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Practical Spiritualism.

A COURSE OF LECTURES
THROUGH

J. J. MORSE, Editor of "The Banner of Light,"
To a Class of Spiritual Students in
San Francisco, Cal.
With a Preface by William Emmette Coleman.

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FOURTH LECTURE.

Magic, Sorcery, and Witchcraft.

(Continued from last week.)

We take Magic, then, in another form just for the moment, involving in this one term now the entire series of definitions that we have been dealing with; we will take it under the word Occultism, and here we find the exoteric and esoteric side of the question. You are asked to believe that there is a secret side to knowledge that is only for those who are fitted to receive it; that there must be a special order, a special class of people to receive the secret wisdom of God, and that only these favored persons are entitled to receive this divine knowledge; that outwardly it must be presented in symbols and allegories, and the common multitude who are not prepared to receive these things must be content to receive what the adepts and magi see fit to dispense to them. Three-fourths of this talk about modern Theosophy, and the presentation of it in this land, is only pandering to the most vicious element of the intelligence of the nineteenth century. Does not the charter of this country rest upon the glorious truth of universal brotherhood and universal equality of man before God and nature? Take out these two doctrines and the very soul and mind of this fraternal union of different states would crumble into ashes, because the vital soul and mind that bind it would be taken from them. Theosophy shall tell you that there are only a special few who may pass the mystic portals, or lift the sacred veils and pass beneath them so that they stand before the inner shrines; while all you who are of the common clay outside must be content to hear but the echo of the music within, or receive it in symbols and allegories, from those who have passed into adeptship beyond, as they may choose to give it to you. Tear down such trashy doctrines, dispel all such murky clouds. Be not deceived by such specious statements,—they are the towers that selfishness and superstition erect to make something that may belong to all seem special and peculiar, and pertaining to a class alone. God's eternal universe knows no common people and no great people. In the essential soul of man are the everlasting principles of God, and those who are willing and those who are able, no matter what their creed, their race or color, have an inalienable right to the pursuit of truth, as well as the pursuit of happiness.

Therefore we say that all these pretentious claims about Occultism, Theosophy, or the mystical developments of supernatural power are the claims of the ignorant, the deluded, or the charlatan. People are deluded and deceived by such pretensions, they not knowing all the points we have presented for consideration. Our purpose in these remarks is to inform them and bring them face to face with the fact, that whenever truth is divided in two, and half of it belongs to the "initiates," and the other half to those of the outer world, then we say that danger and difficulty lie in the pathway of the investigator; and one of the greatest dangers is a specious self-righteousness which causes its subjects to say, "Stand aside; I am holier than thou." This is what you wish to avoid; there must be none of the "I am holier than thou" in the pursuit and application of truth for the advancement of yourselves and the well-being of your fellows.

Shall we, then, people the mystic temples of the past with the living thoughts of the present? shall we take to them our circles and our shrines? shall we again illumine their sacred altars? shall we fill their chambers with odors and perfumes? must we as initiates be put through trying ordeals, invoke the powers of the lower, middle, and upper realms of nature ere we can enjoy the blessings of our Spiritualism?—these are questions Spiritualists might well ask of the supporters of magic in their midst today. And shall we, with the light and guidance of modern psychology, indulge in the wild orgies of sorcery or witchcraft? Or shall we turn aside from the old practices, remove the curtains, turn up the lights, put away the paraphernalia, and come down to the plain, simple truth that the phenomenal aspects of Modern Spiritualism, reproduce all the essential principles of the Magic, Witchcraft, and Sorcery of the past? The same powers are involved, the same forces are used, the same conditions are required, the same intelligences are operating; and the more you investigate the realms of nature by the light of science and experience, the less and less room you will find for the devils and genii of antiquity.

Magic, Witchcraft, and Sorcery, when thus analyzed and interpreted, bring you at last only face to face with possibilities in nature, in harmony with her laws, in accordance with the possibilities with yourself, and in strict accordance with the abilities of operating spirits, who return into the mortal sphere and produce all the marvels that are alleged to have been performed in former times.

It may be said in presenting this modern and practical interpretation of the three themes we have joined together, that we have ignored the existence of the great brotherhoods of the past. Nothing of the kind. We do not, since we are perfectly aware of their existence; but all they can present, all that they can do, is simply done in accordance with the laws of nature; and no man in any case can transcend the laws of nature, but in every case, no matter how startling the statement may be, the

result has been accomplished in harmony with the laws of nature and the possibilities of man. Therefore, shall you waste the precious moments of mortal life in digging up the past when its facts are now living in your midst? Why turn to the years ago, why unearth the mysteries of psychological phenomena in bygone ages, when greater wisdom is manifested and greater things are actually transpiring in your midst today, and that, too, in the light of scientific fact and experience, and in accordance with the highest methods of investigation? We will take the spiritual phenomena of the last forty years in connection with Modern Spiritualism, and boldly challenge the magical records of antiquity to produce anything equally satisfactory to the intelligence of today.

Clearly, then, the past may be left alone; let the dead past bury its dead, and let the living present be concerned in developing the life that is, in an understanding of the latent powers of mind and body, brain and soul. By a proper understanding of the laws and principles connecting the two worlds in harmony and unity, far greater marvels are revealed to you. You learn that a spirit can lift a solid article and transport it from one end of the room to the other; carry a message from one locality to another, carry your good-will or evil will to some person you love or dislike; that it can produce a bodily form, as well as reveal the mysteries of passing from the mortal existence. All these things are possible and do occur, and they occur because of the laws of nature. All that has been done by man in the past, and all that has been gained, you can do and you can gain; because every human being the wide world over is built upon the same lines of general organization, principle, and purpose.

We leave the topic to your consideration, and urge you to accept this in conclusion: that the cultivation of the highest spirituality, the development of the noblest morality, the building up and strengthening of your will to its strongest point, living a cleanly and virtuous life, are the surest safeguards against the attacks of all kinds of sorcery and magic, of all sorts of witchcraft; that the facts of knowledge intelligently directed shall indeed make you a magician through the forces of your nature for the accomplishment of many strange things; that even as the chemist manipulating his compounds produces miracles, and seems to be a very magician juggling with fluids and materials, so you, like the chemist, using laws and principles and proper agents, can be a marvelous magician in the psychological departments, also, while you are living here on earth.

Live, then, so your knowledge can be usefully applied for the benefit of your fellows and the cultivation of your own nature, and banish superstition and ignorance from the world forever; for knowledge is the glorious sunlight shining into and dispelling the darkness, and the bats and owls so long residing there hie them away to more congenial quarters where the sunlight does not shine so strong. May those bats and owls the world has called Magic, Witchcraft, and Sorcery flee away to more appropriate abodes of shadow in other less-illuminated parts of the world than that in which you reside; and in place of "witchcraft, sorcery, and magic," put the understanding psychological possibilities of man and being,—which, when applied to the needs of life, bless humanity, enlarge the field of human vision and knowledge, lift man up into communion and action with the higher orders of spiritual intelligence, who are always willing to help you forward and onward in your progress through mortality to the brighter realms that lie beyond.

FIFTH LECTURE.

The Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Planes of the Second State.

The present topic of consideration is "The Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Planes of the Second State." At times it is supposed that the second state of life is so strangely different, so altogether miraculous in its character by comparison with the life you are now pursuing, that it would seem, if such opinion be accepted as correct, that it would be impossible to give any rational and intelligible conception of what its nature was like. Naturally the logical mind would argue, if there is this great difference between the two states,—and if the fact of communion between them be true,—then those who come to you from that other state can only make themselves understood to your judgment through the agency of symbols and such approximate statements as would best meet the necessities and difficulties that lie in the way. Therefore in this case all statements concerning the spiritual life would have to be accepted as approximate statements, and not statements of literal and actual fact stated in specific terms, and the result would be that the whole of the literature of Spiritualism dealing with the after-life would be an approximate and not an exact literature; for there could be no exact philosophy of the subject, and you would have to wake up, perchance, into conscious life in the world beyond, with the painful fact dawning upon you that you absolutely were not benefited in any particular by all the supposed information that had been transmitted to you during your residence upon earth. If the spiritual world could only give you an approximate understanding of the conditions of the future life, it would not render you any very substantial service; you would still be enshrouded in doubts and difficulties, and the real character of that future state would be just as much a sealed book to you after you had received communications from these people as it was prior to your so doing. Clearly, then, if this is the case, the value of the communication will be seriously impaired in proportion as this fact is known.

On the other hand, suppose it to be that you can get not only an approximate but a tolerably exact statement of the facts of that future life, couched in such manner and method that shall make it easily understood and accepted by your intelligence and judgment, then the communications you receive from that, to you, future world, will help to clear away the mists, as well as dispel

the superstitious opinions that have surrounded that future life for so many generations past. In this case communications will be advantageous and beneficial to you, instructive and illustrative of the real facts and the actual circumstances that there prevail; and coming to you in such a character, they will store your mind, unfold your judgment, and add to your knowledge of the life beyond, while they will largely rob death of those terrors that ignorance and doubt have hitherto associated with it. Shall we take the hypothetical ground, or the ground of exactitude? Is it impossible to translate the life beyond into the understanding of rational humanity? Must the information be conveyed in the form of symbols and approximations? Our choice is very simple; we aim, as best we can, to be something of the rough and hardy pioneer, who, working through the tangled undergrowth of the forest, strives to carve a way for those who come after, that there may be something of a road and more of daylight upon the path than there was before; and if we can do this in such practical manner as shall make the road we mark out clearly understood by you, then we must come to something of exactitude, and symbols and approximations may be put upon one side as not suited to the task we have in hand.

We have divided our subject into three separate sections,—the Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial planes of the second state; and the inference arising from this division is, naturally, that man passes through certain conditions thus named, and in himself exhibits a natural and spiritual and celestial character as he proceeds.

But at the outset we may be encountered with a criticism and told that to argue that a person passes through a natural condition in the spiritual life is to argue something that does not seem upon the surface to be supported by the facts. We would like to ask one question: How many of the teeming multitudes of spirits are really spiritually unfolded while living in this world? If they are not spiritually unfolded while they are living in this world, how can it be reasonably supposed, save only by the operation of a miracle, that they can become spiritually unfolded as the simple result of having died? That death will put such people into a spiritual condition rests upon a sandy and insecure foundation; yet you will tell us, they become spirits. That is true enough. There are a great many human people who just possess mortal bodies, in whom humanity has not yet begun to put forth its fairest flowers; they are mortal rather than human. These people, then, will be spirits rather than spiritual, and herein lies the essence of the distinction; for may it not be accepted that until the divinity of humanity has been elaborated and unfolded, the glorious spirituality which is the perfume of humanity can scarcely be expected.

We invite you, first of all, to the natural plane of the spiritual life, wherein all the latent elements pertaining to your present development germinate, flower, bring forth their graces and glory; and wherein all the nobler selfhood that you feel within you now unfolds, matures, and beautifies. Ah! but if we have to take such a step as that, and if all the better part of us that we possess now is unfolded over there, how many of us shall reach the glory in the end, and at what an expense of time, it may be, shall we pass through the ultimates of the natural nature of us, and tread upon the verge of the spiritual that lies beyond?

True, there is no royal road to progress in the second state any more than there is in this; all achievement is the result of individual effort and of personal application. If you wish to grow on the second plane of life, then, even as you would have to labor upon this plane mentally and morally to achieve results, so mentally and morally must you labor on that second plane if you would advance and progress.

Now, when we look at human nature we find that there are certain possible characteristics and elements pertaining to man's natural nature, as it is called, that apparently are in the way,—are clogs upon the wheels of his spiritual development; and people tell you if you wish for grace and growth, you must trample underneath all the carnal and material elements of your nature. Very frequently we have to raise our voice in condemnation of a doctrine so sophistical. There is nothing base in man's nature; it is only the uses that ignorance and undevelopment have put it to. If, then, by ignorance you have descended to ignoble service, if by lack of knowledge you have become chained, slaves to mastering passions, then those passions are not to blame; but your lack of development and lack of knowledge rise up in condemnation, and accuse you of failure to rightly use the powers that God himself hath committed to your keeping.

When the world grows wise enough, and clearly sees the character of God's great government, it will universally concede the point we are about to urge,—that in man's nature, as well as in the universe itself, the gifts of God are good eternally. It is not in crushing and crowding to the ground and trampling beneath your feet the gifts of God that you are going to attain real progress, but it is in bringing out the principles that are involved therein; in applying them intelligently and wisely to the nobler purposes and desires of your life, and so bringing out the latent elements of good,—the essences, and all the sweetness and brightness that man's material nature contains. This cannot be done today, but instinctively the individual feels it ought to be done. This instinctive conception has lain within the minds of men for ages past, and the ascetics and monks' and recluses of the world testify to the fearful ends men have gone in their attempts to crucify the flesh that the spirit might be free.

Vain efforts were these,—for your natural being needs its particular development, its true unfolding, that these latent qualities and powers may be brought to the surface and stimulated, even as the sunshine stimulates, and warms, and brings to the surface the blade of grass as it grows upward from the soil; and when you can effect this result while you are living here, then so much higher

will you stand in the natural condition in the spiritual world when you pass to it; but you need not think that you will pass into a realm or sphere beyond the first division we have mentioned, for the first stage will receive one and all,—for there is not a human being living in the world today who has attained such superior development and exalted unfoldment, that he has exhausted the natural elements of personal being pertaining to the sphere of life whereon he first commences to be.

In the spiritual states of life you will find the counterparts of nature, the counterparts of humanity; and these natural counterparts of nature and man are the elements of the first degree, so to speak, of spiritual existence. They constitute the natural claim whereon your loves, your affections, your interests, your professions, all that which makes you what you are today, come to you, remain with you, a part and parcel of your lives, and do their work there in your further development, and which fit you for the next degree that rises beyond.

Let us go back for one moment. The natural affections of the heart, so called, the desires of the intellect, the aspirations of the moral man, the emotions and premonitions of the spiritual part of you,—all these are working in your lives today. You will "die," and when you enter on the second plane, all these things will be with you there working with you still; but they will bind you at the same time, for they are links that hold you down to the world from whence you came, and bind you to the friends you love, to the pursuits that were dear to you, to the principles of being you were then related to; and they will hold you just so long as you have not developed beyond, or, more properly speaking, developed up to all the possibilities of life at present active within your being. Therefore, your sojourn upon the natural plane—the second state—will depend entirely upon the character of your affections, the nature of your pursuits; and if your strong affections still bind you to the realms of nature and the people living there, then will you be as dwellers upon the threshold, living actually within the confines of the material thought, even on the spiritual side,—remaining unseen, but chained to the conditions of earth, sharing and sympathizing with its people in their trials and tribulations when they are affectionally related to you; but, growing a little beyond this and becoming wider in thought and nobler in aspiration, you pass away from the world itself, from the actual conditions of mortal being, and enter into the real conditions of the spiritual life.

We have so profound a faith in, and so deep a worship for, the divinity of man, that at times we feel that if the world's humanity were only what that humanity can become, the world would need no service from the spiritual world to aid it in its upward progress. There is so much of good, so much of truth, so much of power and beauty, enshrined within this nature of yours, that could all these be brought into active exercise, the world's people would become angels and gods. Therefore, when we see and know them, and mingle with them on that brighter plane of natural existence whereon the spirit man first stands, we feel and know how divinely great this humanity can be. Over there, then, where love is the ruling element, mingling in every thought and urging all your nature forward, there, on really the lowest round of the ladder of spiritual progress, man unfolds every latent element of the divine humanity, and realizes fully and completely all the elements of human greatness.

In the main, the majority of communicants, who come to hold communication with you, come from the first plane of spiritual existence; there they are dwellers upon the threshold; nearer this life, really, than the other, they have scarcely passed the portal, and are yet those upon the natural plane of spiritual existence, whose interest, sympathies, and desires are still associated with the mortal world. Occasionally, much more rarely than you think, come messengers from the plane beyond, the avant couriers of a better dispensation yet to be unfolded; and now and again their golden words drop into the seas of mortal thought, stirring their waters with a quicker life, illuminating them with a radiant glory that flashes and scintillates before the wondering eyes of those keen enough to feel the power of the deeper thought and the higher presence.

But, no matter how long the time may be, the period surely comes at last when the latent elements of your present careers are all unfolded, and you have grown coequal with the plane of principles upon which you have hitherto reposed, and therefore, need a larger flight, must have a new condition; for now you begin to feel the need of that deeper unfoldment that lies behind the human nature,—the cultivation of the spiritual part of you.

By effort and by sorrow, it may be by pain and misery, most potent teachers in the main, you have become chastened and purified; the discordant and rebellious elements have been reduced to order and to harmony; and being thus clothed in your right mind at last, wearing at last the wedding garments for the spiritual feasting that lies before you, the command comes out of your own necessities, "Come up higher." Out of your own necessities, mind,—for you can make no advance in the spiritual states of being until the absolute need of it within yourself compels the movement onwards,—you cross the boundaries of nature. Of that crossing we cannot deal with now. Suffice it to say you cross those boundaries, and find a new life surging within your nature, new aspirations developed, new relations yearned for, and onward you go, not forsaking or forgetting all that has gone before, but, as it were, gathering and folding it up like a treasured garment, and putting it away, in the recesses of your mind, for use hereafter. The life and thought and action of you go forward now into the upper portion of the consciousness, and is related to spiritual things more deeply; or, in other words, you have now arrived at that plane of evolution in your spiritual consciousness when you have a higher plane of activities, that, by contrast, because of their refinement, are justly describable as the spiritual plane of your being.

(Continued next week.)

THE ANGELS' SONG OF PEACE.

("Peace on Earth, Good Will.")

[Written for the Peace Congress held in Boston. Suggested by S. Baring Gould's "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Tune, "S. Gertrude."]

Forward, all ye faithful,
Seeking Love and Peace;
Hastening on the way
When all strife shall cease;
All the saintly sages
Lead us in the way;
Forward, in their footsteps,
Toward that perfect day,
All the saintly sages, etc.

Raise the song of triumph—
"Peace on Earth, Good Will!"
Angels sang this anthem;
Let us sing it still;
Hell's foundations quiver
At this Song of Peace.
Brothers, let us sing it
Till all strife shall cease!
All the saintly sages, etc.

Children of One Father
Are the nations all;
"Children mine, beloved"—
Each one doth He call—
"Be ye not divided,
All one Family
Be, in mind and spirit
And in Charity!"
All the saintly sages, etc.

Wealth and power shall perish,
Nations rise and wane;
Love of others only
Steadfast will remain;
Hate and greed can never
"Gaius this Love prevail;
It shall stand triumphant
When all else shall fall!"
All the saintly sages, etc.

Forward, then, ye faithful,
Seeking Love and Peace;
Hastening on the way
When all strife shall cease!
Join us, all ye people,
Join our hopeful throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the Angels' Song:
All the saintly sages,
Lead us in the way;
Forward in their footsteps
Toward that perfect day! Amen.

—Martin Kellogg Schermerhorn, in Friend's
Intelligencer.

The Tale of a Dream.

H. RIDER HAGGARD AND HIS DOG.

C. H. Webber.

H. Rider Haggard had a dream after 12.30 at night, July 9, 1904. The exact time of the dream he does not know. In the dream he says his pet dog spoke to him telling him that he (the dog) was dying.

