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MAMMA AND THE BOYS.

Other times had other joys,
Now 'tis "Mamma" and the boys;
Still, there comes a yearning pain,
As fond memory seeks again
Field and stream and forest wild,
Where I played, a happy child—
The old lane, the spring, the willow,
Once again I'd love to pillow
My tired head upon the moss
Of the "Great Rock," stretched across
Half the lane's width, while, o'erhead,
The white ash its arms outspread,
Till the sing song of the bees
Lulled me into dreamful ease.
Oh! the happy, joyous play
With my comrade, sister Fay!
How we fished the shaded brook
Where, in one deep, cool, brown nook
Lay a wise, old speckled trout—
And he lies there yet, no doubt,
With his polished wisdom still.
Childhood gave us childish toys;
Years brought Mamma and the boys.

What a laughing band was that,
Used to meet o' nights with "Matt,"
Full a score of years ago,
Ere our beards began to grow,
Full on boasting and vain glory,
Wit and folly, song and story,
How the roof and rafters rang
When our "Here's to Friends!" we sang;
Deep we drained the rich, red wine
As we sang of "Auld Lang Syne";
Deep we drained our mugs of ale
As we pledged each jolly tale,
Matt, the smiling publican,
Standing near to fill the can,
Then 'twas laughter, drink and noise
Now, 'tis Mamma and the boys.

Bright and cold on winter's snow,
Shone the stars of long ago;
Soft yet clear the sleigh bells "klangled"
With soft speech and laughter mingled;
By our side upon the seat
Nestled cozy, warm and sweet,
Our fair partners for the ball,
As we sped towards "Harry's" hall,
Full a dozen miles away.
Two gay couple to each sleigh,
Stars might shine cold, if they would,
Not, within each pretty hood
Eyes shone warm, red lips invited,
And their challenge was not slighted.
Met we, then, upon the floor,
Three "full sets" just twenty-four,
None were there to grace the wall,
Dancing was the joy of all.
Then old Cady's magic bow
Swift across the strings would go;
"Honors all!" and "Forward four!"
"Forward sides!" Ah, me! no more
Will my pulses throb and spring
To old Cady's "Balance, swing!"
When we swing those girls you know,
Mind, 'twas twenty years ago,
They were sweethearts, too, each one,
And we danced, those days, for fun.
We would swing them three times, four,
Till their toes scarce touched the floor.
Past in all that careless mirth
With the youth that gave it birth,
Yet I sigh not for those joys
For, I've Mamma and the boys.

Close the curtain; shut out night!
Stay, we'll let one gleam of light,
Shine out full, to glad the eye
Of some lonely passer by.
Sitting in our cozy home,
Dreaming of the days to come,
Planning what we'll do, the while,
Mamma's tender brown eyes smile,
Then the boys upon our knees
Beg for "Stories, Papa, please!"
And they hear, with bated breath,
How some hero, facing death,
Great of heart and strong of limb,
Doth some deed which maketh him
Loved of all who hear him name.
Then to see their great eyes flame!
"When I get to be a man
Papa, I will, if I can
Do some deed so great, for you,
I shall be a hero, too!"
Homely, simple scenes are these;
Simple hearts that such scenes please.
Other souls choose other joys,
Give me Mamma and the boys.

The Scientific Side of Spiritualism.

It seems to be a prerogative of the human race to ridicule that which is not understood; thus great truths and principles are held in abeyance and the enlightenment that would make man a perfect Christian is handicapped by dogmas that prevent the advancement of civilization in its search for truth.

We must admire the great minds that live ages in advance of their times; inspired intellects, influenced by spiritual forces, which are parts of their mortal existence and all of which in time redounded to the betterment of mankind.

Scientifically speaking, a mortal being is a machine that obeys the powers of the spiritual will. Man eats; the saliva mixes with the food that he places in his mouth. The esophagus conveys the same to the stomach where life's work really begins. The gastric juice creates chemical decomposition. This in turn produces heat. By the laws of the conservation of energy when heat disappears, energy becomes a king to make man a superlative being.

This energy in the form of electricity is stored in the spinal column for daily use. During the hours of sleep the renewing process goes unceasingly on. At the upper end of this spinal column is situated the medulla-oblongata, whose particular function appears to be a correlation of motive-powers, controlled by the will.

Between and beneath the hemispheres of the brain is an electrical battery called the "corpus striatum;" this is the most important function of a mortal body, for, by its energy, we are able to think. The gray cell matter

of the brain is coarser-grained adjacent to this battery; the cells become finer as they renew the waste matter of these lobes; thus, thinking is likened to the rising of cream on milk, and memory becomes a phonograph to recall the past. We have thus briefly sketched the mortal machine that God endowed with an immortal spirit which lives beyond the grave.

There is nothing that is really solid. The rocks that form the crust of the earth are not really solid; they differ from gases only by their arcs of vibration. This state of existence must be so, because the nebulous-origin of words is proven to be a scientific fact. First came gases, then liquids, then solids. Did you, my reader, ever investigate the properties of sound? What is this force that penetrates the thickness and the solidity of a fortress wall. The wall may be hermetically sealed, yet this unknown agency sets the arcs of vibration going and the ears that are within will hear the sound of a cannon that has been discharged on the outside. The spirit of the sound has communicated to the intellect within the action of an unseen body.

This also proves that there is no single atom of matter at rest in the universe. These ceaseless vibrations make life a reality. For this reason the Spiritualist will tell you that there is no death; a mere passing from one existence to another; a kind of evolution of the soul or ego from a lower sphere to a higher sphere, until it reaches the throne of God.

Within these spheres life is as real as it is on earth, minus the sorrows, aches and pains which the departed leave behind when one of clay is consigned to mother earth.

The phenomenon of Spiritualism is thus readily explained, because, the instability of matter being proven, the attenuousness of the atoms that form the matter of a living soul are capable of penetrating any known substance. Spiritualism names this power of returning "materialization," and the power of departing it names "dematerialization."

This earth return is no more marvelous than the wave of sound that passes through the thickness of a wall.

Through the force of magnetism this tenuous matter of the soul is drawn earthward through the agency of a medium, thus the forms and faces of those we loved on earth can come to us, speak to us, and caress us with a touch that is mortal in its genuineness.

Junius L. Hempstead.

What the Spirits Said to a Woman.

Elizabeth Sears.

I have never considered it fair to inveigh against any cult just because it was the custom. I like to remember, with Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio." When I go to Rome, I try to do as the Romans do. And when I went to a Spiritualists' meeting one night I gave them a respectful and undivided attention. I was prepared for claptrap. There has to be just so much of it in any cult. Even the Christian religion is tinged with it occasionally.

So when a stately lady with trailing robes slipped out I studied her carefully. I wanted to pick out one among the many mediums gathered there who, in my opinion, would give a fair and honest test.

She was "It." She possessed that dignified bearing and unmistakable personal imagination that can draw the attention of a crowd and hold it, merely by the force of her presence. I marked her for a personal interview.

Following her came a medium that cheapened the whole evening.

When a portly dame, fair, full and forty, ambles out before an audience and makes playful and clumsy attempts to be kittenish, she results in being simply foolish. This woman's tests were clap-trap, pure and simple. It was palpable to the most dense observer that she had cappers through the audience. When, once in a while, she lit on the wrong one and made a miscue, she skittishly played with her handkerchief and changed the subject, or conveniently was "controlled" by another lot of spirits.

When you come down to the real foundation of it all, there is just enough underlying material in the cult of Spiritualism upon which a fakir may build up a deceiving web of falsehood and guesswork.

To be a success in the spirit business one must be a good judge of human nature and able to read at a glance some of the most evident characteristics of the subject.

Then the mind-reading or mental telepathy gets its hand in.

When the ordinary subject sits down before a total stranger, who holds his hand and immediately tells him his predominating traits, especially the good ones, he is impressed in spite of himself. Mighty few people will own up to being superstitious, but it is an honest fact that the man or woman does not live that does not have a more or less developed streak of superstition in their make-up. It only takes some unusual circumstance to bring it out.

When, as I said, the medium takes a shrewd look at her subject, and with the ease and discernment born of long experience, reads his character correctly, he is impressed in spite of himself.

Explain the next slip, who can.

She takes his hand, bids him collect his thoughts, and remain quiet and presently she reels off fact after fact in his past life, 80 per cent. of which are likely to be true.

That is mind reading. I grant you. Nothing supernatural or unnatural about that at all.

But when she begins once more and tells you, not only what has happened, but what will happen, how do you explain that? Especially when as the weeks go on, these predicted events come to pass in regular order.

Scientists explain it as the theory of Dr. Thomas Jay Hudson, who holds that there are two or more distinct personalities to each one of us. Namely, the conscious self that eats and sleeps, and makes a fool of itself generally, and the sub-conscious self, that is a

distinct and separate entity. This sub-consciousness, teaches Hudson, knows everything. It forgets nothing. It is to this sub-consciousness that we owe our presentiments of coming troubles or joys. No sensible person will deny, however practicable they may be, that there are such things as presentiments. That over-shadowing feeling of awe and depression that sometimes warns a sensitive person of a forthcoming event.

Remember the sub-consciousness theory when you visit a medium, and it may help you to understand.

A man who counts himself as being eminently practical and brimful of hard horse sense, talked to the medium while I was there.

He went into the room with an incredulous sneer on his face and the avowed determination of "exposing" the medium and her nefarious tricks. He came out with a chastened and subdued expression on his face.

"Now how in creation does she do it?" he remarked. "She surely delivered the goods, all right. Do you suppose there is anything in it after all?"

Then it was my turn.

I'll confess I had the thumps when I entered the mysterious sanctum where the medium sat serenely in the center of the room and smiled at me encouragingly.

"You are a good subject," she remarked almost immediately. "I can feel the influence already. We are in distinct harmony. Now, just a minute," she went on. "Don't say a word. I do not want to even hear your voice. I like to start out entirely free from any pre-conceived thoughts." She took my hand in a warm, sympathetic grasp. She knew her business all right. She put me in a good humor at the start. A favorable first impression is an excellent thing in any line of business. The trist of unholy mystery added to the excitement.

She bowed her head on her hands and remained quiet.

I did the same.

Presently she raised her head and announced that her spiritual advisers told her that she was not to go into a trance, but was merely to talk to me in a friendly way.

I must confess that I was disappointed. I wanted to see how anyone looked in a trance.

Presently she began to tremble and shiver. The hand that clasped mine clutched at me convulsively. I began to get worried. What I wanted to see was a trance, not a fit.

There was a sympathetic vibration stealing over me, in spite of myself. I believe if I had closed my eyes and yielded to the overpowering sensation that I could have seen them myself. Presently she brought me to myself with a distinct shock.

"You are a medium," she announced. "You do not know it; but you are a medium of the most pronounced type."

Heavens! The mere announcement caused a delicious shiver to chase over me. I have never believed in ghosts; but I am awfully afraid of them, and the thought that some of them might open up an intimate acquaintance with me sometime was a little too much for my nerves.

She assured me that spirits were intensely interesting company, and that when one once became used to them they were not worrisome in the least. She said she saw perfect throngs of them about me and lots of outstretched hands forming a halo about me.

Now that isn't comfortable either; to feel that you have a bunch of ghostly maids of honor that you have never even met.

Then she saw all my father's people on the other shore and she declared she saw my father. I smiled and listened to the advice with which my ancestors on the paternal side favored me.

And, by the way, it was good advice, too. They seemed to have some good tips on the future.

In all seriousness, I want to say that I was informed of several forthcoming events which came according to the line laid out by my spirit friends.

But go back to my father. Now it happens that my father is very much alive, but I held my peace until she announced that she saw my father in the flesh and not in the spirit.

"Your father is alive," she informed me succinctly. "All of his people are dead, but he is alive."

Mindreading, you see. That happened to be running through my mind as she spoke.

My disposition, characteristics, ambitions, hopes, fears, all were described and described accurately. Mind-reading again. That is all explainable. But who can explain the fact that I was absolutely informed of events of which I was not thinking? Events both trivial and important. Events to come were mapped out and my line of action in regard to them mapped out. Some of these events have come to pass already. I only hope the rest do if they are as rosy as she pointed out.

Her eyes were closed now. Her hand still grasped mine and she moved back and forth systematically as her words poured forth in a rapid stream.

How she knew these things she would not say.

"I say what is meant for me to say," she answered to my questions. "I do not know why I say them nor how. Sometimes I do not remember what I say."

There was no trickery apparent in her face or manner. Her face took on a drawn, tense expression.

She looked into my eyes as one who saw beyond and knew the secrets of the veil that hangs so dimly between the visible and the invisible world.

That there is such a veil, I am assured. That there is an immense amount of trickery and humbugging I know equally well; but that there is also something underneath it all, I firmly believe.

It is the longing planted within us all to know something of the unknowable and the unattainable and the mystery that lies behind that leads us to probe into these mysteries. It is the mysterious that ever attracts. There are some souls so sensitively keyed and attuned as to catch sometimes a wave of vibration from behind the veil. There are some so coarse and hardened to the inner refinements of the soul, that what

is beyond their immediate vision, is beyond their comprehension.

But because we do not understand, why should we scoff and disbelief? Why not investigate and throw out the chaff and if we find but one or two grains worth the keeping, it will repay.

[The author of the above is a very intelligent and experienced journalist engaged by St. Louis "Star."]

Where Do We Differ?

Where do we (Spiritualists) differ from the Christians? There are a great many sects and religious beliefs among so called Christians and there are also many conflicting opinions among so called Spiritualists.

In my opinion there is a remarkable resemblance between Primitive Christianity, as actually taught by the Nazarene, the founder of Christianity, and his immediate disciples and followers, and Modern Progressive Spiritualism; the difference is, the former is Ancient Spiritualism, the latter Modern Spiritualism; but there is indeed a very wide and a marked difference between Modern Progressive Spiritualism and the Creedalism taught in a great many of the so-called Christian Churches, both Roman Catholic and Protestant.

Any system of religion, it matters not by what name it may be called, Christian or Spiritualist that teaches eternal progression for all humanity; the Fatherhood of God; the motherhood of nature; the brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity; and a relationship with the lower animals, must be based upon everlasting truth. We Spiritualists claim that this is the foundation upon which the religion of Modern Progressive Spiritualism is being built.

We Modern Spiritualists believe in rewards and punishments; when we sincerely and honestly believe we are acting right we have the approval of our own conscience; and when we wilfully and deliberately do wrong we are punished.

Modern Progressive Spiritualism teaches the science of Evolution, both physical and spiritual; and also teaches that humanity must at all times work out its own salvation from sin and ignorance, always accepting assistance from both incarnated and decarnated humanity who are able to assist us and who can really appreciate our own true condition.

Primitive Christians or ancient Spiritualists taught progression after the passing out of the Spirit a change called death, for that ancient Spiritualist, Peter, in his first Epistle, in the New Testament, third chapter, 18th and 19th verses, stated that Jesus, the Christ, "preached to the Spirits in prison," after he had been crucified and had become himself a Decarnate Spirit. If Primitive Christians had really thought there was no hope beyond the grave, why then did the decarnate Jesus, the Christ, preach to the spirits in prison?

The religion of Modern Progressive Spiritualism, and other liberal religions, such as Theosophy and Unitarianism, teach that the human soul is constantly growing and developing by gathering experiences through the mediumship of its physical and spiritual instrument or organism; and is co-existent and co-eternal with Universal Spirit; and that Immortality is the natural birthright of every human being.

