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NO. 5

NATURE'S WORD TO MAN.

When the thought of life is deepest,
And we sense the mystery great;
When the hill of care is steepest;
When we seem like straws of fate,
Then instead of brooding darkly,
On the feeling sad and drear,
We should go to nature meekly,
And her living voices hear!

In the sunlight or the shadow,
She has calm and comfort sweet;
And on hill or in the meadow,
We her spirit presence meet;
In the note of every singer—
On the bush or in the air,
Hear we then the pure joy-bringer,
And we must forget our care!

Lo! it flies as mist at morning
O'er the hills and far away,
Then in light our hearts adorning,
Wander we in glow of day;
This is revelation sent us—
In the splendor so profound;
This the spirit surely lent us,
When this comfort we have found!

In the running of the river,
To the ocean out of sight,
Is the symbol, we forever—
Are attracted by love's might;
Ever waiting our advancing,
All from weakness setting free,
Are the many waters glancing,
With new hope eternally!

Nothing can so well caress us,
As the beauty of the sky;
Nothing so completely bless us,
As the thought the fields supply;
Flower and bird and stream and wildwood,
All abide in bliss divine,
So may man in age or childhood,
To God's gladness e'er incline!

—William Brunton.

New Heavens and a New Earth.

W. J. Corville.

"There shall be new heavens and a new earth."

In the above words we may find a perfect key to the entire philosophy of life in its manifold expressions, for in that sentence the entire history of evolution and of education is, in brief, traced out. What creation primarily is from the standpoint of the Divine Mind we are not able to contemplate, but all that we can know of organization or integration and then of dissolution or decay is in strict accord with the text on which our present remarks are based.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." is the ancient biblical condensation of many an old cosmology and cosmogony, for it is now quite well understood that Genesis is not the oldest book in the world nor is the Jewish theory of creation in all respects original.

Hindus, Egyptians, Babylonians and many other mighty peoples of antiquity have all endeavored to account for the universe as they have beheld it, but none have been able to account for that primal substance out of which all things are fashioned.

To say that divine breath or spirit moves upon waters is to teach by necessary implication that those waters were already in existence, thus no attempt seems to have been made by the author of the first Chapter of the Pentateuch to have done more than broadly refer the whole invisible universe to the intelligent activity of an unseen spiritual force. The goodness of all that is brought forth is emphatically declared, and the order of expression is also clearly stated. First, heavens, then earth. Though the word heaven is still popular and constantly employed to designate an estate or condition of unalloyed felicity awaiting all who have lived nobly on earth, such is by no means the only definition of the word sanctioned by etymology or by history.

Heavens as a plural term is of very ancient usage and though "mansions" was the English word introduced into the 14th Chapter of the 4th Gospel in the days of King James, or not later than 1611, when the old authorized translation of the New Testament was completed, "abiding places" is the term now regarded by many scholars as a far better rendering of the Greek original.

"In my Father's house are many dwelling places, if it were not so I would have told you" fairly brings out the sentiment of one of the most beautiful passages in the Gospel story. The doctrine of many spheres, circles or societies in the spiritual world is so ancient that no documents have yet been discovered relating to the faith of olden times from which a statement of this concept is altogether absent.

One single heaven, into which all souls who were not rejected and delivered over to perdition were admitted, was not a doctrine of any widespread system of religion or philosophy. Primitive Christianity knew nothing of it and prior to the 18th century it seems to have been absent from the thought of Europe, and not only has it ever been the case that one heaven alone has not sufficed to describe man's thought concerning the hereafter, but heavens have not been always peaceful or happy societies because no company of souls can constitute a heaven of order and felicity until they who form the

society have become orderly within themselves.

That any heaven embodies and represents the highest state of development already reached by those who constitute it, we fully allow; but there can be war in some heavens precisely as the Apocalypse declares. In two distinct senses can we understand strife in a heaven. In the first place, heaven does not necessarily mean anything other than the interior condition of some section of humanity whose inward condition is restless and therefore their outward state is correspondingly without repose, and in the second place as Swedenborg tells us in his "Apocalypse Unveiled" there have been periods of warfare in the spiritual spheres immediately encircling this earth and from those spiritual agitations earthly conflicts have in large measure arisen.

New heavens, then, as well as a new earth may be a great necessity in more senses than one and at no former time more necessary than at present. During the past fifty-five years all sorts of communications from the psychic realm have been possible to incarnate humanity, but though much sound teaching, wise counsel and valuable information in many directions have been received from the unseen states, no investigator of the literature of Spiritualism can fail to observe the obvious contradictions which abound.

To explain these without denying their existence is the task before the interpreter of the modern spiritual revelation. When we have discounted as far as possible all trickery and imposition and turned our attention to actually genuine spirit messages we are still confronted with amazing discrepancies, often difficult to rationally explain; but closer search into the origin, nature and purport of these multitudinous communications will soon go far to convince us that their seeming contradictoriness is apparent rather than real. That doctrine is apparent rather than real. That doctrine is apparent rather than real. That doctrine is apparent rather than real.

To a large extent some remnant of the so-called orthodox Christian doctrine of but one heaven and one hell lingers yet in the subconsciousness if not in the objective intellect of a large percentage of inquirers into Spiritualism and this lingering dormant vestige of belief in an irrational creed causes many investigators to expect infallibility as well as uniformity in statement from all communicating intelligences who are in any way desirable companions. But uniformity and infallibility are not made manifest even though there is an underlying unity which but very few students seem at all clearly to have grasped.

In those local heavens which immediately encircle and even, in measure, may be said to interpenetrate the earth are congregated those souls who still continue in the special affections and limitations which characterized them prior to physical decease, and it is from this encircling host of spirit friends and relatives that the bulk of messages proceed. One band of guides surrounding one medium will declare that there are no animal forms in spirit life while another band of influences operating through some other sensitive will declare that animals do exist in spirit spheres much as they exist on earth. The true explanation of this contradiction is reached only when we realize enough of one of the dominant laws of spiritual existence which renders it possible for spirits to become cognizant only of such objects as in some way appeal to their susceptibilities.

It is a trite saying that blind people are as closely surrounded by colors and shapes as people who see clearly, also that deaf people are as near to sound vibrations as those who hear acutely but notwithstanding propinquity of objects there may be total lack of perception. In spirit life a lack of perception in any direction is not due to physical disability but to lack of interior relationship, thus it comes to pass that two or more spirits may be locally together and yet unaware of each other's existence.

The law of affinity works unrestrictedly in spirit life, for that reason there can be no realization apart from sympathy and unless we are in the same thought or affection as others we cannot know or feel what they realize. There is nothing whatever in this statement contrary to the cherished belief of many that all will be attracted to their nearest and dearest, indeed it is inevitable that they must be thus attracted and on the basis of such attraction all heavens are formed and held together and destined to dissolve when the attraction which formed them and causes them to cohere no longer operates.

Not only is it true that all religious, social, industrial, political and other organizations have their psychical as well as their physical side, but it is further true that every institution on earth has its spiritual support or backing. Useless and fruitless must every attempt appear to reform the outer world by revolutions of external character when it is known that evolution from within not rev-

olution from without; not compulsion but impulse is necessary to reconstruct every external organism.

Every institution on earth regardless of its character is a crystallized effect of some super-physical cause and not till the impulse from the psychic state is exhausted or altered can there be a permanent or effective reconstruction of outward institutions. When an enthusiast like Mrs. Nation smashes glass and pours liquor into the gutters she does not go to the root of the Temperance Question because such violent assaults upon the belongings of saloon keepers can never conquer a craving for alcohol or lead a free born people to desire to live temperately.

Legislation when effective does not precede but follow public sentiment; laws, at least in republics, must be the embodied declaration of the will of citizens. If just governments derive their authority from the consent of the governed—and such is a fundamental American proclamation—it is surely evident that representation not coercion is the democratic ideal. If there is to be reform it must come from within, and precisely because this is so, should Spiritualists before all others take the lead in inaugurating reformatory movements.

Nature furnishes us with abundant illustrations of how renovation is accomplished. Dry brown leaves may have hung on to tree boughs all through a severe winter, unrenewed by hail or wind storms, but when awakening spring time forces up the sap from the root of the tree to decorate the branches with new foliage, then obedient to the mild interior but all-forcible pressure of incoming life, the withered leaves are driven from the branches to which they could remain attached when the breath of tempests from without alone assailed them.

If a nail is injured on the hand or foot the policy of nature is not to advise the owner of the discolored nail to tear it off, but rather does nature counsel that we wait until a new nail has been formed, then will the old disfigured object drop away, loosened and driven forth by the new claimant for its position.

The power of new desire and new thought is incalculable. New heavens within will of necessity bring forth new earth without, and this is as true of individuals as of nations and of private enterprises as of international affairs. Prophets or seers, they who are endowed with insight and foresight predict a Golden Age or universal Co-operative Commonwealth of Peace which has not been recorded in history, but is distinctly foretold in prophecy. There are four kinds of vision, hindsight, insight, foresight and foresight.

With the two former kinds—all are painfully familiar, but with the two latter only seers and seeresses seem to have made acquaintance. Memory and outward observation have their distinct uses, but when they operate alone they necessarily fail to lift our thoughts above the past and present, and indeed they incline all who depend exclusively upon them to pessimism and despair. The fate of old monarchies and republics is retold and straightaway the historian predicts the impending downfall of England, France, America and all the nations of today. But though it be unanswerably true that if modern nations follow exactly in the track of ancient nations the same fate will inevitably overtake them, it is the mission of a truly prophetic revelation, call it Spiritualism or what you will, to point a more excellent way and stimulate the hearts and minds of the present generation so to walk as to avert catastrophe.

Despite the wars and general unrest of the present century there was never a time when the planet was so nearly civilized as now and never a time when good will and general enlightenment were so widely diffused. The brighter light of today reveals by contrast the deep shadows of error as they could not have been revealed in the dimmer radiance of centuries gone by. The very outcry and protest against evil is but an indication of the certain triumph of good, for it is the awakening moral sense and love of all humanity which incites to protest against inequity and cruelty in every form. If each individual who sees the light and hears the call of the new time-spirit will but heed its inspirations and embody its inculcations in practical living, from out of the new heavens within, a new and far more glorious earth will assuredly be unrolled.

And who can tell what secret links of thought bind heart to heart? Unspoken things are heard.

As if within our deepest selves was brought The soul, perhaps, of some unuttered word. But, though a veil of shadow hangs between That hidden life and what we see and hear, Let us reverse the power of the Unseen, And know a world of mystery is near.

—Adelaide Proctor.

The more we reflect, the more are we led to the conviction that art cannot neglect the correspondences between beauty and truth, beauty and goodness, beauty and use.—J. A. Symonds.

THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

Down through the village street,
Where the slanting sunlight was sweet,
Swiftly the angel came;
His face like the star of even,
When night is gray in the heaven;
His hair was a blown gold flame;

His wings were purple of bloom,
And eyed as the peacock's plume;
They trailed and flamed in the air;
Clear brows with an aureole rimmed,
The gold ring brightened and dimmed,
Now rose, now fell on his hair.

Oh, the marvellous eyes!
All strange with a rapt surprise,
They gazed and dreamed as he went;
The great lids, drooping and white,
Screened the glory from sight;
His lips were most innocent.

His clear hands shined withal,
Bore lilies, silver and tall,
That had grown in the pleasure of God.
His robe was fashioned and spun
Of threads from the heart of the sun;
His feet with white fire shod.

O friend, with the grave, white brow,
No dust of travel hast thou,
Yet thou hast come from afar,
Beyond the sun and the moon,
Beyond the night and the noon,
And thy brother the evening star!

He entered in at the gate,
Where the law-givers sit in their state,
Where the law-breakers shiver and quake;
The rustling of his long wings,
Like music from gold harp strings,
Or songs that the dear birds make.

None saw as he passed their way;
But the children paused in their play,
And smiled as his feet went by;
A bird sang clear from the nest,
And a babe on its mother's breast
Stretched hands with an eager cry.

The women stood by the well,
Most grave, and the laughter fell,
The chatter and gossip grew mute;
They raised their hands to their eyes,
Had the golden sun waxed in the skies;
Was that the voice of a lute?

All in the stillness and heat,
The Angel passed through the street,
Nor pausing to look behind,
God's finger touched on his lips;
His great wings fire at the tips;
His gold hair flame in the wind.

—Katherine Tynan.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

NO. 17

A certain class of pronounced Spiritualists, as soon as they have received enough phenomenal "raps," or tests, to convince them that there is a hereafter life, that there are no endless hell torments, and no personal devil, but a beautiful summerland of life, sit down and rest, laggardly, lazily rest, doing nothing for the truth that has removed their fear of death, and given them messages from their loved ones, and otherwise spiritually blessed them beyond all blessing. Such souls resting upon the shifting foundation of passing phenomena, soon wither, die spiritually, and sink into materialism, or otherwise go, Judas-like, to their own place.

It is not true that hell, or the hells are packed with children, or human skulls, as the old Calvinists taught, but it is true that they are largely filled with this dead, lazy kind of Spiritualists, over whose self-built prison doors of moral darkness are inscribed the words, "You knew your duty, but did it not—you know the truth, but lived it not." Such spirits through intermediaries have often come to me suffering, sorrowing, and saying, "I am in darkness, help me, oh, help me, to find the light." They are learning what they should have learned on earth, that men reap what they sow here, and sow hereafter. It is the immutable law of cause and effect. Wisely said Emerson, "He that gathers too much of the earthly, in the very act of gathering, loses an equal amount of the spiritual, so that often the rich die poor, and the poor die rich in treasures imperishable."

