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NO. 3

SLOWLY WE RISE.

Rev. H. B. Converse, Lect.

(Written expressly for Banner of Light.)

Slowly we rise, from the cave of sense,
Towards the realm of the inner radiance;
Slowly we climb from the slough of pain
To the open space of the flower-lit plain:
This is the task which we all essay
In the grind and grip of our earthly day;
And God, with a loving hand, doth lead
Where we faint in gloom, or in light succeed:
Each pang of pain has a meaning, clear,
'Tis "Change your course, for the rocks
are near;
Adjust your sails to a lighter breeze,
And strike out, free, for the open seas."
So on we go, and the life-tides rise,
As the primal Beast, in the body, dies.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"Do you not see, O, my brothers and sisters?
It is not chaos or death;
It is form, union, plan—it is Eternal Life—it
is Happiness!"

"Trust is the fixed attitude of him who lives
the life of the spirit."

As the life radiant depends entirely on the
spiritual attitude, it can be lived in the midst
of difficulties, trials, sorrows; it is the life of
the soul as distinctive from the life of the
senses. The more complete is the union of
the soul with God, the more radiant the life.
For in Him is fulness of joy, and let the hu-
man will identify itself completely with the
divine will and it shares in this joy. We must
recognize the difference between the mere
comforts, conveniences and facilities of life,
and happiness. Outward surroundings may
afford them conveniences and comforts; but
they cannot, of themselves, afford happiness.
One may have an abundance of the material
resources of life—to eat, drink and wear—he
may even have an abundance of privileges
and luxuries—the ease and leisure and the
opportunities for travel, for social pleasures,
artistic privileges—the opera, theatre; for fa-
miliarizing himself with art in the world's
greatest galleries; all these and a thousand
other resources possible to wealth and leisure,
and he may value these in their true measure
—and they hold a certain true value—and still
he may be remote from happiness. These
things are not, of themselves, capable of
affording happiness. They afford comfort, in-
terest, and they offer an exquisite scenic back-
ground for happiness when it is brought to
them, but they cannot, of themselves, create
it. For Happiness is of the spirit; it is the
result, only, of love and sweetness and peace
and harmony—of the love of the soul for God,
and the joy of satisfying and beautifying hu-
man relations, the loves and friendships which
alone make earth a paradise. Let one have
these, and though he may be shipwrecked on a
desert rock in mid-ocean, he is happy; with-
out these, though the kingdoms of the earth
and all their resources are his, they are
powerless to offer any happiness. There is
no happiness save that of spirit.

Now is not the secret of happiness of the
spirit in seeing, in recognizing the will, of
God in every event? For that apparent ill
and wrongs and sad things occur in every life
cannot be doubted or denied; but absolute
trust in the divine leading makes it possible
to hold intact the radiance of life even in the
midst of every form of trial. "The soul en-
lightened by faith is far from judging of
created things like those who measure them
by their senses and ignore the inestimable
treasures they contain. He who recognizes
the king in disguise treats him very differ-
ently from him who, judging by appearances
alone, fails to recognize his royalty." So the
soul that sees the will of God in even the
smallest things and in the most desolating
and fatal events, receives all with equal joy,
exultation and respect. . . I have no words to
convey," continues this mystic, "the feelings
of the heart when it receives this divine will
in the guise of humiliation, poverty, annihila-
tion. By just that which the senses lack is
faith heightened, increased and nourished;
the less there is to the eye, the more there is
to the soul. The perfection of faith is seen
when visible and material things contradict
it and seek to destroy it. The more vehem-
ently the senses exclaim, 'This is not from
God!' the closer does faith press the myrrh,
not disturbed nor repelled. If we knew how
to greet each movement as the manifestation
of the divine, will we could find in it all the
heart could desire. The divine will is an
abyss of which the present moment is the en-
trance; plunge fearlessly therein and you
will find it more boundless than your desires."
This sublime truth is expressed by another
mystic (Dr. Anna Kingsford) in the thrilling
and wonderful counsel: "Cast thyself into
the will of God and thou shalt become as
God." That is to say, the soul shall so merge
itself in the divine as to become a part of
the divine, however infinitesimal, as a cup of
water poured into the ocean still becomes a
part of the ocean and shares in all its mighty
power. We may entirely and absolutely ac-

cept as the Supreme truth of life that the first
chief lesson for the soul to learn in its earthly
pilgrimage is the instant and the joyous ac-
ceptance of the will of God as revealed in
even the most trifling events. This accept-
ance creates for one the atmosphere of
serenity, sweetness, harmony, love. It effec-
tually vanishes impatience, irritability, dis-
trust, anxiety and all forms of antagonism. It
accepts sweetly, serenely, joyfully, and thus
preserves that beautiful atmosphere through
which alone our ministering friends and
guides and helpers and leaders can reach us
and can give us their best aid. And then, as
has perhaps been before remarked in this
series of papers, the acceptance of the divine
will does not imply a mere negation. It is not
to sit with folded hands and apathetic mind.
It is to arise in newness of life. It is to
command that invincible energy which is pre-
destined to conquer and prevail. It is to
enter into the exercise of undreamed-of in-
tensity and power.

In the writings of Jacob Behmen one finds
this wonderful passage:—

"The Ladder of Jacob was shown us. By
it I mounted up to heaven and received the
goods I sell. If any one wishes to mount
with me let him take care that he be fit. Let
him gird himself with the sword of the Spirit,
for he must pass a giddy abyss. Through the
Kingdom of Trial lies the pathway, and
through much laughter and mockery. In the
fight the heat will fall. I have seen the sun
blotted out, but again its light appeared. I
speak not my own praise, but to bid you not
to despair. Let him wear the armor of God.
The way is narrow—through the portals of
Hades. This is a great mystery."

"I have seen the sun blotted out but again
his light appeared." What profound depths
of suggestion and of encouragement are in
that one assertion! It cannot fail to be re-
cognized, in every experience, as a great truth.

The radiance of life is found in renuncia-
tion. For this is not a poor, abject attitude,
as is so often believed. True Renunciation is
not in giving up, but in gaining; it is not in
deprivation; it is entering into the kingdom!
Suppose that one has been living in a garret
and renounce it for a palace. Is he thereby
the loser? It is only

"When half-gods go"

we come to find that

"Whole gods arrive."

Emerson forms an illumination on this
aspect of spiritual progress in these words:—

"When your hands are left empty," says
Emerson, "it is because God has better gifts
with which to fill them." The changes which
break up at short intervals the prosperity
of men are advertisements of a nature whose
law is growth. "Every soul is by this intrin-
sic necessity quitting its whole system of
things, its friends and home, and laws, and
faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beau-
tiful but stony case, because it no longer
admits of its growth, and slowly forms a
new house. In proportion to the vigor of
the individual, these revolutions are frequent,
until in some happier mind they are infrequent,
and all worldly relations hang very loosely
about him, becoming, as it were, a trans-
parent fluid membrane through which the living
form is seen, and not, as in most men, an
indurated, heterogeneous fabric of many
dates, and of no settled character, in which
the man is imprisoned. Then there can be
enlargement, and the man of today scarcely
recognizes the man of yesterday. And such
should be the outward biography of man in
time, a putting off of dead circumstances
day by day, as he renews his raiment day
by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, rest-
ing, not advancing, resisting, not co-operating
with the Divine expansion, this growth
comes by shocks."

Renunciation is the "putting off of dead
circumstances," and when the opportunity for
it comes in life it is as a triumph, not a fail-
ure; a reward, not a penalty. It is from
renunciation of self that springs the sweet
fruit of final liberation. "It is from letting
go the non-essential that one grasps the es-
sential things of life. The renunciation of the
narrow, the incomplete, the temporal, is the
gaining of the larger life, the permanent joy
and beauty. The lesson of renunciation is not
bitterness and defeat; it is sweetness and tri-
umph. "It is a great point," says a thought-
ful writer, "to learn how, when we have
done our plain duty in any set of circum-
stances, to rest quietly and leave all results
to God. Let God overthrow all walls. He
will rebuild them again." More stately and
more fair shall they rise before us. Let us
believe and go forward in radiance and joy.
The entire universe is magnetic with life.
There is sympathy, there is aid, there is
leading for each and every one. He who
encompasseth us round about with the cloud
of witnesses has established the communion
between those in the unseen and those here
on earth as one of the divine laws. It rests
with ourselves to make this communion a
means of perpetual uplifting and unfoldment
into the higher life. —It is all a part of man's

religious development. The new and larger
spirituality which is the gift of the twentieth
century to humanity must include the recog-
nition of this communion. Mrs. Livermore
used to say that the time was not distant
when we should allow, just as naturally, to
having met and conversed with a friend who
had gone into the unseen world as we do to
any casual meetings with those on earth. It
is simply a matter of evolutionary develop-
ment. And the conditions for enjoying all
this larger beauty and sympathy of compan-
ionship are to so order our own lives as to
keep perpetually in the atmosphere of exalta-
tion, serenity, sweetness and radiance—to live,
indeed, the radiant life, the life of happiness,
and which also communicates happiness.
Nothing less than the full realization of this
ideal should be our aim.

Then, indeed, will we find that the daily
experiences which attend us are not "chaos
or death," but that they are, instead, "form,
union, plan"—they are the eternal life here
and now—the daily realization of immortality
—we shall find, in the poet's own inspiring
words, that "it is eternal life, it is hap-
piness!"

The Peace of Portsmouth.

A REFLECTION.

Once more does white-winged Peace sit
brooding o'er the East. Once more, has
America laid the world in debt to her ideals
and her influence. Russia and Japan have
both proclaimed from the shores of New
Hampshire, "There shall be peace. Let the
war drum be stilled."

To what is this cessation of war's terrors
due? The answer is twofold. Peace would
not have yet dawned had not the victors been
as generous as they are brave; nor could this
magnanimity have been shown had not Amer-
ica led the way.

Let us indulge in reminiscence. When
Commodore Perry, over half a century ago,
compelled Japan to open her gates to the
west, the influence of America over the
Island Kingdom did not cease. 'Tis but
beginning. To America, American universities,
American training and American ideas is due,
more than to all other causes, the awakening
of modern Japan. So forceful and effective
with the little men of the islands was Amer-
ican influence that the Japanese have been
called, and with justice, the "Yankees of the
East."

One of the incidents in the marvelous mod-
ernization which has overspread Japan was
the war with China, wherein the Flowery
Kingdom, beaten by land and sea, was glad
to purchase peace; and a part of that peace
was the cession to Japan of certain rights in
Manchuria. This coming of the Japanese to
the continent conflicted with the Russian
plans. Russia has had a hunger for more
land in spite of its already tremendously
overloaded stomach. Siberia was not large
enough. Russia looked for all Asia. Her
limit in Europe had been reached. She
gloated over India, she looked for China, like
a hungry wolf in the presence of meat he
cannot reach.

With that diplomacy which has enabled
Russia to outwit the world in a trade, she,
the horse-jockey of nations, induced Europe
to join her in despoiling Japan of the fruits
of her victory over the Chinese and to give
to the Slav what had been bought for Japan
by Japan's blood and treasure. In so doing
Russia obtained Port Arthur, a Gibraltar in
itself and in hostile hands a constant threat
to the very life of Japan as a nation.

When Russia had obtained certain small
concessions in Manchuria by dint of her suc-
cessful jockeying, like the burglar who, let
him but get one hand beyond your window
sash and his whole body soon follows, she
proceeded to appropriate the whole country.
She poured into it her people and her money.
She built towns and fortified them. Her
army covered the land, and her navy from it
as a base threatened the entire orient. And
it was no vain threat.

This Japan knew. When a robber ap-
proaches to attack the time for parry is over,
and Japan saw in the mighty menace of
Russia's armament in Manchuria both on land
and water, that was, not peace, was the ob-
ject of the parleying which Russia pretended
to keep up. Moral suasion sometimes must
yield to blows. There are people who can be
reasoned with only by means of a club; and
Russia with her madness for conquest could
not be reached by reason or generosity.

By Russian encroachments, by her constant
violation of her pledged word to all the
nations, Japan was as much attacked as if
the Russian army had landed on her coast.
To fight them was not only justifiable, it
was necessary. Longer delay on Japan's part
would have been not only fatal, but cow-
ardly, and the Japanese, we can all agree,
are in no sense cowards.

To save her life then as an independent
nation, Japan had to fight and, when this
conclusion was reached, it was good judgment
to strike first. She did so and the passions of
her victories still echo around the globe. The
bully of nations, whose word is believed no-

where, has won not a single victory.

And yet, brave as she is in the field and on
the sea, Japan has shown still greater brave-
ry. The moral courage she has displayed
in sacrificing the rights which as victor she
might have enforced, has never been equaled
in the history of the conflicts of nations.

Remember, this was not a fight between
two Christian peoples. Russia's czar is at
once the head of his people and the head of
the Greek church. Japan he regards as
heathen; and yet when the question came
between payment for a war of which Russia
was the most unjust cause, or sacrificing more
thousands of his faithful subjects, it was the
Christian czar who said, "I will pay not a
kopeck," and it was the heathen mikado who
yielded for the sake of peace.

And it was an American president, follow-
ing out the new lines of American diplomacy,
who made the peace possible. What a grand
vindication of America's new position as a
world power among nations! Mr. Carnegie,
with a love of peace entirely commendable,
calls us a "bully nation," because our policy
has been to be strong. He has forgotten that
strong men are not always or necessarily
bullies. An American president has taught
him and the world that, if America be strong,
she is first of all just.

For it was the lamented John Hay who
first taught Europe and the chancelleries of
the world that diplomacy means not polit-
ing, but telling the truth in a good, old-
fashioned, American, direct way. With a
directness which the strength of America as
a world power made possible, John Hay said
to the nations, "The doors of China must be
open equally to all the earth," and each for-
eign crowned head knew that he meant what
he said and they vied with each other in their
haste to accept the proposition.

When Theodore Roosevelt said to the war-
ring nations in Asia, "This has gone far
enough. Stop," both knew that he meant
what he said because America in diplomacy
has a way of saying what she means. There
was no formal armistice on the field. The
armies of both nations withheld attack at
the simple request of an American citizen
who for the time happened to be the chief
servant of the American people. Mr. Car-
negie's "bully nation" has sprung at once into
the position of the greatest peacemaker the
world ever saw; and all because the nation
is strong, is just and when it speaks, says
what it means and means what it says.

Was ever such a triumph before of those
principles which we advocate? Was such
generosity in triumph ever before known?
Was peace ever before similarly brought
about? Were two mighty nations ever before
compelled to cease fighting by the moral force
of the mere request of a people who are non-
combatants?

Was the word of a single man ever fol-
lowed and obeyed by more millions of human
beings, over whom his only sway was the
moral force exerted by the people he rep-
resented, than was the joint note of Theodore
Roosevelt saying "Peace, Be Still"? The
German Kaiser's motto is "Gott Mit Uns."
America's cry is "We for the world."

"How Can These Things Be?"

Mary J. Weatherbee-Rice.

There are times in the life of every man
when he takes the assertions of others on the
slightest evidence.

Because the metal glitters, therefore, it is
gold.

But this comes from lack of knowledge.
Becoming wiser, we distinguish between truth
and falsity and like the Jewish ruler in his
interview with that holy man—the Christ—
now unsettled as to what is truth, we ask:
"How can these things be?"

Thus knowledge comes to us not by believ-
ing even what seems to be true, but by com-
bating every argument in its support till we
come to the bed-rock of solid fact, grounded
on evidence.

We become wise only so far as we prove
all things, holding fast to that which is good.

The child is an inquisitive being. It is a
stranger in a strange realm. It turns its won-
dering eyes on us and puts forth questions the
wisest of us may not understand.

We, too, are children of a larger growth,
groping after the reasons why.

Scientists, Spiritualists, one and all are ask-
ing the old, old question, "How can these
things be?"

We are ever confronted with the slowness
of the tenure we hold on everything. Take
what care we may, our garments are always
getting old. There is always, somewhere, a
leak in the roof or a crack in the wall, and
build well as we may—it is simply for a day.
And a man's life, what is it, but the morn-
ing's mist that is already melting in the noon-
day's sun?

Now because change worketh on change we
wonder if there be any solid ground for us to
stand upon.

Will none of our bright dreams be realized

in the great future that looms so large before
us?

Will none of our fond hopes materialize in
that sometime, somewhere, that seems so
much nearer than it appeared to us yester-
day?

Though a man lives to be three score years
and ten, or even to four score years, "yet it
is soon cut off and we fly away," says Old In-
spiration, not a whit truer than the inspira-
tion of today.

Now comes the question as it comes to
every man, "Is there a continuity of life from
this world into that?"

"Is there a link that connects life here with
that over there?"

The Scientist says "no." He finds no evi-
dence. He finds no stepping-stones over the
great divide between the seen and the unseen.

But I have a beloved daughter who went
from me. Does she not still live? Shall I
not meet her or rather does she not wait for
me as the night draws near?

Whatever science may say—if (for want of
evidence) that death ends all, even then so
vital is the question to me I still ask, "how
can these things be?"

What is life? and is not the life natural but
a smaller wave of the great circle that widens
and yet widens in the sea of spirituality? Is
it not eternal life, as it is in God himself?

You and I are alive to the consciousness
that we are not entirely responsible for our
beliefs. What I am is from a source so high,
so deep, so all containing, I cannot conceive
of its origin other than a life in God,—breath
of His breath,—a completeness in Him.

So, whatever the years of our natural life
may be, how can it seem a thing impossible,
if, when we have outgrown our present en-
vironment, there should not be a higher school
of learning, a higher life of the spirit, where,
in the realms of ether, ourselves etherialized,
we may not dwell a life as natural as that
that now is—and the same life, only in a
whiter light, as the sun cloud on the earthy
horizon lifted to a clearer atmosphere, take
on a pearly hue, or the golden glow of the
sun into whose bosom it melts.

Where is the bed rock of solid fact, of evi-
dence that death does not end all?

Let one speak of that which he knows.

He was my own familiar friend—a brother
and true. Fifty years and more we had lived
and enjoyed the good things of life—had
walked and talked of this life only—for when
one and another of our charmed circle of
friends passed out of sight, a silence fell as if
upon a forbidden subject and their names re-
mained ever after scarce spoken.

Spiritualism was an unpopular ism—a
tabooed subject.

The future life, if such there were, was
wholly ignored.

But as the years wore on he, too, my
brother friend, lost his old zest for life. There
was at times a far away look, as if the veil
were parting that erstwhile had shut out the
present from the beyond, as if it were lifting,
and he was looking out to sea. Then, on a
day he, too, fell sick and the room was dark-
ened and we spoke in whispers.

Would he, too, go the way of all the earth
and give no hint of the sea whose waters
were swirling about him?

We had lost a dear sister in the many long
years before, who had yielded her breath in
short flying hour with a smile on her upturned
face as she lifted her pale fingers and whis-
pered, "Oh how natural they all look!"

Yet her name was rarely upon the brother's
lips.

She had passed out of sight, and who knows
if the dead yet live.

Twenty years and more had intervened.

Now in this darkened room the sick man
seems to beckon us to his side, and earnestly
whispers, "Knead!" "Mother!" looking to
us and pointing and repeating the old, fa-
miliar names as if to say to me, "Don't you
see them? They are here." Was he not say-
ing to me, "believe me, what science has
failed to prove to you let me testify as a be-
lated witness, it is true. There is no death.
What seems so is transition."

"This life of mortal breath
is but a suburb of the Life Elysian.
Whose portal we call death."

"I am at the portal."

With such testimony, dear reader, and from
such a witness how can I doubt whether
there be a continuity of life from this into
the beyond, or how can I wish to ask, "How
can these things be?"

Good, the more
communicated, more abundant grows:
The author not inspired, but honored more.

John M. Ryan.

O, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child-heart! Would that I
Then might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who bears my burden yet!

Mrs. R. S. Howard.

THE PRAYER.

