

OCT 6 1905

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 98.—Whole No. 2531.

Publishing Office:
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1905.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 7

THE COUNTRY FAITH.

Norman Gale.

Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith
And the best of all!

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"If there be any reason for existing at all there is reason for going on! If there is any reason for the brain, for the heart, for emotion, for love, for conscience; if there is any thought of right and wrong; if there is anything worthy of scorn and anything worthy of emulation; if there is anything holy, noble, and pure upon which men should think, then there is in man that which is worthy to persist. All science, all philosophy, all human life, are unintelligible if we believe that there are moral laws anywhere that are different from moral laws here, or if we do not believe that law is an eternal thing.

"The mind and the conscience also revolt at the thought that this world is the only theatre for the administration of justice, for we very often do not get justice here. Take another thought: we do not begin to exhaust the possibilities of life, any of us. What is man? No one knows. Many of his faculties exist in him like unwrapped tools in a box—not even examined, much less named. The testimony of departed spirits is unanimous in this respect, that there is immaterial progress for all beyond the tomb."—Benjamin Fay Mills.

"This world is not conclusion;
A sequel lies beyond."
Emily Dickinson.

To come into recognition—vivid and eye-present recognition of the realm of the unseen around us, would make precisely the same difference in our daily lives that it would make to the deaf, dumb and blind to have the senses of hearing and of sight and the power of speech. It is easy to realize how this would extend the world of those so afflicted. Let a man be blind, and though he may hear and may enter fully into conversational intercourse, he is yet cut off from a large area of life. He is largely a spirit in prison. There is an entire world of life from which he is excluded. Or, if he can see, but not hear,—again there is the obvious world from which he is cut off. It needs no pointing out of the way in which his faculties are limited and are denied development in order that this denial and deprivation shall be refused. It is perceived at a glance, at a thought. The individual who is deaf, dumb and blind, or who lacks any one of these faculties, must, as a rule, wait for his development farther on—beyond the physical life. He is a spirit in prison. He is shut out from the great world of activities. He is denied great opportunities. All this is too obvious to require any emphasis.

It is no exaggeration to say that a large proportion of the inhabitants of this world are similarly deprived of the great possibilities of development; of the extension of life into the larger activities and more significant thought and purpose, because they, too, are correspondingly blind, deaf and dumb to all the fuller and higher and more intense life and energies and affairs of the ethereal world.

A new star has recently been discovered at the Harvard Observatory by Mrs. Fleming, the accomplished astronomer and curator of astronomical photography. The sensitive photographic plate registers stars that are never visible to the eye even through the largest telescope. This new star which so recently seemed to swim within the focal distance of the Harvard camera is of the order called Novae, of which Tycho Brahe discovered the first in 1572.

If the sensitive plate of the camera can record a star never visible through even the strongest glass, and thus prove its existence, why is it not reasonable to believe that the camera may register a form, invisible to the eye? In other words,—does not stellar photography constitute a strong argument for spirit photography?

There may be constantly traced a strong analogy, an almost perfect correspondence, indeed, between scientific and psychic truth. The two go almost hand in hand. The Roentgen ray was described on the spiritual side before its discovery in the physical world. Wireless telegraphy, telepathy and the electric motor are all forces of the ethereal realm. All the great, positive, significant potencies are in the ethereal world. Death, instead of "going out into the darkness," as is often

unthinkingly said, is a step into the light, the radiance, the intense energy, the finer and larger activities.

After more than a half century of authentic experiences of communication between the realms of the Seen and those of the Unseen, it should be no matter of surprise, nor anything even unusual, to refer to this intercourse in a simple and natural and taken-for-granted way. That there is fraud—goes without saying. There is counterfeit money in the world, but that does not invalidate the genuine issue of gold and bank-bills. There are quacks in medicine, but these do not discredit all the great physicians. Of the absolute communication between the two worlds, or rather, between the two conditions of the same world (for all life is one and there is no gulf dividing one part from the other); of the absolute communication there can be no more doubt than there is of immortality, or of existence itself. This communication comes in many different ways. It is often unrecognized. To receive it through impression and by telepathy implies a certain degree of the development of the spiritual faculties. It implies illumination. That some persons can consciously receive this—that some are perfectly conscious of impressions and thoughts transmitted to them, and that some are not, is, in analogy, similar to the great reality of the world of music,—to which many persons are extremely sensitive and to which some are not. Art, science, philosophy,—every great realm of perception and illumination have their corresponding initiates, and, too, the numbers of persons to whom art, science or philosophy say nothing. This holds true with the infinite atmosphere of spiritual significance which envelops us.

"The spirit-world around this world of sense floats like an atmosphere."

Those who are deaf and who are blind do not hear voices nor see forms, but this does not argue that voices are not constantly sounding, nor that forms and presences do not people the world. We in this life seem, for the most part, to those in the next higher state to be as the deaf, dumb and blind seem to us. They stand by us, and we do not see them; they speak to us, and we do not hear; and as we do not hear we do not reply, and thus we are, practically, just as those blind, deaf and dumb are to us. Now to be able to recognize the existence and the true nature of this ethereal realm, peopled with ethereal beings, all around us, is the initial step of true living. It is not merely that this recognition is a solace and an added interest in the present life; that is but one, and a feeble reason, for the recognition of all this immaterial realm. The real reason is that it permits an extension and a development of life hitherto unknown and undreamed of in the history of the world. Precisely as the blind, the deaf and the dumb are shut out from the normal activities of this world, so we, shut out, by reason of undeveloped spiritual perception, from the greater life we might all lead. It is only the part of ignorance to say—"one world at a time." Who is to fix the boundary as to where "this world" ends and the "other world" begins? The horizon line of the Seen is constantly receding into what was the Unseen. The horizon line of the Known moves backward into that which was the Unknown. What would the Pilgrim Fathers have thought of seeing cars careering about the Boston streets without visible agency to move them? What would they have thought of even telegraphic, not to speak of wireless-telegraphic communication? Well, indeed, might Mr. Gladstone say that this question of recognizing the Unseen realm is the greatest question in human life, the most important problem of the day.

"It is in fear that our danger lies," says one writer; "to be afraid of anything invests that thing with a danger that does not, of itself, belong to it, and gives stability to a baseless fabric or, at least, a fabric based only on fear. It is not possible that evil shall touch any who, inquiring, seeking good, else we must assert that evil is the stronger and will conquer good, which is unthinkable. . . . Fear is the darkness in us that we need to have enlightened. It is the fog of our own making through which, as long as our will does not banish it, the sun cannot shine. It is we who must will it away."

