theory of ancestral cells to be of any value, it must explain all the facts of a like nature, and as we have pointed out several of the more common ones which it does not explain, the theory is at once exploded.

ORDINARY TELEPATHY

Ordinary telepathy to distinguish it from what I shall designate as larger telepathy, is the transference of thought from the mind of one living person to the mind of another while the thought process is actually going on. Some writers, mostly those of small acquaintance with the great mass of mediumistic phenomena, having affirmed that all communications received through mediums are thoughts which are occupying the sitter's mind during the sitting, or the minds of other persons with whom either the sitter or medium is *en rapport*. As a matter of fact telepathic connection between the minds of the living is pretty well established, but nothing could be more absurd than to put forward ordinary telepathy as the explanation of mediumistic communications. The common experience of sitters is that they do not get what they most wanted to hear and what they were thinking about at the time of the sitting. A common expression which we have all heard about the carapground, and which sums up the case is this: "Mrs. Chapman (or Dr. Emerson, or somebody else) gave me a test message this morning which nobody on earth knew, but myself, and I hadn't thought of it for twenty years."

It is not necessary for me to give

recorded cases. The universal experience of all careful students of mediumship shows conclusively that ordinary telepathy—that is, the transference of thought which is active in the mind of one person to that of another—does not explain communications as a whole, and does not in the least affect the evidence for spirit return.

LARGER TELEPATHY

Another theory which is defended by many of the ablest critics of Spiritualism is what we may conveniently call "larger telepathy." In this theory the telepathic process is so extended and is made to cover so much ground that at first sight you might not recognize it as telepathic at all. The position taken by this group of writers is this: All thoughts which have ever occupied the minds of living persons both past and present—all through the ages—are floating now somewhere in the universe; it matters not whether such persons are now living or dead, the thoughts which they now entertain or entertained before death, exist somewhere in space; and mediumship on this view is nothing but the process of coming in contact with these floating thoughts, and when apparently we get messages from our friends beyond, it is merely the catching of ideas which they were thinking while living. In fact such writers deny the future life altogether. This theory of larger telepathy is very ingenious and has many supporters, and at the first glance seems plausible.

Now, let us see just what this theory involves, and how the phenomena of controls and messages stand toward such an explanation.

All the higher activities in nature,

such as sound, light, X-rays, radio-action, exist in the form of vibrations. If thoughts are floating in space they are vibratory in their nature; any other view of them is incompatible with modern ideas of matter and forces. As the existence of spirit is denied, such thoughts are traveling through space without the direction of any will or purpose, just as the messages in wireless telegraphy travel; and just as the receiver, or coherer, in wireless telegraphy catches any messages to which it is attuned, so mediums receive any thought that happens to be floating in their pitch of vibration. But there is one point to be carefully noted. Wireless telegraph coherers do not catch vibrations which were started out last week, last month, or twenty years ago. They only receive messages which have been on the way for a few seconds, or minutes, and never over a day old. For in much less than a day the vibrations would have traveled out of reach and would have been going on and on beyond sun, moon, and planets, never to return. Similarly with the discharge of a rifle half a mile away, one sees the puff of smoke, then the gun is lowered and set up against a tree before the report is heard, but when the sound waves reach the ear then the report is heard, and but once, never to return. A friend farther up the mountain sees the same puff of smoke and hears the report a few seconds later, but he likewise hears it but once. The sound vibrations never in all eternity return to a point which they have once passed.

It is just the same with thought vibrations. We cannot say definitely how fast they travel, but as they

are so fine, that they do not affect chemicals and instruments which heat and light vibrations affect, we might reasonably presume that thought travels even faster than light, which is nearly 200,000 miles in a single second. But giving the adherents of larger telepathy every advantage possible, we will, for the purpose of this argument, complete thought vibrations on the basis of the velocity of sound, which is one of the slowest vibratory movements of any of the higher physical activities, being only a mile in a little less than five seconds. At this rate thought vibrations travel about 18,000 miles in a day, or 500,000 miles in a month. That is to say, a thought which my mind entertained a month ago today exists now in vibratory waves away beyond the orbit of the moon and is still moving rapidly farther and farther away in ever increasing concentric rings, and never in all eternity will it return to a point once traversed. The same is true whether the thought emanated from the mind of a person now living, or whether it started from the mind of one who died last week.

Now let us apply these laws to the theory of larger telepathy as an explanation of messages and communications which are apparently spiritual. Larger telepathy affirms that all so-called spirit messages are floating thoughts which the deceased entertained before death. In one day after a friend dies the vibrations of every thought which he ever entertained would be more than 17,000 miles away and in less than a month would be beyond the orbit of the moon, never to return. It would be

utterly impossible for a medium to catch a floating thought from a mind that died even a week before the sitting. It is not necessary for me to point out the fact that the best evidence of spirit communication which we have are the messages received months and even years after the death of our friends. In fact the messages become clearer as time goes on. This is what we would naturally expect if the origin is spiritual, as the spirits have more practice in controlling a medium naturally they would become more proficient.

Thus it is seen that the theory of larger telepathy which at first sight seemed plausible, even when considered in its most favorable light, is utterly incompetent to explain any considerable part of mediumistic phenomena.

SUB-CONSCIOUS CONTAGION

We now come to the theory which I have called subconscious contagion. This theory is the most complicated and involved of any we have discussed this afternoon. Up to this time it has not been given to the public-at-large, but was embodied in a paper which was read before a learned club in Boston. The originator of this theory is one of Massachusetts' foremost educators and I had the pleasure of talking over the whole question with him only a few weeks ago. He intends to publish his views when more fully worked out. Briefly, the theory of subconscious contagion is this:

In much the same way that parallel wires are affected by a heavy current of electricity passing over one of them; and as one musical instrument is affected by the vibration of another

close by; so our subconscious minds are affected by the unspoken thoughts of our associates. A medium, by inhibiting the more active and clamorous forms of consciousness, is enabled to come *en rapport* with these subconscious thoughts in our minds which were deposited there by the active thoughts of our friends before they died.

This theory, like that of larger telepathy, regards all messages apparently coming from spirits as the thoughts which our friends entertained before their death; only instead of the thoughts being regarded as floating in space, they are lodged in our subconscious minds, and are so faintly recorded that no effort of ours can bring them into consciousness.

A specific illustration will perhaps make this more clear. My grandfather, we will say, kept a secret diary. No one on earth knew of this fact. He, of course, thought a great deal about this diary and as I was associated with him during his last days, his thoughts of this diary became lodged in my subconscious mind all unknown to me. After his death, we will say, I visit Mrs. Chapman and a power purporting to be the spirit of my grandfather speaks through her lips while she is unconscious and tells me all about this diary and where it can be found. I afterward find the diary as directed in the message.

Now I have purposely chosen this illustration as a type which admits of either explanation. Spiritualists regard this type of cases as good evidence of a future life. The adherents to the theory of subconscious contagion would not admit that this

message in regard to the diary had any connection with the future life at all. They would claim that during my grandfather's life his thoughts of the diary were stamped on my mind like words on a phonograph record but below the conscious threshold, and that the medium in some way got these ideas out of my subconscious mind so that they seemed like a spirit communication. In other words spirit communications are second-hand thoughts which the medium extracts from the mind of the sitter.

It is not necessary for me to point out to an audience of Spiritualists that this theory could not explain a large part of the phenomena in question; and if it is to be set up in opposition to the spirit theory, it must explain all the facts which the spirit theory explains, and explain them as simply, as directly, and as naturally. The theory of subconscious contagion would only explain communications purporting to come from friends whom the sitter knew personally. It would not explain Indian controls. It would not explain the majority of foreign controls. It would not explain messages from persons who died before either the medium or sitter was born. It would not explain messages from a person purporting to have lived in a distant state whose identity was later established. It would not explain the control's knowledge of events which took place after his or her death. It would not explain the phenomena of an elaborate and profound lecture given through an unconscious medium. It would not explain the fact that one distinct personality continues to control a medium say once or twice a week for

twenty or even forty years. It would not explain the ability of controls to meet new circumstances: for instance this is the forty-eighth year that Nicawa, to whom I referred above, has controlled his medium, and during all this time he has doctored new diseases and met in consultation with other physicians, and has fully demonstrated his ability to meet varied conditions. In fact, the theory of subconscious contagion is so limited in its scope by the great mass of mediumistic phenomena that, however respectable its origin, we cannot seriously entertain it as a rival to the Spiritualistic theory.

One instance will show the weakness of subconscious contagion. There are hundreds of recorded cases along similar lines. My friend, Dr. Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H., was riding in a train in Ohio on his way to fill a lecture engagement and it was of course important that he should not disappoint his audience. One of his spirit guides, who seems to him as truly a personality as any of his intimate friends, told him to get off the train at the next station as there would be an accident. Reluctantly he did as commanded, and there was an accident to the train a few miles beyond the little station where he alighted. No one living knew there was to be an accident, so no thought from the living could have been deposited in Dr. Emerson's subconscious mind.

As I have pointed out several times this afternoon, a theory to successfully compete with the spirit theory must explain all the facts which the spirit theory explains, and as the theory of subconscious conta-

gion does not do this, we are logically bound to abandon it.

We have now reviewed the several theories which have been set up in opposition to Spiritualism. I have endeavored to be fair with our opponents. I think that I have stated their arguments as strongly as the facts would bear. I have given them every advantage possible, and have even conceded certain things to be true which we have good reason for believing are not true at all. And notwithstanding all this, we have discovered a fatal flaw in each theory which they have advanced. There may be many other flaws. It is sufficient for our purpose to point out one in a theory which is set up in opposition to the apparent and natural explanation.

We are now in a position to answer the question raised at the beginning of our discussion. Is there anything in all these opposing theories which raised an intelligent doubt in your minds as to the truth of Spiritualism? I think you will agree with me most assuredly that there is not. The simple "I still live" of the murdered peddler at Hydesville has withstood, and is still withstanding the petrified bigotry of centuries, as well as the would-be scientific prejudice of these later days.

Only to know what our duty is and then to be brave enough to do it without fret or murmur; perhaps not content with the very thing we are doing, only in so far as we are sure it is best for us to do it at the time. That is what we want and that is what we are striving to understand.

Something About Vaccination

By Sara Newcomb Merrick, M. D.

Now that the legislature will soon be ready for action again, it is well for us to give some consideration to the much-vexed subject of vaccination.

How vaccine is obtained every one ought to know. The process is so revolting that I will not attempt a full description of it. All know that vaccine is obtained from a calf. The calf selected is usually less than a year old and must be a heifer. One hundred vaccinations, or about that number, are made upon its abdomen. On the sixth day the scabs are taken off one by one and the lymph and pus are scraped from the sore and mixed with glycerine. Then this mixture is either pressed into glass tubes or spread on the ivory points so familiar to every one.

Where the vaccine comes from which is used to vaccinate the calves I do not know and have not met anyone yet who does. In England for a time the pus was scraped from the sores on corpses of those who died in the pest house and the calves were vaccinated from this. In the United States all one learns is that the vaccine is "imported." If any reader has time it might be well to visit the State Vaccine Establishment and see what answer he would get to this inquiry. Certainly people ought to know what this poisonous material is that is being given to them through their blood. When the State forces medicine upon a person, that person has a right to know what the medicine is and where it comes from.

However, in Massachusetts there is an exemption law for children. This fact is not generally known either to parents or teachers. This is not quite equal to the "Conscience Clause" in England, for here there must be an examination by a regular practicing physician.

Therefore, parents, if you think vaccination will injure your child you may have a certificate of exemption and the child may attend school without vaccination.

Massachusetts has carried a vaccination case all the way through the courts, even to the Supreme Court in Washington. Every one of these courts decided that the matter must be settled by the state legislature and the people. We, then, who do not approve of vaccination should take pains to let our legislators know our sentiments, for the Supreme Court says that "the Legislature expresses the will of the people."

Pennsylvania has been, and still is, having a strenuous time with the public vaccinator. About a year ago a new health officer was appointed who determined to carry out to the letter the compulsory law in that state. As a result many children were made sick and several died. In some of the schools the teachers resigned and the pupils left until the schools had to close for want of pupils and teachers. Cases were carried to the courts, public meetings were held and speakers who understood the subject of vaccine making and the effects of vaccination upon the human, were present and gave talks. Also an organizer was hired and paid to travel through the state giving information upon the subject and forming anti-

compulsory vaccination societies in all the towns and villages visited. This organizer is still at work and we may hope to see the Keystone State freed from this superstitious rite at an early day.

If only the people of Massachusetts would wake up and work with equal eagerness we also might hope for a speedy change. If a guaranty fund of six hundred dollars could be obtained an organizer is ready to spend one year in the work for Massachusetts. Readers of the "Banner," will not you consider this proposition?

You all know from experience that not only does vaccination not prevent small-pox, but that it on the contrary causes small-pox and that sometimes in a severe form. Had there been no vaccination small-pox would have died out of itself, as has the "Black Plague," Asiatic cholera, etc. Clean living, hygienic surroundings, these are what prevent disease of any kind, small-pox included.

Small-pox is a filth disease. Vaccine is filth scraped from a putrid sore on a sick beast. No one knows what germs of disease are mixed in with the vaccine.