M. J. J. J.

(Written expressly for "Banner of Light.")
Down on thy knees, Slav Emp'r, thou
Christian but in name!
Salute Japan's Mikado and bow thy head in
shame!
For this brave, generous Heav'n would give
thy people peace;
When thou would'st trade for Kopecks, he
said, "Let slaughter cease."
Thou, sneering, treacherous, boastful, Slav-
promise-breaker, then
To whom, as "little father," the superstitious
bow
And see in thee, thou craven, God's minister
on earth.
In thee, whose one endeavor 's to give a boy-
heir birth.
Defeated on the ocean and beaten on the land,
To save a few base Kopecks, refuse to stay
thy hand?
Thou, let thy children perish to gratify the
case
Of grand dukes, living only their appetites, to
please.
While peasants, Mujik thousands, to death by
famine led.
Beg thee to cease thy warfare and give them
only bread!
But I am Nippon's ruler and Nippon is too
strong
—Her many victories prove it—to bear resent-
ment long.
My Japanese, who lose me, can be generous
as brave.
If Russian Czar refuses, then I'll the Rus-
sians save.
Then, on thy knees, Slav Emp'r! The peo-
ple, near and far
Salute Nippon's Mikado and execrate the
Czar.

Dreams; Their Cause, Contents and Meaning.

F. J. J.

It is a curious fact, indeed, that although the Bible abounds with accounts of appear-
ances of spirits, intercourse with the spirit-
world through trumpet speaking and inspira-
tion and foretelling of coming events, through
prophecies and dreams, all these so-called
supernatural phenomena are by all authorities
of our times declared impossible.

After several years of study of psychic
phenomena, I have found that they are all pos-
sible, and the object of this article will be to
give a short outline of the cause, contents
and meaning of dreams with special regard
to my own personal experience.

With regard to the cause we divide dreams
into: Bodily dreams, which are caused by the
body, and Spiritual dreams, which are caused
by spirit influence.

In bodily dreams the appeal to our mind
sometimes comes from outward disturbances
of the body, by too much warmth, too much
cold, by some part of the body being touched
by an object or some muscle growing cramped
by lying in an uncomfortable position. If a
dreamer has been pricked by a pin he has
dreamed that he was pierced by a spear. If
the blanket has fallen off he may dream that
he is walking around without clothing.

More often they are caused from something
in our own body. When the breathing for
some reason has been disturbed, we may
dream that somebody is pressing our chest
(Alp-dream, Mar-dream, etc.) Sickness in
general is likely to cause dreams. Mostly
these bodily dreams are caused by sleeping on
the back, by sleeping too much when our
mind has been very excited during the day
and when we go to bed with an overloaded
stomach. Therefore, the old saying that
dreams come from the stomach.

In regard to the substance of the bodily
dreams, we divide them into Reasonable and
Unreasonable.

In reasonable dreams we recur to ideas and
occurrences with which our minds are habit-
ually occupied. Just as we in our waking
state, can, by our thoughts, at will produce
in our mind pictures of things we have seen
or composed any kind of happenings we want,
so we sometimes in our dreams produce such
incidents with the exception that these im-
pressions in our dreams are a great deal more
vivid than when awake.

In these reasonable dreams we may count
those in which some darling wish has been
gratified. Very often this is to have a lot of
money or to wander around in beautiful
country places.

Reasonable dreams are often a mental
review of what has happened to us before,
and especially if we go to bed very excited are
likely to have these dreams. They are most
beautifully spoken of in a poem of Claudius
in which he says:

"I sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day;
Though further still the tired limbs refuse,
The dreaming hunter still the chase pursues:
The judge abates dispenses still the laws,
And sleeps again o'er the unfinished cause.
The dozing reaper hears his chariot roll,
Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancied
gale."

Me to the Muses in the silent night,
With wanted chimes of jangling verse de-
light."

Unreasonable dreams which in reality are
more or less impossible are produced when
some part of the brain is inactive. Some-
times even in the waking state some part of
the brain is more or less dormant, and our
mind is not able at will to summon into con-
sciousness all the recollections which it has
stored up. This is the common cause of tem-
porarily forgetting a name, melody or some-
thing which we in vain try to remember,
until it suddenly comes into our mind, even
if we are thinking of something quite differ-
ent.

Among these dreams are some that are so
common as to be known to nearly everybody,
as, for instance, that you are falling, that
you can fly, that you have few or no clothes
on, that you cannot get away from some dan-
gerous place or animal, that you are about
to go on a journey, but unable to get your
things in order for it, etc.

When dreaming that we are inadequately
clothed, nobody of the persons present seem
to notice it, even though these are fully
dressed.

To this kind of dreams belong those in
which we seem to have lost all our moral
sense, as, for instance, when we dream that
we are killing somebody or doing other
shameful actions.

Sometimes when dreaming I have been con-
scious of this, and, if an agreeable dream, I
have kept it up. But when a bad one I some-
times vainly tried to wake up and when I
was successful I felt very tired.

Rather rare is to have a "dream within a
dream." In these I have generally, after the
first, imagined awaking, been doubtful
whether I was awake or not, and, trying by
several means to convince myself about it,
after while I would really awake, conscious
of both "the outer and the inner dream."

We more plainly remember the disagree-
able dreams, because we generally from
these get so frightened that we wake up.

Bodily dreams occur naturally now and
then to everybody, but if they come very
often, so is this, as I have said before, a sign

that we either sleep too much or on our
back, or go to bed with an overloaded stom-
ach. Especially overfed children who sleep
much are likely to have a dreamful sleep.
Their dreams should therefore be a warning
to their parents, for a restless sleep makes
them nervous and bad tempered.

In spiritual dreams the appeal to the mind
comes from spirit influence. We divide these
into spirit impressions, which are caused by
our own spirit, and spirit impressions, that
are caused by the spirit of somebody else.

In the first case our spirit separates itself
from the body and acts independent of it,
but when again united with the body is able
to remember this when we awake.

The Society for Psychical Research, which
takes the greatest pains to investigate and
verify all instances brought to its notice and
discards all accounts that have not been care-
fully scrutinized, has in its "Proceedings" (Vol.
XI, Part XXIX), the following remarkable
dream of this kind:

Mr. W. H. Wack, in St. Paul, Minn.,
dreamt during the night, Dec. 29-30, 1892, that
he was on a train journey from St. Paul to
Duluth, Minn.

He had often been traveling over this road,
and, looking through the window, he recog-
nized in the moonlight the features of the
country. He noticed that he was near the
town of Shell Lake, Wis., the train going at
high speed, when he heard a piercing shriek,
followed by a long moaning. He then felt the
train suddenly stop, and saw trainmen with
lanterns hurrying to the engine. Leaving his
seat, he went out himself and joined the
others who were examining the cars. They
found blood splashes on nearly all the bear-
ings; and one of the trucks of a forward car
was smeared all over with human brains and
tufts of hair. They searched the road back
for about 500 yards, but did not find any body.
All then boarded the train and went on
through the burned pine wastes of northern
Minnesota. He, pondering over the acci-
dent, he awoke, glad in the thought that it
was only a dream. On the following morning
he told his dream to his family, who found
it very ghastly and expressed their surprise
that nobody had been found.

On the evening of the same day he read
in a St. Paul newspaper (Dispatch) an article
headed: "Fate of a Tramp. Horrible death
experienced by an unknown man on the Oma-
ha road," containing a detailed description of
just the same circumstances that he had seen
in his dream. He also found that he had had
his dream at exactly the same time as the
accident occurred. Later the body of the
killed person was found.

After carefully considering the matter, Mr.
Wack is now convinced that, although his
body was 100 miles apart from the place of
accident, he was present in spirit.

The Society for Psychical Research, found,
after a careful investigation, that Mr. Wack
was a very respected and reliable lawyer, and
that he had told his dream to several people
early in the morning, before the newspapers
had contained any report of the occurrence.

In a dream of this kind the investigators
ought also to have made inquiries among the
trainmen and passengers to learn if any of
them had seen Mr. Wack on the train, and
I cannot but heartily regret the thoughtless-
ness of the Society in this respect.

In spiritual dreams, caused by the spirit of
somebody other than the person's own, the
influencing spirit can either be that of a
living or of a dead person.

The first kind happen very seldom and are
generally not distinct in their manifestation.
They occur sometimes between friends, if for
instance the one on account of sickness or
from some other reason thinks very much
on the other one. The dreamer mostly gets
an impression about his friend that is mixed
up with associate ideas and may cause and
develop into a bodily dream.

Spiritual dreams, caused by the spirit of a
dead person, are very common. They are the
same kind of phenomena that caused in the
mind of a so-called mediumistic person is
called "clairvoyance." I believe that nine out
of ten mediums that "see spirits" do not see
any spirits at all, but have simply spirit-im-
pressions.

I have myself a few times had such spirit
impressions when awake. In the morning,
one day, when I intended to look up a per-
son I had never seen before, I suddenly saw
in my mind a house beautifully situated
among some high trees, and after some sec-
onds I saw this landscape suddenly change
into the picture of an unknown person.
I was pondering over this vision all day, but
could not understand what it meant. Later
in the afternoon, when I had found the ad-
dress of the before-mentioned person, I saw
that the house and its surroundings and the
host were as I had seen in my vision.

Dreams caused by freed spirits (those of
dead persons) have generally purposes of
foretelling coming events, though sometimes
the influencing spirit may only want to make
his existence and presence known to the
dreamer. I have had several dreams of this
kind, foretelling future events, and in later
years every change in my life has been
shown to me.

The first dream of this kind was the fol-
lowing: About two months before I gradu-
ated from the high school, I dreamed that
I was examined by two stout old women, who
seemed to be dissatisfied with my knowledge.
On leaving the examination room they were
met by my lady, who began to converse
with them and speak well for me. At last
they departed, seemingly satisfied. This
dream was fulfilled about a month later,
when my composition in arithmetic was exam-
ined by two old and stout teachers, and they
found it somewhat deficient, and had it not
been for the good influence of the principal
of the school, my composition would have
been refused to pass.

After this incident, I did not have any fore-
telling dreams for several years, or if I
had I did not heed them, probably because I
did not believe in Spiritualism or any kind of
so-called supernatural phenomena. In later
years, after having become thoroughly ac-
quainted with all kinds of psychic phenom-
ena, I have had many soothsaying dreams.
They are, like the first one, generally some-
what allegorical. One of them is the fol-
lowing:

I dreamed that I was eating at a table in
a large room. Opposite to me at the table
was a lady, who sometimes changed into one
of my sisters. In the door to the room was a
man who seemed to have ill-will against me.
The lady was constantly looking at the man,
and the door with a sharp expression in her
face.

About two months later I came into sur-
roundings where I was on good terms with
the owners of the place but on bad terms with
the superintendent, and had it not been for
the owners, I would soon have had to leave.
Other details of the dream were also very
plainly symbolized.

New changes and circumstances are gener-
ally shown a few months before they occur,
but some may take over a year before they
come true. I have not yet had any dreams
in which the exact time of fulfillment was
shown me.

When a spirit wants to foretell something
in dreams he must wait a moment when the
sleeping person is in such a state of mind
as to be able to receive an impression. Gen-
erally the best time is in the morning, when
the mind, after a rest, is beginning to regain
its activity. (Therefore the old saying that
dreams that occur in the morning come true.)

The reason for allegory in foretelling
dreams, I take it, is that the spirit is not

able to influence the human mind for a long
time, because if he tries he will either strain
the human mind so much as to awake the
person, or by his impressions cause bodily
dreams which would spoil the impressions of
the spirit. The spirit having therefore only a
short time to act, he is compelled to produce a
picture into which he can put all that he
wants to tell the sleeper. This he can do by
making the picture more or less allegorical, in
the same way as cartoonists are explaining
incidents and circumstances.

Another reason for allegory may be that
the influencing spirit for some reason does
not want to let the dreamer know what is
going to happen, and therefore produces a
dream that only can be fully understood after
its fulfillment, thus proving the presence and
foreknowledge of the spirit. This is generally done
in spirit impressions about coming adventures,
the plain foretelling of which would only,
without use, cause the dreamer early sorrow.

After every good spirit impression I al-
ways awoke feeling over the dream, and
feeling bodily and mentally rested and easy,
contrary to bodily dreams, which cause a
more or less tired feeling.

It is spiritual dreams that are spoken of in
the Bible, and which were so common and
well known in olden times. Men of science
are nowadays declaring that spiritual dreams
do not exist and try to explain away from
others what they have not been able to un-
derstand and explain to themselves. But for-
tunately their authority is daily waning and
everybody is thinking and investigating for
himself. It is therefore to be expected that
before long the true understanding of spiri-
tual dreams will be generally known. In the
same way that hypnotism, which by science
only some twenty years ago was declared
"humbug" and "superstition" is now acknowl-
edged and known to everybody.

The Dynamics of Mediumship.

Salvatore.

(Continued from last week.)

IV.

How is the experience of the medium possi-
ble at all? This is the question of questions
with all university men; and with scientific
men; and with scientific men who have not
had the time to investigate, either, the ex-
perimental psychology of the subject, or its
metaphysics. To the ordinary Spiritualist
such a question is treated with a smile, a
sneer, a snub and a lifting of the upper lip
with an ill-disguised expression of self-sat-
isfied, scurrilous scorn.

It never occurs to such Spiritualists that
their own knowledge is based on personal
experience, and that other persons have
never had such experiences, and therefore
cannot have such knowledge.

And, furthermore, that such a question as
to how the experience of the medium is possi-
ble at all is a question that must psycho-
logically be met by every nine out of ten stu-
dents in every college, seminary, school and
university in the world?

To produce consciousness of the type real-
ized by mediums is, it is absolutely necessary
that the student shall personally, himself,
realize the sensations common to such states
of consciousness.

Anyone can realize such sensations and
hence such a phase of knowledge can be, ex-
perimentally, universal with man.

If the writer had never known what an
objective sensation meant, by experience, he
would never have known what subjective
sensation, as caused by a spirit, meant. The
unconsciousness of spiritual, or subjective
sensations is due to the constancy of objective
sensations.

Thus the constant impression of objective
sensations leaves the mind a blank as to the
existence of subjective sensations. To know
what the subjective sensation of a medium is,
is for the reader not to rest until he or she
has personally—in their own experience—
passed from an experience of objective sensa-
tion, to your own experience of subjective
sensation. This is knowledge at first hand.

Trust no books, or advisers, but your own
sensations. In this way you will begin to
realize how it is that the experience of the
medium is possible. I have known both illu-
sion and hallucination as states of erroneous
consciousness, therefore I am able to intelli-
gently compare them. The reason why the
great majority of persons do not believe in
mediums, or mediums, sensitives, or mystics,
is because they have never realized such
sensations themselves. The unvarying
action of their objective sensations fails to
give any perception of the possibility of sub-
jective sensations. To know Florida as dis-
tinct from Massachusetts is to pass from one
state to the other. We can only pass from the
limits of the world of objects of our ob-
jective physical sensations into the threshold
of the world beyond "death" through the
limits of the consciousness of our subjective,
or spiritual, sensations.

Now the medium—the honest one—has
passed this threshold.

He or she knows the difference between the
series of sensations which give evidence of
subjective objects in the same way that, by an
ordinary experience, we know the differ-
ence between heat and cold, darkness and
light, hardness and softness.

If the medium had never known what an
objective sensation was, and had never been
startled by the fact that his or her senses
could be acted upon by subjective forces, or
spirits, the medium would never have in-
sisted upon the existence of an invisible world
of spirits capable of action upon a medium's
Senses and motor nerve centres.

The extreme error that our faith in the
outside world can make on us is illusion.

The extreme error that our faith in the
spiritual world can make on us is hallucina-
tion.

Error for error; if the next world is an il-
lucination, this world is an illusion.

If the ideas, or inferior, or superior con-
cepts, as based on subjective or spiritual sen-
sations (and as evolved from them) are only
hallucinations, then the development of in-
ferior, superior, and general ideas (as based
on physical sensations) are only illusions,
and all of the physical sciences are palatial
evidences of rationality based on the false
sensations of a world of deluded lunatics.

For, if the correctness of our Senses are to
be impugned subjectively, then are our
Senses to be doubted—in all their verdicts—
respecting physical objects, and they must be
impugned objectively.

The phrase, "You have mediumistic
powers," as used by ignorant persons, simply
means that you—in common with all the rest
of the human race—are capable of realizing
spiritual and subjective sensations, as well as
ordinary physical sensations.

You, however, may die without exercising
this universal capacity; just as millions live
and die without jumping over a two-foot
fence, notwithstanding they all have the
capacity for jumping. As everybody—not
crippled—possesses the capacity to jump over
a two-foot fence, so everybody has medium-
istic ability if they choose to develop it.

Otherwise they are phlegmatic, parasitic,
living on the experiences of those whose ex-
periences they are too cowardly to similarly
and personally experience for themselves.

Praying, by lectures, for their meat and
bread on the bitter experiences of mediums
whom they despise, and secretly scorn as
mere human vermin, classifying them, priv-
ately, as orphomaniacs.

Many of these good men and women on the
other hand, having such a profoundly heroic
spirit in their attitude to the spirits, that in
order to demonstrate their faith they have
boldly sacrificed every penny in their homes,
and their reputation in a community.

The ordinary professor's university—explanation
for such a dazzling, heroic, disinter-
ested enthusiasm for truth, is couched in one
word—fanaticism!

Graphicallies may be organized for the dis-
covery of all sorts of truth, except the sorts
(psychologically) which would give coun-
tenance to ideas of Spiritualism, or of broader
concepts concerning the limits of the nerve-
sense-centres to receive transcendental,
etheric-wave impressions, by the means of
which a broader field of sensitiveness—hence
of knowledge—would be shown to be the
rightful, potential heritage of man.

Critically considered, the experience of the
medium—as expressing the states of sensa-
tion, emotion, conception and memory, of
those passed out—presents itself as the com-
plex result of a psychological relation be-
tween the medium and a spirit; and the Sci-
ence of the Dynamics of Mediumship at-
tempts (when perfected) a complete explana-
tion of the total laws involved in this dual
relation.

Therefore the full examination of the laws
of this relation between spirits and mediums
—in so far as the examination yields definite
and intelligible results—would be the claim
of the Dynamics of Mediumship to rank as a
science.

Its special aim being to eventually get this
completed explanation of all the laws in-
volved, in respect to certain forms, of trans-
cendental physics, which, as forces, the
spirits bring to bear on the nerve-centres of
mediums, in order to awaken states of sensa-
tion and emotion; without which (as pre-
liminary conditions) the medium could have
no knowledge of anyone, passed out.

Thus the laws of time in its relation to
spirits can only be known through the suc-
cessions of sensations, muscular effects and
emotions and concepts as serially expressed in
the medium.

For the word time—psychologically—simply
means the successions, in the changes of our
own states of sensibility, as produced by the
things which, acting on our nerve-sense-
centres, cause us to know that such things come
and go.

So far as our own knowledge of time—as
related to the states of our sensibility is con-
cerned—it can only be known through the
successions of our own sensations. Human
experience is only possible upon this suppo-
sition.

Things co-exist; and we call this co-ex-
istence space. Things succeed each other; and
we call this succession time.

During a sense in which a medium pro-
cesses to express the thoughts, sensations,
and emotions of some one passed out, such
results show that the law of these subjective
effects is a law of determined sequence, i. e.,
a law of successive sensations; or of sensa-
tions, concepts and muscular activities, op-
erating according to a law of Time. This po-
tential law of time is (an elementary, psycho-
logical principle) always, permanently latent
in the sensibility of the medium, ready to be
awakened into activity by the spirit which
acts in a successive series of impulses on
some nerve-sense centre of the medium.

For no evidence of the existence of a spirit
on the other side, through a medium, is pos-
sible, save through this law of Time; which
regulates, or rather expresses, the successions
of changes in the nerve-sense-centres of the
medium.

So that, among the first problems presented
to the Science of the Dynamics of Medium-
ship is that of an explanation of the psycho-
logical laws governing the simultaneous
expression of the successions and co-exist-
ences of the sensations of the medium, with
that of the passed out spirit. These states
of consciousness—those of the medium and
those of the passed out spirit—are believed
to exist in both a co-existent and successive
relation. And as such express the Time laws
governing the medium's own sensibility—as
being purely reflective of the thoughts, emo-
tions and sensations of the passed-out spirit
on the one hand and expressive of the laws
governing the expression of the medium's
capacity for subjective sensation, emotion
and concepts on the other.

