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The Life Hereafter.

FAREWELL ADDRESS BY MR. J. J. MORSE.

(Reprinted from Light, London).

At a meeting of the members and associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, held in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk street, on Thursday, November 3, Mr. J. J. Morse delivered an address under the above title. There was a very large attendance, due no doubt in part to the fact that this was the last address to be delivered by Mr. Morse before the Alliance prior to his departure to the United States.

The president (Mr. E. Dawson Rogers), in opening the proceedings, referred to the subject chosen for the discourse and to the apparent difficulty experienced by spirit communicators in conveying any account intelligible to those in this world of the conditions under which they live. In illustration of this point he alluded to a seance at which he was present some twenty years ago in company with the late Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mrs. Everitt being the medium. On that occasion Mr. Gurney addressed a significant question to the spirit communicator (the well-known "Zippy"), the inquiry being in essence as follows: "Zippy, you say you are a spirit living in the spirit world; can you tell me how it is that you, being in the spirit world, can produce effects in the material world as you are now doing?" "Can't tell you," was the laconic reply of "Zippy" (speaking in the direct voice). "Why cannot you tell us?" pursued Mr. Gurney. "Because you haven't the capacity to understand," returned "Zippy," who proceeded to illustrate the position by reference to the impossibility of teaching mathematics to a Hottentot, or conveying to a man blind from birth exactly what we mean by "seeing."

The president attributed to this difficulty of conveying information the sparseness of the knowledge possessed by Spiritualists regarding the future world. "Our friends in the unseen," he said, "apparently find it impossible to make us understand what it is to live in the unseen world. And doubtless it is impossible for us to understand; we can only do so by having actual experience of that world. We, of course, can readily understand that spirits can tell us about the fringe of their life—that fringe which touches our own physical life. Then we get some glimpses of the truth; but as regards their inner life we can know nothing about it until we experience it ourselves. I should be glad if 'Tien' would tell us in the course of his remarks if there is any truth in the position which I have suggested."

Mr. Morse, who was cordially received, then addressed the gathering. Speaking under the control of "Tien," he said:

The difficulty in connection with the topic we have to discuss tonight has been very admirably and succinctly stated by your president. And at first sight it seems that it is almost a barrier against gaining any entrance into, or understanding any of the facts pertaining to, the spiritual world. But we venture to think it is not quite so bad as it appears. There are some points of contact by which you can come into relationship with at least some of the facts—the inner facts of spiritual existence—and by drawing certain natural inferences from those facts arrive at some intelligent conception of what the life beyond the grave may be even for those who have risen above the "fringe" that unites the lower conditions of the spirit life with the higher thought or condition of mortality. Right here let us suggest to you that unless man possesses some capacity to understand the spiritual reality he could not entertain the supposition of such reality. There must be a groundwork on which to stand in this matter. If we admit (as we do, of course) that man is a spirit here and now, then we must admit that he possesses here and now all the faculties, capabilities and capacities which pertain to him as a spirit. They may be overlaid by this "muddy vesture of decay," obscured by its presence, and there may be certain abnormal conditions pertaining to this material body which will deflect or distort, or even prevent a very clear or extensive comprehension of spiritual facts. We must differentiate, if you please, between the bodily organization and the real man or user of that organization. The real man or user is the one that continues to exist after death. The bodily organizations is left behind, and whatsoever of phenomena were associated with that organization as the necessary concomitants of its existence will also be left behind with it when the real man emerges at death; consequently, if it be possible to excite the spiritual capacities of the man dwelling in the flesh, so that they may come into some conscious relationship with the unseen world, then he will get much of inspiration, suggestion, information, and knowledge concerning that unseen world. And if while in that state of exaltation he is able to transmit his experiences to his external consciousness, and register them in the machinery necessary for their expression externally, then he will be able to tell others of the things that have come to him while in this state of spiritual exaltation. The question really hangs at this point on this—is such exaltation possible? We answer, Yes, most emphatically. The experience of every seer, ancient or modern, stands forward to testify. The experiences of clairvoyants in ancient or modern times—we speak of those clairvoyants who are exalted on the spiritual plane, not on the merely sensuous or material one—the experiences of such clairvoyants are due to their Intromission or temporary or partial relationship to the unseen conditions, and they are able to describe while in that condition what is passing before their observation. They are also able to obtain recollection of what passes before their consciousness, if unable to express it during the process, and when they return to normal consciousness to tell their friends the dreams or visions which they have experienced. Here then we have some evidence—we do not mean to say it is absolute—here at least we have some suggestion of the possibility of the man while in the flesh coming into some sort of relationship to the unseen world, and gaining some sort of knowl-

edge concerning it, and this is based on the fact that he is a spiritual man, and that he possesses all those faculties which will become active objective agencies when he is in the spirit world after death. Therefore there is a basis in man's nature today—in the order of nature—by which it is possible under suitable conditions for him to gain the knowledge that we have referred to.

Now we venture another proposition. It would be the very height of absurdity and folly for us to undertake this evening to say anything concerning the conditions of the unseen unless we could translate the facts into figures acceptable to your consciousness and understanding—and even then they would only be figures, not literal realities—or unless you have within you those spiritual conditions which relate you to the subjects we are about to discuss, and which, therefore, can afford us the point of contact necessary to establish an intelligent rapport between yourself and your speaker. This, we claim, is part of the scheme of nature, nothing miraculous, nothing extraordinary. It is uncommon to a considerable extent, we admit, because the average individual expresses all his interests and emotions, and relates all his faculties to the things of time and sense, to the utter exclusion of any possible relationship to the things of the spirit or the unseen life. But nevertheless, even the most grossly material possess the capacities we are referring to, and the object of religion in all ages has been to stimulate those spiritual activities, so that the things of spirit, as well as the things of matter and time, might come in some degree to the consciousness of humanity.

Here, then, the difficulty we have referred to may rest for the present. What we have endeavored to establish is simply that you, as spirits living in bodies, are related to the spirit world, and when your spiritual side is called into activity it does enable you to gain some comprehension of the things of the immortal world. Now the task before us really, then, is an attempt to place before you some of the points pertaining to the life after death. May we now quote a question that was propounded many years ago in regard to the material side of life? It was couched in these words: "Is life worth living?" You will all remember the answer that was returned, but we propose to put that question in another form, or rather to make an addition to it—Is life worth living after death? Is there any reason to suppose that it is worth continuing in another state of being? Of course you will say, "certainly, it must be a better world than this, and if we are good people and cultivate our higher selves, why surely we shall be better off there than here." Oh, yes, life surely will be worth living after death, but it entirely depends on your viewpoint. If you think you will be better off after death there is a strong probability in favor of it. But if we ask you to define what you mean, to state the elements of that betterment and give the reasons that shall establish the point that life will be better worth living or worth living after death, then you will find your task more difficult than you may imagine. Why should life be worth living after death? "Because it is God's will," you may say. But everything is God's will; there is only one Omnipotent, and that is God. He is absolute. It is a mere truism, then, to say that it is God's will. Supposing it were not worth living, that would be equally God's will. We could not decide as to the moral merit of that will, nor could you, because that will is the expression of an Infinite Consciousness. Yours is only a finite consciousness, and you can take in only a mere segment of the infinite circle, and to set up even your most exalted conception against the manifest facts of nature and being which can only be ordered by Infinite Intelligence, is a manifest waste of time and breath. Why, then, should life be worth living hereafter? What makes life worth living today? What makes the invalid cling to life? What makes the mother, whose breast is torn with contending emotions as she gazes upon the pallid face of her darling, struggling in pain and agony in its snowy cot—what makes that mother long with despairing hopefulness that her child shall live? What makes the criminal, doomed to die to long years of incarceration, cling to life even in its most unlovely surroundings? What makes life worth living to you? A thousand and one things. No two cases stand parallel. No two people feel this love of life alike. To some it is a gratification of some particular desire; to others the accomplishment of some task; to others, again, the love of pleasure and sensuous enjoyment. Some may love life and think it worth living when they can turn their wondering gaze to the great book of Nature and read the message of the stars of night, while others may cull wisdom and think life worth living when they gaze on the herbs, shrubs and flowers that grow on the hills, vales, and waysides. Some may think life worth living because they have that mental power which enables them to deal with problems in mathematics, in physical science, and a thousand things that call for the utmost energies of their minds. A thousand things make life worth living, but one thing is behind them all—the self-consciousness of the individual, which formulates its own needs and desires and finds in the achievement of its own possibilities that happiness which accomplishment always brings. This mighty power behind the brain, behind the bodily organization, what is it? The man, the real man, the spirit. If you like, what happens at death? The real man withdraws himself from the machinery through which he has been operating. Has he left behind him one atom of his self-consciousness, one single iota of his mentality? Has he left behind one single thing that pertains to his eternal being? As Spiritualists you must answer with us, "No." All has gone with him because it belonged to him. What he has left has only been the cast-off machinery, and such of the mechanical functions of the body as were necessary for its continuance and operation. The only thing that can make life worth living beyond the grave is the continuance of that power to realize its possibilities which is possessed by you while on this side of the grave. It is the continuity of conscious intelligence, the perpetuity of memory, will, affection, and all those matters and things which belong to

the rational, self-conscious individual. The personal continuity of man's life after death is the only answer to the question, "Is life worth living beyond the grave?"

At this stage "Tien" took up the consideration of the more essential portion of his discourse—the nature of the future existence. "What," said he, "do you do when you are dead?" Some people, he showed, continue to act just as foolishly after death as they did before it. They may even try to act more foolishly, because their emotions come into play, unbalancing their judgment. Others, however, act soberly and calmly, in spite of the fact that they discover the next world not to be exactly what they supposed it to be. Many people indeed, enter the spiritual world with an entirely false conception of its nature, and become exceedingly angry with the persons who had endeavored to teach them what that world is. If there is one thing that teachers of religion should do it is to acquire a rational idea of the future life, and they might profitably turn to Spiritualism to assist them in that direction. A man who passes into the next world does not go into a state of existence absolutely dissimilar, and entirely separated from the state in which he previously existed. There is as actual and real a relationship and interdependence between the material and spiritual worlds as subsists between the man himself, the real spiritual man, and the world to which he is journeying.

When (continued the control) you enter the spiritual world you pass through what we may call the lower conditions of that world. These conditions correspond to the ordinary state of affairs amongst human beings. Rising beyond this you reach the first or independent state of spiritual existence. That is, the state where the human ills, errors, inheritances, and other useless baggage that you have become possessed of while traveling through this world, are all left behind. One of the hardest things you have to do is to drop these things, one by one behind you. You have to throw off the old accretions and come into relationship with a healthier state of being.

Taking next the question, "What shall we be like?" the control made a passing reference to the stories told of spirits who look like beasts and reptiles. Such accounts were purely metaphorical, indicative of subjective mental and spiritual conditions which happened to impress the beholder. The human form divine did not, however, actually undergo such marvelous metamorphoses when man crossed the river. God never took liberties with His own creations. His laws were sane laws—God was always reasonable in all He did. "What will you be like? Picture yourself at the very healthiest and most beautiful period of your life, when all of Nature in you shows at its best—that is, if you have lived a reasonably good and useful life, and we are assuming now, you will remember, that you have left these monstrosities we were referring to behind you, and that you have got into that condition where all the evil and error of the past have been left behind. So we repeat the statement—you will then be yourself more completely than you ever were before. There will be no marks of sickness or decrepitude, no indications of evil concealed or expressed, no marks of age, but you will seem in the fulness of your prime, with every appearance of pristine vigor and unimpaired energy. Should you meet a former friend or loved one under the circumstances we are detailing, your first exclamation would be, 'Why, I never saw you look so well!'"

Proceeding next to the question of clothing in the next world, the control said: Human society lays down a canon from which, under ordinary circumstances, no one escapes, and that is, that although you may have a perfectly healthy organization and be a veritable Adonis in form and figure, you must wear clothes. Clothes are worn in the unseen world partly from habit, but also because clothing is the outward and visible expression of a great deal of the invisible and interior thinking of the individual who wears the clothes. That world of the unseen is a world where what is subjective in this life becomes objective, and as your garments are really the expression of your thought, or want of thought, or what you allow other people to think for you, so in this other life you, being obliged to think for yourself, must clothe yourself in such fashion as seems best to you, and that clothing reflects in its character the mental, moral, and spiritual status you occupy. It is a little awkward at first. Sometimes the garments are ill-fitting; sometimes their color is not attractive; at times their shape is decidedly unsatisfactory. But where do we get them from? And here we come to that little matter of capacity referred to by your President—the impossibility of our conveying an idea to your minds because you do not possess the experience that would afford a point of contact. The thought of the man clothes the external form. The will attracts from the surrounding conditions those elements which naturally affinitize with the kind of thought, and the power of the will harmonizing with the laws of the condition ultimately makes those garments which continue as garments as long as your affections, your will, your mental and moral condition remain as they are, or nearly so, at the time the garments were made. When the conditions change the garments will dissolve and disappear, and those in accordance with the new conditions will take their place. Now this is really the subjective side of dress in the material world. Just so long as you love that old coat or those comfortable slippers will you go on wearing them. When, however, your fancy changes you will discard them and wear something else—some new garment which answers to some new development in your mind and spirit. Now, if you were familiar with the spirit world you would realize that all this is just as natural on the other side of life as it is natural on this side of life.

Taking next the question of food, the speaker said: For the average individual the spiritual world lies some four or five feet from the ground, just at the head, for the head is about as much as it is possible to get into the other world while living in this. Still, in the next world we have a spiritual bodily organization which must be sustained. What sustains it? A process very similar to

what we have already stated in regard to clothing. Nature abhors a vacuum in any world. As the forces are depleted through the exercise of the functions, the empty organs replenish themselves by the process of absorption from the vast areas of force around them of those particular elements of which they stand in need, just as naturally as you breathe today.

Now we may pass to the consideration of the social life of these people over there. We are in quest of reasons, you will remember, for the supposition that life is worth living beyond the grave, and certainly for the great multitude of people it would not be worth living if there were no social relationship nor social intercourse. Friendship still means something even in this world. And in that other world, purified from grosser conditions of mortality, it means much more than ever it meant here even at its very best. The law of association in the spiritual world is the law of affinity. Those with whom you are in mental, moral, or spiritual affinity, or in affinity in any direction, are attracted to you and you to them. Shall we (it may be asked) know our friends over there? Possibly not, and possibly for your mutual advantage, too. Because death has a wondrous power of quickening the perceptions, and certain people who passed as your friends here will be seen to be something quite different when viewed from that side of life. But the friends of your soul, bound to you in the ties of love and loyalty, these will surely be your friends still and help to make your social life over there. But if you always lived amongst your friends you would soon be treading a mill-horse round that would stultify the aspirations of your soul. Social life depends upon contrasts as well as affinities. Growth can only be accomplished by getting you outside of your little rut, and finding you a larger world in which to exercise your faculties; and so while friendship—sympathy—is the basis of the social life of the spirit world, it includes all forms of mental, intellectual, moral and artistic life besides.

Dealing next with the question of occupations, the lecturer cited the case of an artist, and showed that although he might not in the next world use paint-brush, palette and easel, he would still be able to gratify his artistic inclinations. The material implements mentioned were not the only things that the immortal soul required to express itself in the region of pictorial art. And in connection with this question of higher methods the speaker said: "It is human experience today, in every department of human activity, that the world is infinitely beyond what it was a thousand years ago. If those in this world can see so much progress and evolution, the same men who have been responsible for humanity's advance, dying, passing into the next world and still exercising their powers of discovery and invention, and under far more favorable conditions—surely these men will come into relationship with more wonderful laws, more marvelous principles, and be able to develop more wonderful agencies over there, which shall be as far beyond what your best is as that best is now beyond what was best two thousand years ago. (Applause.) Our plea all the way through, you will understand, is the continuity of the human soul, in which lie latent the capacities and abilities of the Infinite Soul itself, for we hold that the immortal spirit is the individualization of the consciousness of God."

Considering next the subject of government in the next world, the control remarked that government, as expressed in human laws, existed for those who could not be made good citizens without such agencies. Those who are good citizens naturally obey not only the human laws they are subject to, but all other laws as well. The less government a State needed the better it was for that State. In olden days the world lacked nothing of government by emperors, popes, bishops, priests. Today a return of the despotism of the Middle Ages would set the land aflame with rebellion from one end to the other. The history of the world showed that those peoples who were the least governed were the most progressive. There were no kings or princes in the spiritual world. There were also no wars, and if war was abolished the need of kings and princes would to a very large extent disappear. Nationality, however, was preserved after death for some considerable time. Man did not outgrow his nativity on earth; the inheritance of thousands of years which runs, for instance, in the blood of Englishmen was not easily outgrown. But there was no government as the term is understood on earth. The only government was the government of God, which compelled obedience, nay, which inspired it; for the enlightened spiritual nature, perceiving more and more of the laws and principles of Nature, realized that it must live in harmony with these laws and principles if it is to make life worth living for itself in that world.

