



A REBELLIOUS FLAKE.

A crystal flake—born in the sky
Looked upon earth with longing eye.
O mother snow, I prithee go,
With the sun's bright rays and live below.

Nay, gentle flake! I'll tell thee why.
We first must live before we die.
On high is life, on earth is death,
For us the world's an alluring myth.

Our beauteous sky of heavenly blue,
Our fleecy cloud, our rainbow hue,
Our loves—the sun, the moon, the star,
Free from the shade of sin—to mar.

Oh mother snow, tall the trees grow,
Richly fall the flowers bloom.
The little birds so sweetly mate
Within one tiny straw-wreathed room.

The mountains rise—in grandeur bold,
The woodland streams flash by,
The tossing ocean flings white foam
On golden sands for aye.

The loves of earth so hotly breathe
Of joys that melt to sighs.
That I long to taste their maddening sweets;
Thus knowing, be full wise.

Once more I prithee, gentle flake,
Eavy not life's beauteous dross;
Contented be with a pure white life,
Shadow not thy lustrous cross.

The gentle flake rebellious grew,
Around she looked for flakes she knew;
A myriad circle 'bout the moon
Dancing to a wind-keyed tune.

"Let's storm the earth," she gaily cried,
"And make it pure and white betide;
We'll build a soft, deep spotless tomb,
Beneath we'll hide grass, trees and bloom."

"Then, my sisters,—you and I
Control all space 'twixt earth and sky;
Such power we'll have, we need not cry,
You song-bird bright, you may not fly."

Alas, the gentle crystal sheath
Forgot the power of mire beneath;
Forgot earth's dross, though gleaming bright,
That glides the world with damning might.

These crystal flakes of frosty light
Prepared to leave their heavenly height,
They lingered long upon their way,
Silently calling the God of Day.

At dawn, with eye of russet red
He roused from out the horizon's bed,
When lo—the earth lay covered o'er
With mantle whiter than e'er before.

Angry he grew, lest his wane of power
Lay hidden beneath your crystal shower;
Wide he ope'd his gold-fire eye
Scorching each flake as he watched it die.

"Oh, mother snow," the dying one cried,
"There's no one like you in all the world wide.
Earth mine I have touched, we are blended in one,
My purity shadowed, my rebellious course run."

Victor Hugo, Writer, Author, Poet
and Spiritualist.

J. M. Peebles, M. D.

Among the illustrious characters that left a very marked impression upon my mind during my extensive travels in far-away lands, was Victor Hugo, the novelist, poet and philosopher.

It is natural to ask, what were the antecedents of great men? What were their early childhood environments? Were they in their soul depths progressive or conservative in their later years? What was the nature of their personality? What did they do to emblazon their names on the scroll of fame immortal?

Victor Hugo was born in Besancon, France, 1802, and in his youth he sympathized deeply with the sentiments of his mother, who was a Vendean Royalist. His early book of "Odes and Ballads" quickly raised him to the first rank among poets. In after years his prose itself was in style poetry. His dramas were beautiful compositions. He had the rare gift of condensation. There were at this French period, when Hugo was in his prime, two noted schools of the literati, ranging under the two styles of the classic and the romantic. This eminent author measurably combined the two in his masterly productions. Among his most successful and popular works, were the "Les Miserables," "The Tollers of the Sea," and "The Leaves of Autumn." He was elected to membership in the French Academy in 1841, and raised to the rank of a peer in 1845. He promptly connected himself with the French Republic in 1848, and was elected to the Constitutional Assembly; and as late as 1871, he was elected to the National Assembly. Opposing Cavaignac in 1849, he joined the advance-guard Democrats, becoming a leader and a distinguished orator in their ranks. December, 1851, he was banished from France, but when the Empire fell he returned to Paris. One of his works written while in banishment was entitled, "Napoleon, the Little." He sympathized with the communists, corresponding largely to our Socialists. No honest, intelligent man ever confounds Socialism with anarchy. The foundation stone of Socialism, is the golden rule, as taught by the Great Nazarene reformer, Jesus Christ. Victor Hugo, crowned

with laurels, passed to the higher life in 1885.

What an exciting, strenuous, and enthusiastic life this great man—ever in the vanguard of progress—lived! And yet, it is just this class of men that live to glitter upon and glorify the historic page. It is the frictionized steel that shines, the stormy, wave-rolling ocean that makes a skillful mariner.

When in London some thirty years ago, I heard several times that Victor Hugo sympathized with, or was an outspoken Spiritualist. Accordingly, on my second missionary journey around the world about twenty-five years ago, I resolved to spend a few weeks in Paris, after visiting Naples and Rome. This I did, meeting a number of prominent Spiritualists, the most of whom have since been translated into that higher state of existence.

Invited while in Paris to seances, I was exceedingly happy to meet and be introduced in one of them to Victor Hugo. The medium was Mrs. Hollis-Billings, with several other well known mediums in the city.

Sinful as human pride may be, I was proud to be introduced to the illustrious Victor Hugo. I shall never forget that handshake, nor the expression of his eye. While some men's handshakes are as slippery and cold as dead mackerels, Hugo's was warm and magnetic, with the enthusiasm of fraternity.

The seance finished, there followed both a review and an interview in French and English, the most of those present speaking both languages. In this seance, still so vividly lingering in my mind, there was both trance speaking and automatic writing. A communication in French to Victor Hugo from one of his family in the better land deeply affected him.

His eyes filling with tears, he exclaimed, "How wonderful, how beautiful and blessed! Oh, what a comfort!"

He inquired of me particularly about the political, social and religious aspects of America, the "great Republic," as he styled it, and of which he expressed the profoundest admiration.

Possibly a description of his personnel would interest the readers of the Banner. He was not a tall man, yet well-proportioned. He was almost rugged looking for a poet; yet his manner was easy, graceful and winning. There was none of this official "swell" dignity about him. His nervous power of masculine expression was natural, attracting rather than repelling. His was a strong, clear, well-balanced mind, giving direct utterance to his thoughts in terse, choice and well-fitting words.

He was one of the most remarkable men that I ever met. The King of Siam pleased me; the King of Johore in Southern Asia disgusted me; Carlyle repelled me; Emerson attracted me, but Victor Hugo, so affable and soul-hearty, charmed me.

Conversing with him, the presentiment stole upon me that he was ripening and morally mellowing to soon pass "to where beyond these jarring voices" progressive souls, the great and the good, find peace.

To once meet and converse with such a man as Victor Hugo is to remember him for a life-time.

I cannot well close this brief essay touching one whom I so honor, without quoting a few paragraphs from his diamond-pointed pen, bearing upon Spiritualism. In his work on Shakespeare he says:

"The mission of science is to study and probe everything. To elude a phenomenon, to refuse to pay it the attention due to it; to bow it out; to close the door on it, to turn our backs on it, laughing, is to make bankruptcy of the truth; it is to omit to put to it the signature of science. . . . To abandon these spirit phenomena to credulity is to commit a treason against human reason."

In his "Tollers of the Sea," he writes: "There are times when the unknown reveals itself to the spirit of man in visions. Such visions have occasionally the power to effect a transfiguration, converting a poor camel-driver into Mahomet; a peasant girl tending her goats into a Joan of Arc. . . . Those that depart still remain near us; they are in a world of light, but they as tender witnesses hover about our world of darkness. Though invisible to some, they are not absent. Sweet is their presence, holy is their converse with us. . . .

"Man is an infinitely small copy of God. That is glory enough for me. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. But, little as I am, I feel that God is in me, because I can bring forth out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations. I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down; the new shoots are stronger than ever. I know I am rising toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is only the result of your bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head,

but eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this moment the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end, the more plainly I hear the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

"It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and yet it is historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song. I have tried all, but I feel that I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn."

Battle Creek, Michigan.

The Revelation of the Divine.

An Address by the Guides of Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, England, Sunday, October 11, 1903, before the First Association of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C.

(Stenographic report.)

The immortal poet has stated that, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may," but there is also a deeper side to that divinity and that deeper side we shall endeavor to discover.