The dog, it is declared, was killed, as it was afterwards learned, some time between 6 and 12 o'clock just prior to the dream. On the strength of this dream, the query is raised: Has a dog a soul, and, if so, can the soul of the dog communicate, after the death of the dog, with the intelligence of a human being, in the form of a dream?

A good many questions are raised in connection with this matter, which, in all probability, would be ridiculed, were they not promoted by H. Rider Haggard. It is a good thing that such instruments are sometimes used to bring forth truths which otherwise might be buried unrecognized in a country churchyard, as declared by "Gray's Elegy."

Before deciding upon whether or not a dog has a "soul," it would seem most proper to determine what is a "soul." Can we see it, feel it, taste it, smell it, or hear it. If not, then what? It must belong to a realm above that of the senses. Does it occupy space, or is it governed by Time? Is it material, spiritual or medium; temporal or eternal? What part of man is soul? Can man exist without a soul? Is there any difference between a soul and a living soul? These are pertinent questions. Who is able to answer to the satisfaction of all?

In the Genesis of the Bible, we are informed first, of man without a living soul, made in the image of his creator. Then, God "formed" man out of the dust of the ground, showing that man existed not only without a living soul, but without even a material form. Man, then, was idealistic, a mental conception, unseen, in fact a spirit, before he was capable of being seen with material eyes, and the Bible is silent upon the exact "form" in which man was incarnated. Who can tell whether this Genesis "man" was inclosed in the form of a dog, fish, a reptile, or the form in which we now alone recognize man? Who can tell whether or not a dog is but one of the many forms of "man"? The word "man" means "to think." Does a dog think? If not, how shall we account for his very intelligent caperings when his master goes for his hat and coat.

After man was created, and then formed, God breathed into the nostrils of the form, and man became what? "A living soul." Was he a dead soul before the breath of life? What is the difference? There certainly was some difference between the image-man and the form, man, and the work of different days. Are nostrils necessary for a living soul? Do dogs have nostrils?

It certainly appears that life is requisite to constitute a "living soul." Do dogs have life? Wherein is the difference between what we call man and dog, in the Genesis presentation of "soul," or "living soul?"

We are obliged to apply to the scholastics. Following Aristotle, they claimed that the primary principle of life is soul, and held that a plant was endowed with a vegetable soul; that brutes and man had in addition a sensitive soul, while man (whatever man may be) alone has a rational and immaterial soul. They based their proof of the immateriality of the distinctively human soul on the power of the mind to form abstract ideas.

Here, then, is where the question of the dream comes in: not as to whether a dog has a soul, but whether or not a dog has a human soul? Of course he has not. Some people are often led to question as to whether all creatures called "men" are possessed of a human soul?

How are we to decide as to whether a man has or has not a human soul? When we say "human," we mean something belonging to man. Because it belongs to man does not prove that man is in possession of it. There may be an umbrella that belongs to me, and yet, I do not possess it.

The Bible says: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This implies that man may exist, spiritually or materially, and yet without his soul, or, if soul means the spark of life, then it implies that man still exists even though the spark of life has departed. In other words, it implies that Thought, or Intelligence exists, even though the form of the man and the soul of the man is lost, or destroyed. By this, then, we may conclude that some men and some dogs may think, and even be intelligent, and yet be minus a human soul.

The power of the mind to form abstract ideas. The ability to conceive of the "why"ness of the what, or the "whence" of the where," constitutes a human soul, and the human soul must be dependent upon the living soul, to enjoy life on earth. It is agreed upon by all that the breath, or spark of life, is the living soul. Dogs have breath, but breath, such as we know of in life is not agreed upon as the "immortal part of man."

Suppose, instead of saying the "immortal part of man," we say: Soul is Immortal Thought, and the immortal part is the spiritual image, independent of the material form. Then we may overcome the egotism of some men, who imagine that nothing but bipeds are permitted to think, and that only a select class of these are permitted to be called "man," yet all are endowed with soul of some sort.

An animal may be a man, and yet not be a "human soul." A man may be a "living soul," and yet not be a "human soul." He may have lost it in his mode of living. So, we have soul, vegetable soul, animal or living soul and human soul, the latter supposed to be immortal. Which of these were playing their part in H. Rider Haggard's dream, and giving life to his mind, on which was recorded the thought at that moment passing through his brain, like wind through a sieve, or like an electric current on a live wire.

At the moment of this dream, the dog had been killed. Life and body had parted companionship. The breath which had before been breathed into the nostrils of the dog had ceased its duty. Hence, this dog could in no possible manner be considered a "living soul." The form of the dog, though mutilated, still remained mortal. The body, of earthly substance, also remained. Each, no doubt, are possessed of soul, adapted to their particular phase of eternal life, for Nothing dies but mortal man. Man may lose his soul; not because of the death of the soul; not because of the death of the spirit; not because of the death of the form, nor of the body, but because of the death of the mortal man, or mortal thought, which is the only thing in all creation that is doomed to death.

Man is the thinker of the universe. There is but one thinker, but one man, but this one man is divided into millions of parts. We are each of us one of these many parts. These parts are again divided into classes and sub-classes. We are each of us one of these classes and each of us is one of these sub-classes. Again each one of us is an individual member of the sub-class to which we belong. As an individual, we have an individual part to perform in the great Drama of Life. Our body is the costume in which we appear on the stage of life, and we call that our Person—the persona in the caste of the Drama.

Now, where is our place in Nature and in the Universe of Spirit Domination?

The following are the Dominant Powers:
1—Spirit Oneness. God Part.
2—Soul, per se, or Substance of the Spirit, Matter.

- 3—Life, or Anima.
- 4—Thought or Mind attention.
- 5—Person or Form.
- 6—Living Soul.
- 7—Classification of Mind.
- 8—Sub-classification.
- 9—Human Soul.
- 10—Spirit Oneness in Man.

There are no more figures to work with. We have used the cypher twice. It is the beginning and the ending of the Fundamental Mathematical law. Spirit-Oneness in Man means unity with God, therefore with the second cypher we use the figure 1, and call it 10. We do not add it, for we can add nothing to the Spirit-Oneness—the God part, but to the left of the cypher we place the figure one, showing that we have fulfilled one round of man's cycle in the operation of the universal spirit. When we have filled another round then we use 2 before the cypher to show our progression.

How do we progress? Do we progress in Spirit? How can we when the Oneness of Spirit was in the cypher at the beginning? Do we progress in soul, or mind, or life? These were before man. They are universal. Man is the product, or action of mind. Man progresses as Man, or Thought. If man becomes God, then Man would be no more identified. He would lose his living soul, which is the substance of his Spirit, just as soul per se is the substance of the God-Spirit.

When man becomes God, then man would be dead (in God). Man is always dead when he is unable to identify himself apart from other things, but the Spirit, the Soul, and the Mind, never die. They are eternal and man possesses them, only when man thinks of them, as his possessions, but Spirit, Soul and Mind possess man, and may use man for Thought, as their Medium to manipulate Form and Life in Form, and Order in Life, for Order is in the Celestial Spheres of Spirit, Soul and Mind.

Now, we have arrived at the point of judging whether dog has a soul. Dog is an expression of the Spirit, and the expression is a possession of the Spirit, and the possession or the expression is a soul, and this soul in the Mind, is a dog. This implies that Spirit, Soul and Mind have the dog fast enough, but, does the dog think of these celestial powers abstractly, or does the dog think only of his animal necessities, and pays attention only to such things as promote his physical comfort?

Everything that is must be of some order of thought, or Mind-action. Thought, of some degree of power, must dwell even in the rocks, and so on in differing degrees of power, up through the vegetable and the animal kingdom to the very highest order of man. Every identified thing must be a possession of the Spirit, and therefore must be a Soul, but no identified thing can of itself possess a soul unless it is conscious of it in Thought. Soul is Identity. Identity is gone and soul is lost to us, when we fail to know ourselves, and our own classified place in the Great Universal Spirit. If we know ourselves only as dependent upon others, as the dog is supposed to know, then how can we possess soul above our ideas of dependence? Soul is Oneness. Free. Free Thought is Man's Soul. In no manner, Dependent.

My soul is not mine own when I am obliged to think, or to try to think, according to the will of another. I, as a Man-Soul, would then be dead, even though I might be a living creature in the form of man and in the flesh.

My soul would be lost, because the Thought, I think, would not be immortal, for, sooner or later, I would break from such dependence, even though I gave up my body to the elements from which I came, and the spirit-power within it to the great Universe of Spirit, for a better means of self-knowledge, or identification.

So long as I can hold my own identification, by knowing my own place in Nature, or in the Universe, then I possess a soul, whether in the flesh or out of it. The form has nothing to do with any Soul but the Soul of Form. Form cannot think of anything but Form, Thought (called Man) is the only thing in Nature that can think, and through this medium, or instrument or son of God, the very God, Himself, creates all Forms on Earth, whether Idealistic: in dreams, visions and trances, or in more substantial forms which we term Material. Erroneous, false, hideous or broken forms perish, because the Thought does not like them. Errors are overcome and bad forms improved upon by a better understanding, therefore erroneous Thought, or Imperfect Man, dies, while Truth, or True Thought, the Perfect Man, lives through all eternity.

Each of us has imperfect thought and each has errors. Each, also, has Truth within him and Perfect Ideas, but not all alike. The Truth that is within us lives, the errors die, just as fast as we are able to comprehend the Truth.

When we all learn to know our own place then we will know more of Truth, and will finally overcome Death, because there will be no occasion to die. Hence, Man, the only thinker in the universe, dies only so far as his errors are concerned, but, in Truth, he lives on forever, for the Spirit, the Soul, and the Mind never lose Man, even though erroneous Thought, through higher understanding, loses its soul, or its identity of Oneness.

Teachings of error and their followers, live for awhile, and then they are known no more forever. In erroneous paths of Thought, they never even become familiar enough with their souls (never at oneness), to distinguish it from their bodily form, or their clothing. Souls are true. Souls never err. Thought errs, and Thought is Man. True Thought lives, eternally on and on. Erroneous Thought dies. To comprehend these abstract ideas, and such as are contained in our Wonder Wheel tables, one must possess not only Thought, but the breath of life must be in that Thought, or it is not a "living soul." Some who read this will understand; others will not. The dog of whom H. Rider Haggard dreamed, was happy as a dog, even though we are led to believe that he was unable to comprehend abstract ideas.

This dog was killed by getting in the way of a railroad train. Such an act was an erroneous trend of Thought, whether in the brain of a dog, or the brain of any other creature.

Man dies a physical death, because he has not as yet learned how to think right. Man loses his own soul by death, but—now, think! The Soul does not lose the Man, oh, no! death, or no death, the soul, or substance of the spirit, causes Thought to go on and on, and evolve and evolve, until Man is able, through trials and sufferings of all kinds, to attend to the duties for which he was created, and think good Thoughts for the universe instead of thinking so continually and so selfishly for himself alone.

A man may lose his soul, a dog may have it, but we may rest assured that the Soul will never lose the man, and some soul will always possess the dog, until by a higher understanding, the Thought of the dog assumes some other form.

It is almost impossible for one versed in the science and in the Philosophy of Astrology, to fail to recognize the fact that "Soul," meaning the sun, and "Soul," meaning the sonship, or emanation from God, in man, refer to the same class of powers in the universe. The electrical rays, the warmth and the enlightening influences of the great solar orb, are to us the "Breath of Life," the moment we come into Earth life. We may lose all knowledge of the life influences of that sun; we may hide ourselves from its burning rays; we may bury ourselves in caves beneath the earth; we may arrogate to ourselves knowledge, honors or powers, and yet the sun will never forsake us. In some form or another, in water, mineral or air, it will find us out, or keep track of the mind and inspire it to think, think, think, and in that thinking keep ever alive some sort of universal consciousness, whether it be in rock, tree, vegetable, animal or human form.

Imagination never sleeps. It is eternally creating or reproducing idealistic or material scenes, and, by this law, the brain of H. Rider Haggard was impressed, and his pet dog, dead or alive, soulless or with a soul, was to him but an object of sense previously perceived, and, in this particular dream, was recalled to his semi-slumbering mind. The dog, of itself, had nothing to do with this Haggard dream, but Haggard's association with the dog caused that particular dog to figure in the dream. The death of the dog at about the same time was coincidental. Both the dream and the death of the dog might be proven by Wonder Wheel Science, to be corresponding incidents in the separate lives of Mr. Haggard and his dog, and each life be in strict accord with the inbreathing of the "Breath of Life" in the case of the man, and the absence of the "Breath of Life" in the case of the dog.

In other words, Mr. Haggard was exercising the power of his living soul during his dream, while the dog had lost his living soul by getting in the path of a railway train.

We are too apt to mix our understanding of terms: Spirit, Soul, Mind, Thought, Man and Animal, Form and Body, all belong to me. They make up my present identity, but each one of them in a distinct and separate function, or entity, in the composition of humanity. In certain cases they may be used in one and the same sense, just as we may call a horse a mare, but, in special cases, as, for instance, this dream, we will not advance our understanding by calling all horses "mares."

Spirit-communication is universal. Soul communication is individual, and, as per Genesis, Living Soul is dependent, first, upon "breathing nostrils," after which it may or may not become a "human soul." There is but one soul that we know of prior to the "Living Soul," and that is the God-Soul. This God-Soul may be as varied in its parts and in its expressions as the Man-Soul, which is an image of the God-Soul, but only One of these parts appear to be allotted to man, and that is the "Image" after which the man, inspired by the breath of life, was not created a living soul, but "Became a living soul."

Science proves that soul life is in the Sun, but "living soul" biblically is in breathing. The sun may be a part of the Great Eternal, and, in the days of old, when fixed stars were not ranked as "distant suns," it would be in no way sacrilegious to call it the "only begotten life, the light and the way."

It would also be strictly astrologic, in the mythical terms used by the prophets, priests and magi, to call a human being born at the beginning of the Christian Era, under the influence of the sun at its equinoctial or its solstitial cardinal point, "the only begotten Son of God." This would be truly astrologic, and, being astrologic, it could in no way detract from the sacredness of Divinity, for the record of the especially favored sonship would be written in the heavens, and there it would stand as evidence of the Truth, together with all other truths, and it will settle all differences over differing versions of the Bible, whenever man becomes sufficiently advanced to be able to understand and to save his own soul, in a manner better than was done by H. Rider Haggard's pet dog; that is, getting into trouble.

And who shall say that this particular dog did not possess an immortal soul, when this very dream on the part of his master has caused discussion of the subject in various parts of the world, thereby causing this dog to be immortalized by pen and tongue? What is immortality anyway but a continuity of life-memorials, or living memories? Falsities can never be immortal. They are continually overturned and crushed by the Phoenix-like Truth. Continuity of life must be Truth abiding in the mind and enjoyed by the mind. Death can only come to error.

Wonder Wheel science is Truth. It makes no difference by what name it may be called. We may split on terms, and misunderstandings, as illustrated by the Tower of Babel, but these heavenly witnesses of earth's doings

are the "All Seeing Eye," and no one can hide from it behind a fig leaf.

The 12 birth-numbers, together with the sun and the planets, will reveal the cause of H. Rider Haggard's dream, which would have been the same to him, if he had never owned a dog. The author has talked with lions in his dreams, and he never owned a lion, but at the time of the dream the astrologic significances were such as to cause his imagination to assume that bent. Now are we not a little too hard on this wonderful faculty which we call "Imagination"? What would life be worth living for if it were not for memory coupled with imagination.

Imagination and Perverted Imagination are as different as sanity and lunacy. We are so much interested in getting in the way of dollars and cents, as the dog did in getting in the way of the railway train, that we forget the Power of Imagination, which we all possess to a higher purpose, and through fear, we permit the dollars and cents to crush us, and thereby "we lose our soul." "What doth it profit a man," etc.? If we could but overcome the hypnotic control which Mortal Error has over Thought and Mind and Senses, we might soon learn to be governed by the laws of our birth-numbers, which are the true laws of the Heavens, and we would thereby regain the longevity of Methuselah, and "go him 900 years better," establishing continuity of life right here on earth. Do not all the cults teach of "Eternal Life," and the "Powers of Mind Over Matter," and the "Grand Future," the "Great Hereafter." They tell us these things because they heard someone else say them. Somebody says something to somebody, and somebody repeats it to everybody, and that is how we become hypnotized by suggestion; but who can give us the key, who has given us the Chart of Life, the Chart of the Soul, the Chart of Sol, the Chart of the Only Begotten, the Chart of the Truth and the Chart of Error, by which, if we are not too busy in getting on, and be a Spirit in the flesh forever, a position which neither Carnegie's wealth, nor Rockefeller's will buy? Study these birth-numbers; study these days. They are yours for good or ill. They are also ours for good or ill. We cannot be true to ourselves and be untrue to others. That is an impossibility, and, furthermore, we cannot be true to ourselves if others are untrue to us. Like unto links in a great endless chain we are but one of many. Each must do his own best, regardless of the rest. In that way "jot upon jot and tittle upon tittle," the Great One-Man Soul is saved.

All of these things have been taught over and over again, but the teachers have depended upon Conscience as the guide, and have persecuted each other's conscience for opinion's sake. The only difference between a map's soul and the soul of a dog is that the man can wilfully overcome his animal propensities on his own sense of right and wrong, and without fear of corporeal punishment, and without expectation of corporeal favor, while a dog is not able to do so.

The dog's living soul is astrologically governed by the Moon, and man's animal propensities are in the same manner governed by the moon, so it may be safely declared that the living soul of the dog and the living soul of his master on the moon plane of life are governed precisely alike and the man and the dog in a savage state would act about the same, under a like influence of the moon were there no other astrologic factors to be considered.

The physical form of the dog and the physical form of the man would be governed by their respective horoscopes,—the Hour circle of their birth,—but they would be horoscopically connected with relatives in forms of their own kind. There are so many different forms of men as there are of dogs, and these forms observe their own laws of ancestry, irrespective of the animal soul, or of the human soul. If man and dog were both born at the self-same time, they would differ in form by reason of ancestry, but the disposition of both dog and man would be the same in their animal propensities, with the exception that man would be favored on the human plane by virtue of his form, and the dog would be favored on the dog plane by virtue of his form. The key to the Birth Numbers of the two would be precisely the same, and the general run of incidents in the life of each would be the same, so far as the same expression could be made with the differing forms.

The author has proven these statements in cases of horses, dogs and men. The great trouble with people in discussing these occult laws, is by reason of their mixing ancestry, form, mind, body, soul, spirit, thought, man, animal, prejudice, and popular opinion, so indiscriminately with fact and sentiment that one becomes about as wise at the end as at the beginning. Each of these different factors of life have their own plane of laws, each are governed by the Birth Numbers, as given in the above table, but each of them have a different point in the table.

So, a basic soul in dog or human form may have a good living soul—there is plenty of life, and a bad disposition, strong animal propensities, and strong prejudices in which the God soul or power is lost. That which we know him to be may be excellent, and yet that very bad, others may know of the bad and never know of the good, while we may know of the good and never even suspect the bad.

The reason for this is due to the differences in the Birth Numbers of all the different people in the case, and the differences in the several spirits, souls, thoughts, etc., etc., of them all.