Finally came the question of the religion of the next world. Every man in that higher condition accepted and practiced that kind of religion which he was capable of appreciating and understanding, and no one thought of reviling his neighbor's religion because it was not like his own. In that better world religion meant an intelligent appreciation of the conditions of existence, resulting in wonder and admiration at the marvel of it all, and a realization that it must be due to a Mind greater than all other minds—God. A reverent obedience was the real meaning of religion, but an intelligent obedience also demanded an intelligent reverence. The religion of the unseen world recognized that God is being made manifest in the whole of the illimitable Universe; that the inspirations of the Eternal Soul were ever flowing forth and inspiring all His children, that the only true and useful praise to God was right and wise service to all God's children who stood in need of it. The ultimate triumph of the divine element, the final unfolding of the God in man was the destiny looked forward to as the religion of the world of spirits.

In conclusion, the control said: We have done our best to give you some conception of the life beyond the grave, to show you that it is worth living, even for the humblest and lowest, for they in turn will rise higher and higher, and at last enter that purified condition which we have been discussing. Like voyagers, down the stream you float day by

day upon the rippling tide, the strange chances and experiences of life being like the varying and undulating banks on either side. Sometimes the dense foliage and overhanging trees make the passage dark and gloomy; anon the cold winds and rains blow and beat upon you and you think life is sad and miserable indeed. But the little boat floats on, and presently the river widens, the banks recede before you, and lo! there is the broad ocean that men call death. It is evident—the sun is sinking to his couch, and as he drops into the bosom of the sea, he floods it with a golden beauty deepening to a sombre grey. Your faces flush, your souls fill with wonderment. The night is coming, the purple vault will soon be flecked with the starry hosts in their lustrous glory. The shores have vanished. "I am alone on a nameless sea. Is this death?" Behold, yonder is the first gleam of dawn. The day grows stronger, and a distant shore rises before you, where stand multitudes of fair and radiant beings stretching out their hands. The boat has grounded upon the shores of the eternal world. "Welcome" rings upon the ear, for the beloved are there to meet and greet you; the voyage of life is over; the passage over the silent sea is ended. Your feet are on the immortal shore, and upward you pass with your companions into the realms of never-ending day, where you shall grow in grace and goodness, come nearer to the high ideals of your secret thought, and in that unseen world you will learn that in its higher light you have abundant reason for realizing that life is worth living beyond the grave.

At the conclusion of the address, which was loudly applauded, the President invited questions.

In reply to a member of the audience who asked if it was possible for "a discarnate spirit of five hundred years before Christ to communicate directly with earth-life now?" "Tien" replied that it was possible, but exceedingly unusual, since it would entail a serious strain upon the medium, and the contact of so highly refined an aura as that of the spirit with the conditions of material life would result in a repulsion that could only be overcome by a very strong exercise of the spiritual will. Such an undertaking could not be entered upon except in extreme and exceptional circumstances. Ordinarily communication between so advanced a spirit and this world would be carried on through intermediaries.

This being the only question put, Dr. A. Wallace then proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Morse, of whose life and work he spoke in most appreciative terms. He wished both Mr. Morse and "Tien" God-speed in their future career in America. Their departure was our loss but America's gain. (Applause.)

Mr. E. W. Wallis has great pleasure in seconding the resolution, and cordially associated himself with the remarks of Dr. Wallace regarding the value of Mr. Morse's services to the movement, and the loss which would be involved by his departure. He felt that their American friends were to be congratulated upon securing the benefit of his labors.

The President, in putting the resolution, said he would like to add his congratulations to their American friends on having acquired the services of Mr. Morse. He thought the "Banner of Light," which was the oldest Spiritualist journal in America, was exceedingly fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. Morse as its editor. His thirty years' experience of Mr. Morse enabled him to say that in no single act had that gentleman ever brought discredit on the movement. (Applause.)

The resolution having been cordially adopted, Mr. Morse expressed his acknowledgments, and in the course of his remarks observed that his mediumship had benefited him incalculably in body, mind, and soul. "I may be absent from you for years," he said, "but I don't feel it in my heart to say 'Good-bye,' but only 'au revoir!'"

The management and all friends interested in the "Banner" desire to gratefully acknowledge our appreciation of the expressed good will of our English co-workers.

Soul Life.

Soul Life. By Arthur B. Shedd. 62 pp. 5 by 8. Printed by the Author.

This little pamphlet, as a piece of book making, is in excellent taste. The paper, type and style are all faultless; and the author-publisher is to be congratulated.

His philosophy is simply impossible. The opening words would lead one to think the author had intended a parody on Mrs. Eddy until we see later that the man is serious. On page 6 he explains why his reasoning is nonsensical; for he says, "Thus in every course of reasoning you begin where you end and end where you begin." This is strictly true—of this book. It leads to some very grotesque conclusions, which need but to be stated to insure their own refutation, e. g.:

"All vibrating action causes friction."

"The Spirit of Nature is Etherialized Chemical Law."

"Were all physical bodies to be cremated it would make the atmospheric elements so rarefied that it would be difficult for physical beings to breathe."

The author solemnly lays it down as a reason against the use of hermetically sealed caskets for the dead, that "the soul would be confined a prisoner within that metallic casket until the natural decomposition of the metal of which the casket was composed."

There can but little more be said of this little book. It is a simple piece of nonsense which the author believes to be philosophy. That's all. Mime Inness.

It may be a wise man who knows when to stop talkin', but it's a wiser one who knows enough not to talk at all.

There's a lot of wisdom in lettin' good enough alone.

What you are counts a heap more than what people think you are.

Quit watchin' your neighbor's cornfield and commence workin' your own, if you want to stop the weeds.

THE DRUGGIST.

"Now, John," says Druggist Jones, "I'm going home to tea. And soon there'll be a bearded man come in and ask for me. Then say, 'Are you the gentleman that ordered pills today?' And if he says, 'I'm the man,' tell him what he's to pay."

Some of the Blunders of Organized Charity.

C. S. Carr, M. D., Columbus, Ohio.

As an illustration of the sort of assistance that is rendered many times by organizations intended for the good of the people, I will relate one of the many instances which I could cite of this sort. I found a white woman, aged about thirty, with three young children, occupying two rooms in the lower part of a dingy brick house, the other portion of the house being occupied by colored people. It was winter and this woman was doing a washing and drying clothes in the same room which she used as a kitchen, dining room and sitting room. The other room, a little windowless bedroom, contained all of her belongings and on wash-days constituted the only room where the children could play. As wash-day happened in that household five or six times every week, the children during the winter did not have very pleasant surroundings.

whisper of the neighboring gossips frightened away these scented aristocratic emissaries of charity. They flatly refused to reconsider the case or hear any extenuating circumstances. Nevertheless the poor woman by pinching a little harder and working a little longer managed to get along. At last the youngest child was taken sick. Not being able to pay a doctor she sent to a charitable organization for one of the doctors connected with a free dispensary. They sent a young doctor, a mere student, who had just begun the study of medicine, but was regarded as good enough for charity work. He examined the sick child and without any hesitation pronounced it scarlet fever. His diagnosis immediately had the effect of quarantining the poor woman's house. Some of her neighbors had heretofore been kind to her, and although poor had rendered her some practical assistance. The placard of scarlet fever on her door, however, frightened these away, and the young student's hasty, but mistaken diagnosis, not only shut off all neighborly help, but also the source of the poor woman's income. No one dared send washing to her any more. The child did not have scarlet fever at all, but the fatal placard had been above her door two days and neither her old customers nor her kind neighbors could be quickly persuaded that no danger lurked about her premises. At last in despair the poor woman was obliged to part with her children and allow them to go to the county home. Her grief was long and intense. She refused to eat, and for weeks she sat as one dazed by a stunning blow. Persisting in my calls throughout her trouble, she at last recovered her hope and vitality and is today a housekeeper in a magnificent home in this city. She has been with her employer several years where by mutual attachment and confidence she will probably spend the rest of her days. But her children are lost forever. At the county home, where they were placed, their identity is concealed from the mother, and her grief for her lost children is rendered even more poignant than if she knew they were dead, for she knows not where they are or whether they fare ill or well. Now the above is a specimen of the work of organized society. It represents fairly well what is occurring every day through the ministrations of official representatives of philanthropic and corrective enterprises, representatives that have neither the time, inclination nor ability to discover exactly what they are doing or to find out whether their well-meant visits are a bane or a blessing. Sometimes, of course, they help, but alas, sometimes they hurt. But their work is of that official character and lacks that personal sympathy which is absolutely essential to anything like certainty of good results in charitable efforts. Let us recapitulate what society really did for this poor woman. First, as an orphan she was bound out to a farmer where she had to work very hard during her girlhood days with little or no education. She learned no trade, acquired no accomplishments, but simply did chores and housework according to the methods of farm life. She was reared in no religious faith, had no social relations except those picked-up acquaintances that the accidents of farm life happened to afford. No motherly counsel, no sisterly companionship, no brotherly protection, nothing but work, work, until 18 years of age, when, with fifty dollars in money and some new clothes (according to the contract made with the home from which she was taken), she was turned out into the world to shift for herself and drifted into this city. After working in a laundry for a few months she married a man considerably older than herself. The marriage was solemnized by a minister of the Gospel and she was legally made the slave of another man. For ten years she had been the slave of a prosperous farmer and now she became the slave of a common day-laborer in this city. Her second master was very unkind to her. He was a drunken fellow and often beat her, but they continued to live together off and on for ten years, during which time five children were born, two of which died. She was obliged to support the family by taking in washings, while he did little else but to drink and carouse and mistreat her in every shameful way possible. Society had no remedy for her condition, she must make the best of it. Finally her husband walked away and never appeared again. Not knowing where he was, but being legally bound to him, she did not dare to listen to the honest, well-meant proposal of an industrious, sober man whom she had known a long time. The same society that legally made her the slave of one man forbade her from accepting the help and companionship of another. So she toiled on alone. Society did not care. The only friend she had left on earth whose kindness she dared to accept was the old farmer for whom she had worked so long. His occasional visits to the city to market his farm products was the only social relation that she had in the world. For several years she struggled along without the aid of any organized society, when through my visits she appealed to society once more. It came to her in a few paltry shillings in money, only to take away from her the good reputation she had always borne. Even after they had done their deadly work against her she would not allow her aged friend to call again. Then came the sickness in her family. Once more organized society was appealed to for help. Once more organized society comes to do her still another injury by quarantining the house, cutting off every source of income and neighborly intercourse. Then society took her children away from her and made her forever a stranger to them. But she has found a haven at last where society cannot injure her any further. At least she can be allowed to drag out a lonely life unmolested. But she dare not marry. She must not see her children. We boast of our Christian civilization. We pity the poor heathen. We raise money and send men to try to make them like us. We are anxious to convert these innocent children of nature, that we call heathen, so that they may have the benefits of the civilization that this poor woman, the subject of our sketch, enjoyed. It would really have been too bad had she been allowed to have been born in the Sandwich Islands, under sunny skies, where she would have grown up in the natural way, living with the man of her choice, and rearing about her happy and healthful children, where there is no need of children's homes or washboards, quarantine officers or middle-class charities, where in the open air and under the blue sky she could have lived that life, enjoyed the use of those powers, and had the benefits of those functions that nature placed within her reach. What has civilization done for this woman? Nothing but to crowd and cramp and sour and plague her until her life has become a thousand times meaner than the life of that unclothed heathen far beyond the reach of the influences of organized society. The bungling machinery through which organized society attempts to render assistance to the poor and depraved does some very cruel work. Of course, it was intended to be beneficent. The originators had in mind to do good instead of harm. Their mistake has been one of the head instead of the heart. In the first place even the wisest man cannot foresee how an institution will afterwards be affected by society until it is tried. With good motives and plenty of latitude to adjust to changing conditions, a charitable or corrective institution can be made of some use, but

the trouble with all such institutions is that they are bound up by cut-and-dried rules, governed by directors or committees who have no practical notion of the work they are trying to do until the existence of an institution in a community becomes a far greater threat to the poor people than it is a relief. This is not all. An institution may be wisely contrived, unselfishly thought out, but as soon as it becomes a fact and the salaries fixed and the official position defined, then it happens sooner or later that people who never gave charity a thought, who never had a single philanthropic impulse in their lives, get in charge of these places, and instead of growing better by experience they grow worse by neglect and misuse. The original purpose of the founder of the institution is entirely perverted. The places that ought to be filled by wise and careful philanthropists become prizes for political aspirants. Places that require all the wisdom and patience and fortitude of which the best of men are capable are doled out to ward-healers and political bums. Then it is that institutions of mercy become bloodhounds that fasten their cruel fangs into the flesh of the very ones to whom they were sent to minister. Organized society is a blessing to those who have the power to command its services. But to those who by weakness of mind or body get under the feet of the masses and thus become the charges of some corrective or charitable organization, society is a curse. Such people would have fared far better to have been born in central Africa or Samoa. The machinery which society has instituted to assist this class of people is in most instances well contrived, but the trouble with the matter is that those people who sooner or later get to operate this machinery are either heartless or cruel, neglectful or brutal. And then every species of cruelty and every sort of degradation are sure to result. Nothing more fiendish occurs anywhere in heathen lands than occurs in public institutions of correction or charity controlled and manipulated by men who have no other thought than to see how much money they can make out of it. Of course, the practices of heathenism present many strange examples of cruelty, many curious customs of brutality. But nowhere in the world as right here in this country can we find so many pictures of long-drawn-out suffering, where innocent people must month after month, year after year, endure obliquely they do not deserve, and suffer in silence the shameful tyranny of petty authority. No heathen country or uncivilized land can furnish so many pictures of this sort as can our various almshouses, jails, infirmaries, children's homes, work-houses and penitentiaries—institutions which were contrived and are supported by modern civilization. Of course there are exceptions to this dark picture, and there is also a slight tendency toward improvement, but, as a rule, these institutions are managed by men, who, if they ever did have a conscience or tender hearts, have long since lost them by the slowly-hardening process of having in their charge helpless humanity in whom they have no interest. It would be indefinitely preferable to die in a sand storm on the Sahara desert or to perish in the jungle far from human habitation or to draw one's last breath with no relief but the pow-wow of the medicine man, than to have one's last agonies witnessed by curious medical students or to meet death in the crowded wards of some neglected almshouse or to yield up the ghost from the operating table of some public institution. There is no scheme of public beneficence so wisely contrived or humanely thought out but in the hands of a thoughtless or cruel man becomes an engine of torture instead of an instrument of benefit.

Fank Attacks.

When a military commander endeavors to defeat an army or capture a position he considers it the more prudent course to make a flank attack, instead of a front one. When military strategy assumes another form which perhaps it would be more true to polite to describe as "scheming," a similar method of attack is adopted, and the more successful in either case the advance can be concealed and the enemy be kept in ignorance of the movements against him, the more likelihood is there of the desired end being accomplished. While such methods may be considered as moral in warfare, competition in business and customary in other forms, yet from the spiritual view-point they but represent various degrees of craftiness and chicanery, the object of which is always the capturing of a position of some sort for the advantage of the successful party. Our movement has been compelled to resist quite a number of flank attacks, right and left during its career. Our opponents have seldom dared to deliver a frontal charge against our flanks, but have invented all kinds of quibbling objections a priori and a posteriori concerning them. In the early days the devil was the commander-in-chief who directed the earliest attacks against us. No amount of argument as to the reality of our phenomena and their harmony with the laws of nature and the constitution of man avail. All such statements were simply ignored, and the war cry was "These are the doings of the devil. These people are servants of the devil. Their so-called religion is but a religion of devils." While we can afford to smile now that attack has been repulsed and those who made it vanquished, yet at the time, it was serious and called forth strenuous energies to overcome it. Other attacks, such as theosophy and occultism, descended upon us and cost us many an adherent who was taken captive by the assaulting hosts, but here again it was an attack upon our flank, not upon our front. Though there was more subtlety in this assault than in the preceding one, this fact made it all the more difficult to repel, but the force of the attack has long since spent itself and theosophy and occultism are now in practical retreat from our field. We have suffered from the party usually denominated as the Psychic Researchers, whose dearest endeavor has been to account for every phase of spirit phenomena upon purely psychic or physical grounds. Any and every explanation, no matter how bizarre and far-fetched, was acceptable in place of the real one, which we, as Spiritualists, know to be spirits. It led to the creation of the phrase, "Spiritualism without spirits," which really and adequately expressed generally, the mental attitude of the Psychic Researcher. Once set an idea in motion and it travels onward with increasing velocity, gathering numbers to it as it proceeds. Then came the long string of disconnected assaults from warring companies who do not always support each other, indeed, who occasionally turned their weapons against each other. The class of so-called mental therapists, mind healers, higher thoughtists, and new thoughtists, who evidence an idea of their own personal superiority which testifies them, and entirely dispensing with the teachings of Spiritualism or the communion of spirits. Really these esoteric schools might be left to themselves to straighten out their own discordances and when that result is accomplished properly, history may repeat itself in the form of a modern version of the legend of the Kilkenny cats. The latest attack which has come to our notice is apparently developing again within the house of our friends. Professor

Lockwood, in an address at the so-called "City of Light Assembly," mentioned that "Some friends in Washington were desirous of changing the name of Spiritualism to Altruism, which they did not define." Who these "friends" are, we cannot define. They surely cannot be Spiritualists, nor connected officially or otherwise with the N. S. A., because if such were the case and the name of our Cause was to be changed even by the national convention, the N. S. A. would go out of business, its undertakings would have to close down, its officers would be dispersed, and the declaration of principles which we print every week in its name would have to be discarded and the usages of ordination issued under its protection would be discredited. But if this desire really expresses a feeling in the direction referred to, it will behoove every member of the N. S. A. to be on the alert at least, and to vigorously oppose any tampering with the sacred name of Spiritualism, and touch the delicate feelings of those who wish to have the honor and glory of the movement without paying the penalty that perhaps they think would come to them in the form of social ostracism. How true it is that the enemies of man are his own household, for three parts of the troubles that have affected our movement have commenced within. Human nature is much the same in Spiritualism as in any other movement. Many people, if they cannot have their own way will follow in the way of no one else. If they can't be corporals, they will not be privates, and unless their sometimes over-winning vanity and self assumption be gratified, they will, like the Malay, "run amuck," and engineer and wire-pull in any direction to achieve their ends. Let us be watchful then, lest we have a mine sprung upon us unexpectedly—a new name, a new cause, efforts to establish new undertakings such as organizations and periodicals basing their claims on the truths of Spiritualism, which are craftily concealed for the ends to be accomplished to the personal aggrandizement of those concerned. Fine speeches, sensational emotionalism, and the cultivated arts of the actor may impose on the gullible multitude, but not the judicious. Let us be watchful and at all times ready to recall attacks directed against our flanks.