The Launceston (Tasmania) Courier, a handsome weekly of forty or more pages, has just reached me forwarded by a Spiritualist in that far-away land. This issue contains a leading article entitled, "The Small-pox Outbreak."

This beautiful Isle of Tasmania, Britain governed, has no "compulsory vaccination law." When a case is brought to that country by shipping, the person is isolated and treated upon sanitation principles, and that is the end of it. Some of the Tasmanian doctors, knowing what a good seed-sowing process vaccination is, are struggling to get a compulsory law passed compelling every person to be vaccinated to prevent disease. In most, if not all of the British-governed islands, there is no vaccination law at all, or if one, it has the "conscience clause," making it optional. In this matter America is pitifully behind Great Britain.

In my reply to Mrs. Dr. Denmore in the Banner of Sept. 12, relating to reincarnation, I am made by the composer to say, "It is the

soul, rather than the spirit, that constitutes the real child." Substitute the word "body" for "spirit," and you have my full meaning.

An English gentleman forwards me the "Christian Commonwealth," published in London, and containing a long, well written article by Albert Dawson under the heading of "Thomas Lake Harris, the Most Wonderful Man on Earth." His friends, says this writer, call him "father," and "reverence him almost as a god," while Mrs. Oliphant, in her Life of Lawrence Oliphant, and others, makes him out a selfish autocrat, if not a fiend, almost. So goes the world. Personally, I pronounce no judgment, yet promise in the future to show some exhibits touching both sides of the question. Singularly enough, Mr. Dawson makes no mention of T. L. Harris's early mediumship, of his masterly poems when spirit-influenced, the "Morning Land" and the "Golden Age." More anon.

One of our oldest and ablest writers forwards me the following, not wishing to have his name mentioned:

"Dear Peebles,—I do not understand you in the Banner Pen-Flashes as sarcastic, or otherwise, but will venture to say that so far as I know, the Spirit-intelligences that write by me were the first to use the phrase, 'The New Spiritualism.' I cannot give the date of its first introduction, and content myself with a quotation from 'Mediumship and Its Laws.' The idea which is intended by the phrase is to mark the contrast between the fortuitous coming and going of ghosts; the holding of the realm of spirit as unknowable and miraculous, which has prevailed in all past time, and the extension of the aegis of LAW beyond the coastline of the physical world.

"Modern Spiritualism came as a reaction against materialism, and the single idea which gave it birth was that ghosts or spirits were individual entities subject to law. It is distinguished from the ancient by its sweeping claim that all spiritual phenomena and the evolution and existence of spirits are by the operation of fixed and ascertainable laws. Creation by law, that is by evolution, dispenses absolutely with the ancient idea of independent spiritual beings becoming incarnated. According to evolution, individualized spirit is the last and highest term, and if this theory be accepted, it follows as a corollary, that all spiritual beings must have attained their individualization by this process.

"The creation of spirits, not by law, but by a personal creator directly, and their introduction into earth-life as the means whereby the human race exists, calls for a continuous miracle, and while science has shown that there is absolute reign of law in the animal world up to man, when he has reached his conception, gives him over to the miraculous. The processes of life in him are distinct and different from those in the beings below him. Yet we know there is no break and every law applicable to forms of life below him, is equally applicable to him.

"Modern Spiritualism maintains the absolute supremacy of law; the other is a remnant of the old faith which expresses the childish ideas of nature and life entertained by primitive man. The old Spiritualism is a continuity of miracles, a miraculous God, a strangely born Saviour, and a Spiritual existence maintained by fiat in defiance of the known order of the world. Modern Spiritualism is the directly opposite view of nature and life. It is a realm of law in earth-life, and a realm of law in spirit-life.

"With the New Spiritualism we have the means to communicate with the spirits at will by methods conforming to fixed laws. We are able to comply with the conditions which allow spiritual beings to communicate with us in an orderly and legitimate manner. There are demands made by all religions of today or the past, to have faith, to believe. The demand made by Spiritualism is to know."

The above is well written and, broadly speaking, it very nearly coincides with my opinions; and yet, it must be remembered that the newly-conceived by a given individual, is not necessarily original. In contrast with the above, Mrs. Pepper, speaker and superior medium, says (Banner of Light, Sept. 5): "We have advanced beyond the church. We have outgrown the old Spiritualism," meaning, I suppose, this modern Spiritualism. Mr. Williams in the Progressive Thinker makes his point clearer by exclaiming, "Enough of these phenomena connected with and called Spiritualism. This sort of Spiritualism beginning at Hydesville is old. We ought to drop it and move on, as we are spirits ourselves." Reading after these mediumistic writers, one is inclined to ask with politicians, "Where are we at?"

Let us philosophize for a few moments. Are there any "new" principles, any "new" laws in this mighty and measureless universe? If so, who created them, or what power evolved them?

Ten thousand years ago in Ancient Babylon there was converse between the two (Continued on page 4.)

A HYMNAL TRIBUTE.

(Written by devotion on his own birthday especially for the Banner of Light.)
To the Singers of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. II. v. 10.

Hail, Singers of the old and new,
Who sweep your harp strings glorious!
Ye bless the faithful, good and true,
And make their souls victorious.

I hear ye in the morning's sun,
Moved by the inner splendor;
I hear ye in the twilight's hush,
By prayer made calm and tender.

Yeal As I list with bated breath,
A rapturous song sweeps o'er me—
"O be thou faithful unto death;
And lo, life's crown of glory."
Behold! It shines before thee.

Hail, Singers of pure Childhood's days,
When Motherhood caressed us,
And taught us, kneeling, prayer and praise—
These memories oftentimes blessed us;
And stayed our feet in Manhood's prime
When sin our souls was winning.

O dear old voice, that bade us climb,
And make a fresh beginning!
O Singers, list with peaceful breath!
A rapturous song sweeps o'er me—
"O be thou faithful unto death;
And lo, life's crown of glory."
Behold! It shines before thee.

Hail, Singers! Ye who learned to sing
Through years of pain and sorrow
To those who suffer, ye do bring
Hope from God's painless morrow.
Sing on! Love's Pentecost doth shower
On ye a child of sweetness;
"Strength to endure" descends with power
Of heavenly completeness.

O Singers, list with peaceful breath!
A rapturous song sweeps o'er me—
"O be thou faithful unto death;
And lo, life's crown of glory."
Behold! It shines before thee.

Hail, Singers! Through bereavement's storms
Of dire afflictions crushing,
Slog on like ministering angel forms
The weeping mourners hushing.
In blessing others ye are blessed
By many a child of sadness;
And on your way to Heavenly Rest,
Kind hands hold lamps of gladness.

O Singers, list with peaceful breath!
A rapturous song sweeps o'er me—
"O be thou faithful unto death;
And lo, life's crown of glory."
Behold! It shines before thee.

Hail Singers of the simplest song!
Ye touch one lives the deeper,
For fervent, chords oft linger long
Enough to wake the sleeper.
God bless ye! Sing through gloaming dim;
The state then shine the brighter;
God's blessing in the evening hymn
Makes heavy hearts the lighter.

O Singers, list with peaceful breath!
A rapturous song sweeps o'er me—
"O be thou faithful unto death;
And lo, life's crown of glory."
Behold! It shines before thee.

Hail, Singers! Be ye young or old,
Slog on to ease earth's burden;
Your footsteps guardian angels hold,
For ye Heaven keep Love's guardon;
Lo, every comforting word and deed
Wings to the Heaven of Glory
With blessings from the hearts that bleed,
Linked with your own life-story.

O Singers, list with peaceful breath!
A rapturous song sweeps o'er me—
"O be thou faithful unto death;
And lo, life's crown of glory."
Behold! It shines before thee.

Hail, Singers! Take my soul's deep prayer—
"Lord! Bless the ones I sing to;
E'en through their songs dispel their care,
And guide the ones they cling to;
Thy throne-room make of every heart;
So that the hour called 'dying'
May show, O Lord of Life, Thou art
But calling—their, replying."

O Singers, list with peaceful breath!
A rapturous song sweeps o'er me—
"O be thou faithful unto death;
And lo, life's crown of glory."
Behold! It shines before thee.

Sydney, Australia, June 21, 1903.

The Dignity of Man.

Rev. Evaristo Hurtado.

I wish to speak to you in this essay about the Dignity of Man. The text which I take for consideration is from the words of Jesus which are these: "Ye are gods." These precious words are found in St. Thomas, 10, v. 34. But maybe it is necessary for you to know the passage which is in connection with these words, so I will present it to you in a few words.

Jesus was preaching to the Jews and saying, "I am the good shepherd. I am the Son of God and I am my Father and one."

At these words the Jews were angry and took up stones in order to stone him, but Jesus said unto them: "Many good works have I shewed you from my Father. For which of those works do ye stone me?" The Jews answered and said: "For a good word we stone thee not, but for blasphemy and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God."

Jesus said: "Is it not written in your law, 'I said Ye are gods'? If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be broken, say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest, because I said, I am the Son of God? If I do not the works of my Father believe me not."

This is the passage in connection with the words, "Ye are gods," which words we are going to consider.

It is not very difficult to see that the word god in ancient times was applied not only to the Creator, but also to a certain class of men. For instance we find in Exodus, 1, v. 1, that the Lord said unto Moses: "I have made thee a god to Pharaoh, and Aaron thy brother shall be thy prophet." And in 12, v. 12, the princes of Egypt are called gods, and in different parts of the old Testament the judges of Israel are also called gods, as we can see in Exodus 22, v. 28 and Psalm 82, v. 1 to 6. So from these texts we are able to infer that the word god does not always signify the Creator, but many times expresses only the high dignity of a man. The prophets and the judges were men of high morality, they were special men, and for their superior moral character and spiritual power were called gods in order to be distinguished from other men. Thus we see that in a relative and limited sense we have

many gods, and yet we can say with St. Paul that, though there be many that are called gods, whether in Heaven or on earth (as there be gods many, and lords many), but to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him.

Jesus himself was called God. St. Thomas said to Jesus one time, "my Lord and my God." Thom. 20, v. 28. And St. Paul speaking of Jesus says, "who is over all, God blessed for ever." Rom. 9, v. 5.

Of these passages and others which call Jesus god, I do not need to say that they are modern interpolations in the gospel, because the reason and study are sufficient to explain in which sense Jesus is God. If we study the Bible carefully we can see plainly that the word god when applied to a man only expresses his high dignity and his superior authority over others. In the case of Moses we can see plainly the superior power and moral authority over Pharaoh in regard to whom the Lord said to Moses, "I have made thee a God to Pharaoh."

The princes of Egypt by their moral and physical superiority over the common people were also called gods, and the judges, and specially the prophets to whom God spoke, God came, God said to them, "Ye are gods," but we cannot take these words in a literal sense, because in an absolute meaning there is but one God and that is the Creator of everything; but in a relative sense we can believe that Jesus is God, that is to say, in relation to us and to all men, because he is superior to us and to all men; his power and his moral superiority were unique, and for that reason he was and he is God over all, as St. Paul says.

The great error of the Orthodox people consists in this, that they take the word God applied to Jesus in a literal and absolute sense, and not as a title which expresses only his high dignity as the Son of God. Jesus is not the same God, the Father; this is plain in the whole New Testament. Let us see some few passages of the New Testament, and it will be apparent that Jesus is God by divine dignity, but not because he is the Creator or in other words the absolute God. Jesus said: "I and my Father are one," and this text plainly teaches us the close unity of Jesus with God his Father, but does not teach us that Jesus is the Father as the Orthodox people wrongly believe, but the absolute unity between Christ and the Creator, between the Son and the Father. Jesus himself explained this very clearly when he said, "The Father is in me, and I in him." Thom. 10, v. 38.

There was a perfect spiritual unity between Christ and God the Father, and so perfect that the spirit of Christ was identified with the spirit of God, and his moral character was a perfect reflection of the pure character of God, for this reason Jesus said: "He that seeth me seeth him that sent me." St. John 12, v. 45. He made reference not to his material man, but to his spiritual man in whom he was the perfect image of God.

St. Paul speaking of Jesus as the spiritual Son of God said: "He is the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature." Col. 1, v. 15. And in another passage, in regard to Jesus says: "Who being the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." Heb. 1, v. 3. So we see in these passages the high dignity of Christ, who is the true man, whose image we must bear, and whose image we will bear at last, because it is written that we shall bear the image of Jesus. 1 Cor. 15, vs. 45 to 49.

We cannot accept that Christ is God in an absolute sense, because there are many passages in the New Testament that it is impossible to understand except we admit that Jesus is the Son of God, and god only in a relative meaning. For instance: Jesus praying unto God said, "O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." John 17, v. 5. Here Jesus made a obvious distinction between himself and his Father and confessed that he was not God before the world was and he was in spirit with God, therefore the spirit of Christ is one and the spirit of God is another.

Other notable words of Jesus are these: "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father who sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say and what I should speak." John 12, v. 49. And these others, "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me." John 7, v. 16. But this is not all, because we see in the case of Jesus, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthi?" That is to say, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And Christ already risen and speaking to Mary said unto her, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." John 20, v. 17.