The Birth Numbers of H. Rider Haggard and the Birth Numbers of his dog, on the moon plane of life were in harmony. Were it not so then this particular dog would never have been Haggard's pet. We know that there have been so without knowing the Birth Numbers of Haggard or of his dog. It is a general law. Nature makes no mistake. Thought-man is the only thing that makes mistakes. Mistakes are in opinions, in judgments, and in misunderstandings. Mistakes are the outgrowth of greed, inherited or self-created. Mistakes are not due to imagination, pure and simple, but to perverted imaginations, hypnotically induced by the general errors of the age in which we live.

The dog in dog form cannot rise above the moon plane of life, but the spirit which ruled over that dog may induce that soul to put the animal functions of that dog into a higher form of life. Into the biped form, for instance, and then give it the powers of the sun in a form able to express itself as ruler over the animal propensities. The sun astrologically endows us with the Human Soul. At least it gives a Higher Octave for Mercury to play upon. A difference in octave is about the only difference in Nature's gamut. "Man is but little above the animal, and a little below the angel." Because a dog is a dog in one life, is he to forever remain a dog? Nature is continually working over her forms of life, as the farmer works over his land. An oak will not always be an oak, except through the acorn. What becomes of the leaves and the twigs that fall to the ground? Do they rest there forever, or do they live on in the sap of the grass, or in the moss, or even in the life of the worm; each and all working themselves up to the high estate of the human, who, being at the top, is most likely to fall?

Is not the spirit always and eternally whispering to these lower forms of life, "Go up higher." But Man! assumptuous, erroneous,

Man! thinks he is destined to go higher, fully assured that he has a soul adapted to spirit-mountain climbing, and yet he is hardly able to tell of anything above his head, even though the spirits erect flagstaffs and skyscraping buildings to keep him from looking downwards in his persistency after roots or rocks of a bygone age.

Well, H. Rider Haggard dreamed a dream, and so did Nebuchadnezzar. And Daniel wrestled with the "Lord" all night to expound the dream. What Lord? No one interested in the ancient laws of the heavens need hesitate long for answer. People not so interested would not be enlightened even if they were told. Their time has not yet come for such enjoyments. They are waiting for Gabriel to blow his horn, without knowing that Gabriel is the spirit of the moon, and the horn of the moon is often before their eyes, but they never see it. Gabriel blows his horn only to awaken the animal conscience of man to the fact that a spiritual Christian table is set and ready for them to partake of its fruits. It is the same table as we present, and the 12 disciples are the 12 Birth Numbers.

It was after 12.30 at night, July 9, 1904, that Mr. Haggard dreamed his dream. The exact time is not known. In the dream he says his pet dog spoke to him telling him that he (the dog) was dying. Daniel, with the time given him, told Nebuchadnezzar what he dreamed, but Mr. Haggard having told his dream, it remains to tell him what time he dreamed it.

At about 3 o'clock a. m., July 10, 1904, Virgo, the ruler of dogs, was on the 4th house, creating the thought matter in his brain relative to some sort of an ending. The lord of Virgo (Mercury) was in the 1st house with the moon, giving thought of trouble on the animal plain in the 12th house. Jupiter was in the house of friends, opposite to Uranus, in the 6th house—the house of small animals, and also the house quite apt to disturb the bowels, with Uranus in it. The 9th house, which is the principal promoter of dreams, was occupied by a retrograding Saturn, thereby producing an oppressive dream, while Neptune and Mars in close conjunction were exactly on the eastern horizon, adding whatever sort of horror was needed to complete the imagination for the moment. Sun and Venus were on the cusp of the 2nd house, giving thought of some loving possession on the animal plane. Memory of his pet dog came most quickly to the mind to complete the picture, which we give only in brief. Any astrologer would recognize enough in this picture of the heavens to create a good-sized nightmare. If Sagittary had been in the 4th, instead of Virgo, and Jupiter in the 12th instead of Mercury, his imagination would have produced a horse instead of a dog.

But why the death of the dog, a few hours before, in the evening? That is coincidental, and a grand subject for study if the date of the dog's birth is known. A few hours earlier than the dream, would make no difference in the planets. They would all be practically the same. Only the earth would have been turned about one-quarter around, so that the angular conditions of the several factors would be the same, while Uranus would have been in the 9th house (death by railroad), and Neptune and Mars on the 4th.

Whenever the planets of two people, or two animals are in any way coincidental, if the mind is not otherwise attracted, the same planetary influence that causes accident or death in the one case, will produce anxiety, dreams, visions or some sort of thought relative to the other, at that particular time, no matter if they are thousands of miles apart; for the entire body of our earth does not occupy the space of so much as one 360th part of the circle in which any planet is moving. One 360th of a circle is only one 30th part of a birth-number.

It is quite likely, that many others dreamed of dogs at the same time, but did not retain consciousness of the incident.

H. Rider Haggard's dream has furnished opportunity to touch upon many misunderstood matters that would otherwise have been dreamed of no consequence.

The Coming Co-operative Commonwealth.

At the Spiritual Temple, 3015 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo., W. J. Colville, of London, lectured on Sunday, September 11, concerning the changes we may expect to witness during the present century. The lecturer, who is the vice-president of the Universal Peace Union, took a decidedly optimistic view of the present warlike situation in the far East and pointed to several natural phenomena in verification of the claim that the existence of extreme hostility in certain directions by no means argued ill for the eventual triumph of peace. The speaker said, in part, "In tracing the evolution of human society we need to study the normal development of a single child, for, as the individual develops so does the race unfold. The earliest human impulses are simply self-regarding. Little children are entirely self-centred, but as they grow in understanding they also advance in esteem for those around them. Self-preservation, which is necessary for all living organisms, is not properly selfishness in the disagreeable sense of the word, and as it is natural to defend one's self against aggressions, (this spirit of self-protection is not essentially belligerent) so it is natural that families, tribes and nations should resent attacks and protect themselves against invaders of their sanctities."

War is so ancient that its origin is unquestionably pre-historic; so old indeed is strife that we witness it through our microscopes when we watch the movements of the most rudimentary living creatures. Prophets and seers of all ages have shown themselves a distinct class from historians, biographers and collectors of facts, concerning surrounding conditions, for they invariably predict the future and sing glorious songs of a higher age which has not yet dawned upon the earth. But seeing that these lynx-eyed men and women are actual denizens of this planet, contemporaries of the less enlightened multitude which may scoff at them as idle dreamers, their visions may justly be taken as a part of actual human experience. The Josephs of the world endure after its Pharaohs are forgotten. There can be inventive genius apart from prophecy; no architectural designs apart from seership.

Whenever a writer like Edward Bellamy draws a fancy sketch of a happier day to come, a vast army of defamers of human character arise to protest against the possibility of actualizing a co-operative commonwealth because of the inherent selfishness of human nature, and though that sort of diatribe has been answered thousands of times, it is always re-ramped directly a suggestion is made for bettering the general condition of society. A passionless study of human tendencies soon reveals the much-neglected truth that misapprehension alone lies at the root of warfare, whether the fighting is between individuals, classes or nations.

No word is used more frequently than "misunderstanding," and that term precisely explains the situation when any two persons or parties take up cudgels one against the other. Genesis with its story of Cain and Abel forcibly illustrates the folly of a brother who vainly supposes that even God does not accept his offering because another brother has performed an act more pleasing in the sight of Heaven. Exodus reveals the suicidal

policy pursued by a dynasty which seeks to enrich itself by pauperizing and otherwise cruelly oppressing a section of the inhabitants of its realm. Old World problems are as new today as when Ancient Scriptures were originally written, and we find in all the great dramatic literature of past ages instances of conduct which can be readily matched if we study our modern newspapers. But, though all history proves that nothing short of co-operation can lead to eventual prosperity, the old blunder of competition is still repeated, but never without its sad accompaniments of vice and destitution.

The real difference between those who regard co-operation as practical in every department of human activity, and those who do not so regard it, is very simply stated. Everybody must admit the present palpable existence of misery and degradation wherever strife is found. Advocates of co-operation declare that this wretchedness need not continue; their opponents declare that it is inevitable because of the nature of humanity. Compels it. Optimism and pessimism present their most vivid contrast as working philosophies on this very ground. The intelligent philanthropic optimist is no vague dreamer and no visionary sentimentalist, but a thoroughly alive and up-to-date advocate of radical reform.

While nothing desirable can ever be gained by ferocious onslaught upon existing evils, the remedy for all that needs remedying is to be found in the higher moral education of which the people everywhere must sorely stand in need. Children must receive the gospel of co-operation in their infancy and as they grow toward maturity and exhibit warlike proclivities (which will only gradually become extinct) their parents or guardians must demonstrate among them the practice of arbitration. A splendid spectacle like The Hague Conference very properly calls forth the admiration of the world, but hardly so can such a noble convention be followed by outbreaks of fresh hostility in many sections of the globe.

Military grandeur is everywhere admired; the soldier's uniform is always an attractive costume, and as the virtue of bravery is worthy of all the laudation it receives, the best means of diverting public attention into pacific channels must be to convince the masses that all that makes the soldier's career a fascinating one in the public eye can be successfully transferred from the field of Mars to the Temple of Industry. New standards of heroism need to be uplifted before the youth of every land or the effort of Peace Unions can accomplish much in the direction of race improvement. That strife is always wasteful is an admitted fact, but the great drawback which yet remains to be overcome in the popular mind is the belief that it is necessary. Nikola Tesla, the renowned electrician, has shown the reading public how truly possible it is to substitute automata for men on fields of battle until the course of war is finally outgrown.

A co-operative commonwealth will not lack interest and variety as many of its critics continually assume, nor will it in the least degree ignore that beautiful variety which is inseparably connected with all manifestations of essential unity. All kinds of work must be done, and human tastes differ widely enough to make provision for the accomplishment of every kind of necessary industry. Those who most vehemently oppose the idea of co-operative industry frequently tell their hearers that freedom is imperiled whenever a change is suggested in the present order of society. Men and women are not now free to choose their line of operation when in at least nine cases out of every average ten, a worker has to take whatever job will enable him to earn a living, and though it is true that Labor Unions and all organizations have their defects, it will surely prove a less onerous task to rectify these errors from within than to compel gigantic syndicates and trusts to deal humanely with their employees.

The spirit of co-operation is altogether constructive and neighborly and should never be confounded with insurrection and revolt. What can never be consummated by revolution can be brought about by evolution which employs wholly educational methods.

The fraternity of nations is by no means an impracticable ideal, though internecine warfare must end before international unity can be demonstrated. As a first step in the direction of unifying the civilized peoples of the earth, an Anglo-American Alliance must be consummated. The reasons for this are manifold, and among them stand most conspicuously forth the facts of a common language and literature, and the close adjacency of American and British territory.

The continent of North America is under two flags, Stars and Stripes, and Union Jack, and though a single flag might not be fashioned for some considerable time to come, a very close commercial, and in every sense friendly alliance must needs be formed between the American Republic and the British Empire. When these two great powers are known to constitute a virtual unit the felt-position of the English-speaking world will be impregnable. No nation would venture to make war upon so formidable a combination and thus would the first great move be made in the direction of world-wide peace.

Travelers who keep their eyes and ears open agree that New Zealand is in many respects the most prosperous country on the earth, and there the spirit of co-operation has already found a complete embodiment than elsewhere. Those beautiful islands enjoy an amount of general comfort and prosperity far in advance of the measure that prevails in lands where advance movements have made less progress. With the spread of education it is becoming increasingly difficult both in America and in England to maintain a distinct serving class, and though this is in one sense a cause for rejoicing, it is attended by many temporary embarrassments. Public education on a wide scale with a constantly rising standard of proficiency militates of necessity against the preservation of the old type of servant or laborer, but as Bellamy and other far-sighted authors have abundantly shown, there is no indisposition for work in the hearts of the people, though there is an ever-increasing protest against all badges of servility. Cultured men and women may agree with Emerson when he speaks of how gloriously monks and brooms may be handled, but no one likes to be looked down upon because he handles any useful article.

In a co-operative commonwealth, efficiency will prove the only title to distinction; not the nature of the work done, but how well it is done will grade the worker in the social scale. Idleness will always prevent promotion; slovenliness will always bar the gateway of advance so long as these vices continue, but considering them as symptoms of disorder, we can work for their complete eradication. Every body of religionists and every school of philosophers without forsaking their distinctive affiliations can unite in the co-operative campaign. Whether our text is taken from Isaiah, Epictetus, Paul, or Emerson, we can all preach a gospel of federation and it seems hardly necessary to reaffirm the self-evident proposition that Christ and Buddha alike proclaimed and vitally enforced this mighty truth.

After the lecture the speaker gave an impromptu poem on several topics suggested by members of the audience.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.—Saville.

A Personal Experience.

E. Ruthven.

OBSESSION.

There appears to be a great diversity of opinions among Spiritualists regarding obsession and sundry other points, of which Dr. Peebles evidences the most accurate understanding. The writer has had bitter experience with what was practically obsession, although the spirit was not intending harm, and for the benefit of those who scoff will give an account of it. The instance occurred years ago, after our family moved into a house that dated back to Revolutionary times, and probably earlier, situated on Hartford avenue, Wethersfield, Conn. It had been well kept up and we did not know until after leaving it that it had long borne the name of being haunted. From the first there were raps and noises all over the house, and in the course of a few weeks, we noticed that the atmosphere about the house was oppressive and uncanny. The writer was especially affected by it, being in ill health. My spirit friends did all they could to protect, but in vain. The evil spirits around the place seemed to drain my life and energy, often producing a lethargic condition. It became so bad that I could not take pleasure nor interest in anything; there was a sense of darkness over all, even when the sun shone brightly. Gradually I took on the personality and consciousness of another person, knowing intuitively that other's feelings and some recollections. I tried hard to throw it off, one of the family assisting by magnetic passes, but relief was only temporary. After several months of that, as I was at the piano one evening, there came a sense of strangulation as if seized by the throat. Choking and screaming I ran upstairs where were others of the family. My mother had much difficulty in breaking up the attacking influence by rubbing, magnetic passes, and applying spirits of camphor (which the other kind of spirits usually detest). For several days I went about half dazed; then the obsessing spirit went into a frenzy of terror, begging and insisting on leaving the house—going anywhere so that she might escape one whom she feared. At last, in the evening, my parents took me into Hartford to a medium friend whose guide supplemented the account given by the obsessing with what spirit friends told of the matter.

It seems that in the days of early settlement that old house was a "tavern," the proprietor of which had no scruples about the posing of guests when he could profit by it. The obsessing spirit, however, was a girl brought from some part of Europe to be a servant and—worse. She failed to become a willing tool or accomplice of her master, and so was finally put away with the others. All of them were bound to that place, both victims and villain (the latter being seen clairvoyantly several times by my mother and sister, also by a medium who passed several nervous weeks with us, and confirmed what we had already learned before she knew of our experience), by whatever law operates in such cases, and perhaps re-enacted scenes of their earth lives. Anyway, the girl said that the day she insisted on leaving the house was the anniversary of her physical death.

For six weeks I remained with friends in the city. Then, as the spirit seemed to have released her hold on me, I was persuaded to return to the old house. Meanwhile, my mother had frequently burned flour of sulphur in the rooms, which cleared the spiritual atmosphere very perceptibly; the effect was not permanent, however. Although the girl did not regain hold of me, the evil disposed spirits so affected all members of the family as to create great discord. After nearly eleven months' stay we moved to another State, but it was ten months before the bad influences could be quite gotten rid of, during which time I could not take pleasure in the beauties of nature, and deep gloom seemed to pervade everywhere.

Another instance of quite different character occurred to a young lady, Miss A., whom I know well, and who is extremely sensitive to spirit influence. She is unusually pure minded, and when permitted to choose, associates only with good people; one in the family was very unlike her in tastes, and admitted as an intimate house-friend, a man entirely unprincipled and immoral, attended by powerful spirits as bad as himself. Miss A. saw and felt the man's true character at first sight, but her empathic objections were ignored. She shunned the man, but a spirit who came with him soon began troubling her, chiefly at night. Her controls were good and elevated; they stood by her nobly, and for perhaps two weeks helped her to frustrate the designs of that debased spirit. She concentrated her whole will against him, and he then resorted to truly diabolical means to reduce her to subjection; namely, preventing her from sleeping by poking and jabbing her. Nothing could be seen in the well-lighted room, but the touches were as tangible as a mortal's. She was not strong at best, and was obliged to work beyond her strength daily, which added to sleepless nights, in time so exhausted that further resistance was impossible. Let those who think that mortals leave behind all base appetites, or lose the ability to gratify them, ponder on this: that utterly depraved spirit threw the full strength of his horrid passions upon the poor sensitive, as soon as he could break through the protecting influence exerted by her spirit friends (which he succeeded in doing only after calling to his aid other evil spirits). Even then he could not break her will until she was physically exhausted, when he demonstrated his ability to enjoy the conquest.

This may be news to A. J. Davis, but it is a sad fact, nevertheless, and, furthermore, there have come to my knowledge several cases of women who, unlike Miss A., were willing partners to evil spirits. It is pretty well known that such things are possible, but since they are it behooves everyone who values his or her future well-being to fight off and avoid every impure thought and influence. Mediums and sensitives should cultivate will power, and preserve their individuality as a safeguard. Careful attention to environment and associates, shunning the acquaintance of low-minded, immoral people, and cultivating only good, pure friendships, thoughts and feelings, will secure immunity from such debasing spirits. Orthodox people need not call this evil peculiar to Spiritualism; for it evidently may occur among themselves, not depending on mediumistic development.

But to return to Miss A. That "demon," after securing a hold on her, at times threw upon her fits of intense depression, and when she visited friends at a distance did not trouble her at night, but took such complete control throughout every day, that she could not appear natural. When conversing she would start to say one thing and find herself saying something entirely different in sentiment from what she wished to say. It was always something to hurt feelings and cause misunderstandings. A few weeks after her return home magnetic treatment was tried to break up the obsession, which then noticeably affected her health. The healer exerted the spirit, lecturing him meanwhile on the great wrong he was doing. During several treatments, the spirit laughed at it, but at last began to "lose his grip," and actually fought the healer, uttering cries of rage. A few

more treatments completely broke his hold, and he never regained it.

A. J. Davis is very fortunate if he has not met some in the flesh who deserved the name of "demon," and such are not changed by death. I do not believe an obsessing spirit gets inside the victim's body, but secures perfect, unremitting control, acting rather like a barnacle, and draining the vitality. Our spirit friends should not be blamed too much for inadequately protecting us. If it is true, what has been stated to me by several clairvoyants, that people who do not restrain evil propensities in earth life are hideously deformed in spirit body; and besides have horribly foul, sickening auras (the latter I know, because I feel it strongly when encountering such spirits, embodied and disembodied); it is not surprising that good spirits cannot hold their own against them. It is an accepted fact, I believe, that the longer spirits have been in the spirit world the more strength and power they possess; that is probably one reason of the efficiency of advanced Catholic spirits who now respond to my call when aid is needed. Only for their protection, I could not have written of the haunted house, as fixing my mind on the subject drew the murderer here to object to it.

Everyone knows that physical development results from exercising the muscles, but I fear many forget that spiritual development is attained by exercising spiritual virtues. Not only purity of mind but charity for those who err, and kindness of heart toward all, even those who wrong us. To a certain extent, the temptations of bad spirits may be useful to try one's strength of character, as a person of really good principles opposes all his will against them, gaining spiritual strength each time he wins the battle. On the other hand, one who does not really fight and yields willingly, sinks to the level of the tempter, and good spirits turn away in sorrow and disgust. If everybody could realize the difference it makes, and could hear the joyous songs of triumph from guardian spirits when the person tried fights to win, and by earnest prayer for God's aid proves his or her worthiness, surely few would fight without fighting—and fighting hard.

