

BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. 96.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
274 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 11

Practical Spiritualism.

A COURSE OF LECTURES
THROUGH

J. J. MORSE, Editor of "The Banner of Light,"

To a Class of Spiritual Students in
San Francisco, Cal.

With a Preface by William Emmette Coleman.

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SEVENTH LECTURE.

Life, Development, and Death in Spirit-Land.

(Continued from last week.)

Therefore the life of the individual in the spirit-land is sustained by these electrical and magnetic processes and distillations in a manner somewhat analogous to, though not exactly the same as, the means depended upon on the grosser plane. We might, in a word, sum the argument up by saying, that the processes of material existence are the prophecy, dim, faint, and indistinct, of the higher laws and methods whereby life is sustained in the spirit-land.

A little experiment, which will at once assure you of the fact that it is possible to sustain life by principle of absorption, consists in the immersion of a portion of the physical body in water; the system will absorb the water, —a certain action called endosmosis, which the scientific mind is familiar with, will enable the structure to absorb the water, enabling the person to thus obtain whatever nourishment the system needs. You may try the experiment for yourself; if you are suffering from excessive thirst and heat, place your hand underneath the water faucet, and gradually a cool influence will spread through the entire body as the water flows over your hand. The coolness and absorbed moisture will gradually spread throughout the entire system, restoring the lacking fluid that causes you to experience the thirst. Now this is a very simple fact, but it contains a deep prophecy of the law of absorption as one of the means of subsistence in the spiritual life. Magnetically or psychologically the system is absorbing. You absorb one another's influences, you absorb each other's affections and hatreds, each other's health and disease. Constantly and continually you are subject to this law of absorption; and when you see that this law is but the prophecy of its operation upon a higher plane and under better circumstances, you can understand that our argument is not strange or far-fetched.

Here, then, we have found something of the means of life for the people living in the spiritual world, and we find that life is active and operant there, as it is among yourselves, and the men and women there have a reality pertaining to their natures that has not often been supposed,—that ignorance, fanaticism, and superstition unfortunately have hitherto entirely denied; that the problem of subsistence of life in the spiritual world has been altogether ignored in the spiritual training the world has received in former times; and that subsistence there follows at first certain general lines of similarity with this life, but that ultimately the law of subsistence by absorption is the rule in the higher spiritual states.

Coming to the matter of Development in the spiritual world we have to consider two questions: development as applied to the personality of the individual, and development as applied to his individuality and consciousness, if we may be permitted to use familiar terms as applied to the outer and inner nature of the people of the spirit-life.

The objective, or, more correctly, the organic part of the spirit has an eternal persistence of duration; if the form is eternal, and the development of it is eternal, you might ask if the individual would not at last grow so unwieldy in proportion as to be utterly incapable of locomotion. This is not true. So far as we have been able to trace the law, it is impossible for the personal development of the individual to ever attain such enormous proportions as to utterly deprive him of the power of using his body in any sense whatever,—the reason of which we will show you presently.

Now the mental and spiritual development of the individual runs on indefinitely, but you must remember that mental growth and spiritual growth in all cases depend upon self-effort; there is no growth without work, that is to be distinctly borne in mind. You can starve your mind and soul just as truly as you may your body; and if you will not pluck from the trees of truth in the vales of wisdom, you certainly will not grow in mind, any more than you would grow in stature if you were to refuse to eat the necessary articles of subsistence in the material life. In the spiritual life you must work for mental growth and spiritual development, and unless you do so work you will not gain either. This work must be intelligent work; for as you starve your bodies by eating improper food, so, mentally, you may starve your mind by improperly feeding it, and to such an extent that mental digestion is arrested,—and the mind will be surely starved, as would the body under similar circumstances. Your work must be within the limitation of your present abilities; and as you consume your ability, so to speak, in an intelligent effort, thus you build up your mental characters and nature. Fill up and grow sturdy in your minds, and your increase of strength and knowledge will enable you to deal with still greater problems,—the mastering of which will give you strength and stature in mind as a consequence of knowledge gained.

Spiritual unfoldment is apt to be considered as the great thing all should strive for. There is a sort of idea among many people, a loose and indistinct idea it seems to us, that spiritual development is the only development worth having. In the name of common sense what do you mean by spiritual development? Do not all the forces of mind, affection, and every intellectual quality and character of

your nature, all the forces and expressions of your conscious life, proceed from your immortal entity?

Some people seem to think that spiritual life is a sort of golden cake that they may take a bite out of and be benefited, the same as the eating of manna in the olden times. Nothing of the sort. The spirituality of the individual does not depend upon the cultivation of one special department, but upon the entire rounding out of the whole nature, mentally, morally, and spiritually; and when this development of character is strong, the individual, self-poised and self-centered, can rise triumphant over the ills of time, over the evils of the flesh, over the perplexities of daily life,—ride the storms of hatred in safety and security, and emerge at last into the clear waters of a conscious self-poised existence, fearing no sorrow and dreading no future; then there is a spiritual development worthy of the name, made up of the personal, mental, moral, and conscious development of the individual who is concerned. But such lives have neither time nor inclination to mourn, cry, or yearn for an especial spiritual development; for they feel the spirituality of their own souls radiating to every department of their being, and expressed in every thought and action of their lives.

This is the spiritual development we would suggest to you as being realized in spirit-life. Over there it is not the question of development of one special part of a person's nature to make them prominent or noticeable, or to give them some especial grace and quality. He is considered the most spiritual who has the most of spirituality in the entirety of his life, character, thought, and action. Hence, then, in the spirit-land, the question of development may be followed upon any particular plane that you please. One person may make an especial point of development in a certain direction, another person's inclination running in some other channel may cause him to pursue development in some opposite direction; yet you could not accuse either of being unspiritual, for they are pursuing whatever way, that, to their necessities and consciousness, seems the correct and proper way for them to pursue; and for them it is, because it seems so to them. When you can convince them that it is not the proper way and cause their thoughts to flow into other channels, then the new way will be the proper one for them.

The development in the spiritual world may be intellectual, moral, or spiritual; it may be aesthetic, artistic, poetic, affectional; it may be the hundred and one different things by which the mind and soul and consciousness round out in so many departments, in the many different methods of progress and unfoldment; but whatever way the line of progress may be pursued, the development comes as the natural consequence of the result of intelligent labor wisely directed.

What is the consequence of this development? This development of power supposes the development of the means for the utilization of power. The development of faculties, and the development of functions, must proceed side by side with development of organic means of expression. Now, in the spirit-life, the means of expression that are depended upon, in the earlier stages at least, are the means which are the subjective means to you in this world; and the subjective powers of your present nature become the objective features of expression in your early conditions in the spirit-state. The result of this is, that there is not only an acquisition of power immediately upon entering the spiritual world, but there is a further development of that power as a consequence of life and action on that plane; remembering now that for every being there is a development of ability, there must be a development of means through which that ability is acquired and expressed,—that is, the organic means by which knowledge is gained implies another set of means whereby knowledge, after it is gained, can be put into practical operation. The spiritual brain, the spiritual sensibilities, the spiritual activities, the spiritual agencies, or senses shall we call them that you utilize in the spiritual world for the acquisition of knowledge, have still a subjective side,—which is affected by the knowledge when gained, and enables it to be expressed after you have mastered it and made it part and parcel of your own experiences.

But why is it impossible that the development and life of the individual can never become so enormous as to become unwieldy, as we have suggested?

This brings us to the question we have to deal with next,—death in the spirit-land. If there is a process of expansion in the personality, the consciousness, and mentality of the spirit, there is a process of precipitation and concentration also. You continually grow in knowledge, your mind expands, and it contains so many things that you begin to feel the necessity of setting your mental house in order. What illustration can we give you? Here is a merchant: business pours in upon him thick and fast, he has a large correspondence from all quarters of the globe; there he sits at his desk, around him are pigeon-holes without number, where in proper order he puts his various correspondence, letters, and bills, and notices that come before him. But his papers have accumulated to such an extent that he says, "Dear me, I am getting overwhelmed with papers and documents,—what shall I do with them?" Then he thinks he will have them all gone through; and those that are useless and out of date he will destroy, and those that are of some service he will enter on the pages of a book conveniently arranged for that purpose. Then the process of precipitation and concentration begins; a portion of the papers are noted by a few lines in the book, and either filed away or perchance destroyed. The more important are carefully reduced to small bundles and stored away in the cellar, in case there may be occasion to refer to them in the future. By these methods many a pigeon-hole is cleared entirely, and the contents of others are materially reduced; so that the merchant says at the end of the clearing up, "Now I have got all of the important matters in this book properly indexed, where I can make ready reference to bygone transactions, and have

plenty of room for the new correspondence." He has concentrated and precipitated the experiences of the past year, he has reduced them to small dimensions; and his old correspondence not being allowed to remain in an unwieldy condition, he now can dispose of his new correspondence with ease and handle it without difficulty.

In the spiritual world you will ultimately find yourself in a condition similar to that of the merchant. Your mind will be stored with memorandums of investigation of a thousand different things, and you will begin to realize that you are becoming overburdened. They you will pass your mental treasures in review, and finding certain things not altogether necessary for your well-being, they may well be put away. And little by little you gradually go through your whole account of mental treasures, and reduce them to the smallest possible compass; and the mind's actions being thus reduced and concentrated, the volume of preceding experiences that are in the memory will be reduced to the narrowest compass,—and you will thus be able to start again with more room in the memory, more room in the drawers of your mind, ready for larger things hereafter.

But this process cannot be fully accomplished without a certain peculiar condition, and here we shall have to digress a moment or two to introduce a point of spiritual philosophy that we think is well worthy of your consideration. The three-fold operations of the mind may be described as perception, observation, and reflection. This leads to the process of assimilation as the result of the three processes referred to; and the mind, assimilating the products obtained by one or all of these three processes, unites in a concrete whole the materials thus acquired. Now the three planes of mental and spiritual action are love, justice, and wisdom, corresponding to the physical or natural, the mental, and spiritual natures of the individual. Now, when you are living in this world, you are living altogether upon the physical plane of existence; and when you die here, the essence of all the experiences you have passed through are concentrated in your memory at the time of your passage from one world to the other. Also, when you pass from one plane to the other of spiritual existence, a process somewhat similar and analogous to that passed through upon passing from this stage to the next beyond it has to be encountered; and the result is a concentration of all the experiences and results upon that spiritual plane, so that you consolidate the experiences of that plane of being, and they become the foundation of your mental being when you arrive on the plane above.

How, then, do you die in the spiritual world? Have you to be sick? Oh, no! You will please bear in mind that in this matter we are speaking of your translation from one of the grand planes of spirit life to another,—not of a mere change of sphere, society, or association, but of an absolute removal from one condition of spiritual existence to another that lies beyond it. You are not sick,—there is no disease, no illness, but yet you are about to be translated from one condition of life to another beyond it. Are you fitted for it? Yes, you have been growing towards it; your spiritual perceptions have been quickened, and you see clearly there is a higher realm beyond you than the one you are at present residing in, and you realize that it is a state you have to enter. How can you gain admission? There comes a time when that plane of spiritual life that you are now on has been exhausted,—an indefinite age may pass before such a result is attained, but come that time surely will and does,—and then there is this process of assimilation we have previously referred to. Thoughts, as it were, concentrate; you feel a nameless but sweet and beautiful rest stealing over you; you feel that you are going to vastate the cruder elements of the condition you are then in. A beautiful sleep will fall upon you, and while this sleep is on you, behold! these elements will drop from you, as the dew may fall from the tree. You wake presently, and in that waking find that you have made the voyage from the state you were then in to the wonderful clime you now have reached. No pain, no sorrow,—scarcely a change in form even; but certain grosser spiritual elements, that were fit and proper to the condition before, have been left behind.

And when, with a greater activity of the powers of your immortal nature, you stand on the higher plane, the whole of your preceding life is there enshrined within your mental nature, spread out before your mind's eye, whenever you choose to view them; and profiting by what you have obtained before, realizing it is but the stepping-stone to what now lies before you, you will then start upon the new career that there awaits you. This may involve a separation of greater or less duration from those whom you have been previously associated with. If you have attained a higher plane of spiritual existence, you will have to wait until your friends have reached the same development ere they can stand side by side with you in the same condition of spiritual unfoldment.

Here we have, then, in brief review, passed before you the questions of Life and Development and Death in spirit-land. Let us look at the matter of death, however, from another point of view,—which does not mean translation from one stage to another in the meaning in which we have just placed it before you. There are many who have to die from old prejudices, from old affections and old loves; many who have to die morally and mentally ere they can be resurrected from the cradles and imperfections and errors and mistakes that have accumulated while here below. This accumulation will have to be vastated, thrown off,—the old will have to die, and the new man come to life. Many and many such a death have we witnessed in the spiritual world; you say here it is repentance; we see it over and over again a thousand different times.

Die to the old and live to the new; die to the false and live to the true; and by so "dying" and so "coming to life" you can attain a freedom and beauty, and an im-

petus of development, that cannot come to you by any other means. There are hatreds that will have to die before love can bloom; there is ignorance that must die ere wisdom can take its place; there is the calloused cold-heartedness that must die ere the warm, rich life of love can animate the soul itself; there are all the influences and associations to die from ere the jewels of character and the beauties of the inner life can fill your mind.

In thus placing before you Life, Development, and Death in spirit-land, we trust you will agree that we have given you some clear and precise information upon the various topics considered. Our object and desire has been to do this, so that you may learn in some degree what are the actual facts of man's post-mortem life and character.

APPENDIX.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Remarks by the Control.

We have now reached that stage in our labors with you, the present Class, at which we shall be enabled to consider any questions you may desire to propound to us, and help you to remove any difficulties or doubts that may linger in your minds concerning any of the matters we have touched upon during this course of lessons. Our desire is to assist you to the very best of our ability in any direction that you may require aid. Of course we do not claim that we have entirely exhausted the various subjects we have dealt with; in many cases we have only been able to be suggestive, and point, rather, to the much more that remained behind than to ask you accept as complete the little that we have been able to present. You understand us well enough by this time to know that we have no desire to dogmatize, or to demand that you accept what we say simply because we say it. In the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom; in mutual counsel there lies safety; and in the free, frank, and honest discussion of all difficulties there lies the only salvation from ignorance and superstition.

Questions and Answers.

Q. What is the distinction between the will of the individual and the mind?

A. The will is the executive officer of the mind under the direct control of the consciousness. The mind is largely memorative and cognitive,—is engaged in the acquisition of external facts. The inner side of the mind is, of course, related to the consciousness; and the exhibition of energy from the essential soul, the conscious me, as represented in what is called the will, intelligently directs the mental machinery for the accomplishment of specific ends and purposes. The distinction between the will and the mind is so exceedingly subtle that it is very difficult to express it in precise and definite terms, so that it may be easily apprehended. But what we have said, we think, may help you to understand the lines of distinction between them. The will is the executive officer of the consciousness working through the mind.

Q. In higher realms do not family ties become swallowed up in a great and universal love for all?

A. In the more advanced realms of spiritual existence, such is the case; and the love of the family association as a unit, the parental, selfish enjoyment, is expanded to a larger and broader life and character. This much should be borne in mind: that love which is purely local and domestic has within itself the germ, the essential element, of an enduring relation; and that enduring relation blossoms and expands and beautifies, and is not destroyed,—and this is embodied and included within the boundaries of the larger love for the human race at large. Though the larger then contains the lesser, the lesser is not destroyed altogether in its character by its expansion and association with the larger. Those who are truly related spiritually, those whose lives are entwined together by interior powers and bonds, remain in such relationship, in such unity and such affection indefinitely; but their ideas broaden out, their perception increases in various directions, and their operations extend over a wider area. So long as love is a personal, individual, and local question, you have only reaped one-half of its benefits; but when it brings you out into a wider sphere of operation, and you begin to have a love for humanity, the individual is then elevated into a broader sphere of life and progress.