Now if Jesus in spirit is God himself, how can we understand these words of Jesus if it is possible to understand the words of Jesus if he was not the Son of God but God himself. The Orthodox people say that Jesus had two natures, one human and one divine. This is true in every man, but this does not explain the Holy Trinity. It only teaches us the high dignity of man over all the animals of the world. Every one of us has two natures, one human and one divine. In regard to our material body, we are dust, we are animals, we are human, but in regard to our spiritual nature, we are immortals, we are divine and in this sense we are gods. This is plain because our soul came from God and God is spirit, hence our soul is spiritual. God is divine, hence our soul is divine, and if we are divine then we are gods, because we are sons of God. As sons of man we are men by natural law, because our father is a man; but as sons of God we are gods by spiritual law, because our Father is God. We cannot be otherwise. So we are human and we are divine. We are men and we are gods.

In regard to our material body, which came from man, we are human, in regard to our spiritual being which came from God, we are divine, therefore if Moses and the prophets were called gods for their power and moral dignity over others, we recognize that we are gods not only because of our superiority over the irrational animals of the world, but because we know now that we are sons of God, and heirs of his Divine Nature. For this very reason St. Paul says that we are the offspring of God and we ought not to think other things. See Acts 17, vs. 28 to 29.

Did you ever dream that your soul is of the same nature of God? Perhaps not and yet it is a plain teaching of the Bible that we are sons of God and heirs of his Divine Nature. Our souls come directly from God and cannot be but spiritual and divine. But here is a question, if we are sons of God as Jesus was, why are we not as pure and as powerful as Jesus was? The answer is this: because our spiritual and divine nature is not as much developed as his, we do not come from man, we are human, in reach the high degree of perfection he did. But we will be as pure and powerful as Jesus, because that will be our end. All of us will come to be as he is, and the day will come when we will be identified with him to be one with him as he is one with God. This is possible because we are of the same nature of God and only we need to reach the last step of our perfection in order to be one with Jesus and God. "Ye are gods," says the Bible and we must answer yes, we are gods because we are divine beings.

This is a true doctrine plainly told in the Holy Scriptures, and yet perhaps some who read this essay will condemn me as a blasphemer and heretic, only because they do not understand the Scriptures in the right way and do not appreciate man in his high and spiritual character; but we are divine.

When we read the works of Dante or Shakespeare or any great poet, we admire their wonderful power, their bright imagination, their natural talent for writing and we say: "These men cannot be only material machines as materialism teaches us; these men must be something higher than that, they must be more than merely physical human beings." A material combination of little nerves in the brain cannot produce the divine ideas expressed by men of genius who have reached a higher step in intellectual power and wisdom. We cannot conceive how the great works of men can be done unless we admit that man is divine by spiritual nature, not because he is only a rational being as materialism says, but because man is the king of the creation, who crowns the works of God the Creator, and because man is more than a rational being, more than a material machine. You may ask: Why cannot every one of us write as well as others do? Because of different degrees of perfection. Some are more perfect than others not only in their physical condition but in their moral and spiritual condition. Here is the cause, and yet every one of us will be able to write and speak as well as another and better, because of the law of progress and evolution. One life may not be sufficient, but it is no matter, because we are immortals, our spiritual self will survive forever and so we have the eternity in order to go on and to learn and to be as wise and happy as others have been in the past. This is a wider hope than any other, and happy is he who believes in it.

St. Paul says: "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." 1 Cor. 15, v. 19. And this is true, and for this reason I pity the man who believes that this material life is the only one to enjoy, and afterwards there is nothing. I pity also the man who believes in the eternal condemnation of the soul, because he has no hope beyond this world for those who could not reach in this human life the faith, purity and righteousness required to be happy in the next world. He believes in the everlasting punishment, taking the word everlasting in a literal sense, but there is no such thing as that, as we know now that the word everlasting and eternal are words that must be understood in a limited sense, meaning only a long period of time, indefinite, but not without end.

Now going back to my principal subject, I would say that the old nations of the world, especially Greece and Rome, gave the name of gods to men who were notable for their deeds, and who possessed wisdom and power uncommon to an ordinary man; for this reason we find the history of such nations full of gods and demi-gods; and the Mythologia, which is the science or knowledge of the fables, tell us of the innumerable gods and demi-gods, who were adored by the people, and of course thousands of them were entirely fictitious, but many were really men who lived, and by their heroic works achieved the name of gods, a word which expressed their superiority over the other men; besides they were called immortals and divine, and for me a spiritual and divine being, and a god in a relative sense, mean the same.

The error, then, of the heathen nations is not to recognize many gods, but to adore them as we must adore the absolute and highest God who is the Creator. We recognize one absolute God and only one God, as the Bible says, in spirit and truth, but at the same time we must recognize the inward dignity of man, the high spiritual nature of him, by which he was made little lower than the angels. Moreover, when we consider the capabilities of man and see the progress of science through the intelligence and effort of men, we see the great difference between man as a spiritual and divine being, and other creatures of the world. We see, also, that man is not a special being only for his organic constitution, but because of his capabilities of progress and invention. We admire, it is true, the works of the irrational animals; for instance, the marvelous construction of a nest, the web or net of a spider and the work of beavers, but what is this in comparison with the wonderful machines of all kind which have been invented by men, and the beautiful palaces which they have constructed? Nothing to be compared, and what is the reason? The reason is, because man is much more than an irrational animal and his faculties are many and his capabilities of progress and invention. For this man can reach and search the heavens by his inventions and see that in the Universe there are other worlds ready to be inhabited for us after this material life. We can go there and live there, because we are divine and as such spiritual beings and immortals. The doctrine of Spiritualism, revealed to us the existence of the plurality of inhabited worlds, and Jesus spoke of such worlds when he said: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." John 14, v. 2.

The house of God is the Universe and the mansions are the worlds. Will we go there? Certainly we will go because they are mansions for us to live in. When? As soon as we die? Yes, unless we are so imperfect that we have to stay around this world instead of going up to inhabit a new world, but even around this world we will have opportunity to learn and to improve our spiritual and divine nature.

I am not a Spiritualist and need not be in order to believe that the worlds which move in infinite space are mansions where live millions and millions of rational beings as we are, and that those mansions shall be different stations for us to stay for a certain period of time or different schools to learn something in our eternal march of progress.

It is irrational to believe that those worlds which are greater than this, are empty of spiritual beings. To believe that this small world is the only place to have a very narrow conception of the creation of God. The old idea is that only the earth is inhabited by human beings, and the hell and the heaven inhabited by spirits; but we know now that there are many heavens and no hell as a place full of fire. Hell is the unhappy state of the souls who have not yet reached the purity and perfect happiness of the sons of God; hell is spiritual unequilibrium, restlessness of the soul, and has to be overpressed with many troubles whether in this world or in the world to come.

We must go to some place after death, whether to the infinite space which is the spiritual world, or to any material world; but the place is not in a moral sense hell or heaven, but the condition of our souls. Heaven as a place full of angels with a very old gentleman seated on a white throne is only a story, as well as hell as a place of fire, is another allegory which must not be taken in a literal sense. Both are allegories and not realities. God, as an old person, is a fantastic personality as well as Satan, as an angel with horns, is another fantastic personality who must not be taken in a literal sense. Everybody speaks of Santa Claus as a reality, and yet everybody knows that it is not so.

In the same way the Bible speaks of God as an old person and the Catholic church speaks of Satan as an old man with horns, and yet now we know that God is spirit, an infinite spiritual power and has not the form of a man, and that Satan is the spirit controlling of this world, or in other words, as Jesus said, the prince of this world (see St. John 12, v. 31), but without horns and tail.

The Bible then must be understood in a spiritual sense and not in a material meaning. You may say then, Does the Bible deceive us? Yes, I would say, if we take it in a literal sense; but then the fault is not in the Bible, but in us, because we take literally what we must take in a spiritual sense. In this consist the errors of the Catholic church and of some Protestant churches, because they interpret the Holy Scriptures in a wrong way.

But you may say, no, I do not believe that because I believe that there is a place full of angels with God seated on a white throne and I believe that I must go there. Well you may believe that, but you will be disappointed, because there is no such place; there are only worlds more or less perfect and the best spirits live in the best worlds and the evil spirits in the most imperfect worlds till they become better. God in His mercy sends good souls to them to lift them up, to save their souls, just as He sent Jesus to this world to save and lift up this human and divine race. You may say that Jesus spoke of Heaven and Hell and I say yes, but Jesus spoke in parables and we must not take his words literally.

The words of Jesus are symbolical and the interpretation of his words ought to be spiritual. Then Heaven, I say again, is not a special place. Heaven is happiness, harmony and love, is the progress of righteousness and peace in the Holy Ghost, it is the harmony with God and to be free from all evil. We could say that every higher and more perfect world is a heaven in relation to this world in which we live, but Heaven in a moral and spiritual sense, is the perfect happiness of the souls who are in perfect harmony with God, happy end of every soul, because all of us in time shall be saved and will reach such perfection.

The doctrine that only by faith in Jesus one soul can be saved is misunderstood; if it were not so, the millions and millions of heathen who die without faith would go to hell forever, which would be too cruel for a good God, as it is our Father. St. Paul says that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted by him. See Acts 10, vs. 34 and 35. Therefore salvation can be obtained in other ways, as St. James says not only by faith in Jesus, but by faith in God and works. St. James 3, v. 24. Consequently any soul that becomes better through Christianity or through other religions passes on to a better life.

There are many passages in the Scriptures to prove that every soul will be saved. In a special essay I will treat this subject fully, but now I will call the attention only to the words of Jesus which are these: "If I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." St. John 12, v. 32.

I love the Universalist church for this doctrine, because its teachings are in conformity with the mercy and power of God; to believe that our souls are in danger of going to hell for all eternity is a very gloomy doctrine and incompatible with the power and wisdom of God, and indefensible by the Scriptures, if they are understood in a right way. We are one and God is our Father and His children cannot be lost forever. So, let us have a better conception of God, of ourselves and of the life to come. Let us believe that we are divine, and no matter whether a man is low and imperfect or wicked because in him there is the principle of progress, and he will become good in time.

We see in the world many men who, in their intellectual and moral progress are very low in the scale of spiritual perfection, but those who will be better and better by the impulse of their moral and spiritual progress. Perhaps a man may grow worse in this present life, but in the next will have better resolution as a result of the sorrow endured by him in this and in the other world for his bad doings. The justice of God is inflexible, but at the same time He is merciful; He will recompense each one according to his deeds. He will give opportunity to each one to go forth and to obtain the eternal bliss of the sons of God. Therefore my faith is that every one of us must go to Heaven. I mean by this that every one of us must be happy some day, and high spirits, living in the highest spheres of the universe, because we are divine as sons of God, and divine beings cannot be lost forever or tormented forever, but to enjoy forever a perfect and happy life in perfect and beautiful worlds.

[Note.—Persons interested in this work may send some help to the writer of this essay, Evaristo Hurtado, 46 Chandler St., Boston, Mass.]

Freaks of Clocks.

There is an old saw which declares that "when clocks go crazy, things go bad."

At 2 a. m. on Sept. 27, 1889, the world famous clock in the great cathedral at Strasbourg commenced to chime without rhyme or reason. It sounded 1,870 peals, then stopped, and after an interval slowly began to toll as if for a great end.

The political atmosphere of Europe at that time was indicative of profound peace. Nothing of danger or disgrace could by any possibility be conceived as threatening Strasbourg or its inhabitants. Yet less than a year afterward the German armies had encircled the city with a ring of steel and fire. The German shells were falling thickly in her streets and squares and exploding even within the precincts of the stately cathedral itself. And precisely at 2 a. m. Sept. 27, 1870, General Urich signed the capitulation which was to deliver Strasbourg into the hands of the invaders.

In the house of lords is a certain historical timepiece which is said to invariably suffer from temporary aberration whenever a member of the royal family of Britain passes away. The peculiarity was first noticed when William IV died. Very early in the morning the clock began to emit a series of peculiar gurgling noises, as though gasping for breath, went suddenly slow and finally stopped altogether. All efforts to start it failed, and on the evening of the day of the funeral it restarted of its own accord, nor did it give any further trouble whatever for many years afterward.

It has over and over again been noticed that clocks, especially those situated in the towers of high buildings, having unusually deep foundations, are liable to go wrong in sympathy with seismic disturbances happening in districts sometimes very far away.

On Nov. 1, 1755, for instance, fully half the timepieces in Edinburgh were affected. Many stopped altogether. Others went slow or fast or started striking wrongly. In this the superstitious saw some calamity impending, and it was not until news arrived of the great Lisbon earthquake that the alarm was allayed. It was then discovered, by comparing times and dates, that the first shock must have traveled from Fex in Morocco to Cape Wrath in less than eight seconds.

A curious coincidence was then recalled. On the evening of April 7, exactly five years previously, several thousands of persons, particularly those of rank and fortune, had camped out in Hyde Park, and had thus passed the hours from dusk till daylight.

This was to avoid an earthquake shock which had been predicted for the early morning of the 8th by an alleged "madman." The threatened quake, however, failed to materialize, and the scared ones got heartily laughed at. The next morning, however, it was noted at the time that several of the public and private clocks of the metropolis stopped at precisely the same moment on the morning in question, and this fact at once took on a new and sinister significance.