Many mothers administer Piso's Cure when their children have Spasmodic Croup.

The Life of the Spirit.

It has been ordered that much of the deliberation of our coming National Council shall have to do with Spirituality. Well and good! The choice of so fundamental a theme doubtless reflects a feeling more or less prevalent in the Christian Church, that there is too much practical materialism in society today, and too little vision and deplorably little ethical passion in the Church.

Prior to applying the test of the spirit-filled life to our churches, our educational institutions, our missionary societies, and to our programs for social betterment, it would be well, perhaps to consider for a while just what spirituality is. Are what Carlyle called "dissected self-listenings, self-questionings, impotently painful dubitations" spirituality? No not if they are "dissected." For if there is one debt which the Church owes to modern psychology, it is for the light that it has thrown on the cause and effect relation between physical abnormality and many mental states that formerly were deemed by the Church surest marks of a religious exaltation, and still are by many devout souls the world over. Too often in the past spirituality has been defined in terms bordering on asceticism on the one hand or sensuality on the other. Many who have been called saints have been "things of the frozen senses, lean and hueless things;" and others have been like

Some Dulacres, drunk with truths and wine, Grown beatific, dreaming how become divine.

The more man knows of his origin, the better he understands his destiny, the keener his discernment of the interdependence of body and soul in that mysterious dualism he calls "self," the surer he becomes of the truth which Prof. A. B. Bruce expounds in his book, "The Moral Order of the World," namely, that "spiritual insight and appreciation presuppose morality and rationality." The day is past when one can argue as Henry Taylor, writing to Earl Grey in 1866, did, that a race (the Irish) may be superior spiritually to another race (the English) although inferior to it morally and intellectually considered. "More devotion," wrote Taylor, "with more superstition may be better spiritually than less of both."

The day is past when spirituality can be defined so as even to invite the caricature of it, which describes it as "cultivating aimless contemplations of an imaginary ideal." It really is the whole of man's life "lived in conscious harmony with God," and God as he is revealed in all his displays of Power and Love. Thus obedience to all physical law, perfect functioning of body and of mind, perfect adjustment of the individual to environment is the fittest preparation for the life of the spirit; and conversely anything which tends to make environment correspond to highest individual ideals in spiritual service.

The emphasis which a dominating conception of God as transcendent had on making religion too often a matter of individualistic introspection is met today by the conception of God as immanent, and man as co-operator with God in social salvation as well as dependent on him for personal sustenance, physical and spiritual. As F. W. Robertson said years ago, that the measure of spirituality is the degree of unselfishness or otherliness which it imparts. The surest proof of the validity of the vision on the mount is the descent into the valley with a passion for the social service. To the question as to what is the most definite and highest form of spirituality it is still in order to say, "the instinctive sense of God." But God where, and how revealed? Just here men will divide, according as they emphasize the transcendence or the immanence of God, but all must admit the multitudinous ways in which God is revealed and the utility of expecting uniformity of experience among Christians. Dr. Gladden well says in his latest book, "Where Does the Sky Begin?" "Variation—that is the great first word of the spiritual as of the biological realm."

The Church of today will err sadly if it identifies spirituality with any particular definition of it or any traditional manifestation of it. Signs are not wanting of a reaction toward mysticism in recoil from undue rationalism and humanitarianism. For those who so choose to regain the spiritual life there can be no word of blame, only caution. But they in turn should know and admit that those who decline to walk that path may, nevertheless, be walking the path of the Spirit.

Frank recognition of this possibility of differentiation both in the definition and the practice of the spiritual life today will make for optimism in the Church; whereas if the older and more conventional definitions and methods be held to be permanently authoritative, then the problem of institutional religion, which men of all schools of thought concede to be grave, will become graver and more acute.—The Congregationalist and Christian World.

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Waverley Home.

Oct. 2, 1904.—The Ice King, is making rapid strides from his cold and cheerless home, in the far away north. Already we feel his cold and chilling breath. The beautiful and tender flora and foliage that generous and beneficent "Old Sol" has been so assiduously coaxing into life and beauty all the summer, is now "faded and gone." As I walked out among my flowers and trees, to witness the havoc wrought by the cruel biting of "Jack Frost," I seemed to hear protests and reproaches, from the flowers and trees, on every hand. They seemed to be directed against "Old Sol" as being the responsible agent for their "sudden taking off." After the reproaches and protests had quieted down a little, I seemed to hear "Old Sol" reply to them and say: "My dear precious little children, I wish that you were a little more wise and intelligent; you would not repine so against me. I would that I could make you understand the purpose and plan of your destiny. Mother earth hath nourished you, and my face hath shone upon you, and given you warmth. When you were athirst, I have caused the clouds to come together and bathe you in liquid glory. As you grew in strength and comeliness, I tinted your raiment in most beautiful colors, until, at last, you became a thing of beauty and a joy forever, in the eyes of all the Human Family. Your task upon the earth is now done; if in your brief span of life thou hast brought cheer and assuaged the pain of a poor weak sufferer, whose eyes might gaze upon your wondrous beauty, thou hast done well. If thou, through the influence of the things that are beautiful hath softened and refined the hearts of the human family, even though but a little, the purpose for which you were brought forth has been accomplished on the earth plane; but there are other worlds more beautiful than this. "Old Sol" seemed also to say to my little pets, "Your spirit will be wafted to the world of spirit, there again to blossom forth in added beauty and glory, for Heaven without thee would be Heaven without love." My own spirit prompted me to look up to Old Sol after this commune with him, in thankfulness that my own spirit would again meet my little pets so ruthlessly cut down by the chilling blast of the ice king. Oh, how blessed the assurances of our friends gone before, that if we perform the duties incumbent upon us in earth life, faithfully and well, we shall grow in grace and beauty of character when we enter the world of spirit.

The usual exercises were performed at today's meeting; beautiful and helpful thoughts were spoken, and assurances of the unbroken chain of love and affection came from our beloved in spirit life, to sons and daughters in earth life. Those who gave expressions to the spirit were Mrs. Bemis, Mrs. Ott, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Webster, Mrs. M. A. Bemis, conductor.—J. H. Lewis.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association.

The fall, winter and spring season was successfully inaugurated by the Lynn Spiritualists' Association in Cadet hall, Sunday, when interesting meetings were held in the afternoon and evening and on both occasions large audiences were present to greet Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Kates, who occupied the platform.

The afternoon meeting was opened at 2.30 o'clock with singing by the audience, followed with introductory remarks by George W. Kates in which he called attention to the beginning of the season's work and gave an invocation.

After the singing of another selection by the audience, Mrs. George W. Kates was introduced, who gave one of the best addresses which she has yet favored her hearers with and that is saying a great deal, for she is always interesting and entertaining.

Mrs. Kates took for her subject, "Doing Things," and spoke along the line of human interests. The necessity of correcting errors in civil and religious life, and exhorted Spiritualists to apply the spirit teachings for the development of a truer civilization and for peace on earth.

It was the prevailing opinion of all who heard it, that the address was one of the ablest and best efforts yet presented by Mrs. Kates, both oratorically and logically, and was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

At the close Mrs. Kates gave spirit messages and tests in her usual satisfactory manner.

The evening meeting was opened with congregational singing followed with an invocation by Mr. Kates, and a vocal solo, after which President Samuel Merchant introduced George W. Kates as the speaker of the evening, who announced as his subject, "Spiritualism, a World Force." The speaker dwelt at some length on his theme, and went on to show that Spiritualism is no new force in the world, as many people suppose it to be, but that the philosophy of Spiritualism was in force in olden times as well as in the modern. At the close of Mr. Kates' highly interesting address, spirit messages and tests were given by Mrs. Kates.

This is the beginning of all Gospels,—that the kingdom of heaven is at hand just where we are. It is just as near us as our work is, for the gate of heaven for each soul lies in the endeavor to do that work perfectly.—William C. Gannett.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—Selected.

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The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

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

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

Brevities.

Morse.

J. J. Morse.

Not Morse of telegraphic fame, as our English brothers note, but Morse of spiritualistic repute and our esteemed editor of the "Banner of Light."

Were he not absent, his modesty would prevent these lines, with his name engraved above as editor; seeming to imply that he wrote them.

He did not, but the spirit of his good will (a la Marconi) sped across the broad Atlantic from the British Isles, touched the heart impulses of his substitute, and set the instrument into a vibratory response.

Bro. Morse is in England, and has been there long enough to feel at home, after his many wanderings in foreign climes, and, in his home, he has been most enthusiastically received, as will be seen from a letter from our English brothers, in another column.

As a representative of the "Banner," on English soil, we are proud of his welcome. We thank our English co-workers for the generosity of their reception to him, which, in another manner, proves that the world is intuitively approaching that great world-wide principle, of Peace, by the outgrowing of that old idiom, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The Editor in Chief of the "Banner" and the entire corps of co-workers, feel pleased and grateful to all our brothers upon the other side of the "herring-pond," as they call it, for the "fatted calf" which they killed in honor of our most highly esteemed comrade in arms, who, with us all, are so earnestly defending a noble cause; and while we know that he would be a strong worker, and a great aid to those at his home, were he permitted to remain, we must humbly ask pardon for that necessity which requires his return to us, as a valuable addition of both himself and family to the ranks of those who number themselves under the stars and stripes in general and our time-honored "Banner of Light" in particular; yet no ocean is broad enough in the light of Spiritualism to prevent the blending of our voices in the singing of a union of hearts and union of hands, and a brotherhood union forever.

Room for God.

In the "Outlook" not long ago, Dr. Abbott, after noting the longing of many men for a glimpse of God in these days of rush and tumult, and after citing Carlyle's "despairing wish that God would speak again," said "The greatest need of today is the opportunity of hearing the voice of God."

In a recent article in "Mind," Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton bewails the fact that "one sees about him in our society hosts of men, excellent, admirable, noble, upright, and conscientious, faithful in every relation of life, who appear to have no sense by which to apprehend God."

Here are two of the religious leaders of today, men who claim allegiance to two of the most orthodox communions of protestantism, both far more liberal than their creeds, men who are especially distinguished from the mass of their brethren of the cloth in the peculiarity that they "speak out in meeting" just what is in their minds without fear of rebuke or discipline; and these men both show, in opposite directions, that there is decidedly room for more of God in the world.

The first voices the cry of those who want more and do not find the opportunity to get more; the latter bewails the inability of those to whom God is brought, to apprehend him.

A remedy for both these ills is suggested, rather than provided, by Dr. Newton in his article in "Mind."

The deeply religious fervor of the Oriental attracts him and he looks to the East for help and would engraft upon Christianity the devoutness of the Oriental in his ability to feel a sense of God's immanent presence. We need, he thinks, "the coming of influences from the East to renew and restore Christianity."

Are not these cries the admission on the part of these outspoken leaders that this Christianity of the twentieth century has not stood the strain of its application to the conditions of the Anglo-Saxon today? That this Oriental-born, Hebrew-conceived religion of Christ has not worn well in its transplanted state in our soil and needs to hark back to the soil of its birth for its rejuvenescence?

Dr. Newton well says, "The Eastern, whatever else he possesses, has the sense of God. The Eastern walks amid the forms of force which we talk so glibly, and feels God. In the sun and the wind, in the river's ceaseless flow and the waving of the forest tops, he is sensible of the awful yet gracious presence. He hears whispers, and catches the light of glorious garments trailing by."

What is this but the expression of the highest and most spiritual form of our beloved belief? What the cry for help but the mighty demand for that interpretation of Christ's teaching which the Spiritualist has and feels? Who in our land has more the "sense of God," who "walks more among the forms of force of which we talk," who "feels God" more sensitively, than he whose face is touched with the psychic light of the morning as, with the powers of his soul fully developed, he looks to the sunrise of psychic truth and "feels God" in every nerve of his being, in every thought of his mind and breathes in God's life force with every inspiration of his soul's daily life? Who but the fully developed Spiritualist? Not the mere phenomena-hunter, not the simple marvel-monger, but the Spiritualist who has cleaned himself from the dross and grossness of materialism and, etherialized in heart and mind, feels his Spirit to be a part of the great Over-soul whose centre is God. In every vibration of God's spirit, he feels his kinship to the All, and every message of love and strength, every longing and prayer for help and strengthening, sent through God's etheric vibrations, are known and read as clearly as mortal eye perceives the coming of the morning or the beauty of the starry dome at night. When men will put themselves by our divine truth into the vibrating currents of God's being, then indeed can it be said there is no room for God in the world; for he is the world and man knows it; and "knowing it, recognizes the longing satisfied, the opportunity here."

Ament the Play "Beyond."

The stage of today is a most important element in the world.

With so many good men and women devoting their lives to the art of portraying character as often as manners and leading the listener into the inner lives of the various classes of humanity by the superb acting which makes every emotion visible, we may well look to the playhouse for illustrated sermons. Many a girl may be led to understand the beauty of a sweet and devoted life and to get her first desire to be all that is good and true from the theatre when she could not or would not sit through a sermon in a church.

Many a young man sees himself in the ruined man of the play, who has been led into all sorts of extravagances through false notions, and the warning through the fate of him portrayed helps him to stand more firmly in the positions of his real life.

While there are many plays that the thinking person would be glad to see eliminated from the stage, we must remember that the thinking people are well mixed with actors and playwrights, and that many of them are as anxious to produce worthy plays as to give pleasing entertainments.

In Boston, today, is being produced a play which in its text from beginning to end is pure and simple Spiritualism.

Spirits, through mediums, have been speaking the lines that are put into the mouths of several characters in "Beyond."

This in itself would be significant if we were not too often treated to expressions that mean so much to us, given in clarion tones from the stage and pulpit only to find that the one using them did so only as a poetic flight of oratory or a bit of figurative language that pleased the fancy.

But, in "Beyond," there is no playing without terms and language, but a definite and unquestionable portrayal of individual life after death.

It is surprising how so much teaching can be given through so few people, but the essence of our loved truth breathes out from every line.

The electrical effects are beautiful and the incidental music becomes at once a part of the drama.

It is a daring production and because of its most unusual scenes and locations must create something of a sensation in the minds of those who have always dreamed of heaven as an unreal place, too holy and strange to be thought upon with definiteness.

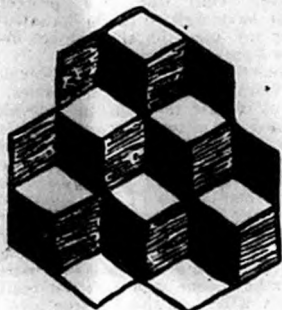
Every Spiritualist ought to see it and, surely, if one is at all interested in anything beyond the life we live here and today, the play will be round full of suggestion and help.

It has not yet been announced who wrote the play, and some of the reporters have

vainly tried to surprise a few of our writers into a confession, but whether the writer is known as a Spiritualist, an Occultist, a Mystic, or a plain writer of plays who saw possibilities in the situation, the fact remains that the lines are the teachings of Spiritualism.

Sixes and Sevens.

To realize how much the appearance of things seen depend upon the fixity of the mind, just look at this block of cubes. According to the condition of our mind we will see either 6 cubes or 7, and the white side of the cube will be either at the top or the bottom of the cube. It is not our eyesight that causes the change, for we see only one and the same thing in either case. It is solely due to the condition of the mind.



Some people will look at these cubes for a long while before they can be induced to believe it possible to see more than they see on first sight.

In religious matters, as in other matters, we see principles of right and wrong in pretty much the same manner, and all due to the condition of the mind. Some people have a mind so fixed and so immovable that they go all through life and are never able to see that morality depends upon the mind, because they are able to view life only from the life-long fixity of their own mind. As in the case of these cubes, we may upon investigation find that the mind in viewing objects through the physical eyes wanders away from its first impression if we gaze long enough at any object with a concentrated stare.

This is the law in the case of crystal-gazing. It is scientific and it is in the highest degree interesting and instructive, for it teaches us that man is "fearfully and wonderfully made." These things cause us to think and to ponder, and if our mind is above that of the animal, who cannot keep his eyes for any length of time fixed on any one point, unless watching for prey, we will soon learn that all things are not always what they seem to be at first, and that nothing can be wholly relied upon until we have viewed it from more than one standpoint.

In looking at a crystal ball, we at first see the crystal, but by constant gaze the crystal soon begins to fade from the attention, and the mind begins to con up visions from the realm of the soul, or the spirit within us, and then these visions begin to take form and shape, and move before our gaze much as do the figures in our dreams.

From whence do they come? "From our thought." Well, whence the thought? "From the sub-conscious self." Yes! Now, whence the sub-conscious self, and there Spiritualists have the better side of the argument.

The Rev. J. P. Bland, a few Sundays since, in discussing Spiritualism with Prof. T. A. Scott, said: "Man has no consciousness without the brain or the nerves," but he failed to say how he knew this.

Did the brain and the nerves exist before the heat and the cold and the other subtle forces of Nature? Did they create these forces which operate upon the mind and the nerves, or did these unseen forces bring the brain and the nerves into existence? Physical man, of course, cannot express himself as an American citizen without brain and nerves, but as to man as an intelligent entity in the universe of space, how is one able to prove a negative?

Mr. Bland sees things in his present state of mind according to the positiveness or fixity of his mind, but with a slight blow on the head, or a bit of laughing-gas, and he would see things quite differently.

Why and how if the brain and the nerves are the producers of thought. They are but the store house of thought, or more properly, the instruments through which thought, as a spirit, holds communion with other spirits in the flesh.

If thought, the product of heat, cold and the subtle forces of nature, are just as active under the influence of laughing-gas, only lacking control of the reasoning faculties, by oblivion to the surrounding worldly conditions, why cannot thought act likewise without the earthly body or its members? We travel for miles in our dreams and yet the body is motionless, except in its breathing. The materialist sees but six cubes; the Spiritualist not only sees what the materialist sees, but he sees more. Whose testimony is the best, the man whose eye is single or the man who has full possession of his sight and reason?

This world is nothing but a congress of delegated spirits who have been sent here to express the thought of the great Universal Mind. Why shouldn't we be able to get a tip now and then from the private citizens of the spirit world, and learn what the people at home think of our proceedings?

We can, no doubt, in dreams and otherwise, if we do not think too much of our bodily robes of office and thereby imagine that we are the only "It."

When sending something of importance to appear in a paper, do not surround it with a lot of sentimental words, or pleasing thoughts. State the facts, straight to the point and give the reader a chance to dress the facts up in his own style. Brevity is the soul of wit.

I look for the hour when that Supreme Beauty which ravished the Souls of those Eastern Men, and through their lips spoke Oracles to All Time, shall speak in the West also.—Emerson.

Hear! hear! hear! what the Congregation- alist and Christian World says of "The Life of the Spirit" on other page. "Thank God, from whom all blessings flow."