We hold it true that in man, in nature, and in the universe, that divinity exists as an immanent reality. You may quarrel over terms and definitions; some may object to the use of the word God; some may consider it perfectly proper to describe that mystery as the Principle of Universal Intelligence, others may call it the Divine Force immanent in the constitution of being. You may argue for and against the personality of that force, but after all is said and done, the great phenomena of existence indubitably testify that there is something greater than existence, greater than human consciousness, that controls and directs—is the mainspring, shall we say, or the inspiring energy of all that has been, is, or that ever will be? And while we admit the fact of that "something," it is perhaps beyond human ability to comprehend or define its nature, therefore it is useless to quarrel over the form in which that fact shall be presented. The fact of its existence, and not its personal characteristics, is the question before us.

Law prevails throughout nature; physicists, chemists and mathematicians will testify to that fact. The constitution of the human organism, the orders of nature, and the methods of cosmic operation, all show that law and principle prevail. The men of science have made this abundantly plain as a result of their researches and experiments, and the order of nature, as far as they know it, clearly indicates the supremacy of law in every domain of nature's operations. Now, granting this, what follows from it?

Law is either the intelligent expression of a power behind it, or it is but a fortuitous manifestation of something called force, and is so, but no reason can be assigned why it should be so. If law indicates order, harmony—and may we call it rational sequence or result—the fair inference would be that law is the manifestation of intelligent direction. For instance, if you take any combination of material atoms or molecules as they are found in any particular form—substance, vapor or gas—you will find that such atoms and molecules in relation to a particular substance are always arranged in precisely the same way; that when they are arranged in that precise way the result is always the particular form of matter, or manifestation. You will find this true in every department of nature. Are we to argue from this that there is an intelligent purpose precedent to the phenomenal result, or that the phenomenal result merely happens because that is the order of nature? If we take the latter conclusion, we merely accept the fact, but are no further on the road towards its explanation, interpretation or understanding.

To say that a thing "is so" begs the whole question. To say that it is beyond the power of human reason to discover why it is so is to predicate a limitation concerning the development of the human reason, which no student, or enlightened philosopher, would indorse for a moment. To say that man can not comprehend—is not able to comprehend—is, virtually, to say that he never will be able to comprehend; but when we remember that he has comprehended so many things that were considered to be incomprehensible one, two, or three thousand years ago, upon that foundation it may be reasonably inferred that, as he has solved so many so-called mysteries in the past, many of the so-called mysteries of the present will be ultimately solved. So, then, we take it that law may not be properly described as merely the fortuitous operation of the forces of nature, any more than matter is now described as a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Such statements merely reflect the ignorance of those who use them.

Granting, then, that there must be some-

thing else in the matter, we may assume—just for the moment, at least—that there is an intelligent direction expressed by law. Now, behind law are principles—the principles that regulate the association and operation of all the atoms and forces and possibilities of the universe, both natural and human. Behind the principle rests something even greater than itself.

Principle and law, then, regulate the evolutions, developments and operations of the cosmos, and of the universe, and are found expressed in the human creature itself. Here we look in another direction, and shall come face to face with the necessity of understanding some of the other related phenomena in the case. That is to say, if it is law and the principle that regulate conditions and the developments of nature, on what ground are we to account for the appearance of man, for the existence of the material world, and for the production of physical forms? Are principle and law associated all through these operations? We certainly say, yes! And when you remember that you can reduce the human organization to its component elements and find that they are the elements of physical nature; and when you remember that you can reduce the constitution of the material world not only to its liquid—fluid—and gaseous conditions, and can virtually reduce the solid realities of materiality into nothingness, you find that just as the human organism disappears by the process of analysis so does the physical world, and so it may be with the solar universe to which you belong—the solar center from which it has been derived; you may trace it all back by this process of destructive analysis to the real cosmic, nebulous, general primal state.

If we follow this process until all is resolved into the primal condition of nebulousity, and then reverse our process we may proceed synthetically to build up our universe from nebulae to world, and world formation—the solar center—the solar system—and individual planetary life—and in the operations of that planet itself to the existence and appearance of the human creature, finding it all to be an unbroken series, and the name by which that process is described is the familiar one to you of evolution.

Now the evolution of principles into order, organization, system and form implies a latent capacity within the material universe—implies that there is something in it—some possibility in the constitution of nature which outworks itself, manifests itself, and makes its results known in the phenomenal conditions of nature. What is that something?

We have seen how the formation of order and the constitution and organization of matter are accomplished in obedience to law, but now we can see there is something behind such results—something which preceded them—something which exceeded them—immanent in the constitution of the cosmos before it became organized in the particular departments or degrees of its operation—something that was anterior to the evolution you are familiar with today, and not only anterior but immanent, inherent in the very constitution of things. Hence, then, evolution implies involution, shall we say—implies that there is something in nature to accomplish the evolving process and produce its influence in the results. This is the natural order of the development of the universe. This accounts for the appearance of the human race.

Man may be said to be the summit of the apex—the fulfillment of the purpose—the realization of the object for which the cosmos was created and by which universes have been developed and unfolded. Man stands, in our judgment, upon the pinnacle of nature's building as the greatest thing the universe has produced; is the fulfillment of the divine purpose—whatever that may be—immanent in the order of existence.

Here, then, we realize the fact that there is not only law but principle as well, and that the principle may be the intermediate or latent manifestation of the purpose, and the law is the agent by which those purposes are outworked.

You have been taught to believe that there is miracle in connection with the evolution of the universe and the appearance of man. Much of mysticism has been taught regarding these matters also, but the tendency of scientific training and investigation and the results of careful spiritualistic study alike tend to dissipate the miraculous from your conceptions of nature, and tend to eliminate the mysteries of the supernatural from the philosophy of being. So long as miracle is allowed ignorance may be expected. So long as mysticism prevails superstition is sure to be close at hand. You do not want ignorance and superstition. You need knowledge and fact—truth. And when the truth comes, and the knowledge is obtained, superstition and mystery inevitably disappear. Let us put it to you in another form.

A child dreads the darkened room. Now you, who have the knowledge of what that room contains, are perfectly satisfied. You know there are carpets on the floor, furniture in the apartment, pictures on the wall, lighting apparatus depending from the ceiling, the

curtains at the windows. You know that there are just the ordinary contents of a furnished room, but the shutters are up and the blinds down—there is no light. The child is afraid to open the door and go into the room in the dark, especially if it happens to be the first time the child has been in the house, or if it has never been in the particular apartment before. It trembles, is terrified, is afraid. But you say to it the next morning, "Don't be afraid, there is nothing in the room to frighten you, see I will go in." You lift the blinds, open the shutters, the sunlight streams in, and behold the child enters fearlessly and finds the apartment is just an ordinary well-furnished place. So in regard to your knowledge of the universe. Ignorance is the darkness in which the minds of men were primarily enshrouded; superstitions are the results which that ignorance created. Knowledge is the sunshine that banishes the darkness, drives all the hobgoblins out of sight and out of mind and discloses nature's fair chamber as illumined by the sunlight of God's truth, decked in all the glory and beauty of his handiwork.

Now material science, as it is generally called, is sometimes looked at askance by certain spiritual students who are inclined to decry it, and say that it degrades the souls of men! For, they add, its inferences reduce man to the level of the material expressions of existence only, as though there were nothing else in the world. Equally the physical scientist decries spiritual research. He declares that it is fantastical, its devotees are dwellers in the clouds, dealers in superstition and the unreal, going back into the ages of superstition. Now, neither party is exactly just towards the other. Each school contains much that is true, and it is not in the accentuation of the differences between the methods pursued by spiritual science or material science, but in the discovery of the harmony between them—to their points of contact—that the truth of the constitution of nature will ultimately be realized. The spiritual scientist searches for spiritual causes. The material scientist is content to deal with material, or secondary causes. The consequence is there is an apparent opposition between the two forms of thought.

The material scientist has today reached a very singular position—he is virtually abandoning the notions of the last fifty or a hundred years. He is virtually giving up matter—absolutely asserting that matter is only a fleeting, transitory condition, not an actual reality; that force is the only reality in the constitution of the universe, and that force expresses itself in vortices, vorticular rings of force which assume the condition known as matter, thus creating the sensuous, atomic, molecular things which you sensuously perceive. He does not understand what that force is himself, and makes no pretense to define it, or put it into a statement, but he is surely on the right road to the discovery of the spiritual and living universe. There is no deadness in matter. We find the most dense of all material forms are sensitive, sensible, alive, but he accounts for this force as part and parcel of the phenomena of material existence—he is not prepared to go further at the present time, but the step he has taken is certainly a very considerable advance.