(Continued next week.)

Every second brighten your world with love and joy and peace and hope. Every minute expand your world by unfolding yourself. Every hour open your eyes wider to the grand and beautiful sights in your world; open your ears to the delightful and inspiring strains of divine music which comes of love, brotherhood, tenderness, kindness, gentleness, cheerfulness and contentment. Then from hour to hour, day by day, year by year your world will become more beautiful, and your burdens will soon assume the aspect of a pleasure. Try it and see for yourself.—Our Fellow Creatures.

All processes are mental; all victories are mental, and all defeats are mental. That cause which appears material can be at most only a secondary cause. Accompanying phenomena should not be confounded with consequent phenomena.

It is of no use for anybody to attempt to use psychic power until he is truly individualized. When you are truly individualized, you have realized that you dare to go directly to the heart of the universe—directly to the Infinite Spirit.

Life without laughing is a dreary blank.—Thackeray.

A FABLE.

Some cawing crows, a hooting Owl,
A Hawk, a Canary, an old Marsh Fowl,
One day all met together,
To hold a caucus and settle the fate
Of a certain bird (without a mate),
A bird of another feather.

"My friends," said the Owl, with a look most wise,
"The Eagle is soaring too near the skies,
In a way that is quite improper;
Yet the world is praising her, so I'm told,
And I think her actions have grown so bold,
That some of us ought to stop her."

"I have heard it said," quoth Hawk, with a sigh,
"That young lambs died at the glance of her eye,
And I wholly scorn and despise her.
This, and more, I am told they say—
And I think that the only proper way
Is never to recognize her."

"I am quite convinced," said Crow, with a caw,
"That the Eagle minds no moral law;
She's a most unruly creature."
"She's an ugly thing," piped Canary Bird;
"Some call her handsome—it's so absurd—
She hasn't a decent feature."

Then the old Marsh Hen went hopping about,
She said she was sure she hadn't a doubt
Of the truth of each bird's story;
And she thought it a duty to stop her flight,
To pull her down from her lofty height,
And take the gilt from her glory.

But, lo! from a peak on the mountain grand
That looks out over the smiling land
And over the mighty ocean,
The Eagle is spreading her splendid wings—
She rises, rises, and upward swings—
With a slow, majestic motion.

Up in the blue of God's own skies,
With a cry of rapture, away she flies,
Close to the Great Eternal;
She sweeps the world with her piercing sight;
Her soul is filled with the Infinite
And the joy of things supernatural.

Thus rise forever the chosen of God,
The genius crowned or the power shod,
Over the dust-world sailing;
And back, like splinters blown by the winds,
Must fall the missiles of silly minds,
Useless and unavailing.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Spiritualism an Evil Influence.

The following is a reply to the charges against Spiritualism made by Principal Sheraton in an address before the Alumni of Wycliffe College, as reported in the Toronto (Canada) Daily Star. That the subject received such extended treatment and full report, indicates that it occupies a large place in the public mind.

Editor Toronto Daily Star:—

In your issue of September 29th there appears a report of the address by Principal Sheraton before the Alumni of Wycliffe College, in which he contends that Spiritualism is an evil influence, and mainly fraud. In behalf of the large number of people who believe in the doctrines of Spiritualism, I have been requested to present their side of the subject.

With all deference to the opinions of Prof. Sheraton, those who have given attention to this matter will clearly perceive that he has not made himself acquainted with the subject he so unequivocally condemns. I do not propose to burden your columns with a lengthy discussion, but to touch only the most salient points. He says:

"From time immemorial men have been appealing to the dead in behalf of the living, but no answer had ever found its way to earth. One only had returned, to tell us of His reality over death and to assure us of the reality of the life beyond. He came, not as a disembodied spirit, but as a risen and glorified man, challenging the doubters to touch Him and see that He was a real being."

The lecturer takes the Bible as absolute authority and asserts that it records the only instance of a return from beyond the grave. Is he not mistaken? Is not the Bible a record of the return of spirits and their ministrations? There is not a single phase of modern manifestations but has a counterpart in the Bible. Inspiration, 1st Cor. vii, 8; Speaking in Unknown Tongues, 1st Cor. xii, 10; Materialization, Gen. xvi, 1st Chron. xxi, as the forms appearing in the furnace with the Hebrew children; Trance, 2d Cor. xii, 2; Direct Spirit Writing, as on the walls of Babylon; Levitation, Ezekiel, whom "The spirit lifted me up and took me away"; Clairvoyance, as in Acts vii, 55, 56; Vision, Dan. 3d, xix; Healing, Mark xvi, 15; "They shall lay hands on the sick; Independent Spirit Voices, Deut. ix, 12, 13. Only one passage here is given for each phase, space forbidding that of numerous others equally clear.

Was Christ the only one who ever appeared? Did not Moses and Elias appear to the disciples?

In Hebrews 1st, 14, it is said: "Are they not all Ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs to salvation?"

With these instructions of the Bible, how can Prof. Sheraton truthfully maintain that all spirits who return are evil?

This is his sweeping assertion:

"Whatever the influence was, it was an evil influence. This was shown by the general effects Spiritualistic practices produce both on the subject and on investigators. Physical and mental exhaustion and prostration were commonly attendant upon the seances. Even prominent Spiritualists admitted that the moral effects were disastrous."

What are the names of the "Prominent Spiritualists" who admit that mediumship causes "physical and mental exhaustion," or that its "moral effects are disastrous?"

I have examined the reports of all the great penal institutions of the United States and Canada and found not one prisoner within their walls set down as a Spiritualist or Medium. The life history of all the leading mediums show that they were of average health and length of life, and some of the most prominent reached more than the average age.

Str William Crookes, A. R. Wallace, Professors Varley, Hyslop and James, and Dr. Isaac K. Funk, who has recently contributed a wonderful book, "The Widows' Mite" to the cause, are a few of those equally eminent in science and literature, a list of whose names would fill several columns.

These, as Spiritualists, believe that man exists after the death of the body and that the spirit may return and under favorable conditions communicate. They believe, as death produces no change in the spirit, if ignorant and evilly disposed when they return they are the same, and if righteous, they will return with their righteousness. They believe that the same law which permitted the spirits to minister unto men in Biblical days will permit their departed friends to become ministering spirits unto them.

If Moses and Elias could appear to the disciples, our friends in the great beyond can come to us.

As to the "religious and theological teach-

ings," do they furnish a shadow of an argument?

Prof. Sheraton says that as a final evidence of the evil source of spirit manifestations, the teachings are conclusive:

"This was borne out by the religious and theological teachings of Spiritualists. They maintained that there was no punishment after death; they denied the divinity of Jesus, and the efficiency of the atonement."

He thus admits that spirits do communicate, but they are "evil," and brings their communications as evidence. I have been connected with Spiritualism almost from its beginning, over fifty years. I never saw a communication affirming that there was no punishment for the misdeeds of this life. On the contrary, it has been repeatedly declared that every wrong done must be answered for to the utmost farthing. Different spirits have presented this in different ways, according to their experience and understanding, and an orthodox person once said to me, after reading a communication setting forth the state of those who had been cruel, dishonest and mercenary in this life, that a fiery hell were preferable. I have communications from those who were Catholics and Protestants in this life, and they are of the same faith they were while mortals. Are the Unitarians led by evil spirits because they deny the divinity of Christ?

One point more. The lecturer says: "The alleged messages of the dead were for the most part trifling, insipid, devoid of genuine sentiment or helpful counsel."

Take the current literature, the rapid stories, dime novels, newspaper articles, poetry, how much of it all does not fall under the criticism of being vapid? How much of it is not trivial or partially harmful? When all these writers become spirits, were they able to return and under the most favorable conditions and write as freely as they do now, having, as spirits uniformly declare, met with no change, would not their communications be of the same character? The objection rebounds to the other side and proves, not that they are evil spirits, but their identification amidst the mass of writings both of mortals and spirits, are hidden gems.

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

What Bible?

Dr. J. M. Peebles, M. D.

It is well known to all men of erudition and the broadest, profoundest research that there are many Bibles extant in the world. This at once provokes the inquiry, Which is the best Bible? What Bible, if any, should be read in public schools? Should it be the Vedas of the Hindus, the Avesta of the Parsees, the Tri-Pitaka of the Buddhists, the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Old Testament of the Jews, the New Testament, the book of Mormon, or Mrs. Eddy's last scriptural revision? But no manuscripts of the New Testament, remember, carry us nearer to the originals than near the fourth century. Primarily, the early Christians had no sacred books but the Old Testament.

The Bible is not a book, but a collection of pamphlets and apostolic letters that Catholic councils voted to be inspired; but if the Bible be really the inspired and infallible word of God, what audacity for Christians to revise and modernize it!

The old English version was translated in 1611, and called King James' version. This version was revised in the reign of Henry VIII, and this was again revised in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The New Testament has been revised several times during the past 300 years, the last taking place and ending in Jerusalem chamber, Westminster Abbey, London, about 1880.

In the revised edition (especially by the American Committee), "devil" reads demon; "hell," hades. In Mark 16: 16, "damned" reads condemned. John 7: 38, "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters" reads "From within him shall flow," etc. "Heresies" read factions. In the whole of the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians, "charity" is made to read love. This was not only correct, but a very wise translation of the Greek word.

The First Epistle of John, the very pillar of the orthodox trinity, says: "There are three that bear record in heaven," etc., and this is entirely thrown out of the revision as an interpolation.

In the reign of Queen Mary, the Protestants got out a biblical translation called the "Breeches Bible." In this edition, Genesis 3: 7, reads: "And they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches."

"The Vinegar Bible" got its name from the fact that the "parable of the vineyard" appears instead of the parable of the vineyard, at the heading of the chapter.

"The Servant Bible" originated in this way in 1640 (see third chapter of Genesis): "Servant" should have read "serpent."

"The Wicked Bible" was so called because of the omission of the word "not" in the rendering of the seventh commandment. This so angered Archbishop Laud that he fined the careless printer.

"The Bugge Bible" was so named because in a translation published in 1551 appears this rendering of Psalms 91: 5: "So that they shall not nede be afraide of any bugge by nyghte."

The old "He Bible" took its name from the blunder in translating Ruth 3: 15: "He measured five measures of barley and laid it in her, and he went into the city." This should have read "she," Ruth, went into the city.

"The Molasses," or "Treacle Bible," came from the translation of Jeremiah 8, where "there is no more treacle in Gilead." This so horrified the clergy that its sale was suppressed.

The Wooden Leg Bible originated in a biblical illustration of the scriptural parable of the sower, where a wooden-legged Satan is pictured in the very face of Jesus sowing tares. This must have looked very funny—a one-legged devil hopping along after Jesus sowing tares; and on considering what I long contended for, that if there be a "devil," he is decidedly industrious, and such industry deserves universal commendation.

The liberal-minded, regal-souled Thomas Paine wrote so slightly of the Bible, of all bibles, and of the devil, that the Calvinistic orthodox of his day penned, it is said, these lines for his tombstone:

"Poor Tom Paine, here he lies,
Nobody laughs, nobody cries;
Where he's gone, or how he fares,
Nobody knows—and nobody cares."

In contrast with the above, consider these beautiful lines from the good Quaker poet, Whitier:

"Enough, and too much of the sect and the name;
What matters our label, so truth be our aim;
The creed may be wrong, but the life may be true,
And hearts beat the same under drab coats or blue.
So the man be a man, let him worship at will,
In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's hill."

Here I am reminded of the alleged Nazarene's words: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

And yet, priests and foreign missionaries usually roll in luxuries while many of their parishioners live in a state of abject poverty. The Bishop of London, and the Archbishop of York get, so it is reported, each a salary of \$50,000 per year. The Bishop of Durham gets \$35,000 annually. The Bishops of Oxford, Worcester and Bath draw salaries in gold of \$25,000 a year, and the same English paper, that gives us this information, stated a few days previous that there were 50,000 confessed paupers in London. It is a bitter fact that thousands upon thousands of Londoners, and thousands of Chicagoans, go to bed—if they have a bed—hungry and cold each night, and all this within the sound of church bells that ring out calls to worship, and to hear sermons from plush-festooned pulpits on the text, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." What a travesty on the lowly, pitying Christ! Is it strange that Buddhist monks in Ceylon and Burma are planning to send missionaries to these "Christian" countries to convert them to a religion whose law is love, and whose path to Nirvana is purity?

Battle Creek, Mich.

A Wonderful Exhibit.

W. J. Colville.

PAINTINGS PRODUCED THROUGH MEDIUMSHIP AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Among the most remarkable exhibits of a nature calculated to specially appeal to students of psychic phenomena is a singularly suggestive series of paintings produced through the mediumship of G. A. Kastelic, a gifted musician who is now in St. Louis explaining the marvelous series to crowds of interested spectators and enquirers. In view of the N. S. A. Convention these pictures have been removed to the Reading Room of the Temple, 3015 Pine Street. The description which follows has been prepared by an expert who has carefully studied all the series he mentions. Every time I look at them, and that is frequently, I see something fresh to admire and ponder over, though my time for pondering is not extensive just now. The series of 150 pictures of the World's Civilization by G. A. Kastelic is represented in ten groups of five pictures to the group, illustrating the world's progress from the time of Moses to the present epoch. It offers very valuable suggestions for the development of future human activities and progressive work. The groups are classified as Art, War, Street Life, Family Ties, Industry, Amusements, Spiritualism, Religion, and Justice.

I. Art pictures of the past show gigantic structures dedicated to the powerful kings and their heroic deaths. Pyramids, monoliths, sphinx of the desert are the silent witnesses left us by their splendor and wealth.

II. Art employed for the glorification of gods, including Pagan Temples, priestly robes and implements to nourish a superstition awe; also destructive engines by which such practices could be enforced, the art of ship building which up to this day is being developed to gigantic proportions in building battle ships.

III. Art of the future dedicated exclusively to the well-being of mankind in place of glorifying warriors.

IV. War groups of ancient defenses, swordsmen, craft and implements of torture, wholesale executions and treachery.

V. War of our epoch and the uses of explosives, Indian massacres, also the dawn of a sense of humanity introduced by Red Cross and other helpful societies.

VI. War of the future directed against microbes and other numerous enemies of human society when men-of-war will be turned into excursion boats to prevent "Gen. Slocum" disasters, gambling and other social evils.

VII. Street scenes of the past showing Pagan procession of the ruler and his subjects prostrated in the dust or losing their lives by the executioners, priestly exhalations and general humiliation.

VIII. Streets of our modern cities with the usual sights of horrible accidents due to utmost carelessness and inebriety or criminality.

IX. Streets of the future illustrating peaceful methods of millennium age. Ideal life and rationalism everywhere.

X. Family life of the remote past in the happy epoch of the patriarchal wisdom at home and in the open fields.

XI. Present time. This is less pleasing, showing married fights, masculine cooks and general family disruptions.

XII. Future days, depicting co-operative family life with labor-saving machinery and general good feeling.

XIII. Occupation series vividly portraying the different laborious methods of the past.

XIV. Machinery and human competition in the present introduces the sweat shop, poisonous cigarette factories and Chinese laundries by no means an improvement.

XV. Future. Rain is made and rocks are melted by electricity with ponderous machinery to blow down hills and level them for agriculture.