"Was it possible," people began to ask, "that the so-called 'madman' was not so very

'mad' after all and that London had providentially escaped what might possibly have been a hideous and unparalleled catastrophe?"

The so-called "madness" of Mechlins clock constitutes one of the most mysterious incidents of the Napoleonic wars. It happened in 1806. Two years previously the Corsican usurper had razed a portion of the city to the ground, and the place had also suffered severely in other ways. But the magnificent cathedral had been spared, and then, as now, its massive tower rising four square to a height of more than 200 feet and bearing four dials, each forty-eight feet in diameter, was one of the most striking landmarks for miles and miles around.

Inside the tower was the gigantic clock, the biggest in the world. It had boomed the hours for longer than the oldest burglar could remember and had never gone wrong. When, therefore, in the early dawn of one summer day the great bell began clanging furiously, small wonder that not only the city, but the whole countryside, was roused. Mechlins itself was like a disturbed hive, men rushing from their houses half-dressed, but all armed, while from every town and village within a radius of twenty miles angry peasants poured out cityward.

It was a false alarm, however, after all. No assault followed. No column of dust on the horizon heralded the advance of the enemy, although anxious eyes watched all day. But when toward evening one more curious than his fellows bethought him to examine the interior of the clock tower in order to discover if possible the reason for the clock's strange behavior, a gruesome sight met his view.

Entangled in the massive works of the huge timepiece, torn, gnashed, every bone broken, was the body of a French officer. He had evidently climbed into the tower unobserved and had been caught by the machinery while engaged in tampering with it. What his object was in so doing none ever knew. That it was something sinister there could be no doubt. Probably he had intended to so arrange the interior mechanism of the clock as to cause it to sound a signal later in the day. At all events, whatever his plan, it miscarried. And he himself fell a victim to his own temerity and want of knowledge.

Dots and Dimples from Lily Dale.

Seeing no word from Mrs. J. E. Hyde in the Banner relative to the last days of camp for 1903, I offer a few pointers. As I was not there until within the last half of the season, and then not to stay until the last week, I cannot testify of the first half, except I heard a good deal of gossip about it, and many expressions of disappointment from various causes.

Several speakers that were on the program failed to materialize, notably W. F. Jamison, Morgan Wood and Will J. Erwood. Mayor of Toledo did not appear on the day advertised and the program was changed to a Symposium, but he came for Sunday to fill a vacancy. These disappointments, of course, were not the fault of the management who had engaged the speakers, in good faith, and such things have happened before; though I do not recall a season that had so many failures of this kind. But the absence of Rev. Morgan Wood—due as was said to sickness—was a Godsend to the camp, for it gave us a chance to hear the masterly orator and spiritual reasoner, A. C. Ferguson, who with the light of his genius, and made the spirit world seem very near. He dwelt upon the value of the old landmarks, and urged the need of standing by the old truths in presence of all the bewildering fancies of the new day. It was a rich, rare treat.

Sometimes a failure is a blessing. I fancy an audience wrestling with a severe boring from an incompetent, or very tame, uninspired, speaker, wishing in their weariness that they might see—but being detained at home by some special Providence, or generous fate, and spared them the painful ordeal.

Prof. Wm. Lockwood is always loaded, especially when Theology gets in his way, or any superstition challenges science. He may seem a little severe, if not sacrilegious, in his dealings with the gods; but we can forgive him when we realize the great work he is doing to educate all classes in the fundamental principles of science, and helping us to interpret Nature and spiritual experiences from enduring premises and rational thinking. If he cannot quite follow us in our flights of fancy, and understand the logic of metaphysics and reincarnation, he can analyze the physical basis of life, and the spiritual correspondencies in the molecular rhythm of Nature, and show the practical bearings of science on the problems of life and the utilities of being.

THE BANNER DAY.

of the season, as I see it, was the 23d of August, when Prof. Harrison D. Barrett and Rev. B. F. Austin gave the vast audiences that listened with rapt attention, the light and logic and the divine reason of modern Spiritualism in glowing words and inspiring power. Prof. Barrett showed the wear and weariness that his painful experience has wrought, and one would hardly expect him to speak with such force and logical impressiveness. But he did both, and gave us one of the most masterly addresses of his life. He dwelt on the scientific aspects of the times, the advancing thought from rocks to reason, from inertia to life, from darkness to dawn, and gave to every sentence the glow of his genius, and the magic of spiritual truth. It was a gem from start to finish. Brother Austin was equally felicitous in his portrayal of gospel, light and the religion of love and experience. It was beautifully fitted to the vast audience that drank his words as if they were the elixir of life, and so they were, to those who shivered in the cold gloom of doubt and dismal theology.

Margaret Gaule was especially felicitous in her work as test medium, and later Mrs. Coffman followed in several interesting sequences, much after the style of Brother Wiggins' mind-film test.

Mr. Patterson covered a large territory in his Sunday speech, following Prof. Lockwood, and no Spiritualist is likely to criticize it. But these new speakers that are selected to vary and broaden the character of camp work and give us something new, seldom, if ever, add a new thought, or a very striking significance to old thoughts for an up to date spiritual audience.

We frequently hear more new, deep and radically inspiring thought in an hour from a first class inspirational speaker, or a thoroughly qualified scientific student of occult problems from the basis of natural science, than we get in a whole season from those who are supposed to be in the vanguard, but who have not been familiar with the educational workings of Spiritualism and the genius of its resources. Nevertheless, it is well to hear all phases of human thought, and all kinds of speakers, and Mr. Patterson is fully up to any of his predecessors who have spoken at Lily Dale, who were not claimed as Spiritualists. He urged the fraternity of all classes in a brotherhood cemented by love, charity and justice, and interpreted Christianity in the same light. He admitted, I was told, that the new thought which he supposed he had for us was, he had discovered old thought to Spiritualists. But good thoughts and wholesome truths are always in order, always valuable, and in their application, always new.

Friday, the 28th, Pennsylvania day was dark and stormy. In fact, a whole week was dismal without, and somewhat obscured the light within. But O. L. Stevens of Pittsburg

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Spiritualism, What Is It?

Spiritualism is the opposite of materialism and stands for the real and permanent things of being rather than the seeming and transitory. It manifests itself in four ways to the consciousness of mankind. It presents phenomena, science, philosophy and religion for the calm, considerate study of all cosmologists. As physical phenomena are the instruments used by physicists in seeking for an explanation of the universe, so are psychical phenomena the instruments used by the students of psychism to find the explanation for all processes of mentation. Phenomena, then, are only helps to an understanding of the problem of the cosmos or of life. Spiritualists have all too often made them the end itself rather than the means to the end and have thereby confused the mind of the student. Spiritualism is no more composed of phenomena solely than is a wagon composed solely of the tires to its wheels.

Given a phenomenon; it is a challenge to man's attention requiring of him an explanation. The geologist has handed the phenomenon of the stone; he analyzes it, classifies it, and tells, so far as he is able, of its origin in the form he found it. He reasons upon this analysis and finds the relation existing between it and the analyses he gives to other phenomena of like character. When a certain number of experiments has resulted in producing the same conditions, he is justified in assuming that certain causes will always be followed by certain effects. He declares this premise established and builds upon it the science of geology. Science is knowledge gained by experimentation or demonstration. Upon the demonstrations of any science man is led to reason until he finds an explanation for all phenomena in the physical world. This he terms philosophy, or as some call it, reasoned truth. Through his search for explanations, he is led step by step into the domain of religion in search of the First Great Cause.

Spiritualism is perhaps no exception to this rule. A psychic phenomenon challenges attention and requires an explanation. It should be analyzed, classified and its true character determined. The analysis of a psychic phenomenon proves that it is caused by intelligence; that that intelligence is outside of the human form; that it possesses memory, volition and energy. All phenomena of like character are proved to possess the same constituents and that their union proves that intelligent entities or human beings have survived the change called death. The relating of these facts one to another in orderly form gives the science of Spiritualism. By

reasoning upon these relationships the philosophy of our movement is evolved. That philosophy leads man to seek for truth in every field of research by ascertaining first-hand an explanation for every process of mentation and physical organism.

This explanation he finds only in life and life can only be caused by life. This takes him into the realm of religion where he finds Infinite Life predicated as the First Cause of all existing things and Infinite Intelligence as the motive power behind all intelligence. Therefore the Spiritualist is necessarily a Theist, and, being a Theist, he recognizes the soul of man as the real man. The soul man, being endowed with intelligence, must be an emanation from Infinite Intelligence, and being a part of Infinite Intelligence, must necessarily be as immortal as its source. He finds, therefore, that this is a spiritual universe presided over by a spiritual power, Infinite, Omnipotent and Omniscient. Spiritualism, through its phenomena, science, philosophy and religion gives him this demonstration, and it is to him his soul's medium of expression in earth life. Its phenomena challenge attention and give him the facts upon which to build his science; its science with its demonstrations of co-related facts forces him to seek an explanation through reason; thus he finds its philosophy; through its philosophy, its reasoned truth, he is led back to the Great Primal Cause—to God.

Cui Bono?

This question is often asked by those who know nothing of Spiritualism, generally with a curl of the lip and a perceptible sneer upon the face. Spiritualists usually meet this query promptly with the counter-question, "Of what good is any religion?" Of course, the opponents of Spiritualism begin to expatiate upon the moral impress of the teachings of their church and seek to parry every reference to the fact that there is any parallel between their religion and that of Spiritualism. The value of any religion is shown in the lives and characters of those who profess to follow it. If a Christian church has no fruits to its credit after years of propaganda; the value of its teachings is certainly open to question. This is true in precisely the same degree in regard to the teachings of Spiritualism. Are there any fruits to its credit after these many years of promulgation of its principles? Do the lives and characters of its followers show any improvement, any higher standard of excellence, when contrasted with those of other forms of faith?

We hold that it may be safely claimed that Spiritualism has had an influence for good upon thousands of lives and that its teachings have placed a higher morality before the minds of many thousands more. We do not hold that all has been accomplished that should have been wrought through these years of devoted service on the part of our platform speakers, nor can it be said that thousands of those who have accepted Spiritualism have grasped its real meaning. Many of them have mistaken the liberty it gave them for license and have rushed off into the wildest excesses for which our movement has been held responsible by all who know nothing of the real principles underlying it. This is true of the followers of every religion that has made its appearance in the world, especially during its formative period, hence Spiritualism is not alone in having "black sheep" within its fold. There is this difference between Spiritualism and other religions: Spiritualism gives its "black sheep" a chance to reform and helps them to do so, while the average Christian church either sends its hypocrites to heaven with a through ticket labeled church membership or casts them out into outer darkness to wall and weep through all eternity.

While the giving of an erring human being another chance to resurrect the soul life from its lethargic sleep, is certainly a "good" that can be placed to the credit of Spiritualism, it is by no means the final goal of its aim. Nor is the communion with the spirit world in itself that goal; neither is the demonstration of life beyond the grave the finality in proving the good of Spiritualism to the world. These things are aids to humanity in the struggle toward the end in question, but there must be other things brought to bear upon human life through Spiritualism ere its highest good and chiefest blessing can be made known to a sorrow-burdened world. The thoughts, words and actions, in fact, the entire conduct of humanity must be freed from all impurity and imperfection through the recognition of some higher law than has thus far been made known to mankind. Spiritualists affirm the law of consequences and offer abundance of evidence to prove that it is ever affecting all human beings whether they recognize it or not.

When consciously recognized, this law of consequences becomes an "all-compelling-must" to purer thinking and nobler living on the part of all who accept it. Those Spiritualists who know nothing about it or merely give it a passing reference are responsible for the frequent recurrence of the question that stands at the head of this article. Did they know that the eyes of a loving father or mother, wife or child, were or could be ever upon them, through which their every secret thought and act would be made known to some loved one in the spirit life, thereby causing extreme suffering and sorrow, they would willingly refrain from every form of wrong doing. Of course, exorcise beings through soul consciousness are brought into touch with their loved ones on earth rather than through the mediumship of the eye, but these soul perceptions are keen and mortals who recognize the fact would hesitate long before they would do anything to offend or shadow upon their loved ones in the higher life.

But Spiritualists cannot prate loudly of their "higher good" until they can show to the world a well ordered house. They need not wonder that the world continues to ask "of what good is it" so long as gossip, scandal, slander, malice and vituperation are indulged in by its followers. Just so long as Spiritualists meet one another or their fellowmen of any denomination with a seemingly, sincere smile and a warm

hand clasp, yet have only hatred and bitterness for those whom they thus greet, just so long has the world a right to curl the lip and to indulge in the sneer at our expense. It is neither spiritual nor religious, as we understand those terms, for mortals to indulge in abuse of any kind. Our platform workers, in some instances at least, and many of our psychics, have frequently descended to the low level of mud slinging and vilification of one another, yet when brought face to face, have assumed to be warm hearted friends of those whom they have cruelly abused behind their backs.