The Medium, Preston, England, monthly, October issue, has this to say:—

"Those who are working for Spiritualism with clean hands have a right to be backed up by every legitimate means; but so long as fortune telling is associated with the movement, directly and indirectly, as it has been for long time past, so long will Spiritualism have to bear the paragonage. No wonder scoffers point the finger of scorn at us. The exercise of a little common sense would show us but the most silly and superstitious, the utter futility of expecting any decent spirit to lend itself to the revelation of unfaithful wives and husbands or such nonsense as matchmaking. Spiritualism has a holy mission to fulfil and it cannot more faithfully perform that mission than by ignoring all within its ranks whose main motive seems to be to deceive the earnest and simple minded and to amass money thereby."

Modern Spiritualism, in so far as it rests upon the works of professional conjurers in physical manifestations I do not defend, but I do, always have and always shall defend that sort of Spiritualism which is backed by the scientific world, the classic world, and the world of truth. I cannot move my finger, wink my eye, nor think a thought without the aid of spirit power in friendliness to me and to my act.

It is on this ground that educated Spiritualists have ever maintained that conjurers are just as much mediums and are operated in like manner by spirit power, regardless of their intent to deceive or of their fraudulent acts.

When educated Spiritualists make these statements, the ignorant minded have not intelligence enough to understand what is said, therefore they put a wrong construction upon it. Fortune telling belongs to the commercial and not to the religious world. If people are not educated enough to mark a distinction, then the fault is their own.—Ed. "Banner."

War and Its Attendant Horrors.

If the spirits of those slain in the battles of human history could proclaim from the beyond, their sense of the fatuity of much of what is known as patriotic sacrifice, and point to the unholy alliances of "rulers" formed over the graves of the victims of their "policies," how long could they continue to barter away the flower of nations to satisfy a "point of honor" or establish "a position of world-power." Governments pretend to exist for the public good, but as a matter of fact they only exist to maintain the idle supremacy of the few. It is government that makes war and wastes the wealth which it has extorted from the people in taxes. Government only exists because men have blindly and voluntarily yielded to it all their natural right to land and the product of their labor. Emerson says, "Beware when God lets loose the thinker on this planet." The truth is always dangerous to the established order of things, and it ought to be, for only through change do we grow. In no way can we honor those who have given their lives in war more truly than by making impossible a repetition of its horror. Can we call ourselves civilized and dwell with pride upon the fact that we slaughter human beings in order that we may be great? Can we not make it our aim to lead the march of civilization away from the old traditions of warfare, into the glorious freedom of peace and good will? The true glory of man is that which lives when the natural life is gone, which is acknowledged by a benefited and grateful posterity. We have all the peace we are entitled to while we continue to teach war to our children, build great navies, organize immense armies, train our boys in school to be soldiers, and preach the gospel of war in our churches and while we continue to do this we must not be surprised if war continues. A Prince of Peace is hailed and war continues; love is preached and hatred is practiced. Modern civilization should be marching steadily forward to the period when men should beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks and nations should not learn war any more. The military hero should yield his place in public admiration to the civic leader and the pages of the historian should begin to glow with the story of the victories of peace. We see that in the hour of peril the government can take the son away from his mother, the husband from the wife, and stand them before the guns of the enemy, yet in the hour of danger the government cannot lay its hand upon wealth and make it share the expenses of government because we have put the dollar above the man and made money more precious than blood. It is not war that is the

sphere for the exercise of truest manhood. True courage has its best field in the life of peace. The military spirit is the greatest possible curse to the world. Why, you ask? The answer is this: It involves the living of hundreds of thousands—nay millions of men without homes, which means without the influences which uplift and save. What can we do? Create public sentiment and teach that war and heroism have little to do with one another. Have history record that the greatest benefactors are not its shedders of blood, but lovers and helpers of peace, of men, teachers and statesmen.

If the press of the world would adopt and persist in the high resolve that war should be no more, the clangor of arms would cease and we could fancy that at last our ears, no longer stunned by the din of armies, might hear the oft repeated "Peace on earth, good will to man."

Let this country be what it claims to be, "A Christian country." Claim that the Sermon on the Mount is the sermon of a sensible man who gave precepts only when he was prepared to give examples of their practical workings and if one absorbs the spirit of Jesus the Christ, the military spirit will cease of itself and methods for the settlement of difficulties be found and war forever pass away.

War is a moral malaria which poisons the air and hinders the growth of domestic comfort, education, and every plant in the garden of humanity. Fair flowers may spring between the wheels of the powder cart, and beautiful virtues in the bosoms of soldiers, yet war is the essence of brutality.

A society which tolerates misery, a religion which admits hell, a humanity which admits war, appears to be a society, a religion, and a humanity of a lower order and it is towards the society, the humanity, the religion of a higher order that I aspire; society without kings, humanity without frontiers, religion without sacred books. In the coming day, in the archives of the past, will rest these gorgeous baubles, the crowns of the god-anointed kings, that ruled and ruined the world by divine right, and the rusting sword then sheathed forever in peace, that once flashed in all lands and carved the sensitive bodies of millions of men; and on the shelf will rest the keys of the dungeons that once held the suffering and dying soldiers of liberty, martyrs of religion and martyrs of philosophy. For then there will be neither dungeon nor gibbet, nor crown, nor king, nor fort, nor a standing army in an emancipated world.

"Not on swords and spears, Is the radiance of the coming years, Not by the cannon's throat, shall Truth proclaim,

Her mighty mission—not by blood and flame Inscribe her lessons on the book of Time, Her strongest weapons shall be words sublime. Her armies, thoughts, her banners' printed sheets, Her captains' voices crying in the streets."

On the white page of this century may it be written that wars shall cease, that there shall come a universal peace, and may we do our part to usher in that thousand years of peace. Alonzo Danforth. Dec. 1, 1904.

How Sleep May Be Wooded.

Most of the mental devices for wooing sleep have failed because they have nearly always tried to resort to "local treatment." In other words, they have made a homeopathic attempt to stop thinking by thinking about something else, a process which might also be called "elimination by substitution." But all thinking, spontaneous or forced, draws more or less blood to the brain, prevents deep inhalations and bars the gate to the kingdom of dreams. Any device, on the other hand, which will make one take deep, long breaths spontaneously, the invariable forerunner of sleep, may be counted upon as a genuine remedy for insomnia. Even deep breathing which is forced is better than any purely mental attempt to win sleep, but if the deep breathing can be produced involuntarily one is sure of a passport to Nodland.

After several nights of experiment to this desired end the writer decided to apply the principle adopted by the masseurs, who begin their manipulations "at the point farthest from the seat of difficulty," which in the case of insomnia would be the feet. Lying on the right side, with the knees together and considerably flexed, the victim of insomnia should begin to pedal both his feet slowly up and down, with the movement entirely in the ankles. The pedaling should keep time with the natural rhythm of respiration and be continued until it is followed by deep and spontaneous breathing.

Several people who have tried this remedy report that involuntary deep breathing invariably begins before they have pedaled up and down a dozen times. In obstinate cases of insomnia the patient may need to keep up the pedaling two or three minutes or even more, with intermissions, if necessary. The treatment may also be varied by moving the feet alternately instead of simultaneously, though the latter method has proved the more speedily efficacious in the cases known to the writer. The explanation of the result obtained is probably simple. The blood is pumped from the head, and with the removal of brain tension a general relaxation follows, with a sequent deep respiration and its resulting sleep.—Good Housekeeping.

A Cake Puzzle.

Said a friend to me, "Tis so strange, queer, sphinxy, this problem of the dough. Now don't laugh, but really I have been bothered; my intentions have been all tangled, twisted, bias-like by this cake failure of mine and my trying to think out the why of my falling. There is the fact and rub of this thing. Now why did I fall? I give it up, and after the ancient custom of men, vicariously shift my burden upon—you, for instance. I am going to pass this doughnut along for you to crack, though I much doubt your ability to pick meat from the witch-nut I offer. However, listen. Of course with vanity in my heart I tried to make a cake for the church festival that should beat Sarah Smyth's cakely concoctions. Certainly I failed, as I always do when I try hard for a result to please. But what I am bothering my head over is to find out just why I failed to turn out my usual light, airy confection. There's a big lot of tantalizing metaphysics involved in this cake problem of mine, and if I could only find the right knock of the combination I should be glad. Just see. I was careful, more than careful, mind you, in my measurement of butter, sugar, eggs, flour, rising manipulation and baking, and yet after all my care, fret and worry, that cake was a flat failure in more than one dimension of rising. Flat as a flounder, and leathery too. Aomable describes the stuff I took from the oven as cake. Now tell me, why did I fall after trying so hard to succeed?" "After trying so hard to succeed." That was just my friend's trouble, this stress of "trying so hard to succeed." Had she tried easy, cheerily, and in faith of an infallibility, that would have been more to the point and brought forth a cake light, toothsome, peeping into the "fourth dimensional" realm of love-

liness. Fear, thought and doubt, negative and changed the usual chemical balance of the cake. This cake was alive with prehensible quivers of response to my friend's attitude of mind. It is this way (to my thinking) everything, no matter what, is life and mind and sensitive to environment. Environment is both limited and illimitable, but limitation directly materializes variants of form, so worries and fumes of mind substance when directly adjacent an intricate variety of a depressing kind. Only a careless freedom and trust wins out to a desired point. Worry, hurry, and fear is the strange triplet. What is it that knocks things all askew? We carelessly say, "Thoughts are things," but how do we know that thoughts are things? Even if she will, for see; supposing a good psychometer had touched this cake dough of my friend's before baking? What then? Simply this: This sensitive would have instantly determined the status of my friend's mind while mixing her cake. Now if this be so, which it certainly is, what then does this prove? Simply a mental reciprocity between the mind, dough, and mind human. An aliveness in cake only could have registered the mental magnetism of my friend, while in contact. This maker of cake fussed and worried this cake to flatness. 'Twas a fear cake. That this cake in question felt fear and anxiety is attested by its shrinkage, just as human beings shrivel up under stress of anxiety and fear. We influence and are influenced by everything we come in contact with. "Come in contact with." Pray what does "contact" mean? Contact means a touching of organisms. But an organism is multiple in manifestation. An organic form on human planes of light is not the entirety of its manifestation or organism. 'Tis not all of substance that is seizable to us, but contact with seizable things registers effect directly to earthly perception, but the invisible waves and wavelets of visible formation stretch away throughout the amplitude of eternity and mix and mingle and interplay, form by form, and blend continually into a rich harmony of eternal living. Millions of leagues may separate visible organisms and yet each may touch the other in spiritual realities. The fluorescence of an earth in its varying kingdoms of expression is but the register of contact by invisible radiant thought energies of both sun and earth, interplayed by the in-reaches of eternal fashioning. 'Tis the language of things living speaking in mutations of formation which we interpret through our senses as sound, color, light, etc., etc., etc., even cake tells a story in life. So by a parity of reasoning we conclude the endless cosmos from infinitesimal atoms to pulsing suns is alive and thinking and registering thought. Marching and countermarching troop the legions of living atoms—cake, planets, suns, others. Infinite the gossiping and tellings of story and song by these cohorts of thought-things in wayfaring throughout eternity. All is reciprocating life. Even my friend and her luckless cake were proved alive and reciprocating comrades by woeful mirrors of their register.

Julia Augusta Bunker.
Candia. N. H.

"A Convenience in Trolleyhood."

A new and important department in the street railway world has been created by the Boston & Northern and the Old Colony Street Railways of Boston, in the form of a passenger department, with headquarters at 309 Washington street, Boston, in the midst of the passenger offices of all the steam railroads.

Mr. Robert H. Derrah has been appointed passenger and advertising agent of the two companies. This is the first office of its kind in the country, and there is every reason to believe that under his supervision the public will become more fully acquainted with the many seashore resorts, historical places and delightful scenery reached by the lines of these two companies.

In addition to the many seashore resorts served by these companies along the north and south shores of Massachusetts Bay, they own and maintain many pleasure parks where entertainments are given during the summer months.

Mr. H. H. Derrah, the new passenger agent, is well known to the street railway fraternity on account of his efficient work throughout New England in creating pleasure travel on the trolley lines.

He has been a street railway man for fifteen years, starting as clerk in the president's office of the West End Street Railway (now the Boston Elevated Railway), acting as private secretary to the Hon. Samuel Little when president of the former company.

Here he made the first map of any State of the Union, showing the existing and projected street railway lines, and later he completed similar maps of the States of Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York.

He was the originator of the trolley trip from Boston to New York, a novelty which took immediately.

The two companies he represents operate eight hundred miles of street railways north and south of Boston, extending from Nashua, N. H., through the entire State of Massachusetts to Providence and Newport, R. I., serving some twenty-two cities and sixty-six towns with a total population of over two millions.

Mr. Derrah's appointment is the first of a street railway making a regular passenger and advertising agent. He has for years been an enthusiast in the matter of trolley trips, especially to seashore resorts, and his new position will afford him ample opportunities to study out the perplexities of his hobby.

Wonderful Demonstrations in Pittsburg.

To Prof. W. J. Colville:
My Dear Sir: The "One Life" which I so clearly show through all nature, which is known by a hundred names, is the life referred to by Burcham Harding in his little book entitled "Brotherhood Nature's Law." The atoms referred to by Democritus and Epicurus—The Invisible Will of Arthur Schopenhauer—The Monads of Liebenitz—The Atoms that are wiser than is man by Emerson—The Awful Reality spoken of by St. George Mivart—The Life that is present in all things of Herbert Spencer—and a thousand others—have shown it to several thousand cultured and educated persons of our community during the past ten years. With the aid of two separate forms of microscopes of my own construction—I show that all gases and vapors are composed of it—have it come intelligently alive out of the very fire. Water may be distilled a dozen times yet be shown to be composed of it—and that by the glass full—the white human blood cell contains it by the hundred, so are all plant cells in which it shows its highest wisdom and intelligence—so far demonstrable. The atmosphere is proven densely inhabited with it—even under the condition immediately after a heavy summer shower—fire and acid will not destroy it. Arthur J. Balfour, Prime Minister of England, discussed it on the evening of August 17th last in old Oxford University, before three thousand of the brightest minds of England. His title was the "New Theory of Matter," yet he claimed this wonder had

never yet been seen by the eye of man. I claim from personal knowledge that the demonstration of the existence of this life will do more to unite mankind for a common good than all else combined. I sincerely hope you may see fit to tell us something more about it from your clairvoyant point of view.

Very respectfully,
Henry Berger.
North Oakland Sq., Pittsburg.

N. B.—I have a number of letters from eminent persons to whom I have shown it.—H. B.

Not being clairvoyant we are unable to make out the attached manuscript.—Printer.