XVI. Amusements of past, present and future, varying as does everything else.

XVII. Cock fighting, bloodless bull fighting and other questionable means of entertainment in the present have replaced the barbarities of the ancient arena where human life was the sacrifice.

XVIII. The future is represented by utilizing the forces of Nature, tree planting, mountain-climbing, etc.

XIX to XXIV. Religion and the evidence of spirit existence are placed together. In the past the Holy Ghost and persecutions in the name of religion are depicted. In the present is shown hypocrisy and trickery in the seance room and in the pulpit with evidence, however, that worship and belief in the unseen is not a delusion.

XXV. Knowledge and the denizens of both Celestial and Terrestrial spheres walk hand in hand.

XXVI. Instructions of the past, with evidence of ignorance and brutality in pictures of human torture and the fact that writing had to be made a life study.

XXVII. Future amusement and instruction are pleasantly combined.

XXVIII. The last series, representing "Justice," in the first set of pictures rulers are depicted as having absolute authority over the lives of their cringing subjects. Cruelty instead of Justice is in the seat of power.

XXIX. Present. Cruelty has evolved to selfishness although some humane measures have been introduced.

XXX. Future. Crime is recognized as a disease and treated accordingly. The sunlight of truth is permitted to penetrate into the dark recesses of life and glorify it.

Though I gladly call attention to all these suggestive paintings and consider them as a whole, as a most instructive series, I have frankly told Mr. Kastelic that as an educational adornment for a home or school, I would decidedly advocate removing the unpleasant scenes and painting as substitutes more of the pleasing varieties. For my own part, I receive no inspiration from contemplating as I have informed people, times without number, when visiting Mme. Tansand's famous establishment in London, where many noble characters and scenes are presented in life like imagery and where also there is a "Chamber of Horrors" which I

saw once, but never wish to see again. On this question of depicting the abominable in justification with the beautiful I have taken my stand resolutely. I emphatically pronounce it a mistaken policy, though no doubt, well intentioned. Children and young people very frequently obtain their first lessons in depravity by contemplating battle scenes and various disgraceful orgies, and it is not necessary to perpetually re-portray scenes we never wish to have re-enacted. Neither was it necessary to remove Libby Prison to Chicago eleven years ago and make sensitive people ill, as Mr. William Stead pointed out in his famous novel dealing with the Columbian Exposition. In the case of pictures just described the justification afforded by the vivid contrast does certainly enter in and as it sometimes is necessary to present the dark as well as the bright side of a situation, so as to impress the mind through the eyes with the great improvement we can still make as well as the improvements already accomplished in our ways of doing business, we may fairly decide that good ends are served whenever a better way is followed out than that of simply harping upon whatever needs to be accomplished.

The World's Fair, beautiful and instructive though it is, presents shadows as well as lights, but the bright lights are so brilliant and preponderant that even the deepest shadows are easily ignored. As a representative of the Press, I can go everywhere and see everything, and though I've seen a few shows that were in doubtful taste, even on the "Pike" which does not enjoy an immaculate reputation, I've seen much that was truly edifying. Indiana with its magnificent building has drawn immense attention to its enterprising spirit and, largely through my willing surrender to its willing charms, I am absent from St. Louis from October 8th to 17th, having accepted an engagement in Indianapolis. On the evening of the 17th I expect to be present at the grand reception tendered to delegates to the N. S. A. I have the honor to be one of those chosen to represent Massachusetts State Association, of which honorable body I have long been a member. Crowds everywhere; bright sunshine; charming temperature is now the weather report from the fair city.

All Creatures.

(Written for the "Banner of Light.")

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

We might well ask who made that proclamation? The historian Mark says it was a citizen of Palestine named Jesus. But history is vague and uncertain on that question. And philosophy strongly condemns the theory of a marvelous conception for any humane being, yet we find many men today whose souls are deeply imbued with this paganism. And when we ask them why they still cling to such theories, their answer invariably is: "The Book says so." Suppose the Book does say so, can we feel assured that the Book is clear in its claims? Should we not make some allowance for mistakes in translations, for misinterpretations of doctrinal ideas? and for downright forgeries of texts of which Mosheim tells us the New Testament abounds? If we make these allowances, and give to philosophy her dues, I think we shall find that the prevailing theories of religion, pagan, Jew, or Christian, are based upon a sandy foundation, unsupported by any soul-science with which we are acquainted.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." What did the writer mean by the word "gospel?"

According to one interpretation the word "gospel" means good news. Good news of what? It might be good news in regard to property, in regard to health or other personal or material interests. Good news to us in these things, but reverse news to the neighbor. Gospel for us but not for him.

"Preach the gospel to every creature." Now according to theories of religion gnats and flies are created things—creatures. But how could we go to them to preach the gospel, good news if you please, to gnats and flies? We might warm up the room on a chilly day and give them some material comfort. But would this be a compliance with the text, "Preach the gospel to every creature?"

But let us admit that this gospel is only to be preached to men, and pertains more directly to the way that leads to what men are pleased to call "God" who would believe our report? We might say that Christ is the gospel. At once the important and unsettled question would arise, "What is Christ?"

And not being agreed among ourselves on this point, the heathen could learn but little from us in regard to the matter. Yet we must preach the gospel. It seems to me that the world so far is all at sea as to what the gospel is. There should be some standard of unvarying judgment on the subject. A standard that would appeal to all just alike. But is there such standard? I think there is. But such standard is by no means to be found in the modern Christ. But possibly in the ancient Christ as understood by the pagan philosophers of olden time.

This gospel that is to be preached to every creature does not pertain to the material side of life, but to the soul of things. And by the ancients was called "Christ," being understood as the innate power of the soul to unfold in goodness and love.

Truth comes to us through intuition. There is no other way to learn truth. Intuition is the blending of our souls with the soul of the Infinite. And the harmonies we perceive from the fact of such blending is Truth. Yet for the lack of adequate language we may fall to plainly reveal the full extent of this blending—this kinship. For we are all akin to our maker, akin to the fountain from which we sprang. Or, I should rather say, akin to the fountain of which we are a part. And until we, in intellectual consciousness, blend with this fountain, we are void of a knowledge of truth, and only conscious of truth to the extent of this blending.

This soul blending is the gospel Mark saw fit to make Jesus proclaim more than eighteen hundred years ago as our duty to teach to every creature. Jesus at that time was understood as the personified principle of soul evolution. Hence this unfolding force was and is continually crying, "Preach the gospel to every creature"—teach the principle of unfoldment to all mankind, regardless of clime or nationality of birth.

But the text says "to every creature." Gnats and flies are creatures, can we preach to them? In a sense we may, but not on the conscious plane of life as we understand it. Truth is like the waves of sunshine that warm up the atmosphere and provides a haven for insect life. But while waves of truth may not warm the material, the soul essence of "every creature" will be vivified and strengthened in the direction of its unfoldment. Hence the propriety of including "every creature" within the realm of the gospel's reach.

My father was a preacher of what he believed to be the gospel, or truth, and I have heard many others preach in my day of 77 years, yet only one of all these, in all those years, made any attempt to point the way that leads to God, or good. Their preaching was all theology, or what they were pleased to term "doctrine," and left the moral or soul forces untouched, unprovided for. As well might the florist expect his flowers to grow to beauty and to sweetness without water or

cultivation, depending alone on heaven's dew for unfolding nourishment. True, the flowers would unfold to a degree on this sweet dew, but cultivation would hasten the unfolding, and add sweetness and beauty.

Man is but a flower as it were, growing in the gardens or fields of nature, and is subject to unfoldment as the flowers are. In fact, unfoldment is the governing law of each. We may call it Christ if we wish, but I would leave off that name as misleading. Expanding unity, or love, in a better name. It is the music of God's temple, or the temple of nature, and will be sung forever and forever.

What has theology to do with infinite truths like these? Dry husks is all it has to give us. And I for one hungered for many years for the kernels of truth, nor found them until I was taught from the more flowery side of nature, until my guardian angels sang to my inner ears the sweet music of universal love.

This is the gospel that was to be "preached to every creature," the unfolding of our innate powers along lines of righteousness. And while theologians give us but dry husks to eat on which the "swine" would have starved, what shall we say of our own teachers who dwell mostly on the outer sciences of life? True, the outer sciences serve as fundamental conditions as the raw soil serves the flower's germ.

There is a plane of physical consciousness and there is a plane of spiritual consciousness and it matters not whether we are in earth life or in spirit life, we are on one or the other of these planes of life, except we be in transition—veiling from one plane to the other, from the lower to the higher, as all in nature's sure time must do.

Men may be learned in the material sciences so as to give us the order of nature in moulding suns and planets, and of forcing the chemical qualities of the crasses beneath our feet. May tell us why springs of water flow from the hills, and in hills and in larger streams, wend their way to the ocean; may tell us all these things, with many others pertaining to what we call materiality, and yet be void of spiritual consciousness. A lack of appreciation of soul life, a lack of ability to understand its beauties. Consequently no note on the harp of soul-love will ever be touched by them until indeed they learn such lessons from the master of all harmonies, and the door for such purpose ever stands invitingly open.

And yet men of small amount of material wisdom may be overflowing with spirituality, may be learned in spiritual knowledge and wisdom. The very presence of such persons will electrify the kindred souls of others, nor are such wont to condemn, but pity is the first impulse of their forgiving hearts. In pleading against wrongs such pleadings would be "whispered softly so nobody could hear" except the guilty one. All the soul aspirations of the Spiritualist awakened is to build up the inner life and lead the sinful away from wrongs.

These two classes may occupy the same locality on earth as I understand they occupy the same locality in spirit life, but the unquicken soul, whether here or there, must be awakened to an appreciation of the higher joys of life. This awakening to spiritual consciousness is what Christians call "The new birth," is what Jesus meant when he said, "Marvel not that I said unto you ye must be born again." Born into the conscious realm of spirit, we may pass the tomb and yet not see the kingdom of God. Many are there yet in the shades of darkness, nor yet weaned from their vices of earth. Consequently death is not the new birth, the open door that enables us to see life in its spiritual beauty, and our first duty while here-on earth is to awaken the spiritual consciousness of men. By this means we are preaching that gospel which was to be "preached to every creature."

Wm. Phillips.

Clackamas, Oregon.

The Economics of God.

In the creation of God's universe, there is no waste. The waste which one law creates, is the life of another. Nature is a good housewife, and in her domain there are no scavengers; for none are required. What the animal body rejects, the vegetable world requires. What poisons the animal, feeds the vegetable.

The foul breath of man exhaled with its load of poison gases freeing the system of its noxious elements, is in God's economy used to vibrate the vocal chords and the voice of man results. The poison of our lungs makes possible the utterances of the divinest messages of love, of prayer, of poetry, of music. Man's soul is raised to the very throne of the most High in the exaltation which is created by the voice of a Jenny Lind, or by the eloquence of a Demosthenes; and the means which makes possible a Demosthenes or a Jenny Lind is their waste breath.

This is a homely illustration, but the homely is the divine and the divine the homely.

When the first cell of protoplasm divided and became two, the protoplasm had begun the population of the world. The intelligence of the act was as infinitesimal as was the cell; and intelligence was there. When, in the growth of the race of animals on this sphere, intelligence had reached a point where maternal love had birth, the growth of the soul of man was first shown to be possible.

Under the law of the survival of the fittest, war was lord. The weaker yielded in the struggle, the strong only remained. As the development went on, and the strong of the period gave place to the strong of the next, the war god seemed to wax and not to wane. Violence was law, and the law was supreme. It was the law of life.

But as the strong grew stronger and as this seeming barbarity strode on apace, along with it, keeping step with its stride, went love, and it was ever up in the front rank.

First the maternal instinct grew from the desire of the first protoplasmic cell to divide and become two. The maternal instinct, made necessary for the defence of its young in this struggle for survival of the fittest, the love of the mother for its child. Just as mere strength sought, in its battling, the extraneous aid of arms to supplement and make more effective its strength, so the mother love reached out for aid and created for its use the wider, larger human love of kind as well as kin. Thus love came to cover the world and the Golden Rule was born, not from the religious teaching of any Buddha, or any Christ; but long ages before the dawn of history, out of the necessity. And love marched even with strength. As strength begot greater strength, love begot wider love.

And as they marched the angels sang, for they saw that strength became stronger for love, and love became greater by strength. The one without the other was weak; each was of God. The God of love was the God who had ordained that the fittest should survive. The brute was humanized by the divine. Without force and might, love would not have dawned into the world; and for love the world was created. The unending warfare of strength for supremacy over other might was not waste. It was the creator of love.

How marvelous, beautiful and holy are the economics of God.

To love one another is the best way of aiding God.—Victor Hugo.

E. A. Brackett and His Works.

Mime Index.

"Materialized Apparitions," "The World We Live In," and "My House, Chips the Builder Threw Away."

Spiritualism, like statesmanship, has its Grand Old Men. This one of ours, wearing gracefully his fourscore years like a halo and not as a burden, joins in one personality a poet, a sculptor and a painter. In all he is an artist and not an amateur.

For over fifty years he has looked o'er the hilltops of the world's smaller things and seen afar the purer light which shines from the Heavens to him who gazes with the eyes of our faith. And now, after his long sojourn in the earthly body, he still gazes smilingly at the nearing Beyond, inspired by the same convictions of truth and fortified by the same faith.

Nor has he selfishly cherished these truths in his own bosom. He has spoken aloud and told the world of the "faith that is in him" and why it is in him; and when he has spoken it has been with no uncertain or half-hearted voice.

First, in 1886, he published his "Materialized Apparitions," now long and well known, but which will well repay a new perusal.

His experiences in materializations were most remarkable and convincing. His viewpoint as an investigator just beginning, was that of a skeptic, but the breadth and openness of his mind compelled him to take a view which could not be narrow. Such candor as his, undoubtedly opened wider the door to the willing spirits and prepared for them an atmosphere wherein their most wonderful phenomena could be demonstrated. Our hypercritical friends should understand this and then, perhaps, the absence of satisfactory phenomena when they attend sittings, will be understood.

This book shows another thing: that spirits returning do not fear fair and friendly criticism. They wish to be thoroughly understood, and are as anxious as we that the laws of their return and of their (and our) limitations in the intercourse between the worlds, should be studied and learned. This can best be done by critically examining all details, but in a spirit of learning, and not with a feeling of fault finding.

The mother teaches her child far more than the schoolmaster with his switch; even though she be a most exacting parent; if she but love her child, he will learn when the very fear of that switch would defeat the schoolmaster's success.

Last year Mr. Brackett brought out through the Banner of Light Publishing Company his second little book of one hundred and twenty pages, "The World We Live In." The portrait of the "old man eloquent," like a patriarch of old, adorns the book as a frontispiece. The book begins with six lines of verse showing us something of the author's gift as a poet:

Fear not the gloom, 'tis but a shroud
That veils the light, a passing cloud
That trails and drifts and drops its rain;
The parched earth drinks and laughs again.
What is for thee accept, retain—
'Tis thine, for thee all else is vain.

This is the cheerfulness which always distinguishes the Spiritualist from his brethren who profess a gloomy creed.

The preface states a truth which cannot be too often insisted upon: that Spiritualism is the foundation stone upon which every religion has been built. Resting upon a foundation of spirit manifestation, usually called "mediumship," the older religions forget that the same God who gave these revelations ages ago is still "on his throne" and has not forgotten how to speak. These churchmen, however, have forgotten how to hear, and they scoff at the modern Spiritualist who can hear, and shout "There is no voice" because they, in their deafness, cannot hear it.

Here is another little gem:

"There is no past. The future lies
A blinding mist, before our eyes.
No footprints mark the unseen trail
That leads us down the shadowy vale.