It may be spiritual to do these things, but we fail to perceive any spirituality in such actions. Spiritualism and its angel ministers may not be to blame for these frailties on the part of some of the Spiritualists on earth, but it is very evident that a higher order of mortals must be evolved ere the real beauty and purity of Spiritualism can be proclaimed to all of the people of the globe. There is good in the thought of continued existence beyond the tomb; there is also great good in the knowledge that we can communicate with our loved ones in the realm of the invisible: there is comfort in the knowledge that the grave has been conquered and that the light of love has turned death's dark mantle into a robe of luminous whiteness, but, unless these truths are built into better lives, cleaner thinking, truer acting, we shall have to look for a religion that will be high enough, broad enough, and deep enough to thus influence its followers.

We never heard any Christian minister or members of any church abuse the Spiritualists even in their wildest humors of momentary rage and excitement with one-half of the vehemence and cruelty that Spiritualists have abused one another. Is it any wonder that peace-loving, kindly-hearted, tender-souled people hold themselves aloof from Spiritualism while such conditions are to be found extant under its name? Spiritualists, is your Spiritualism of any value to you? Do you consider it a power for good in your lives? If it is, if you do, then see to it that the law of consequences is more generally proclaimed, more widely recognized among you. Be tender in thought when called upon to deal with any one of your brethren or fellow men who has made a mistake; be kind in your treatment of all with whom you associate and give them a truer example of manhood through the good deeds you do for them without the hope of reward; be sincere in all of your utterances upon all questions pertaining to the welfare of humanity; be just in your judgments when dealing with the weaknesses and seeming errors of humanity; be forgiving when you fancy you have been injured through the errors of your brothers; be loyal to the truth and an outspoken defender of its principles at all times and in all places when honor is at stake; then when you have done all of these things no one in the world, either among Spiritualists or among Christians can or will ask the question "of what good is it?" In referring to Spiritualism, for its good will be perceived in a glorified humanity through the spiritualized Spiritualists who have become exemplars to humanity.

The crow, the buzzard and the vulture differ in their feasts upon the carrion that befores the earth and seem to take special pleasure in filth. Some of these have evidently become embodied in the human form, for there are those who walk on two feet who take delight in uncovering the carrion of human frailty and in filling their stomachs with its decaying flesh as well as their mental nostrils with its fearful odors. A few of these crows, buzzards and vultures are to be found among the Spiritualists.

Victories.

A great general in writing a report of a battle said, "We won a great victory," thereby making his soldiers equal partners in his glory. In writing of a subsequent battle to his government in which his army had suffered a great reverse he said, "I lost the battle." This man was truly an exemplar of the noblest manhood to all the world. It is no wonder that his soldiers idolized him and that they were ready to rush into certain death if he willed them so to do. He would gladly remove the odium of defeat from their shoulders and carry it alone, yet extend to them equal honor with himself in winning a victory. It is, perhaps, true that he was at fault in planning the battle that was lost and equally true that his soldiers did as much and even more than did he in winning the victory. The general's greatness of soul was manifest in his recognition of the fact and his tactful acknowledgment of it. Very few persons who wear the human form are great enough in soul to do this; being deficient in moral courage. They are eager to accept all of the honors, but are more than eager to cast the opprobrium of failure upon others.

The true Spiritualist is or should be like unto the general of whom we have spoken. He will give others a share in his glory and willingly bear the burden of trouble, illness and despair rather than cause misery to anyone of his fellowmen. Such a man is a non-resistant, for he realizes that every injury he does to another reacts upon himself and that every attempt at self aggrandizement, at the expense of others, is a blow against his own soul. He therefore seeks neither the emoluments of riches nor the empty honors of earth. He aims rather to stimulate his associates to nobler living through a noble life on his own part and to show all of his neighbors a better way to the hill tops of being through kindly words and godly deeds. Modesty, sobriety and industry are his chief characteristics and they become the same to all of his associates through the law of attraction. His energy is vitalized by spiritual while his thoughts are ennobled by pure, unselfish love. When a man rises above his love of self he becomes a savior to his race. All Buddhas were not born in the Orient; thousands of them walk the earth today unknown to fame, yet are the burden bearers, the care-takers and spiritual helpers of their fellow citizens. There are "mute, inglorious

Miltons" in nearly every community, as well as philosophers, seers, sages and prophets. These unknown helpers are the means by which thousands of God's children find their way into the highlands of truth.

They are the great generals in society, in town and hamlet where they dwell and find their greatest joy in living and doing for others. They write their reports of moral victories won through the law of kindness and purity of thought, modestly placing themselves in the background and generously ascribing all of the honors to their associates. They speak of their defeats as their own personal blunders, yet seek to make them stepping stones to higher and yet higher things. They prove to the world that the victories of peace are not less renowned than those of war and that they are far more to be desired by the denizens of earth. If Spiritualism had more of these modest, retiring and willing generals, it would have far more victories to its credit.

A NOCTURNE.

I have been an acolyte
In the service of the Night;
Subtle increase I have learned
Songs of silence, I have earned.
Spirit uttered antiphon
That from aisle to aisle doth run
Through the deep cathedral wood.
There she blessed me as I stood,
There, or in her courts that lie
Open to the gemmed sky.
Me with starlight she hath crowned,
And with purple wrapped me round,
Darkling purple, strangely wrought
By the servants of her thought.

Mortal, whoso'er thou art
That dost bear a fevered heart
Hither come and healed be:
Night such grace will show to thee,
Thou shalt tread the dewy stubble
Stranger to all fret and trouble,
While bright Hesper leans from Heaven
Through the soft, dove-colored even,
While the grass-bird calteth peace
On the fields that have release
From the sickle and the rake.
Happy woe! thou shalt take
The rich breath of blossomed maize,
As the moist wind smoothly plays
With its misty silks and plumes.
Thou shalt peer through tangled glooms,
Where the fruited brier rose
Fragrance on thy pathway throws,
And the firefly bears a link;
Where swart bramble berries drink
Spiced dew, and shall be sweet,
Kindened by tomorrow's heat;
Still, wherever thou dost pass
Chimes the cricket in the grass;
And the plover's note is heard,
Moonlight's wild, enchanted bird,
Flitting wakeful and forlorn,
Round the meadows lately shorn.

Wilt thou come and healed be
Of the wounds Day gave to thee?
Come and dwell, an acolyte
Of the deep-browed, holy Night.
—Edith Thomas.

Darkness.

Darkness is a name for the absence of light.

Light is life or activity.
Darkness is its absence, and this is repose.
Self, not knowing the law of Spirit, and not having faith, cannot repose or rest in darkness. Therefore there is no rest for Self. When one has faith in light he will not dread darkness but welcome it as he does the light.

Everything has its periods of light and darkness—activity and repose, action and the absence of action.

The object for having repose or darkness is to generate action or life. Self not having faith in Spirit either in its action or repose, can never generate the power of action, therefore he cannot act. This causes the absolute necessity for "faith."

No one can have Life without faith; no one can repose without faith.

You must have faith in Spirit to such an extent that you believe that Spirit does all things and that there is no opposing power to Spirit. Self believes that he exists outside of Spirit and that he may do wrong, therefore he cannot get into Life.

There is a Spirit in you that will welcome darkness, and enter repose when it comes, and really enjoys it as it enjoys the light as it appears and acts under it. As long as self-consciousness exists as a ruler in you, this Spirit cannot rule.

Self is in darkness most of the time. In fact Self is only in darkness and cannot be in the light at all; but he has periods of greater action or more nearly light at times than at other times. But I do not refer to his darkness but to the natural darkness of spirit in you, which is coming forth and beginning to make his presence felt by you.

Do I enjoy the periods of darkness? Yes, because I know Spirit is in the darkness as well as in the light; it is only Spirit under another form of existence.

I have been full of the action of life on the physical plane all day. Life came freely and my muscles responded gladly doing the bidding of my desire. The work of the day is done and the life is withdrawn and my muscles enter rest—repose. It is now dark to my physical body, which was subject to light—energy—life, all day. Do these muscles rest because they are not acted upon by life as they were during the day? No: they enter repose. Yet they are IN Life just the same but not in active Life.

What you now call darkness is largely due to your self-consciousness which does not have faith in Life. It causes you to be anxious. This in turn brings to you other conditions in your mind, body and surroundings. When you become alive to the true Spirit that is in you, you will have the faith of this Spirit and you will act when acted upon, and when the darkness comes you will enter repose and enjoy it.

The idea that the Life of Spirit is one of continual ecstasy, is not true, but it is constant enjoyment, either in action or repose, for faith is ever present and you know that all is as it should be and that Spirit rules all.

But Self will be anxious and fear, doubt and worry, until his time is fulfilled. Has he a time? Yes, and a purpose also, but it is not final.

Have Faith! HAVE FAITH! Oh beloved, and receive the Spirit that enjoys darkness as well as light.—Spirit Fruit, Lisbon, O.

Pen Flashes.

(Continued from Page 1.)

worlds, as explorations prove. Seven thousand, as well as two thousand years ago, spirits communicated with mortals, as is shown by hieroglyphics, arrow-head, Sanskrit and Hebrew characters, when interpreted. This fact is both old and new. The trances of Peter and Paul were doubtless the same in nature as those of J. J. Morse and F. A. Wiggins today, the laws of which are doubtless better understood, that's all. These phenomena were called miracles then; now they are called spiritual manifestations.

Why wrangle about words, when at best they are only symbols? Principles are abiding. To me the world is full of miracles and mysteries. This apple tree upon which I am now looking did the miracle business before my eyes last spring, when its saps and hidden juices, in defiance of the law of gravitation, went up from the roots through trunk and limb, ultimating in buds, blossoms and fruit.

I have seen two mediums rise up in violation of the law of gravitation and float in a subdued, yet fair light.

Open is my soul, and outstretched my arms to receive every new truth that is both new and true. But of all pretension in this line, others, as well as myself, must be their own judges. Popes, whether in earth or in spirit life, are neither toothsome nor tasty to 20th century thinkers.

Would it be wise to call an old plough a new one because some one had adopted a new method of holding it to turn a wider furrow? To call an old coat, just dyed, sponged and pressed, a new one, would in worldly parlance, be considered dishonest.

The "new Spiritualism," so-called, may be new to some, but certainly not to conscious, robust thinkers, students and savants. That portion of this writer's communication relating to a "miraculous God," "creation of spirits," "ghosts," "continuity of miracles," etc., I promise to give my attention to later; and will only add that I can conceive of no greater miracle than that of a few monkeys and orange several thousand years ago, leaping over the line of brutality into humanity, the father and mother oranges falling back into non-immortality, and their children going onward in the glorious march of eternal progression. This leap seems to me an astounding miracle, plus the rankest injustice.

Think of it! A father and a good, tender mother monkey begetting a child, body, soul, spirit, and then sinking back into the icy gloom of an eternal unconsciousness! What a theme for a child to contemplate, touching the loving parents that begot him. Positively, I cannot swallow such a monstrous miracle as this! Neither can I swallow the whole story of the Jonah legend.

In that finely bound book entitled, "The Next World Interviewed," published by the Progressive Thinker, and containing a large number of spirit communications from distinguished persons, through a very excellent writing medium, Mrs. S. G. Horn, I find this communication from the great African traveler, Dr. Livingstone:

"Having been informed by my spirit-guides (spirits have guides, or teachers) that gorillas possessed a species of soul, and were capable of a spiritual existence, I desired to visit their homes, which I did. I found them living in a region quite by themselves, in close proximity to earth's Africa. They were advanced a little beyond the animal, more like the barbarous tribes of Africa; very large in stature, and seeming to possess their intelligence principally through their intercourse with spirits. They live in huts, and subsist on fruits and grain, are especially friendly, and possessed with affectionate dispositions. I have been told that on earth they had a glimmer of their position and were unhappy in it." (Page 121.)

This passage from the spirit, Dr. Livingstone, might be adduced as proof that animals and insects are immortal, existing individualized in the spiritual world. What does Hudson Tuttle say to it?

A Legend of the East.

It is told in an Eastern legend that at one time there were no flowers in Heaven and the angels were commanded to visit the earth for the purpose of finding some. As they approached they saw none whatever. Here and there were scattered leaves which, upon being picked up, turned to ashes in their fingers. But an angel who had passed here before said: "Do not touch those leaves; they are evil thoughts that, when grasped by heavenly hands, become of the earth, earthly, but look in the hearts of true men for thoughts of kindness, gentleness and sincerity."

Then the angels sought into the hearts of kindly people and instantly the aspect of the earth was changed, for the thoughts found there became rose leaves and dropped into the angel hands ready to receive them.

When quantities of the leaves had been gathered they were brought to the throne of God, who commanded that they be changed into flowers. Instantly the angels clustered around the mass of rose leaves, upon each one shed a tear of pity for the human beings who err, and at once millions of beautiful roses appeared before the face of God.

Clifford's Inn, the oldest of London's Inns of Chancery, has been sold for \$500,000. In 1210 this building was the town house of Baron de Clifford. About the middle of that century it was let to students of law at an annual rental of \$50. In 1815 the Society of Clifford's Inn purchased the property of the Earl of Cumberland, a descendant of Baron de Clifford, for \$3,000, a covenant being drawn that the inn should keep its name forever, and should be used for the benefit of the gentlemen of the society and the good of the commonwealth. No new members have been admitted to the society since 1877, and now there are but fourteen.

FIDELITY AND PATIENCE.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
Not tasks in hours of night will
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Nor till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost rest in Nature's eye,
Ask, how she viewed thy self-control,
Thy struggle, tasked morality.
"Al, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,
It was the life of God in thine."