The Nazarene taught that God is Spirit and can only be worshiped in spirit and in truth.

The Christian's Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, never claimed that he was the Creator of this planet or any other planet in the universe; but he claimed to be a spiritual teacher in the performance of his mission, and gave up his earthly existence in support of the truths he taught, for the sake of humanity, a victim of ignorance and selfishness.

Modern Spiritualism and other liberal religions teach that all life in the vegetable, animal and human kingdoms, is spirit and immortal; and that the human soul is a spiritual element that thinks and is constantly gaining development through natural laws, both physical and spiritual. The human soul does not have the power to enjoy supreme happiness throughout eternity, or everlasting woe, from which it must be saved, before the death of the physical body, by the experiences or merits of some other individual; but Modern Spiritualism teaches that the human soul must exist forever strictly in accordance with natural laws, both physical and spiritual.

Modern Progressive Spiritualists and liberal Christians both teach that there is work to do both here and hereafter; the weak must be strengthened; the fallen must be lifted up; and temptation must be removed from the paths of the innocent; there is real practical work for humanity on both sides of the Dark River of Death.

The liberal religions thought in our present civilization, whether called Christianity or Spiritualism, is science both physical and spiritual, and its adherents are trying to apply science with reason and common sense for use in the daily lives of humanity; and in the main do not conflict

THE WORSHIPERS.

Alice M. Warren.

It is the Sabbath, hallowed, blest,
An autumn day; the sunlight's glow
Rests softly on the fir-crowned hills,
Kissing the crimson vale below.
A quietness all things pervades,
The very air, subdued and low,
Blows gently 'mong the ripened grain,
And where the wild blue asters grow.

I think of countless worshippers,
In this fair world of ours today;
Some hearts made glad with hope and trust,
And other hearts too sad to pray.
I rich cathedral, dim and vast,
Pagoda temple, crowded hall;
In kirk, and mosque, or village church,
Beneath the elms and maples tall.

Some worship God the Father; some
Unto an image bend the knee;
And others, fix; the golden sun;
And some believe in destiny.
How many bow their heads in fear
Of a Great Being; live in dread
Of what, perchance, the soul will meet,
In that strange country of the dead.

But I, with untold millions glad,
Before no shrine or altar kneel;
My prayer book is the starry flowers,
A bird's sweet song the organ's peal.
A priest I see in every face,
Ah! if we would the sermon heed—
One faith, one love, one home for all,
A brotherhood in truth and deed.

I question not what lies beyond,
Enough, these skies of amber hue;
These rugged mountains, sunny streams,
Where every day is born anew.
Enough, that voices dumb to earth,
My eager spirit oft can hear;
Enough, that hands whose touch I know,
Point to a better, higher sphere.

Wm. Emmette Coleman and Dr. Peebles.

Prof. E. Whipple.

Editor Banner of Light:—I have just been reading Mr. Coleman's review of Dr. Peebles' latest book, "Spirit Obsessions," published in the "Banner" of Sept. 24th. It is courteous, fair and able, as are all the articles that emanate from Mr. Coleman's pen. The question as to whether evil persists beyond the mortal body is one in regard to which there are two opposing parties with very distinct opinions and with a very small prospect that their differences will very soon become reconciled. Mr. Coleman files his explicit dissent from Dr. Peebles' claim that this mortal life is menaced by demons or evil spirits who on occasions obsess or infest negative and mediumistic persons. His position and attitude are fully set forth in the following paragraph:

"I have no disposition to dogmatize upon the matter. I do not know, and cannot know, beyond doubt, whether obsession is a truth or a delusion; but I have decided opinions upon the subject, and they are not at all favorable to the truth of this dogma. While not denying the facts, the psychological phenomena, upon which the theory rests, I, and other Spiritualists, would account for them in a manner different from that in which the believers in obsession explain them. At best, on either side, it is a matter of opinion only. But to me the doctrines and ideas of the obsessionists do not seem either reasonable or scientific."

"I do not know, and cannot know, beyond doubt." That is a clean-cut, candid confession. We are all in the same boat, not excepting even Dr. Peebles; but the doctor, myself and a few others likewise have "decided opinions," and interpretations of the "psychological phenomena upon which the theory rests." And since none of us are able to prove our particular view to the entire satisfaction of the other party, I shall limit myself to a few running comments and observations on Mr. Coleman's objections to the major claim set forth by Dr. Peebles in "Spirit Obsessions."

Mr. Coleman quotes from A. J. Davis and comments at some length, endorsing in large part Mr. Davis' views of the "Diakka." He says: "There is a vast difference between Davis' 'Diakka' and Peebles' demons.... They are not devilish, diabolical, malicious, malignant spirits, such as many of the 'demons' in Dr. Peebles' book. They are sportive, mischievous, tricky spirits, amusing themselves at the expense of the inhabitants of earth. They are deceptive and very untruthful, but not devilish nor demoniacal."

No doubt Mr. Davis' sportive ethics would fit into this mortal life fairly well. I imagine Mr. Rockefeller must have enjoyed many festive days in devising plans for driving his rivals to the wall, and that it was rare but innocent sport for him when he saw his victims, one by one, "throw up the sponge." There are Borgias too, both on this side and on the other who plot and poison! They must also be very fond of innocent sport (?).

Now, it should be borne in mind that brother Davis has always been a mild-mannered, good natured, negative individual; and especially should it be remembered, that at the time he dictated "Nature's Divine Revelations," at the age of 19, he was surrounded and largely dominated by a coterie of Universalist clergymen—a school of theologians whose cardinal doctrines at that time were—"No hell after death;" "no devils;" "no evil;" "no punishment for former sins." Among these were S. B. Brittan, Dr. Lyon, and Wm. Fishbough, who was scribe for the seer. They were powerful minds who had vehemently revolted against the doctrines of an orthodox hell! These involuntarily put their indelible hypnotic stamp upon Davis' receptive and negative brain, and it evidently remained there to this day. And this has qualified all of Mr. Davis' interpretations of alleged evil states and conditions beyond the gateway of death. At least the presumption is very strong that Davis very early became fixed and crystallized from the mental battery of Lyon and Fishbough.

This doctrine of "no evil" has come to fruition in the more recent cult of Christian Science, wherein the "involved" logic of the Universalist stands forth fully revealed! See Dr. John Churchman's able article in the Atlantic Monthly for April. We are gravely told that "Man was, is, and ever shall be perfect;" that "the beliefs derived through our sensuous knowledge regarding sin, sickness, and death itself, are delusions of mortal mind;" that "all that God made is good; hence there is no evil." . . . The cure for sin, sickness and death—since all are illusions—is the destruction of the illusion."

I know Mr. Coleman stops far short of this, but I submit that it is Mr. Fishbough's and his pupil Davis' logic "gone to seed!" If the earthly race may be justly credited with evil tendencies and practices, then I am entitled to the belief that they persist in and accompany disaccordant minds into the other life. I believe that character is a slowly accreted and persistent complex of mental and organic qualities which death does not radically change, and which is but slowly modified and purified of its inversions even in the other life; that the two worlds are included in one scheme of the moral order and are both governed by identical or similar laws. Many

things seem silly and incongruous to us because our point of view is limited, and often distorted. To both Mr. Coleman and Dr. Peebles reincarnation looks silly. To Dr. Peebles' obsession is a cardinal fact, but to Mr. Coleman it is a very silly superstition. To me Christian Science logic is very faulty when it denies the very existence of the material cosmos. But doubtless when we become wiser the kinks will be taken out of many a theory which we now hold in contempt.

I have a very strong conviction that after all our marvelous advances in material science, our knowledge is still extremely faulty, both as regards the complex nature of man, and the totality of movement in which evolution is only one among many factors. And I may add, our knowledge is especially faulty respecting the mode by which sin became interwoven with human life on earth, and the final goal toward which sin is tending. The flippant answer of the materialist is not a solution of the problem for us. Neither Spencer nor Darwin satisfy us. Theosophy is more gloomy than all else. We turned away from the churchman long ago. The spiritual camp is full of intellectual athletes, but each is contending for an upper seat, and each pretty certain he has found it in the single seat that each occupies alone to himself. Behold how these brothers love one another!"

Most of us Spiritualists think there must be one continuous, unobstructed ascent of life in Spirit land. How is it on this side? Evolution plays only a subordinate part. Both human body and an oak grow up from a seed—when the environment permits, and can put forth no more than had previously been put into the seed by evolution. When maturity is reached evolution stops, and the organism enters upon the descending arc in its circuit of movement, and culminates in crisis which ends in death. And here is a mystery as it relates to man. In the Zodiac death is symbolized by the eighth sign, of which the Scorpion is the symbol of sin and death, and the Phoenix is the symbol of a process by which man mounts triumphantly into a higher round. Alternate acceleration and decline, a flow and ebb in the wave of life; these characterize and qualify man's processes in time. As with the individual, so with the nation, which also participates in an alternate rise and decline. Behold India, Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Rome! Each in their turn rose to splendor and these faded away! They all stop at the "eighth note" and are incapable of renewal for another round, and thus repeat the cycle of individual life on a more extended scale. Something has played havoc with evolution in all these old centres of the race. But we cherish a hope that nations will not always die as they have done, but that mayhap even America will become the first member in a new series of confederated nations, in which each will succor the other, instead of preying upon one another as they now do. When we shall once grasp the problem of sin and disorder, then we shall know why nations have been unable to mount upward through a succession of recurring cycles.

Now the next plane or lower heavens are populated from this plane; and consider what this mass of humanity really is that is daily recruiting these lower heavens; eight-tenths of this humanity is distorted, oppressed, sullen, discontented, wronged and exploited in a world that should have lifted them up. In the next world they form with the inhabitants of this one complex of inverted humanity; for as said above, the denizens of both planes are included in one moral scheme. Just so long as this world demons and a generally disordered humanity will abound in the lower stretches of spirit land. Death in no wise dissipates character. That inheres in the man and goes with him. If the man was filthy here, he is filthy still. If he robbed and exploited his brother here, he will not hesitate to return and infect him as opportunity offers; and the unhappy record of these infestations is already full! Until this world is redeemed the hells of spirit land will be full of the morally deformed and discontented.

Mr. Coleman cites brother Davis as substituting the "scientific" for the "supernatural" mode employed by those "uncultured" minds—Jesus and the rest—in disposing of that gross superstition known as "obsession." "Science," indeed! It is blind as a bat today on the question of obsession, and not less so on the problem of race-disorder. My private opinion is that Jesus understood this whole spiritual business a great deal better than brother Davis does, and knew perfectly well what he was talking about when he was casting out demons. And no doubt experienced less difficulty in understanding how the legion of devils gained access to the man than Mr. Coleman has in explaining how "matter passes through matter" at a materializing seance. Unclean demons and diakkas have a wonderful predilection for animal bodies and magnetic auras given off from them. They like to exploit the animal spirits as they once exploited labor and enslaved men and women. When cast out from persons they have infested, they then prefer hogs to being deprived of any contact with physical vitality.

The generation in which Jesus lived was a wonderful period, for the lower and the upper plane interfused, so that the lower expanses of spirit land pressed down upon the earthly race and infested it. There was a great outpouring of the spirit, in which both the good and the evil became manifest. But in all these outpourings the tumultuous and disorderly come to the front first and blow their blasts through brazen trumpets; the false Christs put forth their claims; but the wise ancients more in silence, holding the balances and the concept and theorem for the New Dispensation. We are now in the midst of a fresh outpouring of the Spirit—differing from all preceding ones.

Mr. Coleman raises many ridiculous objections to "ancient superstitions" concerning matters on which we are but little if any wiser than the ancients were. Our science is still materialistic, while we have next to no science of the psychological and occult laws. Even now one Spiritualist accuses another of holding "wild chimera born of ignorance, credulity and love of the marvelous." And the materialistic skeptic makes use of the same euphonious expressions when he refers to a Spiritualistic seance. . . . Spiritualists are slow to recognize the fact that spiritual intercourse and commerce has an ugly and a dangerous side. They are slow to admit that insanity is interwoven with it. "What a repulsive idea!" Yes, it is sadly repulsive because true, and some day we shall get rid of our present and local superstitions and begin to deal with this class of unfortunates more intelligently.

"Why do the higher spheres permit diabolism to run rampant?" For better reasons than we can give. Why does democratic America tolerate the saloon and the brothel? Why don't we abolish war? Why do we allow people to starve in the midst of plenty? Do you answer that all this is a "struggle for existence and survival of the fittest?" Is the exploiter and bully then the "fittest" that should survive? Is this the goal of evolution? Nothing of the kind. Darwin never effected a junction with the Moral Order. The Cycle of Disorder at present holds both this world and its lower heavens in its grasp, and must be finished by laws and processes after its kind. But the great configuration that will finish it is near at hand! Be patient, ye critics! As the moral order was invaded through freedom, the wise who hold the balances will not trench

upon the moral freedom of man in their mode of restoring it.

The advent of Modern Spiritualism was a pivotal event in the world's history. A simple rap announced that "Door was opened in Heaven," to remain open from this time, henceforth. But there are "terrors on the threshold" for the psychic sensitive who pronounces that door unworthy or ignorant. The common mediumistic experience for the last fifty years has abundantly proven that grave dangers lie in the path of many mediums. It is useless to blink or gloss over certain of these experiences. We meet and become cognizant of them nearly everywhere. The time for plain speaking is here, and Dr. Peebles has spoken the needed word. He talks to mediums and psychics as one friend talks to another, out of the rich treasures of experience of fifty years gathered from many lands. It will be right and proper for you to read Maria King's able book, as Mr. Coleman advises, but let me ask you to read Dr. Peebles' book also. It will open your eyes. I am sure this is the most timely book the doctor ever gave to the public. It is the crowning labor of his old age. San Diego, Cal.

A Psychic Experience.

Abbie A. Avery.

At the early age of twenty-two years, I was an inmate of the Massachusetts State Prison, and looking over my boyhood, and the environments in which it was spent, I cannot wonder at the fact. I have no recollection of a home, no memory of a father's care or a mother's love. My earliest remembrances go only back to a shabby old tenement house in the north end of Boston, where I slept with a half dozen other homeless and ragged urchins. Our days were spent selling papers, holding horses, doing most anything that would bring in a penny to help pay the rent of the room where we "bunked," as we called it, and buy us food enough to keep soul and body together, and I am free to confess that we often procured money and food by questionable methods. Growing up in such surroundings, with no good influences to assist in the molding of my character, it is surprising that I lived to the age I did without getting into the hands of the law. I was caught assisting a band of thieves breaking into stores, convicted and sentenced to state's prison for two years. I did not care very much. I think I felt a little bit proud of the distinction which I felt it would give me among my mates when I got out. Of course the confinement would be irksome, but in the confidence of youth I believed that I should not serve my whole time. There will be others there that are courageous and bold, and, who knows; perhaps some day we may make a sensational escape!

