

MAY.

How well I know that heart of thine!
How well I know it matches mine!
Thou lovestest but a happy spell,
But all God's creatures hold thee well.
Until the wild azaleas came,
I ne'er had heard men speak thy name,
And now in leaves of oak is set
A pleasure I would not forget—
A pleasure fraught with Mayweed's gold,
Divulged upon the fragrant mold—
All margined 'round with twilight bars,
Inwrought and set with glowing stars!

Happiness as a Fine Art.

Mrs. J. Page Hopps.

An address given to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, 8, Grafton Street, Pall Mall, the President of the Alliance, Mr. E. Davis Rogers in the chair.

Happiness as a fine art! What a ridiculous misnomer it appears at first sight! and, even on reflection, when we look round on the life of the world, everything seems to contradict the statement that happiness is a fine art. If by a fine art we mean, as I do, that which is an expression through the senses of the infinite and eternal ideals, then we must admit that, at present at any rate, humanity, in its working for happiness, is not, as a whole, actuated by the refined feelings and emotions of an artist. On the contrary, it is apparently only too true that in the majority of cases it means nothing more than mere personal selfishness and greed.

Are we, then, to assume from this that happiness really is nothing more than the result which arises from the gratification of certain desires, and that it is very little different from the satisfaction which a cat experiences when it has caught a mouse, or that a dog feels when eating a stolen bone, or that a pig enjoys when contentedly wallowing in its sty? I think not. It is true that there are many individuals who appear to have no higher ideal than this, whose lives seem to be spent in grasping after what they consider will conduce to their enjoyment, utterly ignoring any law of human love or duty to the other members of the great human family; but the result that they derive from their strivings after happiness is the self-centred comfort of the animal, and not the happiness of the fine artist, which we are about to consider.

There are not many things about which we are all agreed, but we all agree that everyone longs for happiness and seeks for it. The ideals and the methods of search of course differ, but the fact remains that we are all looking for it, somewhere and somehow. This universal search for happiness is not confined to the human kingdom alone. Observation and experience will prove that it is present also amongst animals and even plants; in fact it is

THE MOTIVE POWER OF LIFE.

As the grades of happiness differ, so do we differ as to the various methods of search, and as to the numerous gratifications which supply the universal demand, from the cat which finds delight in the torturing of a bird, or the cannibal who finds full satisfaction of his desire in his odious feast, to the saint whose joy lies in the blessedness promised to those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness."

But, although the grades of happiness are so many and so different, every grade is determined in all by one condition, the grade of harmony attained by each; for happiness is the outcome of harmony. Happiness and harmony, then, must be linked together, and just as there are many grades of happiness, so there are many grades of harmony. The cannibal at his feast feels harmony of a kind; but the ideal happiness, like the ideal harmony, is beyond this, it is balance or adjustment, the blending of diverse forces into a harmonious whole: and the working towards the achievement of this object is the true fine art of life.

Most people at least agree that selfishness is better than selfishness; that knowledge is better than ignorance; and that, in the end, these pay best, that is, give really more happiness. The loving, unselfish disposition which is blended with reason and discrimination, has

INFINITE POSSIBILITIES OF HAPPINESS.

It draws, as it were, happiness from everything in response; so the possessor of it has untold wealth and sources of income, whereas one whose faculty of love for others is cramped, and whose love for self is in excess, is in an unhealthy, morbid condition. His nature is cut off from the sources of true happiness, and he is poor and destitute. The harmonies of life find no response in him, and so he feels only unhappiness in his own soul, and hears only discord in the world around him.

The sense in which I spoke just now of a fine art, is that which pertains to the inner rather than to the outer life; that is, the

adaptation of the forces of the spiritual and intellectual world to the uses of life, in order consciously or unconsciously, to secure some desired end, just as the external and coarser arts are the adaptation of material things to the uses of practical life. Speaking generally, then, the difference between the coarse and the fine arts is that one relates to the material, the other to the spiritual; one is guided by the senses only, the other by insight and lofty purpose. One may give comfort, the other gives happiness. It is obvious, then, that just as mechanical skill and practical knowledge are necessary in all mechanical and industrial arts, so much more is knowledge necessary in those fine arts which depend upon imagination, thought and feeling.

We know that our great musical composers frequently wrote under the influence of strong inspiration, and have declared that they in some way heard the music which they expressed in writing, but if they had not had the technical knowledge of the theory and science of music, those harmonies would have remained unexpressed. So with painting; but, in all fine arts, this fact is obvious. It is evident that knowledge alone will not account for the wonderful faculty of musical or artistic expression, and that there is something greater at the back of it all, call it genius, intuition, or what you will. It is the mysterious power which prompts or guides the artist in his work; though, of course, in some cases what we call genius may be little more than accumulated experience, as a result of work and study, personal or inherited.

Living then, as we do, in a world which is pervaded by subtle spiritual forces, may we not all be musicians or artists? many of us, perhaps, very amateurish and ignorant at present, but with boundless possibilities. It is, then, for us to acquire knowledge of these subtle influences, these colors and harmonies of life, and to render ourselves more responsive to

THESE DIVINE APPEALS.

so that we may be mediums for the expression of fine art in our lives, working in accord with the immortal harmonies, and blending these in our own natures. We are the artists, and the great human life is our instrument or canvas. We must, then, observe and study the laws of life; we must interpret Nature's meaning, co-operate with her, assimilate and use the materials which she gives, learn how to apply and adapt them so that each individual life may be an exuberance or a reflection of the great harmony of Nature; for Nature is a harmony.

And here it is important to note that these things are true not only in the great affairs of life; but, wherever action is governed by imagination and feeling, the result is in the realm of a fine art. Even the stone-breaker on the road can be a fine artist, for, in so far as he brings individuality and right feeling to bear on his work, and is cheerful in the fulfilling of his duty, he stands out as a fine artist in contrast to the man who is merely mechanical, just going on with his work under compulsion and in a discontented, uninterested frame of mind, because he cannot escape from it; and the result of the two men's work will be seen in the quality of the work done; for there is an art of a kind even in stone-breaking.

George Herbert understood and taught this as the following verses show:

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

"All may of Thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture (for Thy sake),
Will not grow bright and clean.

"A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

At this stage it is necessary to consider more fully the proposition that the various grades of happiness are, as I have said, the result of

VARIOUS GRADES OF HARMONY.

A lady whom I saw the other day in Oxford-circus with a scarlet blouse, green hat, and purple skirt, seemed supremely happy, and if it was a question of quantity, rather than of grade or quality, she was certainly successful; for it must be admitted that her happiness was at least highly colored.

It may, perhaps, be that a refined and cultured woman, who dresses with discrimination, and with an endeavor to blend and harmonize, does not realize the keen satisfaction and happiness of her less-enlightened sister, but if that be so, it is because she is more sensitive to discord, and the slightest lack of harmony troubles her, and in a sense, makes her unhappy; but is not even her unhappiness of a very much higher grade than the satisfaction of the lady in Oxford-circus? And, in so far as she brings thought and refined feeling into even this matter of dress, which in

itself is not a subject of great importance, is she not giving to this effort of hers the distinction of a fine art?

Another characteristic grade of happiness is depicted in a girl in the play called "The Chinese Honeymoon," whose highest ideal in life is to be a "lily bred and born," her ideal of a "lily" being one who wears "a tarara round her head and a bucket in her hand." Nor is this attitude of mind an exaggeration; indeed, it is very common. We have only to look round and we shall see in all departments of life something of this poor ideal.

Then there is Yo San in "The Darling of the Gods," with her butterfly scheme of enjoyment, and her butterfly ethics, "It is better to lie a little than to be unhappy much," with no thought of duty or honor, but only of being happy because the gods had made her "nice."

Another type of seeker after happiness is he who works only for the perfecting of his own nature, and seeks to do it by isolating himself from what he may consider to be the "common herd," withdrawing as much as he can from the life of the world, and surrounding himself with everything that is refined and aesthetic. He may attain a certain grade of refinement and contentment, but in so far as he endeavors to find happiness by separation, he is not working at it as a fine artist; for a fine artist is he who works at happiness with all the finer sympathies, as well as the finer senses, whose love for humanity goes out into a wider and wider

INCLUSION OF ALL THINGS.

seeing the soul of good in things called "evil," and finding the divine behind all outer manifestations. It is sympathy, as we all know, which gives real knowledge, without which no true harmony is possible.

This idea is beautifully expressed in an article written by a working woman, which some time ago in the "Daily News." The writer said she had been slowly sinking into a condition of despondency and foreboding, and in a moment of despair she asked herself: Must I become only a tired, disappointed and disillusioned woman? "No," replied a strong voice, which, she said, "I recognized as that of my soul." "You are poor, lonely and obscure but you may live in beauty and light, serving your day and generation nobly. Lift your thoughts to Heaven, and across the sky you will find written in letters of living gold the motto of the angels, and the secret of happiness; it is contained in one word:—others." "So," she continues, "I took my soul's advice, and entered on the path of happiness, and the world became the antechamber of Paradise."

Working at happiness, then, does not mean separation from the lower, but rather interest in it, and right insight into it, and interpretation of it. The supreme fine artist would be he who could read the secrets of all worlds, and comprehend and harmonize them by knowledge, love, and service. But that, in very deed is God.

This is the teaching of Tennyson's poem, "The Palace of Art," in which he shows that the search for happiness in selfish isolation, even in the way of aesthetic and artistic enjoyment, can end only in failure, and the horror of an intense sense of loneliness.

You will remember that the character depicted in the poem is that of a man who thought to find happiness by surrounding himself in a palace with every conceivable object that could gratify his every taste and mood. In the first days of his selfishness and pride, his soul said:

"O! all things fair, to sate my various eyes!
O shapes and hues that please me well!
O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
My Gods, with whom I dwell!"

"O God-like isolation which art mine,
I can but count the perfect gain,
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
That range on yonder plain."

But later, the utter mistake of it came home to him. Everything he did had been done for self; but from self and self-seeking the penalty came. For three years, says Tennyson, the soul prospered, but on the fourth she fell, "like Herod when the shout was in his ears, struck through with pangs of hell":

"Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was born
Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood
Laughter at her self-scorn.

"Back on herself her serpent pride had curled,
So coiled, she shriek'd in that lone hall,
'No voice breaks through the stillness of this world.
One deep, deep silence all!'

"Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
With blackness as a solid wall,
Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound
Of human footsteps fall.

"So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away.
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that
are
So lightly, beautifully built:
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt!"

That line

"Perchance I may return with others there"

has in it the deepest thought. Happiness was lost through selfish isolation, and it can be won only through sympathy and fellowship.

It is by these means that we are taught through the suffering into which we are led. By them we learn to look elsewhere for happiness. At first, only actuated by the desire to escape from misery, we are by misery saved. So Mother Nature teaches us, through our failures; and herein is our hope, as Shelley says,

"When Reason's voice, loud as
The voice of Nature, shall have waked
The nations; and mankind perceive that vice
Is discord, war, and misery—that virtue
Is peace, and happiness, and harmony.
How sweet a scene will earth become,
Of purest spirits a pure dwelling-place,
When man, with changeless Nature coalescing,
Will undertake regeneration's work!"

We have assumed all along that happiness is conditioned by harmony, but the question now arises whether harmony implies an equilibrium which might eventually mean stagnation or indifference.

Are we to understand that the outcome of ideal happiness is simply a calm, blissful Nirvana of forgetfulness? I think not; for the problem of the evolution of happiness is the same as the problem of the evolution of life. Life, in developing from the lowest forms to the highest, does so by extension of sensation and response. Every stage upward is the result of, or is accompanied by, increase of sensibility and sympathy. The ideal life, then, would be absolute response and absolute receptivity, just the reverse of indifference or stagnation; and it is precisely the same with happiness.

Ideal harmony, then, like ideal happiness, is not found in

THE NIRVANA OF STAGNATION

but in the Nirvana of a greater receptivity and of a more vivid life. For, just as harmony in the body produces a radiant glow of health, kindling all the organs into energetic action, so, in the spiritual nature of man, happiness in its real sense expresses itself as a feeling of radiant glow which suffuses and floods his whole nature, energizing and kindling into intenser activity all its latent divine powers. The ecstatic joy of the religious devotee is intenser and more vivid than the calm happiness experienced by an average human being; by this we see that happiness in its evolution does not become less alive but more so.

In many Eastern writings we find happiness defined as "an accumulation of right," and pain as "an accumulation of wrong," the teaching being that the only way to realize happiness is to avoid pain and misery, which are the outcome of attachment to transitory things. The foundation of happiness is thus set forth as non-attachment to the results of success and failure, and indifference to profit or loss arising from actions; but, although this equanimity of mind is advocated, we are taught, not to be less active, but more so, but our desires and actions must be directed, out towards the transitory and external things of life, but towards the permanent and eternal realities, to everything that tends Godwards and that helps the progress of the race.

It is a mistake, then, to suppose that happiness consists only in an absence of pain, and that it cannot exist except as considered in this way. If that were so, we should have to define happiness, not as a fine art, which implies active work and ceaseless aspiration and progress, but as a pleasant negative state of quiescence. An absence of pain does give us a sense of physical pleasure and of mental calm, perhaps, but surely the longing for, and the working at, happiness is much more than this; it is a positive active force, and is infinite in expansion. Just as it is with the ideal of the fine artist, ever uplifting and leading him on, so is it with the desire for happiness in human life. We are led on from stage to stage, and from ideal to ideal, ever reaching out, onwards and higher, getting wider outlooks as we rise and greater capacities for the realization of happiness, and finding it even in the path of struggle and pain.

Perhaps the term "blessedness," rather than happiness, would express better my meaning of happiness, considered in its highest sense, for, unfortunately, the word "happiness" has been, and, in fact, is always too closely connected with the idea of mere pleasure. Carlyle used the word "blessedness" in order to indicate the condition of his ideal man, but it is not better to take the common word "happiness" which has been so long misunderstood, and lift it up, giving it a higher and more spiritual meaning?

The evolution of happiness, then, considered as a fine art, implies not only knowledge but longing and ardent aspiration, the longing of

the human soul to express its ideal in the real, and that is the true function of the fine artist—to idealize an perfect his work. Michael Angelo says that true painting is only an image of God's perfection, a shadow of the pencil with which He paints, a melody, a striving after harmony; and, in all departments of life, no matter where, whoever endeavors to interpret his work rightly, by concentrating on it all the best that is in him, is, in his way, interpreting and expressing a part of the immortal harmonies, and is, therefore, a fine artist belonging to

THE HIGHER EVOLUTION.

What we want, then, in our higher evolution of happiness, is not to turn from the real, and endeavor to live only in the ideal, but to idealize, purify, and uplift the real by right insight, knowledge, and sympathy. This is the real spiritual alchemy, and this is true fine art. But the ideal must, at the same time, be there, to transmute the real into the ideal; for the longings and aspirations of the idealizing faculties and emotions are the motive powers that urge us on our upward way, just as the longing for happiness, in the first instance, leads the different members of the great human family to seek it, each in his own particular way. But, as each individual develops in spiritual knowledge, so does his ideal evolve, and his longing and aspiration become higher and more refined; and in this sense we may say that the development of happiness is an outcome of the evolution of human life. We might, I think, safely judge of an individual's or a nation's character or degree of spiritual development by his or its ideal of happiness.

This brings us to a realization of the important part the search for happiness plays in human life. We are too apt to look upon it as a mere commonplace, selfish craving which everybody has, and which is not worth thinking deeply about. Like most commonplace things, however, it has within it infinite and divine possibilities, which, if rightly interpreted and rightly directed, would prove one of the strongest factors in human evolution and in the spiritual life of the world.