Parents, have your children exempted.

One more caution to those who eat flesh. The same firms that make vaccine and anti-toxin also make beef extract. Does any one know what becomes of the horses used for anti-toxin and the calves used for vaccine? They are not lost.

Miss Lillian Whiting sailed Saturday December 1st, for Italy where she will spend the winter amid scenes and associations with which she has made us all familiar through her obedient pen.

The Power of Thought

By William Strong.

The power of mind over matter has found general acceptance only in recent years. One of the points of difference between the physical scientist and the occultist is in the question of the possible transfer of magnetism or nervous force. The physical scientist insists that although the nervous force exists and does all within the body that the occultist claims, yet it is confined to the nervous systems and cannot traverse their limits. The occultist, however, knows by experience that this magnetism or nervous force can and does traverse the boundaries of the nervous system and is projected at times to a great distance from the person in whose system it was stored up. All positive thought, good or bad, is more or less heavily charged with magnetism. The man of strong will power sends forth vigorous thought, consciously or unconsciously, according to his knowledge of the subject, and sends with it a supply of magnetism in proportion to the force or energy of the thought. Thoughts so charged are sent like a bullet from consciousness to consciousness. A public speaker understanding the law, who is himself highly charged with magnetism, can send forth words which are but the expression of thought and send them with such force that one can fairly feel the impact of the thought. These thoughts may be so impregnated with living power that they will act like living forces.

Interesting experiments along the line of human magnetism may be tried. Let a number of friends sit in

a circle, holding hands. Let all concentrate their minds on the common purpose of sending a magnetic current. There must be the understanding that the current shall move in one direction so that there may be the benefit of co-operation without clashing and consequent loss. If the party is very harmonious and all conditions favorable, they will soon feel a faint tingling like an electric current. This practice will be very helpful to any in the circle who may be physically weak and especially so if there be a number in the circle who are very vigorous and highly charged with magnetism. This practice must be indulged in moderately to prevent unprofitable phenomena.

The old and well understood practice of laying on of hands enjoined in the New Testament touches the same principle. Evolution at its best brings us ever in close touch with all that is best in thought and practice through the ages. Truth is a living principle and can never die. Hence the Man of Nazareth—the Christ of history—the world's great Teacher said, "I am the Truth." The good, pure priest, who through obedience to Divine Law, builds himself up into perfect manhood, out of nature's elements in his environment, becomes surcharged with human magnetism and if at the same time, he, through a knowledge of the God-principle, cultivates his soul-force, thus giving an absolute equilibrium to manhood he may, by a right direction of his power amongst his people (a constant receiving and imparting out of a sympathetic nature) become a power for good—a savior of men. Hence, the need of knowledge and a holy, pure purpose

in the priesthood, that the ignorant and erring may be redeemed by the same power.

Sorrow and sickness are twin brothers and the offspring of ignorance. Knowledge is the world's savior—not the knowledge of the schools, but the higher and richer thought, which is a controlling power in the life and conduct.

With knowledge comes love like an ocean,

All boundless and shoreless and vast.
As you dip in its life-giving waters,
This, this will wipe out the past.

A COUNTRY GOVERNED BY WOMEN

From "La Fraternidad"

Among the colonial possessions of Holland is a very noteworthy little state, whose constitution and customs are extraordinary.

In the island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the kingdom of Bantam; while this is tributary to Holland, it is in other respects independent, and, although it is of no political importance, it is rich and prosperous and from time immemorial has been governed and defended by women.

The sovereign is a man, but the rest of the government is in the hands of the fair sex. The Council of State, upon which the king depends entirely, is composed of three women; and the most important authorities; all the officials of the State; members of the Senate; the chiefs of the military department and the soldiers are without exception, women. The men are merchants and agriculturalists.

The crown is transmissible to the oldest son of the king. In case the king should die without leaving a successor, one hundred amazons assemble to elect a new king from among their own sons.

Translated for The Banner of Light.

Spiritualism and the Law

By Hon. Charles R. Schirm

Practically no attempt at classification has been made in these papers. I have elsewhere, intimated that this must be left for some one to do at a later date. The demands upon my time will not permit me to make a careful arrangement under various headings. It seems urgent that the substance be given as quickly as possible, leaving details to be attended to in the future, as I am convinced that we have reached a period of general interest in spirit phenomena and that every Spiritualist should be as thoroughly equipped as possible in a knowledge of his legal rights and the method of enforcing them, as well as the phenomena and philosophy.

The first case I shall take up in this paper is interesting from the fact that the opinion of the Appellate Court lays down a broad rule for deciding cases wherein the opinions of the testator are made the ground of contest.

In the Matter of W. F. Story, 20 Ill. App. 183, decided 1886. Wilbur F. Story died October 27th, 1884, and on December 5th, 1884, his widow, the executrix, presented his will, dated February 1st, 1881, to the Probate Court of Cook county for probate. Objection thereto having been made, a hearing was had. Testimony of witnesses to the will was taken and upon that testimony the court refused to admit the will to probate. An appeal was taken to the Circuit Court, which court reversed the decision of the Probate Court and ordered the will to be probated. An appeal was then tak-

en to the Appellate Court. The grounds of the appeal were want of testamentary capacity, undue influence and other grounds based on legal technicalities. The Appellate Court affirmed the finding of the Circuit Court. As we are interested in that phase of the case which bears on Spiritualism, I shall quote such portions of the opinion of the Appellate Court pertaining to that subject.

"To support the contention that the testator was not of sound mind, it was shown that in 1878 he suffered a paralytic stroke, which it was claimed, affected his mind, and from the effects of which he never recovered; and an offer was made to show by the record of the probate court that on August 8th, 1884, testator was declared by said court, by an order based on the verdict of a jury, to be a distracted person, but this record was ruled out by the court as being too remote. It was shown that for several years prior to his death, testator held the belief that communications could be had with the spirits of another world, and it is contended that advantage was taken of his credulity in the matter of such spiritual communications by Mrs. Story and her sister, one Mrs. Rose, to practice imposition upon him. Mrs. Rose pretended, it is said, to have received communications from the spirit of some Indian, who took great interest in the welfare of Mr. Story. It is shown by references made by said Story in some of the letters written

by him, that he thought himself in receipt of advice, as to some of his matters, from a spirit or individual, to whom he alluded as the 'little squaw'; that he is receiving treatment for his bodily ailments from the same source, which is greatly benefitting him. His faith in these 'little squaw' manifestations and communications, which they regard as delusion and the result of the imposition alleged, is one of the main facts stated in support of their opinion by the witnesses who testify that the testator was of non-disposing mind."

"This witness (Alfred S. Trude, the attorney who drew the will and signed it as a witness) also mentions a belief of the testator's that he was the victim of sewer-gas, which belief was based on information obtained from the spirit of 'Little Squaw,' through Mrs. Rose; that testator was urged by 'Little Squaw' to hurry the completion, and at the same dictation change, in many ways, the plans of the building known as the Story mansion, the expenditure for the erection of which was, it is argued, out of all proportion to testator's financial ability and not in accordance with prudent business management; that testator was led on to gratify the ambition of Mrs. Story in this course, by conspiracy of Mrs. Story and her sister and through means of the pretended spiritual communications, and that the signing of the will in question was brought about by the same means."

Such are the salient facts as rehearsed by the court and now I quote its opinion as to the application of the law to such a state of facts.

"The fact that a man somewhat ad-

vanced in years, and suffering from disease, holds the opinion, whether founded on his own imagination or the suggestion of others, that his ailment is due to this or that cause, or that one who professes a belief in what is known as Spiritualism, may be influenced by and led to give credence to alleged communications from spirits which are, in fact, no communications, but impositions and delusions contrived by designing persons, is very far from sufficient to prove in such persons want of testamentary capacity. Such beliefs, even if whims or delusions, are compatible with disposing mind on the part of those holding them, but such facts are proper to be considered with reference to questions of mental weakness and the susceptibility of the testator to the arts of those who would mislead him for some purpose of their own."

The court in commenting upon the testimony of some of the witnesses said:

"There is much in the testimony of these witnesses to lead to the belief that they confused the term sound memory with defective memory. Sound mind and memory is equivalent to the term sanity, and the mind and memory which is sufficiently sound to constitute testamentary capacity, is the capacity to transact ordinary business."

In support of the doctrines contained in the foregoing paragraph, I refer to five Illinois cases.

"If the testator was of sound mind but of poor or impaired memory, he was of sound mind and memory, as the phrase is known in law. The failure of memory is not sufficient to create the incapacity, unless it be quite

total or extend to his immediate family and property. As known in law, sound memory is something quite different from good or unimpaired memory, in which sense the subscribing witnesses understood it. Failure of memory does not constitute unsoundness of memory."

Yoe vs. McCord, 74 Ill. 33.

"A person who is capable of transacting ordinary business, is also capable of making a valid will. It is not required that he shall possess a higher capacity for that than for the transaction of the ordinary affairs of life. A man capable of buying and selling property, settling accounts, collecting and paying out money or borrowing or loaning money, must usually be regarded as capable of making a valid disposition of his property by will. The rule is the same in the case of a sale of a property and its disposition by will, and the usual test is, that the party be capable of acting rationally in the ordinary affairs of life."

Meeker vs. Meeker, 75 Ill., 266, decided 1874.

Rutherford vs. Morris, 77 Ill., 410, decided 1875.

Carpenter vs. Calvert, 83 Ill., 67, decided 1876.

"The property owner, unless an idiot or a lunatic, must be allowed to make his own distribution of his property; nor does the fact that a party is physically unable to look after his property, or that his mind is enfeebled by age or disease, if not to the point of lunacy or absolute imbecility, take from him this power."

Kimball vs. Cuddy, Supreme Court Ill. 6 N. E. Rep. 539.

(To be continued.)

"Congregationalist (Trinitarian)"

By William Stansfield

Your editorial on the above in a former issue of the "Banner" is a splendid reminder of how things move in matters theological. Of course from the "hotbed of Unitarianism" (Boston), what else can be expected? To many of us the improvement seems terribly slow, and proves to a demonstration how deeply ingrained and rooted in the minds of the people have been the autocratic teachings of the priesthood during the past centuries, when none were allowed independent thought on the teachings which pertained to their supposed spiritual welfare.

If the readers of the paper from which you quote would but extend their faculties of reasoning just a little further, they would see that even their present position has its troubles in both the mental and spiritual spheres, for their statements of present faith are purely wordy, and not open to the dictates of logic and sound reason. The very term "incarnation" referred to bears upon its face a meaning which the writer himself would refuse to countenance.

It is acknowledged that this phase of belief in Jesus carries with it a theological meaning altogether foreign to our conception of the moral and ethical basis of the true spiritual existence.

However, this writer tries to invade the province of the "Fathers" in his criticisms of their theological standing, he cannot but see how thin is the partition which divides them, in that it merely amounts to words.

Definitions have proved too much for the advanced theologian, so now he asks to be freed from a full expression of his "beliefs." It is well, though, to advance at this feeble pace, for we may be sure that in these times of mental and social reaction an early acceleration of the pace will mark another page in the history of the thought of the world. The churches will then see such a "départure" from the old well-beaten tracks as they have not hitherto witnessed.

I well remember, some 30 years ago, a lengthy correspondence which took place in the columns of the English Congregational weekly (*The Christian World*) of which I was a subscriber for 30 years—on the subject of "Eternal Punishment," the discussion of which was participated in by large numbers of ministerial and lay preachers, many of whom dare not sign their names.

Many of these writers stoutly condemned this doctrine, some of them pertinently asking how it could be punishment if it was "eternal," as "punishment" is intended to be remedial and not meted out in a vengeful spirit, which would be the case if it was eternal. They pointed out that this gave the death blow to the doctrine coming from a God of Love. The position that these controversialists took up at that time in the old country made for a much larger and broader field of thought amongst the churches on this subject. The "*Christian World*" has largely led the way in the matter of freedom for the individual conscience on theological propositions. As an old Unitarian I was delighted with these aspects of advancing orthodoxy.

Two years ago the "*Daily Telegraph*," one of the largest circulated dailies in Great Britain, allowed its columns to be opened on the subject of "Do we believe?" The correspondence on this subject became so vast and writers opened their minds so candidly that one of the contributors remarked that the columns of that journal had been transformed into a public confession box.

To a student of contemporaneous thought this controversy was an eye opener. Many who wrote were members of Christian churches and acknowledged that they did not "believe" in the commonly accepted doctrines of the churches. In fact, there was an epidemic of questionings. It was found that there was a real desire to "believe" in the majority of cases, but a strong feeling that the "beliefs" current in the churches were not tenable in the light of modern knowledge.

The article in the "*Congregationalist*" appears to me to bear somewhat similar relationship to this latter phase of the subject. The writer and his friends desire to hold to the "beliefs," but to place a new construction on them by altering their verbiage, though, at the same time, keeping hold of "beliefs" for which no logical interpretation in words can possibly be found.

Spiritualism has everything in its favor, not being brought face to face with these difficulties of varying "beliefs" and theological discrepancies. Its faith rests upon "The truth shall make you free."

Quest St., Newcastle, Pa.

(Late of England.)