A good song for Spiritualists to sing. See top of second page. Let no body of people be ahead of the Spiritual Hosts in hailing with God's speed, "Peace on earth, good will to men," but be strenuous in the demand for a peace for all, and not for a few at the expense of the many. Material-Minded Commercialists are too apt to look only for peace enough for them to ship their own goods across the ocean, and compel others to quietly accept them, whether they want them or not. If man has "free moral will" or "choice," the power of exercising it should be in his own selection of morals, and of necessary requirements, so long as he does not abridge the same moral will, or choice, on the part of others. "Keep to the right" is the law of the road, and then no donkey-cart gets tangled up with an automobile.

That excellent work on "Mediumship Defined and Defended," by W. J. Colville, by urgent request has been produced in book form and may be had of the "Banner" at the small price of 15 cents. It is so full of excellently fine-drawn lines on terminology and matters of general discussion, that it should be a sort of a text book to all who are interested, or who desire to fortify their minds against superficial criticisms. Now ready for mailing or delivery.

Mrs. J. Conant Henderson is to resume her Boston office and has taken the beautiful rooms one flight up in the Banner of Light Building, where she will be permanently located for private work. We believe she is later to resume her public circles, which, as every old Spiritualist knows, were ever successful in the old days. She seems as young and energetic as when we first saw her, and we bespeak some snapping of dry twigs as she begins to move regularly through the spiritualistic woods. A warm greeting to her! Her like is not seen at every place where a medium's card is swinging from the window frame.

Letters from Our Readers.

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

Rev. May S. Pepper.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 8, 1904.—Unless some more previous correspondent has informed you of the initial services of the First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn, your readers will be probably interested for information regarding them.

Never since the opening services of the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation in the old church edifice on Clinton Avenue, upwards of twenty years ago, has there been so much interest centred in any Spiritual undertaking in these parts. The old church did a great and important work, and it ceased its existence only after a long struggle, for the want of that financial and earnest support which its importance demanded. But how many other churches have closed their doors, and gone out of existence, not only here, but all over our land, during the last twenty years? So the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation only met the fate of other churches, when it actually died from starvation.

Whatever awaits this new movement in Brooklyn, there was nothing upon its opening day last Sunday, to indicate that a long and prosperous career is not before it. Those who remember the prosperous days of the late Ira Moore Courlis, and the Church which he established, have waited with anxiety for the coming of October 2, when the First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn would commence its career in the Aurora Grata Cathedral, the very place already sanctified by the good work which was done by Mr. Courlis and his church members.

The church was most tastefully decorated with palms and ferns, and the Rev. George Elmer Littlefield, so well known through Massachusetts, and other parts of our country, as a warm advocate of the doctrines of socialism, came all the way from Boston, accompanied by his wife, to install the Rev. May S. Pepper, the chosen pastor of the church. A goodly number were present, and great interest was manifested in the exercises. Ex-Judge Abram H. Dailey presided. The entire audience joined in singing an appropriate anthem, and Dr. John C. Wyman offered a beautiful and appropriate prayer. This was followed by a charming solo rendered by Mrs. W. C. Butler, late of the Schubert Quartet of Boston, who has been permanently engaged as soloist by the church.

Judge Dailey commenced his opening remarks by saying that the First Spiritual Church of Brooklyn made no apology for its appearance. He said that we were living in a wonderful age, and that remarkable changes had been made, and the world advanced in almost innumerable ways, but that the religious views and convictions of people were the last to be affected. He said that it was exceedingly difficult to change the views and convictions of people who had been educated in certain lines of thought from infancy. It was difficult to disturb great and powerful organizations whose worldly and spiritual interests were involved, and where strong social relations had been established. That without directly assailing the religious views and convictions generally prevailing, the great discoveries of the age had by degrees removed the foundations upon which these institutions were founded, and that they were virtually left as castles in the air. He referred to the startling effect that had been produced by a recent letter from the Rev. Dr. Carter, one of the ablest members of the Presbyterian Church, in the Diocese of Long Island, to his brethren of the Presbytery, wherein he stated that for years he had been undergoing a state of mental insurrection; that he could no longer accede to the doctrine of his Church; of the fall of man; total depravity; of eternal punishment; that his soul revolted at the thought of damnation and eternal punishment of unoffending infants.

Judge Dailey also stated that they realized the importance of their great undertaking; that they were establishing a church in a great "City of Churches," surrounded by powerful religious organizations, and realized the greatness of the task before them; but they were urged on in their work by their earnest desire to spread the light of the Gospel of Truth; they earnestly desired to have the churches of the world over, claiming to be Christians, to return to the first simple and plain doctrines established by Jesus and

his Disciples. He rebuked the cowardice and unfairness of those holding themselves out as religious teachers, in ignoring the spiritual teachings of the Old and New Testament,—particularly the New. That they had organized the church, and gathered around their chosen pastor, and expected to be able to build up a strong organization with the object and purpose of making its doctrine respected, by showing that its members were followers of Christ indeed, and of showing forth His work on earth, and permitting the Spiritual world to hold communion with mortals, to the elevation and advancement of both mortals and spirits.

He then introduced Mr. Littlefield, who, for over half an hour, held the attention of his audience, while he discussed the importance of a theology that tendered directly to alleviate the sufferings of mankind, and to bring the human family into closer and more loving relations. He stated that he had just come from Fall River, where thirty-five thousand persons were thrown out of employment, while a labor saving device was being put into operation by the mill owners, and the consequent suffering to those who had been earning their bread by the labor of their own hands in those mills for so many years. He delivered an eloquent and impressive charge to the pastor, whom he stated he had known long and favorably, and congratulated the audience upon their selection. When he was seated, the entire Board of Trustees advanced to the altar. Mr. Markwell, the President of the Board, made a short but feeling address, welcoming her as their pastor; assuring her of warm support, and vesting her with all the power and authority incident to her position. One by one, the Trustees approached her and took her by the hand, with expressions of welcome. Mrs. Pepper, standing before the audience, arrayed in an appropriate robe, indicative of her office, most touchingly and eloquently responded, deeply moving the audience by her impressive manner and earnest words. She dismissed the audience after the singing of the Doxology with the Benediction.

Long before eight o'clock in the evening, people began to pour into the church, and notwithstanding the storm, the body of the church was filled, some occupying the galleries. Mrs. Pepper's discourse was one of the most eloquent and impressive that she has yet given here. She recited a beautiful poem, which deeply moved the audience. Her desk was piled with sealed letters, and for three-quarters of an hour or more, Mrs. Pepper took them in her hands, and holding them up, gave forth their contents,—the names of the persons written therein, to the great astonishment of most of the audience, who could not comprehend the power by which those things were done. Everything stated by her was verified, and after the services were over, those who had placed these letters before her came forward, and received them unopened, where they had been deposited.

A large number of reporters were present, who gathered around Mrs. Pepper, and for a long time plied her with questions. Most of the reports the following days were respectful. A few silly reporters tried to be funny. The Brooklyn Eagle contained nearly a column and a half report of the meeting, in the highest degree respectful.

I fear I have made this communication already too long, and asking pardon if I have intruded, will promise to be more brief in everything I may say hereafter.

A. N. Oldman.

I put the "Banner" on the table of our Public Library regularly. It is a splendid journal. May God bless and aid you in the grand and noble work you are doing for humanity. Yours sincerely, F. W. FitzSimmons, Government Museum, Natal.

Westfield, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1904.—Dear "Banner" Friends: The aftermath of a summer's work has had its drawbacks in a severe cold which has incapacitated me for public work during the short time I have been home, but I am better now.

The summer work has been very pleasing, beginning with our own Lily Dale, with its large and enthusiastic gathering, and going from there to Freeville, N. Y., where the intense earnestness of its officers was felt and commended by all visitors, who early in the session felt the season must prove a success, as it surely has.

From there to dear Lake Pleasant, my "Alma Mater" in camp education, when twenty-nine years ago I went a perfect stranger from Wheeling, W. Va., where husband and I had been for a few months. It was then that I first made enough of an impression upon the newspaper public to be caricatured, and was much chagrined to see in the "New York Graphic" a lone female with eyes rolled toward the heavens carrying a little hand bag, and underneath the words, "I'm a writing medium," accompanied by the usual sarcastic remarks concerning the "medium." Lake Pleasant was at its best, with much to encourage it.

From there to beautiful Temple Heights upon Penobscot Bay with its new auditorium and its cottages built upon the cliffs—its busy campers, its earnest President and Board of Trustees, its extremely large meetings from the scattered homes and villages—and its delighted city boarders and campers who feel that they can enjoy meetings and get near Nature's heart at the same time.

Then Etna, Me., with its crowds,—that would be called immense in any place,—but with the steady handed management, and loyal campers, the best of order is maintained. Then to Madison Lake, or Lakewood, as it is called, with its most efficient President at the head, maintaining the same order that is observed in any church.

The ushers are instructed to have the late comers understand they cannot make confusion during an invocation or a song, but must wait until they are over before going to their seats. This can be carried out very nicely because the meetings are held in a theatre.

All articles sent to a paper do not go in. Not on account of grammar, but on account of length. If one has an article which takes 3 1/8 inches, and there are only 3 inches to put it in, it either has to be doctored, cut, or mutilated in some manner or else left out entirely.

Two Notable Pictures.

Among the art features of the November Century will be another of Timothy Cole's wood engravings of old Spanish masters, and a reproduction of the Gilbert Stuart portrait of Stephen Jones. The Cole wood engraving is of Goya's "Washerwoman," one of a series of decorative paintings of scenes from Spanish life designed originally to serve as models for tapestry, and executed by Goya for the royal manufactory of tapestry at Madrid about 1776. The portrait of Judge Stephen Jones, chosen for reproduction this month, is the property of Mrs. Francis G. Richards, and, through her courtesy, hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The portrait, for brilliant coloring, bold handling, firm modeling, natural pose, and strong individuality, is considered unsurpassed, and is said to have been one of the painter's favorite heads.

Turn your quick eye to find life's noblest things, Fetter the self and give the angel wings. —H. W.

Clubs Too Much for Raiders.

Here appears to be a case for consideration. It appears in the Brooklyn Eagle of Oct. 8, and other New York papers are treating of it from their peculiar way of looking at things. Mrs. Sawtelle, who headed the raiding in herself a Spiritualist, so says the Brooklyn Eagle, as follows:

Mrs. Lucerin Sawtelle, an uptown Spiritualist who gives brain impressions at stated meetings, held in a hall at Fulton Street and Troy Avenue, has at her home, 979 Hancock Street, a cheap outing flannel garment which she claims she stripped from one of the liveliest spirits she ever came in contact with. She captured the prize after a very lively tussle with the "spirit" at a public seance held on Thursday night in the parlor of a house on Madison street, during which clubs were flourished by friends of the spirit. It was to satisfy her own mind that earthly beings were being posed as dwellers in the spirit world in the seances held here that Mrs. Sawtelle, with a party of friends, visited the Madison Street house.

"I got this garment after a hard struggle, in which one of my friends was beaten over the head with a club," said Mrs. Sawtelle today, holding up the cheap, coat-like garment to the gaze of an Eagle representative. "What we ought to have done is to have gone to the house with a policeman. We expected to be able to capture the man who posed as an Indian spirit without any outside assistance, but we reckoned not well. That Indian spirit was a wonder, as strong as a man of flesh, and while myself and two men had a hold of him at one time, he got away."

"It was like this: I had heard of seances held at the Madison Street house, and was a bit suspicious that things were not altogether on the square. Accordingly, when the announcement was made in Crosby Hall on Sunday last that a public seance, the last of the season, would be held at the Madison Street address, I had a talk with some of my friends, and we decided that we would be there and observe closely what went on, and if we were satisfied that things were not as they ought to be, we would take a hand in exposing the people."

"The admission was to be \$1 each person, but as the money was not collected when we went in we still owe, for we were hustled out without ceremony when we attacked the Indian spirit. There were more than a score of us altogether, and among the number several men. We had heard about the doing of the sweet little spirit child Pansy and of the demonstrations by the Big Indian spirit, but we had not been told about the club swinging folks, and it was due to this unexpected attack that we were defeated."

"We took seats in the back parlor and the cabinet from which the spirits were to emerge was placed in a corner in the front parlor beside the sliding parlor door, over which hung a black curtain. The "spirits" and they ranged in age from a child of six years to a strong man of sixty. I should say, prepared for their respective parts in the dining room in the basement. Then garbed in the dress to represent the character they were to portray they ascended the stairs, passed unobserved by the people in the audience through the curtained door and then appeared from the cabinet to astonish us."

"When we were all seated pads of paper were passed around and we were requested to write messages to our departed friends. Then we were told to retain the slips of paper on which we had written and hand the balance of the pads over to the collector. The room was darkened, the only light coming from a box-like affair in one corner of the room which, as we learned to our sorrow later, was controlled by a string operated by the so-called medium. A child of six years robed in white came out of the cabinet and collected the slips containing our messages and finally they landed, I have no doubt, in the dining room."

"Well, a member of our party wanted to hear from one of his departed friends and out came the Indian spirit. The gentleman of our party who had been called for by the Indian spirit greeted Mr. Indian warmly and was alike greeted warmly. The gentleman expecting a message from beyond gently led Mr. Indian over toward some other members of our party, saying he wished to introduce him to other friends. He got him about ten feet away from the cabinet when the medium called out: 'Do not take the spirit too far away, he may dematerialize; bring him back to the cabinet.'"

"I jumped up then and called to Mr. Reich to grab the Indian and turn on the lights. One of our party reached for the string governing the lights but somebody apparently prepared for an emergency, cut the string. Then followed a general mixup. A man with a club landed on the head of Mr. Reich and I told Mr. Reich and another man who had come to his aid to take care of the clubbers, who now numbered two, and I would handle the Indian. With that the Indian pulled himself out of the coat and dashed for the doors leading to the basement. Would you believe it, that Indian as soon as he could get rid of his paint and feathers came back to engage in the club swinging. My face was cut and my head bruised, but I do not mind that much for I have the coat. We were threatened with a revolver. We left but the end is not yet."

So ends the Eagle's account, which appears to be straightforward and fair. If the affair was as stated, it belongs to that class of professional conjurers who use the "livery of heaven to serve the devil in," and for which honest people have to suffer; but never forget the fact that there may be bogus raids as well as bogus mediums. Spiritualism has already advanced to such a height of knowledge that it does not now depend upon commercially inspired phenomena to uphold its truths.

The Reviewer.

A World Famous Medium.

A Spirit Interviewed, an account of the Life and Mediumship of J. J. Morse, with full report of an interview with his chief control, Tien Sien Tie. 60 pp.; 25 cents. For sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

This little pamphlet account of the marvelous life and life-work of our esteemed Editor, Mr. J. J. Morse, deserves a far better dress. Its low price, however, commends it to readers of every class and no book, though bound in full leather, could contain more encouragement for the unfortunate, nor more inducement to steadfastness. Mr. Morse, of whom an excellent portrait adorns the title page, has certainly had his share of the rough side of life. It was, however, apparently for a purpose that his mettle was tried and what are usually called his opportunities, poor. The training which he had to endure fitted him for his work and his lack of learning when learning is usually regarded as indispensable, viz. in youth, but emphasizes more impressively the immense distances that under the guidance of the Spirit, this mastermind has been led.

There are today few mediums who have passed through so many phases of mediumship and acquitted themselves so marvelously well in each as has the subject of this little book. Today he is in his old age as a lecturer, the Master. There are none better, if indeed there are any as good.

His speaking control, Tien Sien Tie, has imbued his medium's mind with a purity of idiom, a cogency of reasoning, a force of expression, a clearness of education and a wealth and fitness of illustration that are as marvelous as they are delightful.

How this has been done, learn by reading this little book. Get therefrom a lesson in modesty and persistency, of faithfulness and education, which cannot fail to make you better, happier and stronger.

Mime Inness.

As illustrating the widespread interest—and active, lively interest it is, too—in things Spiritualistic, we are in receipt of "La Fraternidad," a monthly review of Psychology, published in Buenos Ayres, for September, 1904. An interesting number.

Also "El Iris de Paz," a Psychologic Review published semi-annually at Mayaguez, Porto Rico, and "La Aurora Social," published at the same place.

Also the September number of "Revue d'Etudes Psychiques" from Paris. This little monthly is an up-to-date magazine, conducted by M. Cesar de Vesme.

We are also in receipt of a brochure of forty pages by M. Sair upon the True Doctrine of Louis Claude de Saint Martin, the French Metaphysician who is always spoken of as "The unknown philosopher."

We also wish gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of two German pamphlet-books by Heinrich Ludemann, Das Germanische Papsttum (The German Papacy) and Die Germanisch-Katholische Kirche (The German Catholic Church). As the right of translation is reserved we refrain from making extracts.

Also "Lumen," a Monthly Psychologic Review, for September, published at Tarrasa, Spain.

Announcements.

Dr. Carey will give course of lectures on the "Chemistry of Life" at Huntington Chambers, commencing Oct. 24th at 8 p. m.

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.

The First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Association, Stoneham, open their meetings for the season Oct. 13th, with Mrs. A. J. Pettengill as speaker. Supper served at 6.30.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter St., Boston. Lecture at 2.30 and 7.30 p. m., through the trance mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis. School at 12 m.

Commercial Hall, 634 Washington Street. Spiritualistic meetings conducted by Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor, every Sunday.

The Order of the Magi will open its meetings for the season of 1904-5, Oct. 8, 9 p. m. Training classes will also be instituted, to prepare teachers to represent the order. For particulars address O. H. Richmond, 321 W. 117th St., New York City. Reception hours, 1 to 8 p. m.

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.

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

Bible Progressive Spiritualists' Association.—The opening services for the present season in Templars' Hall, 36 Market St., Lynn, October 9th. At 2.30 a spiritual love feast, spirit messages to every one present by Delia E. Matson. At 7.30 the gifted blind trance medium, Prof. Arthur, will give one of his instructive test seances. All mediums are invited. Our spirit forces are working. Platform workers please address Mrs. Anna J. Quaide, 13 Tower Ave., West Lynn, Mass.

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 3 and 7.30 p. m. All are cordially invited.—A. M. S., clerk.

Mrs. M. A. Bonney, of Boston, will be with the Spiritualist Society, Plymouth, Mass., Sunday, Oct. 9.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society.—We hold meetings at our hall every Sunday. Lyceum 1.30 p. m. Come, bring the children. Circle for healing, developing and readings at 3.30 p. m., conducted by the president, Harvey Redding. 7.30 p. m. inspirational speaking and messages. The best of talent always present. Sunday, Oct. 9th, we shall have with us Mrs. Abbie Burnham, Alice M. Whall, "Cyrene the Persian," "Golden Hair," "Morning Dew," Indian control "Big Dog," and others to demonstrate the continuity of life. Song service precedes each session. Monthly supper Friday, Oct. 21st, 6 to 7.30 p. m. The "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec., 202 Main St., Everett.

The Greenacre Fellowship (Incorporated), at Green-Acre-on-the-Piscataqua, Elliot, Me., has for its special ideal "The one divine spirit of man, rising towards its source and home in the Divine." This for years was the work of Miss S. J. Farmer, now grown to such proportions as to require a fellowship organization. True Thought has ever been the aim of its founder. Announcement is made of its readiness to receive contributions for its continued efforts.

The Fourth Annual New Thought Convention will be held at St. Louis from Oct. 25 to 28 inclusive. The latter date is called "New Thought Day." It is designed to be a most successful convention, and all desiring to attend should address J. D. Perrin, 4606 Morgan St., St. Louis, stating the accommodations desired and what they are willing to pay for same. Dr. R. Heber Newton will give the opening address and Ursula N. Gestefeld the closing address.