With the above letter came a recommendation from Mr. Colville, as worthy of publication. The copy was not nearly as bad as was Horace Greeley's, and other old-time journalists, but, our printers of the present day have to be endowed with clairvoyant powers to decipher what the old printers would decipher, even though it were written up-side-down. This shows that what this world gains in hurry and scurry, it loses in power of the human faculties to discern and discriminate. "Don't want to do it," our printers say. Machines rule the 20th century. The following is the letter from Mr. Colville.—Temp. Editor.

The above letter seems to me decidedly worthy of publication, and as many readers of the "Banner" are highly endowed with clairvoyance, it has seemed to me well worth while to offer this letter for publication in your columns, so as to lead to further enquiry into the subject. My clairvoyance as far as it extends, causes me to feel certain that there is a great truth underlying Henry Berger's statements, and I trust the subject will be much more widely investigated.—W. J. Colville.

Mediumship Defined and Defended.

I wish to express my deep sense of indebtedness to Mme Inness for her favorable review of my six lectures recently published under the above title. I fully agree with her that a seventh lecture should be added on "The Educating Power of Mediumship," and that lecture I shall soon submit for publication in the "Banner" and subsequent appearance as a pamphlet. There is one point where your courteous reviewer and I do not stand quite together, at least, when it comes to phraseology. I fully grant that mediumship can prove highly educational and that all association with enlightened, intelligent entities disrobed of flesh tends to educate wherever we hold intercourse with such; at the same time I take decided exception to the two words, "control" and "tool," which in my judgment are misleading and final occasion for adverse criticism of mediumship whenever they are employed. Such words as "guides, helpers, inspirers" and others of like nature are always legitimate and they are readily understood; so are such phrases as spirit communion and spiritual co-operation. Good fellowship is what we desire to cultivate and there are always three reasonable relations sustainable between us and our spiritual comrades; first, we can receive instruction from teachers further advanced in knowledge than ourselves; second, we can associate on equal terms with friends on our present level of attainment; third, we can help those less enlightened than ourselves and when we read such a book as "The Demonism of the Ages and Spirit Obsession," by Dr. J. M. Peebles, a volume which is now exciting a large amount of controversy, we clearly see what blind surrender to unknown influences apparently leads to, and though I would be far from encouraging any doctrine circulated to occasion needless alarm in any quarter, I do think that the cause of Spiritualism and the path of mediumship would be greatly helped if Spiritualists would drop the word "Control" from their vocabulary and no longer speak of mediums as "Tools."

I have personally derived immeasurable help through my own mediumship, but the intelligencies who have guided me from childhood and who guide me still, have repeatedly urged upon me the necessity of acknowledging and cultivating individuality. I quite admit that many Spiritualists put on an irrelevant and restricted meaning upon the word "Control," but such is not the accepted dictionary definition. To control is to coerce or subjugate, and I declare from experience that mediumship can be coerced fully without coercion or subjugation of any sort. Though I entirely disagree with all who inveigh against mediumship indiscriminately, I do maintain that brotherly, sisterly, neighborly relations should be maintained between friends on both sides of the mystic river. I shall gladly use my utmost efforts to vindicate the cause of genuine and edifying mediumship wherever I may go, but I do plead for the acceptance of a reasonable terminology such as will enable us to draw as near together as possible and avoid disputations which more frequently arise from ambiguous use of language than from any other single cause. I am glad to be able to report excellent meetings in Washington. I am lecturing daily to splendid audiences, and it works well to have meetings at different times in widely separated sections of this capital city, which is now in the full glory of its early winter festivities looking forward to greater splendors soon to come. I thank your good reviewer heartily for the suggestion of a lecture on "The Educational Uses of Mediumship." It is already commenced and will be reported. Sincerely, W. J. Colville, 1830 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Poetry of Life.

Life is in the profoundest sense rhythmic, a constant waving, a rising and falling over the crests and down into the trough of the sea. If our conscious vision were larger we should look from crest to crest, and behold the harmony of our long evolution. When we descend we should know that it is but to rise. But, absorbed in sensation and self, not even our memory lasts over, until repeated philosophizing has made clear the law. It is safe to say that every one of our doubts, fears and complaints is due to this lack of perspective or memory; yes, that all our suffering, ill-health, sin, is maladjustment to the wave which is carrying us ever forward, forward, whether we are adjusted or not. Our subconscious life is of particular assistance in the solution of the problems of suffering and evil, since it is the convictions which we develop by subconscious induction that finally make clear the law.

Those whose instruments are most intimately attuned to the universal harmony of things agree in the description of it as rhythmic. The heart beats rhythmically, the breath comes in rhythms, every function of the body proceeds in rhythmic sequence. The seasons come and go, the stars fade and reappear rhythmically, the entire universe is as truly a pulsing harmony as when the angels sang at the creation (which never began).

The poets and musicians feel this universal rhythm and reproduce it in verse and chords of sweet sounds. In them there are fewer conscious and subconscious obstacles. The same harmony exists for all, but owing to maladjustment we feel and therefore report it as discord. You will observe that the less a man possesses of that quality which we call soul-life, the more prosaic he is. Let a man pursue the pathways of the Spirit, and he will gradually become more refined in

voice, manner, language, thought and feeling. This refinement bespeaks a closer relationship with the rhythm of things. His language becomes more rhythmic.—Horatio W. Dresser, in Unity.

"Spiritualism is the only scientific religion. It does not start with a theory, and then set out in search of facts to support it. It first makes sure of its facts, and then evolves its principles from them. Even if we cannot demonstrate immortality to your satisfaction, the Spiritualist is still entitled to your best hearing, because he gives a clear reason for his beliefs. Spiritualism is, above all things, natural and rational. It shelters no superstition. It does not persecute heretics. It strangles nobody. It harms no man. It is not red in tooth and claw, but beautiful in its strength. It never puts a gag in the mouth of a thinker. It is not puffed up. It is modest, because knowing, and victorious, because true. Conscious of his own helplessness, it aggressively protests against doubts and negations that hinder, waging a bloodless warfare against error of every kind."—The Medium, Eng.

"Most people have noticed and wondered at the almost human sensitiveness of the watch. It has a mysterious power of sympathy with its wearer; and its conduct depends largely on the pocket in which it finds itself. If you steal another man's watch you will certainly have to complain that it does not keep good time until you have carefully reconciled it to your own 'animal magnetism.' It will race or linger in sympathy with the heart that beats close to it. That was the explanation of a watchmaker who recently apologized for errors in regulation on the ground that the watch which kept perfect time on the expert's hook developed eccentricities in the amateur's pocket."—Daily Chronicle.

The Century's Art Features.

A NUMBER OF AGREEABLE SURPRISES IN THE FIELD OF COLOR WORK PROMISED SOON.

During the past months many pictures in color have appeared in the pages of The Century, notably: Maxfield Parrish's exquisite paintings for the articles on "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," Miss Bett's charming pictures of the days of our fathers; the paintings by Frederick W. Stokes illustrating remarkable sky effects; Charles R. Knight's animal studies; Miss Violet Oakley's imaginative studies; Mr. Tobin's portrait of Pope Pius X; reproductions of J. Wells Champney's pastels; Miss Ellen Bernard Thompson's studies of children; reproductions of paintings by George de Forest Brush, William M. Chase, Laura C. Hills, and others. It is the aim of The Century to confine its experiments in the field of color work to subjects which have uniqueness and an important reason for color treatment. Miss Betts will contribute several other groups typical of the same period, among them "The Duet," "Christmas Callers," "St. Valentine's Day," and "The Serenaders." Mr. Parrish has made a beautiful illustration for a story "The Princess and the Boy;" and the coming year of The Century will contain a number of agreeable surprises in the field of color work.

The Century will continue to print beautiful and representative examples of work by American painters and sculptors. It will have also articles on men who are coming to the front in art abroad, including Mucha, Zuloaga, and the German secessionists. An article on "Children's Costumes in the Nineteenth Century" will have exquisite illustrations by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. The late J. L. Jerome will be the subject of reminiscences which will be accompanied by interesting illustrative material. A paper on the art influence of Philadelphia by Harrison S. Morris will soon appear.

For twenty years Timothy Cole, the acknowledged master of wood engraving of the world, has been in Europe for The Century reproducing the masterpieces of art for the pages of the magazine. Here have appeared the greatest works of the masters of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and English schools. Mr. Cole is now engaged in reproducing the work of the Spanish masters, and superb examples of their art will appear from time to time. The artists whose work will appear in The Century during 1905 include all the notable illustrators of the present day.

The Christmas Delineator.

The December Delineator, with its message of good cheer and helpfulness, will be welcomed in every home. The fashion pages are unusually attractive, illustrating and describing the very latest modes in a way to make their construction during the busy festive season a pleasure instead of a task, and the literary and pictorial features are of rare excellence. A selection of love songs from the Wagner operas, rendered into English by Richard de Gallienne and beautifully illustrated in colors by J. C. Leyendecker, occupies a prominent place, and a chapter in the composers' series, relating the romance of Wagner and Cosima, is an interesting supplement to the lyrics. A very clever paper entitled "The Court Circles of the Republic" describing some unique phases of Washington social life is from an unnamed contributor, who is said to write from the inner circles of society. There are short stories from the pens of F. Hopkinson Smith, Robert Grant, Alice Brown, Mary Stewart Cutting and Elmore Elliott Peake, and such interesting writers as Julia Magruder, L. Frank Baum, and Grace MacGowan Cooke hold the attention of the children. Many Christmas suggestions are given in needlework and the needlework, and the cookery pages are replete of the Christmas feast. In addition, there are the regular departments of the magazine, with many special articles on topics relating to woman's interests within and without the home.

I hope you will kindly allow me to make especial note of one brother's work and I know none of the others will take exceptions to it, for they know I know the speakers both east and west that I have met this year have made me proud of them.

But the work of brother Cross touched me, and made me believe more and more in the wonderful work of the spirit. Resting under the shadow of the natural grief caused by the passing out of his wife, with the mill that he tells in week days for bread shut down and six motherless children to be provided for, the oldest only sixteen, it would seem it was enough to make the stoutest heart quail, but he held his audience by his arguments, his wit and his pathos. He did not talk of his own troubles but of humanity in general, and hoped and believed that Spiritualism would be a great factor in the redemption of the race from injustice. It is to be deplored that brother Cross is not so situated that he can go more generally upon the lecture platform, as he is making his powers felt, but his circumstances forbid it at present. It is to be hoped eastern societies, when he can get over Sunday, will avail themselves of the benefit of his work.—O. E. S. Twing.

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

Ostrich Feathers from South Africa.

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For \$5 (a Five Dollar Bill will do) we will send our trial Order "A" in Black, White, or assorted colors. We prepay charges and guarantee its safe arrival. If more than you want you can sell the surplus. For a Club of Five we'll send an extra one Free of Charge.

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1903, 262

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

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

LILLA MAY.

Entered the higher life from Waterbury, Vt., Nov. 12, Lilla May, in the 36th year of her age, daughter of Mrs. Caroline Foss and wife of Blanchard Montgomery. A good woman has gone home to her reward and the loved ones gone before. She was a true Spiritualist and outspoken in its defense. She found her greatest happiness in the home, which she made the centre of many ministries and never wearied in putting forward efforts for the well being and happiness of her husband and children. She was a devoted daughter, a kind sister and loyal friend. May all who mourn her earthly loss be sustained and comforted by her spiritual ministrations. Emma L. Paul.

VOICES OF THE MORNING

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Contains seventy exquisite poetical gems, and should be in the hands of every lover of truly inspired poetry.

Comments.

"I will take pleasure in recommending your book to any literary friends who love poetry."—Mary T. Longley, Secretary, N. S. A.
"Voices of the Morning by Miss Belle Bush is a book of true poetry and may claim the right of being placed among the best American productions."—A. F. Melchers, Asst. Editor The Sunflower.
"I read your poems frequently at my Sunday lectures and this I like the one entitled 'The Artist and the Angel' is worth the price of the book."—Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.
"I will gladly do all I can to give publicity to your delightful inspiring poems."—James Henry Foss.

For sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

1825.

1904.



Edward Curtis.

EDWARD CURTIS,

who was born July 17, 1825, at Madison, Madison Co., New York, passed into spirit life, Monday, Oct. 31, 1904. He was throughout life a strong Spiritualist, and has been a constant reader of the BANNER since it was established. In company with his son he established the *Marion Enterprise*, at Marion, Wayne Co., N. Y., in 1880, and was connected with that paper up to the time of death. This place is located only four miles from the famous "Hydesville Cottage." He lived a useful life and died in full faith of the glorious future.

Spiritual Exponents.

Our Lynn correspondent writes of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates and wife who have been serving the society there for the past three months, that "their signal success in this engagement demonstrates the good results that obtain from more extended engagements of capable speakers. The lectures by Mr. Kates have been of a forcible and logical character, carrying conviction to the thinker; and Mrs. Kates has proven herself one of the best women speakers now gracing the Spiritualist platform, while she is also among the best descriptive mediums and a fine vocalist. Such workers add great power to the cause of Spiritualism."

He Is Charmed By It.

Dr. Harrison H. Fryette, of Chicago, writes: "I expected to find Dr. Bland's book, 'In the World Celestial,' a volume of philosophy, science and religion, but on reading it I was delighted to find it all that and more. A charming love story setting forth not mere animal attraction, which is so often mistaken for love, but the unalloyed joy and happiness which must result when two perfectly mated souls are united." For sale at the "Banner" book store.

It Came in Time.

"Go ye out in the world and preach the gospel to all the people."
Orthodoxy seeks to compel the people to accept its own way of explaining or defining the Christian religion. Modern Spiritualism is demonstrating and giving proofs of that which ancient Spiritualism has believed in for 2,000 years. Missionaries have been sent to other lands to convert the heathen and yet they (the so-called heathen) have just as good rights and perhaps an equally good reason on which to found their modes of worship. Spiritualism, or societies, are sending missionaries into small towns and hamlets where no messengers have been, and given of their treasures, their truths, to convince. No true Spiritualist ever seeks to proselyte. But if one has a gift it is God given and no one has the right to hide their light under a bushel or fold their talent in a napkin. Modern Spiritualism came when the needs were great, when questions were being asked and only the olden faith were taught.

Singers and Public Speakers will find Pizo's Cure an effectual cure for hoarseness.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey says: We come into physical manifestation, pushed on by the great Dynamic, or Energy, to operate as it wills, and our conscience never stops us nor calls a halt until we reach the boundary set to our operations. Therefore let us be charitable; we do not know what we may do tomorrow, although the Heavens declare it.

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In all these cases and a thousand more, are given the explanation, or are the answers to be found in the Subliminal Consciousness or Subjective Mind of the medium?
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Representative-at-Large,
Dr. GEORGE A. FULLER, M.D.

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

Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not necessarily endorse all the varied modes of opinion to which correspondents may give expression.

Notation is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return enclosed articles.

Whenever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it is then sent or the change cannot be made.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1904.

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

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

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

The following represents the principles adopted by the 1899 national convention of the Spiritualists of America, and reaffirmed at the national convention held at 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, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Sunbeam's Christmas Work.

For years one of the active efforts along practical lines at Christmas has been the work of Spirit Sunbeam through the devotion of her medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule and her associates. Last year Mrs. Soule was incapacitated by her severe illness, but the faithful workers of The Gospel of Spirit Return Society cared for nearly seventy-five little friends from families needing a sympathetic touch and friendly lift. Notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Soule's physician has decreed that she postpone her public services as Pastor of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society for a little longer, this Christmas work will be taken up as before. One of the avenues for "supplying the funds necessary to prosecute this work is the Sunbeam Box" which is placed in the homes of those co-operating and the funds thus gathered through the year are placed in a common offering and invested in warm clothing and other necessities to help the needy and deserving. An evening is named for the opening of these boxes and to receive other contributions of money, toys, books, clothing (ready to wear) and any other help for the work. This year Wednesday, December 7, this opening will take place at the Banner of Light Building in the evening. Every one interested in this undertaking is invited to co-operate and see Miss Freitas in reference to the matter at the Banner of Light Book Store or correspond with Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, 79 Prospect St., Somerville, Mass.

Refreshments will be served and the proceeds go to the working funds. Come. Let us make glad some heart by our efforts, and so "keep Christmas."

We have reports and evidences of the fact that increased interest is being taken in the "Banner." As the local societies improve in their tone and their culture, the "Banner" increases in sales. The palmy days of phenomenal evidences are past, the audiences want now good, solid, substantial spiritual food. They have grown weary at sitting for an hour or two waiting for inconsequential matter. All are hungry and all want to be fed with something that they can digest. The other matters have been advertised enough and can take care of themselves outside.

Saul, in traveling to Damascus to assert his own pigmy-will, was stricken momentarily blind by the power of the sun, and he learned quite forcibly that there were powers in the heavens far greater than the powers of earth-born men.