It was not so bad as I had expected. The discipline was severe, to be sure, but if a fellow behaved himself and obeyed the rules, he got along all right, and did not find it very hard. The nights were the worst. To be shut into your cell with no company but your thoughts, and nothing to do to pass away the long hours, I was put to work at once, so my time during the day was fully occupied. I had been there but a few weeks, not long enough to make many acquaintances among my fellow prisoners, when I began to notice a curious fact. My evenings were not nearly as long or tedious as at first. I seemed to feel a sensation of almost pleasure when the door had closed upon me for the night, and I was locked in by myself. I would seat myself on the only chair my cell contained, or throw myself on the couch, and an indescribable, quiet feeling would steal over me. The feeling increased as time wore away, and I could feel really anxious for night to come, that I might "be alone and rest," as I called it, in my thoughts. I would lie on my bed for hours and wonder who was the last occupant of my cell. What did he look like? Was he old or young, tall or short? And what was he in for? Did he sit in the chair and read evenings, or did he lie on the bed and think his own thoughts as I was doing?

It grew upon me. Somehow I got to feel that I was not alone. I thought about him so much that I almost expected to find him there when I returned at night. A sense of companionship seemed to be with me, and I felt as though I knew him and that there was some kind of a link between us. At last I summoned courage to ask the turnkey, who had been very kind to me, "Who had my cell before me?" "The Professor," he answered. "Professor who?" I wanted to know. He then told me that the man who last occupied the cell was convicted of embezzling some manner some funds committed to his trust, and sentenced for five years, all of which time he had been in the room which was now mine.

He was an educated man and a great student, studying all the time on occult subjects, and reading abstruse books which were procured for him by friends outside, hence the title of "Professor." His health was very delicate; he was not able to do much work; had spent most of the time in his cell. He had served his time and gone away and the cell had been unoccupied for several months before I was put into it. The turnkey finished his account by saying that he "shouldn't wonder if he was dead by this time, as he looked when he went out as though his time was short."

After that I felt more in touch with him than ever. The fact that he was a clean, quiet, gentlemanly prisoner seemed to have an effect on my moral nature. I understand now, what I had not the faintest conception of at that time, that his life, his thoughts, his dreams and aspirations had all left an impress on the surroundings, which in the quietness of the evening hour crowded on to my mental atmosphere. I unconsciously began to think purer, nobler thoughts myself.

Instead of planning a return to my old life of debauchery and crime, I began to look forward to a life of work and of endeavor to make a man of myself. The thoughts of my old associates and the life I had lived filled me with repugnance. This subtle change in my desires and feelings was very gradual, covering a period of months before I realized it was changing from my old abandoned, profligate self to a man, with the longings and aspirations belonging of right to a man, to make myself of some use in the world.

After a time a change seemed to come in the nature of my psychic experiences. The image and the feeling of companionship with the "Professor," as I called him in my mind, grew more indistinct, and I became conscious of another influence that seemed to hold a power of some sort over me. At times I felt an all enveloping love around me, as though some one was near me who loved and trusted me completely. Sometimes it would not have surprised me had an arm encircled my neck, and words of affection been whispered in my ears, so vivid was the sensation.

When I returned to my cell at night, I felt like a boy going home to a loving mother, the sense of protection was so strong when the door closed upon me. Gradually I began to guard my thoughts. If a thought that was not pure and elevating found lodgment in my mind, I would soon feel a sense of shame as though I had in some way injured some pure nature that it was my duty and privilege to protect. I had no intimate friends among the prisoners. I performed my daily share of work with an almost feverish desire to master every detail, that I might have a

trade when I had served my sentence. I presume I was thought unusual and morose by the other inmates, but the officials liked me and used me well because I made them no trouble.

One night I was stretched upon my bed, filled with plans and thoughts of the life I would try to live in the future. The room was in semi-darkness. Somehow I had grown to feel that the loving presence which was with me could come nearer to me in the darkness. The only light in the room came from the corridor, and that I had shut out all I could by hanging some article of clothing over the barred window in the door. The presence seemed unusually near this evening. The room seemed filled with an indescribable something; something that beat and pulsed like animate life; something that enveloped me, embraced me; enwrapped me in an ecstasy impossible to describe. Gradually, gently, some power turned my face toward the darkest portion of the room, and lo! the darkness was changing. In a circle of a few feet a light was forming, a glow of the most perfect rose color I ever saw. Fascinated, I watched it change and brighten, making the rest of the room still darker by contrast, when out of the radiance a face began to appear. Loving, sweet and heavenly tender it beamed upon me. Involuntarily I raised my hands and whispered "My Mother." Never since coming to years of understanding had I ever known mother. I did not know if she was living or dead. I had seen mothers that had cast off their children, leaving them to live and earn their own living as best they could, and I had often wondered if my mother had done the same way; but now I knew. This was my mother. I needed no one to tell me. Her soul spoke to mine and was answered. "Oh! the rapture of that moment!"

"My son," and her loving face came nearer to mine, "my dear boy. God has allowed the veil to be drawn aside for a moment. Promise me that from this hour henceforth your whole life shall be a life of endeavor to be an honest man. I will be with you and help you. I have tried so hard to come to you and speak to you. You will not disappoint me!"

"God helping me, I will do the very best I can," I answered. "I will live square after this and try to get a living honestly and be of some use in the world."

"You will succeed and I shall have my boy some time. God bless you." And slowly the face began to grow indistinct, until it finally faded away, the light disappeared and I was alone in the darkness once more.

From that hour my mind never swerved from the firm resolve that in the future I would live an honest life, that no act or deed of mine should ever cause a moment's pain to the dear mother whom I now knew to be watching over me. I worked overtime, did all the extra work I was allowed to do, thereby earning a little money, that I might have some in readiness on gaining my freedom, to take me away from the scenes of my earlier life.

I consulted the chaplain of the prison as to what books I could study to gain some of the education that I had not had an opportunity to obtain when I was of school age, and he kindly assisted me to procure suitable books, which I studied in my spare moments. I never again saw the face of my angel mother. I frequently felt her presence, but not with the same power as before. At times I would feel discouraged. The goal I had set for myself looked so far away that I almost despaired of reaching it; then I would feel strengthened, love surrounding me and new cheer and courage would be given my soul.

Many years have passed since those days. In a far western city, thousands of miles from the place of my birth, I found work, friends and opportunities which I improved. I have a happy home, a dear wife and children who are blessings to their parents. I have always tried, as far as I have been able, to live a useful and honorable life. I have been prospered with a fair share of material success. I often look back and shudder to think of what would in all probability have been my life if I had been placed in any other cell of the great prison in which I paid the penalty of my crime; for I have studied somewhat into the law of psychometry and I believe that the fact of that particular cell having been occupied for so long a time by a man whose thoughts and interests were concentrated to psychic subjects, was the cause of my mental nature being brought into that receptive condition that my mother could draw near me and impress upon me her love and care and in the one supreme moment make herself manifest to me.

To the great law of psychometry is due an explanation of many seemingly mysterious occurrences. I surely can thank it and the law of spirit communion for my salvation from a life of sin and shame.

Education.

C. H. Webber.

There is a growing interest in the matter of educating a child.

It is freely admitted by those who have given attention to the subject that our present system of education is by no means what it should be.

Education is declared to be an art, and one of the encyclopedia writers declares it "the art of drawing out, or developing the faculties—for which they are destined." In this declaration "Destiny" is an admitted fact, no matter how much destiny may be disputed when presented in connection with astrologies.

The writer further says: "Before we can hope to mold a human being in a desired way, the nature of that being must be well known." Now, how can we know the nature

"What Do You Want?"

Annie Knowlton Hinman.

(Dr. Carey's subjects of private lectures given at Onset Aug. 1904.)

In the stillness of a night I was wakened suddenly when I said, "what do you want?" The response came, "what do you want?" I answered, "I do not know." The voice said to me, "You are already standing in the vestibule of the 'Inner Temple.' The 'Holy of Holies,' 'The mansion not made with hands.' Remember 'love casteth out fear.' Draw to the door of the vestibule and shut out the world. Lift the 'veil' that hides the 'Inner Temple.' Lovingly yet fearlessly attune your ear to the Heavenly Harmonies and listen for your answer." Tremblingly I drew the door inward to shut out the world when the hinges creaked with painful, discordant note. A voice from somewhere whispered, "Be not afraid." "Love casteth out fear." "It was your fear created the inharmony of sound. The door still swings upon its hinges; let your touch be loving and with no shadow of fear." Again I touched the door lovingly and saying, with my spirit lips, "love casteth out fear," when, lo! the door swung musically together, and from somewhere, somehow, came the echo of sweet sounds and I knew I had wakened the Heavenly Harmonies. Again a voice from somewhere said, "The waves of experience are oncoming. Say to yourself 'peace be still' and know they are never angry and turbulent except through the shadow of your resistance." Stepping forward I lifted, tremblingly, the "veil" that hides the 'Inner Temple.' All was dark and forbidding. A great, overwhelming fear seized me and I gave a timid knock on the casement, repeating the words, "peace be still," yet no sound escaped my lips for my spirit was awed. Soon the veil swayed gently as by a soft breeze and an intelligence seemed to make me conscious that it was a breath from the Infinite. Then a voice from afar came to my inner consciousness asking me my need. I answered "what do I want?" the answer came, "listen," and lo! I knew my need, and I said joyfully, "I want wisdom." Then attuning my ear to the Heavenly Harmonies, listened, not a sound, then I said, "love casteth out fear," "peace be still." "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Then I tapped on the casement a little louder than before. The "veil" swayed with the breath of the Infinite and then I knew a sweet intelligence was near. I said, "what do I want it for?" Listening I caught these words, "for larger expression." A merry peal of laughter burst from my lips which wakened the Heavenly Harmonies until they reverberated through the silent chambers of the 'Inner Temple.' Then I questioned, "How to get it?" The answer came, "You want wisdom and for larger expression get it through loving service. You are wisdom, power." Then my spirit was mad with the great joy; again and again I pressed the precious "veil" to my lips. It stirred in my hands and to the blessed accompaniment of the Heavenly Harmonies I heard, "peace be still or your great joy will denon you to greater truths." Then I was filled with that "perfect peace which passeth all understanding." Lovingly I murmured "I am wisdom, I am power, I am that." Again I caught the "veil." My great overpowering love for divine wisdom robbed me of fear and knocking. I said, "What do I want to do with it?" Then the breath of the Infinite stirred the "veil" and fanned my cheek like a loving kiss, whispering, "for humanity's sake," and I was glad, for at times a great fear had seized me lest my love for humanity was shadowed with self glorification. Again the "veil" stirred in my hands and a burst of light from the 'Inner Temple' blinded me and a voice said, "I am that I am," then my spirit was awed into silence. The voice said, "you, too, are that." "I am." I answered, in great astonishment. "I am that I am." The Heavenly Harmonies sounded sweetly to a tenderer voice, "Go into the world and teach every living thing to say to every other living expression of life, 'I am that I am.'" Turning toward the outer entrance of the vestibule I saw the door swinging upon its hinges and I started eagerly to go forth into the world to proclaim the truth, but a strong wind forced me back and the door shut to the tune of the Infinite; then I stood in the shadow of great disappointment and knew not the true path of life. My spirit was bowed and I had no word symbols to give it expression, yet as I already knew "love casteth out fear," I stepped to the door of the 'Inner Temple' saying, "I am that I am," then I lifted the "veil" when lo! I saw moving objects, but because I was unused to the light of the New Revelation my eyes were blinded, almost painfully, but I stood knowing that if "I am that I am," all expressions of every type are mine to have and to hold and I must know my own possessions that I may draw from them larger expressions for the good of all, and as I communed with myself lo! my eyes no longer resisted the light and I saw Wisdom in her majesty, and about her seemed to be other divine attributes as if personified but all bearing toward Wisdom as if she fostered them, and to my surprise they seemed preparing as if for a journey, and they bore something in their hands and arms and I wondered, not knowing. Then a voice told me they were bound for earth to loosen the spiritual shackles of mortals, and I said, "how can this be true?" Then a tender voice answered, "Some are moved to good impulses through different loves, some, love of flowers, of animals, of music, of art, of literature, of mortals. This is the object of life, that through these divine channels mortals may be lifted above the sense plane," but as I was not yet prepared for the larger expressions of truth my eyes were blinded and the "veil" fell together, and I wondered and longed for that larger expression of wisdom now seemingly denied me. Then I grieved but comforted myself by repeating, "I am that I am" and each time I said the words I grew stronger, my power increased until my spirit was exalted by love and I wanted nothing. Then that "peace that passeth all understanding" did abide with me and I was not alone. At last a voice said, "lift the 'veil' and enter the 'Holy of Holies.'" As I did so a breath from the Infinite fanned my cheek and I said "I am that I am," and attuning my ear to the Heavenly Harmonies, what seemed like an echo answered, "I am that I am," and I then knew every living thing was the "I am," when lo! the darkness in the Temple lifted and the sun rose as in a fiery chariot, but my eyes were not hurt, for I was stronger in divine wisdom. The sun disappeared, then one by one the stars came out and looked down with their tender eyes, and lo! the moon sat in her soft majesty like the Queen of Night, but there is no night in the light of the New Revelation. No high, no low, for all are poised in Divine Wisdom when standing in the Majesty of Spirit. The great etheric substance in this Sacred 'Temple' seemed filled with a sweet fragrance, and I found I was faint and hungry like a newly born babe; then I reached out my hands when my finger tips touched something. As I drew them together I knew they were not empty and pressing them to my lips I tasted a sweet morsel. Then my faith made me strong; in this way I drew from the ether refreshment. Suddenly I saw a pool of water, eagerly I bent forward to find beauty in its hidden depths, when my own face and figure

were revealed to me and had grown strong and beautiful, and I wondered—not knowing how this could be. As I raised my eyes I saw living forms, arising as if by magic, one of each living type and I knew all life was good. As my eye fell upon my nakedness I felt shame, and I dropped my head. Then a voice said, "Shame is allied to fear," and "love casteth our fear." Your body is the vehicle for your soul's expression; will you pollute it with the shadow of unseemly thoughts and draw others about you from their divinity? Then I arose in the majesty of my spirit and was without fear when all things drew near unto me and all looked love, which spake again from my soul. Insects I had feared drew near. I stretched out my hands and arms and they clung to my soft flesh. A serpent kissed my feet and coiled about my legs. The lion and lamb lay down together, and all things were good and beautiful in this Wisdom Sphere; no fear cast its dark shadows; I laughed a joyous, happy laugh, like the ill of a bird song, that wakened the Heavenly Harmonies and reverberated through the corridors of this "Inner Temple." The atmosphere was full of new, sweet and pungent odors that were a delight to my nostrils and I drank deep, long draughts that revived me and seemed to unfold me interiorly, until I held a consciousness of greater possibilities than I had ever dreamed of before. Such ecstasy as I knew is indescribable. I laughed, I cried, I was so surcharged with this condition born of my joy that it was akin to pain. My inner consciousness awakened and cried, "It is not for you to have and to hold, but to give in loving service" and I wept, crying, "Are these the glad tidings of great joy that shall be unto all people? that there is about us and within us sustenance for eternal life?" and again I was mad with joy, but remembering, I said "peace be still." Then the silence settled wide and deep within and without, and the fragrance parted from my nostrils for they could not yet bear so much of joy of the New Revelation. Then I began to look about me, when lo! I saw a lion with wounded paw, from it the blood dripped and the eyes of the lion were dim with tears of pain. Love and pity consumed me and I was unafraid. I laid my hand lovingly on the lion's head and his eyes looked eloquently into mine. I longed for some sweet, healing balm, when again to my nostrils came pungent odors, and reaching forth my open hands I felt something drawing them together. I felt an oily substance rubbing my hands together. I felt something growing. Again and again I drew from the great etheric substance about me and passing my hands gently together I compounded a healing balm that held a savory smell. Stooping, I spread the balm gently on the lion's wounded paw; picking leaves and tender grass blades I reached out into the great ether and wet them with the dew of heaven. With wisps of straw I bound the dew-wet leaves over the balm on the lion's foot all the while making my thoughts tender and full of love, knowing thoughts were things, and love bore healing on its wings. The while I dressed the wounded paw the lion laid his head lovingly against my arm and I knew it was good; then I laid my head lovingly against the lion's head. The "I am" in my eyes saw the "I am" in the lion's eyes, and I knew we two understood each other and were unafraid. Suddenly, beside me, dropped a dove with broken wing, and with such pleading eyes I saw the "I am" calling me to loving service. I arose and again compounded from the great etheric substance a healing balm; then I stood wondering, for I wanted a bandage and had it not, but must have it. Then I said if "I am that I am," then I have power to have and to hold for loving service. Stretching my hands out into the great etheric substance and drawing them back to myself, palms open and upward, I saw, in them atoms, alive, and running about each kind among its own kind, till they blended as one, and I wondered, not knowing. Then I began with both hands to draw it apart, back and forth, till it grew longer and longer, and bore the semblance of cloth, and in my joy of doing I pressed kisses warm and tender upon the fabric, when lo! I saw indentations and rainbow tints beautiful to look upon, but alas my great surprise and joy had made me forget my fellow suffering. Stooping, I kissed the pretty dove and he cooed, then I knew he, too, was the loving "I am." I soothed and bound the broken wing, rejoicing in this loving service. When finished the dove plumed his wings as if for flight, from somewhere he had picked an olive branch and I knew he, too, was a message bearer, to spread "glad tidings of great joy unto all people."