It is not only that we do not exhaust the possibilities of life in this world, but we do not even begin to enter on them. Our daily life could be as much larger and more significant than it now is, could we live with clearer vision and perceptions, as could the life of the deaf, dumb and blind, by receiving the powers of hearing, speech and sight. Even the most advanced thinkers have laid too much stress, it may be, on the change of death as permitting the liberation of the faculties. But this liberation, this development, may be achieved here and now, and it is a part of the great progress of life to achieve this larger grasp on the more significant realities.

Why Spirits Differ in Opinion.

Very often slight is made of spirit communications because they differ in statements of fact, and this disagreement is claimed to be evidence that spirits are not communicating. We cannot deny that they differ in opinion and in knowledge. Especially do they express different views about spirit life, its possibilities, its immortality and the reality of the claims for reincarnation. Such contradictions have been made that some say it proves that only mortal mind is operating in some sub-conscious manner. At least, many feel that this casts an uncertainty upon the fact of spirit communion. It is barely possible that these opinions result from being a little too hasty.

It is but a simple matter of retort—but it is a logical one—to ask all of these people who so conclude, if they all agree about all the facts of earth-life? If you do not, then your contradictions might as well be testimony that you do not dwell on earth. But, you reply, we are limited observers here, and the spirits have unlimited capacity. Who can prove such capacity for the spirits? If any consensus of spirit opinion or statement that positively agrees, it is that their individuality is preserved, and their environment differs, and their knowledge is a matter of growth and experience. Progressive development is a cardinal doctrine taught by all spirits. That they are able to communicate and are the exact continuity of their earth-selves and are each in different relative position to the conditions and localities of spirit life, are facts that spirits do not differ about.

These harmonies of opinion counterbalance all of the contradictions; because they explain why such occur. Spirits see and understand according to their capacity and opportunity. Preconceived opinions inherited from earth-life do much to mold the opinion in spirit-life. Thus if one is a firm believer in Jesus as the Savior, in the orthodox heaven or hell, that one in spirit will be waiting for Jesus and heaven or hell. And again: one who is sure that spirits cannot communicate, or has never heard of such a possibility, does not seek to do so or will not because he still clings to his impossibility. This may seem very silly to many of us, but it is not typical of our various lives and applications on earth. Accept the idea that spirit-life is a direct continuity of this, and it is logical to suppose the individual carries his or her frailties as well as virtues. Why, then, should we not have many contradictions from the spirits? This very fact proves the naturalness of that life and is the strongest evidence that spirits do communicate.

Health Suggestions.

It is stated that elderly people should practice deep breathing and drink liberal quantities of water. This is highly important, and will preserve health and increase longevity. Indeed, this should be the practice of people of all ages. To secure health in youth is the surest way to possess it in old age. Correct habits should early in life be formed. Nothing causes lung diseases so much as breathing through the mouth. To breathe through the nostrils is nature's plan, and that insures a healthful invigoration of the entire physical system. Pure air is necessary to human life. Water is the foundation of the physical. When in sleep, we should have the room well ventilated and banish all noxious effluvia. Observe these simple needs of the physical and you may almost banish your doctor.

It is proposed to celebrate the bi-centenary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin on January 17 next. Look up his history and writings and you will find much to make the coming occasion an important one. The study will be a good one for the children's Lyceums, from whom the "Banner" hopes to hear—and our correspondents generally may make it a profitable occasion for our readers.

"A court which would run a man down without giving him fair headway would be too mean for anything."—Cleveland, O., Leader.

This same editor of the Leader has done just this mean act towards Dr. Slade, the medium. Editorial abuse and false accusations branded Slade, and over his dead body declared him a fraud and insane; also belittling the name of Dr. Zollner as a Spiritualist. Thus accusing, he will cut out a defense and try to prejudice the people against Spiritualism. Such unfair editors may sling their vile ink, but the cause of Spiritualism will yet honor its mediums and advocates.

Have our readers given careful attention to the "Home Circle" department of the Banner? If not, please it and you will find many gems for both the elders and youth. The Lyceum and parents will there find much to assist in efforts to teach the youth.

Fiction.

The Secret of the Deserted Mansion

Ida L. Spalding.

(For the "Banner of Light.")

The early October sun shone bright and warm. The brilliant autumn foliage rustled in the south wind, which breathed as balmy as on a day in June. Through the open window came the hum of traffic softened by distance to a pleasing drone that harmonized with my indolent mood.

Looking up from the long column of figures before me where lurked an illusive integer, my eye roamed idly down the long counting room, with its rows of desks over which bent busy clerks, then wandered back, and glancing through the window at my left, rested with a new interest on the deserted, weather-stained old mansion opposite, whose neglected, weed-choked, high-walled garden separated it from the great manufactory of Holbrook, Inman & Co.

It was a square, two-story structure with two wings. The roof was flat, and a heavy coping surmounted the thick stone walls. A wide porch supported by Ionic columns gave access to the main entrance door in the center of the broad front, with rooms on either hand. From a door in the east wing directly opposite my window a flight of stone steps led down to the garden. The windows were long and narrow, those in the first story reaching, apparently, to the floor, those in the second story were finished at the top with arches, the spaces beneath being blinded, the slats arranged fan-shape.

If neighborhood tradition were to be accepted, the crumbling pile, severe in outline and with tightly closed blinds jealously guarding the interior, was no more forbidding in aspect than had been its strange owner about whom hung the shadow of a tragedy. Erected two-thirds of a century before the period of which I write, it had been the peer of the stately homes of the city's aristocracy in the then fashionable quarter. But the sordid spirit of the times, greedy and inexorable, had long since claimed this section for the growing manufacturing interests of the thriving young city, and the old landmark's proud neighbors had been ruthlessly leveled, leaving it standing silent and deserted, in the midst of the bustle and whirl of business, a sad reminder of past splendor and pomp.

The space occupied by the dilapidated mansion and its surrounding grounds had long been coveted by the enterprising firm of Holbrook, Inman and Company, whose increasing business necessitated the erection of an addition to their already large plant, but never advanced with a view to its purchase, there had been returned by the London solicitors of the English owner the same uncompromising reply, "The property is not for sale." The previous spring, however, our firm had been met with the counter-query, "What will you give?" The nonagenarian owner had died, and the heir was glad to dispose of the unprofitable estate. Tomorrow the papers would be passed, and with the transfer of the property, the house would be opened for the first time in fifty years," so young Mr. Dorrance, the junior member of the firm, had that morning informed me, adding with a whimsical smile, "You and I, Bert, will be the first to have the pleasure of exploring the enchanted castle."