The spiritual philosopher on the other hand says this "force" is the divine element, and is the basis of all things, that it is God, the eternal, everlasting spirit. The universe is the outward manifestation of the divine spirit—the universe is the body of God, and the consciousness of the divinity is expressed in the principles, in the laws, in the evolutions, in the ultimate of the phenomena of the universe.

You ask the spiritual philosopher to define God—this eternal spirit—and he says, "I can not do so. It is beyond my comprehension; it is greater than I am. I am less than it, and the lesser can not define—let alone comprehend—the greater." The lesser can realize the existence of the greater, trace its operations in the phenomena that its consciousness is able to understand or perceive, but it can not reduce the operations of the infinite to the limitations of human understanding—finite consciousness. Now, why should these two quarrel? Here is the material scientist talking about the unknown and unknowable, yet asking you to believe all he says in regard to the constitution of the world and the operation of her laws and conditions. Here is the spiritual scientist claiming to believe in God as the divine, the eternal spirit, as the basis of the nature of existence, claiming that the whole universe is the manifestation and ultimate of the operations of the divine existence but disclaiming any desire or ability even to reduce that divine existence to terms and sentences.

(To be continued.)

From everlasting to everlasting there are always blessed words that come down to men in their evolution from plane to plane and form to form. "Be still, and know that I am God," will always soothe and strengthen and heal man, no matter where he is on the Path.

WE ARE NEVER ALONE.

Belle Bush.

A youth was out, one summer day,
Amid the flowers at play,
And he dreamed he was alone,
As he gambled on his way.
Now amid the roses and vines,
He passed with merry glees,
And the honeysuckle blossoms
Wove a garland for the tree;
The music of the singing streams,
The chanting of a bird,
"And the beating of his own heart,"
The glorious golden sunlight
Which softly round him fell,
Threw o'er his joyous spirit
The light of beauty's spell;
But he heeded not its many forms
Which came on angel wings,
And waked to sweetest harmonies
His rapt of vernal strings.
There was joy, with golden pinions
And cheeks of rosy hue,
And a light was in her eye,
That was beautiful to view,
The traces of her footsteps
Were strewn with blushing flowers,
And her smile was like the sunlight
In oriental bowers;
Like the lustre of a jeweled crown,
The flashing of a diamond,
Were the rays upon her brow,
From a glittering diadem.

She smiled upon the youth,
And he felt its thrilling power,
For visions of delight
Were the gentle spirit's dower.
There was hope, whose dreams of gladness
Awoke his soul to mirth,
And her smiles, like words of kindness,
To brighter thoughts gave birth.
Unseen, she looked with pleasure
Upon the merry child,
And the zephyrs seemed repeating
Her anthems strange and wild;
Her voice, like gentle music,
Or the witchery of song,
Sends forth the sweetest echoes
Of all the spirit throng.
She lights the shades of darkness,
The mists of coming years,
And whispers nought of sadness
Or the plaintiveness of fears;
She weaves a crown of beauty
To deck the brow of youth,
And clothes her promised pleasures
With the drapery of truth.

Thus hope and joy wait ever
On childhood's happy hours,
Companions of the spirit,
Of life and light the dower.

Reincarnation or Successive Embodiments. III.

Dr. Helen Denmore.

Dr. Peebles, in his reply in the "Banner of Light" of Oct. 17, announces that he intends to embody in a pamphlet my articles together with his replies and with his essay appearing in the "Manchester Quarterly Review." In view of this publication, I will give less space to Dr. Peebles' queries and more to the consideration of the subject itself. Dr. Peebles says that "the attacking party" and that he will close the controversy. The "attack," so it seems to me, was made by Dr. Peebles on the possibility of reincarnation, and mine was a reply; but I am quite willing that Dr. Peebles shall have the last word. I am also pleased to know that Dr. Peebles was "afforded a few moments' pastime" by my article in the "Banner" of Oct. 3. There was at least pleasure, if not profit, and that is something to be good.

Dr. Peebles demands to know some definite fact or demonstration of the correctness of my belief that embodiment takes place at the moment of conception. Dr. Peebles announces his belief in the eternal existence of the self-conscious ego, and that this self-consciousness has existed from eternity. He is not able to bring any fact to demonstrate a philosophical proposition like this, and wisely makes no attempt. I will hereafter point out some philosophical reasons for belief in successive embodiments, and with space could give similar reasons for my belief with regard to the commencement of consciousness in human life.

Dr. Peebles thinks that his eternal past existence was one of self-consciousness; and while it was not necessary for him to embody himself in matter, "it was the better to recognize material entities by once passing through the stormy pilgrimage of mortal life," and he says he is quite satisfied with one embodiment in this "selfish, wrangling, competitive, warring world." It seems to me very remarkable that one who believes in self-conscious pre-existence from eternity to eternity, and who desired one embodiment in matter to experience the activities of human life, should have a notion that only one human embodiment is desirable "to recognize material entities by passing through the stormy pilgrimage of mortal life."

Most Christians and Spiritualists do not agree with Dr. Peebles that consciousness is eternal and never had a beginning; and one would think that it would be much more difficult for the ordinary Christian or Spiritualist to understand and accept the philosophy of successive embodiments than it would be for Dr. Peebles, since he already believes in the eternity of consciousness and believes in one embodiment. Furthermore, in answer to the question of the justice of God in allowing different conditions of human life, he says:

"It is these unfavorable environments and 'unfortunate situations' that inspire energy and arouse the half-dormant cranial cells to wake up and move on. It is the stormy sea that makes the skilful mariner. Benjamin Franklin, toiling at the printer's case by the light of a tallow candle, and often half fed (inequality with the sons of the rich), his mentality was kindled and urged him along the royal road to eminence and immortality on earth. Though seemingly 'unfortunate,' better be born a pauper than a prince. Blessed, then, be these diverse 'situations' and inequalities of life. They are—and God knows best."

It follows from this that the consciousness known in human embodiment as Benjamin Franklin from an eternity of existence, was embodied in matter and was greatly benefited. He passed through a stormy sea and came out a skilful mariner. If the consciousness that was known on earth as Benjamin Franklin was profoundly benefited by one embodiment, why not with more? Did Benjamin Franklin get all the valuable experiences that embodied life offers? It is not seem to me not difficult for anyone to perceive that the infinite varieties of human existence are of such a nature that it is impossible for the conscious eternal ego, of which Benjamin Franklin was an impulse, to get all the advantages of this infinite variety in one embodiment. And if successive embodiments are such a frightful bugbear to Dr. Peebles, how can he reconcile himself to Benjamin Franklin ego making the first plunge? Can Dr. Peebles explain why it is that one eternal ego, who has existed from eternity, should be able to choose an embodiment as that of Benjamin Franklin, and that thousands and millions choose the infantile and undeveloped lives such as are seen in the millions of India and other immature peoples? As soon as one ac-

cepts the philosophy of successive embodiments, these difficulties vanish. According to the doctrine taught through Mrs. Richmond, there is a necessity for all embodiments to begin low down in the scale of life. It matters not how low or how primitive, the law of embodiment is such that each embodied spirit is benefited by the earthly pilgrimage; and, when the time comes for the succeeding embodiment, the gains made by the preceding enable the spirit to rise higher in life's scale and to take on a correspondingly advanced embodiment. After scores of such embodiment and progressive developments, the undeveloped, or what Dr. Peebles calls the degraded outcasts of India, are uplifted and improved until they are able to achieve advanced development, and in due time to equal, and eventually to excel, such embodiments as that of Benjamin Franklin. There is, as anyone must see, a wide gulf between a brilliant embodiment like that of Benjamin Franklin and a feeble one as seen in a barbarous or primitive life; but the same law that benefited Benjamin Franklin so much, applied to the East Indian or the Patagonian, so improves the spirit that at the commencement of a second embodiment a higher type of life is possible and inevitable. And this is why successive embodiments are necessary and desirable. We would all of us wish to be Benjamin Franklin or better; and the only possible way for an infantile spirit to reach such heights is through experiences in embodied life.

But many of my readers will not agree with Dr. Peebles in believing in the eternal nature of the conscious ego and in believing in even one embodiment.

Dr. Peebles asks: "When, by whom, was this philosophical system of successive embodiments, of which you speak, published and floated?"