Then my dream ended, but will abide with me for all time, for it seemed beautiful, good and true. Yet my eyes being unused to the New Revelation can only bear the knowing for a little each time, yet sometime when we shall see all this, and know it, and live it, there will be even greater depths of knowing.

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Thoughts.

Thoughts are like seeds which we cast from us, not heeding the fact that each one is carried by some psychic wind to its appointed spot in our future path, there to grow to flower and fruit. Our everyday course is overgrown with the thorny tongue of forgotten thought, and our only nourishment at times is its horrible fruit; our senses are sickened by its flowers, malodorous and revolting to the sight. Yet we need must walk in our appointed track; to turn aside in hope of escape would be to walk in the Way of Death. The bad we think of others does them no lasting hurt. Our vicious, sensual, jealous, selfish, irritable thoughts—that we imagine do not matter, since they are kept to ourselves—bring forth the untoward circumstances that we are bemoaning, maybe, today.

From now, then, guard your thoughts, for it is true that yesterday's wrong thought gives birth to the trials of today, it is equally certain that today's right thinking will generate joy for the morrow. Control your thoughts; let them be of love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith; then you will deserve all the happiness that they breed, produced by that law which works with mathematical certainty and absolute justice—"Whatever ye sow, that shall ye also reap." The sowing is hard sometimes, but "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy"—Hope la Gallienne, in Light of Reason.

A Novel Psychological Experience.

Sir: Last Sunday I had an experience different to anything before, and under what head to include it I do not know, for everything appeared to me as natural as ever, except what could not have been natural, as you will see. About half-past twelve o'clock I went out to avail myself of the bright sunshine and sat on the seat in front of the Town Hall, looking down Grange-road. I had not been there long before a motor-car came down Grove-road and turned round into South street. About five minutes after another motor car came down Grove-road at a more rapid rate, and went down Grange-road. This was a fine, handsome car, its principal colors being white and gilt. It was very ornamentally got up, and I thought to myself, "This is the newest London style." I had

Dear Sir: Will you permit me to express my views about a fall among Spiritualists in Boston. When I first came in contact with Spiritualists here, I have been hurt many a time as this one and that one indulged in sneers against the Bible and the churches, and they tried to show how much better Spiritualism is than the church! As often

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A Successful Life.

To live a truly successful life one must have experience along various lines of action that shall call into use as many different faculties of the individual as possible. The result to be striven for is a full and well-rounded life. Development and growth along certain lines in the attainment of special results at the expense of other important characteristics and knowledge, are not consistent with the highest development of mankind.

If one starts out in life, with wealth the one object in view there will be no time and often no inclination to cultivate the higher qualities of the mind and the best things of life are pushed aside and ignored. When, finally, the object has been gained and a man has won what counts for success with most people, if we take into consideration the many things he has missed we would undoubtedly pronounce his life a failure.

Man must recognize his obligation to and his dependence upon his fellow-men; he is one link in the endless chain of humanity and it is to attain the highest development of his powers in the growth of those nobler qualities that alone can make him truly successful, he must be willing to do his part in the world's work. As he struggles on in his career he must be ready to reach down and help those below him, as well as recognize and be grateful to those who have helped him on. He may not be quite so far advanced in a material sense as the one who thinks only of his own works, but he keeps in touch with his fellow-beings; his sympathies are awakened, he sees, he feels more than the selfish man blinded by his own egotism. He becomes richer in experience and although he may not excel in any special line, his life is well-balanced and complete.

It is possible, of course, that one man may acquire wealth and make noble use of it, the owner valuing his wealth chiefly as the means of helping the less fortunate. We consider a man of such noble, generous impulses successful without wealth, as it is what we are and not what we have that will count at the final summing up.

Elia L. Layson, West Berkeley, Calif.

Advice to Young Mediums

When one has been given the privilege of communication with the spirit world it is of great importance that the medium should be protected from the many spirits that are ever ready to control the unguarded sensitive. It is not always evil-minded spirits that we need to fear, but the spirit friends of our associates and chance acquaintances whom they are anxious to reach.

It is common for the medium to "take on" the conditions for a time of the manifesting spirit previous to its passing out of the body and this, together with the mixed influences, is very weakening to the vital forces and there can be but little advancement in mediumistic development.

To guard against this, it is advisable to place one's self in the care of some reliable developing medium who has a powerful band of spirits to take charge of such work as this; they will select spirits best adapted to the needs and particular phase of mediumship of the person to be developed, and they will form a magnetic circle around the medium that outside spirits will be unable to penetrate without the consent of the medium's guides. Thus she is protected from all disturbing influences and is able to proceed with her development along the line of work she has chosen.

Mediumship has its trials and temptations but the medium should understand from the first that no possible harm can befall her if she is firm in her desire and intentions to do right. It is only the wavering, undecided mediums that come to grief and seek to justify themselves by saying they were under the control of evil spirits. Mediums alone are responsible—Mrs. Elia L. Layson, West Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sir: Will you permit me to express my views about a fall among Spiritualists in Boston. When I first came in contact with Spiritualists here, I have been hurt many a time as this one and that one indulged in sneers against the Bible and the churches, and they tried to show how much better Spiritualism is than the church! As often

JUST ISSUED. THE WIDOW'S MITE

And Other

Psychological Phenomena

By I. K. FUNK

Was it Beecher's SPIRIT that made known the whereabouts of the Widow's Mite?

Was it a spirit that showed Swedenborg where he was to receive his inheritance, as told by Immanuel Kant, the German Philosopher?

Was it a spirit that told Mrs. Piper where was the lost bankbook of the mother-in-law of Prof. James, the great psychologist of Harvard, as told by himself?

Was it a spirit that revealed who stole the watch of Alfred Russell Wallace?

In all these cases and a thousand more, are spirits the explanation, or are the answers to be found in the "Subliminal Consciousness or subjective Mind of the medium?"

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as I could I have rebuked them saying: An epidemic is devastating the country, the doctors of every school are earnestly laboring to check the disease, and they do a vast amount of good, but here comes a man who goes to this doctor and sneers at his method, then to another and condemns his way and soon boasting that he had the only way and doing nothing. The doctors would be justified if they kicked him out as an impostor. Evil is rampant in the land, on every hand we meet ignorance, vice and crime, the churches are doing what they can (and too little it is) to stem the tide of evil, but some of our Spiritualists ask "what is the church doing or going to do about it?" The church might well reply: "What are you Spiritualists doing? Show us your works. Where are your orphans' homes, where are your homes for the aged or where are your public beneficences? There is your Waverley Home, struggling because Spiritualists lack the loving spirit which would clear the mortgage; churches would clear it in six months."

In view of this claim of superiority over the churches, I am astonished at the fat now existing among Spiritualists to be ordained and attach the prefix Reverend to their names, and so we read in the "Banner": "Rev. Mrs. A. B., Rev. Dr. C. and so on ad libitum." Why imitate the churches in the most insignificant and silly point? Will that vain title make an immoral man or woman pure and worthy of reverence? As an ordained clergyman I always fought against it, would not give it to any one, nor as far as I could permit anyone to give it to me. The title belongs to God alone and is found only once in the Bible "holy and reverend is His name." (Psalm LIL v. 9.) When the church under the papacy became corrupt and the clergy wished to have dominion over the people, they stole God's title and applied it to themselves, claiming also a part of His power.

When the Reformation shook the power of Rome, the most earnest workers were ordained clergymen of Rome, and they had more important reforms to carry through, than to waste time on a vain word; but I have often wondered why our Puritan fathers did not put away the vain prefix, forgetting what the Christ has said to the disciples, "call no man Father for God is your father," yet some churches call their pastor "father."

"Be not called doctors," yet how many reverend gentleman put the D. D. to their names and how often that D. D. means destitute of divinity, God only knows.

I thought that our Spiritualists were above such idle, meaningless show, but I was mistaken as one after another of the leaders of the societies in Boston has been ordained and others have caught the disease and will be

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Banner of Light.

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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 Washington, D. C., October, 1903.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.

2. We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression 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 personal 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, "Whatever ye would that others should do unto you, do even so unto them."

Do You Owe for Your "Banner of Light"?

If you are in arrears it may interest you to know that on December 1, 1904, we are to turn over our due subscriptions over to our Collection Department without further notice from us to the subscriber. We feel that we have done all that courtesy calls for in our former personal appeals and cannot go to further trouble or expense in this matter. While we always intend to be liberal in such matters, the burdens inherited by the present management, together with the demands upon our resources in producing a worthy publication for Spiritualism, leave us no possibility for extravagance and barely an opportunity for generosity. We should be glad to receive your remittances direct before December 1, but failing to do so, we must not be held responsible for the methods used by the collectors.

The subject of Hyslop's conclusions, by Hudson Tuttle, as elsewhere found, is worthy of serious thought. Next week the "Banner" will try to present an article, explaining a principle in the spiritual laws of nature, or super-nature (as you choose to call it) entirely different to any that has ever as yet been put before the world by either scientists or religionists. The article is not as yet prepared, hence if it does not appear next week it will appear as soon thereafter as it can be attended to. We hope that it will command respectful attention from minds able to investigate and reason.

Think this Matter Over Rationally.

Is it not a mistake for people to declare that modern Spiritualism is based on the "Rochester knockings"?

They have their inestimable value and they gave a strong impulse to the world's investigation of psychic laws that were not before seriously considered, but, did not the German scientist Baron Von Richenbach come before the world at about the same time with his discovery of the "od force," which he claimed "to be present in all bodies and developed by magnets, crystals, heat, light and chemical and vital action?"

These two matters, from the Fox girls and from Richenbach, reawakened in the human

mind, laws which had before existed, but which had been lost sight of, and, in a general way, the combine was termed "Spiritualism." There was no universally organized body termed "Spiritualists," but, local societies formed under that name with no specifically defined laws. For years promiscuous and individual discussions took place all over the world and great interest was excited in the possibility of both the rappings and the od force. Then came public and private manifestations to demonstrate the existence of the powers that were claimed by the believers in both the Fox girls and Richenbach.

This made two distinct classes of Spiritualists, and two classes of investigators, so united in their beliefs and in their investigations that the evidences and the findings of one class supported the other class.

Curiosity was aroused, and this curiosity opened a fruitful field for every kind of operation by adept conjurers, and Spiritualists themselves were often at their wit's ends to distinguish between the true and the false. The two factions—one actuated by truth and the other by commercial advantages, became indiscriminately mixed, and there was no way to separate them, except by personal disputes and personal discernment, because there was no universal organization and no universal agreement.

The general public-mind in like manner became mixed, and the conjurers took advantage of this mixed condition, until science began, in its investigations to discriminate between the two, and science found an underlying truth, which the world was unacquainted with, both in the genuine operations and in the faked affairs.

The operations of the fakirs even, brought out many scientific understandings of ordinary human nature, which had been lost sight of in the centuries controlled by the dogmatism of the churches, and also proved conclusively that there is an "od force" in all bodies as claimed by Richenbach.

On the Truth-seeking side of the question, science also found that the forces which surround man's body operate upon man's brain and nerves, creating in the conscious and the unconscious intellect of man a mode of judgment, or apprehension of known things, which, to the ordinary activity of the mind, is not even dreamed of, and which can be accounted for only on the hypothesis of communication with intelligences which previously existed on earth possessing such knowledge.

These matters becoming so well established after years of promiscuous and individual contentions called for a movement towards the National and a universal organization, by which the true tenets of organized Spiritualism should be placed before the world, to prevent Spiritualism from being made responsible for the various kinds of promiscuous operations that have been carried on, under personal responsibility only, in the name of Spiritualism, and which was often more material than spiritual.

In this organization known as the National Spiritualists' Association, for America, a decided stand has been taken to discriminate between such operations as are carried on as "fakes," for commercial greed, and such other operations as are designed to religiously advance a better knowledge of ourselves and of the unseen forces by which we are personally, individually and collectively controlled.

Honest opponents of Spiritualism, have now no license and no justifiable grounds to hold Organized Spiritualism, responsible for personal promiscuous operations that are not endorsed by the organized body.

Such matters, if fraudulent, the State or the Civil laws are responsible for and not the Organized body of Spiritualists, and, if the State permits such acts, then the State may be called responsible more than Spiritualists, for Spiritualists have no more power to prevent them than have the churches, secret organizations, labor-unions, or any other body of citizens.

The National Spiritualists' Association declares by its declaration of principles, what it believes Spiritualism to be. It uses the words "believe" and "affirm." These are court-words which merely signify "according to the best of our knowledge and belief." To overcome these assertions the burden of proof rests not upon Spiritualists but upon opponents. They can never overcome them by proving as uncanny or deceptive such operations as have again and again been so declared to be by the Spiritualists' Association, or its authorized representatives.

The organized body of Spiritualists does not endorse street-corner Spiritualism; nor does it endorse every miraculous story told by persons claiming to be a Spiritualist; nor is it answerable for the personal utterances or the literature of every person advertised as a "Medium," whether in a spiritual meeting or out of it. Those are purely personal responsibilities, and are left entirely to personal judgments, as to whether they are reliable or unreliable. No honorable, honest and rational person will ever condescend to quote them or hear say evidences as arguments for or against Spiritualism; they may however be quoted as evidences of phenomena, ever bearing in mind the fact that Spiritualism existed ages before the Fox girls or Richenbach were born, and that their testimonies merely reawakened the human mind to Divine laws, the wonders of which are only as yet in their infancy.

David and Goliath.