"They say that Wilcox, both reclusive and scholar, did not stop even to remove his library when he found that his beautiful girl-wife had eloped with his fascinating young secretary, but returned on the first vessel that sailed for England and never revisited his home; so you may find something worth your while; if the rats and mice, as well as Father Time, have left any part of his books intact," he had called back as he passed on into the firm's private office.

My father and the father of Dick Dorrance had been cousins. Dick was the only child of a successful business man, while I was one of a large family early left orphans, and it was through the influence of young Dorrance that I had been given the position of book-keeper by the firm of Holbrook, Inman and Company. Of a studious turn of mind, I would have chosen a different vocation more in consonance with my tastes, but with a sister still in school dependent upon me, I very gratefully accepted the proffered situation with its liberal salary. My evenings, however, were devoted to study and reading along rather unusual lines for so young a man, and quaint and curious volumes, particularly profound tomes of a philosophical character, were of peculiar interest to me.

Gazing idly at the sombre ruin, I recalled the story connected with its last occupants as told me by a retired manufacturer who had resided farther down the street in former days, before I—had become the leading manufacturing city of the state.

The merchant prince who had erected the brown stone edifice had failed, and it had been on the market a twelvemonth, when there arrived in the city an Englishman and his wife, accompanied by a secretary and several servants. He immediately purchased the estate, and building a high stone wall about the premises, established his household in the stately mansion.

Mr. Wilcox, the new owner, was about forty years of age, slightly hunchback and lame, a scholarly man of studious, unsocial habits and extreme irritability, venting his ill-temper on all about him, but more especially on his charming and accomplished wife, to whom he had been married less than a year. The latter was scarcely more than a child, to whom, however, her austere husband denied the social pleasures in which it is natural for the young to delight.

The secretary was a man of about twenty-two or twenty-three, handsome and well bred, who attended with strict fidelity to the duties of his position, and who excited as much friendly interest on the part of the neighbors as did the young wife, who was to be seen daily among her flowers, pensive and sad, but who never ventured beyond the high walls of the garden. Of a summer evening, a sweet, cultivated female voice, sometimes accompanied by a tuneful guitar and sometimes by the music of a piano, could be heard singing a tender ballad, and occasionally a tenor voice charmed the ear of the music-loving listener.

That the head of the new household desired for himself no intercourse with his fellows was soon as apparent as the fact that he would permit none on the part of his wife. The friendly courtesies of the neighbors, who would gladly have welcomed the presence of the fair young Englishwoman among them, were never acknowledged. The servants, well-trained and middle-aged, were almost as reserved as their master, and beyond the bare facts already mentioned, nothing was known of the family and the course of their daily lives remained for about a year as much a matter of conjecture as it had been during the first weeks of their sojourn in the city. Then one day it was announced that the beautiful young wife had disappeared in company with the handsome secretary. Not much sympathy was expressed for the injured husband, and some even manifested surprise that this not unusual sequence to an unsuitable marriage had not occurred earlier. However, the husband evidently desired the commiseration of his neighbors in the shame and sorrow of his desertion no more than he had their friendship in happier days, and in less than a week the house was closed, and master and servants departed for England. Nothing had since been heard of the false wife and her lover, neither had the husband ever returned, and the abandoned mansion had remained uninhabited to the present day.

I was in the library of the old mansion, opened once more to the glad sunlight and the fresh air, and as I examined with interest the musty volumes, better preserved, however, than I had imagined possible, the busy, bustling world just without seemed very far removed indeed.

Reluctantly I turned from my richly rewarded search for long coveted works, and directed my attention to a desk by the window, whose exquisite workmanship had so excited the admiration of Dick Dorrance that he had announced his intention of appropriating it to his own use so soon as I had removed the mouldering contents.

The key was in the lock, but turned with a protest. I let down the lid, disclosing to view neatly folded papers filed methodically, with desk furnishings of the fashion of fifty years ago, all in the perfect order in which they had been left by the secretary at the time of his flight. But dust was everywhere. It had sifted through the most minute crevice, and the contents were covered with the fine gray particles.

I picked up a thick packet and rapped it smartly against a closed drawer. The cover flew off apart, revealing a narrow space under the drawer proper in which were concealed several very yellow papers. I removed them from their long-time hiding place and carefully unfolded them. I glanced curiously at the faded lines traced in a lady's delicate slanting Italian hand, and soon my interest in the lost chapter of a long closed romance was so aroused that I read eagerly to the end without a pause.

(To be continued.)

As the secular press is ever ready to build any fraudulent or improper conduct of a medium, it is about time that we have spiritual papers that will freely publish the earnest efforts and unimpaired mediunistic results of our workers. The mediums sadly need steadfast friends.

OCTOBER.
Little Belle Wylla.
The tulip-poplar lilies, green,
Are filled with spice by hands unseen,
To please the fishy Ganymedes,
Who brew wine from ambrosia seed.
While he with magic finger stirs
Into the potion wiles of fire,
Whose tender, larch-like stems ensnare
A thousand odors from the air.
The aftermath and stubble gleams
Through amber light; a poppy dreams
Among the tall and crisping grass,
Wooded by the winds that lightly pass.

The Unity of Mind and Body.

LESSON ON MENTAL HEALING.

"Wouldst be virtuous, scan your virtues.
Look to quality and kind. For the humors of
the body breed the vagaries of the mind."
The above is a very old quotation and I
have taken the liberty to insert it with a
slight alteration that makes it apply to the
mental scientist.

"Wouldst be virtuous? Scan your fancies.
Look to quality and kind? For the humors of
the body breed the vagaries of the mind."
Fact is, they both apply, as the mind and
body are so constituted that a constant inter-
change of conditions is passing between them.
Especially is this so when the ego, or real in-
dividual (who is neither mind nor body, per
se, but has charge of both) remains in a
passive state, permitting this play of wasting
energy between the two.

It is true there are transcendental meta-
physicists who claim that mind is all in all,
that no physical condition need affect it, but
this has yet to be proven.

While teaching a class the question was
asked me, "What would be the result of a
mental scientist swallowing a pint of shot?"
I answered, "There would be no result!"
"What?" exclaimed my inquirer. "Do you
mean to say that anybody could swallow a
pint of shot and nothing result from it?"
"No," I replied. "But I mean that a mental
scientist would not be such a fool as to swal-
low a pint of shot, therefore nothing could
result from it."