This system was first given through Mrs. Richmond, then Mrs. Tappan, in Washington more than thirty years ago. It was given to the public in twelve lectures, delivered in England about 1873 and published in the "Banner of Light." Dr. Peebles, or readers of the "Banner" can obtain "The Soul in Human Embodiments" by sending one dollar to William Richmond, Rogers Park, Chicago. If Dr. Peebles will read this book carefully, he will understand that I did not mean spirit where I used the word soul, and why.

In this system of philosophy, the eternal conscious ego, uncreated, existing from eternity to eternity, is called the soul. The breathing into matter by and from the soul, an impulse or offshoot, is called the spirit, in contradistinction from the body, which is the spirit molds. It is of these that Paul speaks when he says that "there is a natural and there is a spiritual body"—the "natural body" means the body, and the "spiritual body" plainly means the spirit. It is also the same that was taught by Mr. Myers, according to the testimony of Sir Oliver Lodge in his address when accepting the presidency of the Psychical Research Society last January, and quoted in my article which appeared in the "Banner" of Oct. 3.

Sir Oliver says: "The doctrine which Mr. Myers arrived at after years of study is that each individual, as we perceive him, is but a small fraction of a larger whole."

What is this "larger whole?" Says Sir Oliver: "It is, as it were, the foliage of a tree, which has its main trunk and its roots in another order of existence."

Dr. Peebles contends that Mr. Myers did not mean what these words say. He argues against this simile as if it were given as a fact and not as a simile. Of course Mr. Myers did not mean that it was an actual tree with roots in another order of existence. It was a simile to give expression to a conception of a philosophical truth. "Each individual, as we perceive him, is but a small fraction of a larger whole." Immediately following, Sir Oliver explains that on this "larger whole," which is unseen and permanent, now one and now another system of leaves bud, grow, display themselves, wither and decay.

Bear in mind that Sir Oliver explains to us that "each individual," as we perceive him, is but a small fraction of a larger whole, and anyone ought to be able to see that each individual is not a literal bud or branch, but is only figuratively the offshoot of this larger whole. We know what happens to each individual or human being. He is born, develops, displays himself, withers and decays, while "the great trunk and roots (which are defined to be the larger whole of each individual) persists through many such temporary appearances." This is plainly a series of "each individual as we perceive him," and plainly refers to a series of human lives.

We are furthermore assured that this "larger whole," "not independently of the sensible manifestations (that is, the series of human embodiments), nor unassisted by them, but supporting them, dominating them, reproducing them, assimilating their nourishment in the form of the elaborated sap called experience, and thereby growing continually into a more profound and larger whole." It is by this method, and this method only, that the degraded outcasts of India become Benjamin Franklin.

When I asked Dr. Peebles to give some reason in science or philosophy for the affirmations he made and which I formerly quoted, he responded by giving me the opinions of men engaged in scientific work. Professor Haeckel, the great German scientist, is the most brilliant and venerable, and with the exception perhaps of Lord Kelvin, carries greater authority in his affirmations than any other living scientist. If we are to accept the statements of scientists rather than the teachings of science itself, Spiritualism is at once swept off the board.

Every well-read Spiritualist is aware of the deserved eminence of Alfred Russel Wallace, both in science, as a co-discoverer with Darwin, and in psychic philosophy, and familiarity with the laws of Spiritualism as well. Professor Haeckel, writing some ten years ago, said of Professor Wallace, mentioning him by name, that he was formerly a valuable co-laborer in scientific work, but that he was now in his dotage, and that he busied himself with theosophy. Professor Haeckel is, as before said, of far more authority than the relatively obscure names which Dr. Peebles quotes. If Dr. Peebles accepts the dictum of men of science, he can easily find himself classified, and hoisted by his own petard. This ought to show Spiritualists at least the absurdity of such methods. A truth is not a truth unless it is responsive to by one's inner monitor. Authority is a thing unlawful.

What I asked Dr. Peebles for is not the dogmatic affirmation of any scientist, but for a reference to the teachings of science that shall confirm his doctrine. Science teaches the eternity of the material universe. While solar systems and planets have their birth, growth, maturity and death, other systems and planets take their place and go through the same cycle of growth, maturity and decay. It will be seen that the philosophy of successive embodiments is exactly analogous. The soul, like the material universe, exists from eternity to eternity. Embodiments in human form succeed each other like suns and planets, and go through the same round of birth, development, maturity, decay and death.

This is among the reasons why I accept the system of successive embodiments. It is because it harmonizes with the well-known laws of science and postulates of philosophy. But this is not all. It has also solved a solution of the problems that have baffled philosophers since time began. Philosophy has always taught the all-wise justice and beneficence of the Supreme Power, and yet it is perfectly plain to an unprejudiced mind that there can be no justice in the creation

of one human being who suffers a series of calamities through life and dies an outcast, while there is created another human being whose life runs smoothly and is filled with happiness and content, providing these two lives end the matter.

The question is asked at once and always, why this difference? and there is no other system of philosophy that reconciles this inequality and injustice. The system of successive embodiments explains perfectly that, while one individual has the most fortunate conditions and circumstances in one life, in another he has had or will have as great misfortunes as any; and, moreover, those that are seen in this life to be suffering from untoward misfortunes are sure in some other embodiment to achieve blessings equal to the greatest. Absolute justice requires absolute democracy. There must be equality of conditions and destinies or else there is injustice. But there is no way possible for Dr. Peebles or anyone else to explain away the manifest injustices of this life on any other hypothesis than that of successive embodiments.

Many pride themselves on the fact that they are not murderers and that they are not criminals, and, like the Pharisee, are quite satisfied that they are not as other men. The truth is that when a human being has arrived at the highest development, he or she rebels at the thought of living in happiness and comfort while others are suffering the pangs of adversity and criminality.

A very delightful man of my acquaintance, a noted Spiritualist, was favorably moved toward the doctrine of successive embodiments until he learned that his daughter, like every other human being, had gone through, or had to go through, all representative experiences. He could not brook the possibility that his daughter in any preceding environment could have been a prostitute, and he gave up the prosecution of the study in disgust as if he and his daughter were made of different material from others.

Dr. Peebles confounds, or attempts to confound, the philosophy of successive embodiments with theosophy, or with the reincarnation doctrine of the so-called sages of India. I have no defence to offer for the system of philosophy taught by Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Sinnet or Mrs. Besant. At the same time, I hope readers of the "Banner" will carefully read "The Theory of Re-birth" by Mr. Colville, which is published on the same page with Dr. Peebles' second reply; and I hope Dr. Peebles will find room for Mr. Colville's brief article in the pamphlet he proposes to publish. If only Mr. Colville were as open and an authoritative exponent of the philosophy, and if the teachings of this article fairly represented the Blavatsky system, I would have very little quarrel with it. Mr. Colville skillfully avoids the quicksands of Karma, and makes no reference to many of the characteristic and vital teachings of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Sinnet.

The doctrine of reincarnation, as taught by Alan Kardec, theosophists, etc., is a very different philosophy from that which is taught through Mrs. Richmond. In the latter system, the philosophy of successive embodiments is a favorite doctrine among Spiritualists. On this hypothesis we have a condition which science recognizes as impossible. It is a favorite postulate of both science and philosophy that whatever has a beginning must have an ending. It is a law of the universe. As before said, all things go in cycles. It is the teaching of eternal progression that largely accounts for the scepticism of science. The philosophy of successive embodiments teaches that the soul never had a beginning and never will have an ending, and it is in this analogous to the known laws of the material universe. On the other hand, those whom we designate as human beings are but the impulse from or the offshoot of this eternal conscious ego—that is, the larger whole. These human beings, whom Mr. Myers designates as "individuals," have a beginning, have a cycle of development, and are in due time withdrawn into the consciousness of the eternal ego, the soul.

The philosophy of successive embodiments teaches that the soul alternates between excursions into matter and a life in the beatitudes of the spiritual realm. The other hand, the doctrine of eternal progression of the Spiritualists, and explains the Nirvanah of the theosophists.