Full particulars of the Twelfth Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association at St. Louis, Oct. 13, 19, 20 and 21, will be found in advertisement on 5th page. Plans are made for a grand convening of workers in the field of pure thought, which comes from the spirit world and manifests through the spirits in the flesh, and all who recognize that they hold credentials from above are invited to support those whose credentials are approved by the spirits on the material plane of life.

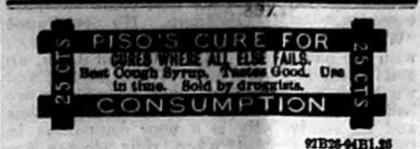
First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge services at 3 and 7.30 p. m. each Sunday in Washington Hall, 673 Mass. Ave. Bible Spiritualists' Church of Lynn, Dr. Anna J. Quaide, president, holds services every Sunday at Templars' Hall, 36 Market St., up two flights. Services, 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. Good mediums and special music every Sunday. All mediums invited.

Next Sunday, test seance, magnetic treatments, in a scientific way, by a new speaker in the field, "Banner of Light" for sale at the door.—D. E. M., sec.

Movements of Platform Workers.

Mrs. Sadie L. Hays, of Greenwich Village, will speak in Stoneham Oct. 27th.—F. A. B. G. H. Brooks, 636 North Carrollton Ave., Baltimore, has January and March open for engagements.

It sounds a bit queer to hear Prof. Moulton saying there are records of bets in the Bible, and telling how Samson wagered thirty changes of raiment that the Philistines couldn't guess his prize riddle, and lost the bet. However, Prof. Moulton treats his subject as literature rather than as holy writ. That's different.



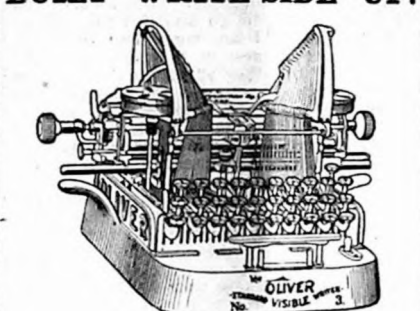
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EDITED BY
MINNIE MESERVE SOULE.

Mamma, I Love You So.

Dainty arms, so pink and soft,
Clasped in close embrace,
Round my neck are folded oft,
While kisses rain on my face.

The roguish face, close to my own,
Is brimming o'er with fun;
While the sweetest voice lisp in my ear,
"Mamma, you're the dearest one!"

When night drops her star-gemmed curtain,
And evening prayers are said,
My little one creeps in my lap
And pillows her golden head.

The hazel eyes are winking fast,
The drowsy voice is low;
Sweet words are whispered in my ear,
"Mamma, I love you so!"

How many weary hearts,
Tired of this life's alarms,
Find their sweetest comfort
In the clasp of childish arms!

Messengers straight from heaven
Are little children sent
To teach us to love the giver
Who our treasures to us hath lent.

God help the sorrowing mothers
And fathers all over our land
Whose children have joined the chorus
Sung by the angel band.

Oh, the little cribs are empty,
Once so full of happy life,
While we are left in this weary world
To toll in its hurry and strife!

But when our work is over,
And death has brought its calm,
In heaven, once more around our necks
Shall we feel the childish arm.

And then how sweet the thought!
How glad we are to know
Once more we hear our darling say,
"Mamma, I love you so!"

—Boston Globe.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE."

Boston is full of visitors. The "peace-makers" and the Episcopalians are everywhere present and the returning throngs from the country and the seashore who have cut the autumn festivities short in order to enjoy these two notable conventions make our lately deserted city seem quite merry again.

The Bishops and Rectors look serious and proper and the people move aside with an air of reverence as they elbow their way through the crowds.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been snapped shot in every possible attitude and everything that could contribute to the interest of the readers of the daily papers has been told about him, even to the beauty of his wife's apparel.

The purpose and effort of the gentleman's visit to our city is obscured by the brilliant portrayal of the gentleman's attire, the gentleman's attitudes, and the how and where of the gentleman's comings and goings while in our midst.

Is it not a pity to be so curious about the way our neighbor lives that we forget the noble purposes of his life and calling?

Never has good breeding played so small a part among us as today, when we pry and peer into the habits and homes of everybody who is brought to our attention in any specific way.

A young girl is murdered, and instantly her friends are besieged and night and day are pursued by reporters, photographers, relic hunters and morbidly curious crowds, until, frenzied at the insult to the sacredness of grief, they refuse to talk or be photographed, and the next edition of the daily press contains "interviews" denouncing the press and the reporters.

A young girl runs away from home and the reporters are given a photograph of another girl, a mere schoolgirl at that, and let the evening papers produce the likeness of this child with fervid descriptions of her waywardness and guilt.

J. Pierpont Morgan arrives in Boston to attend the Episcopal Convention and the "camera fiends" have to be kept in motion by the police, yet various pictures are served up to us by the press until we know how he looked as he ascended the steps of his host's home, carrying his own satchel; that is, we are led to believe that we know, but the chances are many that it is the picture of a porter.

When the injured ones protest, they are staggered by the reply that "it is our business to please the public, and the public demands news and illustrations."

We are the public, and we protest.

It is a standing joke that what one reads in the newspapers is not news.

News must be true, else it is gossip, and who wants to be treated to gossip?

And then again, there is a kind of news that the world does not need for its education and upliftment. There are some things happening every day that, aside from the fact that a detailed account of them injures and wounds those directly concerned, ought to be left unnoticed and unheeded.

We all know this, and yet we move along with the crowd and forget that we might easily turn our own thoughts and the thoughts of our neighbors and friends into more wholesome channels.

A little maid of tender years makes a display of temper that is rather disconcerting to her mother, who is entertaining callers. Her mother, if she is wise, does not attempt to discipline her little daughter by at once retelling all the naughty things she has done all her life, but she attends to her friends and allows her non-attention to speak her disapproval.

The weak mother talks, and the more she talks the worse the child behaves, and when the last and worst bit of bad behavior has been rehearsed for the delectation of the disgusted neighbors the overwrought child bursts out with a vehement "Well, I don't care, I don't want to be good anyway."

And the callers go away with this bit of real news for the next neighbor.

It doesn't take many such events, or, indeed, many garbled reports of that one event, to have that little girl encumbered with an unenviable reputation which she may never be able to live down.

Too many times the newspapers are the tale-bearers for the gossip-loving public, and the family quarrels and enforced disciplines are served at the breakfast tables as a relish for the worn out scandals of yesterday.

The same taste that demands a picture of the high dignitaries of the church in the knee-breeches which are unusual to our eyes, may tomorrow demand a picture of you as you stand weeping over the body of your loved one, slain by the hand of an assassin.

"Go home," cried an exasperated father over the body of his self-murdered daughter,

to a horde of rude reporters who forgot all decency in the insane desire to get the inside news for their hungry journals, "go home and earn an honest living and leave me alone with my dead or I'll blow your brains out!"

Would you have been more gentle than that poor bereaved man had you been in his place?

Really, that is the only way we can come to anything like an understanding of the feelings of the people whose movements are being dogged and whose lives are made one grand game of hide-and-seek as they are hustled in and out of the rear entrances of railway stations, thrust unceremoniously into closed carriages to dodge the curious.

Only one way to understand their feelings, and that is to put yourself in their place in your imagination for a little while.

After Louisa Alcott had become famous as an authoress, she tells us in her letters, which have been published since her death, how she was annoyed almost to the verge of distraction by the people who came to her home, not to pay her a tribute of love, but to satisfy a whim to look on a "real live authoress."

Surely there is a better way to show our interest in the great and good people in the world than to huddle and stare and make ourselves generally obnoxious, and surely there is something else for us to spend our time on than a perusal of all the details of all the scandals and suicides, deaths and disasters, and horrible and gruesome things that wait us in modern, up-to-date journalism.

We may not seem quite so chatty about the affairs of the hour, but we may save ourselves the humiliation of the knowledge that we have helped to increase the demand for stuff that we would blush to have printed about ourselves or our friends.

A Pilgrim Boy.

Mime Inness.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN GOODMAN'S STORY.

"Oh night and storm and darkness
Ye are wondrous strong."

It was almost dark the next night when, from the north, two men walked toward the Common house. They shouted and waved their hats, but their voices sounded weary and their movements seemed weak. They almost staggered as they walked.

The Pilgrims had begun to gather in from their work, those from the woods coming first, as the darkness made their work impossible. The thatch cutters on the flats worked latest as it was lighter there.

All the night before and all the day the fate of John Goodman and Peter Brown was discussed. It was the opinion of most that they had been captured by Indians, and the possibility of two strong men, acting together, being made victims of Indian strategy filled all with a terror which none would admit.

The boys who remained ashore whispered their fears to each other.

It was proposed by Frank that they might be lost and, if matchlocks were fired occasionally, they would be guided by the sound to return.

"Nay, nay, young master," said the wary Standish. "The noise might arouse these savages to attack us and we may need all our powder for purposes more dire than to call home wandering varlets who are perchance shirking the hard work which every man should be glad to do. Let them come back as they want, say I."

"But, perhaps," said John, "they may have been captured by the Indians. Would it not terrify the redskins into letting them go, if we fired some pieces? They are afraid of our fire arms. They use only bows and arrows, Captain Standish."

The peppy Captain sniffed at the ignorance of the frightened boy. "If they are taken captive, young man, they are long ere this beyond the sound of the biggest matchlock in our armory. No. Fire no guns. Make no disturbance. If in the morning they have not returned, let who will go hunt them. It were better not to waste our time, say I. We have other work than hiding lost wanderers. Let them come as they want. It were a pretty beginning to make in woodcraft when two full-grown men know not how to return over the same path they followed out."

And again he sniffed contemptuously.

The Captain's loud expression of the folly of trying to find the wanderers confirmed several who would have searched for the men out of mere compassion in the belief that no time should be wasted on the lost ones.

Others believed firmly that these fellows were dodging work, or, as we of today would express it, were just taking a little vacation.

The sore appearance of the two when they returned convinced all that if the two men had tried to escape work they had paid well for their folly; for a more used-up, bedraggled pair had not before been seen in the settlement. In fact, Goodman's feet were so swollen with walking in the wet snow that his boots had to be cut off. Although he did not know it at the time, both feet were badly frostbitten.

They told a tale of suffering which was listened to with pity from their most unforgiving critics. The boys hung on their tale, taking in with the greatest interest every small detail of the story. Goodman told the greater part of it, but Brown was not suffering so much with his aches and pains.

Both were so weak with hunger that they were allowed to eat, and Goodman's feet were attended to before their story was asked.

"We just walked out a bit of a way with our sickles and an stool before we began to break our backs again on the flats," said Goodman, when he and Brown had lain down after their supper.

"Aye," added Brown, "just for a walk. The house inside was too full and hot to eat in."

"And then," said Goodman, "the sleet began to come down and we were fain to believe that no work on the thatch could be done that afternoon. In the woods, where the trees were thick and high, the storm cut us less in our faces than down where the wind came across the harbor. So we kept on a bit and we found a fine sheet of water. It's not far from here either. Just a little over the second rise to the westward."

"Oh, not over a quarter of a good English mile," interposed Brown.

"No, indeed, or perhaps a third," said Goodman. "You know we had the mastiff and my spaniel with us and no sooner had we sighted the lake when off went the mastiff with a growl. I followed with my eye and right there, within a rods of us, stood the handsomest deer ye ever see in your life, with head up looking at us."

"And didn't she run when the dog got after her?" said Brown. "Faith, I believe we'd have followed that bit of deer meat if we had seen all the redskins in the woods right in front of us. Oh, but she'd have made fine venison."

"She would that," corroborated Goodman. "I have seen many a fine doe at home, God bless it. I wish I was there this minute—but I never laid my eyes on a finer bit of venison than she was. We had only our sickles with us, but the dogs got so near her afore she started we thought sure they would pull her down before she could run away from them, and then we could kill her with our sickles. Oh, but she would have been fine!"

"She would indeed," said Brown. "My mouth waters for her meat, and many's the time it's watered for salt junk since we lost her. For we did lose her before we had gone two miles and then, when we tried to find our way back, we found we had lost ourselves."

The sleet was that thick we could see no sun and the dogs lost the scent in the snow. We followed our tracks back a bit of the way, but the snow had covered them and we ran such a crooked course that we could not tell the direction we had come."

"Being all awestruck with our running, the moisture of our bodies inside and the wet bushes outside made our thin coats but poor warmers," said Goodman. He continued "We soon began to shiver and shake like men with the palsy. We walked up and down, up and down, until the night began to fall and we knew not where we were or whither we had come. We were faint with our exertions and an empty belly is a poor companion in the woods at night when your clothes are thin."

"And wet through at that," chimed Brown. "Booh-oh-oh—but it was cold. It makes me shiver now."

"Why didn't you run about and get warm?" said one of the boys. "I would."

"Oh, ye would, would ye?" sneered Brown. "You'd run about among the wet bushes and get wetter. Did ye think of that, youngster? You'd run about while the snow and sleet beat against ye and the wind blew through your wet clothes. Did ye think of that ye lack-anapies? You'd run about and shake till the bushes were loaded with wet snow till they tumbled down on your back of your neck underneath your shirt. I suppose. Oh, yes, you'd have got nice and warm and dry, you would, running around in the woods in a snowstorm. Jest like a boy. Shows how much ye know," growled the exasperated Brown.

"Don't scold the boy," said Goodman. "He's only trying to get information. He isn't trying to find fault."

Thus encouraged to talk, John asked a question which had puzzled him. "Why didn't ye build a wigwam out of boughs, just like an Indian's wigwam?"

This made Brown angry again and he snapped out,

"How d'ye think we could cut poles and trim limbs off the trees with nothing to do it with but a sickle and a case knife? Why didn't we build a house, I spose ye'll ask next, won't ye?"

"Well, Master Brown," said William Bradford "suppose instead of scolding further, which is altogether unnecessary and but does harm, you go on with the tale of what happened. I am much like the boys, for I have a suggestion to make, too. Did it not occur to either of you to look for an Indian village? I suppose you lost your direction and knew not which way to turn to reach the sea. But the experience we have had has shown us several small villages of red men. They would not have been unfriendly to unarmed men."

"Aye, Master Bradford," said Goodman, "you talk indeed like a man and a thoughtful man. We did seek the Indians; but though they are so thick in these woods in pleasant weather, we could get no trace of them in the storm. It seems likely that in the confusion wrought in the storm by our miserable condition of body, we walked in circles. Had we been able to see the stars, they would have led us out to safety; but the woods are terribly dark in a snowstorm. It was horrible," he continued in a half dreaming way. "Faint and weak and wet and cold we wandered a long time before we would give up to be lost. But, at last, too tired and benumbed to go further, we found a sort of shelter under a big hemlock or pine, we could not tell which, in the darkness. The trunk was big enough to break the force of the wind a little and the limbs were so near the ground that their foliage kept the snow off. With our hands we scraped a place to lie down, and cold as we were, and wet as we felt, there seemed but little chance that we could get either warmer or dryer till daylight. We would kindle a fire, but search in our pockets as we would, we could find but one small piece of flint and the sickle was so wet we feared to try to spark it. Brown felt a dry spark while he dug out his bed and he hovered over it and kept the snow off with my hat, while Brown tried to kindle it with a spark. Spark after spark did he strike from the wet sickle, but it would not catch, and then Brown struck awkwardly with his numbed fingers and the little piece of flint flew and was lost in the snow. Our hope for a fire went with the flint."

(To be continued.)

The Chicago Evening Journal has been favored with permission to copy the following interesting and characteristic letter of Dr. Franklin, never before published:

From Dr. Franklin to Miss E. Hubbard.

Philadelphia, Feb. 12, 1756.

Dear Child: I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation, but it is the will of God and nature, that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. Existence here on earth is hardly to be called life. 'Tis rather an embryo state—a preparation to living; as man is not completely born until he is dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals a new member added to their society?

We are spirits. That bodies should be lent to us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow creatures is a kind and benevolent act of God.

When they become unfit for their purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. That way is death.

We ourselves prudently, in some cases, choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He that plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it, and he that cuts the whole body parts with all the pains and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we are invited abroad on a party of pleasure that is to last forever. His chair was first ready, and he had gone before us. We could not conveniently all start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and we know where to find him?

Adieu, my dear, good child, and believe that I shall be, in every state, your affectionate papa.

Benj. Franklin.

Justice Barrett the other day was passing on the excuses offered by talemans who wished to escape jury duty, when the clerk handed up an affidavit on which the name and excuse had been filed in on the printed form with the following result:—

"John Smith personally appeared before me and made affidavit that he died on June 16."

"That's curious," remarked the clerk.

"Not more curious," remarked the judge dryly, "than that I have to endorse it 'Excused.'—Exchange.

An indignant letter, dictated by a clever old gentleman, runs thus: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot express it; but you, being neither, can readily divine it."—Selected.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Report of Seances held September 30, 1904. S. E. 57.

In Explanation.

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

To Our Readers.

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

INVOCATION.

Into the arms of infinite Love we would climb like a weary child knowing that there we may find peace and rest and full assurance of an understanding of even our weaknesses. Away from the distracting cares, away from the din and disturbance of material things we would step for a moment to refresh our spirits, to be strengthened that we may again take up the effort of life and do our part toward bearing the world's burdens more bravely than before. To the dear spirits who have ever ministered, to those who ever draw near in time of need we would send our prayer that they may guide and faithfully stand by and make us strong—make us clear in our purpose. May those who are seeking to give expression to their own find such an atmosphere of peace and love that they shall speak clearly and steadily and make plain their message to the heart that waits and listens for their word. Bless us in our effort to make one the life of the spirit, to draw near together both those in the seen and the unseen worlds, to open wide the door that the sweet music of heaven may be vaulted to the ears of those who are out of tune, out of harmony, and need just that breath of sweet and loving kindness. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Susie Abbott.

The first spirit that comes to me this afternoon is a woman about thirty-three or thirty-five years old. She is slender, about medium height, has a fair complexion with brown hair and blue eyes. She seems very earnest in her effort to get to her own people and has no idea of coming just because it would make her feel easier, but is only anxious to give the word that shall help those she has left. She says, "If you please, my name is Susie Abbott, and I formerly lived in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. I have for some months been concerned over my mother and brother. They are seeking to know some of these spiritual manifestations, and yet have not been satisfied with anything that they could get so far. I thought I would make the effort to say a plain, clear word to them and let them know that when I went away it was not to forgetfulness, not to unconsciousness, but to a life where I could see and understand their needs. It would be impossible for me to tell all the people I have met or even those who are interested in my coming at this time, but I might help you a little by saying that Lou Ella is as anxious as I am, and is striving to have Frank understand that she is near to him. Father is about the same sort of a man as before he came over here. You remember how he used to take everything in such a calm way. Well, he is doing it just the same now—sits around and watches for the event and then takes it as naturally as he does the sunshine and the stars, and makes no talk about it. He knows that you will come to him and that seems to be satisfaction enough, but once and a while he says, 'Well, how much longer do you suppose we will have to wait?' I tell him that it doesn't make much difference how long we are waiting as long as we are ready when you come. I have seen Nellie and her little boy, and I feel some concern over the child. He must not be pushed ahead too fast, but let his own spirit expand naturally and he will be better physically. This trying to 'show him off,' as Nellie is sometimes tempted to do, is very bad for him because it makes him nervous and that depletes him physically. I want to say that my love is just as strong for you today as ever, and my hope that I may come into the house and be with you so that you will be conscious of it is what sustains me through these days when I am not recognized as I come to you. Thank you."