It is folly to attempt to ignore so-called
physical laws. Who would thrust a hand in
the fire, expecting not to be burned, or swal-
low a dose of deadly poison and attempt to
overcome it by a mental process. As summer
advances minute and microscopic animal life
awakens from its winter incubation, striking
terror to the heart of many. Various devices
for filtration of water, testing food and in-
sulating the human organism against these
little demons, food the market and are met
with ready sale. It is gradually becoming
known, however, that instead of enemies,
they are friends. Their presence in disease is
not a cause, it is an effect of it. Even before
acute disease is developed they are present
in the body, as street cleaners, scraping up
and making away with impurities and often
prevent disease.

One of the greatest mistakes parents make
is to give vermin to children without
changing their habits of life.

Morbid visceral accumulations are abstracted
and thus rendered harmless by them.

Worms will never develop in a natural,
healthy digestive system, but just as soon as
improper living produces a surplus of excre-
tory matter in the digestive organ, living or-
ganisms will spring into existence sponta-
neously and feed upon it. If this natural
law were better understood people would
cease to invite these unwelcome tenants, by
ignoring natural laws so easily understood,
and attributing their ailments to a visitation
of God. Even though they would substitute
the name of the opposite deity, it would still
be sacrilegious, for there is no visitation
whatever. The romance and sentiment sur-
rounding disease are fast giving place to the
sober fact that all disease (injuries excepted)
result from internal uncleanness, not pleas-
ant to contemplate, we know, but let us re-
peat here and not an axiom that is the key
to health, viz: If waste and repair work
perfect balance in the system, disease would
be unknown, time would make no unpleasant
change in the appearance of the individual.
Death at an advanced age would result from
simply outgrowing the body, and would be as
painless as the removing of an outer garment
is today.

Immortality of the body, of which so much
is now written, is based on the natural law
of equilibrium. A perfect balance between
waste and repair would leave no room for
friction, the destroying power in nature. This
perfect balance may be impossible in the
chaotic age, still we can approach so close to
it individually that the fear of disease may be
almost wholly eliminated from our minds.
Having had the benefit of a complete course
in anatomy, studying not only from photo-
graphic manikins, but the once living body,
we are prepared to say that every organized
part of this marvelous structure indicates that
harmonious action of the whole means health,
and inharmonious or obstructed action must
produce disease. Also that all the various
diseases, so-called, represent more or less in-
harmony, or obstructions of this action, and
that local diseases are named from the part
thus affected.

All of this beautiful, intricate machine, the
body, is under the control of an invisible
something which for want of a better name
we call mind. The organ, or organs through
which this control is affected are brain cere-
brum and cerebellum.

Nerve centres, smaller brains, are found
throughout the body, each one having control
over some organ, all connected with each
other, and through the spinal plexus to the
cerebrum and cerebellum, the former is the
seat of reason and voluntary action and the
latter of involuntary action.

It will be readily seen how mental distur-
bances being at the fountain head of this in-
tricate system of nerve centres, can affect the
whole, and through them, the blood that feeds
the tissues. Order then gives place to chaos,
impurities are deposited in various parts of
the system and disease results.

Let us repeat, all power lies in mind, but
mind can give or refuse to give the body
proper conditions, such as wholesome food,
clothing, fresh air and exercise, and last, but
not least, external and internal cleanliness. A
serene, well balanced mind can do this and
banish disease from the body it controls. Let
us begin now to exercise this control, and in-
stead of being ruled by environments, begin
to rule them. The first step is to banish
fear and realize we have this power. Grad-
ually the body will adjust itself to this new
condition, and we find ourselves masters
where formerly we were slaves.

Mrs. M. McCaslin, Ph. D.
Mande: "Oh, I think Mr. Textual is a
splendid minister!"
Martha: "Why, I thought it was generally
admitted that his sermons are dull and dry."
Mande: "Oh, I never listen to what he
says. I don't care anything about that; you
know. But he handles his hands so gracefully
that I could sit and feast my eyes
on him for hours."—Boston Transcript.

Enthusiasm is a manufactured product.
When you find your supply giving out, catch
hold of the crank and turn it lustily.

The Higher Life.

Mary J. Weathered-Rice.

"The grub contains the whole of the future
butterfly, not by generation but by develop-
ment."

Have you ever thought that this higher life
we seek—this development of our psychic self,
by an equal figure of speech, is now so unlike
what it shall be that we may fitly speak of
our present soul existence as a grub state.

The child has all the possibilities of a man
and the man through his aspirational nature
has all the possibilities of a larger life—the
soul's true portion, and this according to the
law that nothing remains in a state of repose,
or equilibrium.

Descending to the very lowest strata of
physical formation—to the primordial cell,
even there endowed with a degree of sensu-
ousness, it seeks or draws to itself another
cell, and this to another, till the original atom
has by an aggregation of cells become an
organism. This principle of attraction goes
on and the organic body develops or rises in
the scale of being; from the tiny forms of
earth would we see its development into veg-
etable life in moss and tree—fern and woody
growth, while from the floating germs in air
and water discernible only through the micro-
scope this law of development shows sensu-
ous existence in the fowls of the air and the
fish of the sea.

Everywhere is there discernible this struggle
for a higher existence—a universe in the
throes of a new birth—a re-formation, and

"Thou God's mariner, heart of mine
Spread canvass to the airy divine—
Spread sail, and let thy portion be
Forgotten in thy destiny."

And what shall thy destiny be, but an eter-
nity of life. "I am come that ye might have
life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

When Mrs. Barbauld says in her pathetic
verse.

"Life I know not what thou art,
But this I know that we must part."

"Yet in some other clime," she prays "that
thou wilt bid me good morrow"—even so we
all look beyond the dying, for life to bid us
"good morrow." And yet who can tell what
this is, this breathing, conscious existence, even
though we feel that we are a part of all we
see—that we are related and interrelated with
life in fields of air and earth and sea.

What shall our destiny be? Can any one
conceive it to be less than to rise by the same
consciousness as now—stopping at nothing
short of ascension to the author of all life—
to the spirit of life itself?