This system is very unlike that taught by Alan Kardec. He taught that a spirit, immediately after closing one earthly life, may be reincarnated again at once. Many theosophists also believe that Madame Blavatsky has already embodied again in the person of a child in India. The system of successive embodiments, as taught through Mrs. Richmond, teaches that a spirit who has embodied in human form must live out and develop either in this life or in spirit life all the buds and possibilities of its nature. Those traits of character, or buds, which do not come to flower in this life have time to come to full fruition in spirit life, and this requires hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years. This gives ample time and opportunity for the full fruition of the most beautiful relations between human beings—if not in this life, then in spirit life.

How shocking the thought, to the highest sensibilities of our nature, that Madame Blavatsky has no time to devote to father, mother, brother, sister, husband, child or friend, but is hurried off and immured in another state of existence before the buds of her nature have had time to bloom, and before her friendships and sweet relations have had time to come to full fruition. This is well illustrated in life around and about us. When death removes from us in youth or middle life a life filled with vigor, love and helpfulness, we have an involuntary protest at the removal. But when a man or woman who has lived an active, vigorous and useful life, and at eighty, and especially at ninety or one hundred, passes on, after we have seen the physical powers gradually decay and the spiritual faculties ripen—at such a death there is more rejoicing than grief. It is no doubt the same in spirit life. When the spirit, after hundreds of years, has had a full fruition of all the possibilities of his or her preceding embodiment, he ministered to those loved ones with whom he has relations, and been ministered to by them, there is the same fitness in another change, and in the commencement of another cycle—another and a higher embodiment—that is universally recognized when a ripened sage leaves for the next sphere—when the "natural body" is laid aside and the "spiritual body" is risen.

In the cemetery of Christ Church in Philadelphia is the grave of a soldier of the revolution, who said in the last days of his life that he did not wish to be buried in consecrated ground nor within a mile of any church or meeting house, because he had kept so much bad company in this world that he did not wish to continue it in the next. This man was Gen. Lee, and he did himself bury in the cemetery of the soldiers of the revolution, and he kept his body in good company, but his wishes were disregarded, and this troublesome and arrogant man of the revolution lies within the shadow of one of Philadelphia's oldest churches.

IF I COULD ONLY FORGET YOU.

If I could only forget you,
And my spirit grow peaceful and calm;
And look from my heart the strange longing,
That comes to me oft and on,

Then my spirit could break from its moorings,
Which fetter and chain it down;
And the heart go free from all anguish,
And the soul be prepared for its crown.

But so long as my heart still keeps longing,
For the one who has vanished and gone;
And fond recollections come o'er me,
Of bright hopes that I cherished so long,

My soul cannot rise in its glory,
Or engage in its infinite song;
For my heart is too heavy and weary,
When I think of bright hopes that are gone.

But my spirit in time will grow easy,
And from my heart all the pain will be gone;
Then my soul can arise in its splendor,
And engage in its infinite song.

Frank M. Chapman.

Banker and Printer.

J. Andy Weris.

CHAPTER X.

I supposed we were in an office of some kind, probably the mayor's court room.

"Search 'em, search 'em!"
No sooner were these words uttered than our grips were opened and their contents tossed upon a table. I remember that a quantity of crackers, a couple of innocent looking dried herring and a link of bologna sausage occupied a place on the table, while the gaping crowd gazed upon the layout with bated breath.

The officers didn't find what they were looking for. Now they were searching our pockets. A big, burly fellow forced a big, bony hand into one pocket and then another. I remember that his breath was laden with whiskey. My pockets yielded nothing, at least nothing that the officers wanted.

Then it came Cy's turn. I thought of that old pocket book, which he had picked up an hour before and staggered to a seat. Cy was deathly pale. He had evidently thought of that pocketbook too. The search went on. Out came the pocketbook sure enough. Nothing it in, not a cent. And then the officer scanned it closely. He opened it and discovered something. What? A name? The name of the owner was concealed inside.

We had looked it.
"Wm. Archdale," exclaimed the officer.
And then there were exclamations on every hand. The crowd surged and swayed and struggled. The chief of police commanded order in vain. Then the word was passed along the line.

"They've got the murderers," I heard some one say. "And they found Archdale's pocketbook and his gold watch on one of the murderers," said another spectator to a reporter who had been a few minutes late in his arrival at this impromptu meeting.

The next instant I was between two policemen, each holding on to an arm like "grim death," as Cy afterwards described it, and going down a flight of stairs. A howling mob followed close at our heels. The street was filled with people, excited people they were, for there were loud threats on every hand. That vast concourse of individuals were now moving in one direction—toward the jail. Cy, myself and our escorts were likewise going jailward.

"See that man with the long black whiskers? Bet he planned the job," said one, who was within earshot. "No," said another, "I'll bet that other fellow planned it. Looks like a regular cut throat, don't he?"

I had never been accused of anything like that before and under more favorable circumstances would have resented the insult. As it was I had other things to think about. I was very much employed with my thoughts.

We were in an unpleasant predicament, to say the least of it. I knew that the air would soon be filled with false rumors, and that we might lose our lives before we could be able to establish our innocence. That mob was dangerous, and growing more so every moment. When the jail loomed up before my eyes, I felt a sense of relief, and a ray of hope came into my bosom. The roar of the mob filled my ears. If we could only reach the inside of that jail I felt that our lives might be saved.

For one time in my life I was anxious and impatient to see the inside of prison walls. I had wanted to know what caused the eye and gave me a look which I fully understood. He regarded our chances as desperate in the extreme.

At last we passed into the building and through the doorway that led to cell rooms. The great iron doors were closed with a clang and we were safe from mob violence for the time being.

Some prisoners—dirty, red-faced men, with bear eyes—gathered about us and began to talk. They wanted to know what caused the commotion outside. Then they wanted tobacco. But we gave them no attention, not even so much as to answer their questions. There was a sickening odor present, an odor peculiar to all prisons, I have since been informed.

In the meantime the sheriff conducted us to a cell and locked us up. We expected to be placed in separate cells, but fortunately we were locked up together. It was now about 6 o'clock. Breakfast was brought, but neither of us ate a morsel. At 8 o'clock an attorney came, in company with a reporter. They were admitted. As the lawyer came unsolicited I marked him down as a man of small calibre. He soon found that when his services were required he would be notified.

The reporter was a breezy sort of a chap and highly elated over the prospects of securing data from which to write up a five-headed article for his paper. With note book in hand he proceeded to interview us. I gave a fictitious name. We were innocent and we knew it and fully believed that we could establish that fact beyond a doubt. I thought of Elsie and other friends, but Elsie in particular. My name would appear in all the papers. I would be described as a murderer and receive the scathing denunciations of an outraged public. No, I would spare my friends the anguish which would be theirs in the event that I failed to reveal my identity.

But there was something important which I had forgotten. I could not give a satisfactory account of my past career. Cy was beset with the same difficulty. The reporters wanted full details. Beyond the fact that we were printers on the road and came from Chicago was all that they learned. Our reticence, together with the fact that we could not remember the name of the last papers upon which we had worked, more than ever convinced the newspaper men that we were the murderers of old Billy Archdale, as he was popularly known.

The murdered man was a good citizen. He was an eccentric individual and had no faith in banks. He was wealthy and it was generally known that he kept in his home a large sum of money. He had lived alone for many years, but had never been molested. When his body was found early that morning, mutilated in a horrible manner, the indignation of the people knew no bounds. It was the most shocking crime ever committed in the county, and we were locked behind bars charged with committing it.

We explained how we came into possession of that fatal pocketbook and succeeded in

convincing the sheriff that we were innocent. We preferred to wait until the following day to secure legal counsel. We hoped that in the meantime the guilty party or parties as the case might be would be apprehended. By noon the mob had subsided and the streets had resumed their normal appearance. But by three o'clock hundreds of farmers had come to the city and again the sidewalks swarmed with people.

Cy was a veteran newspaper man. He knew that the papers would tremble with lurid accounts of the murder and that the excitement which had subsided to some extent would be fanned into fever heat.

His predictions were correct. The papers came out with blood curdling headlines, giving graphic accounts of the murder. The prisoners had been interviewed and "gave themselves dead away," as one paper stated it. They were the murderers. That was a foregone conclusion all around. The most unsubstantial rumors, rumors that emanated from the brain of some excited liar, were printed as facts. The papers made as many things we never said at all. The people bought the papers as fast as they were printed. Everybody that could get a paper laid one. The presses were kept running for an hour or two longer than usual, but the demand exceeded the supply.

It was now past six o'clock. Then came a calm. The storm had spent its fury. People went to their suppers and the farmers returned to their homes.