"Guilty, or Not Guilty."

Our readers will notice that in last week's "Banner," at the head of our editorials on fourth page, is a vote of thanks passed by the N. S. A. and forwarded to the "Banner" by Mrs. Longley, the worthy secretary. What are our readers to understand? Are they to understand that the "Banner" is thanked for not publishing, for their edification, the president's annual report? If so, in the interest of the "Banner's" readers, we would enquire for what offense the "Banner's" readers have been denied the privilege of knowing what the president had to say in his official position for the cause of Spiritualism? The "Banner" has never in any way been direct in its work for the Cause, nor in its aid of the N. S. A.

The missionary's report, the secretary's report and the committee's report on delegates' report, were sent to the "Banner" officially and published verbatim et literatim, as received. This was in accordance with the "Banner's" understanding that all reports would be officially sent to the "Banner" in order that no garbled report might appear. This is the customary method by all well regulated organizations, in their dealings with the press. The "Banner" had representatives on the spot to gather a general summary of the convention. Of these, the "Banner" selected the excellent account given by Geo. W. Kates, and published Nov. 12. The present editor of the "Banner," in the absence of Editor Morse, is an experienced journalist, knowing thoroughly the customary requirement and the official courtesies and duties in such matters, and he is in no manner mixed with any real or fancied personal differences with anyone in the N. S. A. or in the spiritual field. As editorial guardian of the interests of the "Banner" readers, he is at a loss to account for the carelessness, or the wilful intention on the part of someone to him unknown, who failed to perform an official obligation, which, in a political affair would be deemed puerile even by an official against his bitterest opponent.

In the present case, in which the "Banner" stands pre-eminent as the friend and supporter of all that is known and officially recognized as Spiritualism, and whose worthiness is above even the suspicion of a doubt, and whose readers are the tried and truest friends of Spiritualism, the "Banner" once again publicly asks for a reason to present to its readers.

Since the first asking, the vote of thanks has been received from the secretary of the N. S. A. Is the "Banner" to understand thereby that it is thanked for not presenting the president's annual report? If so, would it be inconsistent for the "Banner" to ask what there was in that report that was improper for the "Banner's" readers to know?

The "Banner" has no desire to tread on anyone's corns, but someone has trodden on the toes of every reader of the "Banner," and the "Banner" is in duty bound to publicly ask "why," and someone is in duty bound to make answer through the "Banner," or stand personally, or collectively, responsible to the many enquiring readers of the "Banner" as evidenced by the sample of enquiries as hereafter given. To these enquiries the editor of the "Banner" can make no reply without causing some possibly unjust suspicion of intentional wrong doing in official quarters. This, of course, would not be in our editorial heart to do, but in Brother Kates' report, in "Banner" of Nov. 12, we learn that at the convention "of good character, honor, integrity, earnestness and stability must ever be demanded of officials." With this as the advocated principles of organized Spiritualism, the "Banner" is not to be the last among the friends of the Cause to step on the toes of erring officials, if any there are to be found.

From Maine.—I am much disappointed in not learning through the "Banner" all that was done at the N. S. A. Convention. I know of nothing more important to Spiritualists than a good account of the N. S. A. Others are disappointed as well as myself.—I. W. S.

The "Banner" would say that no better account than ours was given of all that we received, which, so far as we can learn, was complete with the exception of the president's address. We are not clairvoyant enough to give that without the copy which seems to have been sent to all papers except to the parent of them all. Sometimes the parents are forgotten by those who were fostered by them, just as the wayward forget, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

Another from Maine.—Has the N. S. A. dropped the "Banner" as official organ? If so, what should be done. I do not believe in dropping old friends. I think the "Banner" should always stand foremost, and not rank third on the list of titles as officially rendered. It seems to me that all spiritualistic papers should be treated alike in these National affairs. I do not ask this for a personal reply, but as a question of interest which should be disposed of in a manner alike fair to all, with favor to none, so that readers of any of our papers may be well informed, without being forced against their will to seek other sources of information.—S. H. R.

I guess you have put the matter about right, brother. We do not understand that the N. S. A. has an official organ, as we have never been aware of any such vote being taken by the Board. We are brothers all; still there may be brothers as unwise as Cain; or there may be in any circle a Judas who for some personal advantage, betrays the higher interests of a cause. The "Banner" is too well fortified in the honor between true Spiritualists to even think such a thing in this case, but the "Banner" is in the dark. Someone—not the "Banner"—is responsible for the matter, and we are contending for the rights due our readers. The apology for the omission does not rest upon us. If it did we would manfully say so. We ask for an explanation, and it has not come. Yet thanks have come from the N. S. A. and it is for those who voted those thanks to state whether or not they intended the thanks for the omission of that which all good Spiritualists expect to see in its columns. If so, then comes the other question, Why? And all "Banner" readers who help to maintain the N. S. A.

have a right to know why they are so unceremoniously ignored. It may be but a matter of carelessness, or it may be a matter of great import to the well being of our Cause.

From Nebraska.—For nearly fifty years we have been reading the "Banner," as did also my father and mother. I wish to thank the present management for the great improvement, and also the present editor, pro tem, for his caustic editorials. We want an aggressive, not a shilly-shally organ. Yours for truth.—O. D. H.

These and many other letters are on our files.

Never Disown Your Own.

The worthy regular editor of the "Banner," Mr. J. J. Morse, has been receiving especial honors at his old English home, the other side of the waters. He will return, we are informed, as a fully recognized subject of our dear old "Uncle Samuel."

Early in December the present occupation of the temporary editor will be gone, and he merely wishes to say that if any commissions or omissions have occurred during the absence of the "regular," please do not lay it to the "regular," but to the "tempo," whose shoulders are small but strong enough for a brief period to hold a great deal, not only of his own, but of other people's burdens as well.

The "tempo" takes occasion to say this, in time, in order that no future misunderstandings may occur, if it should, perchance, appear that the "tempo" had voiced sentiments, or had gone astray, from what the "regular" would not care to father, or be answerable for.

In times gone by, the present "tempo" left a "tempo" to fill his place while he was for a brief time absent, from a responsible journal. In that brief absence, the one left in charge took occasion to put forth ideas which he was never man enough to father, and which were entirely contrary to the principles of the journal in question, and entirely averse to the views of its absent editor. That little affair created enmities against the absentee which could never be properly explained, and it caused untold life troubles which were never after fully overcome.

In like manner as in this stated case, many innocent people are often made to suffer for things which other people—ignorant of the true state of affairs—as innocently hold them responsible for. When people are in any manner offended, they are seldom able to go in a manly way and learn the cause, which often may be far from intentional, and quite often may be wholly due to misunderstandings, in which one side may be as much to blame as the other.

It will never do any one any harm to father his own responsibilities, for each one of them is recorded in the heavens above the earth, and sooner or later they will have to be answered for through the infallible laws of cause and effect. We may hypocritically endeavor to hide them, but, like the foolish ostrich, we merely deceive ourselves, by sticking only our head in the bush with the supposition that the rest of us is hidden from view.

Spiritualists may teach the world the greatest of all beneficent lessons, when, like George Washington, they can learn to say: "I cannot tell a lie; it was I that did it;" and "we can go George Washington one point better" by saying, "I did it because the law of the spirit world, within and about me, caused me to do it, in accordance with the Lord's prayer which teaches me to say: 'Thy will be done—in earth as it is done in heaven.'"

We have too long been taught to assert our own pigmy-will, which people usually exercise on the animal plane of life, as opposed to our higher will on the spirit plane, which is incapable of doing intentional injury, in even so much as a wish or a thought. If unintentional injury is ever done another it will be invariably found to have been committed for a divine purpose in the life of both, and the sooner that purpose is mutually understood the better it will be for all concerned.

Never try to shift responsibilities on to the "other fellow," and never try to steal honors which belong to another, for, in reality, "honors are easy," and they never add one inch to our stature, nor will they ever put an additional ounce of blood into our veins. Nor can we increase our joys, unless we take pleasure in being both false to ourselves and to all others about us. In the end Falsity will shake us between his teeth, for this brief earthy existence is not all. It is but twelve hours of eternity.

Methodist Heresy.

Bean porridge may be improved by the "warming over" process, as the old couplet taught us, but in this particular porridge and heresy have nothing in common. Heresy was never a savory dish, but, set forth for the third time, even though in a different plate, it is stale, sickening, and altogether unprofitable. But so long as our brethren retain more orthodox creeds, catechisms and books for discipline than their spiritualized consciences will allow them to teach, they must expect a flurry now and then. The Rev. George A. Cooke of Worcester County, whose attempt to "try" that great modern philosopher of the Methodist denomination, Prof. Browne, was commented upon by the "Banner" last spring, is now aimed at Prof. Mitchell of Boston University School of Theology, and also Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, editor of "Zion's Herald." He asks the powers to excommunicate the former and remove the latter from his position.

If the unregenerate may testify, we would say that we look upon Prof. Browne, Prof. Mitchell, and Mr. Parkhurst, as progressive men, open to the truth and ashamed to teach an error after it has been betrayed, and we are quite inclined to agree with a secular editor who puts it this way: "When men measure faith by a foot rule and accept only

so much of truth as they can lock up in an esoteric, their faculty is too profound to make them desirable spiritual guides. Mr. Cooke appears to be writing himself down as simply a narrator. He has been such in his church for some time. It is said that he is rapidly becoming a public nuisance."

"Truth Crushed to Earth Will Rise Again."

Regardless of what the "Banner" knows of this matter, we prefer to present the following statement as given in the Boston Journal of Nov. 23. To opponents of the claims made by Spiritualists, the account may bear greater weight than if made by a Spiritualist paper. Take note that the Journal says, "an almost entire human skeleton," and not the bones of a large dog or of any four-footed animal.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 22.—The skeleton of the man supposed to have caused the rappings first heard by the Fox sisters in 1848 has been found in the walls of the house occupied by the sisters, and clears them from the only shadow of doubt held concerning their sincerity in the discovery of spirit communication.

The Fox sisters declared they learned to communicate with the spirit of a man, and that he told them he had been murdered and buried in the cellar. Repeated excavations failed to locate the body and thus give proof positive of their story.

The discovery was made by school children playing in the cellar of the building in Hydeville known as the "Spook house," where the Fox sisters heard the wonderful rappings. William H. Hyde, a reputable citizen of Clyde, who owns the house, made an investigation and found an almost entire human skeleton, undoubtedly that of the wandering pedler whom it was claimed was murdered in the east room of the house, and whose body was hidden in the cellar.

Mr. Hyde has notified relatives of the Fox sisters and the notice of the discovery will be sent to the National Order of Spiritualists, many of whom remember having made pilgrimages to the "Spook house," as it is commonly called. The finding of the bones practically corroborates the sworn statement made by Margaret Fox, April 11, 1848. The Fox sisters claimed to have been disturbed by rappings and finally by a system of signals got into communication with the spirit.

According to Margaret Fox's statement the spirit was that of a pedler, who described how he had been murdered in the house, his body being buried in the cellar. There were numerous witnesses to the rappings, but although the cellar had been dug up many times no traces of the body was found until the crumbling cellar walls revealed the skeleton.

The name of the murdered man, according to his revelation to the Fox sisters, was Charles Rosina, and the murderer a man named Beck. In 1847 the house was occupied by Michael Weekman, a poor laborer. He and his family became troubled by these mysterious rappings, which followed in succession at different intervals, especially during the night. The family became so broken by fear and loss of sleep that they vacated the house.

On Dec. 11, the Fox family moved in and two months later the rappings were resumed and the family became frightened. Finally Margaret and Cathie grew bold and asked questions which were answered, revealing the murder.

Hard Hit.

The Boston Evening Transcript recently copied an article from the Springfield Republican which in its turn quoted from the New York Sun. The subject of these articles was Prof. Hyslop's remarks upon the recent experiment in telepathy from America to England.

The facts alleged are that Mrs. Piper, whom we all know, and a medium who has been used in England by the Psychic Society there, arranged an experiment in telepathy. At an agreed moment Mrs. Piper was to try to send telepathically to the English medium a few words.

The message of four words only was sent. Just what the message should be, was not determined by Mrs. Piper until the moment agreed upon had almost arrived. The four words sent were not such as might perhaps be guessed. They were unusual words.

The message thus sent was received in England practically the moment it was sent, but—and here is the important point—it was sent in English and received in Latin.

There are two important considerations in the report of this case; the first attracts us in passing; the second is possibly fatal to the materialistic explanation of telepathy.

The first, then, is that papers like the Sun, the Republican and the Transcript are to be found discussing this subject. This is but another example showing the new fields into which Spiritualism and its study is forcing itself today.

The second consideration is one of great importance; so vast is its significance that the marvel is that it has attracted no greater attention. It is certainly the greatest and most severe blow that has been dealt the telepathic theories of the materialists in a decade.

The Hudson school of telepathists claim that telepathy, and not spirits, is the cause of all spiritualistic phenomena; that communication between the worlds is merely a dream-explanation of simple mind reading between earth-dwellers. The machinery by which this mind-reading is carried on is briefly that the operation of the brain of the sender sets in motion vibrations of the ether which vibrations impinge upon the brain of the receiver and produce there the idea sent. This is a sort of wireless telephony, the brain or nerve centres of the two participants corresponding to the telephonic instruments.

But, in the new experiment reported, we have four English words transformed en route into the corresponding Latin. Certainly the etheric vibrations could not translate English into Latin. Neither of the participants, Mrs. Piper and the English medium, understood Latin at all and Latin words were not "nominated in the bond." The Latin translation was an entire surprise to all parties concerned. There intervened, therefore, somewhere between Mrs. Piper and the medium in England, an intelligent force. This force was a force, for it performed a mental act. It was intelligent, because it translated English into Latin. It intervened between these mediums, because neither of

them understood Latin and therefore Latin could not have been in the subjective or objective mind of either.

It is perfectly certain that etheric vibrations without the aid of some other force, a force which must be intelligent, cannot translate English into Latin.

Where, then, can the materialist turn? He is driven completely outside his telepathic theory to explain this phenomenal occurrence.

To a Spiritualist there is nothing strange, nothing difficult in this experiment. Prof. Hyslop declares that there must have been the intervention of a spirit. And to this every Spiritualist readily assents. Does it not seem almost as if some spirit seized this very opportunity to convince the doubting members of the Psychic Society that Telepathy does not explain all? We can almost see the smile of gentle sarcasm come over the face of some learned and erudite spirit as he takes the Piper message in English and delivers it in Latin saying to himself, "What will the wisecracks of the society say to this? Isn't this a pretty good test of my friend Hudson's pet theory?"

Now there should be one more test made. Let a similar telepathic experiment be tried and let it be agreed that no spirit shall aid in its transmission. This agreement the spirits would probably be glad to make for the purpose of putting an ultimate test to the mechanical theory of telepathy. When this arrangement is fully understood, let Mrs. Piper try to telepath her English friend and then see if telepathy will transmit any message at all.

As the experiments stand today it is possible that (1) telepathy does telepath and (2) spirits act as bearers of messages. The materialist denies (2) and says it is all (1). The English-Latin message proves it is not all (1) and that it is sometimes (2). If, the aid of spirits being entirely excluded by agreement, telepathy refuses to act, then we shall know that it is never (1) but is always (2).

If the Psychic Society wishes to make a demonstration more valuable and more convincing than any their records now reveal, let the suggested test be made.

Sir Alfred Russell Wallace.

During the last century, it is beyond question, no scientific discovery has created so great a change in human thought as has that which has been known generically as "Darwinism." "Natural Selection," in the "Origin of Species," first set the world talking. Evolution is the later name for the movement thus started. It is true that Darwin was the discoverer of the so-called law of the origin of species, but he was not the only nor was he the first discoverer of that world transforming doctrine.

Alfred Russell Wallace sent to Charles Darwin a pamphlet containing the results of his investigations in the same field wherein Darwin was at work. This pamphlet was given to Darwin to be handed to the great geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, for his reading. Darwin read it and behold, here was his own work anticipated. Wallace had made the very discovery upon which Darwin had been at work for twenty years. Wallace is as much the father of Evolution as is Darwin. The very language of Wallace's pamphlet was so appropriate that when Darwin hastened his own publication in order to prevent Wallace from anticipating him publicly, some of Wallace's own phraseology was adopted by Darwin for his own.

The difference between Darwin and Wallace was that Darwin held his head to the earth; Wallace seeing further raised his imagination to the Heavens and saw in the spiritual nature of man heights to which the "survival of the fittest" could not mount. "Evolution," he said, "can account for the land-grabber, the company-promoter and the sweater; but if it fails to account for the devotion of the patriot, the enthusiasm of the artist, the constancy of the martyr, the resolute search of the scientific worker after nature's secrets, it has not explained the whole mystery of humanity."