Matthew Arnold.

An Ostracized Subject.

Anne Knottlin Hinman.

"It is said that the railroad managers of Holland have found it impossible to man the switches with men who can be depended upon to let liquor alone, and have accordingly substituted women. Not an accident, it is said, has occurred since as a result of carelessness at the switch."

When we reflect that the German work, Almanach de Gotha, declares the population to have increased at the rate of about five millions per year since 1882, and when we learn, from the public press, of the seemingly increasing ravages of sin and degradation it is time for us to pause and look somewhat into the cause of this deplorable condition.

In this generation not only men but women must face truth. We cannot afford to remain weak and insipid. Such women are as worthy of contempt as effeminate men.

In some things women must be burden bearers and if they will learn something of the cause of evil they will find much of the power lies in their hands to turn the tide not only from their own sacred household but from many another perhaps unknown to them. O, that women might disabuse their minds of the shameful notion that they were simply created as pretty dolls to be decked with finery to dazzle some masculine eye, or to create envy in some sister plainer to the outward eye, perhaps, but many times with a soul perfectly radiant with the jewels of divine thought and impulse.

It seems to me, in this age of progress, that the wisest of us are sometimes acting blindly, or beginning at the wrong end to overcome an evil, that we are noting effects, and failing to look deep enough into causes to enable us to handle reasonably the victims of our so-called evils. Instead of looking upon the objects of lustful appetites as mentally and perhaps physically diseased we account them criminals, and treat them accordingly, forgetting that through the law of heredity they are in a measure responsible beings.

By what right do we assume the power to smother souls as we do, by precipitating them into places and conditions where a humdrum existence makes them stolid and inactive and stifles every God-like tendency in their natures? How much grander it would be to establish hospitals where efficient helpers might not only restrain, but guide the inmates to a higher plane of thought and feeling. Many times diversion and appliances to the weakened physical, might stimulate their threefold nature and in a measure restore them to an allegiance with Divine Laws.

I may be accounted a dreamer, but the faintest hope for better conditions will bear fruit, if not in this world, at least in the world to come.

The habits of intemperance are fearful to contemplate, but as long as man possesses the appetite, in so long will he be made to ache and bleed. If instead of waiting for our offspring to reach maturity, we would take them at birth and study their physical, not less, but their mental more, if we would think a little less of their outward presence, and a little more of their inward self, would teach them to be temperate in all things, to have a clear and noble conception of self-restraint, I believe we would, in a measure, help to rid the world of the evils which have fallen upon it. If we would no longer ostracize the subject, "the divinity of marriage," if we would teach our young that marriage is not a divine system simply because some have said it is so, that to make it divine husbands and wives must accord both in soul and body; in this event a grandly harmonious union will be the result and the outgrowth of this it will be a blessing upon future generations. If mothers would consider the unborn child as something holy, remembering that her thoughts and feelings are making or marring a nature that may prove a blessing or a curse to the universe then some evil will be overshadowed.

My eyes are wet with tears when I think of the reproduction of the lame, the halt, and the blind, the vicious and unseemly children, made so, many times, by a human hand that tried to prevent the birth of this young soul and yet, knowing this we continue to wonder why there is so much evil in the world not stopping to think that we and not a deity are bringing it into the world. Believing, as many do in the tangibility of thought it is easily understood how, many times, through these same thoughts continually thrown off creating an atmosphere that is tainted, low appetites are magnified and sometimes even created. Many of our offspring are born of unhappy wedlock and propagated in rancor, bitterness and hate, look about you and prove the truth of my words while I thank God that I have only added a drop in the bucket I have helped to swell the truth.

He just in spite of preconceived opinions. "Inward life is made up of the mist cast from the ocean of material existence," and knowing this let us strive for justice, truth, duty, love and loyalty to equip the individual spirit for an exalted state. Too long has man looked outward for truth and its revelations, henceforth let us look inward and upward for help, and backward, through the law of heredity for some of the causes of evil.

The men and women who have the noblest conception of life reverence the body, not as a thing upon which to hang raw gaws as the temporary home of the spirit. They regard the "I am" as king, the body as the realm and accordingly endeavor to make it a pure and fitting receptacle for the divine spark, which animates it, and many times, through their efforts to uplift their soul condition, they become soiled with disharmony. Such beings make their bodies subordinate to their souls. Their carnal appetites are simply indulged in to nourish the body and propagate the race; with this end in view intemperance of every form is guarded against, thereby proving that sin lies not in the use but the abuse of our appetites.

They account the smallest duty, even to the physical, worthy of notice, and although they guard their temple of the soul with a jealous eye they maintain such a concept of divine laws that they never become subservient to the flesh. No desire power will ever teach us how to subvert evil except as we come into direct rapport with truth by uplifting ourselves above a plane of selfish existence into that spiritual altitude where we can become infused with the spirit of divine

laws that govern mind and matter, and then with our thoughts and deeds based upon a divine purpose we shall be purified as by fire, shall come forth, sealed and delivered from evil, and the conditions of future generations will redound to our glory.

Chicago has introduced Bands of Mercy into her public schools, other cities are considering the same question, and when we see the crowds of small desperadoes with which our cities are overrun we can be thankful that there is a prospect of nipping the budding evil.

When we assume to labor for a truth may we never fetter our efforts by the conceit that we are greater than the work in hand, and let us remember that reviling an offender does not better his condition, and that even the silent condemnation is a potent force which may hinder a spiritual unfoldment. One of the foes to upward growth is self-love in fact every form of sin is born of this weakness, dishonesty, violence, outrage, fraud and sundry other vices. All violation of Divine Law is prompted by self love. The work houses, jails and gibbets are peopled by it.

"Every sin carries its penalty upon its back and we cannot escape it."

No good, no evil can die without its fruit.

"It is the province of religion to maintain the equipoise of the soul in matter."

"The life is more than meat and the body than raiment."

When I acknowledge the awful effects of evil, and know that the world of men and things ebbs and flows like the tides of the sea, I still know that if we could look down upon the vast procession of life, and note here and there humble forms emerging from apparent obscurity, filled with the Christ principle and climbing by slow and painful steps the ascent of progress, steadily but surely insuring for themselves, through their adherence to the principles of truth, a magnificent future, we would be awed into a silent homage, or into a fervid, eloquent verbal expression of our sincere appreciation of their meritorious efforts. In this present day we see the world in a turbulent state, and we almost fear we may be lost in the tide of corruption. The gloom seems to be deepening and the danger appears imminent, but behind the shadows is the sunlight, behind the danger is safety.

When we see all that constitutes the moral life; all that makes great hearts and noble bodies of men and women, when we see devotion, virtue and the passion for the good and true, we are inspired with fresh courage and a hope for better conditions in the years that follow. I believe we can, in a measure, invite or repel a moral condition for ourselves and others through our silent meditations. The wish, or aspiration for good is one form of prayer, and every prayer or aspiration meets with a response. "Our aspiration is an angel ascending the ladder to heaven, and inspiration is the divine messenger descending to us in answer to our aspiration."

Today with our feet set squarely upon broad Christ principles we have nothing to fear, and can say:

"Even in this great throng of pain called Life,
I find a rapture linked with each despair,
Well worth the prize of Anguish. I detect
More good than evil in humanity.
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes
And men grow better as the world grows old."

Was It the Same Woman?

Mary E. Blanchard.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MEETING.

Hour on hour went by and the rose of love leaping its flushed cheek on the rose of silence, whispered softly, "Hush." Fate, standing by the dead, looked down with wise kind eyes on the bowed sad figure of another mourner and watched and waited patiently the issue.

Hour on hour and Nina spoke no word and breathed no sigh; tearless she sat on, her bloodless face rising from the black folds of her drapery like Niobe's from which all hope had fled. Her only son, her all—his precious life poured out like water on desert sands—and no one cared. Life had no more to offer in shape of grief; she had reached the height of suffering and was dumb.

Through the hush that lay on the palace there came the silvery tone of a chiming clock telling the midnight hour, stroke on stroke, and then once more unbroken quiet reigned. Now came a stir, a sigh, and Nina, lifting her drooping head, saw standing between the drawn folds of a curtain, a vision that caught her gaze and held it fast. A vision of Linda in a splendor of white raiment, that drifted about her like a cloud of snow, that flaming band flashing above the elbow, that film of lace resting on the ripples of her hair, a red rose on her breast, the self-same garb she wore when Paul first loved her to his undoing, but her face was O how altered in expression! Then the eyes were proud, victorious, now they were dimmed with tears; the face that then was flushed with happy triumph was now drawn and as colorless as ashes; even her lips were white as she stood there in the drapery meeting that fixed regard in utter silence.

The woman by the form of her only child, saw in the songstress an enemy and a murderer; the other beheld in that frail being of silver hair the well-beloved mother of her lover. And so, as two sad spirits, meeting astray and alone in the shades, might gaze across some seething gulf of flame, they stood at gaze.

At length Linda moved slowly forward and as she did so Nina, her hands clenched together and pressed against her breast, as though she would drive into it a dagger, seemed holding her with those eyes of speechless hate, that blazed with fury in her ashen face—a dead face with living, angry eyes. Linda shuddered, and throwing out her hands, said with a piteous cry, "O madam, madam, this is a time of sorrow for us both."

Said Nina, coldly, "Leave me with my dead."

As she spoke Linda started and looked at her with a fixed and eager scrutiny, a look in which surprise seemed mixed with puzzled questioning. "Before," she said, mutely, "we have met before—in the far past it may be."

The animosity died out of Nina's face; the lines about the mouth relaxed a little and a faint expectancy betrayed itself, while through her whole body a new life seemed infused. "Yes," she whispered, "help me to remember."

Strange as it may seem, the mother for the moment forgot all else, even her bereavement, so earnest was her wish to have that question settled for good and all. For the soul, which takes no cognizance of external happenings, knows not in its kingdom the touch of blight. There is no death, and the change that men term such is but advancement facing towards joy. The soul of Nina, meeting with Linda's soul, recognized for one fleeting space of time that nothing really matters after all. "Where?" she said, feeling that all was well.

Then, of a sudden, she rebought her of the time, the place, to whom she was speaking and what had chanced because of the fatal beauty of this woman, and a horror of herself took possession of her and hardened her heart anew towards the singer.

Linda, still thinking like one who struggles through half-formed, warring memories,

made answer: "I seem to have known you far back in the past—the memory fades—escapes me."

Nina dropped her hand on the rigid frame stretched out at her side, that she might keep steady hold of her bereavement. How could she for an instant have forgotten it? Her voice was without mercy as she answered: "The memory fades? Let it die down in darkness."

Linda looked down from her imperial height with the toleration of a superior nature, her luminous gray eyes full of compassion. Her superb personality was never more pronounced than at that hour. "You seem like a sister restored to me after long separation," she said in her dulcet voice that had such charm for mortals.

"A sister who disowns you," said Nina coldly.

Linda threw back her head and tossed on high her beautiful white arms, crying in the anguish of her soul: "O Paul, my lover, come back to me over death and grant me pardon. Come back and know my love—and my remorse." She walked to and fro the room of white and gold, flooded with the glory of the lamplight, her train of lace glistening like frost. Fame was nothing, gold was nothing, love was all. The world had fallen from her and all its pomp and vanities were as dust. That which made life complete in grace and joy had slipped her grasp. Poverty, with love; toll, with love; for these how gladly would she have bartered fame. For the soul long dormant in this woman had awoken and she saw how poor and mean are earthly possessions compared with that which she had cast away—a loyal heart.

"We give you pardon," said Nina, with eyes of hate, and her voice seemed to issue from lips of stone. "You loved my son? You dared?"

"Nay, madam, that was my sin against him. He gave me generous love; I gave him liking, merely, until too late."

After a pause she said, in a thrilling voice: "I would it were in my power to console you, to speak the magic words that tend to healing. Not mine that blessed office. I leave you with those high priests of the soul, solitude and silence, who keep inviolate the secret of consolation."

With mournful dignity she passed out of the room and on to her little oratory; once there, she threw herself face downwards on the floor at the base of the tall crucifix, and stretched her arms in silent supplication to the Divinity that hung there in the shadow, to Him whose lips were mute to all her anguish.

Was it the same woman? Was it Barbara? If so, had not Michael's prophecy been fulfilled? Had not the gracious charity of Nina produced for her but bitterness of spirit? Had not her good deed of the long ago evoked for her but curses?

Yea, as yet; but the end thereof lies beyond mortal vision. "Never in vain is sympathy—remember."

(To be continued.)

JUST COMMON FOLKS.

I have never felt regret,
Seldom having cause to fret,
Since the day when first I met
Annie dear.

You may meet with your soul mate
When you pass Saint Peter's gate,
But the mysteries of fate
Are not clear.

What man needs upon this side,
When he struggles with life's tide,
Is a woman who can guide,
Always near.

Happy day when first I saw
Annie's features without flaw,
Moulded by the subtle law—
Of purity.

When I saw her eyes of gray,
Flashing sunshine all the day,
I felt captive to their sway,
Submissively.

Her slender form, trim and neat,
Made my heart more quickly beat,
When we met upon the street
Frequently.

At the question, will you wed?
Modestly she bent her head,
And in whispers coyly said:
"Yes, my dear."

"When you will, I'm ready, dear,
For I feel you are sincere,
And the future I don't fear
With you near."