Flora Bearse.

There is a spirit of a girl, I should think she was about eighteen. She says her name is Flora Bearse, and she says, "I lived in Allston. I want to go to George L. Bearse. I am so nervous that I hardly know what to say. I know that I want to come. I know that there are a thousand things that I would like to say, but every time I attempt to make a manifestation or say what I want to, it seems to change itself in the speaking, just like some one trying to hit a special note in music and they have flatted it until no one would know what they were trying to sing. This is the way I feel—as though the strongest word I want to say loses itself before it gets where I want it. I've been over here some years. Of course I've grown strong but I've never lost my desire to say something to my people. I was very glad when Hattie came and it seemed to make me feel more at home. I had no idea that I was going to die, and didn't want to, because there was so much for me to live for, but I don't think it was as hard for me as for the people who were left. I wanted Fred so much to know that I knew what he was trying to say to me, and when I tried to speak it was not because I wanted anything done, only that I wanted to assure him that I knew what he was saying. He has always carried it in his mind that I had something important to say. That's one of the things that brings me back, to disabuse him of that idea. I have been away with you all this summer and was glad that you could go just where you did, because there was so much to remind you of those who were gone, and they were very close to you. I could not much more but I think I'll let this do for this time."

Herbert Macey.

There is a spirit now of a man, I should think about fifty. He is short in stature, and one of those rugged looking men that doesn't seem to make any fuss about living; never has much sickness, or much trouble, but just goes right ahead from day to day like a man that's got a job to do, and knows it, and does it the best he can. He lived in Chelsea, and his name is Herbert Macey. He says, "It would almost seem as though it would be a relief for me to come away from my work and my care, for I have always worked hard. Had so much to do, so many things to attend to, that I had little of the pleasure of life and I had looked forward to the time when I would find rest in Heaven. I didn't feel that it was quite right to find work to do, and a life so much like what I had had in the past. I don't know that it ever came over me that there was no special reason why I should have things any better, but I did feel that there had been so much said about the quiet and the joy and the beauty of the life in heaven that I had been deceived, and for a long time I had no interest in the old life, the old church life, and the people I had associated with. They looked sincere to me and I couldn't quite get over my prejudices, but now I have grown beyond it and I can see that it is a duty that I owe them to speak to them about these things that they may not be disappointed as I was. Particularly I would like to send a word to my friend John. He and I used to have so many talks about these things and he was always so sure that we would have our reward—by and by, that I want to talk to him and tell him that I guess after all we get the days evened up a good deal quicker than we think and we can't pile treasure up in heaven any more than we can on earth. Alice is with me and she was one of the first to greet me. She was very weak, she tells me, when she first got over here, but she had none of these prejudices to grow away from that bothered me so much, and so she was very much of a help to me in my struggles. It was just like a reception when I came over. It seemed that so many people that I didn't realize had any particular interest in me were there to meet me, giving me greeting, and telling me how welcome I was and that I found that I was best when doing something, even though it was not just the same kind of a life that I had led before. I'd like to send my kindest thoughts to Emma and to Will. They were all that one could wish for at the last, and I have never felt that they were properly remunerated or thanked. I thank you."

George Thompson.

There is a spirit here now of a man, I should think about sixty. His beard is short and white and his hair is white and it's thin on the top. He has a very calm air as though he wouldn't be the least bit ruffled whatever came. He says, "Well, little girl, I can't see that anything has even been gained by burying and scattering along through life. My name is George Thompson, and I lived in Harvard, Mass. I didn't know very much about Spiritualism by name. I believed that the friends who had died were round about us in our homes, for I had seen them, and I thought it was through the power of God. I never had any question about its being right for them to be there and it was indeed a great comfort for me to be able to see them and to know that they were conscious of my knowledge of their presence. I had what most people would call a successful life. Everything seemed to go along smoothly enough and I had enough to do with, had friends and had health. I never had to battle with very many cross conditions and it seemed that as I slipped along through life to the need that some people might have of my support and my strength. I looked about to see what I would do and I have been talking with the people over here in spirit just as people talk with each other, and have made very many plans about the general good for the people where I am. I find that the most of them are very much disturbed over a sudden transition or over an inability to make their friends pay attention to them. I don't know what I thought before, whether I thought that with death they forgot the last life just as we forget all that has preceded when we are born or whether I thought that in some way all things would be taken care of. Whatever I did think has little to do with the present state of things. I find today the need of helping those in this life to speak to their own in your life and so my first word is that I am busy, that I am interested, and that in some way I shall make my life count for usefulness in this particular sphere of action. With me is Julia and she is quite as interested as I am, and she says, 'If all our plans materialize the old world will be a good deal brighter for our effort.' Of course this is the only way to start a work, to start it with the feeling that you will keep on until you have accomplished the thing desired. I want to say a word also to Joseph. He is not in the same place that he was when I went away, but I am sure of his understanding that I will come to him, for he always knew that whatever one went first the other would hear from that one in time. I'm very grateful to you for this opportunity, and some day you may hear from me again."

Silas Clarke.

There is a spirit of a man now. He is old, I should think about sixty-five, a little older, perhaps, but not much. He's short, quite stout, his hair is white, and he has a full white beard. He has a very mumbly sort of a fashion in which he talks. He says that his name is Silas Clarke, and he says, "I am from Brastow, Vermont." He also says that it is a long time since he tried to communicate, but he used to once and a while send messages to a friend of his. "Now I have so many friends over here that we decided we would see if some of us couldn't get in touch with our friends in the earth life again. I would like very much to send a word to Mrs. Lord, who was always so kind and willing to do all she could to help me and I want to tell her that for all she has done in the past for the spirits there is very much that they can do for her and will do as the days go by. Her husband is with me and he says, 'God bless her, she never did know enough to take care of herself, but always made an effort to do work for somebody else, and so now we must do what we can to bring sunshine into her life for she is lame, and needs all the happiness brought to her that we can bring.' I feel that there is so much that ought to be done by me for my own people that I can hardly tell where to begin. I have been to see Fred and I'm going to see Walter."

The man from Chicago looked with some scorn at the Brambleville ticket agent as he handed out a dollar bill and pushed it through the opening.

"You've got a pretty lot of citizens to allow themselves to be charged at the rate of five cents a mile from here to Bushby on a miserable little crawling one-horse branch road," he said bitterly.

The ticket agent looked at him with a calmness which nothing could disturb.

"I'd like to call your attention to one fact before you use any more language," he said mildly, "and that is, that while it may be five cents a mile, it's only 35 cents an hour."—Youth's Companion.

The Reviewer.

The Christian Creed.

This work, treating upon the origin and significance of the Christian Creed, is well known in this country, but, in its second edition (price \$1.25 net) has been carefully rewritten and extended. The derivation of the creeds as they stand today, as he points out, is from three quite separate sources. First: An ancient formula of cosmogenesis resting on very high authority; second: the rubric for the guidance of the hierophant in the Egyptian form of the Sohan or Sotapatti initiation; third: the materializing tendency which mistakenly sought to interpret these two documents as relating to the biography of an individual. In order to make the clauses of the creeds more readily intelligible, Mr. Leadbeater goes carefully into the theosophic doctrines of the functions of the Three Aspects of the Logos in human evolution and explains the three outpourings of spirit and the descent into matter. Having laid this foundation for a comprehension of the belief of the old Wisdom-Religion, the author proceeds to show how ancient allegorical statements of these beliefs have been appropriated to a biographical significance by the Christian church. In doing this, he takes up the clauses of the Apostles' and Nicene creeds in order, and finally those of the fuller Athanasian creed. The Father, Son and Holy Ghost are held to stand for the three aspects of the Logos, and in showing how the change in understanding came about the author makes an interesting analysis of the exact wording of the earlier versions and of the very earliest copies in Greek, actual examples of which have not yet been discovered, but which have been clairvoyantly seen and read by investigators. An interesting instance of the result of this method of investigation is found in the clauses referring to Pontius Pilate, "that unfortunate and much maligned man," as Mr. Leadbeater calls him. Clairvoyant investigation has shown that the words of the original Greek were not Pontius Pilatus but Ponton, with theta instead of alpha in the second word, thus reducing the Roman name Pontius Pilate to a "compressed" or "a densified sea," a good description of the lower astral plane often typified in early eastern writings by water. The meaning of the passage thus becomes, or rather originally was "endured the dense sea," instead of "suffered under Pontius Pilate," meaning a voluntary assumption and submission to astral matter on the part of the second aspect of the Logos for the salvation of mankind. The meaning of the crucifixion, not understood in the literal sense, and the relation of this passage and the descent into hell to the discipline undergone by the Egyptian initiates will be found equally interesting and important. The book is one that no student can well neglect and one that must challenge the attention of all who profess the Christian Creeds. Can be obtained at the "Banner of Light" book store.

The Lost Lemuria.

This work by W. Scott-Elliott, has two maps, showing the positions, etc., in the Pacific ocean, where Haeckel connected was the cradle of the human race and portions of the Eastern Continent. The evidence with regard to Lemuria and its inhabitants has been obtained from the same source and in the same manner as that which resulted in the writing of "The Story of Atlantis." The maps showing Lemuria at two periods, copies of which are conveniently inserted in a pocket in the cover of this volume, have been transcribed in the same manner as were the Atlantean maps from two archaic originals, a terra cotta model and a map. The author describes the history and development of the race that inhabited Lemuria, their gradual advance from astral bodies to ether bodies and finally to boneless bodies of matter; and the appearance of the type that was destined to bring the Aryan race. The aspects, structure, language, arts and religion. It is a work of great interest to students of past misunderstandings, and entertaining to all. For sale at "Banner" book store. Price, \$1.00 net.

Letters from Our Readers.

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

Destroying the Laws of Justice—The Fallacy of the Atonement.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, in a sermon—now in pamphlet—discusses the question "What to do to be Saved." The following is an extract: "There is no damnation more deplorable than the imbecility of the parasite who is willing to eat unearned bread, to shelter himself or herself in another's strength, to clothe one's self with the unearned purity of another's soul, either in time or in eternity; the whole scheme of a vicarious atonement, a supernatural savior, a miraculous salvation, a cramped heaven and an ample hell, belong to the credulity of ignorance; it is of itself a mark of the unsaved, the evidence of damnation."
The above is a well deserved denunciation of the false and misleading dogmas of certain sectarians mis-called "orthodox." That distinguished statesman and scholar, Thomas Jefferson, sharply condemned priests and commentators for their perversion of the teachings of Jesus. They substituted a "bankrupt cult" not only subversive of God's laws but of the most demoralizing character. "Never will I seek or receive private, individual salvation, but forever and everywhere will I strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all worlds." Such was the beneficent utterance of Buddha seven hundred years before Paul judged himself and assigned a "Crown of righteousness" for his own use. Not only was Paul wrong on the woman question, but unlike Buddha he expressed no solicitude for humanity as did Buddha who, after measureless suffering and self purification had gained the right to enter Paradise, but with compassion filling his heart he put his reward aside and resolved to remain without to teach and to help until every child of earth should have entered heaven before himself. Such was the character of the God's peerless prophet—Buddha.

Our Dead.

Where are the dead? is the cry of many a person as they stand by the grave of some loved one. What we call death is only the new birth. Christ said to the man who questioned him, You must be born again to understand these things. I believe that only by dying can we ever understand this life, or the other. Thomas refused to believe that the Master was alive because he had not seen Him. And we cannot understand this new birth. We turn from the new made grave in tears and refuse the comfort that might be ours. Heaven is our fatherland, and death

is only the entrance. Stronger than death is the love and friendship that exists between kindred souls. The friends who love us live and are always within sound of our voice. More rapid than the telegraph is the communication between this world and the other, clearer than by telephone can be heard the voices of the loved ones. Our friends walk beside us on the busy street. They come to help us bear the burdens of life. They plead for us at the throne of heaven, and often they shield us from ill. If we listened we would be warned of many an evil that might be avoided, and we would be counseled in regard to what is best for us to do. We often plan our work, then another thought presents itself and proves to be the wisest way, that thought was from the better land. Often when we have made some mistake we remember that we were almost persuaded to do differently; that was a time when we turned away from those who, with their wisdom, knew the result, and we have to ask our Father to help us out of our trouble and overrule our mistakes for good. Our friends must think that we are hard to talk with, for often we are so tired and worried that we can not understand what they say to us. Can't we have a little more faith? Heaven is not far away; only a line of mist separates this earthly kindergarten from the great school beyond. And when our day's work is done, and the lessons learned, we shall see the home lights burning. Kind friends will welcome us to the heavenly land, and our Father will greet each one of us with love and pity when we get home.

Annabel Littlefield.

Newton, Mass.

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.]

Passed away, Sept. 25, after a long and painful illness which he bore with patience and cheerfulness, W. H. Leavitt of Bradford, Vt. He with his wife were believers in the beautiful faith of Spiritualism which helped to cheer him in his hours of pain. A wife, two sons and a daughter who survive him were with him in his last days. May loving angels draw their protecting mantles over the surviving ones.—R. M. L.

Bradford, Vt., Oct. 4, 1904.

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Information concerning hotels and rooming houses can be secured by addressing the Rev. Thomas Grimshaw, 5335 Theodosia Ave., St. Louis. The Spiritual Temple in that city, of which Mr. Grimshaw is pastor, will be opened daily during the season. A list of desirable rooming houses, also the spiritual papers, will be kept on file there.

THE ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE N. S. A. TO DELEGATES AND VISITORS

will be held in the Spiritual Temple in St. Louis, October 17, at 8 p. m.

All are cordially invited to attend.

Harrison D. Barrett, President,

Mary T. Longley, Secretary.

AMENDMENTS TO BE PRESENTED AT THE NATIONAL SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION CONVENTION

OCTOBER, 1904.

To amend article VI, section 1, by inserting after the word "convention," in the thirteenth line, the following: "and one additional delegate for each fifty members, or major fraction thereof, of said subordinate society."

Amendment proposed by the First Spiritualists' Association of Washington, D. C.: Resolved, That the officers of the National Spiritualists' Association shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall be Trustees, and with five others constitute a board of nine Trustees, who shall have charge of the business affairs of the Association, and shall be chosen by written ballot by the duly accredited delegates present at the regular annual convention.

Beginning with the convention of 1904, the officers of the convention shall be chosen for the following terms: Two Trustees for four years, two trustees for three years, Secretary and one Trustee for two years; the President, Vice-President, and Treasurer for one year. The President shall be elected annually for one year, but at the termination of the respective periods of offices of the other members of the board the terms of office shall be for four years.

F. A. Wood, President.

Mary J. Stephens, Vice-President.

R. E. Potts, Secretary.

W. H. Crowell, Treasurer.

J. F. Simonds,

Henry Steinberg,

F. C. Just,

Isabel L. Keeler,

Harriet D. Morgan, Trustees.

The First Church of Spiritualists of Pittsburgh, Pa., submits the following to the delegates of our next convention, viz.: Amend article IX of Constitution: Strike out the words "or at such other time or other place as this Association may determine at any annual convention."

Yours fraternally,

William Fetzner, Secretary,

Per S.

Amendment: Amend article VI of Constitution by adding the following sentence at the close of present paragraph of section 1: "State associations composed of both delegates and lay members shall be entitled to one delegate for their charter and one additional delegate for each fifty, or major fraction thereof, delegates in attendance at their annual conventions; also an additional delegate for each fifty lay members, or major fraction thereof, in good standing upon the books of such State associations October 1st of each year."

Amend article VII of Constitution by inserting at the close of the third paragraph, section 1, the following: "By collecting twenty-five cents per capita from each lay member in good standing upon the books of all State associations chartered by the National Spiritualists' Association October 1st of each year."

Geo. A. Fuller,
Jas. B. Hatch,
Simeon Butterfield,
Alex. Caird, M. D.,
Carrie F. Loring, Treas.,
M. Hebron Libbey,
Carrie L. Hatch, Secy.,
Trustees of Mass. State Ass'n.

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Author of "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," "The Proof of Palpable of Immortality," etc., etc.

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The Life of Jehoshua

THE PRO

Society News.

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

Boston and Vicinity.

Dwight Hall, October 14th.—The Ladies' Lyceum Union, opened their meetings for the season with Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. Waterhouse, Dr. Hale, Mrs. George, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Buck Hall as speakers. Mrs. Butler, after a short talk upon our work and expressing very strongly a desire for a more spiritual spiritualism, gave messages. With good music, Mr. George Cleveland leading the singing, our first meeting was a success.—F. A. Bennett, sec.

Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton Street, Oct. 7, 1904.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met as usual. President, Mrs. M. E. Albee. The business meeting was well attended for the first of the season. Vice-President Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch was unable to be with us, owing to the illness of her son, Charlie L. C. Hatch. The evening meeting being social, Mrs. Waterhouse gave interesting remarks in regard to our beautiful belief. Mrs. Hattie Mason gave us food for thought. Mrs. Shackley's control, "Pond Lily," gave fine communications, which were all recognized. Pianist, Mrs. Lovering, rendered many selections. The supper was as usual, good. Come and meet with us next Friday.—Correspondent.

First Spiritualists' Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor.—The spiritual conference at 11 o'clock was largely attended. Prof. Henry speaking on the "Astrology of the Bible." Those taking part during the day as speakers and mediums were Mrs. Julia Davis, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Fox, Mr. Hicks, Mr. Brewer, Mr. Evelyn, Mr. Brown, Mr. Tuttle, Mrs. Woods, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Branch, Mrs. Quinn Mosier. Readings by Miss Nellie Allen. Solos by Mrs. Chatman and Prof. Peak. Indian Harvest Moon Festival, Monday evening, Oct. 31.—Reporter.

Bible Spiritualists' Church of Lynn.—Very interesting meetings were held on Sunday, Oct. 9. Good sized audiences were present. Service at 2:30 o'clock in charge of the president was opened with singing by Walker, of Salem. The president chose a part of the sixth chapter of the Gospel of Mark. Prayer by Della E. Matson. Singing by the audience. Then our annual love feast by Della E. Matson was highly gratifying and sustained confidence in her remarkable mediumistic powers. The test circle was largely attended. The 7:30 services, Scripture lesson xiv by president and prayer, D. E. Matson. Prof. Arthur made a short address on his belief in the truth of spirit return. Then spirit messages were received through the gifted blind trance-medium, Prof. Arthur.—Sec.

Oct. 9, 1904.—First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong.—At this first anniversary day since Rev. Mrs. Strong started her Sunday services, grand and helpful meetings were held. Josh. 24: 14, was the subject of the morning. Miss Strong, Mr. Graham, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Scott and Mr. Brewer all took part with entertaining and instructive remarks. Many mediums present assisted with spirit communications. "Feed My Sheep" was the subject of the afternoon. Helpful thoughts were given by different speakers, Dr. C. E. Huot, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Edmunds, Mr. Foster and others. If mediums and spiritual workers could take their common sense to heart the Cause would greatly progress. Speaking for a few spirits, who presented themselves, the pastor closed the meeting. Is. 55:—"Progression" formed the theme of the evening and George spoke quite earnestly. Mr. Graham, Miss Strong, Mrs. G. Hughes and Mrs. Bell Robertson gave spirit communications. Mr. Foster gave a very interesting talk upon the Indians and their habits, closing with remarks from the pastor.—A. M. S., clerk.