By a long ladder have we crept up, rung by
rung, to an almost inconceivable height of
being and, by equal reasoning, what can hinder
our further progression only that we will
to rise. Change works on change and along-
side of these compressed forms of life are the
shadows of those that were—the living
and the seemingly dead commingled—life and
its antithesis death forever clasping hands.
Only when the tender vine that had wound
its tendrils around our hearts, now no longer
able to adapt itself to its environment in the
natural world, loses its grasp and dies, do we
then realize our dual nature—that the materi-
al part returns to the earth again, but the
spirit of which it is an integral part, the
Great Spirit of all worlds—then do we have
a feeling akin to certainty that the psychic
self has a higher life before it, even an
eternity of life.

For this higher life we yearn, shrinking
from the possibility (if it were even possi-
ble) that life could be other than a continual
ascension to something infinitely above this
lower plane of existence.

Now comes the question, by what efforts on
our part can these longings be satisfied and
we be able to overcome the varying difficulties
of the passing hour, shall it be by introspec-
tion?

We all remember the old philosophy that
exacted of its followers a rigid self-examina-
tion at the close of the day—a calling up of
our offenses through omission and commis-
sion, and what was the result?

In all likelihood time so spent tended only
to fix deeper in one's mind the reality of what
is bad, whereas the true theory is, that the
mind should dwell only upon the good side of
things and see only the good qualities in
others. Thus always seeking for the good
we shall surely find it. Shall we not then
seek the higher life like little children, with
the trust and faith of a little child, resting
on the sure promises of that Power that is
higher than we?

How grows the lily of the field? Not by
toil, and how does the oak rise in the majesty
of its being? And all growth in the natural
world, what is it, but by resting in its en-
vironment without striving for as Goethe
says, "To strive is to err," as showing want
of trust—without fretting, without thinking—
resting in the sweet influences of love and
delight in the sure mercies of the Power that
makes for good.

We must not scorn to acknowledge our rela-
tionship with the very lowest forms of life,
for they and we are all built from the pri-
mary cell—sensuous life in its very beginning—
life in the cell and life in the aggregation of
cells—each and all seeking a higher self-
hood.

The long and devious way by which we
have come up to our present condition has
been accomplished for us through natural and
spiritual laws, so silent in their workings, so
sure in their results we cannot deny the reali-
ty of the divine within us—life asserting
itself as parts of the One great life.

But here let us not forget our dual nature,
as living at once in two worlds—the natural
and the spiritual and each with an inward
principle of growth. As grows the physical
body of the man by adaptation to its physical
needs, so spiritually we must find the fulfil-
ment of our hearts' desires by a growth from
within outward, for the kingdom of God com-
eth not by observation.

How the sweet breath of the morning can
clarify the bodily tissues and speed the course
of cell building is all a hidden process, as
"asterisks" as the decay that follows when
suddenly the adaptation of the physical body
to its environment ceases and life for want
of supply from without ceases and the body
dies; and by the spiritual law the psychic self
also grows by finding its desires satisfied in
God—the great Over-soul, for your life—the
life of the spirit is hid in God.

As the grub contains the whole of the future
butterfly, not by generation, but by develop-
ment, so the body's self contains the whole
of the future winged self—the soul—by
development.

How does the sculptor carve out of the
shapeless mass of stone a thing of beauty
and perfection, but from the image or image
of loveliness within his brain. Equally so as
we desire to live a higher life—one worthy of
our high calling—our eye must be ever fixed
on a high ideal—the perfect life.

all the attributes of the Divine which may be
summed up in one word—Love, for Love is
the fulfiling of all law.
But when Love enters, self must die—all
our antipathies, self-interest, impatience—
and Life and Love its deity.

"Oh death of self, pass like the night,
And waken us from death to light."

We do not need to ask what seek ye? for
the answer is all too plainly seen in the
world's discontent. Success, as the world
terms it, does not satisfy nor do the good
things of life, as bodily comfort, health, pros-
perity. These are temporal benefits, but the
psychic self must be fed with the living
manna that cometh down from heaven, yet
which, as the Christ said, "if a man eat, he
shall live forever." This is that higher life,
wherein, so far as we attain it, we yield the
fruits of holiness—Love, joy, peace.

It is this we all are seeking, but ever we
confess to ourselves in the world's plaint:
"To will is present with me, but how to per-
form that which is good, I wot not."

Can I tell the sculptor how to use his chisel
to develop the beauty that is hidden in the
rough stone? Obviously not, unless the work-
man has his eye on the hidden ideal. What,
then, is the way to this higher life? Let
Love lead you, for Love can do all things.
It is the mighty builder of the universe, for
Love is of God.

This first in the discipline of the self is the
discipline of the will. And what is the will
but the great driving wheel of the psychic
self?

Were we traveling to a far country we
would scarcely be so unwise as to go and
come except under the leadership of a profes-
sional guide; neither in our journeyings
through the highways and byways of this
present life can we wisely direct our steps.
So you not see that most of the failings we
have occasion to grieve over are from mis-
directed energy; we have followed ignorantly
as our desires led us. Had we instead ac-
knowledge our ignorance and preferred that
God should direct our steps—that in all things
we might do his good will and pleasure since
all our interests are in his keeping. See how
the petty annoyances of the day would be
lifted, for nothing can work us ill, since all
is under the divine direction. Perfect con-
fidence in this overruling Intelligence shall cast
out fear.

We may know if we are advancing in the
higher life only by so much as we are free
from fear and anxiety. We shall do with our
might whatever duty calls us to and there
shall be no misgivings as to the results of our
labors, for "perfect love casteth out fear,"
And this work of self-conquest or the disci-
pline of the will shall not be irksome. Be-
cause the power of the Infinite is behind us
we shall obtain the victory over ourselves and
to this end we shall work joyously, for this
new philosophy is the philosophy of right
thinking.

Here we get at the root of the whole matter
—"for by thy words" (and thinking is the be-
getting of words and deeds) "thou shalt be
justified and by the words thou shalt be con-
demned."

Here is the shop where the sculptor is at
work and just as he thinks will the image
be that he carves.

Right thinking is the philosophy of joy. Do
you recall that verse of Mr. West's, where he
speaks of Delity as

"God of goodness, God of grace?"

We, as the children of such a father, must
in the very nature of things see good in every-
thing, nor shall we dwell moodily upon our
own shortcomings so much as upon our glad-
ness that we have the desire to do right and
to make others happier for our being with them.

Nor will we allow ourselves to look upon
anything as evil, since what have seemed mis-
fortunes have in the long run proven a benefit
even though it has been wrought through suffer-
ing it may be to the uttermost, for thus do
the beautiful ideal we reach for come
slowly into a living form—the beautiful soul
—the beautiful self, where we can say with
the singer:

"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover blooms."