This lofty outlook, this courageous climbing for something more than the lesson taught by the animalculae clinging to the dredge as it rises from the ocean's depths, led Wallace as early as 1863 to investigate Spiritualism. He believed its phenomena of the highest importance as a subject for scientific investigation and "from the very beginning of his scientific career, on the very threshold of his work in a materialistic and suspicious world, this brave and earnest man—with everything to lose and nothing to gain—has been the avowed champion of Spiritualism, and has fought for his belief with a steadfastness which has only increased with time." As he himself expressed it, "I am a Spiritualist and I am not in the least frightened of the name."

All the world honors the man who dares; so let us emulate this brave man's constancy by making his example our rule of conduct.

Mrs. J. Conant Henderson, so long and so well and favorably known as "Jennie Conant," is now nicely quartered in the "Banner of Light" building. Her many friends will not be long in locating her.

Dollars and cents are not the true standard of success. They are necessities imposed upon us by man-made laws of commercialism. They give temporary pleasures to our animal senses, then, if having lived only for them we die unhonored and are soon forgotten. Jim Fiske and Jay Gould are hardly thought of today. Worries and frettings are but inherited delusions. They do us no good, as we are led by Higher Forces into the life-paths which we are destined to tread.

We have received from our valued correspondents a large amount of matter in the past two weeks, utterly impossible for us to use. We would be glad to do so but do not know how to overcome the impossible. It did not reach our hands in time for necessary provisions.

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

Practice What You Preach.

(Benjamin B. Keech in Leslie's Weekly.)
Have you any plan or notion
As to how this world should run?
Have you made a great commotion
Showing how it may be done?
Do you live as you're directed
In the good things that you teach?
And (to questions you're subjected)
Do you practice what you preach?

It is laudable, I'm sure,
If you've any worthy plan
That, in time, may help secure
Future happiness for man.
But if you belie your teaching
(Please believe it, I beseech)
You would better give up preaching
Till you practice what you preach.
Any one can talk religion,
Any one can talk reform;
But that person's name is legion
Who can stand and face the storm;
You will find in every instance
That your arguments will reach
To a somewhat greater distance
If you practice what you preach.

Many things are advocated
That will keep the world from sin;
If you feel quite agitated
O'er the subject, then begin
To explain the situation
To your friends, and unto each
Be a living illustration
That you practice what you preach.

Selected.

Here and Now.

Here in the heart of the world
Here in the noise and the din,
Here where our spirits are hurled
To battle with sorrow and sin;
This is the place and the spot
For knowledge of infinite things;
This is the kingdom where thought
Can conquer the prowess of kings.

Earth is one chamber of heaven;
Death is no grander than birth;
Joy was the life that was given,
Strive for perfection on earth.
Here in the tumult and roar,
Show what it is to be calm;
Show how the spirit can soar
And bring back its healing and balm.

Stand not aloft nor apart;
Plunge in the thick of the fight.
There in the street and the mart,
That is the place to do right;
Not in some cloister or cave,
Not in some kingdom above;
Here on this side of the grave,
Here we should labor and love.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.
LOVE MAKES SAINTS OF SINNERS.

Across the street the emblem of death is
fluttering in the wind.
The sunshine falls on the doorway and
streams of light make vain effort to pierce the
shuttered windows.
Little children point with dimpled fingers to
the flying ribbons and their questions are
answered by trembling mothers who hasten their
steps as if they too might stand under the
shadow of death if they tarried.
The birds are singing in the trees, the sound
of merry voices is heard in the distance and
everywhere life is flaunting its evidence of
being, accented by the hush and silence and
gloom that envelops that little house across
the way.
What has happened?
A young man, strong and vigorous, with
pulses beating high with ambition and love of
life has been struck down by the hand of an
assassin.

For weeks all that the hand of love could
do and all that skill and science could
accomplish had been freely and lavishly devoted
to the recovery of consciousness and health,
but strong youth was still too weak to reassert
itself and at last the spirit ceased its
struggle, the breath was stilled and Death
was King in that little household.

All unavailing are the sobs of the woman
so lately wed but to be widowed.
Useless are the tears of the brothers and
sisters who sit beside that unresponsive body.
The dumb anguish of the father is not
broken by any sign or sound from the son
who loved him so.

Mingled with the sadness of separation is
an awful sense of the tragedy of the whole
affair.
A shudder of insecurity, a wave of wrath
sweeps through us as we recall the cause of
all this home-breaking, heart-rending and
despairing scene.

For a paltry ten dollars the life of this
young man was crushed out.
We are so filled with news of a horrible
nature as it is served up to us from day to
day in our newspapers, that we hardly give
heed to the awful events except in the most casual
way.

Death and murder, suicide, scandal, wars
and disasters with pictures and "scare-headers"
are thrust upon our attention and become a
part of our daily lives until we take them as
a matter of course and skip from one horror
to another with hardly more emotion than we
feel at the play or in the reading of a novel.

In fact the summed up tragedies of the day
seem unreal and afar off unless we happen to
know the people concerned.
But the little widow across the way whose
eyes look out into a world of realities to be
faced and the current of whose life has been
changed from its free and onward sweep to
the harbors of happiness by the blow that
robbed her of her husband is something more
than a lay-figure in a stage production.

Over and over again she says to herself,
"Oh, if I only knew who did it!"
"Oh, if she only did know! What could she
do?"

All the punishment that could be inflicted
on the guilty one would never give her back
her husband and her home.
To murder the murderer of her husband will
avail nothing except to satisfy a sense of
what we are must protect our loved ones but
after our loved ones have been slain it will
do us no good to seek protection for them.

Our effort for protection must be made
while there is someone to protect.
The cause for the assault must be removed
and if it be found that our methods of living,
laboring or loving have helped to produce a
degraded and degenerate person who could
kill a man then we may consider ourselves a
partner in the crime.

Surely if we are partners in the crimes of
the world we will begin at once to mend our
ways.
We cannot find it in our hearts to talk very
glibly about what we would do if we were
suffering through the willful cruelty of some-
one else, but we must take some stand or
some day when we feel the pain and the
smart we may jump to some conclusion erro-
neous and unsafe.

Protection will never be assured us by
simply putting the offender out of sight.
Remember that fact, dear Home Circle
friends.

The man whose spirit is still walking in
the shadow will never be lifted into the sun-
light of truth by a close acquaintance with an
electric chair nor will he be swung into a pure
life with a noose about his neck.

"He doesn't deserve to live," you say. Well,
he certainly is in no condition to have his
present opportunity taken away from him.

"Don't send any more undeveloped people
over here to us," cries out a spirit-guide, "we
have more than we can take care of now."

When we look at the matter seriously does
it not seem a relic of barbarism to kill a man
when we don't know what else to do with
him?

Again, it is positively stupid to pull a
tramp out of a dining room and give him the
freedom of a library without any suggestion
as to how he might learn to make use of
library opportunities.

The chances are that he will destroy the
books and make us very miserable with mis-
chievous attentions because we have removed
him from the room where he could find food
for his stomach, which made demands which
he could understand, to the room of intellec-
tual feasting of which he knew naught.

Let us teach our criminals not kill them.
There is no more important point than this
one for the Spiritualists to work upon.

Make a protest and instead of making the
next condition of life a foreign land to which
we deport our criminals, let it be a higher
grade to which we may happily go when we
have graduated from a lower.

There will be times when it will seem as if
we ought to lash the unruly into an under-
standing of his own sin, but even though we
were wise enough to always punish justly
we will be apt to become so much absorbed
in the punishment that we will forget that the
purpose of life is to grow into goodness and
our effort should be to promote that growth.

We need teachers rather than jailors and
instruction in true soul-culture as well as in
trades to support the prisons and the inmates
of them.

Suppose that tomorrow the man who mur-
dered our friend should be brought to us what
could we say?
"Now, Mr. Defendant, prepare to fight for
your life."

"You are caught as fast as a rat in a trap,
we know, but you may run about in your
cage and make piteous cries and poke your
nose through the bars and try to escape, but
at last you shall pay the price, which is your
life. A life for a life you know is Bible
teaching and you cannot expect anything
higher or better than that."

Oh, rather that we have the strength to
pity and insist that far from temptation this
object of our pity may be placed, and, through
kindness and loving attention and wise com-
panionship the first step to a purer and holier
life may be taken.

So shall we through the unpeepable power
of love make saint of sinner and transform
our evil spirits into angels of light who will
protect and guide us in time of need or hours
of deep distress.

A Pilgrim Boy.

Mina Inness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIRST TREATY.

When, first, retreating winter released the
birds to sing
And Pilgrims, sad and starving, remembered
England's spring,

One fair, warm day--'twas Thursday--to the
mount across the brook,
The Sachem Massasoit with his warriors
climbed to look

Across to that frail village, built on the hill-
side steep,
Where, like a babe, a Commonwealth had
just begun to creep.

'Twas noon tide. In the sunlight on their
cabins southward side,
They rested, armed like warriors, where
Samoset had cried,

"Oh, welcome, welcome English," when he,
a savage bold,
Had stealthily crept onward to the centre of
their fold.

His visit then was friendly; he bore no arms
of war;
But thither from the eastward had walked
and wandered far.

Today he pointed westward and showed them
on the hill,
The Sachem Massasoit and his warriors,
standing still.

The Governor spoke to Winslow, "Go thou
with Samoset,
Take knives and chain for presents and in-
formation get

Of this red Sachem's purpose and whether
there shall be
Between us peace or battle; and bring back
word to me."

Back soon came Edward Winslow, with red
men, too, a score;
Among them Massasoit, and on the lither
shore

Of Town Brook, Standish met them, the cap-
tain grim and staid;
Then up the Pilgrims' hillside slow marched
the cavalcade,

To a cabin still unfinished, with drum and
trumpet led;
And sat them down in stately way, the white
man and the red.

They ate and drank together; they kissed
each other's hand;
And then they made a treaty, the first in
Pilgrim land.

"No Indian hurts a white man; no white man
injures red;
No tools of either stolen; the life of allies
led;
And when we meet each other, that strife
may surely cease,

We'll leave all arms behind us, we'll always
live in peace."
Thus runs the kindly compact. 'Twas rat-
ified in smoke

Of peace pipe; half a century ne'er saw this
treaty broke.

This is a metrical account of the meeting
which John saw on the Thursday following
the dance described in the last chapter. After
the dance was over and the Indians had had
their smoke, they produced two skins which
they wanted to trade. But the Governor for-
bade any trading on Sunday and told them
that, if they would bring more pelts, they
would trade the next time they came.

Then Standish told Samoset, "Tell them
that our men in the woods lost their saws and
axes a few weeks ago. Such things do not
disappear unaided. Tell them that these
must be returned right quickly or there will
be no barter betwixt us."

Samoset, with the usual gruff "Ugh,"
turned to his companions and, after a little
talk, two of the other savages rose and
trotted, or rather loped, off into the forest.
In less than half an hour they returned,
bringing with them the saws and axes which
had been missing. These implements were
not rusted nor harmed in any way. This
showed the Pilgrims two things; first, the
tools had not been hidden in the forest near
the spot from which they had been taken;
and, second, that when this party came
hither from Massasoit's village they had
brought the tools with them with the inten-
tion of returning them.

This evidence of good intentions pleased
the Pilgrims and John hoped the Indians
would be praised for their honesty as, indeed,
they were.

Some of those whose distrust of these red
men was greatest, felt that no praise was due
for merely fighting a wrong which had been
done; but Standish and Brewster felt other-
wise. They believed that the voluntary re-
turn of the tools should be recognized; that
it was possible the theft might have been
committed by some bad Indians and that the
Chief disapproved of it and they were un-
willing to condemn the whole for the fault
of any one or two; besides, in Standish's
view, it was good policy to do anything of
a kindly nature in order to assure these sav-
ages that the desire for friendship was
genuine.

The better view prevailed and Standish was
requested to recognize the kindness expressed
in the return of the tools.

Then turning to Samoset, Standish said:
"Tell thy friends that the white men are re-
joiced to find their tools once more. It was
wrong to take them and it is but right that
they should be returned to us. We are glad
forsooth to get them back and glad they were
returned to us without our having asked their
return. Now we will be friends. We have
learned that we can trust you. So long as
we can trust each other, we can be friends.
Do you understand?"

"Nax, cees," said Samoset, translating his
own Indian word into his best pronunciation
of "Yes."

"Well, then, tell this to thy friends and
then bid them go away. For 'tis now our
holy day, the day of the Lord, and we re-
ceive no visitors nor do we deem it right to
traffic or barter on that day. God guard you
all. Farewell and come again to us. Tell
them to bring Sagamore Massasoit. We will
treat with him and if he will we would be
his friend and the friend of all his tribe."

The sturdy Captain turned and left them
that they might understand that their visit
was at an end.

After a parley among themselves the five
strangers slowly in single file disappeared into
the forest to the westward. But the persist-
ent Samoset remained. He seemed, indeed,
to have taken a strong liking to his new
friends, the Englishmen, and preferred to live
in their village rather than in the homes of
his wood-living race. With hands across his
body he said, "Me heap sick. No can go.
Me stay here," and so he had to be provided
for. His clothing, scanty as it had been,
showed wear and from Tom, the sailor's
chest, they picked out a hat, a stout pair of
shoes and stockings, a shirt of blue flannel
and a piece of cloth to tie about his waist.

With these Samoset was delighted. But
when on Monday morning he appeared with
them on, John and the other boys nearly died
in trying to suppress their merriment over his
grotesque appearance. Remember he had no
trousers and then imagine how he looked. The
hat was so large it fell to his ears which
stopped its further progress downward. The
cloth about his waist was of some red mat-
terial, very pleasing to his savage taste. The
shirt, aping the white men, he tried to tuck
into this waist cloth with the result that its
blue flaps hung below the red cloth. Then
came his bare dark brown legs and below the
knees the blue socks and stout shoes.

As John came out in the morning around
the corner of his house, he espied the happy
Indian coming up the street from the water.

"Ugh, how look?" asked Samoset, with the
nearest approach to a grin of which an In-
dian was capable.

John was so surprised that he could not
answer. He held his hand over his mouth
and ran back into the house. There he let
forth his laugh which it had nearly choked
him to retain.

Francis was about to go out as John ran in.
John laughed so he could not speak and
Francis, who felt cross, thought him silly.
So he said:

"Cease thy laughing. Art thou an idiot?
What is it so droll? Wilt keep thy fun all
to thyself?"

John could only point out doors and say:
"Sam--ha--ha--ha. Samos--ha--ha--ha--
Oh--ho--ho--Look at him. Oh ha--ha--ho--
ho."

(To be continued.)

Not the Same Kind of a Nursery.

The anxious mother rings up what she
thinks is the day nursery to ask for some
advice as to her child. She asks the central
for the nursery, and is given Mr. Gottfried
Glubber, the florist and tree dealer. The
following conversation ensues:

"I called up the nursery. Is this the nur-
sery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am so worried about my little Rose."

"Vat seems to be der madder?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a
general listlessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing right, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Vell, I dell you vat you do. You dake
der skissors and cut off apoud two inches
vrom der limbs, und--"

"What-a-at?"

"I say, dake der skissors und cut off apoud
two inches vrom der limbs, und den turn der
garten hose on for apoud four hours in der
morning--"

"What-a-at?"

"Turn der garten hose on for apoud four
hours in der morning, und den pile a lot of
black dirt all around, und springle mit in-
sect powder all over der top--"

"Springle mit insect powder all over der
top. You know usually id is noddings but
pugs dot--"

"How dare you? What do you mean by
such language?"

"Noddings but pugs dot chenerally causes
der troubles; und den you vant to vash der
rose mit a liquid preparations I haf for sale
--"

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"

"Gottfried Glubber, der florist."

"O-o-oh!" weakly. "Good-bye."--Buffalo
Express.

Mother--Johnny, stop using such dreadful
language! Johnny--Well, mother, Shake-
speare uses it. Mother--Then don't play with
him; he's no fit companion for you--Tid-Bits.

Dawkins--And was it very hot in India?
Jawkins--Hot! Simply melting. Why, one
of our fellows stayed out too long in the sun
one day, and had to be laddled back to his
bungalow.--Selected.

Mrs. De Fashion (to her new Chinese cook)
--John, why do the Chinese bind the feet of
their women?
John--So they not trotee 'round kitchen,
and botheres cook.--Life.

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.
SHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.
Report of Seances held November 26, 1904. S. E. 51.

In Explanation.

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

To Our Readers.

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

INVOCATION.