A minister of the gospel writes to the "Banner of Light" an article questioning Spiritualism. He wants to enter into a controversy or, rather to fight out the question "Is Spiritualism True?" but he wants to do it under a nom-de-plume. If he will write his article over or under his own signature, showing that he is a minister of the gospel, I will take up the cudgel with him and defend Spiritualism, and, I will place my own life of 60 years in comparison with his for honor, sprightliness, honesty, true Christianity, power of discernment, crucifixion and long suffering for truth's sake, or any of the other ordinary mundane requirements.

This shows where Spiritualism comes in. Jesus advised that when the true guests for the feast did not come in, then the Lord should go out into the highways and the byways and invite anyone who would accept of the invitation, regardless of their clothing, their learning or their manners.

This is what the Lord has been doing for the past fifty years under the name "Spiritualism," and the people from the highways and the byways have been having a jolly good time at the feast for half a century, and in their jollifications they have shamed the really and truly guests who should have come in at the first.

If he is so ashamed of his arguments that he desires to hide himself behind a nom-de-plume, and thus masked, shoot his mud at a unit, a people, or an individual in the open, then I would not condescend to engage in such mud-throwing in a worthy cause and I would despise anyone else who would.

If ministers do not believe in occultism, why do they hide themselves behind a nom-de-plume, when attacking their opponents? If any of the ministers want to fight a good square fight in the interest of Truth, I have just a few years left in my life to devote to their accommodation, and if I cannot show that they are, in many instances, as big fakirs and that they impose upon the credulity of the people who trust in their piloting as much as do those whom they term "humbugs," then I will honorably and chivalrously yield to them the glory of the contest and ever after I will seek that particular corner in heaven on which they claim to hold a landlord's title.

Now, my most "respectable" ministers of the gospel, if you are so anxious to cross swords with what is known of Divine laws outside of the stultified creed-bound dogmatism of church leaders, whose fundamental Christianity I adore, but whose hypocritical dogmatism I despise, then step at once into the arena, and let the performance begin in a square and upright contention for a clearer light of facts, bereft of sentimental Santa Claus stories, and crocodile-tears, and, in the contention, let it be understood that nobody else shall be held responsible for the idiosyncrasies of the contenders but the contenders themselves.

The moral of this pen-picture is, that church-federations assisted by the church-press should observe the law of reciprocity, and lend a finger at least in assisting those who assist them. The same remark holds good to all other people whom the "Banner" so most generously assists without money and without price.

All intelligent church people are now beginning to see the errors of their ways, and are beginning to realize that there is something in Spiritualism far greater than table-tipping, rope-tying and material phenomena, which are only a higher understanding of the same material phenomena going on all about us in our daily life. Church people had become so blind to truth that they could not see it, because their eyes were riveted on the label that was on the can.

The spiritual "can" are goods spoken of in the higher sense as "will," and the spiritual can contains the "Father's will," and the Lord's prayer says, "Thy will be done."

For fifty years the "Banner" has been belling and baking and cooking this "will," and church people are beginning to see that it is now pretty well "done," and ready to be properly digested, with all the fakes and bogies and scum, strained from off the bubbling top, which frightens childish minds to look at, for fear it may get into their esophagus and choke them. If church-people will more earnestly and honestly study the law at work behind the fakes, they will find food for thought more healthy than their own half-cooked truth.

The moral of this pen-picture is, that church-federations assisted by the church-press should observe the law of reciprocity, and lend a finger at least in assisting those who assist them. The same remark holds good to all other people whom the "Banner" so most generously assists without money and without price.

Dr. James H. Hyslop's Conclusions.

It shows a remarkable change in the public mind as responded to by the press, when the hitherto tabooed or insultingly mentioned subjects of Spiritualism or telepathy are not only treated fairly but introduced with startling headlines.

When it was announced that a telepathic message had been correctly sent from Minneapolis to Brooklyn, Dr. James H. Hyslop came out with the statement that the Society of Psychical Research succeeded in sending such a message across the Atlantic. Therefore Dr. Hyslop quickly concluded that: "Telepathy is not a matter of thought-waves." The solution is so simple as to be astonishing. Messages are carried from mind to mind by spirits. Mediumistic qualities are necessary, but possessed of these and able to get in touch with the spirit world, telepathy should become as easy of accomplishment as the telegraphing of a message with wires."

It is true that in the instance cited by Dr. Hyslop a spirit messenger is the most plausible explanation. The delivery of the message in Latin would seem to require the interpretation of an intelligent being, able to translate English into Latin. But are all the facts thus explainable? Dr. Funk takes a quite contrary view. He believes in thought waves, and as far as is at present possible, scientific investigators of this subject support his position.

I cannot here give an enumeration of facts to prove this theory, and content myself with one which came into my own experience. Some years ago, when Dr. W. H. Terry, editor of the Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia, visited me during a walk one day we rested seated on a stone wall. Recently passing that way I seated myself in the same place, and a tide of memories of our conversation came to me. I thought intently of my dear friend and seemed to come in touch with him. Yesterday I received a letter from him saying he had written because he felt I was thinking of him, and at that moment was seated on the rock where we had sat together. The matter had made such a vivid impression on my mind that I remembered the exact date, and allowing for the difference of time the impression received by Dr. Terry was strictly correct. Of course a spirit might have been an independent carrier, but is it not far more "scientific" to conclude that thought-waves carried the intelligence, and found in his mind a receiving instrument?

The scientific method has for its fundamental principle to explain everything by natural causes and not take spiritual until forced to do so by the failure of the first. Mediumship is sensitiveness to thought waves, whether from a spirit or person in the flesh. The intercommunion of spirits is by this means, and to deny the existence of thought waves is almost equivalent to denying the possibility of spirit communion, for it is to deny the means by which it is performed.

When a message is sent from St. Louis to Cleveland by wireless telegraphy, it is explained by the theory of electric waves. It might be said that the message was carried by a swift-footed messenger as a spirit carries the same. Would it be "scientific" to accept the latter explanation, if facts all pointed to the direct transmission? By thus making spirits the active agents, Dr. Hyslop abandons the scientific position he would make so conspicuous. He says:

"None but scientists should tangle with the weird phenomena of nature represented by telepathy. Every investigation should be made sanely, and every experiment approached with a mind clear, impartial and prepared to weigh and balance every fact as carefully as though it were a precious gem."

Spiritual phenomena have been investigated during the past fifty years by all classes and cults, from the uncultured to those in the first ranks of science and philosophy; millions have been converted to a belief in Spiritualism; a library of more than a thousand volumes has accumulated; a National Association has been these eleven years established, with missionaries in the field, and the work of building and consolidating is well underway.

Now comes Dr. Hyslop in the name of the American and English Psychical Societies and calls a halt. We have no business with our own! We must wait, all the millions of us, for scientists to decide on our "weird phenomena!"

Have not our scientists decided for us? Have not Wallace, Crookes, Varley, Hare, Myers and a host of others equally eminent decided? Are we to be told that we are incapable and must discard or hold all the knowledge we have acquired in abeyance against the decision of the Psychical Research Society?

Not a Spiritualist in the world who will not be glad of any and every success of the Research Society. There are wide fields—unknown and unexplored regions. But the members should not flatter themselves that they hold the spiritual movement in abeyance.

Spiritualists feel that the greatest of all propositions, the one lying at the foundation, that there is an existence beyond the grave, and spirits return and communicate, has been demonstrated by them and to them, countless times.

They do not care for themselves and have further demonstration, even by the most "rigid" methods of science. Justly they feel that their veracity and ability are challenged by these devotees of science.

It is a scheme of Dr. Hyslop to endow an

institute to prosecute this "investigation with all the most rigid methods of science, so that people who have experienced will not have to bear the brunt of the accusations that are so generally made against them."

Such an institute as an adjunct to the Psychical Society would be useful, and there is a clear field for its efforts, but instead of leading the spiritual movement it would be only an auxiliary. It is kind of the Psychical Society to promise to make spiritual phenomena respectable, and dignify the Cause so it will not be sneered at!

Spiritualists will not object to the scientific methods, for they have applied it from the beginning. They will say: "Go over the ground in your own way as you please. We have already explored its main features and preempted the country."

If an endowment fund is collected, it must come from the scientists, not from the Spiritualists. Henry Seybert's gift to the University of Pennsylvania illustrates how much Spiritualism will gain by subsidizing the scientists."

A great deal of valuable information has been gathered by the psychical societies, and they have scarcely begun, and whatever they may discover, Spiritualism will welcome. These new investigators, however, must not forget that equally capable men have gone before them as explorers and demonstrators, and after half a century of constant growth it comes with poor grace for these to be told that their work is as nothing and that they have no right to an opinion until the scientific method has been applied by experts!

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

Is Spiritualism True?

For the third time the present editor of the "Banner" was called upon in discussion with Rev. J. P. Bland, P. D., to throw some light on this much mooted question of the day. Mr. Webber's remarks were as follows.

My worthy opponent is a generous minded, able and intelligent gentleman who has been the recipient of exceptional honors from Harvard College. He has declared to these audiences that, without any cause perceptible or known to him, "a table at one time jumped up over his head and crawled down his back." Now before it is necessary to assign a cause for such an appearance, it would be most reasonable to prove whether such a phenomenon, as stated, actually took place. With all deference to the gentleman, I am free to confess that I do not believe it, and I do not know of any law in Spiritualism, or elsewhere, that requires that I should. On such statements foolish arguments are made against Spiritualism, and like the above such statements are often made by opponents or disbelievers of Spiritualism. Now:

Do you imagine because I have condescended to defend phenomena, that I am going to stand here and tell you that my grandmother can come to me? My grandmother has better business to attend to wherever she may be. The lord only knows. At least I do not know. Her spirit, however, can come to me whenever I choose to recognize it by my intellect.

You, my hearers, are within a few feet from me, but yourself cannot come to me. Nor can your spirit come to me unless I choose to recognize it by my intellect. Your body may come nearer to my body, or my body may come nearer to yours. There is a classified distinction between body and spirit. A lot of people are carrying around a big lot of dirt, or stuffing, called body, and they are so ignorant of themselves that they call that bunch of dirt their own spiritual selves. They fret and fume and scheme and toil to take good care of the dirt, and do not know their heirship with the Divine well enough to take care of their own true spirit.

atoms themselves are matter. The atoms are the foundation upon which Material Phenomena are based. They are the appearance which in a denser collective form are necessary to make not only the foot but every other part of the human body.

Do not forget that even in the atoms which compose every portion of our mortal body, its nerves and the brain, there is a collective body of other appearances, called space, between each atom, and the form of those minute bodies of space are just as apparent to the scientific or discriminating eye as are the atoms themselves.

What is my brother going to say about these ethereal, gaseous, or potential bodies between the atoms? What name will be given to distinguish one from the other? Are they of no consequence when they hold the atoms together by the law of attraction and repulsion and never permit two atoms to come into actual contact with each other, except in collective form? Now what makes these white or transparent bodies between the atoms different to the opaque, atomic bodies, like a bushel of peas with space between each pea? Is it not the action or motion of light in which caloric abounds? All the known colors of light, blended in purity, are scientifically declared to create the transparent space between the atoms, and an unequal blending of impure color-pigments create the atoms. Herein we have to come to the difference between the spiritual and the material phenomena, and I have brought the subject down into the minutiae of your much loved field of molecules and protoplasmic understandings.

The material-minded, in looking at the atoms collected as the form of a foot, sees nothing but the atoms in a dirty foot, because the mind of the materialist is able only to see the form produced by the impure light which creates in the material mind an impure object. This is a material phenomenon. The spiritual-minded-mother, by a reversal of the law of vision, beholds, through the visionary power of her subjective mind, not the dirty object before her physical eyes. The purity of her mental desires causes the dirt of which the foot is composed to form the contour of her daughter's face, out of the collective body of pure and transparent light which surrounds each atom of dirt.

Her mind is illuminated and so refined, like unto the power of the X-rays, or the spectroscope, that she sees a form composed of the spiritual substance between the atoms and that is an appearance which to the human mind is called a spiritual phenomenon.

The Spiritualist is scientific enough to see both the material law of mental power and its antithesis, the spiritual law, but the material mind is cramped; it can see but one law, and in ignorance concerning the other law the materialist is compelled to make fun of the nastiness of the foot, which belongs to his material world and not to the spirit world.

You cannot declare that I have not handled this matter scientifically, and I do not believe that my brother will ever dare to place himself on record as denying that what I have set forth is scientifically considered as two modes of entity, or existence, termed mind and matter. All appearances to the mind, whether sane or insane, are termed Spiritual Phenomena, and all objective appearances visible to the physical eye are termed Material Phenomena. They are precisely the same in classification whether they appear to one who calls himself a civilized Spiritualist, or a barbarous Hottentot.

Certain classes among the ordinary minds do not seem to understand the English language, to say nothing of the Divine powers of their own mind, of which they have no appreciation above their groveling consideration of bread and butter and a dirty foot. They mix not alone the words with which they endeavor to convey an idea, but they mix these two, Divine laws. When, in the ecstasy of their own heat-pressed brain, they actually do say things—as the man with delirium tremens sees snakes—they think they have reached the name or all understanding, when, like a poll-parrot or a phonograph, they cry “nothing but imagination,” or “all in the mind.” These are merely expressions which they have heard other people say.

Just as each atom is surrounded by an aureola, so each human body, each planet, and the entire solar system is surrounded, and, when the body seen is dark, the aureola is light, and when the body is light the aureola is dark; these phenomena ranging from lightest tints, or shades, to purest white and deepest darkness. Out of these contrasts imaginations are intellectually constructed by combustion of our brain cells. Heat and cold, operating by law of contraction and expansion, cause the cells congealed in the system by cold to combust by reason of heat, and the energy in the cells are transferred to the field of energy in the aureola. The aureola is the field of the mind, and from the mind proceeds imagination, a never ceasing operation going on whether asleep or awake. Such action in the mind of Shakespeare, Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, caused their imaginations to produce (by aid of intellect) ideas far in advance of their time, and these, with them, were Spiritual Phenomena. Then they materialized their imaginations into book form and they thus became Material Phenomena. All great things are created by the power of the imagination, then afterwards they are made and formed. Our fine buildings, steam-engines, inventions and works of art are but products of what was once laugh at as wildest imagination. A plate of soup before me at the table is all in “my mind,” and quite often it continues to be, even after it has gone to the unseen realms.

I think I have tantalized you enough with science. You may want some street-corner talk to play with. To gratify your field of desire I will say that I was clairaudient enough to hear the rap that Brother Backstrom tried to make so silently on the table last Sunday, but I heard the rap just underneath his nose. It was a presumptuous rap at Spiritualism. A mind must be scientific and discriminating in all fields of investigation. In faked matters I always look for results other than where the fakir is directing my attention.

Now the hand from the cabinet, which is supposed to have dissolved in the gentleman's grasp, as related last Sunday, is in faked demonstrations a living, everyday hand, encased in an oil silk, or rubber gauntlet, out of which it is easily slipped. The rubber form, when collapsed, is easily drawn out of the holder's grasp.

As for Mr. Lunt's challenge, I know that he knows what he is talking about. If he will put his message in the envelope under the usual conditions of such tests, I can read it, but it would be impossible for God himself to read a message surrounded by impossible conditions.

I was never deceived in Material Manifestations but once, and after hundreds of able minds had endorsed it, a very illiterate man discovered how it was done. In the phenomena recognized by our mind, and interpreted by our intellect, we experience all the joys and the sorrows of our life. When we become intelligent enough to interpret all phenomena according to our own will and pleasure, without some one trying to hypnotize us with their idiosyncrasies, then we will enjoy to the highest degree our own God-given symposium of Elysian tranquillity.