The longing for happiness is a divine prompting in the human heart, and all feel the prompting, but do not apply it rightly. Ignorance and selfishness blind many to the truth, and they seek happiness in the wrong way, and with a mistaken idea as to its real nature. Instead of working at it with comprehension and inclusion, from the self-centred to the great circumference, they work from the great circumference to the self-centred of their individual life, thereby reversing and hindering the law of growth, making harmonious development and the realization of true happiness impossible.

Still, it is in this common wish to be happy that one of the great factors of our evolution lies; and, if we are to be fine artists we must take this common prompting and work at it with an endeavor to refine and perfect it. We must put all our best thoughts, feelings and energies into our work, so that we may spiritualize it, till it is no longer simply a coarse material desire for our own personal welfare, but the fine artist's longing to help with loving service; and not as a duty only, but as

It is Spiritualists, in particular, who should be most capable of realizing that this working at happiness is a fine art, and it is to them we should naturally look for its right interpretation. The name "Spiritualist" if it means anything at all, means one who interprets life from the spiritual, and, therefore, the loftiest, point of view; and, in so far as he is a devoted Spiritualist, living up to his ideal, he is a fine artist, in the sense in which I use the term; and his ideal of happiness should not only be loftier than that of others, but his knowledge of the world of spirit forces should help him to use and manipulate them in his working to produce his ideal; as he has in the unseen world

INFINITE POWER AT HIS COMMAND.

Surely this is the work of all true Spiritualists, to make the most of their special opportunities, and to turn the knowledge which they have been privileged to receive to some practical account, for the betterment of the human race, and the salvation of the world; and if they do not help in this work, and do what they can, no matter how apparently insignificant it may be, Spiritualism loses its pearl of great price, its very soul.

If this brief study needs a moral, it is to be found in the idea of oneness, so that each one should say, "The harmony of the world is not complete if my note is not there, to respond in harmony." Each individual life is necessary to the whole, and the fact that we all have, not only a life to live for ourselves, but a work to do for others, should make us wish to keep the standard high. By interpreting its meaning rightly, and working at it with the desire to refine and uplift, not only our own little life, but the life of the whole, we enter the sacred community of fine artists, the true saviors of the world.—Light.

LOOKING FORWARD.

If I'm alive ten years from now,
And lines of care upon my brow,
Betoken how my youth has flown,
Where shall I be? What shall I do?
What sorrows have I to go through
Which are to me, as yet, unknown?

The future, though, I do not fear,
But gladly greet each coming year
Which bears me on through endless Time;
What though my body fall aside,
And men of earth say I have "died!"
My spirit still is in its prime.

We play like children, here below,
And though we into manhood grow,
Our selfish aims are much the same;
Enough, attained, still pleads for more,
And plenty is the open door
Which lures us on to wealth and fame.

How few there are, in looking back
Upon the earth-life's rugged track,
Who would the journey make again
Between the cradle and the grave,
Who would once more become a slave
To all the vicious traits of men!

The hand of Fate, "that shapes our ends,"
Which, making wounds, still others mends,
I cannot look on as unkind;
A recompense awaits the soul,
And intuition points the goal
Which to each mortal is assigned.

Then gird thyself, O spark divine!
And upward every step incline
Upon that path which knows no end;
Inspired by hope and urged by love,
I hear a welcome from above
Which bids me to "Ascend! Ascend!"

—Orin C. Painter.

An Astrological View of Spiritualism.

Whitfield.

The birth-date of modern Spiritualism is accepted to be late at night on March 31st, 1848. The sun was then in Aries, and fully under the influence of that sign. The earth was in Libra, the solar polarity of Aries, and in that sign we would find the place of fortune.

The influence of Aries would be for the production of literary results for such a nativity, hence the natural outcome is a wide-spread influence in the literary world, and a large product of writings upon the subject. This being already realized, shows the period a propitious one for the diffusion of Spiritualism by books, papers, magazines, etc. This has not been exhausted, and must continue to multiply.

The recorded view of Aries' influence is: "The influence and forces of this region are essential to the dissemination of knowledge and ideas by language and speech; the preservation of ideas by printing; and the various methods of recording; and the extension of personal and natural career." It is thus to be seen that Spiritualism must have a useful career and could not be prevented from having a national prominence and becoming a powerful power in the lives of individuals and nations. The planet Neptune was in close aspect and has given much of spirituality, refinement, elegance and harmony to the nativity, or to the cause represented.

The earth being in Libra should make of Spiritualism a ruling power in religion, philosophy, and science; and to cause special results in personal character and for civil government; it will endow social forces for good, but create much controversy—its advocates being influenced by a sense of justice, and their cause possessing a dynamic force. Libra is the home of Jupiter—but that planet being in Cancer at this nativity, will have a remarkable influence and create some desirable and some unpleasant results. This regional influence intensifies the mental attractions of marriage and makes that relation more spiritual, better adjusted and more harmonious. Spiritualists, intermarried, should be productive of better homes and children (other qualities of matehood being proper) than are the average of sectarian marriages. The Jupiterian influence, as aspected for Spiritualism, should bring to that Cause a place in the religions of the world; but, it is just enough evil aspected to make possible some mild deceptions and to attract the ignorant as well as the learned—depending somewhat upon the place of Jupiter in the nativity of individual Spiritualists.

Mars being also in Cancer at the nativity of Spiritualism, in conjunction with Jupiter, has an influence for forcefulness and aggressive power, adding strength and courage to the defense of its truths and giving boldness to its mission. Venus being in Aquarius for Spiritualism, also is a good aspect for the marriage and home life of Spiritualists. Whatever of unpleasant relations arising from the marriage of Spiritualists to other sectarians, arises from bad planetary relations and sectarian opposition. Spiritualists, mutually well aspected, have only planetary influences for good and happy marriages. Venus in Aquarius should create what Spiritualists yet often lack: artistic tastes, mental vision, harmony, dainty attractiveness in halls or temples, art and music. This position has added the greater possibility for cheerfulness and generosity of Spiritualists, and also their possible dreaminess or credulity. It should also bring greater sensitiveness, psychic power and love force to the devotee of Spiritualism, when this planet is well aspected at their personal nativity.

Mercury in Scorpio, should add grace, elegance and refinement to the cause of Spiritualism. It should make the scientific postulates of Spiritualism of lighter and more congenial force than cold facts usually do—hence, should relate the proofs of facts to the creation of happiness in the individual. It has the tendency to make the serious fact of death a happy contemplation. It intensifies the social nature, creates eloquence, adds warmth and congeniality. It is easy understood why the Spiritualist never takes so much interest in social affairs such as suppers, dances, entertainments, etc.; and also why so many of the lecturers are eloquent. But this aspect creates only moderate financial success, and creates a little of the selfish and fretful. Detail and constancy are apt to be sacrificed. Mercury was so closely aspected Sagittarius the night of March 31, 1848, that we can understand why the following is true of many Spiritualists: Their mentality swings from one extreme to the other. They partake of close companionship, intense feeling and friendship, severe accountability, close calculation in financial matters, and harsh defense when aroused. The mentality of the Spiritualists is subject to hasty conclusions and rapid judgment. These people will be more successful if they will cultivate self-control and more uniform habit in the management of public affairs. They may not like the planetary diagnosis of their case—but we must learn to "see ourselves as others see us."

The one great beauty of Spiritualism, as astrologically considered, is its influence upon the home life. There, its great specific utility finds full power for good.

Spiritualism was born in the sign of the head—and with Jupiter, the wisdom planet well aspected, possesses mental power. Mars in conjunction with Jupiter, has made it a fighting organization—and may its wisdom and warrior power be for good—and by the influence of Venus, be for motherhood and sisterhood of humanity until Christ shall be incarnate in all.

The prognosis for 1904 is briefly as follows: Neptune in Cancer should give spirituality, elegance of thought, calmness of will and graceful unfoldment.

Uranus in Sagittarius will bring much contention and a dissatisfied condition of thought with regard to affairs. Self-control will be needed. There will be a tendency to imagine dangers existing from proposed measures and candidates—just as it was in the N. S. A. Convention of 1903. These are apt to be imaginary, or malicious, as 1903 indicated such to be for Spiritualism.

Saturn in Aquarius is a favorable indication for force, attention to financial and provisional matters, causing economy and caution. Jupiter in Aries, the native house, should cause creative thought, increase capacity, develop self-command and intensify a desire for grand achievements. This will include the dates of the N. S. A. Convention. And for that time we find possibilities for wisdom to overcome the selfish spirit that is apt to be dominant from the direction of some persons. Mars in Leo during October will greatly influence the convention. Its power will be wielded for unity and spiritual harmony. There will be a strong battle for the right to prevail. The possibilities are for a grander unity and a more perfect organization of the N. S. A. Changes are sure to occur. A change of policy and of officials is more than probable. It must be expected that there will be much display of frankness, with plain speech, and individual personalities will be indulged, with some self-assurance and desire to control. This will be mixed with a weak element who will seek only harmony and moderate action at the cost of best interests—but the results will most likely be controlled by wisdom, which will require heroic battling to obtain.

The prospects for the adoption of a ritual to control Spiritualists' meetings, is not favorable. All signs point to the evolution of a religion of individualism controlled in its organized efforts by Venus and Jupiter—or, love and wisdom.

The Question of Creation.

Mark A. Baricela.

We are accustomed to speak of all things, and of the universe itself, as having once been "created." This habit of thinking and speaking of things as having been created is not peculiar to Christians, but forms one of the fundamental propositions of all speculative thought in all races of people, from a time prior to the great Aryan Migration down to our own age of thought and discussion. This so general a characteristic of all races and peoples, of entertaining an idea of creation, is itself a fact of great importance, and deserves a few moments of our thought.

At the first glance we would be apt to conclude that our current idea of creation may be accounted for by the narrative occurring at the beginning of Genesis. But when we take a wider survey of ancient myths we find that every race had its own account of the creation of the world and of the origin of man. The ancient Persians, according to the Zendavesta, had their Ormuzd who created all good things, and was always endeavoring to protect his creatures from the malicious Anriman. The Chaldeans had a myth of creation so like our Scriptural account that scholars of recent times have noticed and theorized on the similarity. The Greek and Roman myths are familiar to all. So one might go down the whole list of ancient peoples, and show that each had a system of ontology which accounted for their own origin and existence, as well as the whole universe, by attributing it to special acts of supernatural agents.

Now these well high universal phenomena surely enclose a law, or principle, for no set of phenomena occurring for ages in all lands and under all conditions could possibly occur by chance.

We live in an age of intellectual progression. New theories are daily advanced, and old ones are being revised. The creeds of yesterday are today laid on the shelf, and we expect our beliefs of today will tomorrow be cast in a new mold. At such a time it is not surprising that an attempt is made to offer a few ideas on the difficulties involved in the current conception of creation, and also, if possible, to throw light on the origin of that conception. The force of the reasoning will be much clearer if we first treat the origin of the conception.

The fact has been established, that, in a certain stage of savage development, fetishism is always present. We do not know of a tribe so low intellectually that they do not attribute a will and all personal feelings to surrounding objects, such as trees, rocks, waterfalls, etc. Such minds have no sublime conception of a Jehovah, or a Jove, with all their attendants and unlimited powers. This is a later growth. The primitive savage becomes angry with a stick or a stone. A rudiment of this once universal habit may be seen in a young child, who, after falling over a stone, turns about and kicks it. He thus acts according to "instinct," which is hereditary habit.

Age after age goes by, and each new thought and impression prepare the way for newer thoughts and clearer ideas. Unconsciously our primitive savage begins to reason a little, and then to generalize. We do not mean to convey the impression that he logically states two premises, and deduces a conclusion. But at first the flying branch struck him, and he was angry with it because it intended to injure him. Now he notices that when branches fly, a strong wind and black clouds accompany this phenomenon, and that these not only break down branches, but whole trees, and rattle the surface of his sacred lake. And as he takes more notice of these things, he transfers his worship—acts of propitiation—and fear, to the strongest good, whose good will it would be best to secure.

It is a long and dusty road from fetishism to a highly developed conception of Deity, with all the fine metaphysical reasonings; but we still can discern the dust of this path on the sandals of many theologians of our time. As the eye-tooth is a rudiment of the tusk; as the curling of the lip in scorn is a remnant of an animal-like snarl, so the attitudes and habits of thought, of many of our modern theologians, unmistakably bear marks of their primitive origin. Witness the prayers of our clergymen for rain in time of drought, or the national prayer of supplication for the life of a Garfield or McKinley.

As primitive man became more familiar with the workings of nature, her commonest objects and acts gradually began to lose their mysterious and supernatural qualities which rendered them objects of worship. Things which were of orderly and regular occurrence were not regarded as omens of ill; while things of less frequent occurrence were ascribed to the supernatural or divine. That is, things understood were natural, while

things not understood were supernatural. Rudiments of this mental attitude are not wanting even now. How eagerly sensational reports of dangerously advancing comets are read by uncultured people!

Personal divinities generally are located just outside the known. Knowledge has always been advancing; and more of the universe from time to time has been discovered and understood—won over from the unknown. Thus personal divinities have been forced to change their habitations. When men began to learn more definitely about Olympus, Jove with all his attendants no longer lived there. And with the invention of Galileo's telescope many a good and pious priest was started not to find Heaven, with high walls, white throne, crystal lake, and all the angels, just beyond the stars. Thus farther and farther from us the personal divinities are removed.

There are certain characteristics common to all leading divinities. What gave each his own peculiarities? Why does the god of each people have more of their characteristics than of other people's? Why does the Great Spirit of the Indians differ from Zeus as the Greeks themselves differ from the Greeks? We are accustomed to read in all ancient myths that the gods created men in their own likenesses, but we hold, on the contrary, that men have slowly created the gods in likenesses of themselves! Not that the idea of any particular god was the product of a single mind, but that the god-idea is a slow growth in the groping mind of primitive man in his search for truth, and that any particular expression of it, as of Jove or Jehovah, by a race of people, must be in terms of their understanding—that is, it must embody, more or less perfectly, the ideal characteristics of that people.

We have attempted briefly to outline the process of growth of a religious system in general from fetishism to a worship of more particularly defined deities. Each race of people has peculiarly strong characteristics. The genius of Rome was military and legal. Mars and Jupiter were fitting deities for such a people. John Fiske has well said that the Hebrew conception of Heaven is a true Persian paradise. And we are sure that the Jehovah of Medieval Christendom, largely drawn from the Old Testament, would make an ideal Oriental king. Similarly, if we carried our discussion through all peoples we could show that the gods of each race were not much different than personifications of ideal types with cosmic powers.

Now, after traveling far afield, to return to our more immediate subject—that of the difficulty of entertaining ideas of a creation. That every people has contended that their own god, or gods, created and sustained the world is a fact known to everyone. This general belief in a real, carpenterlike creation is the result of a craving of the human mind after final causes; and this craving itself is a characteristic woven into the very texture of the mind, for all through the aeons of time that the mind was developing from a pigment cell to that of civilized man, things within its ken had, at least, apparent causes. To eliminate the idea of cause and effect from our mental operations is to destroy the operations altogether.

The act of creation means that all at once, through the agency of supernatural powers, the universe and all it contains was introduced into space; that the magnificent organism of planets and suns, moving rhythmically and pulsating with life, was brought into being; and that every plant and animal and mineral was suddenly introduced into its complex relations of existence. Races differ in minor details in their mythical accounts of creation. But fundamentally they present the same difficulties. For our purpose it does not matter whether we consider the conception of Jehovah and his six creative days, or whether the world grew from an egg, originally created by the Deity, as some of the Eastern myths declare.