In due time, the nuptial tie
Bound as one Nancy and I,
Until one of us shall die—
Rather queer.

Five and thirty years have fled,
Since the day when we were wed,
But the old love is not dead—
It brighter glows.

Many trials we have known,
But like phantoms they have flown,
To the realm of the unknown,
As we suppose.

Floating lightly down the stream,
Looking backward seems a dream,
Fading like the sunset gleam
At daylight's close.

—Henry M. Edmiston.

The Vigil by the Fireside.

Ida Ballou.

She remembered as she sat in the darkened room with her eyes on the coals in the grate that long ago as a child it was her most pleasing fancy to curl up before the fire reading her story in the coals. It was a strange story and it used to frighten her, when as a large-eyed little girl she gazed soberly into the fire. She hardly knew what frightened her, but it was just as if someone came and whispered strange things in the little ears, and the unknown she listened to gave her quickened heart-beats. Once she remembered her mother was very much vexed because she had tried to tell her. She loved her mother, oh, so much. And it would be so nice to tell her, but it only made lines come into her mother's smooth forehead. She heard mother say to father: "The child is very imaginative and nervous. Be careful you do not encourage her weird fancies," and father looked at her rather strangely, she thought.

The same story came, too, in her young manhood. Long since she had known better than to try to tell mother, and father was equally impossible. But the story had taken more definite shape, and she didn't mind if she could not repeat it. It gave her a certain happiness—the voice in her ear, now, took on a seductive sweetness that it was very thrilling to listen to. She heard her mother tell her what a dreamy, strange girl she was—she supposed she was. She knew that she did not care for things as girls usually do. The young men who frequented "pink teas" had nothing for her, nor she for them. She lived in a sweet, happy world of her own—peopled with her ideals, and the story grew and grew, filling up her whole horizon.

And by and by her lover came—a real work-a-day lover. She knew he could not listen to her story, but he had one of his own

to tell, and for a while as she listened it made her forget hers—for some way as he talked certain forces in her nature plead, too. Perhaps, after all, it was only a rather different chapter in her story than she usually heard. Anyway, she listened and became her lover's wife. She knew she would lose her gentle lover in a quiet, undemonstrative husband. But she told herself that she did not care. Her story would be hers still, and would be just as pleasant. But tonight, as she sat in the darkness, communing with her soul and thinking of the story, she felt with the oppression of a leaden weight upon her heart, that it was not so. The material marriage she had made fretted her soul. She felt chained to earth. There were times, now, when the story took on a ceaseless monotone as it beat into her brain. "Freedom, freedom, freedom!" it said, and then rose into a wail, "Oh, God, if I could be free!"

The woman slipped down from her chair and crouched low before the fire. "I do not hate anyone, I do not wish to hurt anyone, but oh, I want to be free." She thought of her childhood and girlhood and her happy dreams, and blinding tears came to her eyes. "I did love," she whispered, "I do yet. I have not sinned," and then again, "Oh, yes, I have. Lord be merciful to me, a sinner." Lower yet she groveled. And then, what was it? Did some pitying angel whisper it in her ear, or was it but the continuation of the story she had listened to as a child?

"There is no sin; be comforted. Didn't you know? Long time ago before there were people, there were flowers who had the same emotions and thoughts that people have—and among the giant ferns and tall, beautiful blossoms grew here and there some plain, ugly weeds. Why did they grow—of what use were they? Well, whether the weeds complained, and the Lord, in pity, gave them knowledge, or that they had power to revisit the changes of earth I know not. But I know the souls of these weeds realized one day that they were just as necessary and were honored in continued existence, as well as the most beautiful flower. You know their use—that you see them here tonight. Dear heart, know, too, that all experience is good. Be true to the story—the story of infinite life and love thou readest as a child. Take up thy life and its responsibilities and let your heart be glad. Out of the infinite thou comest, back to the infinite thou shalt return. The tears shall be wiped from thy eyes, thy spirit freed thy love thine own in its fullest, gladdest expression.

"Love is 'neath, around, above thee—
Lift thy brow!
Well beloved, what fearest thou?"

Still the woman bowed her head and tears fell from her eyes, but they were tears of love and joy. She had listened and understood in this little vigil by the fireside, she had heard given her a life lesson. Deep feelings of gratitude welled up from her heart. At last she knew! She knew now what the story meant, why she had heard it. Only in the spiritual realm could she ever repeat it, and she felt sure that in that blessed land she had a spiritual mother, a dear mother who could understand her as her earthly mother never could, and that she had come to her as a child, maid and woman.

Books Worth Reading.

HOW TO TRAIN CHILDREN AND PARENTS.

Elizabeth Towne.

This little pamphlet of twenty-five pages is full of wisdom on a most important subject, one of vital interest to the whole nation. It is small and the most busy mother will find time to read it, and if its lessons are followed, the home, the mother's kingdom, will become a kingdom of order, peace and love.

Mrs. Towne's first advice is: Train yourself first and as children are imitators of the parents, they will soon follow. Do not follow impulse, for it is often opposed to duty, and will do mischief even if it gives a momentary relief.

The author believes in the power of suggestion. When the child is asleep, suggest the line of conduct which you desire it to follow when awake. Let your practice accord with your preaching, or the children will soon detect you and have no respect for you.

We would like to see this book in every household, as it will prove a safe guide in training the family. Price 25 cents.

MYSTIC POEMS.

A. Justin Townsend.

We have here a dozen poems which are very interesting. "Karma," word applied to cause and effect, is the first and teaches love in the path of unity. "The Joy of Life," is next and tells us the only way to make life a joy. "Truth" is very instructive; we are told to go to Spirit sources to learn truth. The other poems are short, but filled with the breath of the Spirit, and all very sweet. The work will not be acceptable to our iconoclast friends who want to tear down everything spiritual, but the true Spiritualist will find rich food in this little book. Price 30 cents.

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA.

Hedwig S. Albarus, B. A.

This is a short poem dedicated to Mrs. Julia Hyde of Lily Dale, N. Y. The author depicts in vivid language scenes which occur in every day life—the poor underpaid worker and near him the proud millionaire hardly conscious of the existence of the man whose toll has made him rich; she then tells us a dream of a world filled with beauty, happiness and love, where the brotherhood of man is understood and where every one fulfills the new commandment: "Love you one another."

The book cannot fail to please the reader whose heart is attuned to the sweet melody of love.

The Austin Publishing Co., Toronto, Canada. Price 25 cents.

HOW TO CONTROL FATE THROUGH SUGGESTION.

Henry Harrison Brown.

This is a compilation of some essays published in newspapers. The author claims that it contains the most useful knowledge which man requires: "The knowledge of the power which man has to control his destiny." He has proof of this power in his own experience and in that of others.

In part I, the philosophy of unity is explained and verified by the law of vibration. The principle of suggestion is unfolded in part II, so that the law of vibration may be applied to daily thinking and living. It helps to acquire this power, methods of thinking and affirming are given, these affirmations for practice, that all may have the art of living. The aim of the book is to teach self-control. The book is well worth studying and if its teachings are practiced, great good will be the result.

Now Company 1437 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. Price 25 cents.

A DREAM OF REALMS BEYOND US.

Adair Webster.

This work needs to be read several times before the average intelligent man will understand it. It is a dream, and like many dreams not very clear. It is told in the form of a drama in four acts. This scene is laid on a level space in the clouds of heaven above the Golden Gate that opens upon the Pacific ocean. A throne is seen upon which rests a spirit named Elmo. To him come spirits to report on the mission which had been given them to perform. Their report, as a whole, is not very flattering, still some spirits have been able to discover some good, and Elmo calls a conference to devise some means to save the human race.

The author does not tell us the result of the conference, in fact the work is not complete as the author awaits the verdict of the universities before completing it, and he may have to wait a long time. His phrases are so involved that they are often obscure and the price \$10.00, puts it out of the reach of most purses, as the work is only thirty pages. Published by Cubery & Co., 557 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.

AS A MAN THINKETH.

James Allen.

This is one of the best books that can be, not simply read, but assimilated. It is little (only fifty pages), but every sentence is a mine of treasure rare, and as you cannot extract the gold from the mine without labor, so with this book, one must study it until its teachings are so well mastered that they will influence every action of life.

The author shows the creative power of thought on character building, then as a result of this, the effect on circumstances; thought is the cause, circumstances are the effect. Any thinking man will remember instances in his life when his thoughts good or bad have been followed by pleasant or sad circumstances. Some men imagine that thoughts can be kept secret, but they cannot, they quickly crystallize into habit, and habit solidifies into circumstance.

We have a short chapter on the effects of thought on our bodily health. The next chapter is on "Thought and Purpose." A man should have a legitimate purpose in his heart, whether it be a spiritual ideal or a worldly object, then let him focus his thought-forces on this object, not only by spells, but let him concentrate all his thoughts and the purpose end will be attained.

He also urges us to have high ideals, and by a constant use of our forces, looking up to the prize set before us, we shall overcome all obstacles and reach the summit where we can with serenity look upon the past efforts and enjoy the fruits thereof in peace.

Multum in parvo would be a fitting motto to the book.

The Savoy Publishing Co., Savoy Steps, Strand, London. Price 40 cents.

Fred de Bos.

CHAIN-ROOTED AND FLEET-FOOTED.

River and tree-top and hill
Fell talking, as neighbors oft will.
"O would you could see," said the tree,
"The many brave things that I see!
Fond lovers, the mountains beguiling;
Fair homes, with their weeping and smiling;
The clouds in their nearness and distance,
The stars in their stately existence;
The woodland, the grainland, the lea:
O would you might see what I see!"

As neighbors with neighbors when chaffing,
The hill said, in tones that were laughing,
"Climb on my broad shoulder, O tree,
And see the great things that I see!
Swift commerce the vastnesses riding,
Great cities in splendor abiding,
Steam chariots with lanterns ne'er dimming,
Iron fish through the ocean-waves swimming;
O river, rise grandly to me,
And see all the things that I see!"

The river its whispering and sighing
Forgot, for a moment, replying:
"O tree-top and hill-top chain-rooted,
Tower not o'er the swift many-footed!
In haunts you must know but in seeing
My soul has had knowledge and glory;
I march, with my ne'er ceasing motion,
Through earth and through air and through ocean,
You never can see what I see,
O chain-footed hilltop and tree!"

—Will Carleton, in Every Where, for September.

His View of It.

"WHAT A RUMMY SORT OF THING WAR IS."

"What a rummy sort o' thing war is! Travel thousands o' miles to find you've got quarrelled with somebody that's just such another as yourself. Great stretches o' salt sea, an' dark nights, an' winds howlin' all around; an' there you are push, pushin' on to get at the man you was fated to kill from your cradle. Goodness! it seems like havin' a row with the next world. But there you find the quarrel waitin' for you, nanner o' speakin', when you land. The flags an' the mottoes an' the music is all the news you get of it at first, an' it takes many a mile of footin', heel an' toe, before you see an enemy's face. An' not that all at once, mind you. At first all you have to put up with, for a long time, is little specks, nigh a mile off; but you know they want to kill you, an' you got to kill them. Pop! pop! an' p'raps no one much worse for it, but it's rummy all the same. You feel you could go over an' ask 'em what's the trouble an' settle it there an' then."

"Those quarters is the rummiest of all. Now you see the eyes o' you got to see the color in his cheeks; an' you got to do him, or he'll do you. 'Of course, if he's comin' straight for you, you put off thinkin' about it till you're laid him out. But if you're dodgin' about, dismounted, p'raps, an' sparrin' for an openin', for the life o' you, you can hardly help singin' out, 'Hold on!'

"That sort o' thing came to me one day. I was scoutin', advance line, over rough country, great big stones (copies, they call 'em there), when from behind one o' 'em I jumped a feller not ten yards off. It was such a surprise for both of us that we clean forgot to shoot. We just stared each other straight in the face—almost fade, as they used to call it when I was a kid. By —, sir! we knew what was in each other's mind, without a word. We'd got to kill at short notice, an' we couldn't begin for shame."

"'Dropped mine,' his reverer stirred from the stone where it was restin'. 'It's a fine day,' says he, in English, 'fur the time o' year.'

"'After that, believe me, I couldn't have let fly at him if he'd asked me to. All I could manage was: 'Same to you, rebel; same to you. How are you gettin' on?'

"'Treaty fair,' he said, 'but I could do with a bit o' fresh meat. An' you don't happen to have such a thing as a piggy lighter?'

"'Happy to oblige,' an' I fished him a box o' blazers. 'Take half, an' kindly return balance, if you please.'

"'How d' you pick up a livin', said the rebel, 'when you ain't at this work?'

"'Just my line. 'Scuse me, but you're a trifle too far ahead of your lot; we're workin' round your flank.'

Children's Book.

THE WORD OF THE FLOWER.

I watch the buds upon the stem agrowing,
I love to see them as they come to light;
What is this sea of love from which they're
flowing?
Why is the world to us so fair and bright?
I listen to the summer's flower story,
And while I may not see—
The hidden spirit of the wondrous glory,
The rose is evidence to me!

I watch the feelings of my heart agrowing,
How tenderly they come to flower;
What is the sea from whence this good is
flowing?
That holds me in its mystery of power?
I listen to the pleasing summer story,
And while I may not see—
The hidden spirit of the higher glory,
The love is evidence to me!