If the chosen thoughts of the medium's per-
sonal, private life, have been unphilosophic,
and devoted chiefly to classes of inferior
ideas, unscientific thoughts, secondary emo-
tions, lower concepts, subvenient sensations,
and subordinate feelings, it is obvious that
they will attract like, except in cases where
the malignity of false "guides," on the other
side causes them to make a long and deter-
mined attempt to ruin a loftier soul through
envy, jealousy, rivalry, or lust. This has
been attempted millions of times, and is at-
tempted every day in all sorts of religious and
moral disguises, deceptions, religious ruses,
intrigues, tricks, artifices, frauds and dupli-
cities, by the large class of undeveloped, moral
spirits that has passed out.

Trust no one from the other side until you
have infallible evidence, as to the heroic
purity and disinterestedness of their morals,
for the first duty of the medium is to morally
protect his own spirit in its growing salu-
tation and absolute right of individual judg-
ment concerning all things.

Evolution as a universal law teaches that
the good in you can only survive as it over-
comes unwaveringly designing evil on all
planes.

Prove all things, and above all, prove the
spirits before you place the slightest confi-
dence in one of them as a "guide." Life is
always a battle with unseen, as well as seen
foes; and to finally overcome always implies
unwavering heroism of the most saintly type.

Of course to learn the laws of the relation
of your own sensibility—your capacity for
your senses to be subjectively acted upon by
spirits—is only indirectly connected with the
moral phases of the problem, but the warning
in time will do no harm, if it does no good.

The medium's consciousness of the presence
of a spirit is not to be regarded as merely
mechanically determined result. Free desire
to invite, or to repulse, is always the me-
dium's privilege. The senses, emotions and
muscular centres of the medium are simply
the means by which are posited the material
of the "messages," the particular facts.

But the power by which this material in
the form of "messages" is subsequently
analyzed and proved to be in accordance with
universal laws, is the power and right of the
medium.

The medium is to be the prompt and
broadly educated judge as to the scientific or
moral value of the teaching of the particular
"spirit," not the spirit himself.

By no means!

The spirit simply presents certain data to
your subjective sense. Upon this data the
reason and judgment of the medium is to be
exercised, boldly, bravely, fearlessly, and
valiantly. There must be the junction of the

boldest reason of the medium with the sense
data presented by the spirit.

A spirit's "message" is simply so much
sense data. Through the universal reason of
the medium this presented "message" is to be
examined and in the same way with no
more respect than the reader of a letter would
analyze its contents. There must always be
this junction of the boldest criticism of the
medium with the "message" presented as the
mechanically pre-arranged sense data of the
spirit. The sense data presented in the
"message" of the spirit has a distinct func-
tion, and the magnificent universal reason of
the medium which weighs and analyzes the
sense data of the "message" of the spirit also
has its distinct function.

As a rule mediums have a too-bevolent,
credulous attitude to "messages," and as a
rule mediums are far too reverential. The
soul or spirit of the medium furnishes the
laws of time and space into and through
which the data of the spirit's purported "mes-
sage" comes. Let the "message," therefore,
be, first of all, worthy of the grandest reach
of the reason of the medium. Never abdicate
your own imperial right of individual criti-
cism, and examination, and doubt.

It is the moral and intellectual duty of the
medium to turn all of the precepts given by
spirits into scientific concepts; and only as the
conceptual world of the medium—made up
and out of the perceptual world of the "mes-
sages" of spirits—becomes Copernican in its
magnificent extent of range and majesty of
import, is the medium to be considered val-
uable as throwing any valuable, universal
light on the relations existing between this
world and the next?

The sense-facts of the spirit's "message"
must always be united—never divorced—from
the most merciless self-analysis of the me-
dium concerning the scientific value of the
concepts embodied in the "message" to the
medium.

So profound was the writer's faith in his
"guides" at one time that he took all of their
statements at their face value, obeyed them;
and became bed-ridden with sickness, finan-
cially ruined, and the sneer of thousands.

This is why, as a scientific enquirer, I am
very likely to cause spirits to feel a good deal
of resentment at being treated as capable of
ruining me as well as of helping me. Their
humanity was obvious enough. They were
not "forces," but passed-out, human devils.
Hence I accept no spirits' word without ques-
tion—no, not even the spirit of Jesus—but re-
serve to myself the eternal right of testing
and proving whether what is said in the
"message" is in accordance with the universal
reason of all things.

The Science of the Dynamics of Medium-
ship, therefore, means the re-thinking, the
re-considering, the re-conceiving (according to
universal laws) of the actual experiences of
the medium and the complete systematic ex-
position of the principles of force and motion
which lie at the basis of all mediumistic
knowledge, i. e., the perfected scientific state-
ment of the universal and unvarying laws of
the motions of the nerve-sense-centres of me-
diums—as effected by the forces of trans-
cendental physics—in their permanent and
unvarying order.

Hence in this problem we are dealing with
the attempted discovery and examination—on
the strictest of Baconian inductive principles
—of all those hitherto unnoticed and under-
lying laws involved in the experience of me-
diums with spirits, and therefore with a most
keen and merciless analysis of the deeper
conditions by the means of which the knowl-
edge of spirits through mediums is rendered
possible.

This higher criticism is the first need of the
hour.

Now the fundamental conditions of the ex-
perience and personal knowledge of the ac-
tion of spirits on our central-sense-nerves, are
given to us on the condition of the unity of
the medium's own consciousness.

For the first condition of having an intelli-
gent experience on this earth is that the me-
dium shall first be thoroughly aware—through
his own sensibilities—of the unity of his own
existence before he can become aware of the
existence of spirits.

The realization of the existence of a spirit
by a medium is an act (on the part of the
spirit) of

THE SONG OF THE TWILIGHT.

Mary K. Price.

(Written expressly for "Banner of Light.")
When twilight falls, and day is done,
And purple shadows grow
Between the night, and set of sun,
Come a dream of long ago.

Men's sing a low refrain,
A song of the sad, sweet past;
And between the bars, with bitter pain,
My tears fall thick and fast.

Thick and fast, like autumn rain,
From a sky that is gray and cold;
On the dreary waste of a wind-swept plain,
Fall my tears, for the song of old.

But now I look the dream away,
Down in my heart so deep;
I smile, I laugh, again I grieve—
But alas the key I keep.

And again I hear the sad, sweet lay,
—For the key I still must save—
And I know 'twill last through life's long day,
For the key unlocks a grave.

Should We Study Spiritualism?

Prof C. H. Richet.

President of the British Society for Psychical Research. Translated from the French for the "Banner of Light" by Miss Inness. From "Revue de Spiritualisme Moderne."

Of all the reasons which impose upon science the strict duty of studying Spiritualism, the most important in my opinion is the following: Our science is very imperfect, and the future, the very near future, has for us astonishing surprises.

There is no contradiction between Spiritualism and science; in other words, there is no fact of experimental science, there is no law of mathematics, which is in conflict with what Spiritualism affirms. I will undertake to demonstrate from a knowledge of the history of science that the history of the human spirit is authority for a conception of the science of the future, prodigiously different from our actual science.

We live indeed in a temporary illusion, a sort of idola temporis, against which Bacon protested. We are so made that the future, like the past, appears to be the same as the present. It is a psychological law which governs our mentality. The sailor, who is safe in port, can with great difficulty, in spite of his experience, imagine that just beyond the cape which encloses the harbor, the sea is tossed about by a mighty wind. Just so we men of 1905 cannot persuade ourselves that in the year 2005 (and all the more in the year 2005—a future which defies all even our most audacious guesses)—scientific notions will be absolutely different from our present notions. We cannot say that there will not remain standing one bit of the theories which we now regard as so well established. And yet the falling of all our scientific scaffolding, so laboriously constructed, is not a probability; it is a certainty.

To convince yourself of this, look at the past, a past not very distant, for I will include only four centuries. What remains of the scientific theories of the year 1504?

In chemistry, naturally nothing; for the first chemists had not appeared. In mathematics, not the infinitesimal calculus; some propositions of Euclid, and that is all.

In physics, the electricity of Thales, of Milet, and some experiments on the glasses and refraction. But neither thermometer, nor barometer, nor microscope, nor pneumatic machinery. In a word, nothing.

In astronomy, Galileo and Kepler had not come and the earth was still the centre of the universe.

In medicine, ideas the most uncouth were entertained, which can only make us laugh.

In physiology, one reads of Galien and the commentators upon Galien; but neither the circulation, nor respiration, nor embryology, nor the functions of the nervous system; nothing was known or suspected.

Four centuries have built up the immense edifice of all the science of today.

And will the four centuries which follow lack analogous revolutions? It is a singular illusion to believe that our doctrines will be preserved from the same ruin which has overtaken the doctrines of the predecessors in the fifteenth century. Why should we be privileged to formulate laws which are unchangeable, when science has been but a series of errors and approximations, constantly changing, constantly reversed, and all the more quickly as they were more advanced?

From 1505 to 1605 the advance was less than from 1605 to 1705, and from 1705 to 1805 less than from 1805 to 1905. In 1805 what was known of electricity? There were the attempts of Volta and Aldini. Neither Ampere, nor Faraday, nor Maxwell, nor Hertz, had established their experiments; so that all the science of electricity dates from this century.

The theory of heat, before Mayer, Joule, Helmholtz, did not exist. It was unsuspected, in spite of the genius of Laplace.

In 1505, Lamarch and Darwin had not appeared. Even Cuvier, their predecessor, had not yet founded paleontology, any more than had Lyell geology.

In physiology, nothing except the compilation of Haer. Neither Magendie, nor J. Muller, nor Claude Bernard, had established it.

Chemistry was in its embryonic period; the ashes of Lavoisier were not yet cold. Neither Dalton, nor Berzelius, nor J. B. Dumas, nor Liebig, nor Berthelot, nor any of the founders of this science. They did not know the spectral analysis of Bunsen. Iodine and bromine were not discovered.

And as to medicine, of which the scientific period dates from Pasteur; it was truly in its infancy.

The greatest savant of 1805 would have understood nothing either of the telephone, or of X rays, or radiant matter, or antiseptics, or surgical anesthesia, or serotherapy, or the synthesis of sugars, or the glycolytic functions of the liver, or the connection between ontogenesis and phylogenesis, or wireless telegraphy, or the theory of ions. Of the prodigious development, almost contemporary of all sciences, we can render only a very imperfect account, because of our inability to comprehend the past and our almost equal inability to comprehend the future. In good faith we can imagine that we have always held the same theories, always had the same facts as today, and as the days pass with only a gradual modification of them, we would think that there was no change rather than that the renewing was unceasing and the changes profound. We should then think that everything was always as it is today and would always remain so.

A little reflection, or, more properly speaking, a little imagination; ought to correct this idea. All our theories will be reformed, for they are, while not false, incomplete. Facts which we think demonstrations will be demonstrative to our grand-nephews, as the arguments of Paracelsus and Avicenna are to us. At least one would be unwilling to use an argument which an honorable physician, as little intelligent as he was honorable, M. Peter, gave to the Tribune of the Academy

of Medicine, in order to combat the admirable experiments of Villermé upon the contagiousness of tuberculosis. "If," he said, "tuberculosis were contagious, we should have known it; that no one has spoken of it until now is because it is not contagious."

Our ancestors were not more stupid than we and yet things did escape them. Evident, scintillating facts have been unknown. With what complacency we have drawn from this conclusion inapt and forceful in proof. We think we are less blind than they; but in truth it is only an infantile infatuation, and we feel that we can say, "Our fathers, our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, have misconstrued the truth, have defended false theories; but we, we are protected from such errors. What we say is irrefutable. They can never overturn what we have established and they will never establish new sciences."

I understand perfectly that, among savants, no one will dare to use such reasoning in this ridiculous form. But at bottom it is reasoning this way to say, "The spirit theory is absurd. It is not possible that the dead live again. We cannot understand intelligent forces made up from our existence and from the inert forces, which govern matter, etc., etc."

For my part—without claiming that these things are true or false, which would necessitate a discussion inconvenient here—I say only that these things are possible. And that they are not a bit more strange than for a contemporary of Voltaire, which I select at random: "Hundreds of millions of Europeans read the speech which the President of the United States had spoken within the hour."

The history of the past makes me confident of the wonders of the future. An immense hope is before us. It is possible that some day the flight of science may be arrested. But that moment has not arrived; for in spite of its triumphal show, science, as a whole, is but the study of phenomena and has not yet touched the depths of things.

It establishes simply this: that under certain conditions, certain phenomena are produced. This is what we call law. Now, in reality, these laws are but generalized facts. When a magnet is made to turn rapidly around an electric wire, it produces currents which make sparks between the two extremities of this wire. We know that. We have been able to exactly forecast some of the effects of these currents, the best condition of the result produced, the diameter of the wire, the number of turns, etc. But what is this phenomena in its most nature, since we have determined the conditions under which it is produced? It is as if we should think we understood the laws of the development of beings because we know empirically that from a hen's egg placed for days in an oven, a little chicken would be born.

We see the consequences; we determine the conditions. This is all very well. But it is only a first step in the knowledge of things. But if we would go farther and attempt to comprehend the reason of being, the efficient cause, the internal mechanism, a portion of the final cause, truly we can comprehend nothing.

A mystery which we see every day ceases at once, thanks to our frivolity of mind, to appear mysterious.

Mrs. Ward's New Story.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has finally named her new novel, which is to begin in the November Century, "Fenwick's Career." In the September magazine announcement, it is made of this story under the title "Fenwick's Ambitions," but a cable message from Mrs. Ward announces the change. The story is of an artist who leaves his young wife and child in the country and goes up to London, on borrowed money, to seek his fortune.

Death of the Rev. H. P. Hamilton.

The Rev. H. P. Hamilton, for twenty-six years the Agent of the American Bible Society in the republic of Mexico, died very suddenly in Mexico City August 20, 1905.

For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Hamilton has given his life to the circulation of the Scriptures among the people of this neighboring republic. He has had from thirty to fifty colporteurs under his superintendence, traveling through all the cities and villages of Mexico. He has been in direct correspondence with the missionaries of the American churches at work in that nation.

During this quarter of a century there have been circulated through his agency among the people of Mexico more than five hundred thousand copies of the Bible, New Testament, and portions of the Scriptures.

Report of the Editor-at-large.

To the Executive Board N. S. A.
Respected Sir: I have the pleasure to report my work from Jan 1st to Sept. 1, 1904. I have furnished the following contributions to the press:

The Public School and the Bible. Reply to Rev. Bard in Walla Walla (Sunday) Union.
Review of Passing Events: Spiritualism in New Zealand; Ella Wheeler Wilcox; Dr. Carter, Progressive Thinker and "Banner of Light."

Another Clergyman Sees a Glimpse of Light. The Sunflower.

Review of Passing Events: Sardou; Prof. Richet; Responsibility of Mediumship. "Banner of Light" and Progressive Thinker.

Review of Passing Events: Who are the Infidels? Reply to "Public Opinion." "Banner of Light" and Progressive Thinker.

"Beware of False Prophets." Reply to Rev. Stupp in Wheeling Register (Sunday E. I.).

Professor Richet and Psychical Research. Second article. Light (London).

The International Reform Bureau: A Message to Free Thought. The Sunflower.

In the work I have mapped out I have had many local helpers, who, seeing the necessities of the occasion, have availed themselves of the opportunities furnished by their local papers. Among these are "Quaker," Editor of a Republican paper of wide influence, who for reasons, withholds his name, and the Hon. R. A. Dugne of Alameda, Cal. The latter is brave, fearless and his trenchant pen always writes with thoughtful interest. He has been invaluable on the picket-line on the Pacific slope. I wish there were means to maintain a bureau of a score or more of such writers. If the private letters received indicate the value of work done, the column furnished Public Opinion awakened more interest than all else I have written during the quarter now ended. What is more, inquiries came from an audience which had formed adverse opinions and showed how erroneous had been their conceptions and an eagerness to know the truth. I remain respectfully,
Hudson Tuttle,
Editor-at-Large N. S. A.

Conjugal Obligation.

Mrs. Gertrude E. Miller.

The impressive and absolutely true statements contained in the article entitled "The High Calling of Fatherhood," written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, which the "Banner of Light" dated August 26 gives to its readers, should receive universal recognition and endorsement. Every pure, true, aspiring woman in this broad land of "Free America," should appreciate and commend the splendid courage, clear insight and womanly love which inspired this noble sister to voice the most vital needs of a crippled, suffering and needlessly ignorant race, in the life of which purity and practical intelligence might and should reign.

God reveals Himself wherever He is faithfully sought and willingly obeyed. He has already revealed His spiritual law in conjugal love and generation, which has been consciously applied and found to demonstrate peace, progress and normal generation where-in beautiful, gifted children are conceived without sin and brought forth in purity (without "tinkling") birth, under the conditions, being instantaneous, painless and without danger to or confinement of the mother.

In addition to the very wise and much needed measures recommended in the able article referred to, we would advise that parents impart to their children, before the virgin soil of their minds has suffered pollution through impure associations in the public schools and streets, in a clear, direct manner, information concerning the nature and purpose of the respective organs comprising the human body, dwelling reverently and truthfully on the sacred privilege and responsibility of parenthood and the holy office of the generative system as the physical means to that end. When the age of 12 or 13 years is reached, that subtle, wonderful change begins which should mark the dawn of approaching manhood and womanhood, but alas! which so often establishes the human wreck of the future, at this critical, transitional period further and fuller truth, with all its weight of obligations, should be purely and lovingly imparted to the young. Understanding of the nature, use and proper direction of attraction between the sexes should be given them, also knowledge of the physical communion requisite to propagation in marriage, and the sin of such communion out of wedlock, and also within it, in the absence of the only righteous purpose and conditions. This understanding, rightly given, secures that, before above price, mental and physical purity.

"The future belongs to the children." Let us fulfill our obligations to them that this future may be rich with blessings for the race. Where parents are unequal to the work of instructing their children with reference to the subject of sex and the principle of purity, such instruction should be provided by the state.

The value and efficacy of such instruction is being most convincingly proved in several homes of which we have personal knowledge. This wise, honorable course with our children inspires that fine self-respect in the unfolding character which is the sure prophesy of a rich, true manhood and womanhood.

When the truth in conjugal love and generation is taught and practiced, the agony, danger and frequent death through which the children of our highly civilized (?) land, are ushered into their physical existence, will be recognized as evidence of the commission of that most awful crime against God and humanity, i. e., the unnatural and unseasonable use of the generation organs and life essence or creative force, which use is always without creative intent, (without parental hope and desire) and is, in reality, an act of selfish gratification.

Since the law of God is the gateway through which that which is truly spiritual, the blessings accompanying the reverent and faithful compliance with all the conditions included in the law which governs normal generations, cannot be secured where ignorance, selfishness, insincerity or lust are present. The would-be "wise ones" who descend to the searching out of many inventions for the evasion and frustration of creative action which they profanely and lustfully set in operation, need not hope to escape the stripes of disease, fear, agony, mental and physical malformation in offspring, disappointment and the erroneous sense of death, to all of which carnal mind is heir. Some, and often all, of these calamities are unknown where real (divine) love is absent in marriage.

"Know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

A Notre Dame Lady's Appeal.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured, all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery, based on the laws of the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 337, Notre Dame, Ind.

P. O. Address of Anna J. Chapin!

The address, sent to this office, of Anna J. Chapin, the medium afflicted with, we understand, with blindness, would greatly accommodate.

Lake Winnepesaukee Excursion

Saturday, September 9, \$2.00 Round Trip Via Boston & Maine Railroad.

Again, on Saturday, September 9th, the Boston & Maine R. R. will run an excursion from Boston to Lake Winnepesaukee, the favorite New England resort for a day excursion. Lake Winnepesaukee is the Queen of New Hampshire's Lakes. It is situated between the foot hills of the White Mountains and is the source of the Merrimack River, at whose head commences that beautiful tract of valley land, the Merrimack Valley, which is famed for its scenic qualities throughout New England. The steamer Mt. Washington, a large and modern vessel, sails over the lake, stopping at the various ports and making a circuit in about five hours, traversing fully sixty miles. A large and spacious dining room has been refitted on board the steamer this year and first-class lunch consisting of all kinds of sandwiches, meats, fruit, in fact everything necessary to satisfy the wants of a hungry excursionist is at hand. The round trip of \$2.00 not only includes the train ride to the lake, but also the steamer trip, and surely anybody desiring a one day vacation can find no better. Tickets will be good going and returning and on special train which will leave Boston at 5.30 a. m., connecting at Alton Bay with the boat; returning special train will leave Alton Bay on arrival of the steamer. Tickets will be on sale at City Ticket Office, 222 Washington Street, up to 5 p. m. September 8th, and at Union Station Ticket Office, North Station, until departure of special train September 8th. Only a limited number of tickets will be on sale, so come early and make sure.