The Universe includes everything known and everything unknown. The term is far-reaching and all-comprehensive. The first difficulty in entertaining the idea of such a universe as having been created, is in respect to the material of which it is formed. It is perfectly absurd to postulate, contrary to the very laws of our thinking, that unthinkable theorem that something could have come from nothing. We cannot possibly conceive of space as a vast, boundless, and endless void with not a particle of matter, or a bit of force—which presupposes matter. An utter void everywhere is unrealizable in thought.

There are some who contend that the universe was created from material which itself was a part of the Deity. Such thinkers have not solved the question of a beginning of matter, but have only shifted the difficulty to another point. We attempt to conceive of Deity as partly material, such a Being could not have originated from a void. Thus, we may keep referring the origin of matter to an earlier deity, and continue ad infinitum, without solving the question.

The other difficulty in the idea of creation is in harmonizing such an event with the knowledge we have of the laws and principles by which the cosmos is now governed. From all that we gather in our attempts to spell out the great enigmas of things, the universe is an organism pulsating with life, not a lifeless machine governed by an extraneous god. The doctrine of Evolution, which has so changed our horizon in thought that we live in a different world than our fathers, gives its great weight to this view. Uniformity in law is essential in thought. Every act of life is performed with the implied understanding that the scales and yard-sticks are unvarying in principle. Creation, whether six thousand or six million years ago, necessitates a break in the continuity of law, and law is alone conceivable as such, when it is regarded as eternal. It is impossible to think of creation in such an orderly and well regulated universe as this in which we live.

Does the theory of supernatural creation enlighten us at all on that most obscure point of the beginning of things? Does it not merely push the question from us? Have we solved anything when we accept the theory of special creation? The answer to these questions is obvious when we consider that by creation we mean merely the bringing of things into existence; and as the universe which we know is certainly in existence, have we added anything to our knowledge by stating this act in another form—namely, in the theory of a creation?

Thus we see that the theory of creation is of no practical value, as a working theory, to philosophers. It may be impossible to conceive of matter as always existing, but it is equally impossible to conceive of a condition of things when matter was non-existent. We are forced to accept, at least, as a working hypothesis, however difficult it may be to realize in thought, that the universe has existed in some form or other throughout all time in the past, and that it will continue to exist in endless changes throughout eternity in the future.

Bangor, Me.

THE LINING.

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

Mediums, Witches and Other Persons.

Hudson Tuttle,
Editor-at-Large, N. S. A.

The Spiritualists of Pittsburg have a vigorous society and are awakening the attention of the preachers. Rev. Mr. Brown, of the Methodist persuasion, felt inspired to demolish the society, have its members "stoned to death," and Spiritualism sent to limbo all at one fell swoop!

He planted his big battery on the Bible and loaded it with the "Witch of Endor!" As his sermon was reported in the Pittsburg Times, the Editor-at-large replied in that paper. The Witch of Endor has been stuck in trade for those who would make a Biblical argument against Spiritualism. All the force of that argument comes from an error of translation.

He says, "A witch in Bible times would be called a medium now." Then a medium is a witch and should be "stoned to death!"

Rev. Mr. Brown is an astonishing instance of the appearance of an individual centuries after he should have been born. Where has he been or where educated that he is ignorant of the fact that there is not an intelligent person in the world today who believes that there ever was a witch? Millions have been tortured to death, condemned by grave judges, but today in any court in the civilized world, a prisoner charged as a witch would be instantly released and the accuser reprimanded.

In the light of the present there is always a survival of old beliefs and a preacher made himself notorious by declaring that "the world do move," regardless of the demonstrations of science. Thus two hundred years after everyone has cast witchcraft aside and smiles at the folly of the belief, a Pittsburg preacher stands bravely up in its defence, guilelessly ignorant that the world has moved! Not only does he affirm, but would have the old barbarous punishment inflicted.

Rev. Mr. Brown quotes the story of the Witch of Endor, and says that "Saul lost his life because he sought out a familiar spirit, a medium in modern parlance, and so dishonored God." He also says that the woman, when she saw the spirit of Samuel "gave a scream." He misquotes to convey the idea that she screamed from fright and applies this significance to the mediums of the city. If he will turn to his Bible and read it more carefully than he has evidently, he will find that he has concocted a text at variance with the book. The Bible says that when the woman saw Samuel "she cried with a loud voice," not because afraid of him, but because she knew as soon as she entered into the state which enabled her to perceive, that it was Saul who consulted her, and she feared he would treat her as he had other soothsayers outside the priestly ranks.

"Why was Saul visiting the woman?" he asks; and his answer is as much at variance with the facts as his quotation of the Bible is with the text. Twenty-six years before, according to the chronology of the book, Samuel commanded Saul to smite the Amalekites and destroy "men, women, and suckling, ox, sheep, camel and ass." Saul did as commanded by God through Samuel but spared Agag the king and with true Jewish thrift, the best of the flocks. For this disobedience Samuel became wroth and smote Agag with his own hands and pronounced sentence of doom on Saul. Samuel died and Saul had a stormy career. Beset with enemies and cut off from the prophets of his own people, he went to Endor to consult a priestess of another nation.

With knowledge of the antecedents, what more consistent than the appearance of the great prophet and his repeating the denunciation of more than a score of years before?

Rev. Mr. Brown declares this woman to have been a witch or a medium and as such by God's command should have been "stoned to death," yet he says this medium was used by God himself to convey His message to Saul!

"God brought up Samuel to Saul in order that the prophecy should be fulfilled and that Saul might learn that he could not disobey God and retain His favor." The woman did not bring up Samuel. Samuel spoke direct to Saul and paid no attention to the woman.

In fact according to his explanation, the witch had nothing to do with the matter, for the spirit paid no attention to her. What then is he contending for? In the expressive language of slang, what is he at? It seems that Saul had to go into the presence of this woman before Samuel could appear, and if God thus found it necessary to use her as a medium, why should she "be stoned to death" for being an instrument of the divine will? If only through her psychic power Samuel could deliver his message, then mediumship cannot be entirely evil, and this "Woman of Endor" ranks with the great Prophet in his relations to the Hebrew God.

Was this woman possessed of evil? Saul had fasted a day and a night and overwhelmed by the denunciation, fell on the earth. She with gentle words comforted him, saying that he had placed her life in his hands and should listen to her words and allow her to prepare a repast before he departed. On his refusal she joined with his servants and over-persuaded him. Then she prepared food, the best she had in her house, and after partaking, he and his servants arose and departed. In all the Bible there is not a more beautiful example of hospitality and womanly sympathy. And for this and having been a medium for the delivery of a message from God, Rev. Mr. Brown would have her "stoned to death."

If his sermon expresses his desires, he would gladly have all the mediums of Pittsburg and Allegheny City brought to the public place and treated in the same manner! Yet Christ said of the sinner: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her."

Rev. Mr. Brown is a Methodist—is he a Christian?

A medium as Spiritualists understand, is one who is able by psychic organization to receive communications from departed spirits. These spirits are those of friends who come with the assurance that they have passed through the change of death and remain the same in affection for those they have left in this life. Is there the least comparison between such an one and a witch in league with the spirits of evil?

Moreover this belief in the possibility of communicating with friends on the other side of the grave is distinctly modern as taught by the Spiritual Philosophy. We ask earnestly, why is this belief sinful or contrary to the Bible? If so why does that Book tell us to "try the spirits" if we are not to communicate with them?

I wish to notice one charge more that Rev. Mr. Brown makes against mediums and Spiritualism. He says it "is a shady affair," a scheme of religion that has to be conducted in the dark, and he would prefer death to the thought that his son was visiting "a shady woman in a shady room, receiving shady advice which would bring shame and shadow into his life."

In the name of the Spiritualists of Pittsburg and Allegheny City, I protest against this infamous charge which no Christian man has the right to make unless he has demonstrative proof. There is a vigorous society in

the city with a membership of men and women of high social, moral and intellectual standing. Their belief is as sacred to them as methodism is to Methodists. We presume that there is not a Spiritualist in the city who would not feel as dishonored to have his son visit a "shady woman" as Rev. Mr. Brown. We pray that this experience to which he seems over sensitive has not and may not come into his life.

In closing, we ask this minister to explain how it is, if Spiritualism is completely evil, that in all the penitentiaries and prisons of this country, of all the vast array of criminals gathered therein, there is not one Spiritualist? If he doubts this he has only to consult the reports of these institutions. Is not a tree known by its fruits?—Hudson Tuttle, Editor-at-large, N. S. A., Washington, D. C.

Was It a Dream?

A TELEPHATIC TALE.

Elizabeth H. P. Jackson.

Major Kingsley was in a very cheerful frame of mind, as he sat smoking a cigar upon the sunny veranda of his sister's modest little home. The cigar was especially good, even for a connoisseur like the Major to have chosen; and he had much to make him happy. He was only eight and twenty, and in all probability had a long, bright life before him. The slight illness, upon the strength of which he had obtained his furlough, had disappeared almost as soon as he had set foot upon the soil of old England. He had wealth, position, bright prospects of promotion, and as soon as he chose to go back to India, he would have the most winsome woman in all Calcutta for his wife. Thus soliloquizing, the Major closed his eyes, and gave himself up to pleasant reflections.

As he sat there, he seemed to see the old familiar places around his home in faraway India; he saw the sunny streets, and heard the sound of a guitar, played softly behind closed shutters; and he saw his own regiment at drill, and noted, with pardonable pride, that they showed excellent training. He saw, too, his cozy little home at the end of the long row of officers' dwellings. It told of ease and elegance, from the bamboo rockers on the front porch to the vine-clad arbor at the back of the house. The Major smiled to himself as he thought how pleased Charlotte would be to find such pleasant surroundings.

Then the scene changed, and a shady path was spread before him. It had a familiar look, yet he could not quite place it. The low-hanging boughs of magnolia, the palms, and the vines, which sprawled in luxurious growth across the narrow path looked very natural. Why, yes! It was the narrow path that led through the jungle a few miles from Calcutta;—the path that the natives called "The way of death," and no wonder, since so many had lost their lives traveling it. But the tiger were nearly all killed off now, so it was safer than it used to be.

Walking along the path were a man and a woman. They, too, had a strangely familiar look, but the Major couldn't tell where he had seen them, or when, but he could not see their faces. They were lovers, evidently; soon he heard them talking. The conversation was commonplace enough, yet he could see that they spoke to each other with their eyes, more than with their lips.

"It is here that the crimson flowers grow. Shall I get some for you?" the young man asked.

"Yes, do, and I will sit here and wait for you," replied the young woman.

The young man disappeared in the jungle, and his companion, seating herself upon a log, awaited his coming. Several minutes afterward, a cry of "Help!" was heard. Hastily rising, the girl rushed through the dense growth as fast as she could, in the direction whence the sound came. The loud cry changed to a low groan. The girl soon came to a little opening in the forest; a mass of crimson flowers covered the ground, and there, in the midst of them, crouched a tiger, like a huge cat bending over its prey, and prostrate upon the ground lay the youth, holding in his hand a cluster of the crimson flowers which he had been picking when the tiger sprang upon him.

The girl grasped a stout stick which lay near her, and commenced beating the tiger with all her might, shouting for help. There was but little hope of help coming, for with the exception of a native hut or two, there were no habitations for miles around.

Apparently the beast was not conscious of her interference, for he paid no attention to the blows which she showered upon him. "Don't do that! Run and save yourself before he turns on you!" said the youth. She said nothing, and he lay quite still, for he knew that the slightest movement upon his part would bring those gleaming white teeth to his throat.

How long she fought there she never knew, but at last, after what seemed hours, there was a snapping of the boughs near them, and a native, holding in his uplifted hand a huge hunting-knife, threw himself upon the tiger's back, and reaching forward, cut the throat of the ferocious beast. The huge form rolled over upon the grass and crimson flowers, dead.

The girl hastened to the side of the wounded man. He was lying quite still, and his face was very white, save for his forehead, which bore the mark of the tiger's claws upon it. The girl, her face almost as white as his now, sat down, and taking his head upon her lap, she took her handkerchief and tried to wipe away the blood which was flowing from the wound.

For the first time, the Major was able to get a glimpse of her face. "Oh God!" he exclaimed. "It is Charlotte!" Charlotte! but with a face so changed by fright and anxiety that he hardly recognized her. Charlotte! and an instant later, when she caught the first look of returning intelligence upon the upturned face, there was a look of love and tenderness upon her countenance that the Major had never seen there. She bent down and said something in a whisper, and the face of the prostrate man grew radiant.

The Major's sister, coming home from market, saw him sitting with his eyes closed, and his face as white as marble. He started, as she came up the steps. "I must have been asleep," he said, and he picked up his cigar, which had fallen from his hand.

The following is a clipping from the society column of the Calcutta Journal:

"The numerous friends of Miss Charlotte Chalmers will be astonished to hear that her marriage took place upon Tuesday of last week, not to Major Kingsley, to whom she had formerly been engaged, but to Mr. Richard Cline, the son of one of Calcutta's most prosperous merchants. Their brief engagement and subsequent marriage savors strongly of romance. It seems that they were exploring a path in the jungle together, when the young man was attacked by a tiger. He was thrown to the ground, and in spite of the heroic efforts of Miss Chalmers, he would undoubtedly have been killed had it not been for the timely interference of a native herdsman, who speedily dispatched his tigership."

The wounded man was taken to a hut near by, and a surgeon was brought from the city to dress the wounds, which proved to be quite serious, so much so that Mr. Cune was obliged to remain in the hut for several days. Miss Chalmers gave him the best of care, it is said. The result of it was, that as soon as they came back to civilization, the wedding bells rang gaily."

A Message from J. Frank Baxter.

The following message was written through the hand of Mrs. Mary F. Lovering on March 26th, 1904:

It is with expressions of heartfelt joy I approach your atmosphere this morning and speak to you for a few moments of my entrance into spirit life and the wonderful transformation which has come to me.

When my eyes were opened to the realities of spirit life I exclaimed, the half has not been told! I was greeted on all sides with exclamations of love. My dear companion advanced to meet me and oh the joy of the reunion. I cannot through another's pen describe the joyous sensations of delight, even of bewilderment, as I clasped hands with so many old workers, friends and relatives, for they had all been told of my coming. Dr. H. B. Storer, Eben Cobb, Jacob Edson, Dr. A. S. Hayward and companion, Dr. J. D. Moore, William A. Dunklee, Mrs. Clara H. Banks, Abby Judson, who advanced and presented me with a bouquet of forget-me-nots, my soul was filled with an ecstasy of joy earth cannot conceive of. I might mention other names but suffice it to say I had a grand reception, a recompense for all my labors while in your midst. I would that it stimulate all workers in the fields of progression to do with all their might what their hands have to do. The earth journey is a short one at the longest term of years, and spirit life is an unending state for spiritual work with advantages, and a high spiritual development and unfoldment impossible when clogged with material and physical environments.

I was present last evening at the Ladies' Aid Society and noted the remarks of each speaker and almost felt I could rise and speak again. But my physical form was not there. Is it not natural that at this time so near the anniversary services that my spirit was wafted into your midst and I sensed very keenly that I had got through my arduous duties with you? I momentarily feel the sense of blessedness it is to look into your faces once more and to see through the look of goodwill and love for me and mine.

Other workers and well-wishers will soon follow in my footsteps, for one by one we cross the stream of death and feel assured many loved ones are ready to welcome every soul new-born into this kingdom of peace and good will to all.

I would be remembered by my dear ones left behind, a father's and a mother's blessing rest upon you and the dear little ones entrusted to your care, bring them up in wisdom's ways and in the knowledge of spirit communion.