Last Words on Evolution

By Mime Inness

The ancient champion of Monism, Ernst Haeckel of the University of Jena, was last year induced, in spite of his advanced age, to address the people of Berlin. The lectures were entirely popular and Prof. Haeckel determined to make them his last word on Evolution. The original two were supplemented by a third and last on "Immortality and God." These lectures coming as they did, from the highest authority on the doctrine of Monism, an old gladiator in the field, and one who had for over half a century met all comers, attracted wide attention. They were published and quickly ran through several editions. From the second edition Joseph McCabe translated them and the volume under review is the result of that translation.

Monism is the most materialistic of all materialistic views of the universe. It is, as its name signifies, the doctrine that all is one; that in the last analysis every known thing is matter or some expression of matter.

The learned professor is, as he confesses in his preface, no compromiser. When he fights, he fights hard and there is for him no middle ground. For many years he has known what it is to endure all sorts of personal, ignominious attacks on account of his philosophy and when in reading the book we find polemics where we expect philosophy, we cannot long al-

low that to create wonder. Rather is it to be wondered at that the old war horse does not more harshly resent the attacks and does not feel more bitterly the gibes of his antagonists. And yet one scarcely sees what Prof. Haeckel gains with an audience of the present day in calling the Pope "the charlatan of the Vatican" or in scorning the Jesuits now that they have come, partly at least and in their own way, into a belief in the truth of Evolution. That Wassman is a Jesuit, has no tendency either to prove or disprove his thesis. Why then ring the changes on Jesuitism? Is it to catch the public ear? All very well in a political discussion; but can we thus teach the great philosophical truths of the universe?

Chapter one is devoted to a discussion, largely historical, of Evolution and Dogma. Here the traces of the long fight between Science and the Church, now practically at an end, appear in the text. The bitterness which characterized the controversy in its day, the old professor cannot forget. Nor is he satisfied with the fact that all Protestantism has long accepted Evolution and the Catholic church has come to a partial acceptance of it. The smell of the battle still returns and inspires the veteran to fight over the old battles, now possible only in imagination.

In his second chapter he devotes himself to proving that man is descended from an ape. He delights to put the question thus in its most

*(Last Words On Evolution. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated by Joseph McCabe. 179 pp. \$1.00. Peter Eckler, New York.)

revolting form and then to drive his opponents to a confession of defeat by his arguments. It is the fight which apparently charms him, but his contest is like that of Don Quixote, with windmills only. There is substantial scientific agreement with him today on this point of the descent of man, with this qualification; that while it is probable that the apes are an earlier form of the human animal, it is but a theory incapable of proof upon present data.

Haeckel admits the necessity of finding the missing link, but claims that it has been found in one or two fossil skeletons unearthed within ten years. Inasmuch as Haeckel is a Scientist demanding of his opponents the fullest and most convincing evidence to prove their claims, it seems remarkable that upon one or two fossil skeletons, which may have well been abnormal types, he founds the whole doctrine of the Descent of Man.

But this is Haeckel. The wooden feet of the golden statue become painfully evident when we analyze his evidence and his arguments. We find him only human after all and we learn that scientific men may be most fallible and, just like other people, inclined to accept, as conclusive proof in their own case, evidence which they would scornfully reject if offered to prove their opponents' claim.

The third chapter covers immortality and the soul. Neither of these exist, according to Haeckel. All is mere matter, and mere matter sprang into existence by spontaneous generation. All its laws are chemical or organic laws. There is no soul and hence can be no immortality. There is no soul because there is nothing but

matter and mind is merely a function of the brain. "When the brain dies the soul comes to an end" and life "is only a chemical and physical process."

To state this outline of the Monist philosophy is refutation enough. It has been refuted many times. It is an unthinkable belief and a curiously short-sighted one. If life be but a process, process implies a law under which the process acts. Whence that law? "Process" also implies action of some sort. Whence the force which makes the action possible?

"When the brain dies the soul comes to an end."

According to Haeckel the brain is simply an engine which produces a result, to wit: mind; like a steam engine which when run produces steam. Haeckel says that when the engine dies the steam comes to an end. Was there ever a clearer case of mistaking the cause for the effect and vice versa? Verily, too much learning doth make men mad.

The whole Monist system depends absolutely upon the truth of "Spontaneous generation." Being a scientist, Haeckel rejects every thing for which he has no scientific evidence resting on facts. He cannot accept things which he cannot in some way apprehend by his senses. Therefore, he rejects soul and spirit and says, all is matter. But this very theory is based upon spontaneous generation, an unknown act, never experienced, for which there is not a scrap of testimony of any sort and which is as elusive as "the baseless fabric of a dream."

Spontaneous generation is, so far as we know, a myth, pure and simple. Why does Haeckel so insist upon

it? Because without it, he is driven back upon some unmaterial power, some force outside of ourselves. This would make his world of matter but the visible, tangible, audible tools through which this "force" is shown to us. This would drive him to the

Spiritualistic theory by which all is indeed one, but that one is all spirit and the world of sense but forms of the manifestation of that spirit. Monism of the spirit is truth; Monism of matter an illogical, false theory.

Book Comment and Review

What a sermon of
From Dream to Vision of Life
sweetness and light is every one of Miss Whiting's books. Not only a sermon, but a uniting of science and idealism, mathematics and the imagination. How clearly this little book answers the stock questions of those whose sneers at Spiritualism are but the echo of their ignorance! It is such a delightful satisfaction that even to indicate it would detract from the charm to which every one should treat himself by becoming a reader of "From Dream to Vision of Life."

Have you any doubt, O ye practical man of affairs, as to whether or not life beyond this is a fact? Read this book which does not so much demonstrate as it convincingly announces. "What good does it do?" do you ask, you materialistic utilitarian? Then read the book and get some ideas upon things you have always known, but never yet knew that you knew.

Is there a sneer and a frown at the hardness of this life, and a longing for it to be absorbed into nothingness, rising in your heart, O lonely agnostic? Take counsel of this book, see how the continuity of life and intercommunication of friends, lends radiance, sweetness, contentment and joy to this world of ours, and then fling away your doubts and your darkness, step out into life and for once just live one, good, true, real hour. Your agnosticism will drop from you like a garment that is soiled and over-worn, and for the first time life will smell sweet to you.

This book teaches us how Spiritualism is the only faith which fills every de-

mand of life and death. It cheers the drooping and downcast; it builds up new hope for the despairing, it fills the days with the sweet companionship of our best beloved, and guards our rights with the unceasing watchfulness of undying love. It gives to poetry its true significance and makes the prose of daily life an inspiration. It explains the mysteries of "life, death and the vast forever," and makes of them "one grand sweet song." It shows us God and through it He speaks to our waiting ears. It answers the every question of the skeptic and brings life into the dead corpse of his unbelief. It makes intelligible the sacred truths of the Bible, and truer than any of the Christian religions, it reveals to us the Christ. It reconciles what otherwise is forever unreconcilable—the long warfare of science and religion—and shows the warring factions that all true science is religion and all true religion is science.

Like mercy "'tis mightiest in the mightiest," and yet no child of God so small and weak as not to be warmed into new joy and sweeter life by the clasp of its all embracing arms.

The mysteries of the universe are within its ken, and the messengers of its loving friendship guide us daily, even in our rising up and sitting down. It teaches us that all religions are one, as the human heart is one, one with all and all with God. It was from the beginning of the world, it is now, supremest, best and ever shall be through eternity's unending aeons, always and forever, vibrating, pulsating, living life.

(From Dream to Vision of Life, by Lillian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co., 16 mo. 181 pp., \$1; white and gold, \$1.25.

This novel is all American. *Mister Bill*, its flavor is of the West, although the greater part of the story has to do with New York life. The hero is a New Yorker, transplanted to the mining regions, who returns to the money metropolis, and in the language of the street, "does up the gang," who are trying, by manipulating the stock of the company owning his mines, to compel a sale of the "properties" to them at their own price.

Incidentally the hero meets the young widow, the heroine of the story, and marries her after he has ruined her financially by his success in "the deal."

The plot making and the handling of the details are well done. The complications are not as intricate as those in Wilkie Collins' stories, nor is it difficult to forecast the very evident outcome of the story.

The character painting is best described by saying it is good work for an amateur. To the handling of his tools he has not yet become fully accustomed, but it is quite evident that underneath a little awkwardness lies the true artist.

The criticism one would make upon the hero, as he stands out in the picture, is that he is altogether too spotless, too strong, too good. He never gets the worst of it, even in the slightest conversation, and while one never loses interest in "*Mister Bill*," one feels that he is dangerously near being a bit of a prig.

His talks with the heroine when, during the earlier part of their acquaintance, it is a case of battle royal, are the best managed parts of the book.

Later his love making is a shade too cold, and although it is revealed to us before it is to him that the widow loves him, yet when they both find out that they are in love, neither seems to take advantage of the opportunity to indulge in the caresses and endearment with which newly-discovered love is wont to regale itself. The widow has "been there" and knows how. She is one of those bits of femininity which hates to yield and does so only when it recognizes a master, but when the yielding does come, it is not usual for such wom-

en to remain one side of the room, while her lord is on the other, and indulge only in such fierce endearments as to call her conquering hero "dear." One wonders whether the author was ever in love or whether he feared that the strong man he had drawn might be made a shade weaker should love-making be allowed.

But isn't it the strong man with the big heart who is the most ardent lover of them all when he meets his fate?

The book shows the author to have strength which will some day put him alongside the author of "*The Virginian*." It is evidence of this quality that makes the book such easy reading that it is hard to lay it down until the last page has been turned.

The best chapter in the book, where the writer seems most at home, is that entitled "*A Real and Truly Story*."

(By Albert E. Lyons, 319 pp. Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

What the *Banner of Light* did for the early history of Spiritualism in America by publishing Emma Har-

dinge Britten's "*Modern American Spiritualism*" *La Revue Spirite* is attempting to do in bringing forward the work of M. Malgras "*The Pioneers of Spiritualism in France*." *La Revue Spirite*, setting forth the work editorially in a recent number of this valuable journal (founded by that ripe scholar and brave soldier, Allan Kardec,) gives us in these thoughtful words an emphasis to the situation that makes this work necessary:

"In the masterly review by Ed. Grimard of the book of which we speak, he pertinently inquires, will there not come a time when we must try to get the level of our situation, intellectually, morally and, more specially, spiritually? We have come to one of those turning points in human history where problems multiply; opinions become entrenched, where a thousand things of a complexed and confusing nature are believed in; where it is important, nevertheless, that there should come out of it, if not absolute truth, at least some idea synthetic and

directive, capable of indicating to earthly pilgrims, so easily discouraged upon their journey, some rational and normal clearing up.

"In order to make an attempt to respond to this we present to the public, 'The Pioneers of Spiritualism in France' This work comprehends two parts. The first, the pages on the 'old men,' to use the expression of Camille Chaigneau, where are represented by extracts from their works relating to Spiritualism or inspired by it, all the great men of the second half of the 19th century, Honore de Belzac, M. de Girardin, Jean Reynaud, Boucher de Perthes, Allan Kardec, Alexandre Dumas, Th. Guthier, Jacques Babinet, J. Michelet, Georges Sand, Victor Hugo, Andre Godin, Villiers de 'Isle-Adam, Louis Figuer, Ch. Fauvety, Eug. Nus, Aug. Vasquerie, Ch. Lomon, Sadi Carnot, etc.

"The second part, our contemporaries (and this is the most important part of the work) who have been willing to show by their writings, for the most part not edited, their opinion upon Spiritualism and psychic science. Among the latter besides Victorien Sardou, Flammarion, Professor Richet, Colonel de Rochas, there are a number of people of the literary world; members of the literary and spiritual press, well known writers, lecturers, artists, savants, doctors, high officials, professors of universities, superior officers of the army, old parliamentarians and people of the world.

"Spiritualism is barely a half century old and already has a considerable history. Few Spiritualists, we speak of the new ones, know this. Where can this history be found? Who is the Historian of it. We believe that this work, so conscientiously prepared by M. Malgras, without pretending to be this history, will be at least the first stone of the edifice which will one day be raised to the glory of our ancient doctrine.

As to those who are almost entirely ignorant of psychic science, they will find in this book a clear and precise expression of the most important principles upon which that science is established and they will see that this science so decried

by the ignorant mass, nevertheless is the study of choice among those who constitute in France the highest intellectual class.

Besides the postage, the work will be sold for eight francs in a large volume de luxe, of about six hundred pages embellished with numerous photographs.

Add to the price 1 Fr. 2 S. For the present, subscriptions may be sent to M. Leymarie, 42 Rue St. Jacques, Paris.

This is a good book
A Sketch of the in every true sense
Life of John M. of the word "good."
Todd

This leads to the inquiry, what makes a book "good?"

A book may be good literature, good morals, good history. This book is all these, not that the style or the rhetoric or the grammar or the arrangement meets the highest canons of rhetorical art. But it is a human document, told in a natural way by a good man, a good citizen, a liberal thinker and a broad mind. 'Tis true we seldom expect to find such qualities in one whose long life has been occupied by the duties of a barber, but here is a barber who has read and thought to good advantage. It is a good book. The world will be better for the book and for the life of the man who wrote it. (A Sketch of the Life of John M. Todd.) Sixty years in a barber shop and reminiscences of his customers written by himself. (324 pp.) William W. Roberts, Co., Portland, Me., \$1.00.