The city seemed as quiet as if nothing had happened. I began to talk to Cy in a cheerful strain. He looked gloomily through the barred windows and shook his head.

"Marked," he more frequently called me Mark, "the worst is to come. If we are not taken out of this and lynched before morning I shall be greatly surprised. Something tells me to prepare for the worst."

He then extended his hand and continued, "I know something of the temperament of this town. I know that its people are impulsive and upon occasion like this a leader could induce them to go to any extreme. This calm you speak of means something. Its calm before the storm, Mark. You are a young man yet and I should regret on your account that the worst should come to pass. So far as I am concerned I have not much to lose. I am not afraid to die. I have tried to do the square thing by my fellow men. I have given away more than half of my earnings to people who needed them more than I did. I feel that this will be our last evening together. You have been my friend. I am yours."

His manner was grave and his voice husky. I looked into his kindly face, a face as noble as the character of its possessor, a face which had often given me hope and confidence when the sky was clouded with financial difficulties at times when cares and sorrows made the future appear as a dark and lonesome cavern through which I must gaze my way until relieved by the change called death. But that mysterious something which was ever present in his countenance was now wanting. I was at once horror-stricken. The truth flashed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning. I knew that Cy's statement was true. On more than one occasion he had foretold the coming of events. I don't know how he knew. He did not know himself.

CHAPTER XI.

It was about 9 o'clock. Something was about to happen. The sheriff and a half dozen deputies passed through the corridor, evidently in much haste. The clanging of doors and the ominous sounds of footfalls in the hallways confirmed us in our apprehension that the worst was near at hand. We looked out at the window. A multitude of men were in the street below. Not a howling mob, but a silent assemblage of citizens. Every man's face was turned toward the jail. If there was any conversation it was carried on in an undertone or in whispers. Suddenly every man in that vast crowd turned his face from the jail.

"They are coming," we heard one say.

And they were.
Instantly a column of men, marching two abreast, filed around a street corner. A natural gas flambeau near by revealed a company of not less than two hundred men marching in the direction of the jail. Each man wore a mask and carried a gun in either hand. These rocks were being struck together in regular time as the men marched along.

"Crack, crack, crack," and nearer came the masked company. One man carried a lantern, several were armed with crowbars and sledge hammers. A powerful built man with iron gray whiskers protruding from the lower part of his mask, carried a coil of rope across his shoulders. The maskers passed from our view and were now at the front entrance of the prison.

There was a painful pause. The sheriff and the lynchers were engaged in a parley. I heard him say the prisoners were innocent. He threatened to have them all arrested if they did not disperse. Then he begged that the prisoners might have a trial. But it was useless. That mob had grown bloodthirsty and nothing short of human blood would appease its wrath. The pleadings of the officer were indistinctly heard by us, but we knew that it was useless. He might as well plead to a pack of starving, bloodthirsty wolves.

"Bang—bang—and a deafening roar filled the corridors. They were now inside the jail and with great sledge hammers had begun an assault upon the iron doors leading to the cell rooms. Blow upon blow rang out in the night. Cy stood by my side. Our hands were joined and we calmly waited our doom.

But instantly a new hope came to me. We might escape after all. The citizens, or at least a sufficient number might come to the assistance of the sheriff. It had been a long time since the lynchers began their assault on that iron door. At least I thought so. It seemed an age. But that hope died within my heart when with a terrible crash the door gave way and fell to the floor. A dozen rushed into the cell room.

"They are in this one," and a deputy sheriff pointed to the cell occupied by Cy and myself. The door was pulled off its hinges almost instantly and the bloodthirsty mob flooded the room. A rope was hastily thrown over my head and fastened about my neck. Another rope was fastened about Cy's neck. Two or three men with smaller ropes fastened my arms to my body.

Not a word was uttered. The lynchers seemed excited. One man struck me a blow in the face. In an instant my hands were loosened and I struck the man a blow. My combative nature was roughly aroused. Fear had vanished. I fought with what it seemed superhuman strength. My manhood asserted itself, and I gave my captors some terrible blows before they were able to overpower me. Again my arms were pinned and the lynchers rushed out of the jail dragging us after them.

"To the bridge—to the bridge," commanded the leader. A dozen men had charge of each rope. I remember that we had each preceded but a short distance when a jerked off my feet and fell heavily upon my side. I was dragged along for a few paces and by almost superhuman effort I gained my feet. We were now on the bridge, an iron structure with iron beams or rods overhead. By this time all hope of rescue had vanished and I became reconciled to the fate which awaited me. I was surprised to find myself in such a tranquil state of mind. I told that I had never known how to live and was asked to make a confession. I replied that we were innocent.

"D—d lie," replied the man who had made the request.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.
SPECIAL NOTICE

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Metaphysical and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

TERMS CASH.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express must be accompanied by all or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Sums under \$5.00 can be sent in that manner for 1 cent.

In quoting from **THE BANNER** care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse all the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled articles.

Newsletters sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1903.

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

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

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE

No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce Building, Copley Sq.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50
Postage paid by publishers.

Issued by
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Harrison D. Barrett.....President.
Irving F. Symonds.....Treas. and Bus. Man.
Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Agate Line.
DISCOUNTS.
2 months.....10 per cent.
3 ".....25 " "
6 ".....40 " "

200 lines to be used in one year, 10 per cent.
500 lines to be used in one year, 25 per cent.
1000 lines to be used in one year, 40 per cent.

50 per cent. extra for special position.
Special Notices forty cents per line, Minimum, each insertion.
Notices in the editorial columns, large type, loaded matter, fifty cents per line.
No extra charge for cuts or double columns.
Width of column 2 7/16 inches.

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

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to touch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known (that is, when improper practices are using our advertising columns, they are at once interdicted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

Another Word from the Manager.

Dear Banner Friends:—May I take this avenue of expression to answer your anxious inquiries about the future of our dear old Banner? Frankly, the business problem is not clear, nor will it be until the accountant, who is now engaged in the work of examination, makes a fuller report. But personally I am prepared to make the effort of a lifetime, with what strength is given me, to place the Banner of Light on such a firm foundation as a spiritualistic sheet that the future can never remove it from this position except by discontinuance. Frankly, from my standpoint, the prestige of the Banner, so closely interwoven with the history of modern Spiritualism, should never be allowed to become mixed with any other undertakings—for Spiritualism or an honorable death! Your kind expressions assure me this is your wish. Write me and name what you can and will do toward accomplishing this end. How we will work it out we can determine when the time comes to act, but let us declare our practical resources now. All, understand, with the purpose of making this a strong exponent of pure Spiritualism and not transferable to any personal advantage. The statements sent to you who are in arrears, I trust you will understand, are urged on your attention because we need every dollar due us for the prosecution of our immediate tasks.

Believe me, ever sincerely yours,
Irving F. Symonds.

Zion City.

The growth of Dowleism in America is attracting the attention of all Sociologists, especially so now that it is known that "Zion City" has become such a signal success as a religious community. How Dowle obtains and maintains his influence over the minds of his followers is a mystery to thousands of well-informed people. Many of them attribute it to "Hypnotism," and dismiss the question as one that requires no further thought. They do not analyze the mental processes by which this hypnotic power is gained, nor seek to determine the "first cause" that leads to such remarkable results.

Undoubtedly Dowle possesses a goodly amount of personal magnetism, which, directed by his indomitable will, cannot fail to impress those who are psychic to his influence or vibrations. It does not seem probable that he is Elijah the prophet, reincarnated, but without doubt he is a psychic, and

is used by spirits of a certain order of development to do a work that is peculiarly theirs. He has inspired his followers with perfect confidence in himself, and has proved his ability as a business man in the conduct of affairs in Zion.

Not less than three millions of dollars have already been spent in building and improving this unique city. Ten thousand persons call it their home. A superior kind of lace is made in Zion, and other industries are in full blast, affording remunerative employment to thousands. Each workman is required to give one tenth of his income to the support of his religion. Dowle has a most remarkable personality, and impresses his people with the conviction that he can do things, then they go to work to help him make his prophecies good. He and his people are doing good in their way, and are obedient to the law of spirit guidance as they understand it. Will power, suggestion, magnetism and psychic force are Dowle's elements of strength, and he uses them for his own advantage, as well as for the good of his church.