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Address: The Vanguard, 344 Sixth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

More About Sulphur.

Newark, Aug. 18, 1905.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I have just read Mr. Angell's little article on "Sulphur for Yellow Fever." I presume that it is correct. Even the regime of Dethley's Hall was not so cruel or irrational in the matter of the treatment on sulphur as the author meant us to infer.

Some weeks ago I visited a friend near here who told me his experience. He had an attack in his foot very painful, of what he considered to be gonorrhea. He was casting about to find relief when his attention was called to the sulphur remedy. He applied it and obtained the desired result.

I was one of these children whose parents, natives of Massachusetts, used to dose up in spring with sulphur and molasses, or cream of tartar and molasses. I knew no reason for it, but a belief that we needed it for the blood. Whether we derived any benefit from it I can only guess. None of us had crop, but only measles, pertussis and several of us variella.

But of a family of ten, every one grew up till the youngest died at the age of 16; and ought not to have died then. Scarlet fever treated with calomel did the work for him. The most that prejudices me about sulphur is that I do not think inorganic substances assimilate readily.

I have a notion that the breath of life ought to pass over them. The various preparations with barbarous names made from coal, etc., I drop at sight. The denominations of the U. S. Pharmacopoeia I put away when I was less than 20 years old.

The onion is indebted to sulphur for its peculiar flavor and pungency. It seems to have all the merits imputed to that mineral. Little can be said against it, except the dislike for its odor. Its nutritive properties are well known. As a food it is cheap and wholesome. It is often employed for various petty ailments and generally with benefit. It is my opinion that its regular use in diet would operate to make an individual immune so far as exanthema are concerned, as well as other ailments.

At any rate, whatever virtues it possesses in regard to disorders of the body are due to the sulphur existing in the plant.

Theologically, it has doubtless outlived its usefulness. People are getting too intelligent and sensible to be influenced that way. Doctors may burn it in houses in the pretext of disinfecting, and it does kill up the vermin; but most folks are willing to leave all diabolical work to them. But there is sense in the use of sulphur as prophylactic, and in this matter it is well to conquer prejudices.

Those who love to toy with platitudes find amusement in learning that its Greek equivalent, Theion, also signifies divinity and is derived from Theos, God. The divine power and God-head of the "Epistle to the Romans" is etymologically akin to the lake of fire and brimstone, that we youngsters used to be scared with long ago. We did not add to any enjoyment to learn of the Tophet ordained of old piled up with much wood, and to hear that "the breath of the Lord like a stream of brimstone doth kindle it." (Isaiah 30, 33.)

I remember that it was described as deep and large. But we have changed all that, till Shedd is more attractive than the old-fashioned heaven even was.

A. W.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1906.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK
FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT 12 M.

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

The N. S. A. Declaration of Prin- ciples.

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

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

Labor omnia vincit.

"Of what use is the N. S. A.?" If the N. S. A.
had accomplished nothing beyond bringing
forward its representative in the Lyceum
work, Mr. John W. Ring, with his conse-
crated intelligence devoted to this most im-
portant department, it might die in honor.

Read his message at Lily Dale on Chil-
dren's Day, which you will find in another
column of the "Banner."

Guide the children in wisdom for a genera-
tion or two and most of our difficult prob-
lems are settled.

By the way, the National Spiritualists' As-
sociation is our only national organization.
Make your local, state and interstate bonds
secure as you may, we need a federation to
cover the field. We cannot get entangled
with two.

Better get into the N. S. A. Convention at
Minneapolis—you may find clearer purposes
than you think. If you are in earnest about
organized Spiritualism, you belong there, and
if your vision is clearer and your judgment
more valuable than that now obtaining, if
you are persistent, you will find others agree-
ing with you and if you are not mistaken, in
the end it will be your wisdom that will pre-
vail. The majority when the case is under-
stood, will be right.

The N. S. A. Convention will be held in
Minneapolis Oct. 17-20. You had better ar-
range to take hold.

A cablegram from Geneva, Switzerland,
informs us that our Dr. Minot J. Savage
preached the sermon before the delegates of
the Congress of Reformed Religions in session
there, and that on the invitation of Prof.
Dosses of Boston, the next congress will be
held in the United States. This is all good.
Now make it better by selecting Boston for
the place of meeting. Boston is the centre
for radiating the highest messages, and the
"Banner of Light" is its centre.

We are that our friend, Mr. Max Gutzke,
is preparing for a long voyage in his attempt
to carry the message of Spiritualism to those
of the German tongue. To properly equip for
the voyage he has incorporated "The Research-
ers Publishing Company," authorized by the

Secretary of State, Illinois. If you will ad-
dress Mr. Gutzke, 618 N. Robey Street, Chi-
cago, Ill., he will show you how to help his
undertaking. We know of no one in Spiritu-
alism giving a purer spiritual message than
he. Properly equip him and he will bring
treasures, rich, from the cruise.

If you have been "horribly given to skip-
ping" Prof. Henry's studies in "Wonder
Wheel Science" on page 8, you may find some-
thing to set you thinking in that department
this week. Turn to page 8 and see if we are
not correct.

There is in Denver a man who says his
prayers by phonograph. He will probably
kick, though, if he is ever confronted by a
proposition to go to heaven by proxy.—Chi-
cago Record-Herald.

It is just as good to grind out prayers from
a phonograph as it is to unheedingly read
them from a prayer book. The value is all
in each case.

Such prayers should be perfectly natural to
one who believes in getting to heaven by
proxy—for the general religious systems
predicate just such a process. Vicariously
saved is certainly only saved by proxy.
But the proxy business has been so
overdone that many persons are awakening
to the consciousness that self-responsibility
and sincere aspiration, with much devoted ef-
fort added, is the best way to secure future
results of value.

Chicago and New York both claim the dis-
tinction of having the largest number of de-
serted wives, but it is an honor for which the
self-respecting municipality is not liable to
strive.—Detroit Free Press.

It may be safely stated that very few of
these are Spiritualists, or had such for hus-
bands. The fact is that a Spiritualist is
usually a moral person, with a keen sense of
justice, and lives too openly to ever resort
to the baseness of deception and desertion.
You may rely that a Spiritualist's true char-
acter is not unknown. He usually appears to
be just what he is.

The time limit for sermons, as promulgated
by Emperor William, Bishop Potter and Mr.
Gladstone is twenty minutes. This seems
long enough to repeat the same "old story";
but to tell a suffering world the truth, it is
only a period sufficient to be an awakener.
It is said that "beyond that period the mind
of the hearer takes a short vacation and ex-
cursion, one might almost say, and when it
has gotten the rest it needs it returns."

It is indeed a weak mentality that cannot
think consecutively longer than twenty min-
utes. When mentalities are exhilarated, they
do not take a vacation.

People listening to our speakers do not find
this experience frequently, we believe, but
they do often ask for an extension of a lec-
ture. The great Henry Ward Beecher used
to say that when he found his hearers asleep
he woke up the minister. Stir up more
truth and give better mental food, Christian
brethren, and your people will keep awake.

A lecturer lately said that Spiritualism is
the keystone now being placed in the arch to
bind together science and religion.

This seems to be an appropriate statement;
for there could not have been any union of
science and religion with the wide divergence
of fact and belief that characterized them.
Spiritualism has created a scientific religion
and for the first time in the history of the
world, revelation is in harmony with natural
law, and a religion of reason and fact has
destroyed religion of superstition and belief.
The arch is firmly bound by the keystone of
spiritual truth fully perfected by the spirit
artisans and human collaborators.

There are certain insects, birds and beasts
that delight in being destroyers. They con-
sume decaying matter. They feast upon filth.
Life to them is insipid, but death has delicious
flavors. In literature they are penny-a-line
critics, in morals they are cynics, in religion
they are heresy-hunters, in medicine they are
allopathic quacks. This class of bigots are
poor moral abortions. They can see only one
side of a question, reminding us of Byron's
character, who

"Saw with his own eyes the moon was
round,
Was also certain that the earth was
square,
Because he'd journeyed fifty miles, and
found
No sign that it was circular anywhere!"

Among the good things that the Shaker
Peace Convention at Mount Lebanon, N. Y.,
brought forth was a characteristic address
from our own Dr. Peebles, with the forceful
title, "War is Hell," and "Render unto
Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto
God the things that are God's," from Walter
S. Logan, Esq., of New York. We shall hope
to present these at least in extract in our next
issue.

We are glad that the warring nations con-
cluded a peace, although they were very dil-
atory and extremely diplomatic. The needs
for a display of national honor almost de-
stroyed all prospect of human preservation.
Dollars and pride were weighed in the bal-
ance—but human lives and the destruction
of property, widows, orphans and parents
were scarcely considered as an issue to create
peace.

Armies and armaments furnishing might
are held to be more powerful than is justice,
mercy and right. But the victors proved to
want peace at a sacrifice, more than did the
vanquished. The Japanese proved their su-
perior humanity by renouncing from what they
considered just demands. The praise for
peace should be given to those Spiritualists
of the orient, who seem to be endowed with
more Christian grace than has been displayed
by their opponents. They are no longer
heathen (and perhaps have not been). Their
place seems to be amongst the enlightened
nations of the earth. We trust they will
grow in skill of every kind until their arts,

mechanics, knowledge and humanity shall
lead them into the vanguard of human pro-
gress. And may the international peace con-
gress, soon to assemble in Lucerne, Switzer-
land, usher in a world peace movement that
shall lead to the disarmament of all nations.
It is high time for "peace and good will" to
reign on earth.

Wrong Not the Dead.

The sneers and ridicule which have for so
many years, at the hands of outsiders, been
the every day diet of the Spiritualist, have
made it impossible for him not to regard him-
self, as, in a way, a being set apart from the
rest of the community. The Spiritualist
would be scarcely human if this were not so.
And yet one is tempted to inquire if, after
all, this aloofness, partially forced, as it
has been and is, is not a mistake. Ought
we not all the more to make ourselves of
the world? Our belief is not for ourselves
alone. On the contrary, we believe that what
we know is especially for the regeneration
of the very ones who most do sneer at us.
We have high authority for disregarding
these sneers. It is nothing less than the
Golden Rule. Christ was not the first, nor
the only, teacher to teach the altruism of the
Golden Rule. Every religion of civilization
has it in some form. The brotherhood of man
is almost universally believed in in one form
or another, and service is everywhere held
essential. Civil society could exist in no
form without it.

If it be objected that there are those who
never seek to proselyte for their belief, it is
because they feel that that belief accom-
plishes better the full work for the new be-
liever if it is sought rather than if it seeks.
The end desired is the good of a brother man.

But our faith is not of that character. Our
glorious truths should be heralded from every
eminence to the attention of a world, who,
knowing it not, know not what they miss.

It is not alone the good of the living mil-
lions which we seek. Our world encompasses
the beyond and the helping of those who,
gone before, long for the knowledge of their
continued happy existence to be known on
earth.

To wrong the dead has been especially stig-
matized as mean and cowardly ever since
the race began. It has a new meaning to us
and a Spiritualist knows better than any
of earth's other beings, the full meaning of
the phrase.

Then come down from your exclusiveness
and benefit not only the happiness seekers of
earth, but enfranchise the dead and help
open the doors between the worlds. Oil
anew their creaking hinges as they are now
swinging apart. Too slowly their portals
widen. Press shoulders to their creaking lids
and, if sneers salute your efforts, let them
be but incentives to fresh efforts and greater
exertion. Taen will the sneers turn to praise
and your own hearts will forget the cowardice
which permitted the railings of the ignorant
to crush them. Wrong not the dead.

Chairmen of Meetings.

It is a custom amongst Spiritualists to have
a chairman officiating at each public meeting.

Societies seem to think that the speaker or
medium is incapable of conducting a meeting.
The chairman often seems to feel that the
meeting would be an impossibility without his
or her conduct of the exercises. And there is
apt to be much display made by the chair-
man, long remarks indulged, and the speaker
announced for each, the invocation, address,
messages, a special introduction given at each
meeting and the songs each announced—and
finally the benediction must be similarly her-
alded. Thus the chairman is "popping up" at
all possible points of the exercises.

Is it necessary? Is it dignified? These
questions should meet your earnest consid-
eration. Meetings are held to get the best
possible service from the ministrant, and this
person should get into as close sympathy with
the auditors as possible. Annoyances and
caricatures are easily caused by the chair-
man—sometimes unconsciously.

The need of a chairman grew out of trance
speakers needing some one to care for the
details. With such there is need of this of-
ficial. But can there not be a little less im-
portance given to the chair-people of our
societies and a more free hand given to the
speaker or medium in the conduct of meet-
ings? We desire to get the best possible in-
spiration and to keep from a perfunctory
method in the conduct of services. We may
need order and system to some extent, but we
also need freedom and full opportunity for
the spirit.

What of the Campmeeting?

The camp notes leave us with good cheer.
Invariably the last word is harmony, hope
and helpfulness. This word is sustained by
the general report of re-election of old of-
ficers. Few changes. All sing of prosperity
and optimistically look forward to the future.
Old Lily Dale, which it was feared was in
"The City of Light Assembly," departing
from the faith, plans in no uncertain tones
by the unanimous expression of her trustees
that "it is proposed to bring upon the ro-
strum the representative Spiritualists and
lecturers of the country with such additions
of orators and men and women of note in
other lines of work for humanity as the ad-
vanced intelligence of the times demand," and
that through the phenomena of Spiritualism
a large number of seekers receive ocular
proofs of the truths of Spiritualism. And
they plan with great care for a selection of
worthy workers in this line of service the
coming season.

A growing interest is manifest in the care
of the children. Many of the stronger camps
have plans for Lyceum work as a permanent
feature of their programs.

Our correspondent at Onset speaks assur-
ingly of its future and the Association has
many workers already engaged for the season
of 1906.

Lake Pleasant has the women working on
its problems and feels confident.

Lake Senapee speaks assuredly of her
work, and feels strong in her local workers,
who seem able to carry on their work alone,
with Brother Burpee for "wheeler" and their
stand-by, Riddle Hand.

We notice a tendency in the older camps to
bring the younger workers into prominence
and we believe it is a healthy spirit. As the
older workers pass along it will be with
greater assurance for the Cause they have
served so fully.

Queen City Park has indeed met with a
grave loss in the passing of the indefatigable
Dr. Smith. But the spirit of perseverance
which marked his efforts we are sure did not
go out with Dr. Smith. If for a moment it
seems so; he will be back and some instru-
ment found to push the lines forward. So
long as Newman Weeks is in the lines the
bugle blast will be heard, and with Dr.
Austin on the program there will be one dear
banner floating in the Vermont breezes.

The Lynn Association has put its Camp
Unity beyond the experimental stage by tak-
ing a deed of the land on which the services
are held, and is placing dividend-paying
stock out, from the proceeds of which they
purpose erecting permanent buildings to be
used from May 1 to Nov. 1.

Camp Progress in Upper Swampscott has
thousands going to it for guidance, according
to Secretary Gardner, and they are not
through yet.

Verona Park has closed with everybody
happy and hopeful, so the faithful F. W.
Smith of Rockland writes.

Temple Heights (Maine) is vouched for by
Secretary Dickey and seems on the uplands
all the time.

Madison Camp (Maine). It is safe to
prophesy good things of, with our Friend
Wiggin on the box and that cheery soul,
Maxham with the bugle. We ought to have
some details from there at their close, Sept.
16, and give them to you in our next issue.

Vicksburg Camp, Vicksburg, Mich., seems
to have passed from its 1905 session kissed by
Nature's sweetest smiles. A camp that can
bring before the people such workers as Dr.
Austin, the Kates, the Spragues, Mr. Grim-
shaw and Dr. Titus can well feel, after its
more than a score of years of useful service,
that it has a right to look into the future with
assurance.

The camps of the Middle States, the West,
and the far West, speak with equal cheer-
fulness in their tones, so far as they reach us.
When they know us a little better they will
realize how near we are to them and then we
will be able to give our readers weekly ac-
counts from the entire family.

With the tents folded and the camp good
byes said for the season of 1906—what? Tell
us of your plans for helping by the strength
and vigor gained by this sojourn at the lake,
the seashore or the mountains. The fields are
white already to the harvest.

Harmony.

We hear incessant talk from the Spiritu-
alist rostrums about harmony. Pleas are made
for that most desirable condition—and yet the
individualism of harmony advocates crops out
as dominantly as in any others.

Spiritualism has been proclaimed as the
harmonial philosophy—and so it is. That
means in harmony with nature, reason, logic
and revelation. Not necessarily creating one
harmonious opinion and desire in human
lives, but unfolding a concept of perfect law
for every form of differentiation.

It is not just to deride the Spiritualists as
not living the harmonial philosophy because
they differ in opinion so much. They thus
typify the harmony of all ideas and facts in
their co-relations to each experience and
understanding. If we personally fail to in-
corporate the harmonial philosophy into our
lives, it is not the fault of that philosophy,
but of our ability to understand or live it.
To incessantly exhort for harmony and not live
it, is rather out of harmony. Let us try to
harmonize ourselves first, and then we may
influence others, for "like attracts like." We
should never sacrifice our conviction of truth
simply to keep out of a contention. It may
often be best not to tell it all and fanatically
expose it. Discretion and common sense in
self government is best. To present what
we know to be truth to one whom it antag-
onizes is to create inharmony. A forcible
conversion is but giving way or sacrificing
self to please another. And to force a pro-
fessed conversion is to defile our own estima-
tion of justice.

Inharmony is too often created by a dom-
inant spirit for governing. This crops out in
the married relations and in the society orga-
nization.

To preserve harmony it is well to "in love
prefer one another."

We may have to sacrifice much to preserve
harmonious relations—and that may be non-
purifying and is highly commendable. In a
great movement, however, we want independ-
ent spirits with convictions. Right can only
prevail by a strenuous application of individ-
ual genius and conviction. All progress is so
made. A perfect heaven will create useless-
ness. A life on earth for progress demands
isolation and discovery. An authority does not
create a useful harmony. Disagreements, an-
tagonisms and struggles for the right have
underlain in the many progressive stages of
human life. Thus harmony finally unfolds,
because utility is developed.

No Less than a Tragedy.

"The power outside ourselves." Have we
truly considered what this means? We are
so accustomed to the force of gravity that we
forget the effect of its sudden withdrawal.
These bodies of ours are more than 80 per
cent water. Water is but the chemical union
of two molecules of hydrogen gas with one
molecule of oxygen. What would become of
our bodies should the power be suddenly with-
held which maintains the cohesion of mole-
cules of hydrogen and oxygen?

Suppose the force which maintains that
equilibrium of matter to which we are so ac-
customed that we never think of it at all,
were all withdrawn and these bodies and the
whole terrestrial, nay the whole visible, uni-
verse were to resolve themselves in one de-
structive moment with their primordial gases
and those gases into the original atoms or
ions which were before all was.

The mind is crushed at the thought. The
Scientist follows back and back his force-held
matter, until he can analyze no more, and
then what? Has he eliminated that primal,
ultimate force? And behind that force still
stands its directing will, without which the
force were as useless, unstable and impotent
as the blow of a baby's hand.

These are the conditions among which our
lives are daily passed; and yet people prate
of their unbelief in miracles and the "fool
bath said in his heart there is no God." Can
blindness farther go?

What is the Power that through un-
imaginable ages of immutable law sustains
the visible universe and makes our lives pos-
sible?

The Scientist sees naught but the law, and
even that he does not understand. Although
he does not understand even the law of gravi-
tation, he says there can be no communica-
tion between souls because no soul, no spirit,
exists; it is but the function of the physical
brain and when that function ceases all is
gone.

The power that sustains the stars is a
power for love or hate. If for hate, then life
is a malevolence beyond the comprehension of
man. If for love, then love without a be-
yond is a greater malevolence even than life.
If love furnishes a life beyond and shuts the
door between the worlds, it destroys itself;
for, without expression, love dies; and again
malevolence impossible becomes the law. If
that door be open to our seeking then, and
then only, is God God. Without this the
whole scheme of existence is an illogical,
tragic lie.