A dear brother of earth advances and says: "Speak of me. I never had the privilege of addressing earth friends through this pen." It is none other than Charles Sullivan. He says, "I knew this instrument and had faith in the writings given her."

And now, Mrs. Lovering, while you are penning these lines from me many spirits are advancing and watching the modus operandi of this form of thought conveyance. I might mention the names of Herbert M. Flint, Mrs. Lizzie Lincoln, Mrs. Lambert and several of your East Boston friends, with the Rev. Warren H. Oudworth, who is waving the Star Spangled Banner, and says "Sing it at the coming anniversary," he adds he has prepared an essay on "Spirit Life and Its Possibilities," which he will sometime write through your hand.

Remember that in the coming week a large cloud of witnesses will be present at each meeting and I shall be present in the old familiar halls and places of worship. I am very glad I can convey these few rambling words through this medium, whose pen so easily conveys my thought, and so convey this one greatest truth of the interchange of thought between the two spheres of existence. We are not dead, but alive to all that pertains to your happiness, your spiritual unfoldment. Catch every pearl of truth as it descends to your minds from the portals of light, and grasp every golden opportunity. It is yours to possess, thus adding knowledge to your faith which is enduring and will not pass away.

Now I would say to every brother and sister in this cause for humanity, be faithful, let your light shine in all the dark places and satisfaction will be yours as you enter spirit life. You will find you have taught the true gospel of peace as did the lowly Nazarene when he walked in earthly paths. Much more would I say but I am very thankful for the present privilege, as I feel sure it will bear weight on many minds. I am not dead, only my late physical body died. My soul goes out in thankfulness to all who assisted at the funeral services and for the good wishes expressed by so many loving hearts.

Yours for the truth of Spirit Communion and spiritual progression I sign my name, J. Frank Baxter.

A Chance to Make Money.

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

A Personal Experience.

Douglas H. C. Thompson.

We have often read the sentence, "God moves in a mysterious way." It has possibly been demonstrated many times but never so forcibly to me, at least, as it was shown to me quite recently.

About the first of November of last year I was suddenly awakened in the night by a voice calling me. I raised myself in bed and listened but heard no one speaking. I laid down again when the voice called again. I sat up in bed thinking some of the family were taken sick. I was soon made easy on that score by the appearance of an angel by my bed. He was clothed in a radiant raiment and standing by my side, he looked at me awhile, then moved to the foot of the bed and raising his arm, I for the first time saw that he clasped a very bright sword in his hand. He motioned me to silence. The presence came upon me so unexpectedly that I could not speak, so for that reason I could not do otherwise than remain very still.

After the first of my surprise wore off I was about to speak, but he motioned me to remain attentive as he had somewhat to say

to me. Raising his hand and pointing towards Waltham he spoke these words.

"The time is at hand, yes; now is, that thou shalt go forth into the world to carry the message of truth. It is necessary for you to make ready."

I then found my voice and asked him what I must do as I thought I had been doing all I could do to advance the Cause. Still pointing he told me to go to Waltham and engage Shepherd hall and hold services therein until the fulfillment of the time, giving me the assurance that the spirit would help me and that I would not fail.

I arose in the morning, but experienced a peculiar sensation. I was unable to enter into conversation with the others in my home. They, thinking I was ill, inquired the cause, but I could not explain, for I was unable to speak. All through the day I went about in a semi-conscious state, hearing voices all around me, but could not answer. I tried hard to awaken myself but utterly failed. I tried very much to make myself believe that it was only a dream, but could not.

I had every confidence in the spirit but was unwilling to open a hall. For two weeks I remained in this undecided condition, unable to do any kind of work, and at last being unable to endure it any longer, I proceeded to Waltham, engaged the hall for three months, the voice telling me to do so and then I would not back out. I anxiously awaited the result. The three months went by very quickly. The voice told me to close and I again questioned him, why did you have me open the hall if you wish me to close so soon, he answered me, you have accomplished that wherewith you were sent. But I could not see why I should close as there was so much interest shown. And just at this time there came along, Mr. Doubt, so thinking perhaps the spirit did not mean to close the hall I re-engaged it for six weeks longer, and hardly started when my health gave out! I struggled on doing all the work myself, that is physically, but, oh! how glad I was when the last night came. I fully understood the voice before I arrived at the hour for closing. I have often wished that I might be able to understand the spirit better. I have bought my understanding very dearly. Today I feel very humble toward the spirit.

I sought another interview with my heavenly visitor. Two weeks went by and no answer came to my anxious heart. I was becoming almost discouraged, and on the point of giving up, believing after all it was only a dream. But, no, at the last moment the answer came. I was awakened again in the midst of the night and seeing my angel visitor by my side, I asked him about the meetings. His answer was the same, you have accomplished that wherewith you were sent. Then I said what would you have me to do. He answered, "Go into all the world and preach the truth to all mankind, and we will ever guide you and help you, fear not, all will be well."

As he was about to leave me I asked him to tell me what had been accomplished in Waltham. He answered, "In a little while you will know." He then gave me directions how to proceed.

The very first thing after rising I went and did just what he told me to do.

The next evening after the interview with the guide there came a gentleman to see me. He was very desirous to say something. The following are his own words.

"You might think you have not accomplished anything in your meetings in Waltham. In the first place I went merely to hear what you had to say. I was not interested in the Cause but you told me about my mother being there and gave me a message from her which was very true. I went out because it affected me very strangely and I felt I could not remain longer, I went home and it kept ringing in my ears what mother had said, I could not forget it. I spoke to two or three about it, but they only laughed but after awhile they made up their mind to attend the meeting and they did and each received a message which convinced them that there was something in it after all, they became deeply interested in it."

I persuaded my wife to go, her eyes were opened, she was surprised but as yet will not give in wholly, but she will yet.

"Since then there have been six who have become firm believers, and six more that are decidedly interested and it will not stop there it will keep spreading until you will be surprised at the number that it will reach."

Since that time many more have come to me and told me how much good the meetings have done. God does work in a mysterious manner. My prayer is that the Infinite Intelligence will teach me to be more ready to trust him and by so doing be better able to help my fellowmen.

34 Summer St., Watertown, Mass.

"The Gentleman from Everywhere."

The author enjoys the unique distinction of being the only animal whose tale (tail) comes out of his head, and this notoriety is the only reward many of his species receive for all their labors.

We are glad to know, however, that the author of "The Gentleman from Everywhere" whose inspiration came largely from the invisibles has received substantial appreciation as his book is now read far and wide wherever the English language prevails. Mr. Foss returns thanks in his circular to the 1,500 eminent authors and editors who have commended his book in the leading public prints; but he is especially refreshed by the many letters received from hundreds of his readers "who have known the cross without the crown of glory."

We take pleasure in giving quotations from the letters of some of these "mute inglorious Miltons" who have been helped by the racy expressed philosophies of his inspiring volume, and whose names are unknown to fame.

From Texas come these words: "The transition of my husband left me in darkness and despair. I was so fortunate as to read your uplifting book, and the chapter entitled 'The Angels of Life and Death' banished the clouds and brought the sunshine."

From Colorado: "I had all my life regarded Spiritualists as frauds and charlatans; but the two chapters of your grand book entitled 'Hand in Hand with Angels' and 'Foregleams of Immortality' led me to investigate the proofs of spirit return and I have been amply rewarded."

From Oregon: "I do not fully agree with you that 'Oregonians need to be web-footed in the rainy season,' but I do thank you especially for your chapter called 'Looking Forward,' as it inspired me to abandon the 'job hunting' life of the city and to 'go back to mother earth for a living,' and we are now prospering on a farm of our own."

From California: "You painted the picture of the industrial conditions of the California of years ago in your graphic chapter 'Campaigning in Wonderland,' but I especially thank you as a teacher for your eloquent chapters 'Joys and Sorrows of School Days' and 'Career of a Dominie Pedagogue,' for they have led me to abandon the 'cramping process' in my school work."

From Florida: "Your chapter 'In the Land of Flowers' is flowery, but it led me to locate here and I do not regret it."

From Australia: "I am delighted with your book as a missionary for Spiritualism. I shall advise all my skeptical friends to read it. It awakens an irresistible desire to know more of our sublime philosophy." The book is for sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company; price, \$1.50; postage, eleven cents extra.

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Letters from Our Readers.

The editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

Traducing the Friend of Washington

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Every friend of liberty and justice will commend action of the The Liberal Review of April in asking Pres. Roosevelt to correct his defamatory statement of that great writer and friend of Washington and one of the foremost founders of this Republic—Thomas Paine. The latter was termed by Roosevelt "a filthy little Aethiopian." Roosevelt has been written to some months ago and asked to correct his mistake, but has not thus far done so.

Ignorant and fanatical persons have falsely assailed Thomas Paine but reasonably and well informed persons know that Paine was of the faith of the Hebrew prophets. John Kenyon Kilbourn, D. D., in his book "Faiths of Famous Men," quotes from Paine as follows: "I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religion consists in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy. The world is my country and to do good is my religion. It is the fool that would live as if there were no God."

Well could the Liberal Review quote the words of Rev. Brooke Hereford of the Church of Messiah, of Chicago. He said: "If Paine were now living, he would be proud to have him join his church." Strange that there is a citizen of this Republic so belated as to deliberately defame Thomas Paine, falsely representing the voiceless dead prophet, and then refusing to correct his false statements concerning said sneer.—Emersonian.

"O! That's too Bad!"

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I saw in the Worcester Telegram (my home paper) a notice of the State Association's Mass meeting at Worcester and in the remarks of Dr. George A. Fuller he mentions some of the veterans. Prof. S. P. Brittan was one and I think it was meant for my uncle whose name is S. B. Brittan.

Spiritualists are few and far between about here, I know of but two.

One of my neighbors, I think she calls herself a "sanctified" Methodist, was talking with my wife lately about my not attending church. My wife told her I was a Spiritualist. "Oh! that is too bad, can't we get him out of that?" she said.

I think after all has been a believer for fifty years it would be hard to get one out of it!

Yours truly, H. T. Gates.

Southern Pines, N. C.

Progress at Pittsfield, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Thinking your readers might like to know something about the cause of Spiritualism in this barren place I write hoping that you may deem it of sufficient importance for a little notice in your columns.

A few months since seven persons from two families began to meet at the home of Mr. J. T. Rhodes for what they called a Home Circle, but for the purpose of co-operating with the spirit world in such a way as to develop some power which it was hoped might result in some good for the cause of Spiritualism in this locality. Success has attended their efforts from the beginning and others desiring to join the circle are being admitted. It is fondly hoped that this circle will increase in usefulness as the months go on.

Mrs. Eliza Rhodes Douglass, formerly of Haverhill, Mass., is our chosen medium to voice the thought of the spirit world, and she gives great promise of becoming a most acceptable platform worker. We can safely call our little gathering The First Spiritualist Society of Pittsfield.

Yours in the cause of truth.—Mrs. J. M. Kingman, 17 Stoddard Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

"In the Interests of History."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your issue of April 9th is a commendable number rich in important articles, valuable information and interesting facts. Among the numerous contributions I see one from E. T. Dickinson, Limona, Fla., who appears to be under the impression that my statement in regard to the ages of the celebrated Fox sisters is not correct. It is somewhat peculiar that some good spirit who seems ever on the alert has, in another journal, already answered in part the queries of the writer named above. I am a veteran Spiritualist and have been a subscriber to the "Banner of Light" since it commenced its wonderful and useful career in 1847, and have been personally familiar with our movement (and during their lives with the Fox sisters) from the commencement of our history, consequently am able to speak with some certainty, surely?

The statements I have supplied to Mrs. M. T. Longley, the secretary of the N. S. A., Mr. George A. Bacon, the well-known writer to our journals, and to Mr. Henson Tuttle, the N. S. A. Editor-at-Large, were made to me by the mother of the girls, and Leah Fox Underhill, and were not in any sense hearsay or guessing. The statement Mrs. Longley furnished the spiritual press was correct, and I will repeat it that it may be clearly put on record in the interest of history regarding the early facts relating to the commencement of modern Spiritualism.

First. The years in which the Fox sisters were born are as follows: Ann Leah, 1814; Margaretta, 1833; Kate (Catherine), 1837.

Secondly. The dates of the passing away of the members of the Fox family are as follows:

John D. Fox, the father, January 10th, 1865, remains interred at Arcadia, Wayne Co., N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Fox, Aug. 3, 1865; Ann Leah Fox Underhill, age 76, Nov. 1st, 1890; Daniel Underhill, aged 70, Aug. 15th, 1890 (remains of each interred in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lots 13594 and 13595, section 172, lawn path between Cypress and Zephyr avenues); Kate Fox, aged 55, July 2d, 1892; Margaret Fox Kane, aged 59, March 8th, 1893 (these two have their mortal remains interred in the Cypress Hill Cemetery in the plot of Joseph La Fumee, Lot 355, section 3).

Thirdly. The ages of the three sisters on March 31st, 1848. These were as follows: Ann Leah, 34 years; Margaretta, 14 years; Catherine, 11 years.

An educated gentleman, Mr. E. E. Lewis, residing in Canandaigua, N. Y., heard about the phenomena occurring at Hydesville and was impressed it was a matter of sufficient importance to investigate. He reached Hydesville on April 11th, 1848, and interviewed the father, mother, their son David, and many of the neighbors, and subsequently published all their statements in a pamphlet issued early in May of the same year. This pamphlet was considered so correct that Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill had it copied into her book, "The Missing Link," all except the paragraph that gave a positive clue to the ages of Kate and Margaret.

It will be well to remember that the family of John D. Fox moved into the house at Hydesville on December 11th, 1847, to temporarily remain until he could build a dwelling upon his own land, a well conceived plot on the part of the spirit workers to get him from Canada and into that house where a pedlar had been murdered and his remains buried in the cellar, for his spirit had no attractions elsewhere.

Let me close by giving the substance of the omitted paragraph mentioned above. It reads as follows: "My oldest daughter Margaret, is in her 15th year, my younger daughter Cathie, had just entered her 12th year. Margaret's birthday is October 7th and Cathie's March 27th." From this it is easy to calculate the ages of the girls in 1848. I hope these particulars will be acceptable to the writer of the letter to which I referred at the beginning of my short reply thereto.

Titus Merritt.

New York City, April 24, 1904.

(Owing to the accidental omission of the signature of the writer to the above letter we reprint his important favor and so answer the enquiries of a large number of our esteemed subscribers.—Ed. B. L.)

Says Dead May Return.

The Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton addressed a large gathering at Cooper Union, on Monday evening, April 24th, his subject being "Immortality." In support of his views he referred to ancient history, to the Hindus, the Buddhists and others. "It would be absolute mockery, unfeeling cruelty," said he, "to bring people into the world just for the sake of taking them away again. Immortality is necessary to satisfy the demands of life, just as you believe that the sun will rise; it will vindicate itself absolutely. If it is a fact of the universe, it must be capable of verification. There never has been a day when immortality has been incapable of verification."

"I am sure that man, as studied now, has proved that he has powers of clairvoyancy; that he can exert his will through walls, and compel attention. In the four leading universities of the United States there are eminent men who believe this. One is in Pennsylvania and one in Columbia. The latter from an unbeliever became an absolute believer in the psychic force. You begin to think of the cabinet, the seance and the medium. I admit ninety-nine out of one hundred of these are humbugs. But I speak of what men who have studied have come to believe from their own experience. I do see ground for believing it possible. Those who are ready to receive it may have a verification."