The Convention Again.

The recent Convention did many things well, and acted wisely in respect to various important issues that were placed before it. One of the excellent things it did was to continue the office of Editor-at-Large, and authorize the re-election of that noble veteran, Hudson Tuttle, to the position he has so signally honored the past year. His task is no sinecure, and the thoroughness with which he has done his work calls for special recognition on the part of every true Spiritualist. Now our Cause can no longer be attacked with impunity; Mr. Tuttle is like the watchman on the tower—forever on the alert, and fearless in repelling any and all attacks upon his brethren. For his re-election, the late Convention deserves a special vote of thanks.

We most heartily commend the re-election of National Superintendent Ring, and rejoice that he was given new strength to carry on his work. He made a good record the past twelve months, and will do better during the coming year. We predict a restoration of the ancient glory and prestige of the Lyceum in America under his splendid leadership. The Spiritualists of the future must be largely recruited from spiritualistic Sunday schools, hence the more we have of them in active, working order, the better it will be for our Cause.

The aid given the history is perhaps all that is needed at this time. This is too important a matter to be neglected much longer, as our pioneers are nearly all in the ranks of the invisible, and not available to give testimony as to the early years of our movement. All religious and secular bodies provide means to bring their history down to date, and take pride in maintaining an authentic record of their work. Spiritualists are beginning to see their duty in respect to rendering support to their Cause, so there is hope that they will yet push the work on the history of Spiritualism.

Many things could be done to make the Annual Convention a greater power for good than it now is. It is admitted by all delegates that there is too much work crowded into four short days. The Convention should cover at least a week or ten days. The mornings might be free from all meetings so that the Committees could attend to their work properly, and the delegates be able at the afternoon sessions to devote their entire attention to Convention work. Now, many of the delegates devote themselves to sight-seeing and make the Convention a third or fourth consideration. We have heard delegates say, "Oh, it's only business today, and it's just too tiresome for anything. I shan't go in until time for election!"

There is more than the election of officers at stake at our Conventions, for, upon the thoroughness of the Convention work, depends the success of the officers chosen. This defect can be remedied by electing only one-third of the officers each year, thus doing away with politics, and forcing business interests upon the attention of the delegates. We are not captious in these remarks, and only suggest these reforms in the spirit of kindness and good will. What is wanted is more devoted work for Spiritualism, and less attention to non-essentials.

If the mornings are given over to committee work (which would give the great majority of the delegates abundant time for sight-seeing) the evenings could be devoted to business. Papers for discussion should be prepared by representative Spiritualists upon some topic bearing upon the phenomena, science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. Mission work, Sunday schools, charitable work, the reclamation of the erring, and all legitimate reforms should be discussed and our attitude as Spiritualists toward them made known to the world.

If lectures and seances are presented at any session, we suggest that they be given without a door fee. A great national body cannot afford to lose in prestige for the sake of a few dollars taken in at the door as entrance fees. Collections could be taken with free admission, and the returns would be far beyond what has hitherto been the average at the door under paid admissions. We believe the Spiritualists everywhere would favor the abolition of the evening addresses in the interest of business, but that if held, they should be held with free admission at the door.

The Convention of this year was the largest and most representative body that has assembled under the banner of organization since 1893. It, however, was not prolific or representative in respect to finances. Less than two thousand dollars were given or pledged for the work of the coming year, despite the fact that nearly two thousand dollars will be required to carry on the work of the N. S. A. Finance is a matter of importance for which every Convention should make provision. The election of officers and the fact of having a few dollars in the treasury blinded the delegates to their "plain duty" in this case. Every one of the one hundred and fifty delegates present, ought

to do something for the N. S. A. during the coming year, in the way of filling its treasury. The problem is this—how can every Spiritualist be made to realize his own responsibility in respect to Spiritualism, and led to support it as he ought each succeeding year? Spiritualists of America, you are the ones to solve this problem, and answer the question in an open handed, loyal hearted, generous manner. Will you do it?

Tribute to Mr. F. G. Tuttle.

Dear Mr. Barrett and Readers of the Banner:

I have been prevented by absence from home (temporarily) from conveying to you and to the readers of the Banner our deepest sympathy in the sudden demise of your estimable partner, Mr. F. G. Tuttle, Treasurer and Business Manager of the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

Ever since he was a lad (seemingly) in the business office of the Banner, we have known him, and it was our privilege always to see him when we visited Boston.

He was constantly at his post of duty; he was ever affable, courteous, kind, attentive. We ever found him appreciative and earnest in all that pertained to the work of the Banner of Light, and the general cause of Spiritualism.

His bright, young face and welcoming smile made the business office and book store of the Banner a pleasant place to visit. Later when added cares and duties were his he was none the less attentive to all, and when, in the passing on of the venerable Mr. Colby and the subsequent withdrawal of Mr. Rich from the Banner of Light Co., the new partnership was formed, there could have been no one so well qualified to occupy the place of treasurer and manager as was Mr. Tuttle.

Next to his own household you, dear friend, will most miss him. We feel the deepest sympathy for his family and for you.

We sincerely trust that they will find consolation in the beautiful knowledge of the higher life, and of his loving care and guardianship from that realm where the "mists have rolled away" from both bodily and mental illness and the sunshine of perfect love abides unclouded.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,
Cora L. V. Richmond.

Alaska.

This portion of our national domain is beginning to receive attention at the hands of agriculturists. It is said that 100,000 square miles of Alaskan lands are adapted to farming. This means that 64,000,000 acres can be tilled to advantage, and that 400,000 farms of 160 acres each can be opened in Alaska. Each farm ought to support eight persons in comfort, besides providing the residents of mining districts and manufacturing centres with abundance of food supplies. Wouldn't it be a fine thing for the 30,000,000 Spiritualists in America to colonize Alaska? They could then realize their ideals, and show the world what could be done under the influence of a spiritual civilization, even if it were located within the Arctic circle. New Zealand might be duplicated on a large scale and—oh, well—everything else realized! Selah!

Foreign Missions.

The conservative and usually accurate Washington Post has been telling the American people some plain truths of late with regard to the subject of this article, Gen. Geo. B. Williams, whom the Post declares to be well and favorably known to four-fifths of the leading officials in government circles, has spent a number of years in travel and study in Armenia. In writing the Post upon the subject of the so-called Armenian massacres, Gen. Williams tells the people of the United States some very unpalatable truths, and makes serious charges against our consular service in Turkey.

Gen. Williams says the stories about the "unspeakable Turk" have been grossly exaggerated, and that the Christian missionaries are directly responsible for these falsehoods. He further states (and offers proof of his declarations) that the missionaries go into districts with which the United States government has no dealings or trade relations, then proceed to stir the Armenians to revolt against the Turkish government. As soon as the ferment begins, the missionaries apply for the appointment of Consuls to look after the interests of the United States in places where there are absolutely no interests that require attention.

When once in office and on the ground the Consuls form combinations with the missionaries, always to the discredit of the Turkish government. They aid and abet the malcontents, and even sustain the missionaries in their endeavors to hold the Turk before the world as an object of execration. Were it not for the missionaries, Gen. Williams affirms, there would be no Armenian question, and no Armenian atrocities. He says the State Department at Washington is a party to this nefarious business through the extension of our consular service into districts where it is not required.

The statements of Gen. Williams simply confirm the Banner's utterances on this very subject at different times during the past summer. We affirmed then, as we do now, that the missionaries would be found in fault when the Turkish question was honestly investigated. Gen. Williams, fresh from the scenes of turbulence, confirms our declaration, but goes farther by declaring that our Government at Washington is in partnership with the missionaries to make trouble for the Turks by influencing the Armenians to revolt. The deeds of violence referred to by the secular press, according to Gen. Williams, are grossly exaggerated, and such as do take place are often committed by fanatical Christians, who try to fasten their crimes upon the Turks.

Our nation should have no coalition with missionaries of any denomination. A combination of that character is a step toward Theocracy, and a theocratic government was

outgrown thousands of years ago. If missionaries persist in going to foreign lands, let them be given to understand that they do so at their own risk. It is not the business of our government to afford them protection in their evils on other shores. Their meddlingness has given rise to numerous insurrections and cost much blood and treasure. The Boxer uprising in China, Miss Stone's escapade in Bulgaria, and now the Armenian troubles are all due to missionary rapacity. The Chinese Yankee missionaries even went so far as to defend "looting" in magazine articles and in the pulpits of American churches. Foreign missions do far more evil than good, hence are a menace to the peace and prosperity of the world. The people of America should see to it that they are protected of governmental support and protection. There is enough to do to help humanity on this side of the ocean.