Still on we press. With hopes and fears
We watch the coming of the years,
And here and there through rifts between
Some parting cloud, the light is seen."

The introduction dwells upon the danger of allowing "your individuality to be swamped in the habits of a sectarian life." The author uses vigorous English in discussing this peril. "Enveloped in this mirage, this phosphorescent decay of unsavory legends," "ere he ceases to drag after him the rotten remains of an uncivilized age," "he who walks with averted gaze should know the ground he treads;" these are all noteworthy and are pretty positive evidence that youth does not compass all vigor.

Once more our author speaks with inspiration of the true poet:

"From out the unseen world there springs
In wondrous beauty, all living things.

Who comprehends the mighty force
That swags the planets on their course,
And through the realms of endless space
Still guides and holds them in their place?

Or aught of that sidereal sweep
That bears them through the boundless deep.

Still swells the tide, within, without.
Whether we fear, or hope, or doubt,
Resistless rolls the mighty flow
Of life. The end—ah, who can know?"

The first essay in the book gave it its name. It is a discussion of the scientific materialist's theory of the world's beginning, and gives the author's idea of the true theory and of the true relation of body, soul and spirit. It is the best piece of reasoning in the book.

He calls the Nebula Hypothesis "at best a torso without head, arms, or leg," because no attempt is made or can be, by science, to give the "cause" of all this. There is no intelligence in this thing. It is all matter. The same is true of Darwinism and evolution, unless something intelligent is behind it, some cause beyond mere blind law. The author is of opinion that "If man was evolved from a monkey, it does not appear in some things to be much of an evolution."

These little touches of sarcastic humor enliven the pages of a discussion which is thus redeemed from any possible accusation of dryness. For example, "Unfortunately for the parable of the sheep and the goats, the goat is the higher organized animal. He is independent and aggressive and there is no wool growing over his eyes to prevent his seeing that a free, open life is better than a sheepskin."

With slavish fear and childish dread
We cling to forms, the ghostly dead,
Whose slow decay and withering blight
Vell from our eyes the coming light.

This stanza introduces the second essay, "Through the ages," which closes thus: "Spiritualism walks hand in hand with the beauty and simplicity of the true Christ." "We are one" is a beautiful idyl in prose. "The Unknown" contains an Oriental view of

the mind and soul, which is certainly striking and unique. The mind is not spirit, not soul. "It is the refuse emanations resulting from the union of spirit and matter in the evolution of material individual growth."

In "My House, Chips the Builder Threw Away," Mr. Brackett appears with a volume of poems. The poems are usually in one metre and contain much of the striking and unusual personality of the author. We have already quoted several of them which appeared at the beginning of chapters in a former book and are again printed here. The true poet shines out in them all. We have room but for a few more extracts.

The chained lamp swung to and fro
Sliding the shadows on the floor.

The foam-lit prow
And o'er my roof the chilly flow
Of winter piles its drifts of snow

Who evil thinks shall evil know.
The poison through his veins shall flow.
To what he feeds on will he grow.

Above the turmoil and the strife
Of changing things miscalled our life.

Here is a stanza, a poetic "Judge Not":

We sleep, we dream, but who can say
That in this strange dramatic play
He sees the light or knows the way?
Alike the rayless gloom of night.
The sun's fierce glare that blinds our sight.
We think, but know not what is right
And o'er a life not understood.
In our conceit, our selfish mood,
We draw the line 'tween bad and good.

In "Pseudo-Science" and "The voyagers," Mr. Brackett pays his regards in a humorously sarcastic vein to the scientists, especially the Society for Psychical Research.

The author never hides his scorn and never attempts to conceal his dislike for the methods of the society. He opens the prelude to "Pseudo-Science with Darwin's expression, "everything from a clam," and proceeds:

Science opens her little doors,
Shows you walking on all fours,
Pointing out the fancied gain
Of fooling with a monkey's brain.

Down the dim, uncertain trail
You find him he lost his tail,
Not through design or force of will,
But through sliding down a hill.

Lost his peering and his steering
Has been wobbling ever since
With his lack of common sense.

And this of scientific research:

Of all the things that vex the brain
And turn and twist and come again,
There's nothing like the soulless fad
Of scientific thoughts run mad.

And this:

To that great horror of the land,
When scientists to gain, their facts,
Must torture guinea pigs and cats.

And this, of a white baby born to a negress:

Of this great crowd that gathered there
The psychical research had its share.
With looks profound
They gathered round,
Nor made a sound.

Till Dr. Hodgson scratched his head
And, turning to friend Hyslop, said
It was a spiritual conception.
But Hyslop wisely raised the question
That it was muscular suggestion;
And Dr. Hudson thought 'twas plain
The action of a dual brain.
What Savage thought he would not tell,
Until 'twas made respectable.

Once more:

But greater still that lying elf
That Hudson calls sub-conscious self.
If what he says proves to be true
Then in yourself there dwelleth two:
How can you tell which one is you?

The last poem, "The Voyagers," relates in rhyme the experience of the Psychical Research Society with Mrs. Piper, whom he calls the "Pilot." He tells of Dr. Hodgson's charge of twenty dollars ("subtlety," he phrases it) and of the alleged interview in which occurs the "pilot's" silly explanation:

And the people all run riot
O'er the statements of the pilot.

After the "Wreck of the Boat":

One thing remains within the boat,
'Twas Hyslop's book. They all agreed
It was so light it could not sink.

The author makes lots of fun of the masks worn by Mrs. Piper's scientific sitters and of the "white crow," as one man called Mrs. Piper. It is good honest fun, free from malice and shows the absurdities of the over-careful investigations made of Mrs. Piper's rather commonplace mediumship.

He closes with this question:

Noah trusted to his dove.
Had he been fooling with the crow,
Do you think—can you show—
That he could have hung his hat
On the top of Ararat?

Received Too Late for Earlier Mention.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association.—Meetings at Cadet Hall, Oct. 16th, well attended and interesting. Mrs. Kates filled the time, Mr. Kates being at St. Louis. The lectures and messages were of the usual high order. Supper in the lower hall at 5 o'clock. Circles were held between the services. A song service preceded the evening service. Much interest was added to the services by piano solos by Mr. Willis Mulligan of Boston, and vocal solos by Mrs. Judge Pettigill of Malden, George Cleveland of Boston, Mrs. Millie Parker of Boston, and I. Warren Chase of Lynn. Children from the Lyceum also assisted. The friends of Mr. Caird and the society are greatly encouraged at the large number of votes he is securing in the Boston Globe educational contest. Assistance in this matter will be gratefully received, and should any prize money be secured, it will be used strictly for the advancement of Spiritualism. Send coupons direct to the Globe, plainly marked, or to writer, A. A. Averill, Lynn, Mass.

Waltham Spiritualist Progressive Union Church held their first salad supper of the season Wednesday, Oct. 12. Although a stormy evening, the attendance was exceptionally large. Many out-of-town guests were present. After supper, dancing was indulged in until ten p. m. All pronounced the evening an enjoyable one. Our Sunday attendance has been splendid, also the attendance at Wednesday circles. Many new faces as well as old ones are noticeable at our services. Our Lyceum has zealous workers, and

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87-18

day when Spiritualism shall have become universal the wide world over.

To enable us to carry on our school work in the days which are to come, we shall in the near future have a "Rummage Sale" and we would call upon our friends to contribute to its success any article which they may be pleased to send to us.

A few of our members are ill and we would ask that thoughts of a healthful nature be sent to them.

The question to be judged upon next Sunday given by our youngest leader, Miss Cooley, will be, "What is the reward of well doing?"

Alonzo Danforth, sec.

Oct. 23, 1904.

New York.

112 E. Chemung place, Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1904. The work has received a new impetus under the inspiration of Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, who closed a very successful three weeks' engagement of love and harmonization, Sunday, Oct. 23, to the present regret of all, but with the knowledge of her return for continued work in February, she goes with love and God speed for the furtherance of her mission in the enlightenment of humanity and the comforting of sorrowing, aching hearts.

Preparations are under way for a "Ladies' Aid" organization and fair to be held in February. Old members are being re-instated and new ones have signified their intention of joining and the outlook is good for the future.

Mrs. R. W. Barton of Binghamton, N. Y., will be with us the remainder of this month and the month of November, incidentally December and January and we anticipate much good from her efforts, for she, too, is an earnest, sincere worker and much loved by those who know her, and will receive a warm welcome in our midst.—Louise E. Zimmerman, secretary.

Mr. J. J. Morse, the Editor of the "Banner," in England.

After an absence of more than two years, Mr. Morse reached London on Monday, Sept. 26. On Friday evening, Sept. 30, at Cavendish Rooms, 51 Mortimer st. W., the Marylebone Association held a social gathering to welcome Mr. J. J. Morse on his return from the Colonies and the U. S. A. Despite the inclement weather a goodly number of co-workers and friends took this opportunity of grasping Mr. Morse by the hand and giving him a hearty welcome. Our esteemed president, Mr. T. Everitt, ably presided, and in a few well-chosen words of welcome paid a high tribute to Mr. Morse for his sterling work during many years at home and abroad. The president's welcome was taken up in a very hearty and prolonged manner by all present. Mr. Morse suitably replied, and gave a short and interesting sketch of his travels, and also expressed his extreme pleasure at seeing Mrs. Everitt present, who, though still unwell, had braved the elements to have the opportunity of greeting him. The platform was very tastefully decorated by plants and flowers through the kindness of Miss C. Rosomon, the honorable treasurer of the association. The heartiest thanks of the executive are cordially extended to the following artists for their kindly services, which so materially contributed to the success of this gathering: Miss Morse, Miss Samuels, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Meads.—S. J. Watts, Hon. Secy.

Fannie Spalding has open dates and would like to correspond with societies wishing for her services as speaker and test medium. Address, 353 E. Main St., Norwich, Conn.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904.

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

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

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.

The Ephemerides (or "Ephemeris"), for
1905, are now ready for delivery.

We have a number of reviews of excellent
books in this issue. Good reading always.

One Adams, claiming himself to be presi-
dent of an Astrologic College in Boston, is
arrested for sending love powders through the
mails. Love powders do not in any manner
belong to Astrology. The planets take care
of love and no powders can overcome the
planets.

The first impulse of mean people when in-
formed of a truth, is to abuse the one, or
ones, who state the truth. This seems to have
been always the case. Jesus was abused,
Socrates was abused, Paine was abused,
Christianity was abused. Spiritualism has
been abused; but the abuse of truth makes
it more highly appreciated when the ignorance
is evercome.

Mrs. J. Conant Henderson, now recently
established in the Banner of Light building,
204 Dartmouth Street, held her first circle
at her rooms on Friday, Oct. 21st, when a
large audience was present and congratulated
her upon her fine location, and of her re-
opening.

Inadvertency in the typewritten copy of
Dean Clarke's poem in last week's "Banner"
caused 4th line, of 4th stanza, to read "with-
drawn." It should have been "with brawn."
Also "North Hole," in the introduction should
have been "North Hollow." Printers and
editors do not make all the mistakes, for
which they are too often held accountable.

Do you call an iceberg "water," or water
an "iceberg?" For convenience in under-
standing when communicating one with an-
other, we must have a specific name for every
sort of a change in Nature's laws. Matter is
matter and spirit is spirit, by reason of
change of office. What would you think of a
person who told you he had just seen a worm
with beautiful wings walking on oxygen,
meaning a butterfly flying?

Prove the Negative.

The hinterpart of some of the Religious
conventions in St. Louis, styling itself an
"Anti-Medium Association," sent a challenge
to the N. S. A. in convention assembled at
St. Louis, the substance of which challenge
was to this effect: "If you can communi-
cate with the disembodied spirits of our dead
friends, now is a good time and this is a good
place for you to prove it." The Spiritualists
declined on the ground that they were not in
St. Louis to combat opponents.

This challenge by organized opponents, re-
minds one of the challenge made by his
satanic Majesty, to Jesus, when fasting in
the mountain.

When people are organized for the express
purpose of opposing spiritualistic proofs it
would imply that they were already convinced
and that their own convictions were demon-
strable.

Why should Spiritualists be required to
prove the affirmative, more than the antis to
prove a negative.

When Republicans and Democrats, (as
antagonistic as the Devil is to holy-water)
consent and are able to prove to each other
their differences; or, when the Campbellites
and the Catholics "shake hands over the
bloody chasm" and prove to each other
whether or not there is a purgatory; or when
the lamb is willing to go into the lion's den
and prove to the lion, that kerosene is
better than lamb-fat, then, and not until then,
would it be proper for people who know
what they do know, to attempt to prove it to
people who are organized for the especial
purpose of denial.

If proof already attested by the London
Dialectical Society, the Psychical Research
Society, Fichte, the philosopher, Alfred Rus-
sell Wallace, D. C. L., LL. D. and F. R. S.,
Camille Flammarion and hundreds of others
of world-wide eminence are not sufficient to
convert the entire world, do these obscure
remnants of questionable theology, imagine
that Spiritualism depends upon their particu-
lar ipsi dixit?

Have these antis the presumption to im-
agine that their word is more liable to be taken
by the world at large, than our own, or than
that of the eminent personages named? Who
constituted them the monitor of our belief?
Are the gates of heaven, or our heart's joys
in their particular keeping? God forbid.
They seem to treat the matter like ham-fat
soapman at a country fair. Spiritualism is
for individual consolation, and not for
monkey-doodle business. A Spiritualist is a
Spiritualist on his own knowledge and belief,
and not on the hearsay evidence of some
bread-earning sciolist.

If these antis need fodder on which to de-
fame their betters, or need personal tests to
enlighten their minds, without paying for it,
or at itinerant minister's half rates, then let
them go to some charitable medium and get
it, as they send their poor to charitable
quarters.

They say "let the mediums get down to
business." If they choose to consider it busi-
ness, then let them first understand that "the
laborer is worthy of his hire." Jesus of
Nazareth accepted no challenges from his de-
famers. He meekly said: "They that are
filthy, let them be filthy still."

Address Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes care of
Mrs. Geo. Moulton, 1683 Dorchester Ave.,
Dorchester, Mass., until further notice. All
communications will be forwarded to her
from there.

In an editorial published September 17, the
"Banner" said relative to the N. S. A.:

"Also, doubtless, the re-election of the treas-
urer, whose generosity is the financial back-
bone of the N. S. A., for, financially, he has
been a tower of strength to the national body,
though he, as all of us recognize that money
is not the only thing in the necessary ele-
ments making a National Spiritual body."

Considerable comment has been made, in-
cluding that the "Banner" said "money is
not everything." One might think by the
heated condition of minds, over the great com-
pliment in the above lines, as paid to the in-
born generosity of the treasurer, that he was
inferior to his bank account, when, were such
the case, how would the Spiritualist body be
able to receive any goodness through him.
The "Banner" contends that he who dictates
the usefulness of his money is greater than
the money.

When a man with a goodly purse, backed
by a generous heart, occupies a treasuryship
in a worthy cause, it is quite likely that the
money will not be superior to him, but that he
will be superior to the money in its usefulness
to the cause. "Money is not everything." The
man behind the money is far superior, and
the "Banner" cannot conceive how the
above complimentary item could be otherwise
construed, except by those who have gone over
entirely to the support of Caesar. Surely
the treasurer himself is a necessary element
in the national spiritual body, and the "Ban-
ner" ranked him above his dollars and cents
in the words "though he" in the item com-
mented upon.

In order to do mighty work in the line of
teaching, it would seem, by the fifth verse,
sixth chapter of St. Mark, that one should
get out and away from his own country, and
from his own kin and from his own home.