"I don't believe that Christ appeared to his disciples in body or in spiritual form. I believe in the possibility of man coming back to earth again. Faith may be a living power."—N. Y. Tribune.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (the Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Diseases will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He has nothing whatever to sell you.

Mind.

Mind for May is a capital issue. It contains among other good articles Mental Healing, by the editor, Charles Brodie Patterson; A Study of Parsifal, by W. J. Colville; The Element of Time in Dreams, by Rev. Adolph Roeder, either of which contributions is worth the price of the magazine. The Alliance Publishing Company, 599 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Diplomatic—"Father, I wish you'd spank me a little bit." "Why, Tommy, the ideal spank you—what for?" "Yes, then I'll cry, and grandma will feel so awfully sorry she'll give me some candy."—Brooklyn Life.

Many Mothers administer Piso's Cure when their children have Spasmodic Croup. It is effectual.

The Century.

The May Century is equal to the best issues, which is praise indeed. As to illustrations, or letter press, nothing better could be desired. The portrait of President Roosevelt, as the preface to the number, is a splendid piece of the combined skill of photographer, block maker and printer. The Century Company, Union Square, New York City.

Spiritualism in Wales.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: It gave me great pleasure to read an account of the Spiritualists in Wales, and I can appreciate the efforts made, as stated in the article in your issue of April 16th. Having lived three years in South Wales I am naturally interested. The Welsh people are to my thinking the best chorus singers in the world. Having had the pleasure to belong to the Aberdare Orchestral and Choral Society I was a participant for Musical Honors at the National Eisteddfod held there in 1885 and was astonished at the wonderful fullness of tone and harmony produced by men who earn their living in coal pit work. I do not subscribe directly for the "Banner," but take it, as I have for about three years, from my news agent in this city.

Very truly yours, O. J. Taylor.

Lawrence, Mass.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

The following represents the principles
adopted by the 1899 national convention of
the Spiritualists of America, and reaffirmed
at the national convention held at Wash-
ington, D. C., October, 1903.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of na-
ture, physical and spiritual, are the expres-
sion of Infinite Intelligence.
3. We affirm that a correct understanding
of such expressions, and living in accordance
therewith, constitutes the true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and per-
sonal identity of the individual continues
after the change called death.
5. We affirm that communication with the
so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven
by the phenomena of Spiritualism.
6. We believe that the highest morality is
contained in the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever
ye would that others should do unto you, do
ye even so unto them."

Brevities.

What am I?
Whence came I?
Whither shall I go?
Three tremendous questions these.
The materialist answers the first by saying
I am a higher animal.
He replies to the second by saying, from
the primal cosmic elements, and out of the
protoplasmic ooze of bygone ages.

And to the last query his reply is, to the
grave, disruption and reabsorption into the
seas of elementary being. To death and final
extinction.

Is he correct? Does he know, does anyone
know? What say the spirits, the Adepts,
the famous Brothers of the Himalaya, Occul-
tists, preachers and philosophers and all the
rest including Spiritualists? Are the ques-
tions unanswerable, is each answer provided
by the schools at best only guess work?

I am more than consciousness because I am
conscious of my consciousness. I am more
than Will because I use my will. I am more
than mind for I cultivate, direct and use my
mind. I am certainly more than my fleshly
vesture. Yet great as I am, I am not able
to complete my self-analysis and resolve my-
self into myself, so as to stand above myself
and say this is me!

Either I have existed eternally as an entity,
or my entityship had a commencement? Shift
me back stage by stage for aeons it is only
putting the difficulty further away, not solv-
ing it. The argument of self creation is ab-
surd and is simply the resort of the mentally
inefficient. If I at any time commenced to
be, or became an entity then I am and was
made of something! I am the greatest thing
in the Universe but one, and that one we call
God. Am I a part or portion of God? I am!
Therein lies the cause and reason of my in-
ability to analyze myself, as the part cannot
comprehend the whole, and only knows of
that whole and itself by the becoming con-
scious of the attributes in action of itself.
He who solves the question What am I? will
be able to say what is God.

Whither shall I go? Somewhere surely for
I cannot be destroyed, for I am of God. If
I am continued it must be that that which
makes me what I am individually is con-
tinued also. Therefore, wherever I go, that
state must be ordered to my necessities. We
have no other testimony than that spirits, as

we call them, are self-conscious, individual
personal entities. They, however, have no
power or possibility that was not latent in
them while on earth. Such powers are cul-
tivable while we live here, and can be used
and are and have been used here repeatedly,
times beyond counting. Spiritualism has al-
ways, as a philosophic system, affirmed the
points made above. Later offshoots from the
Spiritual philosophy have only reaffirmed the
same things in another method.

Miss Harlow practically affirms that ma-
terialization is a doubtful quantity, and that
tests depend far more upon a certain "Blue
Book" than actual spirit control! Do any
of our readers know anything about this
book? We have met some who say they have
seen it, and that they know who has used
it. But it is "please do not say I said so" in
each instance. Such careless or cowardly
charges do more harm than good. They help
"our friend the enemy" in his work against
us. If we know fraud come out and state the
facts, don't skulk behind the wall and shoot.
We know beyond all question that spirits do
give messages and that honest mediums hon-
estly transmit them without the aid of any
kind of colored book. We know that materi-
alization does occur, and that there are hon-
est mediums for that phase of Spirit produced
phenomena. We also know that there has
been simulation of all phases of phenomena
in our movement, but the simulation still re-
mains by very far the smallest part.

The editor of the "Banner" spent a busy
day in New York City on Sunday last. Arriv-
ing at 7 a. m., after due rest and refreshment
he commenced his labors for the day with
a trance address to the members of the New
York City Spiritual and Ethical Society, in
the pretty hall of the Builders' League, 74
126th Street, W. Hospitably entertained by
Mr. Rose to dinner and then to Tuxedo hall
to address the friends of the old First Asso-
ciation of Spiritualists of New York; a short
breathing spell and a light supper and then
again to the first mentioned meeting place
for the evening service. It was a pleasure
to meet Miss Cushman, who so ably conducts
the E. and S. meetings, and to be greeted by
the two excellent audiences that were pres-
ent. At the Tuxedo a large audience was
also in attendance, and after the address Miss
Margaret Gaule presented some very excel-
lent phenomena in her own most interesting
fashion, to the evident delight of all present.
It is quite a journey to move about the me-
tropolis, and consumes considerable time. The
day ended, the next morning the worker
gratified with his reception, the meeting of
many old friends, including particularly Mrs.
M. J. Rathbun and Mr. Riedinger and his
wife, "Miss Gaule," he left the shade of
Bartholdi's statue behind and six hours
later again resumed the pleasant duties of
ministering to the requirements of his read-
ers.

A neatly printed booklet reaches us from
the Purdy Publishing Company, of Chicago.
It bears the title "Why I am a Vegeta-
rian," and is ably written, from the stand-
point of the advocate, by J. Howard Moore,
who deals with his topic economically, re-
ligiously, ethically and statistically. It is
well worth reading even if it does not con-
vince. The same firm also sends two other
pamphlets "Condensed Thoughts on Christian
Science," by Dr. William Holcombe, who
assures us that "The wrong idea of God is
the secret of all the ignorance and misery of
the world, of its sins and diseases, its false
religions, false philosophies and false
sentences." The other work is On Mental
Healing, by Dr. Geo. Foote, who commences
by remarking that "Mental Science, Meta-
physical Healing, Mind Cure or Christian
Science, are the assumed nomenclatures of
the different schools, who teach and practice
this new phase of doctoring, claiming to
be guided by a spiritual influx of Divine
Truth and Love." From Paris, France, there
comes a useful little book, "Treatise on Ex-
perimental Magnetism, with Theories and
Processes," by H. Durville, being the second
volume of the work. It contains many illus-
trations, much useful information, and is
prefaced with a portrait of Sir William
Crookes. The book is issued at the Librairie
du Magnetisme, 23 Rue Saint Merri, Paris.

The Passing of the Church.

Perhaps the more correct term would be
the secularization of the church, for the ten-
dency of the efforts of church workers is
rather toward the enhancement of the mate-
rial welfare of the community than the af-
firmation of the principles which were, at one
time, considered to be essential necessities of
church procedure.

The church of today is confronted by one
problem manifesting two aspects—the prob-
lem being how to overcome indifference to
what is called religion as manifested by the
cultured classes, on the one side, and the op-
erative classes upon the other side. The care-
ful observer will not have failed to notice
that the spread of scientific knowledge
and as a consequence the more correct reason-
ing upon the problems of nature and human
life has led to a growing scepticism regarding
not only the miraculous aspects of religion
and religious teaching and the sacerdotal
claims on behalf of priesthood, but further
and worse, in regard to the very fundamen-
tal principles upon which all religions stand, the
continuity of man's life after death.

The indifference above referred to is the
outcome, not only of the increased intellect-
ual culture, but further, of the inability of
ministers of religion, save in very exceptional
cases, to rise to the culture which confronts
them every Sunday in the pews to which they
speak.

On the other hand the working man con-
siders there is a wide discrepancy between
the teachings of Jesus and his experiences
of daily life. The presence of wealth within
the sacred edifice, and the atmosphere and
conditions associated with the personalities
of the so-called wealthy classes, is in many

instances repellant to the ordinary working
man; the plain man of every day who toils
and delivers and struggles for his daily bread
in the world where the spirit of Christ is not
always found where his name is most in-
voked. Consequently, the first result to be
noticed is that while the wealthier and more
cultured classes can find plenty to occupy
their time and minister to their sentiments
and emotions outside of the range of church
operations, they naturally become a diminish-
ing quantity as a factor in church attend-
ance. Secondly, the working class, seeing no
spiritual life, being uninterested in the thrash-
ing of old problems, having become more or
less sceptical in their way regarding God and
Immortality and the Soul, prefer secular at-
tractions and enjoyments, and seek to find
relief from sorrow therein. The growing
power of trade unionism in the large cities
is having an influence in this direction, since
it is establishing still firmer lines of class
distinction with more minute ramifications
than previously existed in this republican
country.

With the diminishing support which
churches are thus confronted at either end of
the social scale, it is but natural that they
should set about devising ways and means
to stem the tide, retain their influence, regain
or increase it, and so continue their career.

Now, therefore, the cry is, "Let us look
to the laboring classes! Let us minister to
their material requirements!" And how is this
done? It is suggested that some of the best
methods are to provide popular talks, lectures,
concerts, evening classes, free libraries, and
reading-rooms, and in the direction of amuse-
ment and social intercourse, socials, recep-
tions, men's clubs, boys' clubs, gymnasiums,
baths, and so on. Some of the churches are
already engaged in these matters, and are
supplementing their customary religious ex-
ercises by talks in shops during the noon
hour, tent services in the large cities, and
open air meetings at the beaches and parks
in the summer. They are also trying to
stimulate private gifts as well as taking col-
lections for hospitals and charities which
minister chiefly to the wage earner and his
family. But the socialistic opinion regarding
the church is thus expressed, for, the labor
leaders say, "The church is an instrument
which stands for Capitalism. It can be of no
help to the workers. Let the church be
active using its great influence to promote
harmony between employer and employee,
and make good citizens, strong men and
women, who seek to promote this harmony.
If the church would give the labor movement
more study and thought, and become more
closely allied thereto, and would preach the
gospel of Trade Unionism, the church would
be more attractive to wage earners." The
church authorities of the Congregational
churches of Massachusetts, through a com-
mittee recently reporting, stated that "a con-
siderable minority of their ministers take lit-
tle interest in one of the most serious prob-
lems of civilization, a problem on which the
words of the Carpenter of Nazareth have a
direct bearing. The wage earners and labor
leaders betray a lamentable ignorance of what
ministers now preach and of what the
churches are doing. They criticise a straw
man, which has little existence except in
imagination. The Gospel of Christ must be
more closely adapted to the needs and prob-
lems of civilization. The church has still a
message to the common people who heard
Jesus gladly."

But is not this all somewhat belated. The
church, as an ecclesiastical institution, is
surely passing. As a social organization
with a spiritual heaven, it may still linger
upon the stage and perform effective work,
but the general culture of society is rising.
The crude thinker as well as the cultured lis-
tener are faced by the same question, "If a
man die shall he live again?" Each finds an
answer in accordance with his own develop-
ment, and regrettably, it must be said, the an-
swer appears to be in the negative.

What, then, is to be done? Have Spiritu-
alists no work here? Is there no propa-
ganda that we can engage in, no missionary
work that we can do? Can we make no ap-
peal to the working men, to the toilers of the
land, preaching them our gospel, giving them
our proofs, offering them our evidences, teach-
ing them the sweet usefulness that Spiritu-
alism inculcates. Surely we have something to
do here; surely we can give men not only
the hope of immortality, but its certainty, for
until we can break down the idea expressed
in the familiar words, "Let us eat, drink,
and be merry for tomorrow we die," that
virtually is the end of all of us.

Why should men strive for peace and good
will? Why should their discordant interests
seek harmonious relations? Altruism con-
fined to the material life is only socialism
with another label, and socialism so labeled
is only another form of materialism; for its
gospel is physical in character, limited by
material fulfillment, and has no hope of the
life hereafter.

Let us look to it that we fail not in this
matter. Let us be practical. Let us remem-
ber that the world is hungering for the knowl-
edge which we have, and which we alone can
give. Instead of being stirred by every
passing wind of doctrine, let us hold sturdily
and steadily to our facts, that we can relieve
the minds of the workers and the idler, of the
man of culture and the man of toil, by giv-
ing him beyond all question the answer of
the question whether a man lives or not af-
ter death, and so help not so much to save
the church, which is surely passing, but to
build up a spiritual life wherein brotherhood,
and wisdom and justice and mutual service
and love shall be the elements strengthening
the social fabric of the future.

Let Us Consider.

A good sister has written to say that she
is "getting tired" because the "Banner" does
not offer her more of the particular thought
to which she seems to be attached. Our table
is spread from week to week with a choice
assortment and a wide variety of subjects,
and offers hospitality to all sorts of viands.

But, editorially, we stand for Spiritualism
at all times. We are quite willing to accord
courtesies to writers upon Occultism, New
Thoughtism, Theosophy, and all forms of
scientific research regarding the great prob-
lems of life, reserving the right to offer such
criticisms as may seem proper. But there is
an abundance of organs devoted to the spe-
cial topics mentioned above, and they are
neither anxious nor willing—as a rule—to do
as much for the cause the "Banner" stands
for as it is to do for the outside speculations
those other journals represent. Our good sister
winds up her plaintive murmur with a pretty
little slap at Spiritualists, which is illustra-
tive of her state of mind, for she says,
"There is no class of people on this globe that
need advanced teaching as much as the Spiritu-
alists do!"

Now let us consider the position, so far as
it affects the Spiritualists of this country.
Who was it that zealously championed justice
for the Indians? Spiritualists. Who was it
that stood for the abolition of negro slavery?
Spiritualists. Who more than many urged
equal rights for man and woman civilly and
politically? Spiritualists. Who stood for free
thought in matters of religion, proclaimed the
right of men to select not only their own
preachers but their own physicians, also?
Spiritualists. Who proclaimed the marvels of
mind? Spiritualists. Who was it that pro-
claimed that man is a spirit, that the Uni-
verse in the last analysis is spirit, that the
laws of being are the supreme realities of ex-
istence, and that man was and is the individ-
ualization of God with the attributes of his
parent in course of evolution? Spiritualists.
Who is it today who are looking forward
as to the adjustments that must be accom-
plished between the social, economic indus-
trial and national conditions of life if this
world is ever to become a paradise? Spiritu-
alists. And who was it that proclaimed the
truth of immortality demonstrated apart from
belief, creeds or dogmas, by the very presence
of the so-called "dead" who made their con-
tinued life known to us? Spiritualists. Prob-
ably our good sister was a child when Spiritu-
alism unfolded its mighty purposes, is un-
familiar with the real purposes of the
movement even now, and quite possibly she
has no inclination to read the literature of
the Cause, for if she did it would be clear to
her that in Davis, Tuttle, Hull, Colville,
to mention only a few names, she would find
that Spiritualists have at their command rich
stores of "advanced teaching" far exceeding
in value and importance the sloppy sentimen-
tality and unscientific speculations which cer-
tain classes of mind consider veritable reve-
lations from heaven itself.