In reply Mr. Blodell declared that he was only called upon to reply to the statement that there are two entities, or existences, in the claim relative to atoms. He declared there is but one—matter and the product of matter, and that thought is not man.

Mr. Webber replied that the lexicons de-

clare that matter is defined as all of which the universe is composed and that the Sanskrit meaning of man is “to think.” If matter and the product of matter is one, then the thinker and the product of the thinker (thought) is one. Admitting an oneness in all things, he never knew of a oneness that was not subject to a classification into two halves, each half of which is a tangible entity, or existence, like unto the two hemispheres of the one globe called our earth, and which two hemispheres have two distinct modes of expression, like spiritual substance and material substance of the one universe. The remainder of the opposing argument Mr. Webber declared to be but “men of straw” not in line with his opening, which his opponents set up in their own imaginations and then took pleasure in knocking them down.

The Spirit of Postmaster Van Cott, Late of New York City, Communicates through Mrs. Pepper.

The Boston Herald of November 14 prints a special despatch from New York describing some work of Mrs. May S. Pepper in the First Spiritualist Church of Brooklyn as follows: “New York, Nov. 13, 1904.—Credulous persons who attended a ‘seance’ given tonight by Mrs. May S. Pepper, a medium, in the First Spiritualist Church of Brooklyn, were more or less inclined to believe that she had received a message from beyond the grave from Cornelius Van Cott, former postmaster of this city, who died recently.

“Persons attending Mrs. Pepper’s meetings are invited to deposit in a basket at the door of the church as they enter sealed envelopes containing the names of dead relatives, and she undertakes to communicate with the spirits. One of the first envelopes she picked up tonight was that in question. Holding it aloft, still seated, she said that the name inscribed within was Van Cott, and that the spirit told her it was that of a person who had not long been dead. Then she announced:

“The spirit says that everything is all right. The children are managing the estate all right, and as long as they act as they are now everything will be all right. Tell Dick that everything is all right.”

“Later it was learned that the Van Cott inquiry envelope had been presented by a young woman who left before she could be questioned.”

The American Anti-Saloon League held its Ninth Annual Convention in Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 16-18, 1904. When people learn to be filled with the spirit of the Holy-Ghost, which passeth all understanding, then there will be no occasion for what some people have to use as its substitute. It is useless to attempt to drive the bad spirits out, when our social and our civil laws have the bars up to prevent the good spirits from coming in. Nature abhors a vacuum, and, if we will but study Nature's laws, we will find that no human being ever poured liquor down his esophagus, except to fill a vacuum. Reformers fail because they are ignorant of Nature.

EDWARD E. GORE, LAWRENCE, KANSAS
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Dear Sir—Your Magnetized Metal Pebble Spectacles received. I am delighted, they are perfection in every way.
E. A. PIERRON, Gebo, Mont.
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OBSESSION;

The Influence of Undeveloped Spirits Upon Mortals. No book has yet appeared which within the same short period of time can compare with the OBSESSION; and when the body seen is dark, the aureola is light, and when the body is light the aureola is dark; these phenomena ranging from lightest tints, or shades, to purest white and deepest darkness. Out of these contrasts imaginations are intellectually constructed by combustion of our brain cells.

Heat and cold, operating by law of contraction and expansion, cause the cells congealed in the system by cold to combust by reason of heat, and the energy in the cells are transferred to the field of energy in the aureola. The aureola is the field of the mind, and from the mind proceeds imagination, a never ceasing operation going on whether asleep or awake. Such action in the mind of Shakespeare, Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, caused their imaginations to produce (by aid of intellect) ideas far in advance of their time, and these, with them, were Spiritual Phenomena. Then they materialized their imaginations into book form and they thus became Material Phenomena. All great things are created by the power of the imagination, then afterwards they are made and formed. Our fine buildings, steam-engines, inventions and works of art are but products of what was once laugh at as wildest imagination. A plate of soup before me at the table is all in “my mind,” and quite often it continues to be, even after it has gone to the unseen realms.

This book will be read with intense interest. It contains Mr. Bowles' interviews with the inhabitants of the Hells of Spirit-life—a dreadful but apparently true report of the suffering and misery of the undeveloped spirits who have gone from earth life with the daning effect of death, and madred ambition, unshamed revenge and lying lives.

The book is made up fifteen chapters. Some of the titles are: The Great Sphere of Inscrutability—The Home of Corruption—Political Parties—The Book of Life—The Art of Deception—Dishonesty, drunkenness, dissension and revenge. The War Department in the Hells of Spirit-life—Unhappy Marriages are promoted by the Love Spirits in the match-making business—The Hell of the Devil—The Indian Hell—The Mormon Hell—The Hell of Degradation—Spirits and Mediums—Into the Light—The Redeemed Prince—An Indian Camp Fire—A Negro Prayer Meeting in the Light—An Adventist looking for the End—The Spiritual Congress. For sale at our office. Price 25 cents, postage 2 cents.

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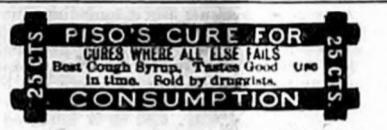
Mr. Webber replied that the lexicons de-

Contributions Received.

From the Marion Enterprise. Some society reports too late for attention.

A letter from Philadelphia with no signature is received by the “Banner.” We cannot deal with anonymous articles. We must know the responsibility of the writer.—One also from Arthur Dinsmore.

Discussion of truth is one thing; argument is another and very different thing. The discussion of a question by two persons whose common and only purpose is to get at the truth ought to be a profitable exercise, and the truth is likely to be revealed in richer measure than it can be when studied by an individual alone. But the moment the discussion degenerates into an argument, the usefulness of the conversation is pretty sure to be lost, for the chief purpose of an argument is to prove that my side is the right side, and two persons on opposite sides of an argument are never likely to get together. It matters little whether I am right or wrong in a discussion; it matters a great deal that I should see the truth, and all the more so if the truth proves that I have been in the wrong. Moreover, the moment it appears that what one is saying is antagonizing, rather than helping, the other person in a discussion, that moment is a good time to change the subject; for no good ever comes of a collision between friends.—Sunday School Times.



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Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

"My Ma, She Knows."

My pa, he scolds me jes becuz
He says I'm gettin' "tough";
He says my face is never clean,
My hands are always rough;
I'm not behavin' like I should,
An' goin' wrong, I s'pose,
But ma, she takes an' pats my hand
An' smiles, becuz she knows.

My pa hain't got no use for boys,
He wants 'em always men;
I wonder if he's clean forgot
The boy he must a' been—
Per ma, she says they're all alike,
'Bout face, an' hands, an' clothes,
An' says I'll learn to be a man:
An' ma, I guess, she knows!

My pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything;
I'd rather fool away the time
An' whistle, play, an' sing;
But ma, she smiles an' says I'm young
An' then she up an' goes
And kisses me an' shows me how!
For ma, you bet, she knows!

My pa, he says Ill never be
A business man like him,
Beacuz I hain't got any "drive."
An' "get-up," "pluck" and "vim";
But ma, she says, so solemn like,
A man's a boy that grows,
An' boys must have their playin' spell;
And ma's a trump and knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an' sighs
An' says he doesn't see
Where I got all my careless ways,
That seem jes' born in me;
An' ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an'
Laughs,
Till pa's face crimson grows,
An' then she says, "T is very queer."
But somehow, ma, she knows!

My ma, she knows 'most everything
'Bout boys and what they like.
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss
I make with kites and kite;
She says she wants me to be good
An' conquer all my foes,
An' you jes' bet I'm going to be,
'Cuz my sweet ma, she knows!

—Detroit Journal.

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed.

"The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water and whirls the mills
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

"You friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:

"You are more than the earth, though you are
such a dot,

You can love and think, and the Earth can
not!"

Lilliput Lectures.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

STAND STEADFAST AMID THE
WHIRLING PHANTASMS OF FANCY
AND DELUSION.—Henry Frank.

Like a beautiful jewel in the crown that
graces the brow of New England, Mount
Washington glints and glistens in the No-
vember sunshine. Through the long days of
the spring time and summer the shadows
played over the hilltops and like a stately
monarch Washington watched over the glen
and the hamlet serene and silent.

Soft clouds might drape and caress, the
breezes might coquet, but His Majesty was
ever the King and when the little play was
over the shy bird trilled his song of content
in the safe shelter of the over-brooding moun-
tain, unchanged, unmoved by fickle wind or
cloud.

"Which is Mount Washington?" Again
and again the traveler asks when peak after
peak with lofty head seemingly touching the
sky is descried as the road winds up through
the masses and billows of hills.

"The mountain with the house on top."

And so we watch and study and exclaim
and wonder.

"It doesn't look much higher than the one
next to it," says a woman near us and indeed
that is true and a disappointment it is to one
who has somehow dreamed of Mount Wash-
ington as the highest peak east of the
"Rockies" standing like a pyramid 'gainst the
sky.

Giants consort with giants and their height
might never be guessed until a man of ordinary
size appears and so mountains grow in
mountainous countries and the comparison
cannot be between themselves but between
them and the dead level of an unbroken
country.

The ascent, too, from the lowlands is so
gradual that one hardly realizes the heights
that have been gained until at last from some
lofty point the panoramic display of moun-
tains below and again below and so on as far
as the eye can reach reveals the truth of the
heights attained. So with the heights of
physical, mental and spiritual life, so gradually
do we ascend from the plane of mere
existence that we never know to what alti-
tudes we have climbed until we turn and see
the valleys and the lesser peaks at our feet.

As days of stress and storm reveal our
stature so after the summer sunshine and
autumn glory the storm-cloud and the frosts
reveal to the veriest stranger the King of the
White Mountain group.

White and beautiful with its opaline heights
gleaming as if the suns of centuries had hid-
den their fires beneath the snowy drifts and
might at any moment burst forth into flame
and glorify that upland country.

Soft sky tints of blue run up and down the
mountain sides like palpitating, living
creatures.

Deep shadows of gray and bursts of amber
and rose play over the breast of the monarch
until his raiment is ravishingly beautiful.
And millions of scintillating frost-diamonds
complete the picture.

Coming up the valley from the busy haunts
of men one cannot realize that it is only a
matter of miles and a few hours' ride that
will take one so completely out of the world
of work and rush and hurry into the land of
beauty and marvel.

Never is the difference in the height of the
mountains so apparent as at this time when
Mount Washington has caught the mantle of

glory which God spreads over the world,
leaped one step ahead of his companions and
kissing the hand of his benefactor stands
radiant and smiling, a leader and a chief
among his kind.

The days will come and go and the beauty
will descend on all of New Hampshire's
rugged hills and even the lowlands will lose
for a time the clay-plot and quagmire under
the softening beauty of a mantle of purity;
but Mount Washington, sun-kissed and
radiant, wind-swept and snow-capped, first
to catch the light of the morning and first
to whisper to the stars, shall be our inspiration
for a life of giant proportions, of fearless up-
building and stable and true dignity and of
unsurpassable and matchless beauty.

So shall our spirits tower above the low
conditions of life and catch the sounds of
harmony from the spiritual spheres; so may
we stand, a mountain of strength over which
the storms of adversity, the clouds of sorrow,
or the frosts of age, may but play to reveal
our oneness with God.

A Pilgrim Boy.

Mime Inness.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE INDIAN DANCE.

(Continued.)

When John and Wrestling climbed the hill
with their load of food, a new surprise met them.
Samoset had gone.

The next day was Sunday. The March sun
rose clear and the Sunday morning meeting
was held for religious worship. The sermon
was an hour long and the long prayer nearly
as lengthy.

The boys were always glad when it was all
over and all wished the afternoon might be
free from a similar infliction. This hope was
for once realized; for about mid-day Samoset
came swinging into the village with his long,
loping walk, one foot placed straight in front
of the other after the manner of the Indian,
with toes always pointed in rather than out.
With him were five other big fellows, all
painted and oiled in their best. The deer-
skins each wore over his shoulders were
tanned as soft as chamois-leather and be-
decked on the skin side with fancied de-
signs in the gaudy colors so loved by Indians.
All these wore leggings covering the whole
length of their legs and had feathers jauntily
stuck in their hair. They were fine, swarthy
fellows, tall men every one. Samoset had
kept his word. He had brought back some of
the "Massasoits" and, as he had also prom-
ised, made them leave their bows and arrows
in the woods outside the village. He had
traveled on foot nearly 40 miles to the Indian
village and returned with these men in about
twenty-four hours.

This walk had given the Indians a great
appetite. They ate everything offered them.
The old record says, "They did eat liberally
of our English victuals." This is probably as
strong as the chronicler's ideas of hospitality
would permit him to write it.

Although they were better dressed than
Samoset, according to Indian standards, yet
they could not speak "Inglese" and Samoset
could. This made the old fellow very proud,
a pride he could not repose. He seemed to
feel that he was the leader of a show and he
delighted in letting his hosts see what his
charges could do for the entertainment of
those whom they were visiting.

"Want heap big dance?" said Samoset.

Dancing or merriment of any sort on the
Lord's day, was sadly contrary to the
ideas and beliefs of these white men. John
expected that a very positive refusal would be
given the unsuspecting savage. But there
was given no opportunity for a refusal. Having
asked the question, the Indian proceeded
to answer it himself in the affirmative. Turn-
ing to the five who were squatting in a semi-
circle on the ground where they had sat while
eating their dinner, he said:

"Nuppapomuk konun kah sun kenauan
kukku toolumumwo" (dance and sing).

As soon as this was said, the five looked
at each other and all said "Tohko" (cer-
tainly) and began swaying their bodies back-
and in time, dragging out a queer, slow song
which was not altogether unmelodious. The
one would point north and say "Ugh, Nannu-
meythe" (north); the next "sowanileyu" (south),
and then all jumped to their feet
with a yell that frightened John, it was so
unexpected and so loud.

Then sitting down, they gave a sing-song
sound for a while, rocking their bodies again.

When one said "Sonqueer" (cold), another
said "Wekeenamikquat" (warm weather).

The first would then shiver and the last
throwing off his deer-skin yelled "Nimban"

and all threw their deer-skins over their heads
and said "Neepanon" (a shower) over and
over again from under their coverings.

Then all were still a moment. Suddenly
all jumped up and ran leaving one stretched
on the ground as if dead. The flying ones
shrieked as they ran "Ukkitschannu" (a
thunderbolt). The one lying still groaned out
"Nuppoonk passwappn" (death is near).

Then all came back, danced fantastically
about the form of him on the ground, dragging
out a wailing sort of dirge. After a little the
dead man rose slowly, looked around, got up,
jumped high in the air and yelled "Wuske-
pomantamoo-ank" (new life). Then all
turned the other way, circled about with the
most grotesque antics, and repeated in all
sorts of ways and in the most varied tones,
but all glad ones, "Miskouantamooonk,
Miskouantamooonk" (Joy, Joy.)

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After a while suddenly one after another
left the circle panting and sweating with the
exertion of the dance, ran away a short
distance and sat down. Each as he ran sing-
singing over and over the words "nummalie
asse" (This is the end.)