William Brunton.

The Four Seasons.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter,—to me these four seasons seem like a part of our life. To begin with, the chilly winds of January open our year and we behold the earth dressed in a garment of white; upon the trees seem to be hung a thousand little diamonds, really only frozen crystal drops; the river is covered with a thick coating of ice and the house-tops are covered with feathery flakes.

If we are cold towards friends or have trifles that worry us, our thoughts are turned to Winter, and we try to improve a little and be like Spring, which comes tripping in before we know it with a half saucy but merry face. Spring does not like the looks of Winter and the snow, so changes the earth and drives Jack Frost away from her, leaving the shooting blades of grass, the little leaves upon the trees and the meadows to look green, fresh and beautiful. Seeing this, we know we have improved a little, but there is still more chance of improvement.

When lo! what a change to see and behold beautiful Summer comes in so blithe and gay. How hard we have worked to become like her with always a happy face and a good word for everybody and anybody!

How beautiful is Summer! Oh! how beautiful is Summer. We are changed people and children when we feel the warm, soft summer breezes gently fan our face and hear the clear rippling stream that sounds so much like sweet music to our ears, and see the beautiful flowers, grass and trees. But sometimes our tongue slips and we say things that are unkind to each other, then come the little clouds of darkness, the raindrops come pattering down. And then we become like Autumn with its gold and red and purple leaves dropping to the ground, and weary and dismal winds blowing. But if we love one another always, keep good minds and pure thoughts, the three seasons, Spring, Autumn and Winter will seem like the one beautiful season, Summer.

Iona May Stillings.

28 E. Dedham St., Boston, Mass.

LINES READ AT ALFRED'S GRAVE.

B. M. B.

Into my garden the Lord again came
Culling my flowers, He called them by name;
Into His Kingdom, He bore each fair flower,
Keeping them there in His Heavenly Bower.

Why, oh, my heart, art thou sad? and why weep?
They are not dead, nor are they asleep,
But joyous and fair, with the Angels of Light,
They dwell in a home that is cloudless and bright.

God chose them, because He had need of them there,
Where there is no sin, no pain and no care.
They wait for the others who roam here below,
Oh! cease, heart, to mourn and thank God it is so.

Vacation Time.

Dollybugs and Petieboy have had a vacation at the beach. For two or three weeks they waded and bathed, made sand houses and at low tide hunted for young lobsters and crabs under the rocks. Both were so brown when they got home their papa hardly knew them. He thought mama had found a couple of Indian children. Dollybugs had quite a load of pretty pebbles and shells to bring home and Petieboy added to his museum sand cups, crabs and a little sea horse or two.

Petieboy's happiest day was the day he went fishing for cod. His papa took him. They left the shore about half past six in the morning in a sail boat about twenty feet long. Petieboy was so excited over the prospect of catching a big fish that he would eat no breakfast; a sad thing for the little fellow, for it made him sea sick just a little. He was soon over it, however, for when the boat got five or six miles from shore, a fog bank slipped in between the boat and the shore and then Petieboy knew what it was to be at sea "out of sight of land;" nothing but water beneath and sky overhead. Then Petieboy forgot his illness and called for the lunch basket and ate his breakfast and was all ready for fishing.

The skipper, that is, the man who had charge of the boat, stopped the boat from going ahead by "bringing in into the wind" as he called it. This means that he pointed the bow of the boat in the direction from which the wind was blowing. Then the wind no longer blew against the sail to push it along. Then the boat was still, the skipper threw anchor overboard and thus fastened the boat. They all baited their hooks with raw clams and threw over their lines. Down, down went the lines for sixty feet before they felt the big lead sinker strike the rocks at the bottom. Then they pulled up the lines, until the big hooks were just a little above the bottom and waited for a bite.

Petieboy got the first fish; but it was only a little one. Then luck deserted him and he got tired of waiting so long for a bite; but after two or three hours had gone and all the others had caught a lot of fish, Petieboy's time came. He felt a big tug at his line and pulled with all his might. It was a long, hard pull to bring the fish to the top when he was fighting all the way and was a big fish too. But the little chap kept at it and, presently, he had on board a nice haddock, weighing ten pounds, which proved to be the largest haddock caught that day. Well, well, wasn't it a proud little lad with a proud little smile who received the congratulations of all the men in the boat.

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Cleanest,
Most Desirable
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for family use.



One of the most
valuable
medicines
for family use.



Splendid dining car service helps to make the trip to mountain and lake resorts on the

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a genuine pleasure. To the Rockies, to the lakes of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, to Yellowstone Park and to the Pacific coast, many inexpensive trips are offered. A postal will bring further facts.

W. W. HALL, N. E. P. A., 369 Washington St., Boston, Mass.



Hotel Empire.

Hotel Empire, Broadway and 63d St., N. Y. City, has long been the favorite hotel for tourists visiting the metropolis. It has a fine library of choice literature for the exclusive use of guests. The restaurant is noted for

the excellence of its cuisine, its efficient service and moderate prices. Table d'hôte dinner \$1.00. Rooms are \$1.00 per day and upward. Each room is provided with telephone.—W. Johnson Quinn, proprietor.



The Regent, Washington, D. C.

Headquarters during convention will be The Regent, corner Pennsylvania Ave. and 15th St., near Treasury Building. The rates at this hotel for delegates and all visitors to convention will be special—\$2.00 per day, large room, two persons in a room. Single room, for one person, \$2.50 per day. These rates include first-class board. Those taking advantage of the same are expected to remain during full

convention, while all who travel on certificate tickets must remain till noon of the fourth day. As a certain number of certificate tickets must be guaranteed to the railroads, delegates and visitors are requested to come by them. The N. S. A. reception to delegates and visitors, to which all friends are invited, will be held at The Regent, Monday, October 19, at 8.30 p. m.



Mountain House, Mt. Wachusett, Mass.

Change of scene is the first requisite to complete rest. The Mountain House furnishes a panorama of the most splendid scenery to be found in the State, if not in all New England. On a clear day, the visitor, seated on the veranda of the Mountain House, has a view of the hills and valleys all the way to Boston, and with a good field glass, he can extend his range of vision even to Maine.

Then down went his line again with fresh bait for another big fish and instantly every one on board saw the same thing done all over again.

"Gracious, got another big fellow," said Petieboy, and he would have smiled again, if he had time. This "fellow" proved to be a big red cod, called a "rock cod," and he weighed ten pounds and was next to the largest cod caught.

Down again goes the hook with its fresh clam to invite new victims. The fish seemed anxious to find out where their companions had gone and bit so eagerly that no sooner was the hook at the bottom, than up it came again with another fish, not so large, but a good big one. So, for about ten minutes, Petieboy caught fish as fast as he could lower his hook and then—suddenly—the fish would bite no more. But Petieboy caught eight good ones before the fun stopped.

Then they all went home. Papa took home the two big fish, which Petieboy caught, and Petieboy felt that he was getting to be quite a man and was helping his papa support the family.

Almost every day Petieboy went fishing. Way out on the end of the Breakwater, you could see the wee fisherman with the split-bamboo, jointed rod his papa bought him, patiently waiting for the tautog to nibble at his hook. Many a big tautog found that the little man was a good angler; for Petieboy

never came home with an empty creel. He always got some fish.

And now, stronger for his vacation and with the brown still on his cheeky face, Petieboy is once more at his books and his drawing; for he is quite a little artist—but about that some other time.

Uncle John.

Jack's Rubbish.

"My son, your bureau drawer is full of rubbish; you had better clear it out."

Yes, that would be his great delight. So he began—

"This horseshoe is of no use."

"Oh, yes it is; I found it under grandpa's corn crib, and he let me have it."

These clam shells you'd better break up for the hen."

"Why, mama, I got them on the beach, you know, last summer!"

"And this faded ribbon, burn it up."

"Oh, no! that was our class badge for the last day of school and I want to keep it."

"Here is that old tin flute yet. Why do you heap up such trash?"

"That is a nice flute that Willie gave me two Christmases ago. Didn't we have a splendid time that day?"

"Well, this bottle is good for nothing."

"Oh, yes it is. That is the bottle I used

for a lobster when we went fishing at Green's Lake; a black bass pulled that bottle away under water."

"Ah," said I to myself, "truly this heap is not rubbish, but my boy's unwritten diary. By a glance at this strange mixture, he recollects the various strands of life, and weaves them into one continuous web. These objects are his historical data, the basis of his autobiography. A ruthless destruction of these would be akin to stamping out the boy's life."—Ex.

A Pleasant Social Event.

One of the most enjoyable social events of the season took place on Wednesday, Sept. 16, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walskill D. Blethen of Lisbon Falls, Maine. This was the marriage of one of their twin daughters, Miss Iva Belle Blethen, to Mr. George L. Adams of Boston, Mass. Mr. Blethen's beautiful home was elaborately decorated with ferns, flowers and evergreens in honor of the occasion, transforming the room in which the ceremony was performed into a perfect bower of beauty. A most charming archway formed of evergreens interspersed with asters, dahlias, marigolds, sweet peas and nasturtiums was erected in one corner of the room, while scattered about the house were exquisite floral offerings in keeping with the spirit of the occasion.

At ten o'clock in the morning the bridal procession was formed, headed by the little ring bearer, Miss Marjorie Mann, the niece of the bride. She was followed by the officiating clergyman, Mr. H. D. Barrett and by the groom, leaning upon the arm of his best man, Mr. A. W. Chase. They were followed by the bridesmaid, Miss Ida Belle Blethen, twin sister of the bride, while the bride upon the arm of her father brought up the rear of the procession. The clergyman took his position beneath the archway, with ring-bearer at his right and the bridegroom at the left. As the bride approached the arch the groom stepped forward to receive her and her father placed her hand in his, then the whole party slowly advanced toward the archway to the sweet strains of the wedding march. The bride was given away by her father and the ceremony proceeded along the usual lines with the innovation of a double ring service, which was as unique as it was interesting. The ceremony was brief but beautiful in its complete simplicity.

The costume of the bride and that of her twin sister were identical, and only the bridal bouquet enabled many of the guests to make any distinction between them. The loving sister bore her part most courageously, but there was little wonder that she gave way for a moment when her beloved twin was pronounced Mrs. Adams. Tears sprang to many eyes, but they were tears of sympathy with the sister and joy with the happy couple instead of tears of sadness or of distress. The numerous guests were presented in turn by Mr. Chase, all of whom united in extending most hearty congratulations to the happy pair. A dainty wedding breakfast was then served, the bridal bouquet broken and scattered among the guests and hasty preparations made for the wedding tour. They took leave for some place unknown on the noon train, followed by showers of rice, confetti, old shoes, etc. White ribbons and placards were not forgotten and the young people knew from the unusual demonstrations how heartfelt were the good wishes of their many friends. The wedding presents were numerous and valuable, yet largely practical. Mr. and Mrs. Blethen were royal hosts on this occasion and made their every guest feel at home. It was a most enjoyable occasion and will never be forgotten by any one present. (The Banner of Light and all of its staff extend hearty congratulations and wish the contracting parties an earnest God speed in their new life.) [Editor.]

A Prophecy.

A Spiritualist, author and lecturer well and favorably known, received the message printed below through the clairvoyant sense, Sept. 18, 1903. The name of the medium is withheld by request.

"The impending revolution in the United States will commence in Chicago Feb. 3, 1904, and spread rapidly in every direction. A compromise with labor will be effected in April and comparative order will prevail until Nov. 18, when civil war will burst forth in great fury caused by the strained conditions of capital and labor, the coal situation and the result of the presidential election. The civil war will last until Feb., 1905—four months. Then the whole industrial and financial system will be remodeled, which will require two years.

"During the year 1907—which figures 17 in the Kabbala and means illumination—a perfect co-operative commonwealth will be established in which personal ownership of natural resources will be abolished.

"All the nations of the earth will follow America's example and the millennial reign will be fully ushered in during the year 1920, which figures up 12 and means sacrifice. Each one sacrificing for the benefit of all."

This is not Telepathy?

Testing a telepathic friend recently, this phenomenon occurred: Twenty names were written upon as many slips of paper, ten of them being persons in spirit life. He picked up each paper, which was closely folded, and gave the name accurately. Sometimes he would spell it backward. Is not this like seeing the inverted image in the camera, and is it not clairvoyance? In one instance the gentleman, who is in spirit life, had three names, but was always called by his middle name, therefore the friend wrote only the middle and last name. I was not aware that he had any other. The slip was taken up and the young man said: "Alive!" Looking at it I said: "No." Folding it, I placed it among the other papers. Three times he did this, though he gave the others correctly. Finally he said: "Let me get the name." He gave the name that was not on the paper. I said, "No," but again he gave it. Again I denied. A third time he gave it, and added: "I know I am right for the man is not dead. He is standing by me and says his name is that which I gave." Such unexpected glimpses into the Soul life are convincing evidence that not yet do we know all—Now.

It is a law of electricity and of sound that like repels under certain circumstances and attracts in like manner. If I strike the key of a piano here, and one tuned to precisely the same key over there, the key will respond when this is struck. So throughout the universe, souls in harmony with souls may communicate, and the souls of the beyond may be touched by the harmonious vibration of a soul on this side.

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—Shakespeare.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast."

"Friend" is a word of royal tone,
"Friend" is a poem all alone.
—Christina Rossetti.

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