Again, let us consider: What does Spiritu-
alism stand for? Let us see.

Life after physical dissolution as proven by
the demonstrated return of the departed.

Mediumship as the means by which such
demonstrations are generally presented.

The "signs" or phenomena by which the
spirits make their presences known, either ob-
jective or subjective.

The reality and personal and individual na-
ture of man on the next plane of life.

The actuality of that next state of being. Its
social life, its rational occupations, and its
illimitable possibilities of education, evolution,
development, and progress for every one who
enters into it.

For the absolute and inescapable law which
causes all to reap the results of their past life
on earth, consequences good or otherwise,
which in the first case prepare the spirit to
reach higher things and in the second purify
and educate so that higher states become at-
tainable.

That we are spirits in this world and pos-
sess the same powers we shall have in a more
developed state in the next world, while some
are more unfolded in this direction than are
others while living in this world.

That we stand for clean thinking, acting
and living as the ways by which a really
practical spiritual life can be lived in this
world, and

That we are not to become immortal, for
our immortality has commenced here.

Now what more advanced teachings do
Spiritualists stand in need of? Is there any
point of real value outside Spiritualism that
is not in harmony with the foregoing points?
We ask our readers to consider carefully the
above statements, not because they are claimed
to be exhaustive or to say all that could
be said as to what Spiritualism stands for,
but just to show those who are so anxious to
find new things that there is plenty for our
consideration and help in the old thoughts
from which we have not advanced by the
process of having exhausted all they can
teach us.

"Inadequate and Unsatisfactory."

Episcopal, not to say orthodox, circles in
Great Britain are being stirred just now by
the passing of a refreshing wind of criticism
which threatens to sadly disturb the dry
bones in the theological valley of Jehosaphat.
This breeze beats against the walls of the
venerable Abbey of Westminster, in the city
of London, and has been raised by the gentle
spiriting of Canon Henson, one of the chief
dignitaries of the Abbey, and a select
preacher of the Universities of Oxford and
Cambridge, those ancient and orthodox seats
of learning. The Canon has written an arti-
cle dealing with The Future of the Bible,
and the Contemporary Review has published
it, as the writer is trenchant and progressive
in his methods and ideas the inhabitants of
the dovecote have been seriously fluttered.

What, it will be asked, has the Canon said?
First of all he assails the inspiration of the
Bible, describing the Old Testament narra-
tives as "incredible, puerile or demoralizing,"
and declares that "inspiration" is now not
allowed to certify to the truth of any state-
ment in the Bible "which cannot be substan-
tiated at the bar of reason and evidence." Canon
Henson is no less emphatic when
dealing with the New Testament, for, though
he finds little therein to offend reason or con-
science, he adds, "but whether much or little
it will have to go the way of the Old Testa-
ment prodigies."

In a striking analysis of the present social
condition, Canon Henson attributes the
spread of anarchy, the "necrosis that is eating
the vitals of society," to "the disappearance
over large areas of civilized life of the re-
ligious bases of morality." "It would be idle
to deny," he concludes, "that the credit of
the Scriptures is seriously shaken in the
public mind, nor can it reasonably be doubted
that the tendencies of popular life as at pre-
sent prevailing are in the main hostile to
Christian tradition."

That Canon Henson should deliberately
state that "current and generally accepted
versions of Christian truth are becoming in-
adequate and unsatisfactory" shows clearly
the drift of the opinion of cultured servants
of the church and is a most notable utterance
coming from the quarter from which it does.
It is not at all surprising to learn that these
outspoken utterances have caused public and
private appeals to be made to the archbishop
of Canterbury. It is further stated that let-
ters, interviews and resolutions, by church
and lay bodies, denouncing Canon Henson,
followed this onslaught. Evidently, however,
the Ecclesiastical authorities of the English
Established Church are not inclined to un-
dertake any serious action, if any, against
Canon Henson, in which they are wise, for no
notice of these protests has, so far, been
taken.

Possibly another more momentous declara-
tion by the venerable Canon is the following
taken from another of his articles and deal-
ing with Christ's resurrection, asks: "Is the
faith of the church in the divine Christ liv-
ing, present and active, really built on an
empty tomb? For myself I prefer to believe
that no such intimate vital connection exists
between the truth of Christianity and the tra-
ditional notions of its historical origins."

Shall we congratulate Canon Henson, or
condole in advance with him over the denun-
ciations which will undoubtedly descend upon
his head? It is no slight thing for a man in
his position to assert that "the accepted ver-
sions of Christian truth are inadequate and
unsatisfactory," for it means far more in his
environments than would be the case if he
resided in this land and moved in American
religious society. In this country the Beech-
ers, Savages, Abbotts, and scores of other
powerful religious teachers long since set the
pace which Canon Henson has apparently
fallen into step with. Let us congratulate the
Canon, for surely if he is strong enough
to publish such a deliverance he will be brave
enough to bear the obloquy which is almost
certain to fall upon him, and for one reason
that may now be mentioned, which is that
men of science are openly siding with him,
for Sir Oliver Lodge, the distinguished scien-
tist, has added fuel to the fire by an article
entitled "Suggestions Toward the Reinterpre-
tation of the Christian Doctrine."

Indeed we can rejoice that the demand for
a new interpretation has come from such a
source. It is a healthy sign of the age and
its trend. The old theology is outgrown, the
ancient data must be reviewed in the light
of modern experience and knowledge. The
world does not want a new theology. It
requires a sweeter religious thought and
practice and such are only possible through
the elimination of theology, sacerdotalism,
and clericalism. Perhaps, too, the purification
of religion from creed and dogma leading to,
if to no loftier immediate end than a
better life or living on earth, may in the
end lead to a revision of the ideas concerning
post mortem life also?

But in all seriousness does Canon Henson
bring liberal and progressive Spiritualists
anything new? Certainly not. He says no
more, nor as much in some ways, than the
spirits have said through their mediums all
over the world since they commenced to
enlighten us upon the truths and realities of
human history and the progress of humanity
on earth. Here again we see the orthodox
world is striving to escape creedal bondage,
to eliminate sacerdotalism, and to throw
down barriers that have either opposed the
progress of truth or have been used to con-
fine it within certain areas. Let us heed the
lesson of the hour and avoid returning to
pick up the cast off garments of the advanc-
ing religious world which finds but little use
for such things in the age which recognizes
that truth is the property of no race or clime
but is the heritage divine of us all.

The V. S. U. Quick Relief Fund.

The first of the series of monthly gatherings
in aid of the Quick Relief Fund of the Vet-
eran Spiritualists' Union was held Tuesday
evening, April 26th, in the Banner of Light
Building, Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass. It
was a pleasing evidence of the sympathetic
interest exhibited toward this effort to note
that every chair was occupied, and a feeling
of cordiality pervaded the entire assembly.

The gathering was presided over by Mr.
Irving F. Symonds, President of the V. S. U.,
and the meeting took the form of an interest-
ing séance. Miss Susie C. Clark, the well-
known metaphysical teacher, opened the
proceedings with a poetically worded invocation,
alluding to the vitalizing power of Spring,
and the lessons of life and unfoldment which
the season of the year suggested; pleading
for harmony, and love, and sympathy between
all mankind.

The President read an extract from the
writings of Emerson, which was exactly
suited to the occasion.

After singing by the audience, Mr. Osgood
F. Stiles, under the control of his guides,
gave a brief address upon "Nature," which
contained many interesting expressions and
suggestive thoughts, following which he gave
various recognized communications to friends
in the company.

Mrs. Stiles was then controlled by "Prairie
Flower," which little spirit has taken a very
considerable and practical interest in the wel-
fare of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union. Our
little spirit friend presented a number of com-
munications which were heartily appreciated
alike for the pleasure which they gave, and
their accuracy.

Mrs. Soule was then introduced, and under
the control of her guide, "Bumblebee," deliv-
ered a sweet address to the company. In
spirit and form the address was a delightful
exhibition of eloquence and poetry, the clear,
flute-like voice of the medium lending an es-
pecial charm to the sweet things our spirit
friend gave expression to. Her theme was
our duty in this particular matter of helping
the distressed in our midst, and the illustra-

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE MESSERVE SOULE.

A Little Help.

Margaret E. Sangster.

There's help in seeming cheerful
When a body's feeling blue,
In looking calm and pleasant,
If there's nothing else to do.
If other folks are wearing,
And things are all awry,
Don't vex yourself with caring;
'Twill be better by and by.

There's help in keeping tally.
Of our host of happy days;
There's never one that dawneth,
But it bringeth cause to praise
The love that ever watcheth,
The friend that's ever near.
So, though one trust with sorrow,
One needs must dwell with cheer.

When troubles march to meet you,
Salute them at the door.
Extend both hands to greet them,
Their worst will soon be o'er.
Beat down their stormy bugles
With your rejoicing drums,
And, mailed in lofty courage,
Accept whatever comes.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

MURMUR AT NOTHING.—Colton.

Dear Home Circle friends, have you ever thought of the old people in life who wait on the shores of time and seem ever listening for the call to leave the body and step out into the wonders of a new life? Some of them wait with eagerness and longing! Some with fear and trembling. Some with steady hand, and eye, hold fast to the interests of the day and hour but always with a consciousness that the time is limited. With head erect, they catch the summons first and lay the life work down as a task just finished as the day is done. There are many who try to realize that the life today is but the beginning of the real life. Though sore oppressed and shut in by the shadows of misfortune, they face every difficulty with bravery and serenity. They trust that there is a light shining somewhere behind the clouds and that it will eventually pierce the darkness and light their path. They murmur not nor complain and while they would never dream that they were types of high spirituality and wisdom that is really what they are.

"I love to read Miss A's books but I often wonder if she has ever had to work and struggle to get along from day to day. It seems easy to write a book telling people of the beauty of the spiritual life but it is hard sometimes to live up to the ideal."

The speaker was a woman more than sixty years old. She was frail and delicate. Her face was worn and she looked tired and weary. It would make one's heart ache to look at her. She was educated, refined and cultured and had always had ample means at her command.

She had lived the life of leisure and luxury and had freely given to help every good cause that was brought to her attention. She had been beloved and respected.

One day her husband came home a financially ruined man. The company in which he was interested had been strained to its limit. The crash came and he walked into the room where his waiting and anxious wife sat and taking her hand, burst into tears. She knew what had happened instantly and with that bravery which some little women seem to be made of, she faced the future with him.

He was too old to begin life again. Too much broken to start in on the routine of a clerk's daily duties. There was so little he could do. But the wife said, "We have some furniture, we will sell enough to give us some ready money, then we will furnish a house and take boarders."

"Boarders," gasped the husband, as if that was all he needed to complete his woe. "That's all we can do, dear," was the reply of the brave woman, "so let's try."

And they did try. And they were successful. That is, they were saved from starvation, they had a roof over their heads and they were living independently of any aid from friends or public. To be sure, his coat was more shiny than the tailor deemed necessary and her best gown never was guilty of change in the size of its sleeves. But they kept a homelike boarding house for teachers which gave an air of erudition to the place. They never complained and few knew their story.

"It's not so bad, after all, wife dear, you will make me glad for my misfortune because I see so much of beauty in your life, that was hidden before," said the husband. The days passed on and the husband was taken ill.

'Twas the old story of one pair of hands to keep things together when two pairs had hardly been enough. Death released the husband but the patient wife was left with nothing as a legacy but bills and boarders.

She kept on, however, as there was nothing else to do. She worked but she could not pull the threads together and at last with everything gone, not a cent in her pocket, a scanty wardrobe and a breaking heart, she stood in our home and wondered how she could live the spiritual life.

A friend had taken her in and was giving her food and lodging for what she could do about the home. She did not murmur nor complain. "It is no use," she said, "I can make myself no better by wondering if I am abused by Fate, and so I try to be patient and strong but sometimes a great longing comes into my heart to leave the journey ended or the burden lightened."

Is she not brave? Is she not living the spiritual life all unconsciously to herself? She is to our mind a wonderful example of this week's link in our chain, the full text of which is, "Murmur at nothing. If our ills are repairable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain." Could there be a wiser attitude to take in trouble? There are many men and women in the world who, late in life, are left without support or occupation. Yet they have been perceptions of spiritual possibilities and aspire earnestly to live the higher life. Often they falter, sometimes they fall. Many an almshouse or home for aged people, hides within its walls, these unfortunate old people, who are obliged to live on the memory of a bright past or the hope of a happier life beyond the grave.

It is easy for us to be interested in the children for they hold within themselves infinite possibilities for unfoldment along lines of growth and culture and beauty and usefulness, but the old people must become objects of our loving care and faithful devotion. Pride urges us to care for our own even when love is lacking.

The many lonely old people who murmur not and who with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes seem to make constant apology for staying so long in a world that needs them not should become our especial care.

Nor indeed should we allow ourselves to murmur for them, however much our hearts may be touched by their condition. We may stand steady with a faith surpassing knowledge and help them to an understanding that the grain of their lives is ripening in the late Autumn sunshine.

That, perhaps, they will sooner enter freely and fully into the joy of living in the spiritual realm than if they had been cut down when the stalk was green and the summer winds made music in their ears.

The Optimist.

The future for me is e'er bright;
My pathway leads upward undimmed;
My roses ne'er wither nor blight;
My lampwicks are never untrimmed.

I never give place to low fears.
'Tis better to look at the sky.
Even dim though your eyes be with tears,
Looking upward will make your tears dry.

—Jonquil.

Our friend has sent us another poem for the little folks, and we express our thanks. It speaks of a love for dogs, deep in the heart of the writer. We who believe that our dogs pass into the next sphere of life have something to cheer us when our pets die.

The evidence is all in favor of the belief that our household pets, birds, cats and dogs and indeed our horses, not only continue life after death but recollect their old friends and have joy in their reunion.

Forgotten.

Left behind, as her boat bore across the blue bay
The mistress he loved, watched, and cherished,
Friskened about on the lawn at thought of his home.

Till his hopes all had vanished and perished
Naught but a dumb dog, what matters it then
If we cast him aside in our hurry?
There are homes without number where he can abide

Without inconvenience or worry.
Wealth gathers these pets for their leisure hours
And calls forth their love and devotion.

Is it well, is it right, to cast off that love
Like driftwood on Life's boundless ocean?
Has pure love no value in your human hearts?
Has gold hardened natures once tender?

So that wrong in the realm of your lives has full sway
Poor sympathy, banished, to wander?

Dear Nero, sad name for a dog seeking love
Somewhere out on Time's boundless river,
You'll find gentle hearts, a good welcome home.

Where love lasts forever and ever.
Only a dog, a poor collie dog,
But as true as those stars shining yonder,
Honest and kind, amid sunshine and shade

What a picture, we might sit and ponder.
—Fred L. Hildreth.

Lazlebrook Stories.

Mime Inness.

IV

The frightened Brook boys were no sooner in this rocky pool than they tried to find a way out, away from the growling of the Fall, somewhere, where they could not hear that terrifying song.