St. Nicholas is to have
Mrs. Rice's Alice Hegan Rice's first serial story for young people,
New Serial and the opening chapters appeared in the December issue, the Christmas number. "Captain June" is the title; and the story deals with a little American lad's adventures in Japan. The tale is full, it is said, of the same sunny humor that has characterized Mrs. Rice's books for older readers. The story is being illustrated by C. D. Weldon.

To Commander Peary, U. S. N.

By Minnie Meserve Soule

[Written after hearing the Commander lecture as he was preparing for the voyage from which he has just returned.]

Oh, strong, brave soul, undaunted still,
You'd search the Northern Sea,
Where sits in silence awful, grand,
The topmost mystery;

Where cruel winds, for ages past,
Have shrieked and hissed in glee;
And up and down the icebergs hurled,
In wildest revelry.

The eye of man ne'er looked upon
The power-house of Night,
Till, through the unbroken sea of ice,
It burst upon your sight.

At last, beneath the stars' cold gleam—
So near to all you sought—
O'ercome by nature, sick and sore,
You feared your fight was fought.

There, at the desolate end of earth,
In a cairn, our flag was laid;
Tribute to country and to wife—
(By her loved hand 'twas made.)

"My dream is o'er," you wrote that day,
And southward turned your eyes;
The years of hope had passed away,
And doubt was in your skies.

Ah, no! for you hope cannot die,
'Twill e'er burn in your breast;
It's altar fires are in your heart
To serve you in your quest.

'Twill light you in that sunless place;
'Twill guide unerringly;
'Twill melt the trackless wastes of ice,
And ope the Polar Sea.

And while we work in sunny clime,
Our prayers and love will go,
As trusty friends, to bring you back
The Conqueror, we know.

The Plurality of Inhabited Worlds

Camille Flammarion closes a splendid article on this subject, too long for us to quote entire, with these words:

"Work being the law of life, it is necessary that in this universe in which activity is the function of Beings, we should be born in a state of simplicity and ignorance; that in worlds a little more advanced we should begin with elementary works; it is necessary that we should take with us into worlds still more advanced a certain amount of knowledge already acquired; and, finally, it is

necessary that Happiness, to which we all aspire, should be the reward of our labor, the fruit of our energy. If in our Father's house, there are many mansions, they are not so many beds of repose; they are rather the dwelling places in which the faculties of the soul are to be aroused in all their spheres of action into a vigorous activity and greater energy. In these mansions riches increase in proportion to our effort, in them we learn better to understand the nature of things; better to comprehend God in His power; better to adore Him in His glory and His splendor."

Our Home Circle

Edited by

MINNIE MESERVE SOULE

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN:
Death Has No Power to Unite or Divide; It Is an Incident.

"If Spiritualists believe what they preach about the beautiful and wonderful spirit world, where separation cannot come, I should think they would refuse to take medicine when ill that they could the sooner reach that better country, and I should think that suicide would be a stepping stone to peace."

It was a man of rare intelligence, and unusual opportunities, who made that statement. His life for two years had been full of sorrow and heartache, and as he stood over the last open grave he could see nothing of light or life, or love, no glintings even of hope to lighten the shadows of his present. Alone, his grief unspeakable, his burden heavy, all that he loved gone. Gone, somewhere. He did not know where. No voice had sounded through his silence. No message had cheered his heart, and the agony of doubt was fast growing into settled despair.

Only to be with the one whose voice was hushed and still!

Only to feel the touch of a loved hand!

It might be blackest night where the dear one was wandering; but night, or torture or hell, with the conscious companionship of that loved

one, would be better than separation.

Why not lie down and let death release him from the bondage of life, or, better still, why not seek the Death Angel and under his sheltering wing be wafted to the land of Spirits?

Why not, indeed!

Many men have put this question to their souls, in the dark, and when alone, while the billows of sorrow were rolling around and about them.

Many women have weighed the matter calculating to a nicety the chances for and against happiness, and have at last ended the pain or disgrace of a moment.

Very often men have said, "My life is my own, but it isn't worth living," and the click of the revolver was the last sad note in the song of their lives.

If life is better and sweeter "over there," why should they not cut corners and get over there as soon as possible?

If the separation from those they hold dear is more than they can bear, and death will unite them, why not court death?

Ah, if we believed that the separation were real, even though it be but for a term of years, how could we smile! The mother's empty arms would refuse to do her bidding. The bereaved husband's eyes, dimmed with tears, could see no springtime

beauty, for the gray mist of sorrow would shut the glory out. The orphan's sobbing breath would fill the earth with wailing and the harmonies of the world would be turned to discord and moans.

But how can they tear themselves away from their griefs and pains and look the world squarely in the face once more?

How can they obey the inclination to toss the soul out on the sea of Death, that it may sail onward to the sunny harbor of the Spirit Land?

These tantalizing suggestions repeat themselves over and over again to those who blindly grope through the dark uncertain passages of life, clinging to whatever is nearest, or dearest, or strongest, with an appalling sense of desolation, if, for a moment, the familiar grasp is broken.

One who is not a Spiritualist cannot easily comprehend the wonderful peace which is a bequest from the knowledge of spirit-return.

Like children crying in the dark for the mother whose low bending face they cannot see, are they who weep at death.

To wait for the dawning, and without fret or whimper walk into the glory of the coming day, is not a simple matter for one whose night is peopled with fear. To plunge out into the darkness of the street searching through more hazardous shades for the precious hand that slipped away, brings neither light nor strength.

Proximity, of itself, will never produce peace.

It is the realization of the active, sympathetic, co-operative presence of spirit friends which makes the Spiritualist calm and peaceful in the pres-

ence of that master of tragedies, Death.

Death, hideously masked, for ages thrust upon the stage of life, stalking through his part in silence so awful that men and women fell to trembling and weeping at his feet, has been arrested in his march. His sombre disguise torn apart by brave and fearless investigators, and all his boasted prowess set to flight by the arrows of Truth.

And they who bear upon their foreheads the bright star of Knowledge are Spiritualists.

The limited and incomplete existence of the death-bound creation loses its horizon line and broadens out into life, sweet, beautiful, enduring, triumphant, in the presence of the illuminating truth.

Why jump into the sea in a vain attempt to swim across the ocean, when the currents and tides, heaving billows and mountains of water, give themselves, in untiring and ceaseless devotion, to man, for his discoveries and development, his upliftment and progression, his co-operative labors and sojournings in service and love?

Why toss one's spirit out into the sea of spiritual life when the oceans of eternity lend themselves to all our needs, bearing upon their foaming crests our crafts of fine purposes and lofty deeds, and bringing to the harbors of our love, the friends who sailed away at Death's command?

Just because one is a Spiritualist, he can never dream of doing what he who is not a Spiritualist might attempt that his seeming separation and loneliness of heart be dispelled by the selfish satisfaction of a bodily reunion.

M. M. S.

The Barbarism of Hunting

In "Eltka."

"The best thing that has been contributed to current literature of late is butted to current literature of late is from the pen of Capt. L. W. Billingsley, an eminent counsellor-at-law of Lincoln, Neb., on "The Barbarism of Hunting." The Lincoln Herald says it "should be reproduced in every paper in the land and used as a textbook in every school.]

By many men and all boys it is deemed great sport in displaying skill in taking the lives of birds and animals. To follow hounds and other dogs of the chase through field and wood, and bringing to earth victim after victim, and with unerring shots, is deemed a fascinating achievement. All huntsmen often witness the killing of innocent victims, and see the suffering and agonizing death of birds and animals that dearly love their lives, and have done their hunters no harm. Most huntsmen of kindly nature tell you that at times a feeling of self-reproach has passed through them as they stood by the dying victims of their skill.

Hunters of elk, deer and antelope can tell you of seeing the terror-stricken eyes of those animals, filled with tears, glaring at them with mute reproach as they sobbed their lives away, and deprived of all power to wreak vengeance on their human aggressors. Such memories should haunt men who are not hardened or calloused with savagery.

Time and again we have seen animals in their native state, peaceful, happy, and seemingly enjoying to the full the gifts of life, wounded or killed at the pulling of a trigger. If such

animals are wounded, they are relentlessly pursued, and may for hours or days suffer agony before death closes the suffering.

Hunting is a relic of barbarism in man's nature. One of the most pitiful of sights is to see life pass out of the innocent, quivering, helpless grouse, quail, dove or other birds. Often these scenes are garnished with the cheers and laughter of their hunters, when beating out the brains of the birds that sharply cry and cling to their lives.

The more humane and civilized man becomes the more he will despise the killing for fun. Such amusement marks the low, savage instinct. Not even a president of a great nation can dignify the mock heroism of killing "big game." Only a hard-hearted man can derive pleasure in such barbarous sport. The man of genuine sympathy and kindly disposition can only feel disgust at the sight of killing the unoffending innocents.—L. W. Billingsley.

A CHILD TEACHER

A dear little girl was running about the room where a seance was to be held and with a business like air was helping to arrange the people and the chairs and various other details for her mother, who was the medium for the occasion.

"Don't make the cabinet too hot, for if you do mamma says she will suffocate," she cautioned the interested friends, and of course everybody laughed.

"Aren't you afraid to stay in the circle, little one?" asked a lady.

"Oh, no. What is there to be afraid of?"

The lady turned away and con-

fessed afterward that the child's simple faith quite put to shame her own uneasiness.

During the seance a woman became so nervous that she had to be excused from the circle, and a man with gray in his hair told us that it was years before he could go to the cabinet to talk with a spirit without visible agitation in his legs.

What is there to be afraid of?
Blessed little maiden!

At seven she was mistress of the occasion and was able to teach seventy the gracious manners of a hostess to her spirit guests.

So simply and naturally do children accept truth that they rebuke our own doubting hearts.

Where Art Thou

By Anna M. S. Rossiter

Sweetheart, there is no night in that
blest land

Which thy dear feet entered but
yestere'en;

Yet, I so miss thy heart on which to
lean,

And vainly long once more to clasp
thy hand.

How fair a future we together
planned,

In those brief days, 'neath skies blue
and serene,

wandering by babbling brooks, o'er
meadows green;

Or where the waves broke on the sil-
ver strand!

Alas! alas! my eyes are dim tonight;
The stars have lost their lustre, and
the skies

Cast darksome shadows, now we
walk apart;

I only know thy presence made the
light,

And now, for thee in vain my spirit
cries.

Alas! would I were with thee now,
sweetheart!

A New Year's Resolution

By M. M. S.

Laurie went to bed the night after Christmas with a sad heart. She had tried to be good, but it was such hard work.

Nobody seemed to understand how hard it was or how much of an effort she made and it did seem to her as if the baby ought to know enough to do something himself, instead of crying every time she stopped to look out of the window or glance at a book.

But the baby had cried and the baby had fussed, and the baby had at last screamed so hard that, with an impatient gesture, Laurie had said in a loud voice, "Stop that crying, Philip, or I'll whip you as hard as ever I can."

She hadn't the slightest notion that she would whip him, but she was tired and wanted to go out with George, who was sliding down the hill behind the house, and who every time he went by the window called out to her, "Oh, it's fine coasting, Laurie, you ought to come out."

Of course she ought to go out, she knew it. It was Saturday and Sunday she couldn't go, and Monday she would have to go to school and here it was 4 o'clock and her mother was still away, and the baby was "as cross as two bears," she said to herself, and "Oh, dear," then he cried and she shook him, and looked around.

There was her mother in the doorway. A look of despair crossed poor Laurie's face. "I didn't mean to hurt him," she said piteously to the woman standing there. "I really didn't mean to, I was only trying to make

him keep quiet until you came," she continued. The woman walked rapidly across the room and lifted the child from the tired arms of the little girl and in a hard, cold voice said, "Something is wrong with the baby, what have you been doing to him?" Even as she spoke the little fellow gasped and fell back in her lap in a spasm.

"Wicked girl, see what you've done," cried the mother. "Get the doctor; don't wait a minute, run." Like a wild frightened creature Laurie ran from the house, hatless, her feet flying over the slippery sidewalk and great tears rolling down her cheeks as she moaned and sobbed in her anguish.

The doctor was at his door, just going in, when Laurie panting and breathless reached his house.

Without a word he heard her demand. "Come quick, Philip is dying," and putting her into his sleigh beside him he drove hurriedly to her home.

Laurie followed him into the sitting room and saw the baby lying so white and still on the mother's knee, heard the words, "He is better now," and then sat down on the stairs and waited.

By and by when the doctor came out a disconsolate little figure caught his hand and cried, "Oh, he isn't going to die, is he?"

"Oh, I guess not," said the doctor. "I guess it is only a teething spasm."

"I didn't mean to do it, doctor," continued Laurie. "I truly didn't."

"You didn't do it, little girl, don't fret your little heart about that," and the doctor stooped and looked into the child's wild eyes that were swollen with weeping. "Why, what makes you think you did it?" he asked, gently.

"Because I shook him when he

fussed while mamma was away?" murmured Laurie.

"He fussed because he felt sick," said the doctor. "If his mother had been there to quiet him he might not have had the spasm. Don't you cry another tear."