Superstition and Fanaticism.

History in all lands has been darkened by
the gloomy terrors of fanaticism. The wild
delusions bred in the heart of a corrupt
and ignorant church, which in the eleventh
and twelfth centuries sent millions of deluded
men, women and children to perish in a sense-
less and disorderly raid against the Saracens,
who were more civilized and enlightened
themselves, should be a permanent warning
to mankind against surrendering reason to
the control of priestcraft, or yielding for one
moment to any party which brings the igno-
rance of antiquity to control and resist
modern progress.

Still more terrific and emphatic is the warn-
ing we receive from the history of witchcraft.
A blind and ignorant devotion to the Old Tes-
tament, which is still the disgrace of modern
Christianity, is responsible for the greatest
of all crimes known in history—the slaughter
of the innocent for the imaginary crime of
witchcraft.

We are accustomed to dwell with horror
upon the killing, scalping and burning alive
in war of a few prisoners by the wild Indians
of America, but how utterly trivial and petty
are these things prompted by angry passion,
to the cold-blooded assassination and torture
by fire of millions under the power of a so-
called Christian church, in which every prin-
ciple of Jesus Christ was utterly reversed.

Accustomed as we are to a modern civil-
ization, which has broken the power of super-
stition, it is very difficult for us to realize
the horrible magnitude of these crimes against
humanity which have so extensively realized
the wildest imaginings of a "hell on earth."

According to Chamber's Cyclopaedia, "Dr.
Sprenger, in his life of Mohammed, computes
the entire number of persons who have been
burned alive at NINE MILLIONS!"

We find it difficult indeed either to believe
or imagine such a pandemonium as this! We
turn aside from the horrid vision as if it
were some unreal nightmare of a morbid
fancy; but there it stands; the permanent
record of a real Hell—the only Hell that
ever existed or ever will exist—nine millions
dying by fire, and perhaps a thousand millions
looking on with demopiac satisfaction. This
was the hell of bigotry, of superstition or
murderous fanaticism.

Let us hope that the historian has greatly
exaggerated the number. Yet even if only
one million of innocent human beings have
borne the slow torture of a fiery death, how
utterly impossible is it for human imagina-
tion to realize such a scene.

Let us imagine that the victims, their
guards and executioners, the priests and the
thousands of spectators that must have at-
tended each terrible spectacle, occupied only
a space of four acres, and we have a terri-
tory of thirty-six millions of acres, or fifty-six
thousand, two hundred and fifty square miles,
occupied by the infernal scene—burning alive
the innocent victims of fanaticism. Burn-
ing books, either in effigy or reality, and burn-
ing heretics was common to the church of
the past.

J. M. P.

A Learned Confession.

Meister, in his brilliant "Letters on the
Imagination," says: "I have no hesitancy in
declaring that under the same circumstances—
reveries, presentiments and visions—men of
genius have conceived the greatest beauties
and most original portions of their writings;
that the geomestician has discovered the long-
sought-for solution of his problem; the meta-
physician constructed the most ingenious of
his theories; the poet been inspired with his
most affecting verses; the musician with his
most expressive and brilliant passages; the
statesman with experience that all his experi-
ence had failed to discover; and the general
of an army with that comprehensive glance
which decides the battle and secures for him
the victory."

The above are not the result of the imagi-
nation, but of inspiration—mediumistic in-
spiration.

The Literary World.

CONDUCTED BY

LILLIAN WHITING.

"The world of book is still the world."

"The Breath of the Gods."

The "Banner of Light" is authorized to make the first definite announcement that has ever been given to the press of the true authorship of "The Breath of the Gods" and of "Truth Dexter," two novels that have attracted very unusual attention under the nom de plume of "Sidney McCall." These have been conjecturally ascribed to several writers, including the actual author, Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Beside these two novels, which have won international fame, Mrs. Fenollosa has a volume of poems entitled "East and West," many of which were written in Japan, and which were brought out by her publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, a few years ago. Mrs. Fenollosa has contributed short stories, poems and essays to the magazines, but in "Truth Dexter" she essayed her first important work in fiction. "The Breath of the Gods" is a story whose scenes are laid in Washington and in Japan, and in its interpretation of Japanese life it is entitled to rank with literary masterpieces. Only with that marvelous insight into the very springs of life, as seen in the work of Lafcadio Hearn, can the subtlety and the delicacy of Mrs. Fenollosa's discernment be compared; but to a literary interpretation she has added the vividness and vitalizing power of dramatic fiction. The story is one of the most remarkable in latter-day literature and the reader gains through it a grasp and a comprehension of Japanese character that it would be difficult to perceive through any other means. Withal, it is an absorbing love story and holds the reader spellbound. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Marriage of William Ashe."

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has certainly achieved her greatest success to date—in her latest novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe." Those who have followed her fiction from her first story, "Miss Bretherton," through a rather long series, inclusive of "Robert Elsmere," "Marcellus," "David Grieve," "Sir George Trevelyan" and "Lady Rose's Daughter," have become so familiarized with her methods and recognize the stamp of high and refined culture that peculiarly characterizes each of her works. Mrs. Ward is one of the most scholarly of modern writers. She is a linguist whose familiarity with the romance languages is very evident, and she is at home in their literature as well. As is perhaps well known, Mrs. Ward is a niece of Matthew Arnold, and she has all the family traditions of exquisite and extended culture and critical judgment of literature. "The Marriage of William Ashe" is, without doubt, the richest and the most significant of her works, in power of character drawing and a certain vitality of movement. Yet the mystery that such a man as William Ashe should be attracted to the inconsequential "Kitty" is suggested, but not solved. The character of the Dean is beautifully interpreted; the scenes in London society are brilliantly portrayed and the chapters of the story laid in Venice are impressive and fascinating. Yet, when all is conceded of the undeniably fine quality of Mrs. Ward's work, it yet remains that she is a made novelist. Her work is labored and not spontaneous. She has been compared with George Eliot, but she is no more like that greatest of novelists, simply because she is of the same country and writes fiction, than George Washington and General Grant are alike, merely because both were Americans and both at the head of an army conducting a war to final victory. Mrs. Ward has nothing of that philosophic insight nor that infinite sympathy with humanity which characterized George Eliot. She is the purely literary woman—whose efforts are unmistakably for fame and gain; doing work refined in taste and choice in expression, but curiously devoid of any of that depth of human feeling which pervades the work of George Eliot. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

"Memoirs of an American Citizen."

Prof. Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago, has certainly created for himself a distinctive place in fiction by his novels, "The Web of Life," "The Real World," "The Common Lot," and his latest—"Memoirs of an American Citizen." The texture of all these is strangely close to life itself. The "Memoirs" might almost be an autobiography—so close to actual experiences does the narration come. It is the story of an Indian boy who flings himself into Chicago to swim in competition. The struggle is vividly depicted by means of which he becomes the vice-president and real head of a great packing concern, and the drama has to do with manufacturing and railroad interests and to some extent enters an entirely new field in the literature of prose romance. It is certainly an impressive study of life under certain existing conditions. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)

New Autumn Books.

So great has been the success of Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "Reminiscences of Peace and War" that the Macmillans will bring out a new and enlarged edition of it early in the autumn. The work has had enthusiastic praise and in preparing this new edition Mrs. Pryor has thoroughly revised the whole volume, and has added some telling anecdotes in the earlier part. One of the new chapters gives an account of the first celebration of Decoration Day in this country, and of the origin of that observance.

The "Reminiscences" of the great English artist, George Frederic Watts, by Mrs. Russell Barrington, will be another of the delightful works from the Macmillan press.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. offer an unusually tempting array this autumn in the new work by George Wharton James, entitled "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," in which Mr. James seeks to show several things never before presented, among them the direct origin of the mission architecture; the analysis of the details of the mission style of architecture; the influence of the mission style upon modern American architecture; the condition of the Indians prior to, during, and immediately after the mission epoch; with a brief account of the present state; a careful survey of the interior decorations of the missions; a pictorial account of the furniture, pulpits, doors and other woodwork of the missions; a pictorial account of the crosses, candlesticks and other silver and brass work of the missions; the story of Ramona as related to the mission; and a pictorial account of the various figures of the saints at the missions. The illustrations have been reproduced from photographs which were practically made expressly for the book either by the author himself or his friend, C. C. Pierce of Los Angeles.

A novel by Francis Squire called "The Ballingtons" discovers a fresh and vital theme in two situations which finally become mutually involved. Two families are presented,

in one of which the husband is the financial power, in the other the wife. Both families originate in love marriages. The main interest centres in the spiritual awakening of Agnes Ballington her struggle for the rights of the soul and the steady involvement of other homes and other individuals in her story. The growth of a tragic climax of profound ethical and practical significance is worked out with daring logic, and its solution is bold and unmistakable.

The author of "Susan Clegg" has a new story, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," a very attractive work. It is the story of a woman whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, which is translated from the Italian by Mrs. Francis Alexander, the mother of Francesca Alexander, whose "Story of Ida" and collection of Italian legends, published under the title of "The Hidden Servants," are so widely known—in this remarkable volume given to the English-speaking world a priceless collection of more than one hundred and twenty miracle stories and sacred legends, written by fathers of the church and published in Italy in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Maud Howe, the author of "Roma Beata," has another of her delightful books in "An Italian Paradise," with full-page drawings by John Elliott, in which she continues her delightful Italian studies and sketches. "An Italian Paradise" is divided into three parts: I. From the Marina Grande to Anacapri. II. At the Inn of Paradise. III. A Diamond Lost and Found. The volume also contains "The Hermit of Pietro Ankeri" and "In Old Poland."

Other interesting autumn works are "Boys Who Became Famous Men"—by Harriet Pearl Shinner—the narratives being of Cinabue, Raeb, Byron, Gainsborough, Handel, Cole-ridge, Canova and Chopin; "Amy in Acadia," by Helen Leah Reed; "A Man of the World," by Annie Payson Call; "Men of Old Greece," by Jennie Hall; new editions of "Ramona," of the "Pericles of Aspasia," (imaginary conversations) by Walter Savage Landor, and of selections from Robert Browning. The Little & Brown house will also issue a book called "The Florence of Landor," and a brochure entitled "The Joy That No Man Taketh From You."

The publishing house of John Lane (London and New York) has been reorganized under the name of the John Lane Company, Mr. Jewett succeeding Mr. B. Harold Paget as the American manager, while Mr. Paget has accepted an important position in London.

Campmeeting News.

Vicksburg Camp, Vicksburg, Mich.

Sunday, Aug. 26, was the closing day at Vicksburg Camp and its twenty-second annual is now a thing of history; the last words have been said, the last song has been sung, the "good-byes" and "God bless you" have been uttered, and all is growing still. The sun shines, the song birds fill the air with their beautiful music, the dear old historical trees lift their lofty heads high above the camp, as in days gone by; but the white tents have been folded and laid away; their inmates have gone, the familiar faces have disappeared. To watch the going out of life from the camp is akin to watching the passing of a friend. But then, like the butterfly, the camp but folds its wings for a season, when it again unfolds its banner to the breeze! And Vicksburg Camp can say that its twenty-second year was one of marked success, as on every hand we heard it remarked that it was better than it was last year. A fine program was presented from the opening to the close and I believe that men and women of larger spiritual stature and mental calibre wended their way homeward from this camp as a result of the grand truths presented by the various speakers.

I have spoken words of praise for the splendid work of Dr. Austin, in a previous report; I have told you about Brother Sprague and the religion he had in his feet and his head and his heart, and the noble words he spoke for Spiritualism; I have told you of the fine work of Brother Grimshaw and his estimable guides, but I have yet to tell you of the fine lecture delivered Sunday morning, August 13, by Dr. Edson A. Titus of Battle Creek, Mich. We heard the clanging of the chains of old theology; we saw creed bound men and women struggle in their bondage; we saw the angels come and by their touch these chains were rent asunder; we heard the man enslaved cry out for joy at revelations given; his loved ones lived; the grave it closed them not; there was no death; 'twas life eternal life.

In the afternoon of this day we again listened to the masterly truths of Spiritualism from the high standpoint of the guides of Thomas Grimshaw, and I assure the large audience assembled at this time was left upward in the scale of being and if any were unacquainted with Spiritualism, or prejudiced against its principles, they must have been obliged to lay aside prejudice and acknowledge that ours was a truth that brought man face to face with himself, with the angel world and with God.

This day had already been well filled, but Brother and Sister Sprague had remained over this Sunday with us as visitors, and, wishing to allow them to rest rusty in the service, an evening meeting was called. It was found upon investigation that this was the thirty-eighth anniversary of their marriage and so this meeting was turned into an anniversary occasion, and we soon found that Mr. Sprague had just as much enthusiasm along this line as any other. Mrs. Sprague also responded and related many interesting incidents in connection with their mutual interests. Congratulations and good wishes were extended on every hand.

May the golden strands of love be strengthened by the years,
More of life's joys be added and a lessening of the tears;
And as the shadows gather at the setting of the sun,
May they hear the angels whisper, "Well done, well done."

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates were our next speakers. They appeared upon the scene Tuesday afternoon, hale, hearty and happy. The platform was filled by them alternately. Mrs. Kates following each service with beautiful messages from the loved ones upon the other shore. Mr. Kates is full of logic and is very apt at showing up a religion based upon theological lines; as compared to that founded upon reason and sound facts.

Thursday, August 17, was Woman's Day at our camp and Mrs. Kates was the speaker of the afternoon. She said many good things in behalf of woman, and touched upon many problems for both man and woman to solve. The birthday of the race will be all that it should be. Sunday, August 20, large audiences gathered to greet Mr. and Mrs. Kates and their lectures upon this occasion were a fitting close to a camp filled with good things.

The work of our good friend, Mrs. Floss Russell of Alliance, Ohio, has added much to each service. Her beautiful songs wended their way into people's lives and touched an inner chord that echoes do not always reach.

A closing conference was held Sunday evening, at which time many good things were said. Mr. Grimshaw closing the meeting with eloquent remarks in regard to the camp and its management, together with an exhortation for our Cause. We then sang "God be with us till we meet again," and all went our several ways, feeling that ours was the grandest truth given to the children of men.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Queen City Park.

August 25, 1906—The past week has been a very successful one at Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt. Dr. B. F. Austin came the 22nd and Mrs. Katie Ham came the 25th. With Mrs. H. P. Russeque, Dr. B. F. Austin, Mrs. Katie Ham as lecturers and message bearers, and the psychometric readings by Mrs. Russeque, and conferences every day but Monday, filled all the time completely to the great satisfaction of good audiences. Music and appropriate songs were rendered by A. E. Tidale and several singers who volunteered their services.

The speakers Sunday, August 27, were Mrs. H. P. Russeque and Dr. B. F. Austin and messages by Mrs. Katie Ham and the auditors were filled to its entire capacity. Mrs. Katie Ham's messages from the spirit have heretofore been good and wonderful; but at this visit they are marvelous, and every one correct and recognized. Never has there been so much anxiety manifested by new investigators, from outside, for messages, as at this session of the camp. The meetings are to continue another week to September 4. The prospects of Queen City Park for the future are good, and the better time must come when a few mists have cleared away.

The attendance at the meetings has steadily increased during the season, and Sunday, Aug. 27, it was as great as the pavilion could comfortably hold. The forenoon lecture was given by Mrs. H. P. Russeque, and was of the high order that characterizes her work. Mrs. Katie Ham gave messages afterward. In the afternoon Dr. B. F. Austin delivered a masterly address defining the difference between Spiritualism and orthodox interpretation of the Bible. It held the respectful interest of all, even those who came "to see what it was like." Afterward Mrs. Ham gave messages, answering the written questions handed up to her. Her powers are most remarkable; the messages clear and accurate confound the most skeptical. Sunday evening Mrs. Russeque gave psychometric readings in the pavilion to a deeply interested audience, it being her last appearance at Queen City Park this season. She returned to Hartford Monday. Although Mondays during the camping meet have hitherto been an "off day" for meetings, there was so great a desire to hear Dr. Austin yet again before he left camp that he was persuaded to give an address Monday afternoon, after which he departed. Aug. 28 the lecture was delivered by A. E. Tidale, which was followed by Mrs. Ham with her splendid tests. We need hundreds more mediums like her, and even then the field would not be filled. Wednesday, Aug. 30, Mrs. Ham gave both lecture and tests, which, it goes without saying, were of the very best. Aug. 31 Mrs. Newman Weeks delivered a very interesting lecture, and Mrs. Katie Ham afterward gave tests. Sept. 1 Mr. Tidale gave an excellent lecture on "Evolution." Mrs. Ham following with messages. It is now so near the close of the season that many have left, or are preparing to leave, which diminishes the audience noticeably; but there are still enough to furnish Mrs. Ham with more questions than she can answer at one time. Her fame evidently has spread in Burlington, attracting to the meetings some of the best people. Certain phenomena cannot be dispensed with; it interests and convinces more than any number of even the best lectures could. Let us hope conditions will soon be more encouraging for new mediums to enter the field. Older mediums need not be jealous, there is plenty of room, work and glory for all. The camping meet closes Sept. 3. Every body is in good spirits, literally, for the spiritual atmosphere is of the best quality. A full report of the closing services will appear next week.—B. E. R. T.

Verona Park, N. Y.

In my former letter I mentioned the success and popularity of Mrs. Katie Ham. She was followed by Edgar W. Emerson, who is also a general favorite. He seems to improve with age. His lectures were of a high order and his tests gave excellent satisfaction. On Wednesday the Patrons of Husbandry had a field day upon our grounds. Fifteen bushels of clams were baked and a picnic dinner served, some three or four hundred members of the order partaking thereof. After the noon hour an assembly in the pavilion, where a fine literary program was presented. Twelve different granges were represented. The following officers of Verona Park Campmeeting were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. F. Smith, Bangor; secretary, F. W. Smith, Rockland; treasurer, Peter Abbott, vice-president, M. C. Donnell; directors, R. O. La Gros, Susan A. Smith, Kate C. Pishon, Alice F. Sanborn, S. P. La Gros, Mrs. Ada A. Joyce, Olive B. Fowler. The next session will commence August 12, 1906, and continue three Sundays. The meetings were a success in every way.—F. W. Smith, secretary.

Unity Camp, Lynn, Mass.

Lynn Spiritualists Association, "Unity Camp," Seaside Centre, Sunday, Sept. 10th, Mrs. Kate M. Ham of Haverhill, lecturer and test medium. Conference at all mediums and speakers invited. Concert at 5, with fine readers and vocalists. Regular services 2 and 6. Lunch served. Alex. Caird, M. D. Pres.

Sunapee Lake Camp, N. H.

Our campmeeting closed last Sunday, August 13th, at 7:30 p. m. Seances in the hall by Annie Banks Scott. She did well and the tests were all recognized, and Mrs. Scott began to make friends here. Aug. 22 at 2:30 p. m. seance by Annie Banks Scott with success. Aug. 23 at 2:30 p. m. lecture by Sadie L. Hand, which was well received. At 7:30 p. m. lecture in hall by Annie Banks Scott. Aug. 24 at 3 p. m. conference; at 2:45 p. m. tests by Mrs. Scott; at 7:30 p. m. Seance in hall by Sadie L. Hand. At 7:30 p. m. seance in hall by Annie Banks Scott. Aug. 24 at 2:30 p. m. lecture by home talent, Mr. Thomas Burpee, who spoke for 30 minutes. He was liked by the audience and they spoke well of the lecture and we hope to hear from him again. He was followed by Annie Banks Scott, with tests. Aug. 27 at 10:30 a. m. the meeting was called to order by the President John Gage who presented Mr. Burpee for the second time. He talked well to a good audience. They said it was one of the best lectures that had been heard on the grounds for a long time. He was controlled by the late Dr. H. B. Storer of Boston who was a worker here for Sunapee Lake Campmeeting; at 1:15 p. m. seance in hall by Annie Banks Scott. At 2:30 p. m. lecture in hall by Sadie L. Hand and this was the closing day of the Sunapee Lake Campmeeting for 1906. The music was in charge of Miss Ida H. Reed of Worcester, Mass., and assisted by Mrs. Melrose. It was liked by all. Mrs. Hand gave a good work all through and also Mr. Whitney, who followed her later in the week and made friends.

and he was followed by Mr. Emerson who is known from Maine to California. Then came Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, who is known and liked by all, far and near. Then came Annie Banks Scott, who is as good a test medium for a young worker, as has been to Sunapee Lake Camp. She made hosts of friends here. Our home talent is all right and we hope to hear from them more in the future. We close with our best wishes to all, and with success to all of the speakers who have been to this camp. We have had a success this year at Sunapee Lake Camp.—Lorenzo Worthington, secretary.