Where a person is known from childhood
up, no credit, no faith, no belief, above the
common, can be induced or awakened. Why?
Because, he is nobody but Tom Jones, Bill
Smith, or "the carpenter's son." We have
known him ever since he was knee-high to a
grasshopper. How is it possible for anybody
with whom we are so familiar, to do anything
more than the rest of us? All that Jesus
could do among his own people was to "lay
hands upon a few sick folk and heal them."

Familiarity breeds contempt among people
who are not illumined by the power of the
Spirit, but Spiritual knowledge gives one to
know that the Spirit, like the wind, "goeth

where it listeth," and spirit-power of the
most remarkable character, is as liable to
manifest in an illiterate brain, or mind, as
it is in a scholastic or a classical mind.

The colleges do not create the spirit-powers
in a man. They merely furnish the oil to
make the machinery run smoothly. If the
machine is a poor machine, the colleges can-
not improve it. A good machine without the
college oil—any kind of old grease—will do
the better work.

Fakes and Facts.

Jealousies, rivalries, backbitings and per-
sonal animosities between mediums do more
injury to themselves and to the cause of
Spiritualism than any other things that can
be conceived of.

Spiritualism is no respecter of persons,
and that is where it stands superior to all
other beliefs before the world today.

Spirit is free. It goes and comes as it will.
The spirit of love kisses the cheek of any
earth-born child who is ready to receive the
kiss.

The spirit-world does not judge us by the
size of our pocket-book, the quality of our
clothing, nor the amount of classics crowded
into our brain.

The mothers of the poor, the wayward or
the disconsolate, are just as much mothers
to them as are the mothers of the haughty
ones, who usually have little love for mother
when her usefulness is gone.

Let us shame the world, if it be possible for
the world to feel the heat of shame, by mak-
ing a Spiritualism, which for love and charity,
and peace on earth, good-will to men, shall
outlive the goodness of Him who said:
"Greater than I are they that shall come
after me."

Denounce fake mediums? No! Never!
Never! Never! "They that are not against
us are with us," are the gospel-teachings.
Christianity has proved false to its own
teachings, by that damnable heresy of crying
down the "under dog."

Let us teach, and not condemn. Let us
teach people to understand the difference be-
tween a fake and the genuine. The greatest
of truths are taught in myths, and some of
the greatest truths that the world has ever
known have been obtained through fakes.

We enjoy "mock turtle soup," and mock
mince pies, and mock coffee, etc., etc. These
are nothing but fakes. If we can eat daily
the faked foods of all kinds that are spread
before us, why are we not able to understand-
ingly endure a little fake mediumship. If you
must have fake on the inside, what differ-
ence does it make how it gets there.

Separate, classify, discriminate and prop-
erly label our fakes, but never condemn. It is
a wise man who can be a fakir. If you do
not believe in fakes, then be careful that you
do not fake, yourself, in thought, word or
deed.

More than half of the ministers are but
fakirs, also newspaper-men, lawyers, store-
keepers, politicians, lecturers, etc. The very
air is permeated with fakes in every walk of
life.

The cry of "fake" is merely to throw dust
in the eyes of someone, in order to pick his
pocket in the interest of some other fake.
"Let him that is without sin cast the first
stone."

Hetty Green Tells Secret of Her Success.

"I consider that I owe all I am in life to
the principles instilled into me by my father,"
said Hetty Green, richest woman in the
world, in a recent interview. "Daughter,"
he repeated again and again, "cultivate com-
mon sense and judgment. Learn how to man-
age your brains and you will know how to
manage your fortune. Intelligence is better
than Greek and Latin, and good morals will
stand by you better than a fine education."

"I was just 14 years old when I went to
the bank and deposited \$25, my first savings.
My father went with me and was very proud
of my thrift, for it had cost me some sacri-
fices. I am proud to say that I have added to
that first \$25, and haven't yet drawn it out."
"The trouble with most persons," she con-
tinued, "is that they want to spend, but they
don't want to work. No man or woman in
my early days was idle until 2 a. m. think-
ing out investments. Well, that's how hard
I work."

"I have endeavored to bring up my boy and
girl," she continued, "on common-sense prin-
ciples, and I spared no expense either."

The writer is a great admirer of Hetty
Green, not on account of the money she pos-
sesses, but on account of her native "common
sense;" but Hetty Greens, like poets, are
not made, they are born. The writer does not
know her date of birth, yet he will wager a
large-sized apple that at the time of Mrs.
Green's birth into this world the configura-
tions of the heavens above and the earth
beneath were related to each other at her
birth strictly in accordance with the Ptole-
maic laws of astrology as laid down centu-
ries before her birth; that she was born
with the elements thereby of common sense
in her and that she is no more to blame for
having it and also having her money, than
the writer is responsible for having no com-
mon sense and no money. I really do not call
Mrs. Green's sense "common sense." It cer-
tainly appears to be very uncommon. It would
be a good thing if there was more uncommon
sense in this great world of ours.

The squirrels on Boston Common and the
public garden think nothing of coming to the
hands of the people and feed, even diving into
pockets where they realize good morsels to be.

This teaches us that animals are not afraid
of man, and would do no harm to man if
man, in his inhumanity, was not unkind to an-
imals. Neither would the animal-nature in
man do an unkindness to other men if it were
not for the impositions that have for ages been
imposed upon the animal nature of man. The
whole race has become suspicious and, in com-
mercial operations, are at enmity with each
other, under the law of self-protection.

We are taught that there was a time when
all kinds of animals, together with man, dwelt

in harmony, but now man and wild beasts are
at enmity, and man at enmity with his fel-
low-man, with impositions prevented only by
civil laws. Common sense cries "Halt!" but
Greed is the present "lord and master," and
greed can be overcome only by laws estab-
lished by humanity and reason.

The idea of Governmental control and dis-
tribution is well enough, but it would take but
a generation or two for the masses to believe
government a separate and exclusive power.
That, of course, would send everything back
into the hands of the few, a la Russia. Things
there are under Government control and the
peasantry do not like it. Nothing can be
made better than "A government of the peo-
ple by the people and for the people," but
when did we ever have it, and how will we
ever get it, so long as one animal is ready to
pounce upon another animal for temporary
gratifications?

How many are there who fully realize when
they blame Old Sol, or the Ice King
of the North, that they are innocent of the
cause. Sol does not move at all,
neither does the Ice King. They at-
tend strictly to their own business. It is
the wanderings of our Old Mother Earth
away from the Sun and into the domain of
the Ice King that makes us so cold in winter.
On Christmas eve Mother Earth finds it too
cold to go further and then we eat turkey and
rejoice because our planet is going back to
the Sun. This is the new birth of the earth,
or the commencement of a new cycle from the
Ice King's domain. We call it the Nativity
of the Sun. Some call it the Resurrection and
call the Vernal Equinox the Nativity, all of
which needs explaining because, Theology run
wild since the dark ages has twisted these
truths into so many different shapes that it is
hard to undo the tangle. Spiritualism is the
only means by which these truths may be re-
stored, for nearly all other cults and isms
are so bound up in their own conceit that it
sets them into hysterics to even imagine that
they are mentally twisted. Like the drunken
man who thinks everything else is spinning
around except his own thinking-machine, they
are too busy with their aches and pains to
admit that anything can be aside from as
they see it. If we could only induce old
Mother Earth to keep quiet, on the Equinoctial,
we would have perpetual spring and
fall, but, like old Eve, the Earth will follow
the serpentine path, first north and then
south, while "Old Sol," or the Sun, keeps
straight on in the even tenor of his ways, in
the centre of the cross, which the earth makes
in its serpentine wanderings.

Religion.

We are all very apt ordinarily to take the
definition of a word only as it is popularly ac-
cepted by the select people with whom we as-
sociate. This is well enough when we, or our
associates coin a word for our own exclusive
use, but the word Religion was coined centu-
ries before people of this age were born,
and it has first a root meaning, and then a
specific meaning from that root, according to
its acceptance from time to time.

At present day among some it is assumed
to be equivalent to godliness, in which sense
we might easily question much that is called
"religion" at the present day. Paley said,
there must at least be "seriousness" or "there
can be no religion." Trench says it used to
be the "outward expression of an inward
spirit of a true or false devotion as assumed."
Tiele, in Encyclopaedia Britannica, says it is,
in communities, "the modes of divine worship
based on the belief held in common by the
members of the communities severally." Kostlin
says, it "means the conscious relation
between man and God, and the expression of
that relation in human conduct."

Religion, theology, morality, piety and
sanctity are each and all different and do not
mean the same.

Whatever we think a thing to be, that is
precisely what it is to us, no matter by what
name we call it, but when we attempt to dis-
cuss a matter with others, we can never
agree until we first learn what meaning these
others have to the words we use. Before we
argue a matter it would be well to first decide
upon a mutual agreement as to the meaning
of our subject matter. The dictionary is, of
course, created for the express purpose of
providing a mutual understanding. After
having settled upon which definition of a
word will be taken, then we can talk to each
other understandingly without a confusion of
tongues.

Spiritualism is certainly a Divine worship
based on the belief held in common by the
members of its communities of people. Every
honest Spiritualist has a consciousness of the
relationship between himself and God, and
every honest Spiritualist expresses that rela-
tionship in his human conduct. He cannot
help it if he is an honest Spiritualist. If one
does not so express himself then he is not an
honest Spiritualist. There are pretenders
among all bodies.

Spiritualism is a principle of itself, and
does not depend upon individual pretenders.
Spiritualism would be Spiritualism if there
were but one person on earth that believed in
spiritual power. The number of Spiritualists
does not change Spiritualism; it merely man-
ifests the extent of its acceptance among men.
The inward expression of devotion, whether
true or false, is certainly freely manifested;
and there is every reason to believe that the
millions who, for years have so openly advo-
cated Spiritualism, are "serious" in their
faith. With all of these testimonies in con-
formity with the meanings of the word "Re-
ligion," it is positively foolish for any Spir-
itualist to argue the matter as to whether or
not it is a "religion."

If some one says it is not a "credulous" or
"creed-bound religion," then there would be
no argument, for Spiritualists pride them-
selves in not being such. Neither is it a Jew-
ish religion, nor a religion of idol worship,
but a religion proclaiming a brotherhood-re-
lationship with all mankind, whether in or out
of the flesh, and an heirship in the everlast-
ing Fatherhood of God, with the Golden Rule

as the standard of morals, and scientific
proofs to back these tenets.

If there are any who object to such, then
more is the pity. It is not a matter for Spir-
itualists to correct, for only the individual can
correct the errors of the individual mind.

Now as to "Godliness." This is another
word on which much depends. It means
"Careful observance of, or conformity to, the
laws of God." When other religionists come
into agreement as to just what the laws of
God are, then Spiritualists might be able to
tell whether or not they are Godly. Religion-
ists for ages have been contending against
each other over the question of what consti-
tutes "the laws of God." Spiritualists have
their own individual ideas about the matter,
and no doubt their grounds are as safe to
stand upon as are the various grounds over
which the various religionists have so long
been disputing with each other. The only dif-
ference between us is that with them they all
go to Hades together, if they go at all, while
with the Spiritualists each one runs his own
risk.

"Power Behind the Throne."

The New Civic Spirit is the theme of an
article in the "Chautauquan," one of our ex-
changes, and a magazine of things worth-
while. The article shows the transformation
of thought and activities which has taken
place in the world since the Civil War. This
is the first of a series of nine articles on "the
Civic Renaissance." The spirit is shown to
have manifested itself in many material
ways, and there is a lesson in the reading,
showing that there is an unseen power always
behind the things of beauty which we see all
about us. Spirit permeates all things. The
world through Spiritualism is fast learning
to recognize the particular spirit that stands
in or about every form of materiality. That
which was built must be surrounded by the
spirit of the builder. Our civic laws have
behind them the spirit of all who were in-
strumental in bringing them into form. The
clairvoyant can readily see the spirit behind
the form, according to the clairvoyant's power
of appreciation. Why not? There are many
clairvoyants who do not even know that they
are Spiritualists. As soon as they are willing
to admit that of themselves they are nothing
without aid from the spirit side of life, then
they will be "born again."

Contributions Received.

"Drifting," Ada Evelyn Sawyer; World's
Fair Notes, W. J. Colville; "Our Next Door
Neighbor," Chas. Dawbarn; Notes of N. S.
A., Geo. W. Kates; Life Thoughts, D. P.
Cook; Reports and Clippings, Mrs. M. E.
Cudwallader; "Peace on Earth," George W.
Kates, and our regular reporters.

State Association.

The following report was received promptly
from the secretary, but space forbade an
earlier presentation.

Friday, Oct. 21, 1904.—This was the day se-
lected by the Stoneham society for the Mas-
sachusetts State association to hold its mass
meeting in this place.

The weather? Well, nearly a cyclone did
not keep all of them at home.

At Stoneham that brave, zealous little
woman, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, piloted us to
the hall. The president, Mrs. Bennett, with
smiling countenance bade us welcome. We
felt we had entered a safe harbor. The hall
was beautifully decorated with American
flags and potted plants upon the rostrum.
President Fuller read the aims and objects
of the N. S. A. and said the association had
not been able to do all that it desired to, but
we were persevering and he believed in the
near future we would have such a large mem-
bership that we could go on with the work
laid down in our objects. He said it was the
first time we had met in this section of the
country, and he knew the meeting would be
of mutual benefit. He paid a loving tribute
to that veteran worker, Mrs. N. J. Woods,
who was detained at home on account of the
weather, and said he always felt proud to
welcome such true and tried workers upon
the platform and said the kindest of things
go out to her from the State Association. He
also spoke of Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, another
veteran worker, who was also a resident of
Stoneham, and said she was always found in
the front rank for any humanitarian or spiri-
tual work, and he was proud to have her
with us as a worker today.

After congregational singing Mrs. C. Fannie
Allyn was introduced. She welcomed the
State Association to Stoneham, and said the
Ladies' Aid Society was in hearty sympathy
with the State Association and wish to co-
operate with the society to celebrate. She
said the outlook of Spiritualism was so broad
that everyone could interpret it to their own
understanding; we need all kinds of speakers
and mediums to meet the demands of the peo-
ple. She spoke of the objects of the State
Association, saying she was glad the asso-
ciation stood for settled speakers, she thought
it was a sign of progression. A committee on
resolutions was then appointed to incorporate
suggestions of Mrs. Allyn. Committee: Mrs.
C. Fannie Allyn, Dr. Alex. Caird, Mr. J. S.
Scarlett. Mrs. Caird then gave many com-
munications.

Mr. J. S. Scarlett spoke of Spiritualism.
He said to him it was an absolute spiritual
science, a philosophy and the highest expres-
sion of religion the world has ever had. I
believe every form of religion the world has
ever known contains some germ of truth, but
Spiritualism is truth in its fullness. It does
not try to carry you beyond the clouds, it
tries to teach you how to live now. For every
wrong that exists in the world there is a
cause and Spiritualism says find that cause.

Mrs. Edith Lloyd Brown of Lynn spoke
briefly and said there was a beautiful har-
monious feeling in the hall which made ex-
cellent conditions for the mediums. She gave
excellent tests.

Mrs. Helyett spoke of the work of the
State Association. She knew it had benefited
many societies. She gave many tests which
were all recognized and appreciated. The
afternoon session closed with singing. After
a bountiful supper, prepared by the Ladies'
Aid of Stoneham, the evening meeting con-
vened, and after congregational singing Mrs.
Alex. Caird opened the meeting. Mr. J. B.
Hatch, vice-president, spoke briefly, congrat-
ulating the people of Stoneham for their
good sized audience in such inclement
weather. He said he always had a little
speech prepared for all state occasions, and
he had hurried from Maine to deliver it. He
always expects a good response from this
speech, as it is in relation to finances (and he
got it). He proceeded to tell why the State
Association needed funds, and how they
wished to expend it. The Committee on

Hand-ome cloth, sixty-one pages, with portrait of
J. Morse.
Price 25 cents. Postage 4 cents.