Individualism.

Individualism versus co-operation continues to occupy the minds of many Spiritualists. Some claim to be "so broad and tolerant in their thought that they cannot conscientiously unite with any Spiritualist organization!"

If a man is a Roman Catholic or a Methodist, or a Unitarian, or a Buddhist let him be manly enough to frankly say so. The world has more respect for an outspoken advocate of an error than it has for the man who tries to be on both sides of a question at the same time. No honest man has ever failed to respect the honest convictions of an outspoken Spiritualist. No honest, manly Spiritualist was ever injured materially, morally, or socially by modestly, yet firmly, owning his convictions. Those Spiritualists only suffer who are trimmers, and seek to gain favor with other denominations by concealing their knowledge of the truth.

Almost every individualist is an ardent advocate of the doctrine of "Self-development, self-culture."

"Self-culture!" "Self-development!" Yes, and may every man, woman and child do his or her best to secure the greatest possible amount of culture, and the highest degree of development. But true culture consists in overcoming selfishness, in removing prejudice, and in casting out of the mind everything that might bias the judgment, and cause one to forget the needs of his fellowmen.

Culture means education, soul knowledge. Development means growth along all lines of one's being. He is most truly cultured and developed who finds his greatest happiness in doing for others. He has so cultivated the garden of his mind that the rarest flowers of love and goodness grow therein in profusion. These he gives freely to others that they may be happy and thereby give happiness unto him.

He is the developed man who has complete control of all his faculties, and is generous enough to use them for the good of others. The one who sees no need of doing for others, or seeing the need, refuses to lend assistance has yet to grow a long, long time ere he attains even a moderate degree of culture, or realizes the meaning of development. Co-operation means an unselfish endeavor to aid one's fellowmen to take care of themselves. It seeks opportunity for all mankind to become self-respecting and self-supporting. Such a doctrine is supported by every Spiritualist who really knows what Spiritualism is.

Seen and Heard.

Those men who refused to go to the aid of a woman who was being murdered by her maniac-husband in one of the large cities of the land a day or two ago were said to be "guilty of gross neglect of duty" by the coroner who sat on the case. The maniac, who was out of the insane asylum on parole, locked his wife into a room with himself, then proceeded to beat her most unmercifully. She screamed for help and a widow—her nearest neighbor—tried to save her. She could do nothing alone, and appealed to some men who were passing to rescue the unfortunate woman. They refused; she tried others, and they refused; even the police did not act until they heard the report of a pistol. When they reached the house, and tried the door, three shots rang out, quickly followed by two more. They broke open the door, but the maniac had killed his wife, and then himself. Was this only "neglect of duty?"

That policeman who risked his life by catching the brides of a runaway span of horses last week, and was badly cut and bruised for his pains, was voted a hero by the young Jewess and her coachman whose lives he saved. This is probably his sole reward for his noble deed, for, as the young woman thanked him, as he lay moaning with pain at her feet, he merely said, "Oh, it's all right, miss; it's what I am paid for!" The young lady declares she will not rest until he is rewarded for his valor, either with a life pension, or a medal of honor. Well, pensions are good things, and medals may be the same in their place, but they won't support a wife and family for this hero. She could settle a comfortable annuity upon him for life, as she is one of the millionaires of the nation, and thus prove her gratitude in a practical way.

What is this we hear about an insurrection on the Isthmus of Panama? What about the new republic of Panama? Is there a revolt against the government at Bogota, and is Uncle Sam aiding and abetting the rebels? Is this the only way to build an isthmian canal—to ferment an insurrection, then protect the malcontents, then recognize their independence, then "purchase" (?) the right to complete the Panama Canal of the new Republic? Well, thus it seems from the despatches in the Associated Press. Queer business this for Uncle Sam!

Where are the mediums and lecturers who speak Spanish who are willing to go to Cuba and Porto Rico? If they do not speak the language in their normal state, why can't

they find a few good Spanish spirits for guides who can talk for them when they arrive at their destination? If a spirit from Ancient Egypt can return to earth, and talk in the language of his day, why cannot the spirit of a modern Spaniard control a medium and speak his language with fluency?

That noble veteran of thirty-four years in the service of Spiritualism, J. J. Morse, is speaking in Brooklyn during the present month. It should not be forgotten that he has open dates for several of the winter months and would be pleased to correspond with societies with regard to engagements. The same is true of his talented daughter, Miss Florence Morse, who is a speaker of rare power, and one of the most reliable platform mediums before the public today. Write them at once and secure their services. They give value received, and deserve well at the hands of all Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of Pittsburg dedicated their new church on Sunday, Nov. 1. Rev. B. F. Austin, Mrs. C. L. Stevens, F. Cordon White, Laura G. Fixen and H. D. Barrett took part in the exercises to which reference is made in another column. It was a red-letter day for Pittsburg Spiritualists, and they did themselves proud on this occasion. Under Pres. Barrett's appeals cash and pledges amounting to over \$1,500 were received. It was a notable event in the history of Spiritualism, and is an example for all other societies in the land. Mrs. Fixen's address was a masterpiece and she was obliged to respond to an encore.

A WELCOME TO "THE LIFE RADIANT" BY LILLIAN WHITING.

Thy words are blest as if of sunshine made,
Or wrought of flowers, the lily chief of all;
Upon our ears they like sweet music fall,
And open to soul full many a sunny glade;
Yea, in their spell the beautiful is laid,
We hear the angels softly to us call,
And roses clamber down from heaven's wall,
To breathe their peace to hearts on earth afraid!
We learn that life is from the Life divine,
Is in the atmosphere of summer sweet,
Around us gifts of grace and goodness shine,
There's loveliness even in the common street;
We may amid our care and toil and strife,
Enjoy the bliss of manhood's radiant life.

William Brunton.

The Life Radiant; by Lillian Whiting.

It is a great kindness to have the opportunity of greeting a new book by our friend and helper in the spiritual life, Miss Lillian Whiting. She has laid us under many obligations of thankfulness for her inspiring words, her books beautiful and dear, and now she has crowned her former favors with this new gift. It is just lovely in its form, in its printing, and best of all in its happy contents. For one hungering and thirsting for righteousness—this is a companion of the heart. It is written to meet a living need of thoughtful men and women who wish to know how to glorify their days and send sunbeams of joy to those around them. It stands for all that is highest and noblest in our nature, as we should feel sure it would. It takes up the living truths of the hour, the facts of science, the suggestions and proofs of the spirit, the poetical and practical helpings of the universe. All comes to us in her glowing pages with clear conviction of truth and fine fascination of utterance. She has such a wonderful way of choosing the lovely. Why didn't we see this before? It was all in us and near to us—but we needed her guiding to get at it bearing such sweet blessing to us.

While we are engaged in following The Gleam as she sees it leading into all beautiful paths; while we are impressed with the certainty that the Golden Age is in the future; while the future becomes recognizable by us in the unfolding of our spirit powers; while we are introduced into the ethereal realm, and while the power of the exalted moment is shown to us, and the nectar of the hour is for our feasting;—while all this is, we are caught up into the seventh heaven of thought and love. It is a great experience for us, and all the time we are blessing the one who has so generously scattered roses in our path. One cannot glance into it without being held captive with its charms. It is all we could desire from a writer so wise and winsome. It exalts the soul, it thrills it with the greatness of the good we are born to inherit and enjoy.

One would like to tell the story of the five divisions and their several chapters, but we are sure that it is enough to suggest the getting of the book and having all this pleasure as a discovery of ourselves. This is the kind of book we can make a daily friend of, as its influence is radiant and beneficent. Welcome, a thousand welcomes we give to the pleasant helpfulness of this dear book. Boston; Little, Brown and Company.

William Brunton.

Keep still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on his legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion, once, I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me and I kept the letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness, I learned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur.—Dr. Burton.

A good conscience is more to be desired than all the riches of the East. How sweet are the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself! A good conscience is the finest opiate.—Knox's "Winter Evenings."

the sorrowing parents.—A. M. S., sec.

[illegible]