Now it happened many hundreds of thousands of years before the fall ever sang, that the rock of which the bowl was made, was very, very hot. When it began to cool off, it began to crack. One of the cracks ran right across the bowl. It was a little crack, about as wide as the thickness of this paper. It was wide enough for a little melted snow to trickle down into it. One very cold night, when a little water from the snow had filled up the little cracklet, the old Ice King found it out. He was determined he would turn that little water into ice and make it one of the soldiers in his ice army. So down he goes into the crack to find and freeze this little drop of water. He found it and froze it, telling it,

"Now you are one of my soldiers. You must do as I command. I command you to freeze into ice. That is the uniform my soldiers all wear. The uniform will not be big enough; so, as you freeze, you must swell up and grow bigger. My soldiers all do that."

"But," said the poor frightened little drop, "I can not grow bigger. There isn't room. The sides of the crack won't let me." "Then push, you fool, push hard and make the rock give way," said the haughty, old Ice King. "My soldiers make everything yield. They break the rocks, if the rocks are in the way."

"Well, I'll try," said the drop. It did try and tried hard. It could not do very much, but it made the crack a very little wider, just a wee mite.

Then the Ice King sent other soldiers year after year. And year after year the rocky crack grew a little wider and a little deeper, until, when the Water Fall came, it was very deep and so wide that stones fell into it as the water fall pushed them along out of its way. The force of the big Fall kept those stones dancing about and they helped wear the crack a little deeper all the time. The Ice King, every winter, helped widen the crack too, until one cold, cold night the crack spread down, down, down, until it opened again outside the rocky ledge and there was a hole in the bottom of the bowl, through which the water ran into the river below. The water in the river was much higher than the bottom of the crack and the water through the crack came with such force that it rushed up to the top of the river and made there a boiling mound of water, which men, when they found it, centuries afterward, called the "Devil's Pot," because it looked so much like the water boiling in a pot over the fire.

The Brook boys ran round and round the bowl, growing every minute more and more terrified. Soon one of them found the crack and plunged into it and all the rest followed. They would have gone anywhere to get away from the terrible, old Water Fall.

So many of them got into the crack at once, that they were nearly crushed, and they fought and pushed, as they rushed along, like wild men. They kept it up, too, and, when they got to the top of the Devil's Pot, they made it boil grandly.

They were too glad to get out of the fight, as soon as they saw the blue sky once more. The trip through the crack was the worst experience they had had and they rushed away with all their might.

They had grown so wild and savage with each other that there was no more play. Lazlebrook, now almost as large as a river, ran down a rocky gorge. The sides were high, straight up into the air, and the boys could see nothing but rocks everywhere. The bottom of the brook was all rough rocks. The sides were rocks. Only once in a while a little tree or bush dared to grow near the water. The moss and vines crept up the rocky sides, as if they too would get away from the stream which seemed always angry, as it growled and roared over and around the rocks in its pathway.

Ab, this is a different life from the good, old days of Beaver Pond, thought every Brook boy. No one spoke to another. If two approached each other, they fought; because the stream was so wild, it made them wild, too. The Bubble boys were gone, broken all up into little pieces by the rocks. These little pieces piled up behind the rocks in heaps of foam and trembled for fear the next Brook boy would grab them and pull them away with him down through the gorge.

Thus for days they hurried and fought, until, one bright morning, the Brook reached a lovely lake and spread itself out wide in the sun. Then the Brook boys stopped and rested. They rolled about and sparkled in the sun and cured their bruises and grew to be friends again.

Ab, but it was a beautiful lake. The Brook boys now dressed all in blue like the sky above them and at night they put little yellow lanterns out to say, "Howdy!" to the stars as they twinkled and peeped down into the depths of the lake.

The trout swam about, once more contented, and the big bass and savage pickerel shot about in search of food.

When the moon looked over the mountain into the lake, it smiled at the Brook boys and said, "Peek boo!" to the trout swimming below. Now the Brook boys were happy again. When the youth and the maiden floated their moonlit canoe over the lake, the Brook boys winked at each other and were very quiet in order to hear the lovers. If they surprised them in a kiss, they always rippled away, laughing as happily as if it had been they who were kissed. Then they threw kisses at the moon and the lovers said, "See how the ripples reflect the moonbeams." Then the Brook boys, all joined hands and danced, while they sang:

Life in this lake is like living in love.
Stars in the water and moonbeams above.
Now dance we gaily and sing as we go.
Angels float near these dear lovers below.

Pearls.

Be not disturbed about the future, for if ever you come to it you will have the same reason for your guide which preserves you at present.—Anon.

God made mothers before he made ministers, and I defy any minister to do any wide converting work in his parish if the homes and the households are nurseries of utter worldliness.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

A child is not a toy to please, a servant to do our bidding, nor necessary evil, but an immortal soul, to be influenced for good or evil.—Selected.

One couldn't carry on life comfortably, without a little blindness to the fact that everything has been said better than we can put it ourselves.—George Elliot.

If I might control the literature of the household I would guarantee the well being of Church and State.—Bacon.

It is by the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well.—Seneca.

Thy warmth, O Spring, from bud to bud,
Accomplish the blind model in the seed,
And men have hopes, which race the restless blood.

That after many changes, may succeed
Life, which is Life indeed.
—Tennyson.

Why Adam Never Was a Baby.

A Sunday school superintendent at the close of an address on the creation, which he was sure he had kept within the comprehension of the least intelligent of the scholars, smilingly invited questions.

A tiny boy, with a white eager face and large brow at once held up his hand.

"Please, sir, why was Adam never a baby?"

The superintendent coughed in some doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl of 8, the eldest of several brothers and sisters, came promptly to his aid.

"Please, sir," she said, smartly, "there was nobody to nurse him!"—From Tit-Bits.

"Judge—" gave a very funny recitation, in which he repeated a conversation between a little boy and his mother.

"Mamma," he said, "who made me?"

"God, my son."

"God has been doing some good work around here lately, hasn't he, mamma?"

"John," asked the lawyer's wife, who had recently taken up the health-culture fad, "is it best to lie on the right side or the left side?"

"My dear," replied the legal luminary, "if one is on the right side, it is usually necessary to lie at all."—Selected.

Bobby's Question.

John Lee.

The scholars were standing in two little rows:

The sun through the windows shone bright,
While soft little airs on the tips of their toes
Came tripping with April delight.

And Bobby looked up at his gently went by;
They told him a tale of spring,
And talked of the clouds in the happy blue sky.

And all that summer would bring.
He heard not the voice of the teacher at all.
His thoughts had gone out with the sun;
He stood with the others, his back to the wall.

Absorbed till the lesson was done.
"Now ask me some question," the teacher had cried.

"Just any that chance to occur."
Bobby's fingers went up, and he solemnly alighted.

"How long till the holidays, sir?"

—Cassell's Little Folks.

Schoolroom Atrocities.

We had long known that alcoholic beverages were "liquid fire," but this is a decidedly new version of their origin: Teacher—"What is a volcano? Boy—A mountain that throws out lager."

A boy in one of our schools was asked to define the words feat and feet, which he did in the following manner: "Feat, a trick; feet, the home of the soul."

Teacher—"John, give me a sentence containing the word contents. John—The contents of a cow is milk."

"Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?" asked the merchant, who had sent his office-boy on an errand. "No, sir; he was out, and the office was locked up." "Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?" The practical boy, says Stray Stories, had his reason ready. "There was a notice on the door saying, 'Return at once,' so I came back as quick as I could."—Christian Register.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "sits down an' does a day's loafin', and call it bein' patient an' resigned."—Equitable Life.

A teacher giving lessons on physical force, when he had finished asked: "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what force it is that moves people along the street?" He was greatly surprised and the class highly amused at receiving from one of the boys the unexpected answer: "Please, sir, the police force."—London Truth.

Funniness:—"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear?" Smart:—"Why, the close of day, of course."—University of Minnesota Punch Bowl.

New Arrival (on the Styx)—"Who was that party who laughed so derisively when I told my prize fish story?" Old Shade—"Oh, that was Jonah."—Smart Set.

Schoolmaster (entering boy's dormitory)—"What are you doing out of bed this time of night, Murphy?" Murphy—"O, sorr, I got out of bed to tuck myself in."—Selected.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held April 25, 1904. S. E. 57.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

IN EXPLANATION.

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

TO OUR READERS.

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

Invocation.

We thank thee, oh spirit of love, that we are able to come into this little circle and able to help some of those who have passed out to express themselves to their own. Their own they are always. Nothing can shut out from the soul what belongs to it and nothing can keep from the soul that loves the expression of life from the soul gone on. May we in the blessed assurance of this love, in the perfect peace which the understanding of the law of love gives us, may we not forget, may we be sure to express always to the great spirit who ruleth all, our love and gratitude. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Alice Williams.

A spirit comes of a woman about twenty four, a very lady-like, quiet looking woman. She looks as though she was very sick, so weary of life when she was here, as if she had suffered with a cough and had just coughed herself into the spirit life. Her name is Alice Williams and she lived in Cleveland, Ohio. I am so glad it is all over and so glad I am able to talk. I dreaded to die. I think I was afraid there might be something I had done that I did not realize was bad enough to send my soul to Hell, and that horror was over me so that I was uneasy every minute. It makes me so happy to be able to say that I am all right and have never seen any place that looks like Hell. I have never heard of anybody being tormented or put into any place where there was anything like torture, and that is what I am anxious to say to some poor people who may be suffering as I was. Do not think I had ever committed any awful crime; I had not. You know sometimes you get sensitive and think perhaps you have done something you didn't mean to and that it might be a crime in the sight of God. I am so much better than I was; that is, I suffer no pain, and I am able to see so many people whom I worked with before I came here. They seem anxious to get ahead all the time, but I don't see that there is any way to get ahead except to try and understand everything you come to. It is just like a lesson in fractions; you cannot do division of fractions until you have learned addition, subtraction and multiplication, and you might as well set about it right at once and learn to do the first thing thoroughly and then the next will come easier. There is no getting ahead as far as getting more money is concerned, but just having more knowledge, and that is pretty good. I used to think it would be good to have a lot of money and I used to say so to Emma and George, and if I only had money I would be happy because I could travel, but over here I am able to go and see anything I have an interest in. I must have a definite desire to see somebody or something or I stay in one place. Just as soon as I do not care whether I go anywhere or see anybody, I find myself in the same place. I wish Arthur and Mary could know that I am happy and that they are not to fret over me the least bit. Give them my love and tell them to make it easy for me to come to them.

Mary E. Morgan.

A spirit comes of a woman I should think about sixty-five. She is very large, broad shoulders and has a strong, wholesome looking face. She seems full of that motherly kindness that just expresses itself always in doing something for somebody; it doesn't make any difference whether it is for her own or whether it is for someone who happens to be near her. Her name is Mary E. Morgan and she lived in Norwood, Mass. She went to the spirit very suddenly. No one had an idea that death was so near and she had of all. "It was so strange to wake and find that my familiar life was ended, but I looked the thing squarely in the face, saw that it was over, there was no use to make any fuss about it, and that I had better look around to see what there was to be done. Oh, so many of my people in the spirit were near me; my mother, my sister and my father and two brothers, beside the little boy, George, who had gone so long before. They were so delighted over my coming, as though they had long expected it and were just waiting for the door to open and for me to come in. I cannot explain to you just how natural it all is. We have so long believed that the other life was so different that I cannot without seeming almost sacrilegious tell you all the details and the common things of the life over here. I see people just as I used to see them. They are just as real to me; they have form, feature, color, clothing and homes, just exactly like the life I left. It seems like another city, that is all; as if I had left Boston and gone to New York, or rather I had come to Boston and found it inhabited by the people I had known and loved long ago mixed in with strangers just as they naturally would be. What better idea can I give you of my life than that? I find people needing attention, families without mother, husbands without wives and babies without the tender care that an older person might give, and while there are always plenty of spirits to rush to the rescue of every new born soul in spirit, I find myself striving to do these things just as I would if I found helpless people in the life I left. Of course I am happy. There are times when a great longing comes over me to see you all, especially Alice, but I say to myself the days are going by and she will come, and this I know: no change can ever take her away from me, and every day brings us nearer together; so I am more patient and more ready to work than I would have been without this knowledge of the life that eventually opens up its doors to all our own. I thank you for giving me a chance to say this word. Send my love to James and Henry."

Dolly Esmond.

A spirit comes of a girl about twenty, a very pretty girl. Her hair is very light, her eyes are blue, and she is just round and plump. She is so full of life and joy and beauty that it seems a pity for her to go to the spirit. She says, "That is what everybody said, but I didn't feel so. If I had time to think about it I should have felt very badly, but I came so quickly that I had no time to fret, and I have never seen a moment that I felt I wanted to return. My name is Dolly Esmond and I lived in Binghamton, N. Y. This message I want to go to Henry Esmond. I wish I could tell Stella that I know what she has done and that I am pleased. I am still interested in my music and I want to take the trip with her that she is going to take in June. Tell her the little dog sees me sometimes but he doesn't know what it is. I wish she would put a blue ribbon on because I like that best. All these things I am just telling to you and have them understand that I am a part of the life today, even though they think they are putting flowers over my grave in my memory, and that is all they have left. Why, if anything, my life here is more natural and more real than the one I left. That is, I am able to do more. I do not seem to get tired; I am able to go farther. I do not seem to find so many obstacles and I have greater freedom and range in everything. I am quite happy, and only wish they could come and see me, for I see them, and that would make everything just as I would have it. I send them my love my unspeakable love."

Ida Stevens.

A spirit comes now of a woman about forty-two or three; medium height, dark hair that is combed rather plainly, though it isn't awfully smooth. She has a very brisk, bright manner, and she just seems to be so happy in coming today. She says, "I never have been back before. I lived a long way from here in Leavenworth, Kans. I want to say that my name is Ida Stevens and my husband's name is George. He has no more idea that I can see him than he has that he can see me. He is so busy with the affairs of life that he would not know how to take time to study out this thing, and so I thought if I could come and call his attention to it, perhaps by and by he would turn naturally to the belief. I am anxious to have him because it looks so sort of one-sided to have a man just paying attention to one thing when there is something of great importance that needs his attention just round the corner. I have been to my mother's house, too. She often says, 'Poor Ida, I wish she could have stayed, but it does not seem to be any comfort to her to think that I may be conscious of what she is saying, because she believes it would be wicked to communicate. If she only knew that Aunt Sarah and I are striving every way we can to bring her a communication she would be shocked I suppose. So I am just trying to keep at it until I have made her understand, and then I hope she will be so far along the shock wave hinder her further investigation. Little Freddie is with me and sends love to Grandma, and Mrs. Curtis says she keeps her hair curled just as nice as she used to do.'"

Susie Brainard.

A spirit comes who says her name is Susie Brainard. She is a small, pretty, little thing about twenty-five years old. She has very light hair, very blue eyes and her hair is heavy almost too heavy for such a frail, little body. She comes from Boston. I think she lived out to Mattapan because she speaks that word to me a number of times. She is not married but has a mother to whom she would send this message. "My mother just cries and cries over my death. She will never be the same again. I do not know how I can make her understand that I am not away, but I do wish I could make her understand that she will come to me. Nothing that can be said or done will make her feel it is right that I came, but perhaps Father and I will be able to bring a soothing influence to her until she rests in the assurance that God has taken care of us and will bring her to us at last. I did not know anything about Spiritualism. It may seem to you people who know so much about it that I was very ignorant, but I was really so much interested in my own work and affairs that I never felt like taking up anything new and no one that I knew had any particular interest in the subject. I shall be glad if the time ever comes when I can speak as plainly to my mother as some people speak to the friends they love. I thank you for your help and perhaps I will come again sometime."