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY
MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

A Promise.

(Written especially for "The Banner of Light".)

Our Heavenly Father, grant that we
Thy great infinitude may see.
Art ever near us here to bless
And give thine earthly children rest.

Do thou our hearts attune with love,
Bring every blessing from above
And teach us all that we may know
Truth's full fruition here below.

Illume us by thy rays divine,
And may its light in radiance shine
Through all the darkness of the night,
And bring us safe to morning's light.

Thou art, O God, our life and strength;
Thou bring'st thy children home at length,
Safely through life's devious way
To live in realms of endless day.

What boundless and what matchless grace
Has led us on from place to place;
We mortals ne'er can understand
Until we reach the spirit land.

We soon shall reach that happy shore,
And meet the friends who've gone before,
And with them re-united be
And spend a long eternity.

M. C. Gay.

Content.

My arrows all are sent,
My wealth is spent.
Time, knocking at my gate,
Warns me 'tis late;
Yet gladsomely I fare,
And take no care.
Where any bird sings free,
He sings for me;
Where any feast is spread,
There is my bread;
Where any heart shines,
Their cheer is mine;
Where there are earth and sky,
No beggar I.

Emily Read Jones.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

CONSECRATE YOURSELVES TO ACTIVE SERVICE.

At the Philadelphia Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew a most impressive ceremony took place when at 7 o'clock Saturday morning, twelve hundred men knelt to pledge themselves anew to the service of the Lord as they understood it.

In these busy days when it sometimes seems as if everyone were making the effort and aim of life just a mere matter of "getting on," it is inspiring to think of twelve hundred men leaving behind the business and stress of money-getting to consecrate themselves to the service of mankind.

The service of God as preached in the churches and as interpreted by the consecrated men in the service of the church means an active life spent in making men understand the laws of God.

The whole truth may not yet be revealed to the earnest and zealous church-worker of any denomination, but the sincere desire to make the world a better place in which to live and the very evident purpose to save men from their sins is a wholesome and beneficent influence in any community.

The danger of becoming narrow and sectarian is not nearly as great as the danger of becoming self-centred and unconcerned about what becomes of the great masses of unchurched and uncared for humanity.

Indeed it is almost impossible to find a churchman in the pulpit or out of it who is not much broader than his profession of belief, and the bigoted enthusiast who is anxious to tell us just how much God hates a sinner and loves a saint is such a rarity today that he creates a sensation only because of his midge-like proportions.

No cause, no church, no science, no work, no plans or purposes will ever grow to days of usefulness and strength unless there are consecrated lives devoted to it.

A thrill of pleasure swept over us when we read of this army of men eager and ready to take up responsibilities and duties and lift on the burdens of the world.

Then a great yearning came into our hearts. We want consecrated men and women for the cause of Spiritualism.

There are many now but we must never forget that we need many for the needs of the gray old world are many and the demands on the mediums and speakers are often burdensome.

All over the world the spirit messengers are giving of their power and are telling the glad and wonderful story to the weary and the heart-broken.

A medium's gift is often her only income and too often it is picked at and borrowed until when a legitimate customer comes to be supplied there is no strength or energy left to meet the emergency.

Consecrated men and women in our ranks who had heard the call would be active in the service whether they were rewarded with some specific message or not.

Simply to go to a medium and pay for the time consumed is giving no evidence of a consecrated life nor is it being a very devoted Spiritualist to a great degree.

It is only paying for a commodity just as one pays for anything which is in the market. But when one enters into the prayer closet early in the morning and apart from the busy world seeks to know what the day may hold in the way of opportunity for service in the Cause which has helped to brighten the dark days of grief or to bridge the yawning gulf of despair for so many unhappy and wretched people, that is truly an hour of consecration and will surely result in a sweet and consecrated life.

Ah, dear friends, you do not know how dark the days have been for the mother who stood beside the open grave and caught no sound from the silent land of Death's domain unless you, too, have stood in that shadow-path of life.

You may not guess the anguish of that father who looks across the mound of fragrant blossoms and sees only the wide eyes of his motherless babes look wonderingly into his own.

You may not heed the ashy whiteness of the lips of the woman beside you when the happy lovers swing gayly up the street and her heartstrings tighten and snap at the picture of her dead hopes and buried joys.

But these stricken ones are everywhere present and their heartaches and their sighs are a large part of our lives.

They are driven hopeless from place to place in their search for an understanding of their seeming chastisement until at last they stand before the spirit and hear the voice of wisdom and love speaking through the darkness.

Then they know that the light of life shines through the darkness of death and that love illumines all the paths of life.

Do we need consecrated men and women who will never forget to take the message to the needy ones?

Do we not need consecrated men and women who will find a way to carry the good news out into the world where sorrow seems to reign triumphant?

There is surely no question about it and it only remains for us to decide when we will consecrate ourselves to the work.

Leave the business of the hour for a little. Step aside from the rushing, hurrying crowd for awhile.

Golden dollars will never look as beautiful as happy eyes.

Rustling silks will never be as musical as the sweet tones of content where complaint had found expression.

You believe in Spiritualism. Of course you do and you love its truths and you know that your life has been adjusted and strengthened by the knowledge brought to you by spirits.

But are you taking it as a matter of appropriation only?

Somebody has sometime given up something that you might live in the sunshine of this truth and you now may pass the favor along to some other.

Draw near to your spirit friends and ask them to co-operate with you in your service for mankind.

Do not be content to sit and talk over your love for them and your devotion to them but prove your devotion and your gladness by a consecrated life to the truth that has saved you from despair.

A Pilgrim Boy.

Mime Inness.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAMOSSET.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars.
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

Bryant.

March 16th (old style) was Friday. The wind was east and raw. The sun shone warm through the chill air which blew from the ocean, but unless one was in the lee, its warmth counted but little.

It was noon time and dinner had been eaten. The weary laborers rested on the west side of the Common House. Many houses were well toward completion, but the hard work was never ending. Here where the sun warmed them, the east wind could not reach them and they talked cheerfully as men will in the after-dinner rest.

The boys were "pitching quoits" (or quoits) a little distance away, smooth, round stones brought from the beach. John was unusually skilful at this game. He pitched with his head and not with his hands. His judgment was good and he had control of his hands. This was one of the very few games permitted by the rigid rules of conduct of the Pilgrims.

John was poising his "quoit" for a throw. The men, who enjoyed looking on, liked to see John pitch, he was so accurate. All were watching John. No one noticed the approach of anybody until, in their very midst, a gruff voice said:

"Ugh, welcome, Inglesh."

Had the Indian dropped from the sky, greater consternation could not have ensued. Each was affected in his own way, but all remained perfectly quiet and stolid, after the English way. John, although petrified with fear and astonishment, did not even drop the stone he was about to pitch, but, still as a statue, looked at Standish.

That doughty warrior, with the instinct of his calling, glanced at once in all directions to see if there were others. Seeing no one else, he looked again at the savage who had thus boldly intruded upon their noonday rest.

He saw a tall, bony, red man, stark naked except about his loins. Here he had a leather belt with a fringe hanging from it of about six inches in length. He wore soft moccasins upon his feet. His uncovered head showed hair jet black and straight, cut short in front but allowed to hang long behind. His face was not painted. The cheek bones were high, the eyes jet black and the body and limbs, glistening with oil, were muscular although not large.

In his hand he carried an unstrung bow and two arrows, one of which had no head. Whence he had come, none saw, but a glance showed him to be friendly and his broken English speech indicated some acquaintance with white men.

As soon as Standish, who, as captain of the company, felt it devolved upon him to parley, had approached a little nearer, after telling John Howland to bring out his piece from the Common House, all (including the boys who were the most interested) gathered about until the Indian could not have escaped if he would.

"Who art thou?" said Standish, "and what brings thee here?"

"Welcome, Inglesh. Me friend. Me Samoset. Me see Inglesh at Monongen many moons. Fish men. Me know captain. Ship. Come here fish. Come over big water. Come England. Fish. Smeth. Captain Smeth. Me know lots captains. Englishmen. Fishmen. Big ships. Ugh. Me glad to see Inglesh. Me come see Inglesh. Give me beer. Me drink beer. Ugh."

"We will give you food and drink if you are a friend. Lay down your bow and arrows. And here, throw this coat over his back, John Alden. He hath warmed his blood by his walk and the wind is full of chill. Now tell us, where did you come from?"

"Where from?" said Samoset. "Way off. Way there (pointing to the north), one, two, three, four, five, days' walk. Boat two days on water. Monongon. Me Sagamore, Captain. People all die. People here all die. Plague, great sick, kill all. Massasoit people most die. Massasoit there (pointing west), one day."

"Who do you come here?" said Standish.

"Me friend. Me talk Inglesh. Me friend Inglesh. Me help you. Red men no hurt you. Me here. Some beer? Ugh."

John Howland was sent for some food and drink. He brought crackers and cheese and butter and pudding and, according to the custom of the time, some rum and water. The savage ate ravenously and with evident pleasure. The rum pleased him, too. He was evidently no stranger to "Inglesh" food. Some baked duck which was offered him was eaten much as a dog would eat it. It was bolted.

When all was eaten he showed his "Inglesh" habits by saying, "Me much glad. Thank. Good. Me had Inglesh food long time ago. Much good. Thank."

He gave the Indian names to many of the places the Pilgrim had never seen. The names sounded odd, Namassakeet, Matta-keesset, Maassachusetts, Narragansett, Pokanocket, and others.

John was completely absorbed by Samoset. Here was a real Indian, the Indian of his dreams. He asked,

"What is the Indian name for this place?"

"Ugh," said Samoset. He always began with his grunt, much as we say "Well" or "Yes," as we begin to talk.

"Ugh, Patuxet," and he waved his hand all around. "All red men here dead. Heap sick, killed men, squaws, papoose, four winters. Bad sick. Ugh."

"What kind of a sick was it?" he was asked. "A plague?"

"Ugh. Heap plague. All die. Bad sick," said the savage.

So they talked to the savage and he seemed to like the "heap big talk." All the boys gath-

ered about to hear and to lose no word. The men, most of them, departed about their work but care was taken to leave enough to watch the Indian. They had not gained the perfect confidence in Samoset's friendliness and faithfulness which years of acquaintance afterward taught them.

When the sun grew low, the red man still lingered. It was hoped he would take his departure; but his kind reception pleased him and perhaps he was proud of being able to talk "Inglesh" and to be to these white strangers a sort of interpreter of the neighborhood and instructor in local facts and history.

Finally the expected hospitality became irksome and there was much talking aside as to how best to invite this now unwelcome guest to go, without offending him.

As is often the case, the boys were given the task which the elders disliked. John was instructed, because he was bright and had shown discretion, to probe the savage and if possible to hint that now his departure would be appreciated. These people did not wish to be inhospitable, but they had the fear, which ignorance often occasions, that something hidden lay under the Indian's friendly exterior. Had they had any knowledge of Indian character to guide them, they would have known what to expect and then fear would have been absent.

John, following instructions, approached the talkative savage and then the fencing of a white boy and red man began.

"Well, Samoset," began John, "where are you going when you leave us?"

"Ugh, go back," may be, go Massasoit."

"How far is Massasoit?" asked John, thinking that Massasoit was the name of a place, not that of a man.

"Small walk," grunted Samoset.

"I should think you would not like to walk in the woods at night. Can you get there before dark?"

"Ugh. Go sup up."

"Get there (John was rather wily) by sun down, do you mean?"

Samoset grunted, but did not start. John feared to hint harder, so he went back to the men and reported.

Standish then took a hand. He did not like to put this sort of work upon a boy. He approached the Indian and shook hands, saying, "Well, good night, Samoset. Come and see us again. We wish to live peacefully with your people and all our neighbors. I suppose you will be starting back soon, now."

"Go sun up. Stay here. Sleep night," said the self-invited guest.

Here was a square proposition. Standish saw it was to be met squarely. He also saw that if possible treachery was to be defeated, it would be best to have this avant-courier of a possible night attack safely out of the way and the best place to put him for this was on board the ship.

So he said very directly:

"If you abide with us tonight, Samoset, you must go aboard our ship to sleep. What say you? How like you that?"

"Ugh, good. Me go. Good," accepted the savage.

"Then come with me," said Standish and with several others, after a quick parley, he led the way to the waterside where the shallop lay, and the Indian followed.

Arrived at the shore, they invited Samoset to precede them in getting into the shallop, which he did, nothing loth. The wind was very strong and very raw and cold. The coat that had been thrown over the Indian was left with its owner on shore, but the naked Red Man seemed not to mind the temperature and was apparently as comfortable as any man in the party.

Standish stayed ashore. John Howland, sailor Tom and three others were to accompany the Indian as guards and guides. Samoset seemed pleased to be in a boat and showed by his manner of handling himself that he knew well how to be a sailor in a white man's craft. He helped raised the sail, exerted his savage strength in their attempts to shove off the shallop and was the same genial man he had all day shown himself to be.

But alas for their plans.

"The wisest plans of mice and men Gang aft aglee,"

sang Bobbie Burns over a century later. And it was true, then. The wind was blowing against them in their efforts to get away and they had not gone ten rods before they found the tide so far at ebb that they could only reach the ship by dragging the boat over miles of flats before they could get to water deep enough to float her.

(To be continued.)

From England we have received a dainty program of the exercises held in honor of our loved editor on his return to his native land, after an absence of two years which it took for him to make his tour around the world.

In this particular instance the old adage, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," does not hold good, for the announcement that Mr. J. J. Morse would soon bid adieu to fair England, and with his wife and daughter, would take up a permanent residence in Boston, brought consternation and dismay to the Spiritualists of that country.

England's loss is our gain, and really a man who has triumphantly carried his message for the spirits all over the civilized world belongs to the whole world and our English friends will, we know, feel proud and happy in the knowledge that wherever he is, there he is sure to be loved and honored for his integrity and his sterling worth.

The vastness of the rolling waters will be bridged by loving thoughts and the Spiritualists of England and the Spiritualists of America will be bound more closely together through the tender interest centred in the personality of our friend.

We would not be truly American unless we felt an interest in the associations which have helped to make the man what he is and to the devotion and steadiness, the ready wit in emergencies of travel, in their wanderings through many lands and the home-keeping, home-loving tendencies of Mrs. Morse, we pay our tribute.

Miss Florence has an unlimited fund of good nature, a wholesome and refreshing ardor for her work, and will be a wonderful help to the workers for and the lovers of all we hold dear.

Overwork in School.

The medical examiner for the New York board of education testified recently that 7 per cent. of the young women in the training schools for teachers became incurably diseased from overwork. At 13 these girls were sitting up with their studies till 12 o'clock at night, were undergoing a strain as severe as comes upon the business man at 40. The superintendent had no doubt that it was just this school work that broke them down, and that it explained the prevalence of Bright's disease, heart disease and spinal curvature among them.

Her statements of fact will be accepted without the slightest hesitation, and no one, we imagine, would wholly reject her theory concerning the cause of so much sickness among the students.—Light of Truth.

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;
Plant love, and love will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.
SHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Report of Seance held October 27, 1904. S. E. 57.

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.