City of Light Assembly, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Lyceum Day dawned bright and clear, typical of the sunshine and gladness of happy childhood, a day that just seemed to have been made for the children's exercises, for their marching, their songs and speeches, and all else pertaining to Lyceum Day. We were fortunate in having John W. Ring, National Supt. of Spiritual Lyceums, for several days prior to Lyceum Day, and had the benefit of his ideas and experience in drills, etc. The morning session consisted of the grand march from library hall to auditorium in review of Pres. Pettinelli and board of management, which, thanks to Mr. Ring was done with such precision and military skill as to elicit rounds of applause from the receiving line on the platform as well as from the large audience. The raising of the flag in front of the stage to the right was effected while children and audience sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Then the "Allyan Flag Salute." After the grand march and the serpentine tactics executed with such pleasing effect, the lines filed into seats and the literary and musical part was given in recitations, dialogues, songs, etc., the little folks acquitting themselves with credit. In the afternoon Mr. Ring gave a lecture on the subject, "The Ideal Lyceum Session." [Mr. Ring's address is so rich in suggestion that we are making a separate article of it in another column of this "Banner."—M. J. Editor.]

The evening meeting was one of great interest. Mr. Ring had, with the assistance of the City of Light Lyceum and teachers placed two numbers on the program which were well received. "The Sunflowers" and musical charade "Where Have Our Loved ones Gone?" The latter was especially effective and beautiful, after this exhibition, Mr. Ring made a short address in which he emphasized his suggestion of concerted action in Lyceum work, the study of the same lessons, use of the same music, in short: one form or schedule for universal use by Spiritualists of the U. S. At the close of his address, Mrs. Cadwallader of Philadelphia, Pa., presented Mr. Ring a silver badge bearing the portrait of Andrew Jackson Davis, and on the reverse side the Hyde Cottage, and Mrs. Cadwallader spoke in most eulogistic terms of the work done in the name of Spiritualism by John W. Ring during the past three years, and he was visibly affected when the handsome badge was pinned on his lapel.

And thus ended Lyceum Day, one of the most successful of this season at the City of Light Assembly.—Matilda Orr Hays.

Onset (Mass.) Notes.

Sat. Aug. 26 was Morris Pratt Institute day. Mrs. Clara Stewart, Sec'y., and Mrs. Alva Kniver, (Moses Hull's daughter) were present to represent the Institute. Dr. G. A. Fuller presided and at opening said: he knew that all present would be glad to know something about the school. Mrs. Kniver opened the exercises with a recitation, "Bobby Shaffo," which was received with great enthusiasm. Mrs. M. T. Longley spoke in behalf of education—education that will unfold the mental as well as the physical; "and we are here to speak of the Morris Pratt Institute." She said that the students were given much liberty so they can grow. Their education is of the broadest nature. Of course, much can be done if all would aid it. She told of the interest the N. S. A. had taken in this institution and said that the N. S. A. felt the necessity of education, and was always ready to assist any good object. Mr. Thomas Cross spoke of the need of education. He said he belonged to the working class and he knew that however ignorant we may consider them to be, they are glad to listen to an individual who has some learning, and said he, "my friends, it is necessary that we have intelligent representatives to present our beautiful truth; therefore, you all ought to contribute toward this educational venture."

Mrs. Clara Stewart, secretary of the Institute, gave information of the institute. She said that she was pleased to report that the property is forever in the hands of Spiritualists for a school. Mrs. Stewart said in part: "I am here to ask you if you want it to live and do its work; if so, come to our help. Last year was a successful one in every way. Twenty-three students, and we consider that very good when we realize that our school is but three years old. We know you are all interested and will help us."

Miss Alice Holbrook sang several selections during the meeting. Mrs. Kniver recited another poem, which was very pleasing. Mrs. Stewart thanked all, and the management of the camp for the use of the auditorium to present the progress of the institute.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures cold and croup, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

James Whitcomb Riley says:
"Oh, the Poet of the Future! He will come as man to man,
With the honest arm of labor, and the honest
The honest heart of loyalty, - the honest
soul of love
For human-kind and nature-kind about him
and above.
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his
lifted brow will bear
No coronet of laurel - nay, nor symbol any-
where.
Save that his palms are brothers to the toll-
er's at the plough,
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on
his brow."

Why Experiment?

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Canadian Notes.

W. J. Colville, after completing a round of summer engagements which compelled him to travel as far west as Iowa, on a return journey to New York, responded to the invitation of friends to revisit Canada and deliver six lectures in Montreal. Mrs. Bell-Lewis acted as manager, and very efficiently arranged every detail.

Kara Hall, St. Catherine street, was obtained on very moderate terms, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, the proprietors, and though a very large percentage of residents, who take active interest in psychic questions, were out of the city, excellent audiences assembled on all occasions, and the local papers gave very good reports of the proceedings. The topics considered by the speaker covered a wide range, thereby uniting various tastes and sustaining increased interest.

On Wednesday, August 23, at 3 p. m., the theme treated was "A Rational Conception of God and the Phenomenal Universe." At 8 p. m., "Trance Inspiration, Ecstasy and Illumination."

On Thursday, August 24, at 3 p. m., the always vexed problems of the "Nature of the Soul and the Purpose of Its Embodiment" was considered, and at 8 p. m. the works of Marie Corelli were reviewed. On this occasion the audience was very large and enthusiastic. The lecturer did not eulogize all that the gifted novelist has written, but took occasion to call attention to those particularly beautiful portions of her work which insist powerfully upon the reality of the spiritual world and the power of real nobility of character to conquer wrong with loving kindness.

On Friday, September 1, at 3 p. m., "The Gospel of Health, Happiness and Prosperity" gave ample opportunity for a discourse embodying unqualified optimism. At 8 p. m., the final lecture was devoted to a consideration of the "Relation Between Waking and Sleeping Consciousness." A number of excellent questions were asked and answered on all occasions, evincing deep thought and earnest inquiry on the part of the audience. Each function ended with impromptu poems on subjects suggested by the audience, which ranged from "The Will of a Wounded Heart" to "The Future Growth of the Japanese Chrysanthemum."

Mme. Florence Montague, who is still residing at St. Lawrence Hall, attended the lectures in company with friends, and most kindly exerted herself to make the public acquainted with their delivery.

The weather was charming and the city at this season is remarkably attractive.

Mr. Colville has made many friends in Canada and always receives a hearty welcome under the British flag.

Mrs. Lewis, who is now residing at 108 Mansfield street, is giving instruction in spiritual science, and is very successful in the work of healing.

Montreal contains many earnest seekers for spiritual light, and though it has a conservative reputation it is quite a genial field for persistent workers.

A Reliable Heart Cure.

Alice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any suffer from Heart Disease will write her, she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect home cure she used.

THE CROW.

Pirate of the upper seas,
Tacking down the bitter breeze,
Flinging out that rancorous hail
Whichsoever way you sail,
Biot upon the wintry blue,
Naught doth prejudice avail,
I must cry "good cheer" to you!

I must cry it blithely, though
Well your evil ways I know—
How the raven flag you fly
Is no dark anomaly,
Is of kindness no cloak;
How no friendly heart reply
Hides beneath your surly cloak.

Pirate? Are, End prophet, too!
Hence my frank "good cheer" to you.
When along the northern wind
You foregather with your kind,
One whose lips with lyrics ring
Will not flinger far behind,
Heralded by you—the spring!

New York Sun.

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EDITED BY
MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

The Lost Soul.

John Vance Cheney

A lone soul came to Heaven's hard gate,
Low at the warden's feet she fell;
Sobbing, she said she had not knocked so late
But for the many roads to Hell.

Stroking her bowed, unmothered head,
Up spoke the good old warden gray:
"This child, too fair, high up let her be led,
Past them that never lost the way."

Cosmopolitan.

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

WALK HAND IN HAND WITH
FAITH.

Down in Maine a dreadful tragedy has thrown into despair a whole community and the black clouds of horror hang low over a little home where a loved daughter walks no more and the intensity of the blackness is made more lurid by the forked lightning of accusation which flashes threateningly ever and anon and sickens the heart with fear lest the bolt strikes an innocent victim.

Over the wires the news is flashed to us that our own Mrs. Butler has become interested in the case and that through her clairvoyant power she may be able to throw some light on the awful crime.

Instantly a feeling of security sweeps over us for we have long been aware of the ability of mediums to solve seemingly unsolvable problems and the locating of dead bodies, the finding of stolen and lost property and the discovery of murderers is not a lost art nor an unusual or accidental occurrence.

But listen! No sooner are we happy in the assurance that Mrs. Butler will never rest nor fatter until she has fulfilled the very evident wish of her guides to relieve this distressed family and give them some clue to the awful mystery that surrounds the death of their beloved daughter, than we read as a statement from that sorrowing mother that "The Spiritualists and mediums all over the country have become very busy over this affair but I take no stock in that sort of thing."

It may be only the stab of a reporter or it may be the literal words of a woman who knows not of what she speaks and who is already overwhelmed with the sudden publicity given to her in this hour when her grief should have shielded her from any undue notoriety.

But it is one answer to the many criticisms as to why spirits do not take a more active part in the discovery of crime.

There are many mediums whose hearts bleed with anguish every time they read of the stroke of an unknown assassin and who have the consciousness of the power of their spirit-guides to help trace the way to his hiding place, but the almost certain disastrous results to their effort, through the conceit, the preconceived theories, or the wilful disregard of instructions by the party receiving the evidence, seals their lips and constrains them to hold their peace.

The spirits have knowledge of many things that they are unable to give us simply because we are unable to receive.

This is true of our own lives, intertwined with spirit communications as they are, and how much more so when the life is entirely lived among physical relationships knowing nothing outside the material existence and shadowed and disturbed by the horror of a great tragedy.

The difficulty is not that spirits know so little, but that we live so much apart from them that we fail to understand their language when the tumult of the hour distracts our attention.

A great criminal lawyer who had been able through the directions of a medium to trace his steps through the intricate paths of circumstantial evidence and shake off the chains of the bloodhounds of the state (who must show up a suspect or lose caste with their superiors), grew enthusiastic over his success and immediately foresaw the drying out of crime when the possibility of concealing it was removed.

He was right. It is one of the practical results of spirit-knowledge and the ability to communicate that knowledge to us.

It is the searchlight on the battleship of Truth and shines out across the dark waters and reveals the enemy who would hit in the dark or the coward who dare not attack in the open.

It may not make the enemy or the coward a whit better for its betrayal of their whereabouts, but it builds a fortress of light about the weak and unprotected and scares away the pirate who would steal property or life under the concealing influence of the night.

The arc lights of our great cities have been a means of reducing crime on the public highway. They have probably not driven many men into a broader and more spiritual life, that is not directly, but where temptations are lessened a step is taken toward the betterment of the whole people.

There is no such thing as separating the welfare of the people by classifying them, calling some good, some bad, some indifferent; whatever affects one will eventually affect all and if our energies are all spent in detecting and bringing to the bar of justice the men and women who have yielded to temptation, we have nothing left to devise methods for their soul growth and that uplift of spirit without which all drop below the keynote of our lives today.

If, through fear of detection, a man is kept from committing a murder then that fear has been a saving grace in his life for the time being, but it will not always keep his feet in safety, for fear has no element of growth in it. It must be supplanted by love and faith and trust.

The first practical step is to place a soul where it will listen; then the sweetest harmonies in the world may woo it to all that is pure and good and true.

Let us see if we cannot help the mediums who are able to take this very practical step in the solution of this mysterious crime business.

With all our faith in the possibility of procuring definite and tangible evidence that shall make it impossible for these dark deeds to be longer covered from the people, let us get to work.—M. M. S.

My Little Gray Kitty and I.

When the north wind whistles round the house,
Piling snowdrifts high,
We nestle down on the warm hearth-rug—
My little gray kitty and I.

I tell her about my work and play,
And all I mean to do,
And she purrs so loud, I surely think
That she understands—don't you?

She looks about with her big, round eyes,
And softly licks my face,
As I tell her about the world I'm in,
And how I have lost my place.

Then let the wind whistle, for what to us
Matters a stormy sky?
Oh, how have such jolly times as we—
My little gray kitty and I.

From Angel of Peace.

A Little Candy Girl.

Little Aline had been sick with fever so many weeks and had missed so many good times that in September, when Labor Day came, the doctor said she might sit on the front piazza and see the parade go by.

So on the morning of Labor Day, about ten o'clock, Aline was carried out in a big armchair, and in a little while, far down the street, she heard the bands playing, and soon the procession began to go by.

"There came crowds and crowds of workmen with little red, white and blue flags in their hands; and there was a real little engine puffing away, and a real little car. And the bands of men who worked at different trades had floats full of the things they had made, as if they were fairy workshops. It all seemed like a magic moving show to little Aline in the armchair.

Midway of the procession came the very prettiest sight of all. Aline did not look at anything else while this was in view, a beautiful little open barouche, shaped like a shell, with two white ponies in gold harness. And there was a man, all dressed in white, leading the little white ponies carefully along over the rough cobble-stone street. And there was the tiniest, sweetest bit of a girl sitting high up, holding the gold reins. And the glass coach was just full of candy! You could see the candies, in pink and white and all colors, through the glass!

Aline spelled out the gold letters on the glass, "Candy Makers' and Confectioners' Union," and, as the delicious coach came opposite their house, she clasped her little thin hands in delight.

"O mamma, isn't it lovely! I could eat it all! O mamma, see those big candy sticks! Aren't they the largest sticks! And, oh! see those candy apples and candy peaches and candy grapes—and oh, oh, see that dear little candy girl, looking as if she were truly driving the ponies! She looks so natural, so real, mamma!"

"But she is a real little girl," laughed mamma. "Don't you see her real hair and her real dress?"

"Mamma, I think she is a little candy girl," said Aline. "She is real pink and white candy. Besides, a little candy girl could have on a real dress."

Mamma laughed at the queer notion; but, when she noticed how brilliantly red Aline's cheeks were growing and how her eyes sparkled, she almost wished the kind doctor had not allowed her dear little daughter to see the parade.

The candy wagon was now quite past, and Aline's mother coaxed her into the house. In fact, Aline did not care to see any more of the parade. She was so much pleased with the little glass coach and the little candy girl that she could talk about nothing else after they went in.

"I just know she was a little candy girl," she persisted. "Won't you please think she was, mamma?"

"But I can't, dear, when I'm sure she was a real little girl," said mamma. "I suspect she is Mr. DeKist's little girl—Mr. DeKist who keeps the big candy kitchen up on North Street."

As soon as her father came in, Aline questioned him. "Did you see the little girl in the glass candy wagon, papa? Wasn't she a little candy girl?"

"A little candy girl?" Aline's father laughed.

Then Aline's mother spoke seriously. "I wish the doctor had not said Aline might see the parade. She has been so excited, over the confectioners' carriage that I'm afraid she will have fever again."

"Papa," said Aline, "there truly was a little candy girl in the candy wagon. I know she was made of candy. She was lovely! What do you suppose a little candy girl would cost—one about half as big as I am?"

Her father looked serious too, and felt Aline's pulse. "Why, I couldn't tell how much a candy girl would cost," said he, "and I think the little girl you saw was a real girl. But, if you will try to go to sleep now, I will see about it when I go up town."

"And, if she was made of candy, papa, will you buy her?"

"Yes," said her father, "if you will be quiet now and go to sleep."

So Aline shut her lips tight and her eyes too, and soon was fast asleep.

It was a funny thing to happen, but one of the first men Aline's papa met up town was the man who kept the big candy kitchen on North Street. He was going home from the Labor procession and was leading by the hand a very tiny little girl in white, with pink cheeks, blue eyes, and golden curls.

"How do you do, Mr. DeKist," said Aline's father. "That was a very pretty exhibit of your candy people. By the way, was your little girl who held the reins?"

"Yes, it was this baby," said Mr. DeKist proudly.

Then Aline's papa laughed and said Mr. DeKist that his little daughter had taken the queerest notion. "She thinks your little girl is a candy girl, and she wants me to buy her."

Then he explained that Aline had been very ill.

Mr. DeKist laughed and said he had always thought his little girl very sweet, but he had never heard before that anyone had taken her to be made of candy.

"I don't suppose you want to sell her," laughed Aline's father. "But, would you mind lending her to me a little while, to go to see my little girl?"

"Theta," said Mr. DeKist, "wouldn't you like to go to see this little girl who has been sick?"

"Wouldn't you like to go home with me to see my little daughter?" said Aline's father, "and let her see that you are a real little girl?"

Then little Theta said, "I'm not a little candy girl! I'm a little meat girl!"

So Aline's father took little Theta by the hand, and they went down street till they came to the beautiful stone house where Aline lived.

Aline was awake, sitting in a big arm-chair, among the pillows.

"See, I have her," her father said, as he led little Theta into the room.

"Oh!" cried Aline, in a disappointed tone, "you are a real little girl!"

"I'm a little meat girl," said Theta. "I'm not a little candy girl!"

"You looked just like a candy girl in the carriage," said Aline. And then she made room for little Theta beside her in the big chair, and she hugged the little pink and white child very tightly with her poor thin arm, and she was livelier than she had been since she got sick; for Theta was a little giggler and chatterbox, and she made Aline laugh a great deal.

"Mamma, you were right," said Aline when her mother came in. "She is a little real girl."

"I'm a little meat girl," said Theta.

When her father took the little girl by the hand to lead her back up town Aline watched them from the window till they were quite out of sight. "Wasn't it nice of her to come and let me look at her?" she said. "I feel most well!"—Ellen Douglas Masters, in "Little Folks."

A Toast.

Here's to Woman—since our spiritist now
our equal—Ex.

AT THE GATE.

Beyond the gate I see a hand;
It beckons me, and I must go;
The garden plot grows small and I
Must rise and travel forth and know—

Ah, little son, 'tis but the white road winding
Across the green hills out toward the sea.
Wouldst find it hard to tread, and the sun
blinding:

Ah, little son, look not, rest thou with me.
Beyond the gate I hear a song,
The bravest song I ever heard;
Come out, it cries, and tarry not,
Thou craven heart that hast not stirred—

Ah, little son, 'tis but the old world calling,
And as the years go by, and yet to be,
But an old song of dawn and the sands
falling.

Ah, little son, heed not, rest thou with me.
Beyond the gate the world is wide,
And I have tarried all too long;
And, see, the least touch lifts the latch
That welcomes me to strife and song—

Juvenile Conclusions.

Teacher: "Anything is called transparent that can be seen through. Now, Willie, can you give me an example?"

Willie: "Yes, ma'am. A hole in the fence around the ball grounds."—Boston Budget.

Smiles.

L. W. Kuby.

A smiling face is rarely repulsive. It sends out rays of love from a loving heart. It carries a sweet soothing influence wherever it goes. It is a balm for sorrow and an antidote for woe. Its benign influence is ever conducive of a kindly response. No cheer more hearty than that of a smiling face. It imparts a sense of the idyllic friendship of the wearer. It drives away the clouds of unrest and sorrow. The sudden, gloomy face is often changed to one of joyous gladness by the soft beams of smiles scattered along our pathway, and are gathered up by the sorrowing ones that chance to come that way and they are made happier by coming in contact with them. A person possessed of a cheerful happy disposition, is always wealthy.

No poverty, misfortune or disaster, can rob them of these riches. Environments may be of a dark disheartening and gloomy nature, but there is always a bright side on which we may look and be happy amid these trials. We cannot better our condition by assuming a sad and weebie look, and baring out in the gloom of melancholy, thereby losing the bright sunshine of life. No person is so wealthy as the one who, amid the scanty belongings of a home, with but a crust, and a miserable cot in which life would seem a burden, can put on a cheerful smile and say to those about them, these are only little recesses of darkness; it is brighter just a little ahead, let us assume to catch those rays of light now. Others have seen darker clouds than these, and our lives will be the brighter for having passed through the shadows.