Susie Witherell.

A woman comes up to me and says, "My name is Susie Witherell. I want to go to some friends in Roxbury. I have been over here about six years and I have tried many times to get a message back but did not seem to know how to do it, so I finally came to headquarters. I want to say that I have been in the house with Maude and have seen her. I was there last week and saw all the flurry she was in and tried to calm her down. She is meddlesome, and if she would only give some time to me, I could make it possible for her to understand what I say to her. Josie says that she has never seen anybody since she came over here who was so responsive to the spirit as Maude, and if this is true Maude ought to be doing something with it. Charlie keeps her stirred up just as usual, doesn't he? I think it is about time some one told him he could not have his own way any longer, but he always did and I suppose he always will. Probably when he comes over here we will all be so glad to have him with us that we shall let him do just the same. I have Dora here today and she says tell you that this is the most beautiful place you could dream of; that everything is like a summer day, with the soft wind blowing and roses everywhere giving beautiful perfume and making it seem like Heaven. She says for her part she had rather have it that way than to have nothing but gold streets and pearl gates; that she had rather have a pearl on her finger than to see gates made of it, and she would rather have gold in her pocket than to have it under her feet; that she laughs as though that was a joke and she was just trying to show her friends that she was her same old self."

Women Who Work.

The distinctively feminine qualities of mind, says Cynthia Westover Alden in The Pilgrim for April, and soul are worth preserving. They must be preserved. Nor are they without their practical money-getting value. In art, woman has made a mark for herself. Much of the best black-and-white work now being done is done by women. In pure imagination our sex has the advantage.

In literature, a study of the book advertisements, an examination of the stock of any book store will prove that woman is rather more prolific than man. It will also prove, I think, that she is fully as successful as he in hitting the popular taste.

The men of America are too busy piling up fortunes to take time for reading. The exceptions only prove the rule. And I know this fact is practically recognized by most of the large publishing houses in submitting manuscripts to women for a decision as to their probability of success.

From Our Exchanges.

Spiritualists! Come Out and Fight!

Spiritualism needs the support of heroes—at any rate, of stubborn fighters who will not run at the sound of the first shot. If Spiritualism is worth aught it surely is worth fighting for.

The ranks may not equal in appearance the "dandy dudes" of the orthodox army opposed to them, but it was the sans-culottes of the French revolution who made the upheaval a success. The best fighters have often been the biggest scoundrels, and respectability—clothes respectability—counts for little in the great struggle of principles. The melee is no place for frock-coats and silk hats, and the bird that fights will find its feathers ruffled. Ease, comfort, enjoyment, all these make strong calls upon every man; but the enjoyment of a victory well-won is the fullest pleasure a man can ever know.

Spiritualists, come out and fight! Come out to the Sunday services, out into the open-air, out to your propaganda meetings. Support your platform, uphold your workers. Strike for principle, for liberty, for purity. Strike against tyranny, blind-foolery, bigoted knavery, orthodox interestedness.

To "strike for home," is the attitude of cowards. If you Spiritualists means anything to you uphold it, rally to its standard, make sacrifices, hold principle dear before comfort, and the Cause noble above cushioned ease.

Come out ye tired ones. Work and find strength. Come out ye shame-faced ones and let the world know you have back-bone enough to stand straight for the Cause you profess to love.

Leave the care of the "stuff" to those cravens who have no heart, or to those lame ones who would fight if they could stand out and do your share in the fight which must leave Spiritualism triumphant.—The Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.

Spiritualists and Spiritualistic Papers.

In our last issue Hudson Tuttle said there were 3,000,000 Spiritualists in the United States and five spiritualistic papers.

If Brother Tuttle is right in the estimate he has placed on the number of Spiritualists, they are very poor patrons of the Spiritualistic papers. The combined circulation of these papers does not aggregate to exceed 30,000 copies; or, only an average of one in one hundred is sufficiently interested to take a spiritualistic paper.

We have made this estimate before and have been asked how it could be true when one paper claimed to have 40,000 subscribers. No paper published in the interests of Spiritualism ever claimed to have 40,000 subscribers. The claim was 40,000 readers. As it is estimated that every paper is read by five persons, that would give a circulation of 8,000 copies. To be candid, we doubt if the five papers referred to have an actual paid circulation to exceed 20,000 copies.

This proves that we greatly overestimate the number of Spiritualists or that as a class they have practically no interest in their literature. Which is it?

England and France, in proportion to their population, and territory, support much more in this line than we do. Yet we claim to be the more progressive nation.—The Sunflower, Lily Dale, N. Y.

That Blue Book.

Spiritualistic seances of the generally popular type, owe much of their success to the Blue Book.

Many people have received what they believed were supernatural communications at private or public seances, where the medium either communicated messages from departed friends, or produced materializations, and where the mysterious manner in which messages concerning private matters were given to members attending the seance effected their conversion.

They urge that the medium must be in communication with spirits, as he or she told of things which they, being total strangers, could not possibly know. But this enthusiastic convert did not know of the existence of the Blue Book, or the species of freemasonry which has grown up with the spread of Modern Spiritualism.

Thanks to the Blue Book the medium does not have to rely on inspiration or spirit control.

This statement is made by Miss Harlow, of Boston, one of the most prominent lecturers on Spiritualism in this country.

Miss Harlow has been in Pittsburg for about a month past and has been lecturing once or twice a week at the First Church of Spiritualists, Boquet street, Oakland. While she admits that she talks at times under the control of spirit forces, and may be able to discourse on subjects eloquently in that state of which she is normally quite unacquainted, Miss Harlow is a tireless student of Spiritualism and is an intelligent and fluent talker on the subject at any time.—Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader.

Things Are Non-Existent.

Then as to what we call "realities." "A stone according to common-sense, is a reality; but so undoubtedly is a toothache,"—not only, but so undoubtedly, the material cause of the toothache, but the ache itself. The ache may be associated with a material something, but "the pain is a perfectly distinguishable sensation by itself," and has no resemblance to a bad tooth,—is, in fact, in an altogether different category,—in a different world. Why then say that the bad tooth is real and that feeling is—only feeling? The reality may be the other way. What we call things have no existence, so far as we know, apart from those who perceive them. This is certainly true of color and light.—Light, London, Eng.

The Twentieth Century Revelation.

That which a medium sees when a soul immersed in a dying physical body becomes clothed with the spirit body, is what is now heading off somewhat the great mortal caravan rushing madly and blindly across the desert of life, vainly searching for oases. There are no oases in the desert this madly prancing, all conquering, devastating through has made of life. The medium, the dying mortal and the spirit constitute the only oases in an otherwise trackless, purposeless desert. All other promises of the "waters of life" are so many mirages luring on, and still on, the famishing hosts. This holy trinity is the fulfillment of the Christ promise that when two or three were gathered together in His name there He would be also. Few die without the name of God or Christ on their lips. But blind to the light they see them not, although no death can occur without them. The dying mortal and the spirit are two. They are always together, but the Elder Brother said "two or three," carrying the idea that two there must be and three perchance. Who was to be the third, not essential, mind you, but welcome member of the trio? The medium, to whom might be revealed the glory of the resurrection, the triumph over death, and whose office it should be to give back to the sin-racked, befogged and stupid mortals the "light from over the river." That is what it all means. That is why our proposition is the greatest thing on earth today. It reaches into the very marrow

of society; it goes down through the wool and warp of sacerdotalism's flimsy defense against what it ignorantly imagines to be an enemy, like the nose of a Whitehead torpedo through the netting around a modern battleship. No wonder the mad dream world is listening to the greatest explosion in the history of thought! No wonder church heads turn turtle and, like Canon Henson of Westminster Abbey, bawl out that the Bible is a pack of lies! The whole sectarian, sociological and scientific world is literally running amuck. Why? Because this medium we speak of has been telling things about the dying mortal and the spirit body which, having become demonstrable facts, are pulverizing the world's systems of thought, project and expedience.—The Light of Truth, Chicago, Ill.

Buddha the Greatest Religious Teacher of Asia.

A Boston paper recently published Napoleon's opinion on the Nazarene. It would seem that an interesting opinion from a higher authority than a military expert, who has a very limited acquaintance with theology, would be far more valuable. Like many other inadequately informed persons, he ignored the fact that Christ simply re-affirmed the Jewish law. He said he "came to call sinners, not the righteous, to repentance." The whole need no physics. Those who desire to serve the cause of religion should cite more competent authorities. The fact that the Nazarene failed to reaffirm the teachings of Buddha, and instead of prohibiting the use of intoxicants, turned the water into wine, was a very great mistake.

Even this great republic, foremost of all nations, wastes \$100,000,000 annually on intoxicating beverages, and the ruin and wreckage is terrible. Over 450,000,000 Buddhists and 180,000,000 Mohammedans obey the injunction of their religion and are abstainers. The grandest prophet of all the ages, Buddha, nearly one thousand years before the Nazarene, prohibited the use of intoxicants. Thus, if the youth of this republic ask whose example they shall follow, shall we not direct them to the teachings of Buddha, which not only substantially include the commandments, but unlike Paul on the women question, honor them. Buddha, according to the divine legend, by purity of character and good works, was entitled to enter paradise, but putting his merited reward aside, he resolved to remain without to teach and labor so that every child of earth should enter heaven before himself. Buddha occupies the front rank on temperance, the slaying of animals for sacrificial purposes, and on persecuting "for matters of faith"—for Buddhists never persecute.

The pretended adherents of Jesus have the holy wars; persecutions, burnings by rack and torture destroying about twenty-five thousand human beings. Judge by the Bible dictum: "By their fruits shall ye know them." The Traditionalists will have to suffer a long roast.—Quaker.

MY HAPPY YOUTH.

O youth of a day soon vanished away
Into the dreamland of night;
When my life was fair and free from care
And aglow with springtime light.

When merry of soul with joy's control
My ship sailed out to sea,
With the strength of youth and full of truth
My heart was warm and free.

To that idle port of joy and sport
My ship sailed on at will,
With a merry crew of the friends I knew;
I can hear their voices still.

O my youth has fled and naught instead
Can bring back those days so fair;
The eyes of my soul look to the goal
To a land that is free from care.

But I listen at eve when the shadows
With the mists on land and sea grieve
For my happy youth so full of truth
That I never more shall see.

Bishop A. Beals.

Sea-Side-Home, Summerland, Cal.

"Claim the Good, for as you claim so will you receive."

There is one Mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this Universal Mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.—Emerson.

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Our darling Nannie
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Just a little farther on
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Vain I only dreaming, dear
Willing near the golden stair
Beams of love light
The Golden Gates are left
Love that never dies
Looking beyond
Will come back to me
The Angel Kissed Me
I have happy golden days
I threw a Rosebud at thy feet
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MRecord

The association has already received pledges for some six hundred dollars toward the building of a new amusement hall and ballroom, to be erected next fall, the dimensions to be 100 by 40 feet.

J. Clegg Wright, well known as an unrivaled trance medium, for philosophical splendors of advanced order, has made a winter

me on land of his own (160 acres) a little north of the Camp. This season he has finished the sides of his cottage and made interior improvements. He finds the climate agreeable and the air a great lung healer. With the company of his artistic wife, her daughter and husband, Mr. Wright has made his cottage a social centre during their residence here. He gave a short course of lessons in spiritual science during the season in private cottages, not being employed by the management.

Geo. P. Colby has held meetings at his farm home, the hours of his speaking usually conflicting with the hours for meetings at the auditorium. He and his friends celebrate the Anniversary under the trees on his lawns, April 3, holding two sessions and drawing people from De Land and other localities by free addresses.

The Association observed Anniversary on the same day at the auditorium, Dr. Hillgoss presiding. Remarks were made by Mr. Bond, Mrs. Twing, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. McDonald and Dr. Hillgoss.

One of the most convincing mediums was Mrs. Bartholomew, who, with her husband, made a home here. In my two sittings with her I received such evidence of spiritual communion as should disarm unbelievers. Mothers, sisters and father, in spirit life and others, announced their presence and gave such proof of their identity as left no reasonable doubt of their reality. Among those who reported were William Denton, James Buchanan, Mrs. Colby-Luther, Frank Baxter, Mrs. Gladding, Mrs. Concanan, Marion Skidmore, H. A. Parmenter, F. Tuttle, Samuel Bordez, Robert G. Ingersoll. In the case of Tuttle I made an agreement with him a week before his transition at he would if he could report and give me a verbal test, which we had both fixed upon. He gave the identical words through the trumpet.

Hotel Webster has been well patronized and now has some fifteen young men boarders, who are employed in Bond's box factory. Here over fifty people are at work.

The new brick plant at the depot is going to produce a new type of brick. By a new process brick is to be made from a mixture of sand and lime, which is molded and placed under great heat and steam pressure for ten hours, the result being a solidification and hardening of the material somewhat like vulcanizing rubber.

George W. Webster and wife and daughter Marquette, expect to spend June, July and August at Lauderdale, where there is a sanatorium, so called, near a valuable mineral spring. During their absence Hotel Webster will be run by Mrs. Cardotte (nee Fisher) of the Massadaga Hotel, which will be closed till fall.

The weather has been very congenial while the North and West have been buried in snow and frozen by Arctic air. We have enjoyed sunny days and most of the time could sit on our verandas from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. even in February. At no time in April has the thermometer registered above 92, and there has not been a couple of hours in the middle of the day. Usually 80 to 85 is the highest record. Nights are cool all the time.

To us Northern people the winter seems to be early summer. The water oaks and magnolia trees are in leaf the year round. So are the orange trees. When I came in January the well-laden orange trees with green leaves and golden fruit, presented a scene of rare beauty.

It is probable that the season of 1905 will be prolonged till March 31, and will close with the celebration of the Anniversary. The expense of a trip by ocean steamer from New York to Lake Helen and return is very moderate, being in my excursions much less than \$10 dollars. If one comes from Jacksonville to the St. John's river, the climax of the excursion will be enjoyed by the tourist, as he will see the water oaks, the magnolias, the live oaks, festooned with mosses, and scattered among the groves. I expect to make my excursion the next October, November, or December, or January. Write me for particulars. H. A. Langston. 91 Sherman St., Springfield, Mass.

An Interesting Celebration.

At the Spiritual Science Institute, 331 West 11th St., New York, Mrs. Stoddard Gray and Dr. Dewitt C. Hough, held special services in celebration of the 55th anniversary on Sun-

A Hopeful Prospect.

The St. Louis Mirror has this story of the beloved president of an eastern college. One beautiful day the president was strolling over the campus with his wife. They were admiring the buildings, some of which had been erected by some wealthy alumni. Presently they came to a noble hall, built of stone, and occupying a commanding site. Over the main entrance was the marble tablet, which announced that the hall had been erected by John C. Blank, as a Memorial to his Beloved Wife."

The present stood for a moment and looked at the imposing pile. Then he heaved a sigh that might have held some envy. "Ah," he said, "that is what I should like to do for my college."

He cannot understand why his wife should have looked so horrified.—Ex.

A Philadelphia mother recently went calling, accompanied by her five-year-old boy. Being a pretty child of the Fauntleroy type, more than one of the women she visited said complimentary things about him, all of which he took with due modesty. Before the afternoon ended, however, he revealed his idea of paternal pride. One of the women said jokingly, but with a serious face: "My little son, I think I'll just keep you here with me. I have no little boy of my own. Do you think your mother will sell you to me?" "No, ma'am," he replied promptly. "You don't," she asked in affected surprise. "Why don't you think I have money enough to buy you?"

"It isn't that," he answered politely, "but there are five of us, you see, and she would not care to break the set."