This is the faith we can continually hold
through faith in God, and faith in ourselves.
Faith is belief in the Power that is above and
below, behind and before—that holds in its
hand the universe of his creation. Where
is the Power that can contend against the
Almighty? There being none, what have we
to fear?

But faith must attest itself by its works.
God worketh eternally by his law in every
growing thing—in the law of the winds that
rule the storm—in that energy that fills a
universe of worlds.

There is then in this philosophy of joy a
continual psalm of praise. "Oh give thanks
for thy goodness and for his wonder-
ful works to the children of men," for it is He
that folds us in His loving arms—sheltering
they will ever protect.

"Who is faithless? Only he who fears that
he may be working unaided and alone."
"Trust then in the Lord—in the power of His
might," and neither life nor death shall sepa-
rate you from your own highest good.

It is a very great help to begin the day by
dedicating one's self to this higher life, say-
ing: "I am cheerful, hope, courage, faith,
success." If the day opens, finding us a little
gloomy, a little faithless, only the more resolu-
tely let us assert: "I am cheerful, hope, cour-
age, faith, success," for who would lose
his birthright to perfect bliss, for by
keeping one's eye fixed on these virtues we
become changed into the same image, for we
are not told and do not know, that what-
ever the mind rests on, to that it shall eventu-
ally attain.

Live then your own life in the spirit of
gladness, embracing every experience as
freighted with the highest good—say only that
which is good—hear only that which is good—
have faith in God and have faith in yourself
and by your habitual cheerfulness, your hope,
your courage—success shall come to you, even
the full fruition of your heart's desires, and
you shall know of a certainty that this is
the higher life.

**If the Mountain Cannot Come to
Mahomet, then Mahomet Can
Go to the Mountain.**

It is customary among the larger number of
the churches of the present day to follow a
line of teachings with orders of exercises,
Sunday school lessons, etc., published in
books, with scriptural lessons so arranged and
dated that all the schools of the churches in
the denomination may be attentive to the
same line of thought throughout all the land
upon the self-same day. This, of course, is
done to keep the churches in a sort of har-
monious accord. Mrs. Eddy in charge of her
cult has adopted the self-same plan, but she
has gone the church one better, and has the
self-same sermon preached to her disciples at
the self-same time. This is by no means a
bad plan, because it carries a psychological
influence with it to sustain the power of the
people en masse in the same line of thought
and action. It is also in harmony with the

divine law of the planetary hours, as they, in
a general way, have the same vibratory in-
fluence upon the whole world at the self-same
time.

There is one thing, however, that the
churches forget, as, perchance, they ever
knew, and that is that the same lesson
taught to their followers on the self-same
day, but in different hours, will not be re-
ceived by all in the self-same manner, nor
with the self-same spirit.

It was the design of the Catholic church
to produce harmony of action by a similar
method, and that was why the leadership in
morals was delegated to the Pope. The
Protestant churches are merely spinning the
Catholic church in this operation for har-
mony, and in that respect do not differ from
the Catholics, except in the fact that the
Catholics call their method "Universal,"
while the Protestants call theirs a protest
against anything which bears the name
"Catholic."

Spiritualists may with equal propriety
adopt a similar course of uniform instruc-
tions, and it is high time that they do so, as
the time is now ripe for it. They would dif-
fer from the other two in this, greatest of all
biblical facts, that no man is a free man un-
less he is permitted to express the working
of the spirit within him, without let or
hindrance, wherever he may be. Liberty
of thought and freedom of expression, in or
out of church, is the God-given attribute of
Spiritualism that ranks it over and above all
other cults, and makes it truly nearer to God
than any creed-bound mortal can ever expect
to be.

In the Spiritual ranks there is a line fast
being drawn between two classes, one of
which calls itself "Spiritists" and the other
"Spiritualists," just as there is Low church
and High church, in the old orders.

Now suppose that the different churches,
Catholic and Protestant, and all of the other
cults, including, of course, the Spiritualists,
should uniformly devote themselves to the
self-same line of Sunday School lessons, and
for the same biblical subject for text, on the
self-same day in the year, and have them
published by some enterprising publishers be-
tween the self-same covers, what a grand
outpouring of spiritual interpretations, of the
self-same biblical matter, would be given to
the world for independent consideration. The
churches of the old type would not dare to do
such a thing. Spiritualists would not hesi-
tate for one single moment. Why? Because
the ear of a Spiritualist is ever open to re-
ceive the truth from whatever source it
may come. Church people are not so consti-
tuted. They dwell in an hypnotic spell that
actually prevents them from hearing a truth,
unless it is sanctioned by the master hypo-
notists who tell them to think of right and
of truth only as it is dealt out through their
church channels.

Let me cite an example. In the Sunday
schools when I was a boy I was taught to
believe that Daniel, in Babylonia, was in
some way supernaturally connected with God
that he received knowledge from God, just as
he received the breath that he breathed, and
that all magicians and astrologers were in
some way allied to the devil. Church people
in general were of that same opinion. When
I grew to manhood and broke away from
such ignorance and malign teaching, and
studied the matter out for myself, I marveled
at the hypnotic control which a false teach-
ing by the church had upon people who
boasted of intelligence. Many a magister
wrestled with me and endeavored to convince
me that to think of Daniel as an astrologer
himself, instead of as an intuitive man of
God, made it quite evident that I had gone
over to the side of the devil. I proved easily,
by biblical law, the side of the matter that
the devil stood upon. I maintained my
ground, and brought proof upon proof from
the Bible to sustain me, and never for one
moment attempted to evade the argument.

These ministers, almost without exception,
would leave me when the proofs began to be
too strong for them, and they would not leave
me in a courteous manner, but after the same
manner as a fakir, or a confidence man will
leave when he discovers that he has "barked
up the wrong tree." This showed me the
exemplification of the text that if we "re-
sist the devil he will flee from us."

The American Revised version of the Bible
has substituted in Daniel, 1:20, the word
"Enchanters" for that of "Astrologers,"
showing that these revisionists had stumbled
on to the facts as they have found them, yet
even they are no better in their interpreta-
tion. The word "astrologers" in the St.
James version does no injury to astrologers if
the verse were only properly explained. The
church found, however, that it had been for
years in error in its denunciation of astrology,
and that was the only way to smooth the
matter over without an honest confession.
The Duny version of the matter comes nearer
to the truth than either the St. James or the
American revision. It says that Daniel was
"ten times better than all the diviners and
wise men." Learning now that Daniel was
an astrologer, as astrology was taught in the
land of Chaldea, it is quite evident that Chal-
dean Astrology ranked far above all the
wisdom of Babylonia and Babylon was not a
very dull place either.