Again we come into the presence of these waiting hearts and would give them all that we have in the way of strength, or hope, or understanding that thus they may find their own, send a sweet message ringing out through the darkness; send a joyous word back over the silence; send an understanding of life that is theirs today, of the opportunity that is theirs to give comfort and joy and blessing. To all those who are seeking to make the world better we send our greetings. To every circle of influence where something is being done to lift on the burden of mankind, we would send our message of greeting and we would feel that we were one with them. But something may be done in this little corner of the world—something from our centre that shall help them, and help them to make it easier for those who are in trouble beside them. No longer can we put up barriers, no longer can we partition ourselves off from the workers of the world, but being all of God's kingdom we must feel that we are all working together for the same purpose—to make manifest His love among the children of the land. Of all the sad and disheartened conditions perhaps none are harder, none are more to be understood than this one, that death has brought to us, and so from day to day, from week to week, we go on trying to understand the miracle of life and death, and making plain through all misunderstandings, the one fact of love triumphant over death. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Annie Kellogg.

The first spirit I see this morning is that of a lady I should think about twenty-five, at least. She has fair skin, blue eyes, and dark brown hair. Her face is rather long and thin and she apparently had more or less of an illness when she went that made her reconciled to her passing out, for the first thing she says is, "It was such a relief to be able to breathe without pain that all the horror of leaving my friends was taken from me. I knew instantly that it was over. For days I had tried to hasten the hour; I had wished, I had prayed, I had hoped, and at last I felt myself going, and the sensation at the moment was pleasant. I found that I instantly was in the presence of my aunt and my father. My aunt had only passed away a short time before I did. She was so overcome at having me suffer so much that it seemed as though she couldn't do enough to give me comfort and strength. I was weak at first. I felt as though I was just recovering from a long and painful illness and I could hardly move my body around, for I seemed to have a body as real to me, but not quite so troublesome, as the one I had left. My father had been gone a great many years and he knew me from having been close to me and watching over me through my years of earth life. He often tells me that if I had realized that there was there he could have told me what to do. That would have made the way brighter and easier for me. My name is Annie Kellogg and I want to send this message to Walter. I want him to know that never since my coming here have I been shut off from any knowledge concerning him. I have always been able to see him, when I desired to know what he was doing, and who were with him, and the conditions about him. Sometimes I have taken a choice and have been somewhere else and seen someone else, but I could always pick up the life that he had had in my absence because I leave a photograph on his atmosphere which I could read at will. Today he is in better condition than he was when I came away. The whole home life has been changed and I feel very glad that he has been able to put the past away from him and make so much better conditions for himself. I know that he does not forget me, but he believes that I am dead and away and that it's no use trying to connect with me. I was first led to make a communication to him through his mother who has just come over. She had known something of Spiritualism and wanted to see if together we could reach him. Of course we are not satisfied just to send this message. This can only be the introductory letter. There will be much more to follow if he will only try to help us to draw near to him. We lived in Georgetown, Pa."

Mrs. Herbert Armstrong.

There is a lady who comes here who's very stylishly dressed. She has a lorgnette that she puts up to her eyes and takes everything in. She has gray hair that is done up in the most approved fashion, and she has a beautiful gown and a stately manner. She laughs as she hears me describe her, and she says, "Why wouldn't one put on her best manners and her best gown to come here to send a word to one they were fond of? I am Mrs. Herbert Armstrong. I lived in Chicago. I have a number of friends who would be delighted, I know, to have a word from me. I was an ardent church woman and always tried to keep up my connections with everything that was, as I believed, for my own advantage or the advantage of my family. My husband was interested in business and left the social and religious life to me. Whenever we discussed this he would say, 'But don't bother me. I'll furnish the money and you put it where you think it will do the most good.' Of course when I came away he didn't know just what to do, and he has never quite recovered from the loss to the household and to himself as a part of a work carried on by us as a pair. I feel the deepest sense of loss myself. I had always thought that death would bring a companionship with the saints and with a higher power, and that no sense of loss would be felt, but some way,

in spite of all that is beautiful here, I turn, I speak, I reach for the friends who are familiar, and who have walked with me for so many years. Inevitably I find myself turning to them I find myself in the old home and its surroundings. Then I can see as I never did before how superficial and silly were some of the things that I thought very necessary and important. It has been borne in upon me that if I could only make my friends realize, before they came over here, some of the things that are very real when they get here, that it might help them, and so aside from my expression of love is this desire to help them to be better prepared for the life over here. Nellie is doing as well as anyone could with the problems that confronted her after my death. She would be stronger though if she would only know that I am there. Once in a while I feel that she does know that I'm there, and then I'll see her turn with an impatient gesture as though it were all a dream, and it turns me aside. I have my own little boy with me, grown to manhood. I have my father and mother and my sister who came away only a little while before I did. I did not suffer much, I want them all to know that. I was conscious up to the last, even though I could not speak. I heard them talk, I knew what had happened, but I could make no sign. I'm very grateful for this opportunity, and I hope some time I may come again. Thank you."

Walter Chase.

There is a spirit now of a man. He seems about thirty years old. He is very energetic, almost impatient in his manner, and he says, "I'm not impatient really. I'm only afraid that I'll lose my opportunity to speak. My name is Walter Chase, and I'm from Baltimore, Maryland. I was a doctor; at least, I tried to be one. I came out very suddenly. I had seen a good deal of sickness and death. It never seemed to me that I would die. I never faced the fact that I was liable to die. I got so used to these things that I somehow seemed a little hardened to the whole thing. You can't imagine what a surprise it was to me to find myself grappling with disease and in less than twenty-four hours to find the struggle over and I over here. I'm doctoring now. That may seem strange to you. You may wonder what I'm doctoring and how. I am standing so close to some of my old friends in their efforts to counteract disease that I feel that every bit of my energy is going out in helping the people who are sick. It is true that I cannot speak the words, but I can touch the brains of my friends until they are impressed with what to do. As long as there is so much to do in the earth life, I have not been particularly interested to see what I could do over here. I cannot release myself from my old conditions. Now don't get alarmed and think that I am in torture or in purgatory. It's nothing of the sort. I was so interested in my profession and so wrapped up with the desire to mitigate pain and overcome disease that I still am burning with the same desire to do. I don't feel that my life work was done. I don't know but what it was, but as far as I personally feel, it seems to me that I've got very much more to do. I was interested in all sorts of study, about bacteria and I am, of course, now. We don't know everything all at once just as soon as we die, and I feel that I make a study of things just the same today as I did before, only I am able to see more quickly because I can centre my thoughts more fully. I am often near Roberts, my old classmate, and he's making some pretty rapid strides in his work. I'd like to have him know that I'm just as definitely interested as I was before, that I'm not unhappy, and that my whole life is centred on unraveling some of these tangled mauls in the medical world. I think that a little more study and a little less experiment might help us all and perhaps if we kept a little closer to the people who've gone on and know more we'd get along faster. I often attend classes here where we medical enthusiasts talk the matter over and plan and try to understand things and have a clearer vision about them, and that helps me very much. Now personally, my affairs were very much disturbed by my passing. I had never given it any thought, consequently had made no effort to leave the thing so that anybody else could pick it up. My books have not been disturbed and many of my instruments are just as I left them. I'd feel better to see them passed along and of some use to somebody else, but medical books and instruments are so soon a thing of the past, that unless they are passed along soon they will be of no use. There are so many new inventions and discoveries and new theories and plans that the old ones soon pass out of life. I could send a word to Kate. I would say to her that I'm working for her just as much today as I ever was, for underneath all this is a great desire to have her proud of what I can accomplish and I know that some day she'll be with me and we'll carry out our many plans for hospital service which we talked of so many many times. Goodbye."

David Graham.

There is a spirit who comes to me now of an old gentleman with a full beard and gray hair, very kindly gray eyes, and broad shoulders that stoop a little bit. He is very tall. He says, "Well, I am a Spiritualist. So many of these people that return have never known anything about Spiritualism that I'd thought I'd make a change and come, if I could, because it seems as though some of us who knew something of these things ought to get a chance once and a while. My name is David Graham, and I lived in Lisbon Falls, Me. I never did much talking about my Spiritualism because I concluded that everybody had a right to his own opinion, and as long as people didn't interfere with me or try to make me join their church, or help along their lodges and societies, I didn't see why I should try to make them believe as I did. I can tell you now, my friends, I wish I had talked a good deal more. I feel as though I didn't do my duty when I see the condition of some of the people who lived right about me, and know that they might have been helped if I made an effort to do so. I lost my wife a good many years before I came over here, and I used to see her. She was never lost to me. I kept house just the same, all by myself, after she went away, and I used to see her around and used to talk with her. I knew that she would never go away from that house until I did, and I was right. When I went over here I didn't have any beating of drums or roar of trumpets, and there weren't many of my people to greet me. I just had my wife and that seemed enough. As the days went by I met my friends very much as I would have in the body, and they seemed glad to see me. I saw there was no universal knowledge about the events transpiring on earth—that some people kept posted in regard to their friends, and some

The Reviewer.

Self-Healing Through Suggestion.

By Henry Harrison Brown. Paper, 51 pp. 25 cents. For sale by Banner of Light Publishing Co.

To that mythical person commonly called an Atheist, this book cannot appeal. That it will appeal to every one who can read English follows as a conclusion from the premise that no such thing as an Atheist does or can live, until the human mind is changed in its essence.

This position is shown to be true as follows:

One of the limitations of the human mind, one of the laws within which alone reasoning is possible, is that every effect has a cause. Thus the universe must have had a first cause. Call this cause God and every one must believe in that first cause. If any one's mind is such that it pleases him to limit himself to this crude and unformed idea of God, let him do so. He is still not an Atheist.

Everything within our knowledge is in a sense material. It is equally true that everything is spiritual. This is but another way of saying that there is no distinction. For the sake of clearness in classification, let us for the moment agree with the materialist that everything is material. The materialist, however, recognizes immutable law under which all things have existence and act. What makes it act? He will reply, law. What gives force to the law? One materialist will say "Primal Force," which is but the Agnostic's "First cause." Another materialist, rejoicing in the title of "Agnostic," will say frankly he does not know. It may be "Primal Force," or a "first cause," or God. Suppose we admit it to be "Primal Force" and for convenience call that principal of Force, that which gives life to all law, that which must therefore be omnipresent and omnipotent, suppose we call it God.

Thus we have reasoned out an omnipotent God, who is ever present. It follows that He must be eternal. It also follows, if He is omnipotent, that He is omniscient. If He is omniscient, He includes all knowledge, all intelligence and all that is comprised within the meaning of those words. Therefore He is omniscient, or perfect love. This is what is meant by the expression, "God is love." If He is perfect love, it is true that all things work together for good and God therefore is good and He is perfectly good. Being perfectly good, He cannot partake further of its opposite, hate, for perfect hate and perfect good are negative the other. Hate exists, therefore, only as the antithesis of Good and is not part of the nature of God.

If God is life and love, then we who are put in manifestation of God, have in us the possibility of that perfectness in all good things which belongs as an attribute of our divine Godlikeness to us as we are an expression of the Godhead.

Having bodies, we can, if we will, make them perfect bodies. These bodies are but expression of God and, if we keep them like Him, perfect, we shall always have perfect health.

We also have not only bodies but minds. The mind is also a part of God and, if we keep that perfect in its touch with its divine author, that too will be divine and in perfect health, which is but a form of words meaning divinity. The mind and the body are one in their intimate connection. Keep either perfect and the other is also. This book teaches the lesson of keeping the body perfect by making the mind perfect. It is written "for the masses" and is a handbook for daily living, lessons for practical observance in every moment of our daily lives. Its price is so slight that no one can plead cost as an excuse for not reading it. The sum of happiness would be increased beyond possible computation if its precepts were literally followed.

There would be no whining, no worry, no sickness. Trouble would be vanquished, because its power of affecting our lives would be gone.

"And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares that infest the day, Shall fold their tents like the Arabs And as silently steal away."

Mime Inness.

The Science of the Spirit, Soul and Body.

By Doctor Oliver, Philadelphia. 8vo. 338 pp.

This most grotesque book is the result of two mistaken ideas. The first is that the author had something to say; the second, that he knew how to say it. If paper had ink with a good binding make a book, this is a good book. If nonsense solemnly believed in and proclaimed with the utmost confusion, can make a good book, then this is a good book. If bad rhetoric and a most absolute and complete wreckage of the simplest rules of English grammar can make a good book, this book is the success of the age.

In the interest of humanity such efforts as this should be suppressed. It is a wrong to abuse the freedom of speech and the liberty of the press as does the author of this book.

And yet so far as one can gather any idea from the hodge-podge of its illiteracy, every thought in it is harmlessly good. The delicacy which prompts the writer when speaking of Hell to print it "H—l," the beginning of the work (?) with an Invocation in quotation marks and closing it with a Benediction, also in quotation marks (a benediction by the way "to the deity") are indications of the deep seriousness of the author and prevent one from laughing at the confused nothingness which so solemnly calls itself a science in over three hundred hopeless pages.

The author, who is the author? It purports to be "Doctor Oliver," whose initials omitted from the title page, appear in the copyright signature to be H. P. But the text reads as if delivered by a Spirit or Spirits; for sometimes it uses the first person singular and sometimes "we," which may be the editorial "we." The use of quotation marks is one of the curiosities of this particular piece of literature. God, Deity, Truth are often, although not always, favored with this apparent mark of distinction, as we suppose it to be; but our confusion is increased when we find Julius Caesar, Death, Soul, all similarly favored.

The use of the objective pronouns, him and her, is one of the things which the author has firmly set his face against. So we find "to be and she," "of he or she," "to cover he or she over their own garments." The preposition "of" is evidently a favorite, as the following extract will testify: "The preponderating amount of ignorance, superstition and credulity of which we seemingly are the embodiment, carry an effect the condition of which it is very difficult to throw aside." And this: "If we had the right conception of what these attributes were of which we are the embodiment, we should etc., etc."

At one point the author disclaims any attempt at what he calls "verbosity of language." What "verbosity of language" may be is perhaps open to explanation; but as he may mean by his expression good rhetoric, let us make a few extracts in order to show that he is right, and that good rhetoric and he parted company before the book was written. "It carries, as an effect, just the opposite of

what man's mind would have it under dense and ignorant conditions of servitude in failing to understand right, and under the workings of the laws which, he having escaped the full reactionary effect of here upon earth, you find awaiting you in the cycles of return, in the ages of time, ahead of you, in the next life that you are destined as a traveler to meet, the full reactionary measure of return, in that degree, that you have by your acts here upon earth decreed for thyself."

"And is the most beautiful presentation of ourselves known to the spirit world, we presenting ourselves in full astral form, are recognizable from an earth viewpoint, and are often, when able to gather the force sufficient, will start from the concrete ball of light that has been often presented to the investigator, and grow to a full-form man or woman in all our spirit drapings or coverings."

Mime Inness.

Mediumship Defined and Defended.

A REPUTATION OF THE GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL CRIME.

By W. J. Colville. 76 pp.; paper; 15c. Banner of Light Publishing Co.

This little pamphlet consists of six lectures delivered by W. J. Colville in refutation of the position taken by the author of the "Great Psychological Crime." It would seem that six lectures were all too short to answer a tome of the size of the "Crime." But Mr. Colville is a marvelous man in many ways. One of these ways, certainly not the least of his wonderful powers, is his ability to condense. His style seems profuse and recondite. One scarcely appreciates the immensity of field of psychology thought which Mr. Colville can cover by one of his apparently profuse but really condensed sentences.

The gist of the whole mass of anonymous misstatements is covered by this little pamphlet. It is not the argument of an attorney who holds a brief for mediumships. It is a wholesome, candid, frank and unprejudiced refutation of the half truths and false statistics of the "Crime."