To thee, O infinite power and wisdom, we
lift our eyes in confidence and love. To thee
we would pour out all our aspirations after
knowledge and truth, that we would always
strive to stand like pure white souls on whom
the light of heaven is shining, that is illumi-
nating their lives may be a joy and a comfort
to the sorrowing ones of earth. We grasp
hands with all those who are striv-
ing to make the world better all
over the universe of God. Whether in
this world or in some other they too are work-
ing with us, and we would feel our unity with
them in purpose and effort, and by this little
special effort of ours to make the love of the
Infinite Power live in the hearts of the chil-
dren of men. We would be of service always
in this particular field of action. Thus we are
bound to make the world understand, and to
work beyond the darkness and show the souls
into the heavenly kingdoms beyond, and to
trace the way to those poor souls up through
conditions of unfolding up into the joy of
love and the hope of communion. So with our
hearts filled with this desire and purpose we
would stand ready to express whatever is
given by those who are reaching to send their
message to their own. May the word be very
plain and simple and may those who wait in
loneliness, in the shadow, be cheered by this
message from the great beyond. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Harvey Grant.

The first spirit that comes to me this morn-
ing is a man I should think about 65 or 68
years old. He has large, broad shoulders,
and full, massive head, gray hair and eyes
and a full beard, that is quite gray too. He
comes in like a man of authority and he says,
"Will it be not a surprise to come, because I
have looked forward to it for some time, but
it is a surprise to find so warm a greeting and
so genial a manner. Somehow I had always
associated this thought of returning spirits with
the sombreness of death, and I couldn't get
it out of my brain that it wasn't a serious
affair, but you people seem to take it as natu-
rally as you would the singing of birds, and I
guess that is nearer right. My name is Har-
vey Grant and I live in Sandwich, Ohio." He
says, "It is so strange to find my friends with
no knowledge of spirit return. Sometimes I
am so close to them that I can read their
thoughts, and yet they have no knowledge of
my close proximity to them. My boy Arthur
is very much in need of help from me. He
has lately entered into a partnership that is
very perplexing to him, and I feel that if I
could come and give the understanding that I
was near and would guide him that it might
give him more courage and less of that fear-
ful state of hesitancy, which has always been
his chief drawback. I have found Emma and
Dora and it was a great pleasure to have
them so glad to meet me and understand that
I had come to them from my former life. I
was much interested in all church work, and
I believe today that if the churches would
open the door a little and let the full truth of
this spirit return shine out from their pulpits
they wouldn't have no many nodding deacons
and dissident young people connected with
them. There is no sense in criticism that
means anything except a desire to have them
have the best for their people. I don't sup-
pose that I am called upon to preach, but I
just felt I couldn't return unless I had put in
a plea for the people I love. I am very grate-
ful to you for your time and perhaps I will
be able to come some other time."

Edith Jordan.

The next spirit that comes is a lady I
should think about 26 or 27 years old. She's
as nervous as a witch. She has blue eyes and
brown hair, rather a dark skin. She is very
thin, and I should say she had suffered a
great deal before she finally came into a
spirit world. It seems to be a nervous malady
which seems to leave one without strength to
adjust themselves. She dies around here and
finally comes up close and says, "I am Edith
Jordan. I was never married, so I had no
other name. My father's name is Jacob Jordan
and he lives in Clinton, Mass. My
mother is with me, and she is afraid that I
shall not be able to say what I want to to my
sister Fannie, but I am going to say all I
can. I was happy from the first moment that
I came over here. I was afraid to die, and it
was such a revelation to find my own here. I
always wanted to do so many things, but I
became so unstrung that I couldn't earn the
money to do all that I wanted, but now I am
able to study and carry out a great many
plans I had for myself. But I am not able to
spend all my time on myself. If I study
music with somebody here, I find that I must
give the knowledge that I get to somebody
else or I cannot keep it. That sounds para-
doxical, but yet it is true. By giving to an-
other the knowledge remains with me and if
I do not repeat it to someone else I forget. I
suppose you understand what I mean. Any-
way, it makes me very unhappy to get ahead
and I call my teaching my tuition fee. I
wish that father could understand about these
things, because it would help him to leave
earth more readily, but he is just the same
today as when I left him and says 'that one
world at a time is enough for him.' I do send
my love, for with all my happiness I have
over here I couldn't forget the people I have
loved and I love them just the same, some
better, of course, because I see them so much
more plainly. I shall come in the home and
try to help Fannie and Mrs. Clark. Thank
you."

Margaret Walsh.

Here is a spirit of a woman I should think
about 21 or 22 years old. She is very fair,
with eyes of blue and her hair is very light

brown. She has a baby in her arms and I
know that she and baby went away to spirit
life together. She writes on a paper Margaret
Walsh, and she says, "I am from Paterson,
N. J. I want Jimmie to know that I have
come. It was an awful shock to all of us
when I died, but I never dreamed that it
could happen. I don't know what to say. I
am not unhappy and I am not very happy. I
would feel better if I could talk with my
folks. There is not much satisfaction to see
them and find them crying and talking about
me as though they never would see me again
till some time in heaven we might meet again.
What I regret is that wherever I go nobody
seems to understand anything about spirits.
I lost a sister Lizzie a good many years ago
and they always talked about her, but I
thought they were only telling me something
that had happened and I didn't know that
they were talking with her. I may seem very
stupid to you people who know all about this,
but if I am there are a lot more people just
as stupid as I am. I was glad that the baby
came with me. I saw Jimmie one day when I
went to Annie's house take her baby and I
know what he was thinking. But he is
young and I suppose will not always be alone
as he is now. I am praying for him and I
always will. We were all Catholics. Please
let me come home if you can."

Mabel Walker.

There is a spirit of a little girl about 8 or 9
years old. Her name is Mabel Walker. She
has brown hair and eyes and she went away
with scarlet fever. I can see her face as red
as fire, and then I see them working over her
and suddenly she just goes away to the spirit.
She has an old lady with her, a woman about
65 or 70 years old, slender and plain, gray
hair and a very kind face. A grandmother is
helping her to send the message to her mother.
The father is in the spirit with the child, and
the mother's name is Hester Walker. She
has a very old head for a child and seems to
have a good many years in the few years
she was here, as though the last of her life
she had developed very fast, and it is a
wonder she did not slip from the little body
before she did. She says she lived in Bur-
lington, Vermont.

"Kiss Your Mother."

A lady tells of a visit she made at one time
in a beautiful home where lived a dear old
lady, Aunt Abby. Seeing her sitting in her
rocking-chair by the window one day, and
looking a bit lonely, as she passed by she put
her arm around her and kissed her cheek.
The old lady flushed with pleasure, and said,
"Thank you, dear. Thank you." "Why, Aunt
Abby," said the lady, "I am surprised that
you should seem to care so much." "My
dear," she said, earnestly, "kiss your mother;
kiss her often. You don't know how much
good it will do her. Ah! we kissed them so
much when they were little ones, the darlings!
but now they have so much to do, and so
many cares, it is not strange that they
seem to forget. They are so kind and good.
They want us to have everything, and more
than we need. It is only that they are always
so busy. Don't forget, dear, to kiss your
mother every day. It will make her very
happy, and--when she is gone the memory
will be all the sweeter."--Selected.

Ministry.

They might not need me--
Yet they might--
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight.
A smile so small
As mine might be
Precisely their
Necessity.
Emily Dickinson.

"Of Such Is The Kingdom."

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

For of such is the kingdom of heaven,
And the angels bade her come
To join the infant chorus,
In that blessed, heavenly home.

Roaming now through the sweet fields of
Eden,
Gathering blossoms by the way;
Led by angels sweet and tender,
Those little feet can never stray.

Though your lonely hearts are filled with
sorrow,
Bessie is happy over there,
Where no sin can ever reach her,
In that land so pure and fair.

Then lift your hearts above this earth life
To that brighter home above,
Where your little angel, Bessie
Lives, guarded by immortal love.

Laura J. Hayes.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of
a box of flower seeds from a friend in Rock-
land, Mass.

The packages of seeds were all done up and
labeled by the careful hand of a lover of
flowers and the message accompanying them
we pass along for the Home Circle readers.

"I saw your request for flower seeds from
the children in the 'Banner,' and as I am a
child of 74 summers, I thought I would gather
a few from my sister's garden as she has lots
of flowers. I send them to you and hope
they will help to brighten the life of some one
who is deprived of seeing them grow in a real
garden."

We are sure that all of our readers will feel
a "thank you" in their hearts for the thought-
fulness of our dear friend and we assure her
that somebody's eyes will brighten and some-
body's heart will be lighter when the bloss-
oms from her flower seeds made beauty in a
window box in the city.

Before the time comes for the planting of
seeds we hope that we shall have many more
for distribution.

From Monson, Maine, we have just re-
ceived a box of beautiful flowers. They were
as fresh when taken out of the box as when
loving fingers packed them so carefully for
their long journey and today they look as if
just brought in from the garden.

It seems like touching hands with those we
love when we care for the blossoms which
they have sent to brighten a busy day and
across the spaces our thoughts fly to carry
the note of happiness for the kindness and
thoughtfulness of the members of the Bower
of Beauty Lyceum.

Love and do good to all, and inject God in
all, for He is the All in All, but do not be-
come attached.

There is a higher and more blessed state of
consciousness than that of the person who

The Reviewer.

Emerson Once More.

Three Visits to R. W. Emerson. By Axel Lunderberg. Why this very appreciative Emersonian liturgy should be confined to three visits only, it is difficult to see. Certainly the Concord seer has in this little pamphlet's author a disciple of whom he need not be ashamed.

Good Advice.

Love all Abiding, or in Stillness we are Waiting. Carrie Francis. 40 pp. 5 by 7 1/2. The Powell Press.

The author or transcriber of this little book firmly believes that in publishing it she is performing a duty imposed upon her by "God's Messengers of Love."

"Spirits as well as mortals should understand that before they can publish a book, some of the simpler rules of the craft should be learned. If a spirit undertook to run a locomotive with no previous knowledge of the mechanism, the results would probably be disastrous.

How the impulse, the words should be properly spelled, the grammar should not be outrageously faulty, the rhetoric should not be so involved as to make the meaning unintelligible and the ideas should be worthy the effort to express them.

"Conquer" does not spell "conquer," nor is travail spelled "travel." "Has began" is not a correct form of the verb, and plural nouns always require a plural verb.

"I knoweth" is an unknown form of the verb "to know." "Quiteness" is scarcely "quietness;" nor "dretment" detriment, and "persual" is a coined word whose meaning is doubtful.

A chord of music is hardly spelled "cord," but by "eaons" aeons is evidently intended. "Azure gold" involves quite a stretch of poetic imagination and what does this mean: "in as my spirit is the smallest of the two?"

Certainly these things are too glaringly faulty to give to the world as the work of spirits, unless the spirits are to be publicly discredited.

The Unpardonable War.

This is the title of a new book by James Barnes, author of "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors," etc. Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. 356. \$1.50. The New York Times says of it:

"James Barnes essays the fiction of prophecy somewhat in the earlier manner of H. G. Wells. His warring powers are not world—they are Britain and America. The time he places somewhere in the twenties of the current century. The 'third party,' made up of the medley of the discontented, has at last elected a President, and he and his unscrupulous and ignorant advisers run the ship of state on the rocks.

Yellow journalism, grown more yellow, aids and abets. A combination of accident and idiosyncrasy causes a collision between a British and an American battleship and the sinking of the latter. Then vociferous clamor on both sides, fanned by the press—and war.

The Americans form immense volunteer armies and invade Canada, the British also collect from the colonies a million of men and send a huge fleet of iron-clads across the Atlantic. The Americans win in Canada. A British squadron of thirty battleships and other ships in proportion meets an American squadron of seventeen battleships off the capes of the Chesapeake, and horrible carnage ensues. The submarines of both sides get "short-circuited"—or some such thing—and all blow up together. The battleships pound each other till all but one of the Americans is taken or sunk. The single American, the flagship, which by chance has sunk the British flagship and captured the British Admiral, escapes. But the noxious gases caused by the combustion of the powerful explosives hang over the victorious fleet like a pall.

An ammunition ship on fire emits still more such fumes. The victors and the rescued or captured vanquished are choked in pea-green gases, the navigators fall as dead upon the decks, and the ships drift helpless and miscellaneously ram and rend each other. Hardly a third of the great British armament limps back to Bermuda and everybody has to go into hospital.

"Then a British army 700,000 strong lands in Maine and marches southward, with its seaward flank protected by another huge British fleet. The troops are provided with a new ammunition, even more powerful than any before invented, and as sweet smelling, says Mr. Barnes, 'as new-mown hay.' But the Americans have an electrical apparatus which, when adjusted to the coefficient of any particular explosive, will cause it to go off at several miles' distance. The shells in the cartridge belts of the British outposts do go off suddenly and the unlucky wearers are torn to two. After that the British, their highly modern ammunition worse than useless, try the bayonet. In vain. Then, hands across the chasm, peace and increased respect and wisdom on both sides.

"It may be noted that, without calling him by name, Mr. Barnes introduces Col. Roosevelt into the story as a hale, hearty old ex-President (of two terms), who hurries back from shooting in Tibet to aid the country with his advice in 'The Unpardonable War.'"

Astronomy for Amateurs.

This is the title of a book by Camille Flammarion, author of "Popular Astronomy." Authorized translation by Frances A. Welby. Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. 345. \$1.50.

In the original French this book is entitled "Astronomy for Women." It is prefaced by an introduction the purpose of which is to tell about women who have been astronomers from the martyred St. Catherine of Alexandria (A. D. 312) to this day. Astronomy is, in fact, so it is said, especially woman's science on account of her "predilection to these contemplative studies." Be that as it may, the present volume contains, sandwiched in among long passages of rhapsody, a great deal of general information about the heavenly bodies—earth, moon, sun, stars, planets, comets—presented with sufficient simplicity and clearness, and illustrated, for the better understanding of the text with plentiful diagrams and cuts. The more scientific diagrams, by the way, the photographs of the moon and the rest, are accompanied by occasional pictures whose content is romantic and poetic; for instance, reproductions of one of Paul Renard's called "Contemplation," a girl in white gazing over still water at the crescent moon; one of Dore's, called "The Evening Star," taken from an edition of the "Divina Commedia." These, of course, carry out the idea of the rhapsodies already mentioned, as thus: "Oh, Night, diaped with fires innumerable, hast thou not written in flaming letters on these constellations the syllables of the great enigma of eternity?" There is a deal of such writing. Perhaps it may fire the feminine heart into a fervor of astronomical enthusiasm, though we are skeptical on that point.

No doubt the most interesting and generally acceptable part will be that which tells about the various constellations and shows how to find them, especially how to place those which have given their names to the signs of the Zodiac. You start from the Great Bear thus on a journey of discovery to plot the sky.

Most of us like to be able to recognize the constellations with those splendid classical names and to pick out particular bright stars with fierce Arabic appellations. There really is a poetic fascination about that.

Then the author passes to the more mathematical and telescopic aspects, though even then the reader is not persecuted with formulae and algebraic symbols. You find set forth the accepted theories of the sun and the solar system, the phases of Venus, something about what is really known about Mars, and the reason why the idea is cherished that this hellacious star may have produced a race more or less like that which plays at lording it on the earth. So to the larger planets and the vagaries of comets, with some complacent reflections on the foolishness of ancient superstitions which saw in these hairy monsters harbingers of battle, murder, sudden death, and the divine wrath to come; then more intimately of the moon, her mountains and phases, and whether there really is the presentment of a woman's face in the moon, or is it a man's face, or two faces in close embrace? The next chapter deals with methods; that is, explains in general terms how the astronomers have arrived at the distance of Sirius and the weight of the sun and moon, and such like trifles. The mathematics of it is made as simple as may be. A final chapter inquires not too learnedly or deeply into the spiritual meaning of it all.

Hinduism.

Sree Krishna. The Lord of Love. By Baba Plemnand Bharati. 12mo. Pp. 226. Paper, New York: The Krishna Samaj. Cloth, New York: John Lane.

The book before us professes to be the "history of the universe from its birth to its dissolution," according to the cult of the Hindu. "I have," says the author, "explained the science of creation, its making, and its mechanism. In so doing I have drawn my information from the recorded facts in the Sacred Book of the Root-Race of Mankind. This book embodies true Hinduism. I have spoken throughout from the depths of the ages. I have thought absolutely in Sanskrit, and expressed myself in English, an imperfect medium for expressing Sanskrit ideas."

Certainly the author along with much that strikes the Occidental mind as fantastic, has that to say that seems wise and sensible enough.

You may learn from him that Krishna, the Ocean of Love, is Infinite Spirit, yet has form. Man is made in his image, though an imperfect copy. The explanation is that as the sun is an orb, and as to its orb definite, but in its effulgence of light and heat infinite, so with Krishna. He has concrete man form, but infinite effulgence called Absolute Love, pervading all creation and space. One begins with the admission that the aim of every man is Pleasure.

The Hindu tosses aside the notion of the Western mind that such happiness is impossible. He says the whole universe, of which we are parts, has "come out of that Eternal Abode of Happiness called Bliss," and tend to return thither. Naturally, however, material objects cannot give this bliss. "An object whose very principle is its changefulness can afford nothing which is not changeful in its nature." It is within ourselves that such happiness may be found.