How now do the instructors of the church
mind or thought deal with the matter? In
the Sunday school lesson for Sept. 17 (Com-
pendium Quarterly, the Scholar's Edition), the
word "astrologers" is defined as "Men who
studied science, especially astronomy, and the
superstitions of astrology, which at that time
were closely attached to the heavenly bodies."
Thus we may perceive that the church-
minded have hard work to break away from
the errors with which they have been hypo-
notized, even though the American revisers
have tried to help them out of them. The
true fact of the case is this: An Astrologer
can no more have one iota of superstition
about him and be an astrologer, than an
ounce of gold could have lead mixed with it
and be pure gold. These church people who
think of astrology as these teachers of the
Sunday schools explain it, are like unto the
newspaper intelligencers of our day who fool
their readers by calling anything mystical,
which they are not given to understand, by
the word "Astrology," which their early
teachings in the church have hypnotized them
to do. They will have to be born again be-
fore they get clear of the hypnotic spell.

Similar false teachings can be found all
through these Sunday school publications,
which keep the minds of the Sunday school
scholars in ignorance and in bondage; a con-
dition to be laughed at, or to be pitied, by
future generations, just as the church laughs
at or pities the condition of the ignorant
classes of the past, who could not understand
the advanced wisdom of their day.

These people are like Mahomet's mountain,
chained so fast to their material worldliness
that they can never come to a clear percep-
tion of God's truths, but we can go to them,
and by impressing them with the falseness of
their own assumptions, do, perchance, a little
good in the course of time, if not at once. "A
little heaven leaveneth the whole lump."

C. H. Webster.

A great number of our wants are special
wants of the imagination; we want them sim-
ply because we think that we want them;
they give us no enjoyment when we obtain
them; the want of them is only known by a
disagreeable feeling that we are without
them.—Exchange.

What Will Save the World?

In the lecture delivered Sunday evening by
Dr. Peabody, in the Spiritual Church, he said
in part:

"A saved world is an educated, industrious,
honest, fraternal, progressive and peaceful
world, aglow with justice, equal opportuni-
ties, international reciprocity and a universal
brotherhood. But considering the bloody
wars of conquest, where millions were slain,
considering the competitive commercialism,
the political intrigue, the midnight robberies,
the murderous assassinations, the scheming
grifts, the terrible crimes, the crowded jails
and penitentiaries, it is needless to say that
the world is not saved."

Neither Brahminism, Parsicism, nor Bud-
dhism has saved the Oriental world from ig-
norance, superstition and black magic; nor
has Roman Catholic Christianity nor Greek
Christianity, nor Coptic Christianity, nor
Christianity, nor Protestant Christianity with
its 167 sects, including the Mormon Latter
Day Saints and Christian Scientists, saved
the world. No, it is not saved. Portions of
it are neither civilized nor enlightened. In
the Russo-Japanese War the "heavenly Jap-
anese" showed themselves far more Christ-
ian than the Russians, some of whose priests,
with crucifix in hand, urged the Czar's armies
to bloodshed and conquest, while the Greek
Church chaplains prayed for Russian vic-
tories. In our war with Spain, Spanish
Christians instituted Sunday ball fights to
raise money to further carry on the war for
the retention of Cuba. And yet Jesus said:
"Put up thy sword—return good for evil."
There are not only lost arts, but there is a
lost Christianity. The early Christians re-
fused to fight. They had all things in com-
mon; they went about doing good, they had
spiritual gifts. They laid hands on the sick
and healed them. They "discerned spirits."
(Corinthians xii-16).

But what will save the world? Not the
much preached wrath of God, nor revival ex-
citements, nor the fear of hell, nor religious
sects, nor creeds, nor discordant church dog-
mas called Christianity—or more properly
Churchianity. These, after a trial of nearly
two thousand years, have all failed. Sin pre-
vails. Superstition and ignorance crush the
noblest aspirations of human nature. There
has been some progress. The hell of Calvin-
ism has been modified to a remnant of con-
science. Theologians are generally accepting
the principle of evolution. The Valley of
Hinnom—Gehenna—the hell fire of Mark's
gospel (ix Chap. 43-47) that never should be
quenched, has been quenched, the worm has
died, and it is now a lovely vineyard. When
I was last in Jerusalem, a few years ago, I
plucked and ate delicious grapes in hell—that
Gehenna fire place where the fire was never
to be quenched.

The heart-cry throughout the more enlight-
ened world is give us knowledge, give us
science, give us melody demonstrations of a
future conscious life! The manna of Moses
will not suffice. Thinkers want fresh, living
bread. Noah's ark may have served him well,
but it would not serve present day commerce.
The old is dead, let the Ecclesiastical dead
bury it. The world is asking of those who
stand in high places to give it practical exhi-
bitions of Saint James' true and undefiled re-
ligion—a religion that keeps people unspotted
from the world; a religion that does not put
clay into sugar, chicory into coffee, nor the
big peaches on top of the basket—a religion
of justice, purity of conscience, and seven day
holiness.

The world will be saved when mankind
fully comprehend that they are spirit now,
clothed in flesh; that they are morally re-
sponsible beings; that disciplinary punish-
ment follows all wrongdoing—that we make
our own heavens and hells by our conduct,
and that character, and not creeds, will uplift
the world. Human beings need to know that
they are enmeshed in a spiritual universe; that
material things are temporary, and tran-
sient, while such unseen things as truth,
honor, purity, fidelity, integrity, unselfish love
and practical holiness are the abiding reali-
ties. They need to realize and come into
both the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritu-
alism, which teaches that God is both good
and just, that the angels minister unto us,
and that under proper conditions, the beau-
tiful life messages that inspire goodness and
purity, and demonstrate their watchful care
over us and guide us into the beautiful high-
way of Him who said "I am the way and
the truth and the light."

Credit To Whom Credit Is Due.