Laurie crept softly into the room where Philip was, and he gave a wee little smile as he saw her, for the little fellow loved her.

"You here, you naughty girl," said the mother, when she saw her. "You go right up stairs and go to bed. I'll send your father up to punish you when he comes."

So Laurie went up stairs.

Her heart was heavy and the light had gone out of her eye. She crept into bed and cried and cried.

Suddenly she looked up at the picture of her real mother, which hung beside her bed.

"I want you, I want you," she cried out.

"I can't be good if I try ever so hard. I don't like Philip's mamma. I want a mamma of my own. I want a mamma of my own."

So she tossed and turned and talked and sobbed, and when her father went in to see her he found a little girl too ill to even know who was speaking to her.

"Laurie is very sick," he said to his wife when he went down stairs. "We must have the doctor at once."

So the doctor came again and taking the hot little hand in his own shook his head solemnly.

"It is a fever," he said. "The fright, the exposure and the reaction were too much for the child. We may be able to subdue it, but she is very ill now."

For several days Laurie lay in her little bed and cried and moaned incessantly.

"I didn't mean to, mamma. I didn't mean to kill Philip. Oh, I want my own real mamma. I don't like Philip's mainma. I want one of my own, my very own."

And Philip's mother was ever near that little bed and ever tried to soothe and comfort the child whose mother's place she had taken without a mother's love to make her worthy of that high estate.

On New Year's morning Laurie awoke so weak, but no more wandering. The mind was clear and keen.

Papa came and kissed her and whispered a word in her ear that brought a wan little smile, mamma brought her breakfast and sat beside her just like a "real mamma." George came and looked at her for a moment.

It was all so sweet and dear and yet—there was something that seemed to trouble her.

After awhile she drew her papa's face close to her own and asked in an anguished tone, "Did Philip die?"

"Did Philip die," laughed papa. "Listen!"

A merry laugh came ringing up from the sitting room and a baby's voice was saying, or trying to say, "'appy n' 'ear, 'appy n' 'ear."

"Oh," gasped Laurie, "that's Philip and he's trying to say 'Happy New Year.' I want to see him. Oh, may I?"

Philip was brought, and he gave Laurie a sailor kiss and said "'appy, 'appy, 'appy 'ear, and 'me 'ove Laurie," till Laurie cried with delight.

Oh, that was a happy, happy New Year's Day, indeed.

Everybody was so glad to see Laurie's brown eyes shine with joy.

Just before the lights were lighted, a weak little voice said plaintively to mamma, who was sitting in the shadow with a warm hand fast holding Laurie's, "Oh, mamma, we haven't made any New Year's resolutions, have we? Well, I'm going to resolve to never be impatient with Philip or anybody again as long as I live, and I'm going to ask my real heavenly mamma to help me to keep that resolution."

"And I, dear," said Philip's mother, "am going to make a resolution to be such a good step-mother to Laurie that she will never feel that no one understands her. And I am going to ask Laurie's real heavenly mamma to help me to be as faithful to her little Laurie as I would like her to be to my little Philip were he in heaven with her."

INFLUENCES

By Sylvanus Lyon

Influences light as air control us.

The Destiny of Individuals and Nations often change by little circumstances.

And who dare say I'll do, build or give, regardless of the if which chances may bring.

We write of the influences of a three line postal card.

"Great Barrington, May 10, 1906.

Moderation Society,

23 Park Row, N. Y.:

Gents—Will not your society give out flowers again this year, for our

ladies and children are longing to send some?

Yours truly,

W. C. T. U. SOCIETY,

R. G. Logan, Secretary.

The above is a postal card, and now of its influences.

The Moderation Society first started this beautiful charity in 1882, giving out flowers weekly, and last year completed the 820th distribution. It was now in May, the 27th year of the society's good charities. Blind, lame, and old, and just from the hospital, the chief officer thought to fulfill his duties to the laborers and poor of the great city with simply carrying on the free ice water fountains, which give a cup of cold water to 100,000 in the summer time daily, omitting the flower mission, the most beautiful of all charities to "God's Poor Children" who never see a flower and know little of nature's beauties.

This little postal card with influences coming from kind friends, who had for seven years sent weekly thousands of beautiful bouquets, decided the work again for this summer passed; and by this, the many boxes and baskets of flowers received during the summer, many thousands of poor children of Mulberry Bend, Paradise Park, Mission churches and Cherry Hill have been blessed with the tiny flower.

None can realize the amount of good and happiness these flower distributions give to the poor and lowly and the wonder is that so few of the world's rich and fair ones do not know the happiness of thus giving it to those who know little of any good. And another mystery is, that kind friends and little children in the coun-

try who through faith and trust are thus willing to work for the poor of the slums without pay and little thanks except the sweet reward of doing good and the Soul's Blessing of "Well Done."

Kind readers, send postal cards, letters, or even words or thoughts; but be sure that their influences shall bless and do good to some one who is anxious to receive and longing for some one to give any good.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

—Shakespeare.

If I were called upon to assist in
preparing a young man's mind for

success in life, I should begin by asking him to forget the Shakespearean aphorism; for it is as false in metaphor as it is in principle. The tides of the ocean ebb as well as flow; and they do both twice in 24 hours. The mariner who misses a flood tide does not abandon his voyage; nor does he deliberately sail into the "shallows," or indulge in "miseries." He simply watches for the next flood. The tide in the affairs of men also ebbs and flows many times during the average lifetime. It follows that, if there is any logical analogy between the two tides, the lesson to be derived is full of hope and not of despair. It teaches that, if, through the mistakes of inexperience, the first flood tide is missed, the next is equally available.—Thomson J. Hudson.

SPIRIT MESSAGES

Given Through the Mediumship of
MINNIE MESERVE SOULE

Invocation

Listen, the great heart of Christendom throbs in reverent endeavor to keep His Natal Day. The nations unite, singing their songs of peace.

Up from the loom and the marketplace the mind is lifted in contemplation of the beginning of the story of a wonderful life. So sweet the song, so glorious the message brought down through the centuries, our hearts are touched, our life is deepened with the beauty and simplicity of the great song.

So, today, from out that world of spirits another song of joy and triumph, of greatness and good cheer is being sung by immortals. Triumphant life, illuminating truth, overbrood-

*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, for the present.

We earnestly request our readers to verify such communications as they recognize. Many of those to whom the messages are addressed are not subscribers to the "Banner," or even Spiritualists, and to the better serve the purposes for which this department of the "Banner" is maintained we desire to have the communications reach those for whom they are specially interested.

This effort is not intended to displace the private interview, and we cannot undertake to select the spirits who may avail themselves of this opportunity to speak back to us. This work is directed by the *Banner of Light* Spirit Band. We would recommend that the general reader study the communications for the suggestion they offer in their naturalness, as words from people who have experienced the earth life with its varieties, and studying these expressions much light may be thrown on the naturalness of the next plane of the soul's existence.

We hope, in the near future, to again make these circles public, free to the "Banner" subscribers. When we are able to do so we will make announcement in these columns.

ing love speaking out from the mouths of those called dead. The gates of Paradise open wide that all the glad song of joy may come floating through to the world today.

Oh, may the understanding and blessedness of this assurance of life after death bring to the heart of the mourner that same glad joy that finds expression wherever the note of peace rings true.

Help us, Oh, Spirit of Truth, to render our service, to give of our full knowledge something that shall keep peace in the heart and give joy to the life.

May the dear spirits seeking to find their own find us ever ready to give all that we have for their assistance—a simple confidence and faith, an undying devotion to their need and a trust in the power of Truth to bring out of all darkness the light that shall make the world free. Amen.

Messages

(James Kimball, West Burke, Vt.)

There is an old gentleman here now, who says his name is James Kimball, and he says, "I lived in West Burke, Vt. It seems to me as if I had been gone a hundred years, I am so far removed from the scenes that are familiar to me. I knew something about this and I am very anxious to say a few things that will bring comfort to my friends. Death was n't unexpected by me, but at the same time nobody seemed quite ready for it. I always used to like to have things given to me so clearly and definitely that there would be no question about communication, and I have felt that I ought to be able to give a clear word myself, and there are so many of us over here, my father and

mother and brother, and we are all so anxious to speak, but it isn't as easy as I thought. I would like to send a message to my wife and tell her that I am not unhappy, but I would like to put her in a little better condition and I am working as fast as I can to do it. Tell her that Nellie is with me and sends her dear love and there is no hour in the day or night that some beloved friend isn't with her. This is a short message, but it is the best I can do and I thank you."

(Lizzie and John Mills, New Bedford, Mass.)

There is a woman and a man here now, the woman says that her name is Lizzie. The man's name is John, the last name as they write it is Mills. She says: "I lived in New Bedford, Mass., and this is all new to me. I suppose if it were not new I would have some other way of coming. I was glad to die, I was tired and sick. If I could have been well, I would have been glad to stay, but to struggle along half well, half sick, was more than I wanted. I didn't care much what came after, I used to say it couldn't be worse than what I had. I didn't have any one near to me who had died. My grandmother I had never known, but when I opened my eyes in the spirit world and I found some one so near to me that I could touch the hand and hear the voice, and I felt no sense of pain or loss, it seemed to me I must have dreamed of an angel. I have never seen any angels as you speak of them, they have all been just like the people I have known, and this one seemed to have no ques-

tion but what she would stay right with me until I grew strong, and she did. Her name was Belle MacDonald, and she had known some of my people, they had helped her and she wanted to help me. My mother is just beginning to look into this subject a little, but she has done it because of my father's death and we are both anxious to help her; we think that if she wouldn't go to so many people, but would take one and stay right there that we could do better, because it doesn't change conditions so often and that is what I wanted to say. I wanted to ask her if she wouldn't just select the one that pleases her best and stay right there. That is all, there is nothing else that I can say. I can see some things that are coming, I can see that she is going to move, but it will be better than where she is and I can see that some changes which have come into her life within the last six months have made it possible for her to take the step that she will be called to take. There is no one going to be called out of the body at present. Just go on and develop and then I can help. I thank you very much."

(Charles Gordon, Nashua, N. H.)

Here is the spirit of a man quite tall and not very stout, black hair, with some gray mixed in it, blue eyes and dark lashes. He is very importunate and he says, "I don't mean to be impatient, little girl. I want to be as patient as any one on earth can be, but it seems as if I cannot wait another day without speaking to my friends. My name is Charles Gordon. I am a New Hampshire man. I was born and brought up in Nashua

and I want to send this message to Emma. A good many of my friends are interested in Spiritualism, but they don't seem to get at me or I don't seem to get at them. It was hard for me to die because I hadn't done with my life what I planned. I was so anxious to be successful, to make money, to get ahead, and everytime when I thought I was on the fair road to better times something came in and tipped up my bucket and I was strapped again. The strangest sensation came to me when I died. My first thought was that there is no use trying any more, the game is up, the thing is done and I cannot make any success now; and in thinking of things that way, I lost my desire for money and position and began to see what there was besides that would interest me. Then I saw how many opportunities I had lost for doing things that I might have done to make the world better and I decided that I would own up to the failure I had made and would start anew. So here I am and I want to take the hand of my loved one, Emma, and I want her to feel that I am with her and whatever she does that makes another's life better or stronger, helps me. She has plenty of time now and is able to do it, and I hope she has forgotten our struggles and will feel that we can have good comradeship in this good work. She is so sensitive and mediumistic that I think it will be easy for her to feel that I am her companion. I want Henry to know that I appreciate what he has done for her and I will help him if I can. Thank you."

(Charles H. Harris, Amherst, Mass.)

Here is the spirit of a man, the jolliest old man. I should think him about 75 years old. He is all smiles and looks as fresh as a baby in his face, and he says his name is Charles H. Harris. He says, "Well, well, well! I was a minister, and I preached for years what I considered was the thing that would save men's souls. I was honest in it. I thought they ought to know that unless they did the will of God, they would be eternally damned, and I told them so, and I thought so. You will be surprised when I tell you that I haven't changed my opinion one bit. The will of God, as expressed through Jesus Christ, is to love your neighbor as yourself, and any man who doesn't live up to that is damned as long as he lives. So my philosophy was all right only I had a different stick to lick them with than you Spiritualists have. In fact, you don't seem to have any, you seem to let them do as they please and have a faith that they will come out all right in the end. I have a son who is alive and lives in Amherst, Mass. He doesn't know one single thing about what you people are teaching and yet he condemns it wholesale, because he has a notion that it is something dealing with things people don't know anything about. Now, his wife, Hattie, has only been over here a little while and she is anxious to tell him of her love and interest in him. He goes and sits by her grave and he weeps and thinks that she doesn't know anything about it. She begs him to stop it, because every tear that he sheds brings pain to her in her

life now. Why, everybody has to have death in the family, and if they have got to and there is anything that will make it easier to bear, let us know all about it. My wife is with me and she says we join in our expression of love to all our friends and hope the day isn't far distant when we may be able to speak to them in a smaller group and where all the things that are in our hearts may be spoken out plainly. Thank you."

MESSAGE FROM SPIRIT SARAH A. BYRNES

A little medium who loved Mrs. Byrnes very dearly and who kept very close to her heart all through those last months of suffering, giving constant and never ceasing attention, has received through her own hand, the following message written automatically.