Later one reads of the ages, the golden, when men were over thirty feet high and sinless, perfectly idle and happy; the silver, when they were less tall, less idle, less happy; the copper, when they began to be fairly miserable and of mean appearance, and the iron, which is the current epoch. It appears that the Brahmins are a relic of the golden age, and other castes of Hindustan come from the other ages, save this last of the age of Pariahs. As to the duration of the ages, the Hindu deals with 1,000,000 years as lightly as a lover might with the moments when he was parted from his beloved.

Catarrh Can Be Cured.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of Consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure Catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption and nervous diseases, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 347 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Language of the Hand.

When a lover ventures for the first time to grasp the hand of his charmer she either withdraws it, and that is as much as to say, "I have no heart for you," or she suffers it, which is the same as if she said, "If whom I permit to touch my hand may hope also to touch my heart." In lovers' quarrels, indeed, the hand is withdrawn to express anger, but soon extended again in token of reconciliation. Who can tell all that is said by the hand which another is conveying to the lips to have a kiss imprinted upon it? This is done either slowly or hastily, either with trembling or boldly, and expresses civility or respect, gratitude or love. Two hands are folded together—their owner prays; the folded hands are raised—he solicits something; they are rubbed one against the other—he is impatient. The raised finger threatens; when bent it beckons; when extended it points. Two fingers produce the snap, a sign of contempt or defiance. The hand gives; the hand receives. Both speak aloud.

The hand likewise answers by a repulsive motion. A finger placed upon the lips inculcates discretion. The ancients represented the god of silence in this attitude. How they have represented Venus everybody knows. The hand of the goddess says, "I am bashful." The Graces take each other by the hand, as much as to say, "We ought to be indivisible." Two hands firmly grasping each other are the symbol of fidelity. The clinched fist bespeaks rage and revenge, the hollowed hand implores aims, the hand laid upon the heart protests, the hand upon the forehead thinks, and the hand behind the ear expresses difficulties.

In a word, there is scarcely a sentiment which the hand is not capable of expressing, and it not only completely supplies the place of the mouth in speaking, but also, rather imperfectly, in kissing, for when the lips cannot approach the beloved object the hand throws kisses to her.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mrs. Laura G. Fixen, 429 La Salle Ave., Chicago, vice-president of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association, is arranging to publish a list of the Spiritualist societies, lyceums, campmeetings and mediums in the United States and Canada. The officers of these societies are requested to mail her at once the name of their society, with officers and their addresses, and all mediums will please send her their names and addresses and phase of mediumship. This list cannot be published complete unless each one will co-operate and it is hoped that an early response will be made.

The Wisdom of Passion

BY SALVARONA.

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I have found "The Wisdom of Passion" to be a book of powerful erudition and fine intuition. I would be happy if 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 conventionalities. The book fairly bristles with wise sayings. I believe the thesis is sustainable and that the author has gone a long way toward fortifying it. After I took up the book, I did not quit, except for meals and sleep till I had read it carefully from cover to cover.—Alison W. Small, Head of Dept. of Sociology and Director of Amaliated Work of the University of Chicago.

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

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ETIOPATHY.

Societary News.

Correspondence for this department must reach the Editor by the first mail delivery on Monday morning...

Boston and Vicinity.

Boston.—Appleton St. Appleton Hall. The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met as usual with the president, Mrs. Albee, in the chair.

After thirteen years of faithful and untiring labor, Mrs. Wilkinson at her First Spiritualist Church, 694 Washington St., will hold, on Dec. 4, her anniversary...

First Spiritualist Temple, cor. Exeter and Newbury Sts. Lecture at 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. through the trance mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis.

Boston.—Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont St. The social dance of the Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society Thanksgiving night was one of the happy events of the season.

Boston.—First Spiritualist Church, Inc. Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor. John xv:12, "Greater love hath no man" was the subject of the afternoon.

Woman's Charity Club Hospital, Parker Hill Ave., Roxbury, Mass., Nov. 27, 1904. Mr. Irving F. Simonds, Dear Sir and Friend: I wish to let you and the friends know through the columns of the "Banner of Light" that I am ill here, have been here for three weeks and will probably be here two or more weeks longer.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society.—Sunday, Nov. 20. Meeting for the day. Large attendance afternoon and evening.

The ladies of our society gave their usual monthly supper which was a great success. Nearly one hundred sat down to the liberally spread tables and all seemed pleased and satisfied.

Portland, Nov. 27.—First Spiritual Society, Mystic Hall. Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell was with us today and this ever welcome medium spoke at both services to a crowded house.

Pittsburg, Kas., Nov. 14, 1904.—The Psychic Research Club of this city holds regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and night at Room 15, Globe Building, in the parlors of Prof. Chas. A. Chorne.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14.—The Church of Sacred Communion held its regular religious service at 1246 Bedford Avenue, opposite Halsey Street, Sunday evening last, and are doing a splendid work.

Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 27, 1904.—The First Spiritualist Society had the usual large attendance at both services. Edith Lloyd Brown was the speaker.

Springfield, Mass.—The annual meeting of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society was held Nov. 8th, and the following officers were elected: Mrs. Sarah G. Haskins, president;

Norwich, Conn.—Spiritual Academy was filled Sunday, Nov. 20, with a fine audience to listen to Mrs. Nellie T. Putney, who delivered two able lectures besides giving delineations or tests.

W. J. Colville has just completed four weeks of very successful work in Washington. On Sundays, Dec. 4, 11 and 18, he lectures in Hartford, Conn.

The First Spiritualists' Society of Lancaster, Pa., has the following officers, also a charter from the N. S. A. and one granted by our court. President, George A. Klehl; vice-president, John K. Hartman; secretary and treasurer, J. L. Brunner; trustees, Christ Henry, Mrs. Brunner, Miss Minnie Rheim, Herman Hoch; librarian, Miss Alle M. Rife.

Announcements.

Dr. John C. Kenworthy of London, Eng., is in this country and while here will make a tour through the States giving lectures on Spiritualism.

Dr. Kenworthy's experience in and knowledge of the Spirit World, together with his broad culture and association with such men as Ruskin, Morris and Tolstoy, make him an extremely interesting and instructive lecturer.

Geo. Leander Randall, Marion, Mass., inspirational speaker, expects to be in South Carolina about January 15, 1905. Societies wishing his services about that time or later please address him as above.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Samuel Merchant, president. Mr. George W. Kates, lecturer. Mrs. Kates, lecturer; test medium and vocal soloist at 2.30 and 7.30. Circles at 4 and song service at 6.30. Good music. The Ladies' Social Union, Mrs. Dr. Caird, president, meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening in Freedom Hall, Cadet Hall Building. Supper served.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.—Spiritualistic meetings conducted by Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor, every Sunday. The Order of the Magi opened its meetings for the season of 1904-5, Oct. 9, 8 p. m. Training classes will be instituted, to prepare teachers to represent the order.

The Spiritual Progression Society, Mr. Wm. E. Smith, conductor, hold meetings for spiritual development at Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street, every Friday at 2.30 p. m. "Banner of Light" for sale.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, holds its services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington St., up two flights. Circle at 11 a. m. Services at 2 and 7.30 p. m. All are cordially invited.—A. M. S. clerk.

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.

G. W. Kates and wife are engaged for the following months: December and January, Washington, D. C.; February and March, Philadelphia, Pa.; April, Pittsburg, Pa.; May, Battle Creek, Mich. Their permanent address is Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa. Nellie F. Burbeck, of North Plymouth, Mass., is once more able to take up her public work as trance speaker and test medium.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society.—We hold meetings every Sunday. Sunday school, 1.30 p. m. Come and bring the children. Circle for healing, developing and readings at 3.30 p. m., conducted by Pres. Harvey Redding. 7.30 p. m., inspirational speaking and messages. The best of talent always present.

First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge services at 3 and 7.30 p. m. each Sunday in Washington Hall, 573 Mass. Ave. Bible Spiritualists' Church of Lynn, Dr. Anna J. Quaide, president, holds services every Sunday at Templar's Hall, 36 Market St., up two flights. Services, 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. Good mediums and special music every Sunday. All mediums invited.

The Brighton Psychic Society has started their meetings for the winter and will hold a meeting every other Wednesday evening. Place of meeting 14 Kenwick Street (off 147 Foster Street), Brighton. D. H. Hall, president. A fee of 15 cents will be expected.

The Boston Psychic Conference holds meetings at 605 Mass. Avenue, nearly every evening and Sunday afternoon. Monday evening Mr. Littlefield; Tuesday, Dr. Clough; Wednesday, Mr. Roberts; Friday, Mrs. Millan. Many of the best teachers and mediums are always present. The "Banner of Light" can be had at the Boston Psychic Conference.—L. L. Whitlock, pres.

Mrs. Amanda A. Cate, lecturer, inspirational and test medium, has Jan. 29, Feb. 19, March 29, open dates. Would like to hear from societies needing speaker for these dates.—186 Main St., Haverhill, Mass.

Danielson, Conn.

W. Deloss Wood, lecturer, hypnotist and magnetic healer, is giving a series of private lectures on Spiritualism in Danielson and Putnam, the lectures being alternately in each place. Each lecture is followed by clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. S. DeForest of Putnam, and demonstrations in hypnotism by Mr. Wood. The number who attend these lectures fill the hall to overflowing each meeting, many not being able to gain admittance, and the interest is intense.

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WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 26, Copyrighted, 1904, by G. H. Webber.)

BY PROF. HENRY.

Table by which Every Individual may know his True Standing. From November 23 to December 7, 1904, inclusive.

Table with columns for Birth Numbers (1-12) and rows for dates in November and December. Letters K, O, B, P, F, A, G, M, E, D are used to indicate influences.

PRIMARY TABLE OF INFLUENCES.

GENERAL RULES.—This table runs up to the 7th of December. Birth Number 9 now rules the General World. The General World Forces of No. 9 are favorable to Nos. 11, 1, 5 and 7. Nos. 1, 2, 5, 8, 9 and 11, if their birth was about the 15th of their month are in favor with the Money or Churchy Forces.

All troubles arise from misunderstanding of words, or else from a natural condition of opposing minds. These oppositions on the higher intellectual or soul lines of life, are not apt to be in harmony at the self-same time; yet in the long run of life they might not disagree.

I have charity enough in my consciousness of causes, to believe that there is not a soul on earth that ever does an act without some idea of good intent. The intent is misapplied; that is all. It may be due to inherited ideas of right and wrong, and we come in to those inheritances by being wedded in mind, at birth, to a body, and an environment, that are exactly in accord with a continuation of the mind when the soul left some previous body; just as we awaken in the morning with a continuation of the Objective mind, with which we went to sleep—regardless of the condition of the Subjective mind during the sleep.

This law is in accord with the "last hour repentance," as set forth in the gospels, and it is in accord with planetary laws, in large or small cycles of time, for every 12 years, for instance, we all come back to a similar condition of mind which were in 12 years before. You may study this in the "Years of Life" in "Astrology in a Nutshell" (for sale by the "Banner"). The years of life are the cycle of the planet Jupiter from time of birth, and also relates to other cycles which move in harmony. All cycles move by the law of B, O, K, D, E, etc., as laid down in the table above. For instance:—The circle on the face of your watch. B is 1 o'clock, O is 2 o'clock, K is 3 o'clock, D is 4 o'clock, E is 5 o'clock, G is 6 o'clock, M is 7 o'clock, ? is 8 o'clock, G is 9 o'clock, A is 10 o'clock, F is 11 o'clock, and P is 12 o'clock. Acute minds may learn much by these comparisons, but minds that cannot distinguish influences from the thing influenced, or motion from the thing that is moved, they must be born again into a higher realm of mind before they can understand.

In the presentation of Wonder Wheel Science, we are endeavoring to have other people accept my word for anything that I set forth. Such acceptance would be nothing but belief. It would not be Knowledge. I am trying to instill an idea of the mystical laws of nature into the mind of the reader, so that he may know these facts and gradually learn to know why they are as they are for himself, regardless of what others say. "Believe all things," said Paul. Why? In order to be in a mood for learning to know what is True. Because we believe a thing does not make it true. Belief is only probable knowledge and not knowledge itself.

Having become much interested in Wonder Wheel Science, I am more or less ordering my life on those lines given, yet feel the necessity for more knowledge.—G. A. P., Boston.

Note.—We doubt if man is able to ever give all the knowledge. It is an endless subject. The writer has been at it for nearly half a century and finds new wonders almost every day; but they never depart from the general law, except by modifications. It is the modifications only that make us different to each other. The Table above gives the Primal 12 modifications, which first constitute mankind into 12 distinct classes of Soul expressions. Without going too fine, each of these classes are differentiated at least 24 times each day for 28 days, which comes very near to the 666 of the Revelation. Then, each day or two there is an Intellectual and a Love difference. Then at different periods of days in the 28 days there are Martial, Jupiterian and Saturnian differences. Under a slower law of vibration there are Uranian differences, and on the material, vegetable, mineral and liquid elements of our lives, there are differences in Thought, and expressions of Thought in our every movement, that were we able, or deemed it to be of practical importance might possibly be figured down to the very wink of an eye. Such matters belong to the atomist. We are composed of atoms,

yet our heirship in is the General law, and there, too, is our Brotherhood.

I am trying to learn Wonder Wheel Science, but do not get on well at all. Please send me Key, Guide, and Lessons by Prof. Henry, vest-pocket edition.—R. H. E., Maine.

In reply to the above, would say, The Table and its explanations from time to time is all we are giving of Wonder Wheel Science, at present, but we will soon throw a much brighter light upon it, after our readers get well acquainted with these tables. They are the main, and the most important things to know. Without an appreciation of them, by the Birth Numbers, as given, one may flounder about for years and never understand it, no matter how plainly other portions of it may be presented.

It is because people do not understand these twelve simple laws that so many people fail to understand the laws of God. We have churches of all kinds, philosophies of all kinds, sciences of all kinds, religions and morals of all kinds, prepared to excite curiosity and blind devotion, but they are—all of them—floundering about and knocking about because of their failure to understand and adhere to the 12 simple laws contained in these tables.

They are the key that will unlock all the mysteries that excite and tantalize the mind of man, and yet man will persist in studying and questioning and analyzing hundreds of sentimental delusions many times more difficult than this key to understand, and it seems as if man loved the things that lead him into greater darkness more than to apply this simple key and let on the light. The above correspondent does well to call for the "Key, Guide and Lessons," but he would have done better had he called for "Astrology in a Nutshell."

However, he is with the great majority, they get into the horoscopic part of astrology, before they get on to the fundamental principles of the science. One leads from the great ocean back to the tiny head of the mountain stream, while the other begins at the head of the mountain stream which leads them to the boundless ocean. Either way is good, but one is "the straight and narrow path;" the other the path that perplexes them with other streams running into the same ocean, and they get lost in diversified paths or have to wander back to the stream whose path they were trying to follow to its head.

Each one of us is a tiny stream flowing in to the great ocean of spirit. If we start with our own true self, instead of our animal or delusive self, we will get to the realm of spirit bliss more surely and more safely than we will to start from some imaginary ocean and try to find how we are connected with it. For, first of all, we are not sure about our connected idea, nor the hearsay evidences relative to the great ocean. If we start from our own internal self, then we can evolve and evolve from that outward, and still further outward, into the great eternity as far as our expansive ideas will carry us, but we must never lose sight of our own standing, or place in Nature, as we are very apt to do by the animal propensities that lead us first this way and that, like a will-o'-the-wisp. Know thyself—thy true self, before attempting to know our delusive self, or the delusive self of others. Then we will be able to know and to understand all things else that is given us to understand, and we will know how we are related to the physical and the spiritual world about us, and also how we are related to God, a title that is given to represent to our mind the summum bonum of all worlds and things within them.

I am very much pleased and interested in the Wonder Wheel. My birthday was June 15, 1865. I have been following the tables and find them very truthful in regards to myself. The question I wish to ask is how I can make the head control more in my case. I find a weak will along certain conditions. How can I strengthen it?—G. L. R., Marion, Mass.

You can only strengthen the will by being indifferent to things that you do not like. The will itself is caused by the planets. When we are indifferent to things not agreeable to our worldly ideas, we do not overcome their conditions. We merely overcome the condition of their mental annoyance, by observing the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done." We treat disagreeable things as matters of fact that must be. Therefore they do not annoy.

Men are partial and not whole (holo) to the extent to which they are bound and attached to this world and its sense-objects. The great universal man is beyond all this; he lives and has his being in the blessed Universal One who is beyond all time and all space and all Nature.

There should be no jealousy in regard to objects of the senses. Jealousy is the root of all evil, and a most difficult thing to conquer.