No person is so poor as the one rolling in pecuniary wealth, whose whole life is shadowed by that wealth; whose life and thoughts go out to secure it to self and the attainment of more. They have little time for smiles for home and friends, much less for the outside world. Meet them in their daily life, you see but the sullen face of Care. Their eyes are riveted to the walk, or a vacant stare into the open air before them; they are almost strangers to smiles and if you should presume to look pleasantly upon them your answer, if any, would be a look of indifferent scorn. They are too poor to give you a smile, and pass you by with the words plainly written on their face: "Not at Home." It may be said that a face always smiling becomes silly, but even a silly smile is preferable to a look of chilling scorn. A smile of deceit may be easily detected by a little study of human faces. An incident or two here may not be out of place. I will be brief.

In 1862 I was a sergeant in Co. F, 14th Regt. N. Y. S. V. The regiment was camped at Camp Morris, near Fennell Town, D. C. Sunday morning duty was dress parade. The passage to the parade at post No. 1 was quite narrow between the sutler's shanty on one side and thick timber on the other, barely room to march in fours. As we came near this passage, I saw a finely rigged carriage, occupied by two men, a short one and a tall one, with a large fat shiny negro, high up in the driver's seat, occupying about one half of the narrow passage. I became indignant to think our Colonel would allow this. We were obliged to partially break ranks to get through. I burst out an imprecation (seasoned with an adjective in common use among the boys at the time) on the old go-cart being in our way, and with as savage a look as I had, I spare requested (addressing the tall man) to "get out." He answered, "I'm new on a word, but with a soft friendly eye, he bowed on me a calm, generous and forgiving smile. We re-formed, went through the passage, and the Colonel announced parade dismissed, but added, "If the regiment would remain in line a few minutes, President Lincoln and Secretary Seward would pass along our front." I looked and, lo! there came that same rig, that same shiny, fat negro driver, that same short and tall man that I had so rudely addressed at the narrow passage. My heart sank within me. Oh! what had I said? The boys cheered and threw up their caps. I must have acted strangely. I did not wish to see the President or him to see me. Passing along our line from right to left, standing with bared head, bowing to each company, with a rich, glorious beaming smile, his path at that time was thorny in the extreme, but he (glorious, noble man that he was) strode it with beaming, cheerful smiles. Just one more, and I am done.

On July 4th, 1903, we laid to rest the remains of my wife, Emma, my life companion for 32 years. She passed to a higher life on the 23rd inst. Paralysis of throat and vocal organs. She suffered no pain and was sick but two days; could not speak and smiled at my vain efforts to understand what she wanted. She passed from me with a sweet smile on her face, which lingered there as she laid in her casket dressed in the habiliments of the grave, with sweet smiling flowers about her. And as I, through sad sorrowing tears looked for the last time on that calm face, I exclaimed in my heart, "Oh, those beautiful smiles." Does the world seem to give you a vale of tears, a passing troublesome dream? Arouse and cast off this lethargy. The power lies within yourself, if you but recognize it. Though it may be latent, you possess all that it requires to establish your happiness, assert it, invoke the Divine power within yourself, and these hideous monsters will shrink away and finally disappear altogether. Tears and sighs will only sink you deeper in the slough of despondency and final despair. Cultivate smiles, and let them expand into hearty laughter. Do this and you will enter into the dawn of a new life, one garlanded with joy, sunshine and brightness. If you cost you much effort and diligent practice, but, O! the glorious victory you may surely claim.

Oranwa, Iowa.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

In Explanation.

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

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to reply 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.

O Spirit of Infinite Tenderness, we lift our hearts in aspirations to Thee. Bowed sometimes with the weight of grief of the world, it is hard to rise above it and see the light shining undimmed and unclouded except by our tears. How we yearn for a better understanding of life, how we seek to pierce the secrets of the Universe until revealed they lie clear before us, making us masters of life and love and destiny. Away from all the possibilities of doubt and fear, away from the questionings of the eager and curious, we feel the inflowing of the spirit that makes us one with the Father of Spirit. But often in the midst of the battle, in the din of distress we lose ourselves and are troubled. But today, O Spirit of Love, we would feel our kinship with all that is good and beautiful and holy. We would stand on the heights and catch glimpses of the eternal values and purposes of life, and we would be so strong and steady that our very lives shall be as bouis to the weary and storm-tossed ones. We are so sure of the continuity of life we have so often voiced the message from each to the other, that the joy of that knowledge fills us and makes us strong even when the waves are running high and the storm lowers about us. Death cannot rob us of the bright treasure of love and expression; and this is such a solace and such a joy that we long to make each child of earth the possessor and keeper of this knowledge. And so we join hands with those who have passed into the spirit, and we ask them to speak the message very clearly, to be the brave of heart, and the strong of purpose and keep speaking back to the loved ones, the weary ones and the seemingly forsaken ones a word that shall make them happy and joyful and full of peace; for this purpose we sit here today and we are so glad to be able to send a word to some heart that else might sit in darkness and distress. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Amy Wheeler, Watertown, N. Y.

There is a spirit now of a girl I should think about 18. She says that her name is Amy Wheeler and that she lived in Watertown, N. Y. "Please say to my mother, whose name is Annie, that I am here. I only come here to speak to her, for usually I am at the home. I am sorry that Frankie is so sick. I think he will soon get better though and this sickness was only caused by carelessness. Mamma is a medium. She often sees spirits, but she is a little afraid. And I want her to put that out of her head and receive us when we come. It is very beautiful over here. Sometimes when I see how tired mamma is I want to take her right away over here to me, but I cannot do that; I must wait until she comes. I think her for keeping so many of my things where I can see them. I do not feel as though I had been packed up and put in a box, the way so many spirits do. I feel more as though I am a part of the family and that makes me stronger. I am singing just as much as I ever did, if anything, more, and, oh, music over here is beautiful. Good bye, Mamma. I shall come to you as often as I can."

Charles Keene, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is a spirit here of a man who says his name is Charles Keene and he says, "I am from Buffalo." He sings as though he were a singer when he was here in the body, and he has got a beautiful voice, and he says, "We singers have the best of it over here, for everybody loves singing and we can always find something to do. I used to think that I could have got more money for my music I would have been better off, but now I think I would sing if I didn't get a cent for it, because I can see the real joy that it gives people to hear music. So much about myself. Now about my friends. I knew I had got to die, but I didn't think it was going to be quite so quick. I wanted Nellie to do some things before I came that would, as I thought, make it better for her afterwards. She could not see her way clear to do it. Circumstances have forced her into it now and she can today see where my advice was good. I am quite often in the home circle. I was there last Thursday when they had company, and I expect to go away with them next week. I met Lucy and she was as full of fun as if she had never passed through the valley and didn't seem to have any special burden on her mind except to make everybody feel as good as possible. I am very grateful for what the boys did. They kept their promise and I was pleased with the service. I was glad there was no exalting me to the skies, and no special effort to leave me quivering between heaven and hell. It is funny to hear our own praises sung and your own weaknesses so tenderly referred to, as if it were the thing to do to have them properly interred with the body. I think you can trust E. I don't see any reason why he won't be all that he seems to be. I would be glad to have a private interview if you find it possible to give me a chance to speak to you. It seems a long time to wait until you can come over here, and if you can find any way to give me some time, why do so. Thank you."

Joseph Gleason, Scranton, Pa.

There is a spirit now who says his name is Joseph Gleason. He is very profane and erratic in his movements. He says that he came from Scranton, Pa. He does not seem to have any idea of being polite or gracious in his coming here, but more as though he wants to get his word in and get some word to his people, and don't care much whom he uses, or whether he thanks them or not for doing it. He has got a wife in the body, and her name is Helen, and he says, "What is the sense of her crying all the time over my going away? She is a good deal better off without me than

she was with me, but that's just like a woman. They fight with a man as long as he lives, and then cry the rest of their lives because he died. That isn't quite so bad as it sounds. I was to blame for her finding fault, for I never did anything she wanted, and then when I died she just felt sorry that I didn't cuss. That's about the size of it. I didn't come back to make any apologies, but I just want to say that if I had taken her advice a little oftener I suppose I would have been here now back with her. She would have been finding fault, and I having my own way just the same as if I had taken her advice, so perhaps it is better that I didn't take it and came over here first, and am getting my head, and by the time she gets over I may be able to be a dutiful husband. I would like to see her take a little more comfort out of life. It is too bad to sit down and cry over something that cannot be helped that's all. Tell her I remember and I thank her for all she tried to do, and I will do all I can to help her."

Frank and Lucy Webber, Haverhill, Mass.

There are two spirits here now, a man and a woman. I think they are husband and wife. He says that his name is Frank Webber and that hers is Lucy. As they stand here they are beautiful to look at, at least they have been in the spirit such a long time and have learned so much of the spiritual law and purpose. He speaks first and he says, "We wanted to come because we thought we might be able to help some of those dear to us. We lived in Haverhill, Mass., and for a long time we have been trying to speak some word that should help our friends, but this is the first chance that we have been able to say anything definite. I don't want anybody to think that we have been trying every minute of the time since we came over to peep through some crack or about face some word, but every few days we made something like an effort to attract the attention of our friends. We neither of us believe in Spiritualism. We were Methodists and it was something of a surprise to come over here and find everything so different from what we had expected. No Jehovah on the Throne; no white-robed angels to conduct us into His presence; no song of halleluiah and praise, and we had expected all these things, but it was just the common, everyday living with men and women just as we had known them. At first it seemed dreadful, but now it is being a child with a lot of beautiful promises of beautiful things we would have when we grew up, and then finding nothing but people, just as we found them when we were children. I was not quite comfortable until a wiser spirit than we are came and talked to us and told us how important it was that we should know the truth and rest in that and never have any fear about the result. Then I began to see that it was not so much a place to which I would go that would make me happy, but the state of my own mind, and I have since tried to make that state one of peace and tranquillity. I wanted my children and grandchildren to have this comfort, and so we have come with this little bit of evidence that they may be comforted and not have to pass through what I did. Thank you very much for making it possible for me to come."

The Universal Society of Psychic Studies.

held a meeting in Paris, France, June 21 last. Dr. Paul Joire, the president, in his report, described the experiments recently made by him upon a subject blindfolded in the dark. Under these conditions the subject made drawings with accurate perspective and without intersecting the lines. Even the twigs and leaves of trees were accurately produced.

He also spoke of the new book of Poi Arcas of the Athens section of the Universal Society, called "The Secret of Life."

He had received from Commander Darget photographs of auras. This aura photography is no new thing in France.

Another set of pictures obtained by the commander is represented by a photographic plate whereon a picture of a living man's brain, with all its loves and convolutions, is obtained, simply by holding the plate upon the forehead. Another most interesting picture is of a boat or a can, very clearly depicted upon the plate by concentrating his thoughts strongly upon the objects which he was looking at. And lastly by placing a photographic plate upon the forehead of a sleeping man the picture was produced of the head of an eagle in the most striking manner.

The Darget pictures are attracting much attention among continental Spiritualists.

A SONG OF FAITH.

William Brunton.

(Written for the "Banner of Light.")

When those we love pass from our sight,
As golden stars melt in the day,
Good faith affirms that all is right,
They still are traveling on life's way;
It was advance at first designed—
To give our life its life complete;
And to the love-adorned mind,
"Tis like the breath of roses sweet!

And as we give our hearts no fear,
When they to other lands depart,
But hold them still the same and dear,
Because of friendship of the heart—
So may it be when they are dead,
To what's the end they may go,
The great wise Master so provides,
And bids the soul believe it so!

This wondrous world is all too large,
To hold mistake of things so great;
And nature has our lives in charge,
As jewels of her vast estate,
What is so lovely here below,
Is but beginning of her plan,
She whispers sweet, "My children grow,
Fill out your thoughts—that makes the man!"

We travel on the path of time,
To find the way our life should run,
And amid mistakes come thoughts sublime,
The true man life has just begun;
And out beyond new paths are found,
That open the breadth of God's bright land,
Where fairer forms of good abound,
And where our life we'll understand!

What faith declares may be a dream,
But God has sent it to the heart,
And in the wilderness this gleam
Makes pasture grow, and flowers upstart;
It fills with gladness every place,
Where human steps in duty stray;
It is the smile of springtime grace—
That beautiful, sweet far away!

No thought of life can make it life,
If comes the thought that life might cease,
Why then the heart-ache and the grief,
If after all is but death's peace?
Peace at the first was just as good,
As all enclosing depth of doom,
With clouds that in our daylight brood,
With joy a tremble at the tomb!

But since creation gave us joy,
And liberty and love we crave,
Hope may be itself in dreams employ,
And reason harkens to her dream;
Life is too wonderful, indeed,
The happy of faith with fear to mate;
The music of a noble deed,
Grows

Banner of Light.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.

Society News.

Correspondence for this department should be addressed to the Editor, and must reach this office 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.

Waverley Veteran Spiritualists' Union Home, Aug. 27, 1905.—In mundane affairs, very often the unexpected happens. The meteorological sharp gave out to the press that the weather on Sunday in Boston and vicinity was to be fair, and just after reading this in the paper with the "widest circulation in New England," our eyes were blinded by a vivid flash of lightning and our ears were stunned by the crash of heaven's artillery, that made the Home tremble to its foundations. The clouds, too, seemed to wish to impress us with the utter inability of the "weather sharp" or any other scientific sharp, to foretell just what was going to happen; for, in an instant, down came a large section of Noah's flood that had strayed away from the vicinity of Mt. Ararat for so many years; but the longest day and the most furious downpour must have an ending and today, with the passing of the storm, came the glorious sunshine, and with the sunshine came a delegation of officers and members of the First Spiritualist Society from the city of "Witches."

They came to pay their respects to the Veteran Union, and to assist in the exercises of the day. Mr. Frye, president of the First Salem Society was invited to preside at the meeting, which he courteously did, and ably discharged the duties of that office. Mrs. Abby Burnham gave an address replete with incidents of the contact of spirit with the mortal and also pointed out the way where we ourselves can grow in grace and spirituality. Beautiful spiritual songs were sung by the audience all through the services, inspiring the following workers with zeal and enthusiasm: Poem by Mrs. May Frye, "The Songs Our Mothers Used to Sing"; remarks and messages, Mrs. S. E. Hall, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Pitts and Mr. Mason; remarks by Mrs. Bolton, Mr. Smith, Mr. Hicks; poem by Dr. Greenwood and Mr. Webster; Mrs. Hall of Brighton read the singing today and Mr. Wilde was the pianist. I take this occasion to announce that memorial services will be held in the Waverley Home, the second Sunday in September, in loving remembrance of the veterans and loyal workers that have gone before. Let us not forget the good they present the program of the institute.—C. L. H.

Malden Progress Spiritual Society.—Sept. 17 we will have with us Mr. Oliver Thomas Newcomb of Cambridge. Oct. 1st Mr. James S. Scaplett of Cambridge. Sept. 14, at 6.30, our regular monthly supper.

Sunday evening, song service and Scripture reading by our president, Invocation by Mrs. H. Morton. A poem entitled, "The City of Rest," written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, was read by our president, Mrs. Morton and her guides were called on, and a short address was given by a spirit giving the name of William Pike. The little guide, Morning Dew, stepped in and gave a few messages. Our president then took the platform (and although the weather was rough outside) and her little guide, Prairie Flower, gave beautiful messages, but owing to the medium not feeling well, was obliged to close. Closed with prayer at 9.20.—M. J. Eaton, cor. sec.

Thursday, Aug. 31.—Circle was one of the largest ever held. Workers, Mr. Huggins and Mr. Cohen from Boston, Mrs. Whall, Mrs. Crocker and every one went away well satisfied.

Sunday, Sept. 3.—Although the rain prevented many from being with us, yet we had a goodly number and many willing workers were present, including Mr. Lyons of Randolph. Mrs. Burnham of South Boston voiced many beautiful thoughts through inspiration. Golden Hair as usual was ready with her sweet messages. Closed with the benediction at 5.30.

First Spiritual Science Church, M. A. Wilkinson, pastor. Morning circle. Although stormy, a goodly number gathered to hear from their loved ones. Many greetings given through the organism of Mr. Prevee, Mrs. Reed, Dr. Brown, Mr. Newhall, Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Graham, Mr. Tanager, Mr. Howe, Mr. Hardy. Tuesday afternoon, Indian healing circle. Thursday afternoon, psychometry circle. Sept. 23th, Corn Moon Indian Peace Council.—Reporter.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc. Rev. Clara E. Strong, "Spiritual Gifts" (1 Cor. xv) was the subject of the morning. After several weeks' absence all were delighted to hear the words of Sitting Bull. Communications were given by Miss Strong, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Lewis and others present. Mr. Newhall and Mrs. Lewis both spoke with the accustomed power. A beautiful poem was read by Mrs. Chapman.

Afternoon.—1. Cor. ii. 1-3. "The Other World." Sitting Bull gave out helpful thoughts, after which all were more than delighted to hear from our old friend and co-worker, Mr. Gilbert. "From the Soul" was read by Mrs. H. Gilbert and all enjoyed his words of comfort and power. Mrs. Lewis sang one of her beautiful harmonies, after which she gave further demonstration of spirit power. Miss Strong then gave messages.

Evening.—Romans xiii. "Brotherly Love." was the subject. Sitting Bull spoke with great interest on the topic of the evening. Russ H. Gilbert then spoke and read a portion of the poem of Dr. Storer. Mrs. Chapman spoke and gave messages, after which communications were given by Miss Strong, who holds services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington Street, up two flights. Conference at 11 a. m. Service with fast circles under the care of the different mediums at 2.30 p. m. Evening service at 7.30 p. m. All are welcome.—A. M. S., clerk.

The society holds its services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington Street, up two flights: conference, 11 a. m.; service followed by test circles at 2.30 p. m.; evening service at 7.30. Mrs. Dr. Mary Sellen of New York is expected Sept. 3, 1905.—A. M. S., clerk.

Announcements.

A lawn party will be held on the grounds of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union Home on Thursday afternoon and evening, Sept. 14, 1905, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. H. Lewis, in charge of the Home. The house and grounds will be illuminated. The Waverley Band of 30 pieces have kindly volunteered their services free for the occasion. They will give a band concert in the evening and also furnish music for dancing. Ice cream, cake, coffee and tea will be served to those who wish. Now let all the friends join in making this event a real good old fashioned home wedding.

The Texas State Spiritualist Association will hold its annual convention in Dallas, Texas, Sept. 28-30 and Oct. 1st. The best

talent will be employed for the occasion and each evening will be devoted to the exposition of true Spiritualism in its highest and best light. We hope for a large delegation and for many visitors from all parts of the state.

—Laura B. Payne, Pres. T. S. S. A.

A three-day meeting is called to be held in Potsdam, N. Y., Sept. 15, 16 and 17 in the Opera House of that place. The program will include lectures, spirit messages and music. The State officers, H. W. Richardson, President Carrie E. S. Twiss, Vice President Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Vice President and State Missionary, will be assisted by B. F. Austin, Mrs. Effie Chapman, Mrs. Paine and others as speakers and mediums. A splendid program is provided and Spiritualists in Northern New York and vicinity are invited to be present.

W. J. Colville will give a complete course of lessons in the Spiritual Science of Health and Harmony at the studio of Henry Steiner, 125 W. 54th St., New York, at 3.15 p. m. Special topics: Thursday, Sept. 7th, Law of Suggestion; Friday, Sept. 8th, Science of Telepathy; Saturday, Sept. 9th, Reason and Intuition; Monday, Sept. 12th, Scientific Spirituality; Tuesday, Sept. 13th, Development of Self-Reliance; Wednesday, Sept. 14th, Conquest of Environment; Thursday, Sept. 15th, Evolution of Spiritual Consciousness; Friday, Sept. 16th, Miracles in Light of Law; Saturday, Sept. 17th, The Soul Triumphant. Questions after each lecture. Course tickets \$2.00. Single lecture \$1.00.