First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge, Annie Banks Scott, pastor.—Sunday, Oct. 9, both sessions, 3 and 7:30 p. m., were well attended by earnest truth seekers. A feature of the musical program was the excellent solo singing of Mrs. Minnie Parker, who was with us both sessions, accompanied by Miss Celia C. Fowler. Miss Mabelle Leighton, of Watertown, a young medium who is just coming into the public work, gave many excellent evidences of spirit presence. Mrs. Collins delivered a brief address and Mrs. Raymond, of Boston, gave poetical tests. Our pastor, Mrs. Annie Banks Scott, at both sessions gave many touching and beautiful messages from spirit friends. The Spiritualists of Cambridge are justly proud of the mediumship of Mrs. Scott, because of the unflinching accuracy of her work. There is no possible chance for a sceptic to say that the elements of chance or guesswork enter into her tests. In the two sessions of her service for the First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge she has never made a single failure in voicing the messages of spirit, and her little guide, "Snowdrop," makes a specialty of singling out the strangers in her audience. We are glad to announce that by request Mrs. Scott will hold a flower seance at 3 p. m. Sunday, Oct. 16, at our regular meeting in Washington Hall, 573 Mass. Ave., Cambridge. Her readings from flowers, autumn leaves, etc., are in no sense psychometric or character readings. Usually the one placing a flower for a reading projects a thought to some particular spirit friend, and in that case the one thought of is usually manifested.—Addie I. Cushing, clerk.

Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists will hold their regular meeting Friday, October 14th, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Ave. Mabel Merritt, president. Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mr. J. S. Scarlett and others will be present. Business meeting at 4 p. m. Supper will be served at 6:30 p. m. Evening meeting, 7:45. A cordial welcome is extended to all.—Emma E. Zwahlen, sec., 16 Wright St., Cambridge.

Cambridge, Malta Temple, Oct. 2.—The Gospel of Truth Society held its regular service at 7:30 p. m. We had a very harmonious and interesting meeting. Mr. J. S. Scarlett voiced helpful thoughts and messages, followed by our old workers, who seemed to excel themselves. Mrs. Hall of Brighton assisted with vocal selections, touchingly rendered. Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall of Lowell will be with us Sunday evening, Oct. 16. Our dear sister Wagner is a little more comfortable at this writing. We hope all kind friends will continue to give out helpful thoughts, that she may recover.—N. M. K., sec.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Sunday, Oct. 24.—Meetings for the day were well attended. Lyceum at 1:30 p. m., very encouraging. Circle for healing, developing and readings, conducted by Harvey Redding, pres. Mr. Huggins, remarks on "Spiritual Life." Very good. Mr. Hall of Brighton spoke well on "Mediums and Their Work," as also did Mr. John Goddu on the "Spirit." "Little Golden Hair" brought love and greetings to many present from angel friends on the other side. "Pearly Flower" gave fine messages. Mrs. Borden and Mrs. Morton and "Dinah" gave evidence of the spirit loved ones. Evening session opened with song service. Scripture reading and address by the president. Cyrus gave invocation and poem entitled "The Hills of Capernaum." Mrs. Abbie Burnham was very interesting in her brief address on "Mediums and Their Controls." Alice M. Whall and "Twilight" gave many delineations which were recognized. Mrs. John Bird was

due, as she always is, in her message work. Indian control, "Big Dog," gave full names. Monthly supper Friday, October 21st, 8 to 7:30 p. m. The "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec., 202 Main St., Everett.

Pittsburg, Mass., Oct. 9, 1904.—The First Spiritualist Society had the usual large attendance at both services Sunday. The speaker, Emma B. Smith, of Lawrence, gave all the time at the morning service to convincing evidences from the spirit side of life. At the evening service, the subject, "The Unfoldment of Life," was well presented, holding the closest attention of all present, and was supplemented by many tests and messages correctly given. Miss Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections. Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell, speaker and test medium, will address the society next Sunday.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

Portland, Oct. 9, 1904.—First Spiritual Society, Congress Hall. Mrs. K. R. Stiles addressed the society and also the large audience. Morning an inspired lecture showed depth of thought and clearness of vision. The messages given seemed to reach those who most needed them. The day was showery and gloomy, yet harmony and good fellowship prevailed in the hall. We need a place of our own and the energy of the society will be bent in that direction with now a "circle" or a house sale to add to the funds which means when gathered the establishing of our grand philosophy on a solid bottom in Portland. Our meetings are now held at Mystic Hall, better adapted to our requirements.—S. H. R.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1.

Red Man's Hall.—The second session of this season was held today with a fair attendance of children and audience. Usual exercises of singing and responses from Lesson Card, No. 1, followed by instructive remarks by the conductor upon the meaning of Spiritualism and its mediums. Spirit communication is to know that those who have passed on, are living, and at times they can make known their individual presence through what are called mediums. Spiritualism is the latest development of truth and it is presented to the world, trusting that it will win its way to the confidence of men and women who understand its value, who will receive it into good and honest hearts. Piano solos by Wilkelman Hope and Becky Goolitz. Our conductor, Dr. Hale, gave a fine solo. The secretary, a reading of "Women and War." Remarks from Mr. Frank Willis, also from the guardian, Mrs. Butler, who pictured to those present a presentation of "Beyond," a rendition of the life to come, of the reward of faithful work done here on earth, and the certain punishment to those who had violated the laws of their life on earth, showing the claims of Spiritualism to be true that what we sow we reap. So Spiritualism in its true work is not only in the seance room but upon the stage; it is weakening the opposing forces, their influence surrounds the pulpit and thousands without knowing it are being brought into the folds of Spiritualism. The subject of "Loyalty" will be brought before the school at our next session.—Alonzo Danforth, sec.

Mass Meeting at Stoneham.

The Massachusetts State Association will hold a Mass Meeting in Stoneham Oct. 21, 1904. All societies in the surrounding towns are invited to be present; good speakers, good mediums, good music, every one invited. The Ladies' Aid Society of Stoneham will furnish supper, meetings at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Meeting to be held in American Mechanics' Hall, Main Street, between Maple and Hancock Streets. All meetings free. Be sure and come and bring your friends. If every one who reads this notice will come, and bring a friend, the hall will be packed, and a successful meeting will be held. George A. Fuller, president; Carrie L. Hatch, secretary.

Readers will note elsewhere the letter from the secretary of the N. S. A. Convention.

Passed to Spirit Life.

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

Mrs. Polly S. Smith, relict of the late Chauncey Smith, passed on to the higher life Sept. 25th. After her pilgrimage in the earth life of 83 yrs., 4 mos., she has dropped her mantle and joined the throng of loved ones where she will receive the reward so richly merited. Mrs. Smith was an ardent believer in spirit return and many hours of her life have been passed in sweet communion with those who have preceded her. Her life has been as a beacon, ever growing brighter and will forever radiate those beautiful truths. Although she has passed from mortal vision will always be cherished by us as an exemplar of the true and spiritual life. The day of her interment at her girlhood's home in Hartwick was one of those balmy days in autumn when Nature was in her zenith. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. P. C. Gilchrist, of Orona and a son, Hon. Chester M. Smith of Westfield, N. J., who mourn her loss. A Friend.

Lake Pleasant.

The many summer residents at this place will be shocked to learn of the transition of Mrs. R. Barron of Brooklyn, N. Y., wife of E. Barron. For seventeen years they have been summer residents here. The funeral was largely attended by people who loved and respected her for her many virtues. The services were conducted by R. F. Churchill and Francis B. Woodbury, who delivered a eulogy appropriate for the occasion. The music was in charge of Mr. Chas. Bickford and Miss Elizabeth Bickford. By this transition Lake Pleasant loses a woman whose life work has been beautiful and sweet, for every act testified that she believed in the religion of the open vision. The interment was at Montague.—Francis Bailey Woodbury, Box 296, Greenfield, Mass.

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WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 20, Copyrighted, 1904, by G. H. Webber.)

BY PROF. HENRY.

Table by which Every Individual may know his True Standing.
From October 8 to 21, 1904, inclusive.

Birth Numbers	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
October												
6-7	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M
8-9	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?
10-11	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G
12-13	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A
14-15-16	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F
17-18	K	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P
19-20-21	P	K	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B

PRIMARY TABLE OF INFLUENCES.

GENERAL RULES.—For the above period, Birth Number 7 Rules the General World, favorable to Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. People born within ten days of July, January, October or April should be careful in finance. None of the other general influences are very good for this period. In most cases a bad influence offsets a good. Let matters move as quietly as possible. The Peace Conference met with Venus in parallel with Mars, and Sun and Moon in bad condition with Neptune. Why could they not have selected a better general condition? People born in 1822-27-31-35-39-43-47-51-55-59-63-67-71-75-79-83-87-91-95-99 are the ones best favored during this period. There are exceptions in all matters, but always a cause for the exception.

Birth Numbers.

(Continued from last week.)

The letter B in the above Table is where the Daily Moon comes into a conjunction with the place in the heavens where the Sun was at your birth. The other letters are the aspects to that place, as formed every two and a half or three days. They are not Fortune Telling features. They are Spirit, or Soul Communications, with the Animal forces of the world. They are the True, Individual Man, with his dominion over the Animal, unless he permits the Animal to be the Lord and Master over him, by following the guidance of the Animal will of the Civil World, instead of his own Individual, or Soul Power, which is "They will be done."

We have been endeavoring to present Wonder Wheel Science to the readers of the "Banner" since July 23, a period of 12 weeks. Our first article was B, the second O, the third K, the fourth D, the fifth E, the sixth F, the seventh M, the eighth T, the ninth G, the tenth A, the eleventh P, the twelfth I, and now we are back to B again, having completed a cycle of 12 weeks, exactly as each Birth Number (per the above table) completes a cycle in every 27 1/3 days. We will see by this that 12 weeks is a cycle similar to 27 1/3 days, because it is 12 divisions of Time, and in like manner as is 27 1/3 days, it is represented by the 12 letters. Now, if we take the next higher division of Time, which is called Months, then 12 months, which is one year, would make a larger cycle and this, too, we might also represent by the 12 letters, as B for the Beginning, or first month, and O for the second month, and so on, and that would give us the year cycle.

What has this to do with life, or bread and butter, somebody says? If you are only looking at the matter from the physical standpoint of your being, then I would answer: You have to have more bread and butter in 12 weeks than you do in 27 1/3 days, and more in 12 months than in 12 weeks; hence you exhaust more energy and recuperate more strength in the larger than in the smaller cycles, and bread and butter and energy and strength are the factors of life; so it certainly has something to do with it.

Now when you exhaust this energy, where does it go to and when you take on new strength where does it come from? Did you have it all in you when you were born, and is it always in you until you die. Do you get it from your fellow man, or do you give it to your fellow man. Does anybody have it for sale, or can you furnish it at so much "per"? We may get what are called "bread and butter" from our fellow beings, but was the essence that is in the bread and butter supplied by them?

Of course not. In the bread and butter are the self same components of strength and life that we breathe into our nostrils from day to day. Nature in her kindness stores it up in the bread and butter, for our use. Why? Because man has fallen from that estate which he at one time was in, and he has to supply by art what he is now too ignorant to get by natural laws. He has fallen from his angelic spirit-state, and has to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

In like manner he is clothed in "coats of skin" called "flesh," because he has lost all knowledge of how to live without such clothing of his spirit.

Now, the atmosphere about him supplies him with his coats of skin, and a small portion of that atmosphere he gets "bottled up" in the bread and butter, and the rest of it is breathed into his nostrils, and this he calls "living."

Of what, now, is this Atmosphere composed, and how does it come or go, or how is it agitated? This earth spins once around each 24 hours; the spot we stand on moves through space at the rate of about 1,000 miles an hour. That ought to create some small degree of agitation in the atmosphere. Then

all about this earth are other bodies in like manner revolving and changing places relative to each other from time to time. Man does not feel these vibrations with the physical sense of feeling because he is used to them, but they act upon his mind and upon his intellectual sense every moment, and he does feel them in his conscious nature, but he has foolishly learned to ascribe their power to himself or to his ancestors, until he has become so bound up in his own conceit that he almost imagines that the farmer puts the essence in the butter and the baker puts it in the bread. And, again, when it comes to looking for good or evil from the Divine source of things, he is almost unable to see any good in anything from the Spirit world (from which he is hid by the thin veil of his "coat of skin"), unless it comes to him in "dollars and cents." These are but the invention of man, and of no use whatever except to get the "bread and butter" from some one else who gobbled it first. "What fools we mortals be."

In our ignorance we are obliged to have these dollars and cents until we get sense enough to break the hypnotic spell which requires their use in our worldly delusions. Under existing conditions, we are pleased with these delusions and with the baubles just as a child is pleased with toys, until we can learn to do without them. Maybe we will, in time, learn to do without the bread and butter and also without the "coats of skin."

"Oh, my!" cries the childish mind. These articles of life use are affected by heat and cold, and heat and cold are in the atmosphere, and heat and cold are the great sustainers of life, and we find these life-givers, to greater or lesser extent, in everything of which we are conscious, and what we do not find it in we put it in. They change our animal desires according to the animal composition of our physical being, every 27 1/3 days, precisely as they change the animal activities of the general world every 12 months, in what we call the seasons. Therefore the letters B, O, K, are equivalent to Spring; D, E, ? are equivalent to Summer; M, T, G, are equivalent to Autumn, and A, F, P, are equivalent to Winter in our month cycle.

In the cycle of 24 hours these letters might be used from any given starting-point, and then the several trinities of letters would correspond with Forenoon, Afternoon, Evening and Morning, as the days correspond to the seasons. These influences of a day are explained and tabulated in "Tabula Magus" (for sale by the "Banner").

Herein I have endeavored to show the orderly law of the letters in the above table, and little by little the light will break in upon the mind as to the importance which they have upon every individual life; for "order is Heaven's first law."

Everything in all creation moves by virtue of this law, whether it be the life of a mosquito, the turning of a top, or the life of the most lordly being on earth.

Time is measured by cycles; the turnings of the earth; the revolutions of the moon and of Saturn. As these turnings, or cycles, are by one body's relative position with another, so are each and every operation in our life ordained, and these turnings measure and are the witnesses in the heavens which keep the Book of Life. Their records can in no manner be effaced by man.

Every highly educated churchman in the world knows these facts, and the churches, from the very first, knew them, but the priests and ministers got so lazy and so indifferent to the requirements of the masses that they feed the minds of the masses with sentimental-theology, which can be reeled off by the mile and never turn a hair in the expression of a fact or a truth. The priests assumed that the people could not be made to understand these truths, and for their own animal-comforts they did not care to have them understood, yet, in the life of Jesus, we are presented with the parable of the sower. If people cannot understand a truth, then it

will do no harm to present it, but the early priests were too lazy and too licentious to attend to the work to which they were appointed, for in Isaiah we are told the "drunken priests spewed upon the tables."

What tables? Kitchen, dining-room, drawing-room or parlor? What nonsense to record such a fact in a book of importance like the Bible. Why not have said they spewed upon themselves, as no doubt they did. The tables were like unto the one at the head of this column, and others such as Astronomers, Mathematicians and Astrologers use.

There are people today telling of "the Masters," and "Yogies," and "Mahatmas," etc., as if they had powers delegated to them to lord it over their fellow-man. And so they have over any one who does not know his own mind, and it will no doubt be centuries yet before each mortal man will know his own mind. Truth appeals only to a few at a time, and the fewer the better is the wish of those who are still engaged in preying upon the credulity of their fellow animals.

Imagination never sleeps, but memory may be so dormant that it does not recall the image, or ideality of the mind. We dream, at least I do, and in no dream did I ever see my own body. In the earth-sense my body was motionless and yet, in the dream I was consciously as real as if my "coat of skin" was with me on my dream journeys.

The influences of the letters in the above table are in our dreams as much as they are in our waking moments, and many people, by reason of being "born out of time," with the movements of the Heavenly Hosts, as related to their special earthly-life, have the climatic point of their good influences pass while in their slumbers like "ships in the night."

There is much now being said relative to obsession. The whole secret of obsession is in the influences of the heavenly movements upon the brain or nerve cells of the one obsessed. The Spirit World is as much under the law of order as is the mundane sphere which we inhabit. "In earth as in heaven." When our earth-bound minds get attuned to the harmony of the ambient, then we will be more closely related to our spirit friends.

No person in any kind of business can do good work without proper instruments or good tools.

Spirit cannot operate upon earth without a medium. A medium is something between two opposite things, or two opposite forces.

Spirit is one thing and matter is another thing. These two things are extremes, or polarities to each other. Both of them are good; both are bad, according to the standpoint from which we view them. Our mind is strongly materialistic, then spiritual things are not good to us. For instance, the Bible, or Shakespeare's works, are not good to a hog, because the hog is under the vibratory action of material mind and the hog thought is material. The hog's mind is attuned to the material scale of thought and is not able to appreciate or even grasp a spiritual thought, or in fact to have any knowledge that spiritual thought exists. The hog, then, has to root into material substances, or die.

The hog belongs to the most common of animals, and, when we say "animals," we do not mean the body of a hog, we mean the life of a hog. The animation that is in the body (animate, anima, animal) is the hog, and a hog may exist in a two legged animal as well as in a four-legged one. The body belongs to the physical or material world and is neither animal nor spirit. It is "beast" or the matter over which the Spirit has control.

The body is but a mask under which the thought is concealed. The Thought is the Spirit and the Spirit is the Man, made in the image of the Great Spirit which is the Mind.

There is but One Mind, and that Mind is Supreme, and it operates in everything according to the requirements of the thing.

The operation of Mind in a rock balanced on the edge of a precipice is just as great and as faithful in its operation as in the brain of a Caesar, or in that of the lighter of a fuse to an exploding mine.

There is but One Thought, and that Thought is Man, and Man is the Action of Mind whether in rock, hog or angel. Mind is the Engineer of the Universe, or God. Thought is the Action of the Engineer, or Man, and these are both Spiritual. God and Man combined; the only one God and the only one Man, and both Immortal and Infinite.

The One Mind God is represented by a circle; yet circles upon circles, and each circle so distinct from all other circles that in the combine they form a ball, like a ball of twine. The whole universe is contained in this ball, or globe, and every particle of it is a Spirit Entity, from Molecule to the Universal God. It is all mind, or it could not hold together. The vibrations from each fibre of this great ball of Spirit is Thought. There is only one ball, one mind, one thought; but each particular fibre of this great Spirit has its own method, or form, of expressing this thought, and the human bodily form and charity are the highest forms thus far expressed to our knowledge.

We, then, are the Action of Mind; so is a hog. We are one expression of Thought; so is a hog. We, individually, are not all there is of thought, we are simply one ideal of thought; the hog is another ideal, and in his hogishness he no doubt likes his own ideal. We are the ideal, or image of mind, in that realm of the great ball to which we are best qualified; so is a hog; from our ideal we will progress or retrograde.

(To be continued.)

"Boldness hath genius, power and courage in it;
What you can do or dream you can, begin it."

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