It is so beautiful in its simplicity and makes the first days of Mrs. Byrnes' new life so real that we print it for the comfort of her many friends.

"The perfect freedom from pain or distress is the first conscious thought, and, then, the companionship of those we have loved in earth life makes this life real and natural in every sense. It was such a relief to awaken to the consciousness that it was all over and that I was home with mother and my boy, and that they were the ones to first greet me in my life in the spiritual.

"Many of my friends I had known upon earth met me with loving greetings, but the content, the peace of the new life came through the companionship of my own."

Night

By Jerome K. Jerome

It was a glorious night. The moon had sunk, and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seemed as if, in the silence and the hush, while we her children slept, they were talking with her, their sister—conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound.

They awe us, these strange stars, so cold, so clear. We are as children, whose small feet have strayed into some dim-lighted temple of the god they have been taught to worship but know not; and, standing where the echoing dome spans the long vista of the shadowy night, glance up, half hoping, half afraid to see some awful vision hovering there. And yet it seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In its great presence our small sorrows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed

so hard and wrong to us. Then Night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and, though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Sometimes our pain is very real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full of pity for us; she cannot ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than hers, and in that great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that Pain and Sorrow are but the angels of God.

Only those who have worn the crown of suffering can look upon that wondrous light; and they, when they return, may not speak of it, or tell the mystery they know.—Selected.

Our Arisen Friends

Swiftly the days have slipped into the past and, as the sun has nightly set and the shadows have fallen across the world so some sunlike lives closely intertwined with ours in the blessed work of Spiritualism have set for us and left us watching through the shadows for the light of their glorious dawn.

When the gardens were bursting with bloom and the song of birds made every hour alive with melody and all the sweet odors of rich Summer days wooed us from sterner tasks and duties out into the open life, our friend and co-worker, Miss Susie C. Clark, of Cambridge, lay a crown of flowers beside her mother's

silent form in token of her finished earthly day.

Wherever the voice of Miss Clark has been lifted in appeal to a better understanding of life and its opportunities, there has the unfailing presence of her mother, Mrs. Johnson, lent a gracious influence, and we know that all the days and all the years that wait her coming will find the mother-heart still beating in unison with the child she loved so well.

Services were held at the home in Cambridge, Mrs. N. J. Willis officiating. There among the fragrant flowers, offerings of love from neighbors and friends,

Miss Clark in sweet, brave fashion, paid tribute to her mother in words fraught with holiest emotion.

Mrs. Johnson was eighty-seven years old but her young heart, her unusual vitality and energy defeated time in its accustomed method of marking off the years, so that she seemed much younger.

Her sturdy womanhood, her sterling integrity, her fearless devotion to truth and, above all, the wonderful power of her motherhood colors our every recollection of her with an aspiration toward her attainments.

The beautiful Chapel at Mount Auburn, Cambridge, was the scene of another sad event that deeply touched the hearts of all, when friends from far and near gathered there to look for the last time on the beloved face of Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes.

So long has her name been a household word throughout New England, where her voice melted into strains of sympathy as she stood beside the Spiritualists' dead, that her passing to the other life seemed to many, many families, the breaking of that invisible but mighty cord which binds the mourner to the comforter.

That subtle relationship which exists between a consecrated leader and devoted followers existed between Mrs. Byrnes and her numberless friends in Spiritualism; for she was more than co-worker, she was ever a leader whose guides wisely taught and awakened the soul to its opportunities today.

Some day an adequate history of her life work may be written but today the story of her sanctified service is breathing itself out from hearts that have been healed, brains that have been quickened and lives that have been adjusted through her untiring labors.

From Mr. John M. Stockman, the passing of Miss Mary E. Blanchard, the well known writer of Calais, Maine, has been noted.

Her last serial entitled "Was It the Same Woman?" was published in the *Banner of Light* three years ago. A

beautiful story on the line of re-incarnation. Her book of fine poems may be found in the Boston Public Library. Failing in health she has written but little during the past two years.

Miss Eliza Hodges Smith, a woman of rare and beautiful temperament, passed to the spirit life from the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. Albert Perry, in Attleboro. All her life Miss Smith had been peculiarly devoted to a maiden sister, who, in the latter years, had grown very dependent on her, through invalidism. So strange and pathetic it seems that the caretaking and ever vigilant sister should slip away and leave the dependent, until one sees the naturalness of the brave and strong in that new life making ready for the coming of the one she loved so much. May just that thought sustain and cheer the waiting one who daily prays for the speedy reunion of the hitherto inseparable sisters.

The sad announcement of the death of Dr. Taylor, who died aboard the steamer *Korona*, and was buried at sea, has been received.

Charles Edwin William Bernardo Taylor, was born in London 64 years ago, but made St. Thomas his home, having lived here for nearly 40 years, where he was widely known and esteemed. He had been in poor health for months, the result of a cold taken on his recent trip to his native land, and the voyage some weeks ago to New York, whence he was returning, was to try and restore his broken health.

Dr. Taylor during his busy life showed himself to be a man possessed of talents which he displayed in literary and other ways and for which he was recognized and honoured by eminent institutions abroad. Although consigned to the vasty deep, far from home and friends, it will assuage the grief of the family to know that his death is much regretted.

Dr. Ellen Goodell Smith, a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Banner*

of Light and one whose faithful friendship was highly esteemed by the present editor, passed to the spirit life in a sanitarium in Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 3. She was a pioneer woman physician and author, a native of Belchertown, Mass., but a resident of Amherst most of the time during the past six years and had many friends there.

While a resident of Amherst she was one of the editors of a popular New York health magazine and her last book "The Art of Living," had an extensive sale both in this country and Europe. She strove to teach people how by right living to prevent sickness as well as to cure. Unselfish to a fault, of a genial, cheerful nature, no matter how thick and dark the clouds of trouble and misfortune were that gathered around herself or others she always saw a silver lining and a bright light ahead, and she had the faculty of imparting much of her cheerfulness and optimism to others. Her life was devoted to the uplifting of humanity without regard to mere self interest and all who knew her became her lasting friends. Last spring she fell and received injuries from which she partially recovered but had a relapse and was taken to the sanitarium where it was found that she had

received internal injuries which ultimately caused her death. Although helpless for many weeks she was courageous and cheerful to the end.

She was educated in the common schools and the Amherst academy. Being in very poor health and threatened with consumption she went to the sanitarium of Dr. William T. Vail at Hill, N. H., where her health was completely restored. Impressed by the new methods employed, she resolved to study for and become a physician herself. Entering the college of Dr. R. T. Trall in New York city, she graduated in 1861 in a large class with high honors. Soon after this she became matron and a physician at Dr. Vail's Institute leaving there after several years to accept the position of a physician in the sanitarium of Dr. J. H. Hero at Westboro. She was married in 1867 to Dr. J. B. Smith of Northfield, Minn., and in 1868 they established in St. Paul the first sanitarium and Turkish baths in that city. In 1870 she was a physician in Dr. Trall's sanitarium in Philadelphia and then practiced her profession, independently, for many years in towns and cities in this state and for two years in California, with great success.

Questions and Answers

Conducted by W. J. Colville

Question by James Montessor, Adelaide, Australia:

Affinity,

What is its object in evolution?

How does it originate?

What is its essence?

Is affinity the same as personal or individual or group magnetism?

Answer:

To fully explain affinity it would be necessary to search profoundly into the mysteries of the Universe with a view to discovering the immortal relation existing between spiritual entities regardless of presence or absence of terrestrial consanguinity. "Souls are in groups" is one of those terse declarations concerning spiritual relationship which sug-

gests enquiring at once into what is meant by a "group" or even a "family" beyond the barriers of physical relationship.

The ancient Hermetic philosophy teaches that the human race is in 12 distinct sections familiarly described as "twelve Signs of the Zodiac," and in each of these twelve sections there are twelve minor sections making the grand total of one hundred and forty-four groups within the family of humankind. This ancient teaching historically traceable to Egypt at a remote period has in recent years been considerably popularized (superficially) by various widely circulating treatises, all of which attach great importance to time of birth.

That there is much truth in the central claim put forward by astrologers we are quite willing to admit, but it is never wise to attempt to establish a matrimonial bureau based simply on easily procured birthday information.

Speaking broadly one may observe that time of birth indicates type of disposition and general trend of aptitudes, but deep spiritual affection evidently is not regulated by any such external standard.

Kindred events certainly do find each other out, indeed they discern each other instantly, they are knit into each other's outer atmosphere, but spiritual kinship thus discovered is very far removed from recognition of agreeable personal magnetism which only gives evidence of exterior congeniality, which is often only of very brief duration. The use of term "Magnetism" is commonly very elastic, as that single word is very often made to cover attractive force in general, regardless of any special plane on which force may be manifesting.

When we are asked what is the object of "affinity" between intelligent self-conscious entities, we can only reply that one use is entirely obvious, viz., the appointment of certain groups of individuals to accomplish certain definite services in Cosmic harmony. That the Universe is Cosmical, we learn both from its scientific study on the outer plane and from spiritual experiences within ourselves. "Order is Heaven's first law" is a most excellent time-honored saying, and never was it more necessary to seek to apply the vital truth contained in that momentous statement to social and economic conditions than during the present epoch of world-wide revolution and unrest.

We hear much of the Social Organism, and the term is a good one, but it must be meaningless to those who fail to acknowledge the existence of distinct though inseparable organs, each with definite uses to fulfill. We are all functioning in a mighty body the whole of which is divinely contrived to serve a perfect end. The peculiar attraction which some individuals feel for others can only be interpreted reasonably or helpfully as we re-

member that instinctive mutual attraction is a means by which the order of the Universe is demonstrably maintained.

Noticing the three terms our questioner employs, "personal," "individual" and "group" in connection with magnetism, we should define group magnetism as the attractive force which holds together the various members of a spiritual society otherwise designated a circle or sphere; individual magnetism is the special grade of force which marks the development of any distinctive individuality, and this is necessarily in accord with kindred force emanating from other individuals, both identical and complementary; personal magnetism on the most external plane is only a physical emanation and is naturally far more transient or evanescent than aught that pertains to an inner or higher plane of Nature.

Affinity is most strongly felt between identicals or direct opposites. In the first instance there is a delightful sense of restful companionship and close agreement of ideas and modes of life, but it is only in the second instance that we experience the useful mental stimulus which we feel when a comrade sharpens our wits and puts us upon our metal.

People who acknowledge affinity only on the most external plane are apt to find their relationships very fickle because the lowest degrees of our natures change most rapidly. The highest affinity is entirely of the abiding ego and constitutes a bond of permanent spiritual affiliation.

Questions by Lydia Palmer, Adelaide, Australia:

(1) Will we in the astral body be subject to fatigue?

(2) Will the children that die young or are stillborn be educated in astral life?

Answer 1:

We are undoubtedly subject to fatigue in the inner body as we realize the meaning of the common phrase "tired mentally." All sense of tiredness is psychical or mental and can be expressed through any body which is serving as a vehicle for outwardly manifesting interior feel-

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(2) Will the children that die young or are stillborn be educated in astral life?

Answer 1:

We are undoubtedly subject to fatigue in the inner body as we realize the meaning of the common phrase "tired mentally." All sense of tiredness is psychical or mental and can be expressed through any body which is serving as a vehicle for outwardly manifesting interior feel-

ings. We all know how frequently a tired mind is rested and refreshed during vigorous physical exercise. Walking, running, swimming and various athletic pursuits while they make the outer body work actively supply rest to a jaded brain.

All tiredness is due to lack of balance. In a state of perfect equilibrium we discover the secret of perpetual motion. Machinery even gets fatigued because it is not perfectly constructed or operated. When we learn to so balance our forces that equipoise will be not the exception but the rule we shall know no more the sense of tiredness though we shall even then enjoy sleep which is truly passing on to another plane of consciousness, and we need change on all planes of activity. We should seek to learn the law of harmonious activity, rejoicing in all employment but varying our work so as to cultivate the whole instead of only a part of our organism.

The "astral" body is the facsimile of the physical structure in all essential particulars because the latter is only the outer sheath of the former. At physical dissolution, only the outer shell drops away, leaving the inner body to continue its accustomed functioning subject always to the law of progressive development.

Mental treatment reaches the physical body only indirectly through the psychical. All sense of physical tiredness quickly vanishes when some such cheering emotion as hope or joy turns out such depressing emotions as fear and doubt. We feel a thrill of new life coursing through our veins when we accept good tidings and likewise do we feel strength going out of us when we credit a sorrowful tale. So long as we have physical as well as psychical bodies the sensations felt in one can surely be transferred to the other, but there is no strictly physical sensation.

It is quite possible in states of mental exaltation to undergo immense physical strain and privation without any disagreeable after-feeling, and it is also a very common occurrence for one to utterly languish, physically, simply through

indulging the depleting belief that one's circumstances are adverse and one's work exhausting.

It is quite easy to practically test the effects of mental emotions on the physical organism which has no life in itself or sensations exclusively its own.

Answer 2:

When children pass out of physical existence in early infancy or even at the moment of birth they continue to live in the psychic realm which is the true earth union, its physical accompaniment. They are subject to all the mental discipline which comes from contact with kindred instructing minds. Schools and teachers abound in spirit life and growth of mind and body are made manifest in harmony with universal order.