Certainly the author of the "Crime," who for some reason hides under anonymity, could ask for no fairer opponent. There are no blows below the belt, the rules of the contest are rigidly regarded, but the drubbing which the anonymous author gets is all the more severe.

The only consideration which Mr. Colville omits to dwell upon, an omission which we cannot but regret, is the educating power of mediumship. It is not strange that in those cases where the medium's control is a decidedly higher intelligence, the frequent and long continued use of the medium's brain for the communication of learning far beyond that possessed by the medium when uncontrolled, should leave its permanent effect. This is exemplified in numerous living examples of well-known Spiritualists and is certainly beyond question.

If this be true in matters outside of religion, it is equally true of the moral education. It must be. The control of an immoral spirit cannot give moral strength to the medium, nor can an uneducated control educate the tool he uses.

It is so in the life here. Bad influences have bad effects. Good society aids growth of character. We cannot hope for spiritual life from spiritual listless. But the breezes that blow over Helicon, waft fragrance to earth as well as to Heaven.

Mime Inness.

Southern Cassadaga Camp, Lake Helen, Florida.

The cool weather has set the current of travel toward Florida. From New England, New York, Ohio and the middle West, people are going to Florida in unusual numbers—many going to Lake Helen.

The foundation for the new pavilion has been laid and the building will soon go up.

Among the late arrivals are: E. W. Bond and wife, Mrs. Ella W. Marchant of California; Mrs. Emma J. Huff, Mrs. McGarvey of Halifax, N. S.; Judge Underhill and family of Canton, O.

Mr. Myers has brought a span of fine horses from the North. The neighbors gave him a large house-warming Oct. 21 in honor of his new house. He will let his other houses to Bond laborers.

Mrs. Spencer has numerous table boarders, as the Hotel Cassadaga will not be open until Nov. 1.

Mr. Magoon of Delfic Claim is expected. He will bring copies of his unique new book, "God's New Law to Mankind."

The road to DeLand has been newly covered with pine straw.

The orange and grapefruit crops are very promising.

Mrs. Sadie Kingsley of California expects to winter at Lake Helen. She was the able correspondent for Spiritual papers at Lily Dale camp the past summer.

H. M. Clark conducted an excursion from New York City Oct. 28.

Dwellers at camp in the summer find the climate more delightful than even in winter. One resident writes: "Southern Cassadaga in summer has never received justice from the pen of any writer. Someone, I trust, will be touched with inspiration to pen the right words about this charming place. The hot weather is no worse than some days at the North; the nights are cool. I wish you could see this place as it is now. Although it is the last day of September, and the frosts of the far North have blasted the foliage in New England, everything here is at its best. The landscape in the morning, as the mellow light of the rising sun falls upon the dew, is a charming sight. I go to the front door to see the million diamonds on the green lawn."

There have been on an average twenty-two people in camp all summer.

The alligators have been lessened in Lake Colby, as several have been shot.

The Butler and Hatch families are expected soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrique of Rhode Island are intending to go to camp in one of my November excursions. They will occupy the same cottage that they did last year.

Mr. Giddings and a neighbor have grown a lawn around the apartment house and the Philbrook cottage.

Mr. Baker of Tepee reputation intends to build a cottage on Prospect Heights, as is also the intention of H. M. Clark, who will build one for rent.

Those who wish for information about hiring cottages, or rooms in apartment house or Brigham Hall, should write to Mrs. J. D. Palmer, Willoughby, O., enclosing stamp.

The Webster Hotel is open and ready for guests. This is a well-appointed house, with modern improvements, five minutes' walk from the camp. Address Dr. M. I. Webster, Lake Helen, Florida.

My excursions for November sail on the 11th on the Apache of the Clyde Steamship Co., New York City, the best coast line that runs south, and also on the 25th in the Comanche of the same company. For special low rates and other information, write me, enclosing four cents in stamps for postage on Clyde folders, circulars, etc.

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I have found "The Wisdom of Passion" to be a book of not only great interest, but of great value. It is a certain sense I had inspired it.—Prof. Cesare Lombroso.

Here is a man who sees and says things for himself. He is not a mere compiler. The book fairly bristles with wise sayings. I believe the book is sustainable and that the author has gone a long way toward fortifying it. After I took up the book I did not quit, except for meals and sleep till I had read it carefully from cover to cover.—Albion W. Small, Head of Dept. of Sociology and Director of Affiliated Work of the University of Chicago.

I am somewhat familiar with the tendency in modern thought to give primary place to feeling—with James' "Will to Believe," with Ward's social philosophy, with Shelley's and Browning's philosophy. "The Wisdom of Passion" fits in with their contributions. The main thesis of the book—that the soul forms its own forms by its choice—I can ascribe to—Prof. Oscar Levy Trigg, University of Chicago.

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JUST ISSUED.

THE DEMONISM

Boston and Vicinity.

Brookton, Mass., Oct. 30, 1904.—Never in the history of our society have we had a greater interest shown in the good work we are trying to do, in bringing before the public the grand truths of Spiritualism. Our fall and winter season opened October 3 and we have the success of the past month to the unfading work of Mrs. Katie M. Ham, of Doverhill, Mass. Not only have the gentle words and beautiful communications received from her, but her presence has lent added warmth to our platform. With renewed courage we put our shoulders to the wheel, for realizing the great spiritual wave which is sweeping over the world, we are anxious to be first to receive it. We can receive the most earnest seekers of truth, and come to our way in search of light. Mrs. Ham, besides her engagement with us Sunday, October 5, wishes her Godspeed in her good work.

Allice L. Holbrook, sec.

the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Inner Block, 635 Main St., season on Oct. 3, opened the winter lecture series on "The Spirit of Sarah H. Fuller," presiding. Mr. Matthew Stephenson of N. Y., gave two very interesting lectures followed by messages, that were very satisfactory, and gave a benefit seance to our society on Wednesday evening; a good number present. On Oct. 9th Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, president of our State Association, gave us able lectures. Subject in the afternoon, "From Spirit to Spirit." To see a world in a grain of sand, and a heaven in a wild flower. Infinity in the palm of your hand and eternity in an hour. Wm. Blake. And in the

Mrs. J. Conant-Henderson has some open positions as lecturer and test medium. Societies desiring her services can address the "Banner."

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From October 27 to November 10, 1904, inclusive.

Birth Numbers	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
October												
27-28	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D
29-30	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E
31	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?
November												
1-2-3	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?
3-4-5	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M
5-6-7	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?
7-8-9	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G
9-10	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A

PRIMARY TABLE OF INFLUENCES.

GENERAL RULES.—This table runs up to the 16th of November. Birth Number 8 now rules the General World. It is Housewife's birth number. Father's birth number is 2 & 4 known.
The general World Forces of No. 8 are favorable to Nos. 4, 12, 16, 8 and 8.
Nos. 1, 2, 5, 9 and 11, if their birth was about the 17th of their month are in favor with the Money or Churchy Forces. Nos. 9, 11, 12 and 16 are in favor with the Forces (not passion) and, in these ten days they should enjoy themselves if their birth was about the 4th of the month.
If these statements are not the case, the disappointed ones should find out the reason why they are an exception to the rule, by looking at the day of their birth.
People least favored in the above days, by another law, are those born about the 16th of June, Aug., Dec., Feb., and April, any year and more or less so, those born about the 16th of Jan., Mar., Sept. and July, any year, and those born about the 16th of May, any year.
Bear in mind that these statements do not mean all, nor include all, but these are as near as we can state in a general way. Approximately the statements are all correct, if no clerical errors. We are not fortune telling; we are trying to show you how God talking to man as he did to the prophets of old.
A brief explanation of the Letters in the Birth Number Cycle. O means time, M means money, E means time for Joyment, F means misadventure, or a Questionable period. N means the Making time or Mutuality. C means a Career, S means Amusement. The other days are unfavorable or indifferent.

Questions Answered by Prof. Henry.

Question—What is going into the silence?

Answer—It is merely going to some retreat where you can hear nothing, and where you may try to think of nothing but the voice of your own heart. Through the heart you receive all messages from the spirit-world. The heart telegraphs to the brain and makes one think thoughts, free from the world's hypnotic influences.

Question—Can I send my subjective self, while I sleep, or while I am awake, to heal the bodily ailments of some other self.

Answer: If you know the laws of nature

Answer—If you knew the laws of nature, as proven by the planets, etc., you would at once know that such an operation would be an impossibility, but, it is well enough, for the present, for people to think such things, until they can learn the true law, provided that they do not get so filled with the idea that they become bigoted in relation to the true law, and prevent the true from ever being revealed. There are many cases where this thing happens to occur, but, there is another explanation for them, which the world minds in general are not fully prepared to receive; hence, the world has to put up with these assumptions, which are to some extent beneficial, because they are leadings up to the truth. In reality, one person can no more heal another person, than pouring pure spirits into adulterated spirits would make it all pure. No doctor can cure. Nature cures. Doctors only relieve by assisting nature to do its work. If a case by nature's law is incurable, no doctor can cure it. If, by nature's law, it is not a quietus, it will cure itself, yet, doctors are very valuable people to inspire faith and hope and therefore comfort to the mind. To "believe in me"—no matter who "me" is—is very, very consoling, and we all love to have somebody, or thing, in which we may believe, but disease goes on in every system exactly in accordance with the natural law of that particular system. Every doctor on earth has disease in his own system which he is unable to cure, and when the time comes he invariably succumbs to the disease which he inherited as his own from his birth. My subjective self cannot depart from myself. When it does, then, there would no longer be my "subjective self," but, when my mind (asleep or awake), is attracted to an exterior object, it at once becomes my "objective self." Ignorance is the only disease that anyone has. We all have enough of that, and doctors and teachers and all, are about as clogged up with ignorance at the present day as human nature can stand. Overcome ignorance by a better understanding of ourselves. By a true knowledge of our own self, we are better able to know others.

Question:—Has Wonder Wheel Science anything to say of the continuity of life.

Answer:—Most assuredly. It teaches the law of everlasting progression from beginning to end. There is no real cessation to anything, only relatively. There is no retrogradation, only by a delusive appearance. We idle each time we go to sleep at night. We wake up, and we are wakened by the fact. We pass into what might be called an "resting world" to our waking moments. Our lack of knowledge, or understanding of these matters, is due only to the misuse and the misinterpretation of our ordinary language. That is what is called the "lost word." The two worlds are like a reversible coat, one side inside out. The continuity of life may be seen if followed by the eye. There was a Wonder Wheel Science, but nothing can be proven to anyone until the mind of that one is sufficiently educated to understand the laws of the proof. The epigeneses of Nature's laws prove the continuity of life. Even the movement of all machinery proves a continuity. No free wheel once set in motion ever yet stopped at the completion of its level.

A wheel swings back and forth over its centre of gravitation, until the spirit with which it had been impulsed has completely departed. The material wheel finally comes to a dead stop, but the same spirit-power exists and is able to start it again when the spirit so wills. The earth so swings like a great pendulum. It may some day stop, for awhile, to rest. When we depart from this body, the material body rests as a wheel on its axle and settles upon the same spirit that animated it, moves on in the cycles of time and manifests its power on such other bodies as it may come into receptive power with. If some other dogmatic spirit has clogged these other bodies, then the good spirit moves on to operate on somebody that is free.

All knowledge, for good or for ill, resides in the spirit-world all about us. What we receive from the ambient is our in-tell-igence; if the mind is free to receive then we are able to understand, but if we are disposed to oppose or to blaspheme that which is offered us, then we are punished by our own mental discomfiture. Every impression upon the mind, as received from hour to hour, is every thought we think, every silence, every a communication between our individual selves and the fivefold that can

rounds us. Wonder Wheel Science teaches this with unerring accuracy.

The Banner has the control of all of "Prof. Henry's" works. They at present consist of the "Wonder Wheel," "Tabula Magus," "Astrology in a Nutshell," "Radix," "Key, Guide and Lessons on Horoscope and Nativity," "Tables of various kinds for special work or information in mathematical lines, or special briefs in thumb-rule judgments, in any or all of the various systems of Ancient Divinations." The author is in every way frank—even to a degree of bluntness—in declaring that he has no intention of being in any way reliable, and in each case he is fully able to tell why they are true, or why false. His earnest endeavors are to keep on the "straight and the narrow path" rather than to wander himself or to lead others after a "will-o'-the-wisp," or into mental tangles or briars. The "Banner" is therefore prepared to supply investigators with most any particular requirement, according to the bent of the investigator's mind, and it is a most surprising fact that even the most honest of investigators are in many cases determined to get on to the "straight lines" in spite of the best advice given. The Editor entered to if they so persist, for "Experience" was fool enough, and Prof. Henry says he was fool enough to follow it for more than twenty-five years before he got his eyes open.

Write to the "Banner" for what you want. If we do not have it in stock we can supply it in manuscript, or in some way put you on the track towards most anything that you require, provided you can have patience enough for the work to be performed, and likewise observe the fact that the laborer is worthy of his hire. The planet Uranus is at the "top" of the heavens at the present time. "The harvest is plenty, but the reapers are few."

R. B. Molineux, who at his second trial for his life was acquitted of the alleged murder in the case of "Nan" Patterson, the "Flordora" actress who was a prisoner in the Tombs prison charged with having killed "Caesar" Young, the California bookmaker, Molineux has been to see the actresses in the Tombs, and the pretty young woman wears a rabbit's foot which he says was his best and truest companion during the 20 months he spent in the death-house in Sing Sing. He says this charm brought him nothing but good luck.

"Miss Patterson," said Molineux, "if you will permit me, I will make you a little present. Please don't say 'No.'"

"This rabbit's foot was my good companion for many long months. Whenever I got feeling blue I would look at the charm and it would cheer me. Take it from me with the wish and prayer that it may serve you just as it has served me."

"Nan" Patterson has worn Molineux's rabbit's foot ever since. At night she wears it on a silk ribbon around her neck.

Is it not strange that people deemed to be intelligent will believe in a rabbit's foot, and yet, would laugh to scorn the law of the planets; and yet, by having the foot, it did not save the rabbit.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Notices under this head will be inserted free when not exceeding twenty lines in length, beyond that a charge of fifteen cents per line will be made. About seven words make a line.]

MRS. REBECCA BINGHAM-COOLIDGE.

Mrs. Rebecca Bingham Coolidge, at the home of her niece, Mrs. J. W. Bennett, at Dunning, Ill., Oct. 21, 1904. Mrs. Coolidge (whose maiden name was Cogswell) was born in Massachusetts, N. H., March 18, 1827. She was united in marriage to Aaron B. Coolidge in January, 1851. Mr. Coolidge passed on in 1892. Mrs. Coolidge was a firm Spiritualist, the writer having known her for more than thirty years as prominent among the Spiritualists of Boston. She had a summer home at Onset. She was a rare character, full of goodness, kindness and fidelity to her convictions and her friends. She always attended the discourses given through the writer when in Boston and she also greatly admired the discourses and work of W. J. Colville and other leaders in the ranks of Spiritualism and others living in Florida, several nephews and nieces, among whom was Mrs. Bennett, whom she greatly loved, survive her and even the younger generation think and speak lovingly of "Aunt Rebecca." By request of Mrs. Coolidge the writer officiated at the services, which were held Monday, Oct. 24th, briefly at Dunning and a more lengthy service at the chapel in Graceland where, according to her express wish, the remains were interred. Only the immediate family and friends were present. A large circle of friends in Boston and Onset will miss the kindly, beaming face of our ardent friend, but they will rejoice with her in the glad release from suffering and will realize her presence in spirit.—Corra L. V. Richmond, 3802 Ridge Ave., Rogers Park, Chicago.

Oct. 23, 1904.