Popular lectures, 5.15 p. m.: Friday, Sept. 8th, Transcendental Physics, and the Fourth Dimension in Space; Sunday, Sept. 10th, Spiritual Significance of Crucifixion and Resurrection; Monday, Sept. 11th, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience and kindred Psychic Endowments; Wednesday, Sept. 13th, The Human Aura, How it is Generated; Friday, Sept. 15th, The Significance of Signs, Symbols and Colors, What is Their Value? Sunday, Sept. 17th, A Scientific Analysis of the Soul; Monday, Sept. 18th, Psychic Phenomena: What does it Explain? Wednesday Sept. 20th, Instinct Reason and Intuition; Friday, Sept. 23d, The Philosophy of Browning; Sunday, Sept. 24th, The Bible Spiritually and Rationally Considered; Monday, Sept. 26th, How We May be Educated During Sleep; Wednesday, Sept. 27th, The Divine Law of Sacrifice and Salvation; Friday, Sept. 29th, New Year, Looking Backward and Looking Forward. Social function at 10.30 p. m. All evening tickets 25 cents each.

Peculiar Feature: W. J. Colville will lecture in Genealogical Hall, 226 West 58th St., Sunday, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th at 3 p. m. on the leading questions of the day. Sept. 10th, The Certain Dawn of World-wide Peace; Sept. 11th, The True Meeting Place of Science with Religion; Sept. 12th, Does History Repeat Itself? If So, How? Silver offering at door.

The Field at Large.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 9, 1905. The First Spiritual Church.—We have engaged the following speakers and mediums for the season of 1905-1906: 1905-September, Dr. J. M. Peabody of Battle Creek, Mich.; October, November, December, Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott Bledsoe of 507 Horne street, Topeka, Kan., inspirational speakers and mediums. 1906-January, February, Mrs. Helen Stewart-Richings of Seattle, Wash., address, general delivery, inspirational speaker and prophet; March, April, Oscar A. Edgerly, trance speaker and clairvoyant medium; May, June, Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley of 3148 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., inspirational speaker and message bearer.—Henry Scharfetter, secretary.

St. Louis, Mo., the First Spiritual Association.—Brother Thomas Grimshaw will be with us for his eighth consecutive year of service, to commence with the first Sunday in September, and everybody is specially invited to come and hear him in our beautiful temple, 3015 Pine street. Everybody at all acquainted with our modern reform movement knows of Brother Grimshaw and that he is among the very foremost of trance lecturers on the modern rostrum. Good music on our fine organ and a trained choir will add to the pleasure of our visiting friends, and we wish all to know that they will be welcome, with no charge at the door of any kind. Our Cause here in St. Louis is interesting more people than ever and we are expecting a season of very satisfactory success.

We have been open for Sunday afternoon free discussions all summer and have derived much good therefrom. We can recommend this as a most useful means for keeping alive public interest in our work, a good way to put time during the usually closed summer season. Fraternally yours, B. F. Pohl, secretary.

Resolutions Passed at the Shaker Peace Convention, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., August 31, 1905.

Whereas, We believe that all wars are equally barbarous and equally unnecessary, their desolating cruelty effecting nothing for the cause of justice or human liberty, and to be regarded only as a return to primitive savagery, therefore,

Resolved, That the widespread and growing interest in the cause of international arbitration proves it to be not a dream of theorists and visionaries, but a rational, practical way of settling all disputes, and the hope of the world for humane civilization.

Resolved, That the interests of humanity require the reduction of the armaments of nations on land and sea, and in the greater enlightenment of our day, when the nations have come to recognize a moral element as entering into their relations with each other, such reduction can be made to the limit necessary for an international police force.

Resolved, That in disarmament, and the consequent reduction of taxation which now falls so heavily on the producing classes, would be found a remedy for many of the industrial disturbances which are menacing our whole social system.

Resolved, That the establishment of the great waterways of commerce as neutral zones, so far as international traffic is concerned, is entirely practicable, and that by this the injury to the trade of nations, through war, would be reduced to a minimum, and the interests of civilization fostered.

TO TRUSTUM BROWN.

(In Honor of his Eightieth Birthday.)

For eighty years he's stood the storms
Of life's tempestuous sea;
For eighty years he's toiled in love
Amid the Powers that be—
And many more, if God be pleased,
Shall find him for the Right,
And in his flesh may he see God,
The same by day or night.

All praise to Him who keeps him here
In service for the Truth!
All praise to Him whose mercy may
Restore to age its youth!
May he endure to still give thanks:
Through Jesus Christ for all,
And help the weary, once take heart
And to rise should they ever fall.

Albert C. Turner.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(LAWYER, COUNSELLOR, ETC., BY G. H. WELSH.)

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

According to your Month—Date of Birth, in the following is your Birth Number.

1.—March 21 to April 20.	4.—June 21 to July 22.	7.—Sept. 23 to Oct. 23.	9.—Dec. 23 to Jan. 21.
2.—April 20 to May 20.	5.—July 22 to Aug. 22.	8.—Oct. 23 to Nov. 22.	10.—Jan. 21 to Feb. 20.
3.—May 20 to June 20.	6.—Aug. 22 to Sept. 22.	11.—Nov. 22 to Dec. 22.	12.—Feb. 20 to Mar. 20.

(These Birth Numbers are otherwise explained in my books as elsewhere advertised.)

Having found your Birth Number in the above, as given for the above dates of Birth, then find that Birth Number in the Top line of Figures marked "Birth Nos." in the following Table. The Column of letters under your Birth Number is YOUR Column, and no other, unless you have a Key for other Columns. Look down your Column and see what Letters are Marked in it. The letter means

Birth Nos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Aug. 24-25	K	B	F	G	M	E						
26-27	K	B	F	G	M	E						
28-29	E	K	B	F	G	M						
30-31	E	K	B	F	G	M						
Sept. 1-3	M	E	K	B	F	G						
4-6	M	E	K	B	F	G						
7-8	G	M	E	K	B	F						
9-10	G	M	E	K	B	F						
11-12	F	G	M	E	K	B						
13-14	F	G	M	E	K	B						
15-16	B	F	G	M	E	K						
17-18	B	F	G	M	E	K						
19-20	K	B	F	G	M	E						
21-22	K	B	F	G	M	E						

your favorable days. Carry your eye on the line of the letter over to the left and there you will find the Date of your favorable days during the days for which the Table is made. It may be one or both of these days. Take advantage of both, anyway, as best you can. The letter B shows where the Moon is each day. If the letter is E, it means that your

conditions are Easy. If G, it means they are Good. If F, the influences about you are Friendly. If K, the influences are Kindred, or Kindly. If M, they are Mutual or Equalized. These are Spirit Forces in the Unseen World about you, and if you do not oppose them, but act with them, they help you more than anything else can. They are the Higher Spirits. Other days have other Spirit Guides about you, but they are not so favorable to your highest interests in the long run of your life. Let wisdom be your intellectual effort on these favorable days and in the long run the other matters will come your way, as sure as the rising of the Sun.

During the dates in this Table, Birth No. 8 has an Especial Ruling over the whole world. This makes Birth Numbers 8, 10, 2 and 4 more favored than others during these dates in the Table, and Birth Numbers 3, 12 and 5 less favored than others even on the E, G, F, K and M.

For other matters such as Finance, Love, Real Estate, Literary, Occult, Law, etc., a Key will be sent for 10 cts., by which such matters may be guided by the same Table. These Tables will continue indefinitely, and the Key holds good for life. State which Matter you desire the Key for. Send full date of Birth with request to Prof. Henry-Boyleston Centre, Mass. Subscribers to the "Banner" receive the Key free. Nativities or other Astrologic work, promptly attended to. Lessons by correspondence, or any information furnished.

For list of Prof. Henry's books on Astrology see advertisement on other page. For sale by "Banner."

Chats with the Professor, No. 20

"WATCHMAN TELL US OF THE NIGHT."

"The first official notice of the agreement for peace between Russia and Japan was received by the newspaper correspondents, at Hotel Wentworth, in Portsmouth, N. H., at 12.30 o'clock on August 29, 1905. Is that the time to judge of it astrologically?" asked the doctor.

"That is one of the times," replied the professor. "It is the time significant to the world at large, because it was the meeting of the minds of the representatives of Russia and Japan, with the minds of the representatives of the intellectual world."

"What does it signify?" asked the doctor. "Look in your Tabula Magus," replied the professor.

"Where?" asked the doctor. "In the September table, of course," replied the professor.

"Why the September table?" asked the doctor. "When the date of the agreement is in August?"

"Because," replied the professor, "the book states that the calculations for the tables are made for the first of each month. As August 29 is nearer to September 1 than to August 1, the September table would be closer to the planetary hour time; yet either table will answer, as there is but a slight difference in the planetary hours, from month to month. As August is nearing the autumnal equinox, when the days and nights are of equal length, then, of course, the planetary hours are very nearly the same now as the clock hours. See what planetary hour it was in which the notice was given to the world; 12.30, midday, was the clock hour."

"Tabular Magus gives the planetary hour from 11.59 to 1.04, in September, and, under Tuesday, on line with 11.59, I find the symbol of Jupiter," said the doctor.

"Very well," said the professor, "that signifies that the information was given to the world in the Jupiter hour."

"Well, what does the information signify?" asked the doctor.

"Follow the instructions of the book," replied the professor. "Turn to the page headed 'Jupiter,' and form your own conclusions by the reading matter on that page."

"It says Jupiter relates to precious things, worldly matters, or proud people," said the doctor. "It also says that all people in this hour are more lenient than usual, and betray but little anger, and that they are disposed to be generous, benevolent and upright in all ways."

"Well," said the professor, "does not that give you the character of the affair at Portsmouth?"

"Wonderful!" cried the doctor. "But what will be the outcome?"

"Look further down the page," answered the professor.

"It says: 'Good will surely come from it.'"

"See what the general conversation bears upon in the Jupiter hour," suggested the professor.

"It says that conversation will be concerning money, blood or things of value," replied the doctor.

"Such was the case, was it not?" asked the professor. "at Portsmouth, in that hour."

"It certainly was a high-toned Jupiter affair," replied the doctor.

"You see, then, do you not, the purport of the planetary hours," said the professor.

"But it does not mean money to everybody in the world, does it?" asked the doctor.

"Not particularly," replied the professor. "yet peace between two great nations is rather a thing of great value to most everybody; but we are not done with the planetary hours yet. What time did you receive the information?"

"I did not look to see," replied the doctor. "I am of no great consequence in the matter. But here in the paper it says that Roosevelt received the information at 1.30 p. m."

"Well, see what planetary hour that was," said the professor.

"Twenty minutes after 1 p. m. in the September table, for Tuesday, is the Sun hour," replied the doctor. "This is getting interesting. I suppose I must look to the page headed 'Sun.'"

"Certainly," replied the professor. "That was nearly two hours after the press correspondents received the information," said the doctor.

"Thus you perceive that all things do not come under the same influence even on the same day. I am glad that the intervening Mars hour did not strike the president," ejaculated the professor. "Although he, being a Solar Mars man, Mars does not disturb him greatly. However, it was in a Mars hour when the electric car ran into his coach, a few years ago in Massachusetts, and some of his party were killed. What does the Sun hour say for the president?"

"It says," replied the doctor, "that the Sun hour is apt to be a barren hour except in dignified matters or of a public or political nature, and that whatever is done in this hour is apt to remain. What is it that remains the peace?"

"We are dealing with Roosevelt now," replied the professor. "The peace matter to the world at large was a Jupiter matter. The failure on the part of people to discriminate, on these points, in time, is what causes these mysteries of the heavens to be unappreciated and misunderstood. This Sun hour relates to Roosevelt, individually, and also as the executive representative of the United States. Read about the Sun hour further down the page."

"Oh, I see," says the doctor. "It says this hour is favorable to popularity, and friends, and that conversation in this hour is most apt to be upon governmental or political affairs."

"These points," exclaimed the professor, "these points relative to these hours are merely convenient briefs. If you turn to page 22, in Tabular Magus, you will get some further hints as to the outcome of the Sun hour. In general it relates to public honors, or business advancements, hence Roosevelt is to receive permanent honor, and the country to be thereby favored with business advancements."

"Well, upon my word," cried the doctor; "I had not the faintest idea that there was so much between the covers of that little book."

"My dear doctor," said the professor, "when the world begins to look at these matters with level heads, instead of relegating them to mere fortune-telling diversions, they will learn, as Shakespeare said, 'there are more wonders in Heaven and earth,' etc. I could relate to you thousands of wonderful testimonies of the truths of these divine laws, but what is the use, when so many people have eyes and see not, and ears with which they will not hear. It is not the book. It is the movements of the heavens, which the book has merely tabulated for immediate vest pocket uses. These laws have been known by the wisest people of all ages; but it was never before easy to get at the hours, without troublesome calculations, hence they have not only been neglected, but have also been largely lost sight of. They are the optimized essence of all astrology. They are the foundation laws upon which the horoscope is based, but the horoscope has been ridiculously tampered with and put to too many unworthy uses. Doctor, is there no record in the paper of notice of the peace affair to some worthy in the Mars hour, which was from 1.04 to 2.09?"

The doctor carefully ran his eyes over the columns of his paper. "Ah, here, here! what is this?" he exclaimed. Then he read the following: "Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, Chinese minister, was informed, etc., etc., when he alighted from a train, at 1.30 a. m."

"Ah, now we have it," said the professor. "That was in the Mars hour. Now, if you will read the page headed 'Mars' in Tabular Magus, you will get the outlook for China, so far as China is represented by this minister. It certainly shows that China will not be wholly free from quarrelsome results, as the outcome of this peace between Japan and Russia. Just what it will be, we do not doubt, be revealed; if a proper calculation were made from this data, in the deeper astrologic formulas. If the exact time that the official notification, or authentic reports, of this peace conference at Portsmouth could be correctly known, as received by the various nations, or by their representatives, the planetary hour, will give an approximate idea of the outcome in its effects upon each. I have watched these for years, doctor, in important affairs of both individuals and of peoples. I can merely say, as the ancients have said, 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform,' and 'Invariably, as per the Lord's prayer, 'in earth as it is done in Heaven.' We often look for the outcome of these initiatives in immediate effect, forgetting that 'the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet grind exceeding fine.'"

"And to think that this peace conference should have ended so nearly to an eclipse of the sun. What have you to say to that, professor?" added the doctor.

"I was about to speak of that," replied the professor. "It may not be well, however, to bear too heavily upon these 'signs in the skies,' when the people of our age have been taught to ignore them. This eclipse was very near to the equinoctial line and an earthquake followed in Portsmouth. It was an important eclipse, especially as a marker for equatorial calculations. Little by little, these eclipses come around, covering different portions of the earth with their shadows. The peace conference ended with the moon on the vernal equinox, a conjunction with the sun. That may be termed the conception period of the coming peace, yet the peace itself is not born until it actually materializes. Much might be said of it from that standpoint, but not now, if ever. If I had my way I would order the Japanese and the Russian armies to celebrate the present happy occasion by a mutual battle-plein, midway between their last battle line."

"And I would like to go over and take a place with them," said the doctor. "But where were the places of the planets on August 29? I suppose their positions in the Wonder Wheel said something to the testimony."

"Certainly," replied the professor. "Sun and moon were on either side of the dividing line between Leo and Virgo; the signs of the Lion and the Virgin. Neptune was in Cancer, ruling domestic welfare. Uranus was on the exact line of +Mars: Saturn was on the cusp of Pisces, the open door of the New Dispensation. Jupiter was in a weak place financially, but good for morality. Mars was in the humane half of the Sign of Opinion, for whose sake persecutions for centuries have been made. Venus was domestically established in Cancer, and Mercury was with the Sun, ready to receive the Moon in the arms of the Virgin. Every planet was badly affected to the eclipse, with the exceptions of Uranus and Neptune, in cardinal places of great power, signifying the beginning of a new cycle of Uranian power. You will also begin to see the coming for Russia of that which I predicted at the birth of the heir to the throne."

"And what was the rising sign at Portsmouth?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, Bosh! about the rising sign," replied the professor. "That belongs to the fortune-telling features. It was Scorpio and Sagittarius combined. Mars' power on the cusp giving away to Jupiter, with the sun and moon in mid-heaven about to embrace, and Mercury (press correspondents) in high fever of excitement, in audience. When Roosevelt received the news it was a joyful surprise, as Uranus was in the mid-heaven, with Libra the sign of the scales, as the rising sign. The whole matter denotes a mystical turning in the affairs of the entire world. The ending thereof is not yet."

Letters from Our Readers.

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

Salvatore's Definition of God.

A REPLY TO JULIA AUGUSTA BUNKER.

Mr. Irving Symonds, Managing Editor "The Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.

Sir: Your editorial note indirectly alluding to my articles on the "Dynamics of Mediumship," and following the queries of Miss Julia Augusta Bunker, on page 8 of the "Banner," is here: that is, the "Banner" of August 29, 1905. I shall be only too pleased to comply with the requests of the readers of the "Banner," for answers concerning any of my positions taken in my articles at any time. I may, however say here, in a primary, rough, unanalytical way, that my concept concerning "God" is my own concept; to which I have the individual right to my own belief. The fact that the Vedas or the old testament may have referred to God as a creator, is of no more value—as testimony—than the fact, the Old Testament, or Vedas refer to spirits. If the facts, that spirits exist; or, that there is a First Creative Mind cannot be substantiated as facts, all the Old Testaments, Vedas, or Korans, cannot make it so. To such of the Banner readers, who keep the paper on file, I refer them to my views on the "Ether" in the article on "The Dynamics of Mediumship" of August 29, 1905, as explanatory of my views as to the nature of the "Ether," as a force. The fact, that a statement about God may be red herring, or blue orthodoxy, is nothing to me. Truth was not born yesterday, or the day before. If there is (what I conceive to be truth) in either heterodoxy, orthodoxy, spirit lore, church lore, or any other old lore, if it has truth in it for me—that is all I ask. I beg however, to admit, that I do personally believe in a First Creative Mind, and whom in my limitation I (using the popular word) call "God."

Now, although owing to my mental limitations, I cannot give a rational concept, or a scientific one, of the mental creative powers, of a First Creative mind; nevertheless, I may believe in the existence of the First Genius of the universe, and such a belief—providing I do not use it as a dogma—may do no harm if it does no good. Miss Julia Augusta Bunker may be even gracious and courteous enough, to permit me the individual right of my own individual interpretation to me. The first two principles embodied on page every week of the "Banner of Light." The first principle reads:

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence. I interpret this—my own way—to mean, that I personally believe in, a First Genius of the universe, whom I call "God."

The second principle reads: 2. We believe that the phenomena of nature—physical and spiritual—are the "expressions" of Infinite Intelligence.

I interpret the term "expressions" to mean "creations"; hence the possibility of the First Genius of the Universe being able to "create."

Ghastly and terrible as the thought to Miss Bunker is, that my interpretation of the terms "Infinite Intelligence" and "God" are construed by me to mean "The First Universal Genius of the Universe, or the First Psychologist, Cause, or the First Creative Mind, or the First Paternal Reason; yet I do so interpret it; horribly offensive as my anti-patheistic definition may appear, to my honored questioner. For my personal view of God I alone am responsible. If unwittingly and unintentionally, my own view of God should come in conflict with that of Miss Bunker's, I cannot help it. I am not setting myself up as a self-constituted teacher of theological definitions; and do not feel the least concerned, though I must confess to a sense of amusement, and in fact, laughed most uproariously when Miss Bunker asserted that her "conception" was a "fallacy." If my conception of God creating the ether was true, she says: "Now if ether was created, then my conception of the universe as uncreate, eternal, reversed, infinite being, expressing in inherent formulae, seeded life in the amplitude of unendingness—would be a fallacy."

Well, suppose, my kind lady, that your conception is a fallacy; or that my conception is a fallacy, what are we going to do about it? All of our conceptions, concerning matters that cannot be verified as scientific facts, are unavoidably relative, and, as such, are subject to the revisions of experience; and a loftier, rational and ethical evolution. Both of us, before we pass out, may be in possession of surer truths than we are today. That is, if we are both teachable and lovely in spirit. The principal point that I am insisting upon (in relation to the existence of the ether) is however, its existence as to substance, possessing wave motions, and therefore, possessing force, whereby the nerves of the senses, of a medium, may be aroused. This is a truth which experiment can prove, and my articles on the "Dynamics of Mediumship" are dealing wholly with matters which can be settled by the tests of scientific experiment, once and forever. I hope that my work in this direction may not be rendered negative by the discussion of the questions, "The Reticence of Matter vs. Creation."

After this series of papers on the "Dynamics of Mediumship" are through, I may find time to elaborate more fully my idea of God—position, also, attributes and astronomicalities of His force in creation.

Salvatore.