Bereaved parents who have some faith in immortality and who sleep soundly at night very often pass their sleeping time with their departed children, and sometimes when they wake in the morning these parents feel all the blessed effects of the true communion they have enjoyed with their loved ones. Some parents still more sensitive and more than usually emancipated from prevailing materialism are often conscious during the day hours of the spiritual presence of their children and they know that these children are growing up with them.

As to outward appearance, this, in the spirit world, is always indicative of the state of development, and has nothing to do with mere passing of time.

When people give up their insane hold upon materialistic doctrines and allow their psychic faculties to have natural free play they will find the "astral" world the larger and the physical realm the smaller, even of this earth. Children who are allowed, and even encouraged, to let their clairvoyance and clairsentience develop, see and consciously commingle with spirit playmates, who are very often discarnate members of their family who have passed out in early childhood.

Stillborn children have their "astral" experiences equally with all others.

Nature Corner

"Aunt Fanny" has an attentive ear, experienced eye and a heart in sympathy with the wild life that abounds in the protected districts of the farming sections. She has promised to teach us from month to month through the columns of the "Banner," some of these facts in animal and bird life as her keen observation has given them to her. We open this "Nature Corner" for this purpose and would be glad to have our Little Folks question her, or give some observations of their own. Any unusual facts on this line which the older readers have gathered will be courteously considered for this department.—The Editor.

Ornithologists tell us that the Screech Owl is a very common bird. I have not found it so. If we do not see the owl it is hard to know one by the voice. Early in July found me at my country home. Hearing a very strange sound, much like the neighing of a colt and the barking of dogs—strange combinations—I peered into the gathering shade of eve.

A soft flutter of wings passed by: the voice belonged to a bird, a night bird, of course. Down came my bird book and I looked up night hawks, but could not place the bird.

Every night a concert was given by this visitor. I called in my nearest neighbor, who had lived in the place for 75 years, and he said that he never heard the noise before.

We made a great show of courage, living alone in the big farm house, but the least uncommon noise in the night found us ready to investigate. I was awakened suddenly one night by a strange whisper at my chamber door, "Get up quick, there's a tramp in the garden chair under my window, snoring fearfully." It was my companion who spoke. I peered from the window where the familiar notes of the Screech Owl settled the question of the snoring tramp. It seemed

strange that these birds should be so little known by country people, for they nest in hollow trees and even in houses where they find some suitable hole.

Owls usually inhabit the woods. The short eared one is an exception; he nests in grassy marshes and passes the day on the ground, but at dusk may be seen skimming over the marshes looking for the field mice. We have the long eared owls about the size of the short eared ones, but their ear tufts are an inch or more in length. The sides and belly are bared.

In voice these owls seem almost human and it sounds uncanny to hear them hoot and laugh in a manner hard to describe.

The dignity of the owls is like the dignity of many people. It passes for wisdom while the fact is, they lose their head on slight provocation. Our delightful Mr. W. J. Long has found why they hoot. If they are young owls they hoot for practice, but the regular "whoo-whoot, whoot, who-whoot" always five notes, with the second two very short—is a hunting call and they use it to alarm the game.

Their ears are so wonderfully sensitive that they can hear the rustle of a mouse in the grass, or the scrape of a sparrow's toes on a limb fifty feet away. So they sit on the watch tower and hoot suddenly, then listen. It frightens every bird and small animal within hearing. At last they drop on their prey and it is all over for the victim. We thought that when the owls hooted it was a sign of rain and we are very glad to find a more sensible reason.

We have four horned owls. The Great Horned Owl is the largest of

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We made a great show of courage, living alone in the big farm house, but the least uncommon noise in the night found us ready to investigate. I was awakened suddenly one night by a strange whisper at my chamber door, "Get up quick, there's a tramp in the garden chair under my window, snoring fearfully." It was my companion who spoke. I peered from the window where the familiar notes of the Screech Owl settled the question of the snoring tramp. It seemed

strange that these birds should be so little known by country people, for they nest in hollow trees and even in houses where they find some suitable hole.

Owls usually inhabit the woods. The short eared one is an exception; he nests in grassy marshes and passes the day on the ground, but at dusk may be seen skimming over the marshes looking for the field mice. We have the long eared owls about the size of the short eared ones, but their ear tufts are an inch or more in length. The sides and belly are bared.

In voice these owls seem almost human and it sounds uncanny to hear them hoot and laugh in a manner hard to describe.

The dignity of the owls is like the dignity of many people. It passes for wisdom while the fact is, they lose their head on slight provocation. Our delightful Mr. W. J. Long has found why they hoot. If they are young owls they hoot for practice, but the regular "whoo-whoot, whoot, who-whoot" always five notes, with the second two very short—is a hunting call and they use it to alarm the game.

Their ears are so wonderfully sensitive that they can hear the rustle of a mouse in the grass, or the scrape of a sparrow's toes on a limb fifty feet away. So they sit on the watch tower and hoot suddenly, then listen. It frightens every bird and small animal within hearing. At last they drop on their prey and it is all over for the victim. We thought that when the owls hooted it was a sign of rain and we are very glad to find a more sensible reason.

We have four horned owls. The Great Horned Owl is the largest of

our resident owls, the male measuring 22 inches in length, while its ear tufts are nearly two inches long.

If the prey is small enough the owl swallows it whole. The indigestible parts, hair, bones and feathers, are formed into pellets in the stomach, and are ejected from the mouth. You may find their roosting places by these pellets on the ground.

The beautiful snowy owl from the Arctic region sometimes visit us. Not many moons ago a pair of these snowy owls was seen in an inland town in Maine. The man with a gun was there and this beautiful rare bird

was his victim. The other has been seen and it will not be long before he will share the same fate. It is hard to understand this insane idea of country people to be ready to kill every thing of wild bird and beast life. Living in isolated country homes they do not seem to realize how much pleasure may be added to their lives by having wild life about them.

I always feel that missionaries are needed to teach our farmers and family the use and beauty of animal and bird life.

AUNT FANNY

Impressive Psychic Experiences

[We are gathering from various sources evidence of value on things pertaining to the Spirit, in the confidence that testimony from the same parties on any subject would receive thoughtful consideration.]

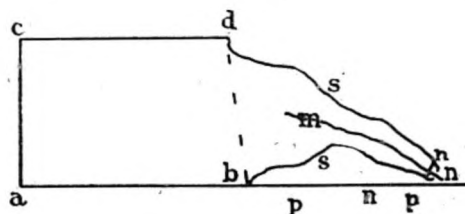
A New Apparatus for Direct Spirit-Writing

From "Psychische Studien"

For a long time I have occupied myself with spiritism and I now have a medium with whom I have been experimenting twice a week for three months and have obtained truly interesting phenomena.

The medium is a country girl, fourteen years old and quite ignorant. She has finished only two classes in the village school; can read only with difficulty and can write a little. She is employed as chambermaid by a Madame R. in Bialy-kamien. At the sittings which are held at my house, there are present besides the medium and myself, the Madame R. and one of my friends, Dr. W. With my medium we get direct writing. Remarkable, and so far as my knowledge goes, new, is the form in which this phenomenon occurs. Many times have I seen the writing produced as usual between two slates or upon paper with pencil in

a darkened room. The precautions which we have taken have been of the kind always to exclude absolutely any deception, not only on the part of the medium, but also of the other persons. But I wanted to see, without restrictions, how the writing was produced, and in the light this was not possible. I therefore constructed, with the consent of the controlling intelligence, the following apparatus:



A little wooden box a-b-c-d, 30 centimetres in each dimension, possesses in the place of the forward wall b-d, a funnel formed sack s-s, made of dark, very thick but soft silk, 50 centimetres long.

In the point of this sack is fastened a little tube, h, into which a pencil, m-n, is inserted so that the blunt end of the pencil and the greater part of its length is within the box; the sharpened end lies outside the box upon a sheet of paper p-p. The interior of the box is quite dark and the broad, soft sack does not hinder in the least the movement of the pencil. Under this arrangement we succeeded, in the full light and so that the process was visible to all, in obtaining very quickly and surely written communications. The medium lays her hands upon the upper wall, c-d, of the box and after a few minutes the writing begins, during which the under side of the sack is puffed out in such a way as if a hand was thrust into it.

Under such conditions direct writing is now for us the only means of intercourse with the invisible intelligence communicating with us. As to the contents of the messages,—often very long,—they are far above the intellectual reach of the medium and many times beyond the comprehension of the persons present, for we often receive communications in German and French—the medium speaks only Kleinruthenish—and once we received a five page message in the English language with which no one of us was acquainted. The messages are many times very ingenious and suggestive: for example, I asked the Intelligence on a certain evening whether Spirits were immaterial. The answer was: "In a certain sense, yes." "Then you are outside of space and time?" I asked. Answer: "No?" "How can that be?" Answer: "The geometrical point is also immaterial, for it has no dimensions, and yet it lies in space. But I say this only for a comparison, for we spirits have dimensions—are dimensional,—but not as you men." An ignorant fourteen-year-old country girl surely could not give such an answer. Once we received an undoubted proof of identity. During the sitting the pencil wrote in characters that were quite new to us, the following message: "I thank you for the injection that you made for me, when I was lying in pain on my death bed. You relieved my pain. Karoline

C——." I asked to whom were these words directed. The Intelligence answered "To you." "When was that and who are you?" I asked. The pencil wrote: "On the 18th of September, 1900, in the Lemberg Clinic for house patients." In that year I was still a student and worked in the Clinic mentioned as assistant. I remembered nothing more.

A few days after this sitting I had occasion to go to Lemberg. I went to the hospital and found in fact in the hospital register of 1900, the name in question. It was the name of a woman, fifty-six years old, who suffered with cancer of the stomach and who died there. I went then to the bureau of information at the police station with the question whether anyone by the name of C—— lived in Lemberg. I was informed that there was at this time in Lemberg a teacher by that name. I visited her the same day and after she had told me that she had lost her mother in the year 1900, I showed her the message that I had received by direct writing. The lady recognized immediately, and with great astonishment, the characteristic handwriting and signature of her dead mother and showed to me some letters which her mother had written, by which the identity of the writing was proved without a doubt. The lady readily gave me one of these letters. But I did not remember that I had given to Caroline C—— an injection of morphine.

Another remarkable phenomenon obtained with the same medium is the following: To the Intelligence that gave me that clever answer relative to the materiality of spirits, I often proposed special questions to determine in the surest manner possible whether mind-reading or clairvoyance might not be the solution of the problem. My method of procedure was this: I took 100 little white cards and inscribed them with numbers from 0 to 9; on each card one figure, so that I had 10 cards bearing the figure 0; 10 the figure 1; ten the figure 2 and so forth. After I had mixed the cards thoroughly, the light was extinguished and I drew some of the cards out and laid them in a row from left to right on the table. Then

I asked the Intelligence to write for us the number which the cards formed. After the answer was written, we lighted the lamp and read it. The answer was always correct. This could not be mind-reading, for no one of us knew what was the number in question. But perhaps it might be clairvoyance. In order to determine this point, I asked the Intelligence not to give the number, and then to write the result. This experiment was also successful; for out of 42 trials in only two were the answers incorrect.

My medium's knowledge of arithmetic was very slight, she had only learned the four principal operations, in the village school, and it may be suspected that the medium is clairvoyant and that she, by means of this gift, also multiplied and divided.

In order to determine this possibility, I arranged the following experiment: I laid, in complete darkness, twenty cards one against another, and asked the Intelligence to give me the fourth root of the number thus formed. The answer was ready in a few minutes and was 7501273-011. This was correct, for the number which the cards made was 56269096785-557006121. I repeated this experiment twelve times. Three times I got no answer; one answer was wrong, but eight were correct.

Such computations in arithmetic as these last, are entirely out of the power of my medium. The results of my experiments were plainly not due to thought-transference nor to clairvoyance.

DR. ROMAN URYAZ,

Chief Physician in the Hospital in Bealy-Kamien.—Translated for the **Banner of Light**.

A Photograph by Telepathy

From the Spanish of "La Fraternidad."

Doctor Tstrotti, residing in Campania, made an agreement with Professor Hasden of Bucharest, that he would appear in spirit to the professor on a date fixed in advance, at his residence. The professor, on the night appointed, placed in his bedroom a photographic apparatus.

Doctor Tstrotti, in Campania, after having concentrated his thought and his

will upon the photographic plate of his friend, fell asleep, and, on awakening, he felt certain that the experiment had been successful. He wrote a letter immediately to the professor and verified the fact, for on developing the negative, Dr. Tstrotti, who had not left Campania, appeared on the plate, looking fixedly at the objective of the apparatus whose extremity of bronze was illuminated by the reflection of the apparition.

The most extraordinary circumstance connected with this case is that the photograph of the doctor taken in this way, is the best that up to this time has been Obtained of him.—Translated for the **Banner of Light**.

Spirit Healing

This remarkable case of Spirit Healing is attested to by an eminent physician, Doctor Hyppolite Baraduc of Paris, in "La Vie Nouvelle."