Samoset's face showed that he was very
well satisfied with the exhibition. It did not
occur to him that the audience did not at all
understand the meaning of the "antics" (as
Standish called them) until John, who of all
the boys felt on a speaking acquaintance with
Samoset, asked:

"Samoset, what is it? A war dance?"

The savage shook his head, "Ugh, no war.
You call Song." Then he explained further,
scarcely able to prevent himself from going
through with all the gyrations, so closely did
the motif appeal to the poetry of the Indian
nature. "Ugh, wind blow north. Make cold.
Wind blow south. Make warm, hot. Hot
make rain. Big thunder. Go in tepe, wig-
wam, keep dry. Lightning hit men. Most
kill man. Fighten big braves. Man come
life. Glad. All glad. That all. Good?"

"Yes," said John. "Very good. Now we
know. We thank you. Tell them we thank
them very much."

Samoset, being an Indian, had a face almost
as impressive as the Sphinx. But a pleasure
peeped forth from his eyes as he turned to
his friends and said:

"Peyan yeut" (come here).

They came toward him.

"Chokaque tabattantamooe" (English
thankful).

All grunted out in reply, "Wunne" (good),
and sat down again in their places. Then
each produced a little pipe and a tobacco bag
and Samoset brought from the nearest house
a live coal in his bare, hard hands, tossing it
from one to the other, and from it each
lighted his pipe and smoked in placid content-

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a live coal in his bare, hard hands, tossing it
from one to the other, and from it each
lighted his pipe and smoked in placid content-

"Samoset, what is it? A war dance?"

The savage shook his head, "Ugh, no war.
You call Song." Then he explained further,
scarcely able to prevent himself from going
through with all the gyrations, so closely did
the motif appeal to the poetry of the Indian
nature. "Ugh, wind blow north. Make cold.
Wind blow south. Make warm, hot. Hot
make rain. Big thunder. Go in tepe, wig-
wam, keep dry. Lightning hit men. Most
kill man. Fighten big braves. Man come
life. Glad. All glad. That all. Good?"

"Yes," said John. "Very good. Now we
know. We thank you. Tell them we thank
them very much."

Samoset, being an Indian, had a face almost
as impressive as the Sphinx. But a pleasure
peeped forth from his eyes as he turned to
his friends and said:

"Peyan yeut" (come here).

They came toward him.

"Chokaque tabattantamooe" (English
thankful).

All grunted out in reply, "Wunne" (good),
and sat

The Reviewer.**Hypnotism.**

Hypnotism and Hypnotic Suggestion by Thirty Authors. 6th Edition. New York. \$6 by 9, 250 pp. State Pub. Company.

The value of this book consists in its being a popular presentation of a live subject. Unlike many, perhaps most, popular offerings on scientific subjects, this one is written by men of recognized scientific attainment.

Thus one gets from the thirty chapters a discussion from expert minds of all of the many sides of the question.

Dr. Scripture of Yale, Dr. Carr of Columbia, Dr. Thomas Jay Hudson, Professor Diesel of the University of Berlin, Dr. Campbell of Dartmouth, Dr. Baldwin of Princeton, Professor Leuba of Bryn Mawr, Professor Starbuck of Sanford, Professor Kirschmann of Toronto, James R. Angell of Chicago, are some of the authors. The list shows how wide the selection of authors and how distinguished is each in his department.

The aspects of hypnotism in its moral, scientific, mental and therapeutic uses are fully and widely discussed. Its history is told; its analysis attempted and its effects fully and courageously set forth. Mesmerism, hypnotism, and suggestion, are really but different names for the same thing. This statement is not asserted to by all the authors who have written for this book, it is true, but, nevertheless, it is ventured here as being in accord with the best science on the subject.

It is true, without doubt, that Mesmer employed much unnecessary paraphernalia and had in his methods much that smacked of quackery. Hypnotism is but mesmerism with a changed name. Hypnotism has been studied and developed scientifically, whereas mesmerism was empiric. Dr. Braid of England is entitled to credit for the modern development of mesmerism into hypnotism. He first demonstrated that the basis of the whole matter was suggestion, and not an occult form of electricity in the hypnotizer, acting upon an equally occult receptivity in the subject hypnotized.

Assuming the usually accepted doctrine of the doubleness of the human mind to be true, a doctrine which is still denied by some psychologists of distinction and which is susceptible at present of no proof except that, as an hypothesis, it explains so many psychological phenomena whose modus operandi yields to no other supposition, then the explanation of hypnotism, the why of its results, seems clear.

The late Dr. Hudson, the greatest protagonist of the double-minded theory, explains it thus: The mind is in two parts, the objective or conscious part and the subjective, or subliminal part. The latter acts only upon initiative from outside itself, which may proceed from the objective part of the owner's mind, or the mind (either subjective or objective) of another.

Now, suggestion when made to one's self is called auto-suggestion and is operative, only in a less degree, when made to a subject who is awake. The experiment is well known of several men successfully suggesting to another by rearrangement that he is ill, resulting in the genuine illness of the victim.

Now, if by a suggestive process, a subject is induced to enter the hypnotic sleep, he is then in condition where his objective mind is quiescent and the subjective mind in control. Thus the suggestion of the operator is most readily followed and the wonderful results follow.

Thus suggestion is the moving power and hypnotic sleep the condition in which that power can act with the least resistance.

The uses of hypnotism as a therapeutic agent are not yet fully understood. The fact that some subjects are more susceptible to hypnotic suggestion than others and that some hypnotists are more effective than others, are two of the unexplained problems which meet the student.

As there are colors beyond the range of our vision, sounds which our ears cannot hear, so there seem to be stretches of mind far beyond the ken of our consciousness, yet to be investigated, finally destined to be understood.

Mime Illness.

In the World Celestial.

George A. Baron.

The more one can learn of a country which is going to visit and where he expects to live indefinitely, is in line with the simplest, most practical, as well as the highest wisdom.

The more one can learn of the laws there prevailing, the customs, habits, employment, etc., of its inhabitants, the greater are his advantages, the more desirable, other things being equal, is his condition and position.

If "knowledge is power," as we have been aphoristically assured from time immemorial, who does not want to possess more of that product which stands for both enlightenment and power? To know for a surety of the after-life, is a blessing beyond compare. The facts furnished by and through the laws underlying comparative psychology but illustrate the teachings of universal nature and confirm the intuitions of mankind, by demonstrating that life is evermore and continuous.

Proven the continuity of life, the perpetuity of human love becomes a crowning glory.

This "In the World Celestial," is a deeply interesting human love story, based upon soul relationship between two youthful lovers, neither of whom dared express their feelings to the other before the opportunity, in a worldly sense, was lost to them forever, for the child maiden was soon borne away by the death angel.

Years after, the boy lover, now a man in middle life, while in the presence of an eminent psychic in New York, most unexpectedly saw and talked with his long-since departed sweetheart, who now stood before him in all her glorified personality. Subsequently, through his own soul development, he was enabled to leave his body and in the full consciousness of all his faculties, to visit her home "In the World Celestial." The account of his experiences with his soul mate, the graphic description of heavenly scenes and personages, his visit to the home of his parents, and other friends, are related in so realistic and natural a manner as almost to overwhelm the reader with the conviction of their verity.

The whole account, however, is in harmony with mother nature's divine laws, as disclosed in man's spiritual relationship.

The revelations, the demonstrations that have come to the world during the last half century of an "open door" between the mortal and the immortal life, are such that only the purblind and fatally ignorant either ignore them, or deny the facts. But the testimony of an army of witnesses, the experience of thousands upon thousands, attest the essential truth, the practical realities of the teachings of this life in the celestial world.

The story is uplifting in its influence and prophetic in its character.

"In the World Celestial." By T. A. Bland, M. D. With an introduction by the Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

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An Appeal in Behalf of Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Maybrick's Book.

"Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story; Her Fifteen Years of English Prison Life," will be issued in December by the Funk & Wagnalls Publishing Company. Ever since her arrival in America she has been the guest of my family. This I say only to justify my personal signature to this appeal. The book has been written wholly by Mrs. Maybrick, except the legal digest and other matter in the appendix. It is literally her own story, and it is pitifully pathetic. Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced to be hanged by a judge, who, not long after the trial, under the advice of his physician, resigned his judgeship because of mental disease. (See Dictionary of National Biography, Vol. LIV., p. 188.) Three days before the appointed day for execution, the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. Through the bias of a mentally unsound judge this American woman was kept for all these years in an English prison in spite of the urgent remonstrances of eminent Americans, such as Secretaries Blaine and Hay, and in the face of earnest representations by Presidents Harrison, Cleveland and McKinley. The legal digest of the trial to be presented in the book, as a supplement to her story, will, I am sure, be conclusive evidence to all unprejudiced minds of Mrs. Maybrick's innocence, legal as well as moral. The digest is made up very largely from the voluminous proofs and pleas in her behalf by Lord Russell, late Lord Chief Justice of England. There could be scarcely a greater miscarriage of justice than there was in this case.

In her book, Mrs. Maybrick has brought her story in full. She tells it now here for the first time, asking for a vindication in the minds and hearts of her countrymen. It is dignified and womanly throughout, and without a trace of bitterness. Indeed, it reveals a beautiful altruistic spirit in its final pleas for the establishment of a British Court of Appeals, and certain greatly needed reforms in the conduct of prisons for women. Though free herself, at last, she cannot forget the pitiable plight of those who may hereafter be the victims of a terrible mistake similar to that for which she suffered.

There is a side of this sad narrative that should speak with special force to the American and English sense of justice and of fair play. Mrs. Maybrick has been bereft of her children, who were taken away from her by the relatives of her husband, and now finds herself bereft of all her property. She asks only that the public will listen to her story and grant her the justice of a thorough vindication. There is more that she does not ask, but which I and other personal friends of hers ask the public to remember. If several hundred thousand American men and women will buy this book as they did a greater, but none the less heroic work, the Autobiography of General Grant, Mrs. Maybrick will thereby receive a life-long competency. It can not be amiss for me to say that her financial interest in the book is exceptionally large, covering a large share of the entire profits which the book may reasonably be expected to yield. Copies of it may now be ordered in advance of publication through The Banner of Light Publishing Co., 204 Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass.

The book will be illustrated and neatly bound in cloth. The price will be \$1.20 per copy, net. The large purchase by the American public would be a memorable Christmas present to the bereaved woman. Will not every reader of this appeal join in this Christmas present?—Emmett Densmore, M. D., Brooklyn, Nov. 2, 1904.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Spiritualism Worth Investigating?

It is strange but it is true that there are still many thoughtful persons who ask whether Spiritualism is worth investigating. The only justification for this question is the implied opinion that "there is nothing in it." On any other supposition, the question is simply unpardonable. In a moment of extreme prejudice and folly, Huxley once said that even if Spiritualism were true the communications of the spirits would interest him no more than the chatter of a company of old women, but that remark was so supremely silly that it only served to measure the violence of his unscientific bias; and few persons would talk such utter nonsense now; but the question may fitly be considered at the commencement of another winter's energetic work.

"Worth it," may turn upon many considerations. It may, for instance, mean, "Is it important enough?" That brings us back to Huxley's folly. He was interested in many important matters whose value we would rather exalt than deprecate, but none of them, nor all of them put together, could equal in value the importance of this question of a life beyond what we call "death." Scarcely one of Huxley's subjects rose above the grade of a matter of curiosity. His work, however interesting and well done, had but little practical value. It added little, if anything, to man's happiness, peace of mind and hope. Spiritualism, on the contrary, while interested in occupying all the area covered by Huxley's inquiries, goes infinitely beyond, and whether its claims are valid or not, proposes to prove something which would not only give a new meaning to everything that Huxley wrote, but which carries his investigations into a region as far above that occupied by him as the heavens are higher than the earth. Unspeakable consolations, sublime motives and divinest hopes are involved in this question, whether Spiritualism is worth investigating.—Light, London.

What causes taxes?—War. What causes sufferings?—War. What creates death?—War. What causes a brother to be against his fellow man?—War. What causes war?—Greed. What provokes greed?—Jealousy. What causes jealousy?—Lack of charity. What causes lack of charity?—Ignorance. What causes ignorance?—The blind leading the blind.

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The extraordinary merit of "The Wisdom of Passion" are the copiousness of his illustrations, the originality of his ideas and the way with which the book is crammed with his main thesis I agree with.—Prof. William James, Harvard University.

I have found "The Wisdom of Passion" to be a book of powerful erudition and fine intuition. I would be happy in a certain sense I had inspired it.—Prof. Cesare Lombroso.

Here is a man who sees and says things for himself. He is not retelling conventionalized. The book fairly bristles with originality and originality is what I like to find in a book. After I took the book I did not quit, except for meals and sleep till I had read it carefully from cover to cover.—Alfred W. Small, Head of Dept. of Sociology and Director of Amalgated Work of the University of Chicago.

I am somewhat familiar with the tendency in modern thought to give primary place to feelings 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 is that the Social Form is the form by which I can ascribe to.—Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs, University of Chicago.

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Society News.

Correspondence for this department must reach the Editor by the first mail delivery on Monday morning, to ensure insertion the same week. We wish to assist all; but our space is limited. Use ink and write plainly.

Boston and Vicinity.

Boston.—The Spiritual Progression Society held its regular meeting Friday, November 11th, at 2:30 p. m. in Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St., with a large attendance. We had many good workers with us and our new workers are progressing and encouraging us in the work. We invite all who are mediumistic and need help to come. Our work is to try to advance the cause of Spiritualism and help those who have controls to progress spiritually.—H. A. C., sec.

First Spiritualists' Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor.—At the spiritual conference Sunday morning Prof. Henry's talks on the "Astrology of the Bible" are still interesting and many are coming to hear the truth. Questions are put to the professor that he answers readily. Those taking part during the day were the following speakers and mediums: Mr. E. Brewer, Dr. Frank Brown, Mrs. Nelly Grover, Prof. Walcott, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Randall, Mr. James Litchman, Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Johnson. Indian healing circle every Tuesday. Meetings for psychometry Wednesday evenings and Thursday afternoons. Old fashioned Indian Peace Council followed by a dance Nov. 22, Tuesday evening. Mrs. Wilkinson's thirteenth anniversary of public work first Sunday in December.—Reporter.

Boston.—First Spiritual Church, Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor. Despite the stormy day grand and helpful meetings were held during the day. Hebrew 12: 1. "Let us run with patience the race with patience." George, the spirit control, spoke very interestingly. James Newhall followed in helpful thoughts. A sweet little original poem by Mr. Webster. Remarks and communications by Mrs. Lewis. "White Rose" spoke in public for the first time, controlling her medium Miss Rauth. Mr. Winslow, Mr. Brewer and Mr. Eveleth spoke with power. Communications were given by the mediums present. Eph. iv. "Grieve not the Holy Spirit" was the subject of the afternoon. "George," Mr. Graham, spoke very earnestly. The pastor spoke of our trying to live as the Father would have us. The life of Christ was the one ideal. Mrs. Lewis gave many kind messages of love, after which she sang one of her beautiful hymns. Miss Rauth sang very sweetly. Miss Strong gave communications. Act 26:19. "I was obedient to the heavenly vision," was the subject of the evening. After the speaking by George the pastor in a few well chosen words presented Deacon Winslow with a gold watch as a testimonial of their love to him, it being his anniversary. After a response of thanks by Deacon Winslow Mrs. Lewis spoke very earnestly and gave communications. After Miss Strong had given communications Miss Lewis sang one of her solos. After a few earnest words by the pastor the meeting was closed.—A. M. S., clerk.