Claire G—— had been suffering for many years from a disease of the stomach for which she had consulted several physicians of the greatest repute, but without obtaining any relief. The spirit of the curate of Ars, whom she invoked, promised to cure her. The following is her story:

"According to the order of the spirit, I waited for the morrow to come; but said nothing to anyone about the mysterious promise of a supernatural treatment.

"The time for the meeting with the spirit of the curate having come, I shut myself in my chamber, ostensibly to take a short rest, and I followed minutely all the directions given to me by the invisible.

I had been charged by my invisible adviser to meditate on the life and the death of Christ, and I did my best to do so; but I did not succeed very well for I was not accustomed to mental exercises of this kind, and besides I was only beginning to catch a glimpse of the true character and mission of the Nazarene. At last I repeated the text of the formula of appeal, dictated through a medium, and waited, while my curiosity was aroused to the utmost.

"I remained in this attitude of expectation for about a quarter of an hour. Nothing came; always nothing. Already I was beginning to doubt and to reproach myself for my credulity. But what is happening? A copious shower of sparks is falling perpendicularly upon me, inundating me immediately with a burning current that reaches from my head to the soles of my feet.

"By this rain of fire, not only did I experience the keenest physical sensations, but my ears distinguished the noise, as of a light electrical discharge, and my body was almost lifted from the couch on which I was lying.

"However, although the impression which this phenomenon produced on me was startling, far from feeling any fear, my soul had a sensation of exquisite joy, never to be forgotten. Nothing that exists in this world can be compared with it. My emotion was so great that tears fell from my eyes in spite of myself. I remained in this singular, extra-normal state about a quarter of an hour; then the sensations diminished in intensity, and finally disappeared entirely. When I came back to myself, that is to say, when I regained the free movement of my limbs, for, while the phenomenon lasted, I was bound by a sort of magnetic chain which it was impossible for me to break, I found myself relieved, strengthened and animated with a more than earthly vitality.

"This was not the effect of imagination; for when I had left my chamber, after having thanked God and my invisible benefactor for such a marvelous favor, the expression of my face was so youthful, so radiant; my eyes, ordinarily dull in consequence of my suffering, so brilliant, that my husband exclaimed in surprise:

"Your digestion is all right this time. You look perfectly well; you are entirely changed."

"'Yes,' I replied, 'the rest has done me good; I am going to form the habit of retiring into my chamber every day after dinner.'"

These phenomena were repeated each day thereafter and Madam Claire G——

was subjected to a regular fluidic treatment by her invisible benefactor until she was completely cured.

Now let us read what the illustrious Doctor Hyppolite Baraduc of Paris says of this remarkable case, for he, a short time after, investigated the matter at the request of the husband of Madame Claire G. He says:

"I give here"—that is in his recent book entitled the "Vibrations of the Human Vitality:"—"a photographic plate which reproduces the impressions of curative psychic projections in the form of little globes, projected from external planes upon a person very ill of a disorder of the stomach, who had consulted twenty-five physicians without success.

"She has been cured of this obstinate malady by lying upon her couch after the midday meal and following the directions furnished by her guide. This person is not hysteric; she is not a person of blind faith, but of a superior intelligence and absolutely sincere in what she has done.

"Very much astonished by the amelioration produced by these strange practices, her husband begged me to be present at a seance of spiritual fluids—this is what took place:

"I received permission to cover the head of Madame C. G——; her forehead, her stomach and her hands with photographic plates put back into black radiographic paper, impermeable to the light. I have obtained, coming from space toward the person, as the photographic plate proves, a quantity of the impressions of these globules which she felt touch her, penetrate her and vivify her. I have constructed for this purpose a little black chamber of wood with an orange-red glass, into which I could put three plates, to find out which one would receive the impression, that near the glass or that near the wood.

"The phenomenon was produced upon neither of these plates, but upon the one in the middle, which alone showed vividly the impression, but not perpendicularly, but obliquely from right to left. Each little globe of spiritual power seems to have rolled upon the plate, leaving its

trace. She has been cured by these projections of spiritual substance.

"Such is the fact with its demonstration."

The observation of Dr. Baraduc that the curative psychic projections came from the invisible towards the person is extremely important; for, in this case, they did not set out from the body of the subject, so that we cannot suppose them to be an "odic emanation" from her own body. On the contrary they started from an unknown point of the surrounding space and moved towards the body.

The phenomena renders imperious the necessity, for its explanation, of the intervention of an occult agent. Every other hypothesis is more sophisticated, more paradoxical, much stranger and above all less simple than the spiritual hypothesis.—Translated for *The Banner of Light*.

THE PROPHECY OF A SEERESS

From the Spanish "La Fraternidad."

In the palace of Madame Hochon were assembled, in the middle of last February, several notable persons of the nation to have some experiences with a famous clairvoyant. Among the persons present was Madame Archdeacon, wife of the politician, who asked the clairvoyant, if the person of whom she was thinking, her husband, would be re-elected as deputy. "No, lady," said the seeress, "he will not be re-elected." All who heard this burst out laughing, for the re-election of Monsieur Archdeacon was considered to be a sure thing. "I feel very sorry to be obliged to say this," said the seeress; "but the person of whom you are thinking, will not be re-elected, for he will have died before."

New shouts of laughter greeted this second assertion: for nobody suspected that Mons. Archdeacon, who was apparently in perfect health, was so near the end of his days, but the statement was justified. The Archdeacon died suddenly a few days before the election.

From the Field

PLYMOUTH SPIRITUAL CHURCH, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"Rochester" is a word that is bound to appear in every historical paper on Spiritualism. As the word "Christian" was born as a term of derision, but was made by the followers of Jesus a symbol for inspiration to a larger spiritual life, so has "Rochester" grown from the rough emphasis in "Rochester knockings" to stand for a bright, clean, spiritual undertaking in the "Plymouth Spiritual Church" of Rochester.

Our readers have already been told of the inspiration that moved our great soldier, Dr. B. F. Austin and his associates to possess a thoroughly equipped church property in Rochester for the permanent use of Spiritualism. They have so far succeeded with the undertaking that in October the "Plymouth Spiritual Church of Rochester" was opened to the public in proper dedicatory services.

No more fitting pastor could have been selected for this important work than the same pure, scholarly and devoted Dr. Austin.

Among the worthy workers who took part on the occasion were the veterans, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Mrs. Helen P. Russeque, Lyman C. Howe, and the phenomenal worker, S. C. Fenner.

Among permanent features in the services of the church will be a high standard of music (the church is equipped with a splendid pipe organ), and Spirit-messages, at the close of the Sunday services.

A local paper, reporting the dedication, notes the following important features in these words:

"A feature of the Plymouth Church work will be the bringing here of notable scientists, like Prof. Hyslop and others of psychical research fame, who will discuss the scientific department of the spiritual philosophy, revealing facts, which have caused such multitudes of learned and distinguished men and women in all parts of the world to embrace Spiritualism."

"A remarkable feature of the present spiritual movement in Rochester is the donations, some as large as \$100, by prominent members of the orthodox churches."

We would, if we could, give space to the admirable addresses given on this memorable occasion and do yield to the temptation to give the following most intelligent resumé of Lyman Howe's inspiration at one of the services, as reported by the "Rochester Union and Advertiser":

"No one would imagine, on looking at Mr. Howe as he modestly made his way to a seat on the platform, that he possessed any remarkable qualifications as a scientist or that he had any eloquence with which to impart ideas.

"He is of the Abraham Lincoln type of countenance and physique and might easily be taken for a retired farmer, and when, after an introduction by Dr. Austin, he made a few preliminary remarks to the audience, there was nothing in his language or manner to distinguish him from a very ordinary person. But suddenly, his manner changed. He brought his two hands together—closed his eyes and seemingly a new voice came forth from his lips. He was no longer Lyman C. Howe in spirit, but under complete control by one supposed to have long been a dweller in the spirit realms, and for about one hour, without faltering, the speaker poured forth a stream of eloquence that kept the large and intelligent audience spellbound. It would be impossible to give men a faint outline of the marvelous address given through the organism of Mr. Howe in a newspaper report. The speaker described the evolutionary processes of world formation with its incessant convulsions which he called nature's progress for greater perfection—prayers always answered. The upheavals of continents, the belching forth of volcanic fires, the raging of the elements with electric cyclones, tornadoes rushing with whirlwind fury over the surface of the new born planet. The formation of the mineral kingdom, the coming into existence of the germs of the vegetable and animal kingdoms culminating with man in his lowest, most abject type, was vividly described. All through the unconceivably vast periods of time, by infinitesimally slow processes of evolution man gradually was raised to the intellectual plane. The guiding power during all these convulsions and processes of development was the unseen or spiritual. During the lengthy discourse the speaker described the marvelous composition

of the human body—and man's relation to the realms of spirit, touching upon the thousands of religious beliefs which have sprung from environment and physical conditions during vast ages of time, in which, man had to combat the terrific forces of nature and win his way to the intellectual plane and fit himself for the recognition of things spiritual.

"We have passed through the material and mechanical age into that of the electrical and the spiritual. Every act of nature in the past has been a prayer. Every cry or laugh of the infant is a prayer to the unseen and every prayer has been answered."

Valiant workers, as you undertake to till this field where the first furrows were cut in clear lines by spirit co-operator: though the Fox children, permit the old Banner of Light to bestow the blessing of her full confidence for the harvest!

Meetings From the Secretary of the Wisconsin State Spiritualists' Association.

Rev. Geo. H. Brooks, president of the W. S. S. A., having completed his report of work done in the State for the interest of Spiritualism since coming into office last April, I wish to say that no officer ever worked harder and more earnestly, under circumstances such as Mr. Brooks had to meet everywhere.

Financially, Mr. Brooks had success, in fact more than we ever dared to anticipate, when starting out into the field of work, not knowing where to stop, but making a most earnest effort for all the good possibly to be gained both for the Spiritualists and the interest of the State Association.

As a representative of the people we have been able to pay all running expenses, pay all interest due on notes held against the W. S. S. A. and have some money in the Treasury, with which we expect to make part payment on some notes in order to make our interest less, and we most sincerely thank the good friends in all localities for the kind courtesy shown our president and the help to the W. S. S. A.

While Mr. Brooks was out in the State working hard from place to place your Secretary tried also to do some-

thing in the way of raising money to help defray expense at the next Annual Convention, which will be held in Milwaukee, April 16 to 18, 1907. I have succeeded in interesting the ladies of Milwaukee to each one in turn to open her home for an afternoon coffee, or entertainment of some sort, and raise money. We have succeeded by so doing.

Mrs. Anna Mehrtens of 189 Lloyd street, has announced a Flower Reading Social on Jan. 8, 1907, 2 p. m., which she invites all friends interested to attend.

May the happy season's blessings reach each and every one interested in the truth of Spiritualism.

Sincerely yours,

LOUISE G. LOEBEL,

Sec'y W. S. S. A.

202 North Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Gospel of Spirit-Return Society Entertain

The Christmas festival given under the auspices of The Gospel of Spirit-Return Society was a happy affair.

It was held at the home of Mrs. Soule, the pastor, 17 Fayette street, Cambridge, on Christmas day. At two o'clock a turkey dinner was served to the little guests, and then the merry company entertained each other with songs and recitations, until time for the distribution of gifts.

The Christmas Tree, filled with toys, games, books, mittens and warm clothing, and glittering with holiday finery, was a beautiful sight to these children, whose lives have too much of shadow to bring joy to their hearts very often. And the friends who had worked so hard and earnestly to give this happiness to these little ones, had nothing but praise in their hearts when they looked at the happy throng and realized that but for their efforts there would have been no Christmas cheer for them.

Miss Susie C. Clark is located for the winter at the Eddwill, 5 B street, N. W., Washington, D. C., where all communications may be addressed.

W. J. Colville in a personal letter received just as we go to press informs us that by his plans when writing from New Zealand, he expected to be in America before the New Year, and that "Universal Spiritualism," his last book, will appear at about the same time.

His address as given will be for the present 1649 Everett street, Alameda, California.

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The best time to paint is in the spring or the fall, when the weather is settled, and paint applied at the proper time will wear better and protect better than if applied at an unfavorable season.

For ordinary use there is nothing superior to the better grades of ready-mixed paints put on the market by responsible manufacturers. They can be bought anywhere in convenient quantities, and of any desired tint or shade, from local dealers. A little inquiry regarding the local record of any such paint offered for sale, will usually enable the consumer to judge of its quality.

So much for the selection of the paint; its application should be left to a good painter who will get better results, with less material, from any form of paint than the unskilled novice can obtain.

D. P.

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TO MR. ISAAC B. RICH, the earnest friend and faithful co-partner of Mr. Colby for many years;

TO THE PIONEERS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM, a hardy race, now passing rapidly to their well-merited "guerdon in the skies";

AND TO THE YOUTH OF THE NEW DISPENSATION, who are reaping in joy what their forbears have sown in tears, and whose faces are now set toward the sunlight of world-wide victory,

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The work, in addition to the engraving of Mr. Colby, has a picture of his beloved mother (taken in her eighty-third year), and a fine likeness of William Berry (co-founder of the BANNER OF LIGHT); also views of the Fox Cottage, the First Spiritual Temple (Newbury and Exeter streets, Boston) and the Birth-place of Mr. Colby in Amesbury, Mass.

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