Boston.—The Boston Psychic Conference has been well attended the last week. Mr. Littlefield's large and intelligent audiences show the appreciation of his mediumship. Tuesday evening Dr. Clough of Lynn is with us. He is a fine psychic student and demonstrator. Wednesday evening Mr. B. C. Smith gives interesting readings which are well received and are making for him many friends. Thursday evening that veteran of psychology, Prof. Carpenter, better known for his experiments than any other of his class, gave a remarkable exhibition of his psychological powers. Mrs. Millan on Friday gave readings until nearly midnight and then was obliged to let several go home without any. Saturday was well attended. Sunday, 3 p. m., Mrs. Smith lectured on "Progress." These meetings are well attended. Mrs. Erickson, Miss Sears, Madame Zara, Mr. Hardy and other mediums, also by many teachers of ability, among whom we mention Prof. Henry of the "Banner," Prof. Carpenter, Mr. Smith, Mr. Hill, Mrs. Miller. All students and teachers as well as mediums are invited. Saturday and Sunday meetings are free to all.

Boston.—9 Appleton St., Appleton Hall, Nov. 11. The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid held their business meeting as usual. Our president, Mrs. Allibe, was again detained at home on account of illness. We all send sympathy and a speedy recovery. The sale as advertised, although small, proved a good success, and we thank all who contributed to it. Next Friday a public circle will be held at 4 p. m. and in the evening "Mediums" night will be held. Come and see us. We need you, and perhaps you will gain some benefit from us. Supper at 6 p. m.—C. L. H.

Boston, Dwight Hall, Nov. 9. The Ladies' Lyceum Union.—Business meeting, 5:30. Mrs. Butler in chair. Supper 6:30. Evening service, Mrs. Butler presiding. Mrs. Horace Berry was the opening speaker. Mediums present, Mrs. Hattie Mason, Mrs. N. E. Abbott, of Lawrence. Mr. Danforth read a story of children, followed by Mrs. M. J. Butler.—F. A. Bennett, sec.

First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge, Washington Hall, 573 Mass. Ave.—We are having a real Spiritualist revival. Many earnest souls came through the storm to listen to "The Spiritualism of the Bible," also messages. Subject for next Sunday will be "Heaven, Home and Mother." Mrs. Hall of Brighton furnishes vocal music. Miss Celia C. Fowler organist. Our pastor, Mrs. Annie Banks Scott, gave many tender spirit communications.—Addie L. Cushing, clerk.

Malta Temple, Cambridge, Nov. 6.—The Gospel of Truth Society held a very pleasant and convincing service at 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Low of Hopkinton was speaker of the evening and with our own workers gave great satisfaction to the audience. Although comparatively new in the field Mrs. Low has a way of bringing her subjects (which are given by the audience) home to us in plain forms. Whoever hears her and receives not good therefrom must be hardened indeed. In future we hold only the evening service and those who wish may find us at 591 Mass. Ave.—N. M. K., sec.

Lynn.—Bible Progressive Spiritualists' Association. Another large audience was present Sunday in Templars' Hall, 36 Market St., Lynn, to greet Mrs. H. E. Millan, the popular test medium, while she ably demonstrated facts. 2:30. Order of service. Organ prelude. "Opening hymn, 74. Scripture lesson, Matt. 17:1-23, by the president. Prayer, D. E. Matson. During the winter the church will spare no expense to make this house of worship one to attract all who have no regular spiritual home. Good music. Song service. Supper well attended. The evening service. Responsive reading, Psalm 19, by the president. Prayer. Mrs. Matson. Hymn, "Wandering Boy Tonight." The president introduced Mrs. H. E. Millan, who devoted the entire evening to spirit messages. She showed remarkable power through her gifted control. Next Sunday, Mrs. H. E. Millan.—Mrs. Delia E. Matson, sec. 18 Tower Ave., West Lynn, Mass.

Norwich, Conn.—Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, Mass., has just completed a two weeks' engagement with the First Spiritual Union of Norwich. Mr. Scarlett is a fine lecturer and test medium, holding the closest attention of his hearers. Although the weather was inclement a good sized audience was present. Inspiring music was rendered by the

young and popular organist, Mr. Chas. Domsett, and beautiful pink and white chrysanthemums graced the platform.—Reporter.

Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 13.—The First Spiritualist Society had good sized audiences at both services Sunday to greet the speaker, Emma B. Smith of Lawrence. The time of the morning service was given to evidences from the spirit side of life. The medium's circle had a good attendance, and many convincing messages given. The subject of the evening service, "What Lies Beyond?" was well presented, holding the closest attention of all present, and was followed by many tests and messages, correctly given. Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell, speaker and test medium, will address the society next Sunday.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

Manchester, N. H., Nov. 9.—The Manchester Society of Progressive Spiritualists opened its meetings in Knights of Honor Hall Oct. 2 with a fine lecture by Dr. George Fuller and a very good house for the season. This society grows slowly but surely every year. Four years ago Mr. Edgar Emerson organized a Ladies' Aid as auxiliary which has done good and efficient work ever since. Two years ago a Children's Lyceum was organized, which has managed to live but not to grow. However we are very hopeful in regard to the enterprise as we are awakening more interest this year than heretofore. Would say that our list of speakers for the season is of the best, comprising such talented and experienced workers as C. Fanier, Ally, Sarah A. Byrne, Dr. Fuller and Kate R. Stiles, also Edgar W. Emerson of the city, who is always tendered a generous number of dates and is a member of the society. Unusually good local talent has sprung up during the past year which has rendered good and appreciative service during the hot summer months.—Flora M. Francis, sec.

New York.—The First Association of Spiritualists held their opening meetings for the present season on the first Sunday in October. Mrs. Henry J. Newton, who has so long and ably filled the office of president, was in her accustomed place and Miss Margaret Gaule, fresh from Successor success in Pittsburg, voiced spirit messages with forceful accuracy. Miss Gaule's health has greatly improved and her mediumship grows daily more beautiful. The music so long a charming feature of our meetings continues under the direction of Mrs. Edmund Severn (pianist) who with her gifted husband (violinist) and Miss Nettie Vestar, whose liquid soprano voice has delighted so many, form a trio of which any society may well be proud. Our meetings opened most auspiciously with ideal weather and a large attendance of earnest truth seekers. So all pervading was the harmony that one could readily sense the presence of those loved ones that from over the border land are striving to prove the fact of continued existence, and bring comfort to lonely hearts that grieve. The succeeding Sundays have been a repetition of the first, and at each session Miss Gaule gives startling evidence of the spiritual truths. She is the ever willing instrument to demonstrate. Every Sunday at 3 and 8 o'clock our meetings are held in The Tuxedo, Madison Ave. and 59th St., and a cordial welcome is extended to all who attend them.—Marie J. FitzMaurice, sec.

Portland, Sunday, Nov. 13.—First Spiritual Society, Mystic Hall. The Hon. Jas. H. Foss occupied the platform today and delivered two most instructive and interesting lectures. The afternoon subject, "Guiding Stars." The evening subject, "Fore-glimpses of the Future." Spiritualists would do well to take to heart some of the thoughts expressed, as the practical part lies in the practicing of the thought expressed. Next Sunday will be noted as the first social meeting held this season. Special music. Messages from some of our local mediums, who have volunteered their assistance. A good word from a good man will aid to bring to our gathering the harmonious spirit of Spiritualism, and we feel sure that the social meeting will be indeed social and all such will be looked forward to with pleasant anticipation.—S. H. R.

From Washington:—E. R. Fielding writes that W. J. Colville will be at the First Association of Spiritualists, in Masonic Temple, Washington, D. C., for the month of November. Subjects: "Inspiration; Its Source and Usefulness," "Philosophy as Related to the Problems of Today," and impromptu poems, from subjects given from the audience. Class lessons are held at Mr. Wood's and extra class lessons at Mrs. Drum's, 1830 15th St., N. W. Mr. Alfred Terry holds meetings at Typographical Hall every Sunday. The Sunflower Club held their haloween sociable at Mrs. Hinkle's. Miss Farrow acted as hostess. The love cake was cut into 30 pieces and those that did not find a thimble or a button found a ring. Then the cloth basket of nuggets was brought out. All tried their luck at 5 and 10 cents a grab. The circulating library was in operation, Mrs. M. T. Longley taking the prize. There were mystic messages to be read by the mystic and fortune telling and palm reading. The Ladies' Aid served the supper assisted by Miss Farrow and Mrs. Duell. Quite a sum was realized. The Ladies' Aid meet Thursday at Mr. F. A. Wood's. The Auxiliary to the Ladies' Aid met at Mr. and Mrs. Lee's, 720 7th St., N. W.—E. R. Fielding.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1.

Our "Rest Day" was very stormy, but we made a very good showing at our session. Services were commenced by Conductor Hale, with the able assistance of forty children with their leaders. Lesson No. 4 from card with "What is True Liberty?" which is a proper freedom for all who obey the laws of nature and the requirement of morality, decency and mutual well-being for the community at large, and "What Does the Christian Claim?" To walk by faith, but the Spiritualist says he walks by knowledge, and denies that any other man is the keeper of his conscience.

The cause of Spiritualism can be injured by dragging it down to the level of mere worldly uses, to use mediumship for personal ends, to act as if the idle pleasure of an hour was all that mediumship was to be used for, but Spiritualism is the heightening and the brightening of the soul. 'Tis the light of inspiration and the glory and the grandeur of the resurrection morn.

Recitations from Daniel Wheelock, Gladys Perry, Estelle Bird, W. Hope. Piano solos by Lizzie Johnson and Becky Goolitz. Song, Royal McNair. Solo by Dr. Hall and a most excellent declamation by Miss Fern Foster of "Poor House Nan."

The question "What are we willing to do for our school?" was answered by children and adults. For next Sunday we have "What is heaven?" We are doing all we can to make our school worthy of the attention of all those who wish for instruction outside of creedism, superstition, and the bigotry of the past.

Alonzo Danforth, Sec.

Nov. 13, 1904.

Announcements.

At Mrs. Wilkinson's First Spiritualists' Church, 694 Washington St., Boston, an Indian Healing Circle is held every Tuesday and meetings for Psychometry on Wednesday evenings and Thursday afternoons. On Tuesday evening, Nov. 22, there will be a peace council and dance.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, holds its services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington Street, up two flights. Circle 11 a. m. Services at 3 and 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.—A. M. S., clerk.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Lynn.—8. Merchant, president; services 2:30 and 7:30. Sunday, Nov. 13, Mr. George W. Kates and Mrs. Kates will lecture, and Mrs. Kates will give messages at each service. Circles will be held from 4 to 6. A song service will be held at 6:30 with special musical and literary exercises.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists will hold their regular meeting Friday, Nov. 11, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts avenue; Mabel Merritt, president. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates, the well-known mediums, will be present. Mr. Kates will deliver a short lecture, and Mrs. Kates will give spirit messages. Business meeting at 5 p. m.; supper 6:30; evening session 7:45.—Emma E. Zwahlen, secretary.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, the Iconoclast and Reconciler, will open a School of Chemistry of Life and the Science of Being Sunday evening at 655 Tremont St. Meetings Sunday and Tuesday evenings at 7:30. Tuesday evenings admission 25 cents. Sunday evenings, collections. Mighty truth declared. Startling theories suggested.

On every Sunday evening spiritual meetings will be held in Red Men's Hall under the auspices of the "Children's Progressive Lyceum Association."—Mrs. M. J. Butler, pres.

The Ladies' Schubert Quartet, with Mrs. C. E. C. Norris, of California, will conduct a Musical Healing Hour, in Metaphysical Hall, 30 Huntington Avenue, every Tuesday and Thursday morning, beginning Nov. 10th, at 11 o'clock.

First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge, Washington Hall, 573 Mass. Ave., Sunday eve., Nov. 20.—The speaker is drawing good audiences, and will lecture and give tests. Subject, "Heaven, Home and Mother." Special music. Thomas A. Scott, president. Annie Banks Scott, pastor. Services at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society.—Hold meetings every Sunday at our hall. Sunday School 1:30 p. m. Come and bring the children. Circle 3:30 p. m. for healing, developing and readings, conducted by Pres. Harvey Redding. We shall have with us, for the present, Mrs. Abby Burnham, "Cyrus the Persian," Alice M. Whall, "Golden Hair," "Snow Flake," "Tiger Lily," "Morning Dew," "Dinah," Indian control "Big Dog" and others. 7:30 p. m. inspirational speaking and messages. Song service precedes each session. Monthly supper Friday, Nov. 18, from 6 to 7:30 p. m. The "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec., 202 Main St., Everett.

The "Banner" is informed that Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock is ill and not liable to be about for some time. She will be obliged to cancel all her engagements until the first of January at least.

G. W. Kates and wife are engaged for the following months: December and January, Washington, D. C.; February and March, Philadelphia, Pa.; April, Pittsburgh, Pa.; May, Battle Creek, Mich. Their permanent address is Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa.

Movements of Platform Workers.

G. W. Kates and wife will serve the society of Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., during December and January next. They will have some week evenings that may be employed by near-by places. Address them Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa.

Greenfield Spiritualist Society would like to correspond with speakers and test mediums who have open dates after November 1st.—R. F. Churchill, President, Greenfield, Mass. P. O. Box 73.

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

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter St., Boston. Lecture at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., through the trance mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis. School at 12 m.

Missionary Work.

The Massachusetts State Association will hold a mass meeting in Lynn Friday, Nov. 18, afternoon and evening in Cadet Hall, Lynn, Market Street. The object of the meeting is to collect funds to carry on the missionary work of the Association and it earnestly desires that a large meeting be held. The admission will be ten cents. A good array of talent will be presented. Among those who will be present are: Dr. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. Judge Pettingill, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, Mr. J. O. Allan. Mediums, Mrs. Caird, Mrs. Helyett, Mrs. Litch, Mrs. Brown and others. Music, congregational, solo, vocal and instrumental, orchestra, etc. Mrs. Grace Cobb Crawford, pianist. Others have been communicated with and will probably appear. Come and help in the work. Supper will be served in the hall by the Ladies' Aid of Lynn. Remember the date, Nov. 18. Remember the object, missionary work.

Carrie L. Hatch, sec.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

MARIA DEMING.

From Providence, Oct. 21st, Marin, widow of T. W. Deming, and daughter of the late Benjamin and Charlotte Brooks, of Greenwich Village, Mass. Mrs. Deming had been a resident of Providence many years. She was a stanch Spiritualist, a most estimable and much beloved woman, bearing great suffering with smiling fortitude. She leaves three sons, two daughters, and several grandchildren, also a sister and brother (Mrs. William Fewell and Bert Brooks, the artist). The funeral at Providence Oct. 23 was conducted by a spiritualistic priest. Her body arrived at Greenwich Village Oct. 24, and at eve a service was conducted by Rev. David Kebe. The following morning loving kindred laid the wornout form to rest beside that of her companion in the home lot. May her dear ones find comfort in the thought that she has found "Sweet rest at last."

Juliette Yeaw.

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WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

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BY PROF. HENRY.

Table by which Every Individual may know his True Standing.

From November 11 to November 22, 1904, inclusive.

Birth Numbers	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
November												
11-12	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F
13-14-15	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P
16-17	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B
18-19-20	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?				