There seems to be general ignorance of the
fact that the United States Congress, in 1874,
by resolution, instructed the Executive to se-
cure the peace of the world by substituting
arbitration for war in adjusting international
disputes. The beneficent action of the forty-
third Congress has had scant commendation,
and that great advocate of peace, Alfred H.
Love, editor of the "Peace Union," and pre-
sident of the "Universal Peace Union," is en-
titled to the highest praise for his efforts for
securing peace among the nations. Last Octo-
ber the president of the "Peace Union" re-
ceived information that Japan was willing
to submit to arbitration, and this government
was urged to act and not wait for other na-
tions—the interests of humanity were higher
than etiquette or international courtesy, and
the appalling slaughter in the East was too
horrid to continue. Such were the reasons
presented to the President by Mr. Love.
Prominent officials of Great Britain have
favored a league between that nation and
this republic, to preserve the peace among
the nations, and there is no doubt that a com-
pact would have been formed, months ago,
that would have had such a potent influence
that arbitration and not slaughter would have
adjusted the dispute. When General Grant
was in England he wrote of the intention and
kindness tendered him, and said: "It has
been my desire to see the best of feeling be-
tween Great Britain and the United States.
Together they are more powerful for the
spread of civilization and commerce, and can
do more for the cause of peace than all other
nations."

Said the late Secretary Hay, in one of his
speeches: "The most famous utterance of
General Grant—the one which lingers longest
in the memories of men—was the prayer
of his great heart. Let us have peace.
The moral sense of the world demands arbi-
tration and disarmament in the place of the
vast oppressive military establishments."
Peace-maker.

"During one of my visits through the coun-
try districts," said the professor, "I hap-
pened to reach a small village where they
were to have a flag raising at the school-
house. After the banner had been hung to
the breeze there was an exhibition of draw-
ings which the pupils had made and of the
work they had done during the year."

"The teacher recited to them the landing
of the Pilgrims, and after she had finished
she requested each pupil to try and draw
from his or her imagination a picture of Ply-
mouth Rock."

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Little Dots.

"Who suffers conquers." He who would
That perfect peace, which fears not loss nor
pains,
Through calm endurance must the victory
gain."

Thus said the spirit—and my soul replied—
"With bleeding feet I walk o'er paths un-
tried,
Oh Sacred patience! with my soul abide."

Long had I watched, and anxiously had I
The lamp of life, for one whose pathway led
Down to the land of silence and the dead.

And now, while midnight, with its shadows,
lay
Across the pathway of the coming day,
The tide of life was ebbing swift away.

I knew that Death, with eyes of tender
gloom,
Whose hands so often pluck life's fairest
bloom,
Watched with me in the silence of that room.

I feared him not, he seemed so calm and
still,
Nor did I count it as a deadly ill
The perfect law Death waited to fulfil.

And yet Life's mighty problems vexed me
so,
And ever as I scanned their meaning o'er,
The darkness deepened in my soul's core.

I thought of all that made life desolate—
Of cold suspicion, and of cruel hate,
Of hope deferred, and help that came too late.

Of feet, drawn downward to the tempter's
shrine,
Of lips that quivered with a voiceless prayer,
Of souls that sat in darkness and despair.

Of patient brows, that crowns of suffering
wore,
Of sad farewells, that tender heartstrings
tore,
Of sweet young faces, seen on earth no more.

And as I deeply mused thereon, I said—
"If I were God, and he were in my stead,
I would not rest till all were comforted."

Then through the lonely places of my soul,
A sense as of a Living Presence stole,
Strong to sustain, and tender to control.

It spake no language, and no voice was
heard,
Yet all my soul with eager longing stirred
To catch the import of that living word.

And thus it spake, "Seek thou to do and be,
Life must be lived, before the soul can see
The meaning of the Inner Mystery."

The morning came, and also came the end,
I saw the great white calm of Death descend,
And seal with peace the forehead of my friend.

Then o'er my soul went surging to and fro,
A nameless longing, to more surely know
That which my doubting heart had ques-
tioned so.

"Was life worth living? Oh, my friend," I
said,
I gently laid my hand upon that head—
White with the snows the passing years had
shed,

And lo! as kindred souls in silence blend,
He answered, "Be thou comforted. Oh,
friend,
Life is worth living: Death is not the end."

What was, and is, and evermore shall be,
Enfolds us all in its eternity,
And blest indeed are those whom death
makes free.

My soul was satisfied, I raised my eyes—
Filled with the tears that would unbidden
rise,
And read life's lesson in the morning skies.

Above the mists and shadows of the night,
The new-born day climbed up the golden
height,
And all the stars went inward, lost in light.

Thus, like the stars, our lives with light shall
blend,
And onward still from height to height as-
cend,
Life is worth living: Death is not the end.

From One Who Has Seen.

To the Editor:
I was educated in the State University of
Michigan and at the age of sixteen attended
its first sessions. I will soon be 35 years of
age, and I retain my mental powers as clearly
as ever. I was an early student of Spiritual-
ism. I have given it a great deal of atten-
tion; as my father's family, with the excep-
tion of one brother, have passed to the higher
life and all of my family, nearly forty years
ago, with all of whom I have often conversed
invisible materialized form.

"Paine's 'Age of Reason' was put into my
hands at the age of 14, and I have never been
influenced by religious emotions, and conse-
quently have no early teachings to combat,
which is usually the case.

While some of your correspondents are very
zealous on both sides of the questions dis-
cussed, as a silent spectator I can see how
they feel in the matter.

Their zeal sometimes runs away with their
discretion, and what seems to them true, to
them is true.

I was more amused than surprised in read-
ing in No. 522 the words of President Bar-
rett, where he says: "There are those who
are writing to me, asking me what shall be
done?" Many write to me what shall be
done? And I answer: "Go and see for your-
selves. I have but little faith in those who
take the advice of anyone in matters of this
kind."

But to proceed. He answers: "I can see
but one thing to be done. Declare in positive
terms to the world the demonstration of Sir
William Crookes in regard to materialization,
then honestly admit that as Spiritualists, we
have not added an iota of evidence to his con-
clusions in thirty years; that we have nothing
to offer the world today in this respect,
and that we advise all investigators outside
of the scientists in their laboratories, to let
materialization alone—that is, the material-
ization as practiced by the so-called physical
mediums of today."

When I consider the long and intimate
acquaintance I have had with materializa-
tion in hundreds of seances, and have seen
the medium cheerfully submit to the most
crucial tests imposed by judges, lawyers,
physicians, editors, ending without the least
suspicion of trickery or fraud; when I have
seen at least a thousand visitors recognize
their relatives and friends, converse with
them in the native language of the visitors,
write in legible hand on tablets at the rate of
one thousand words in a minute, draw life-

size portraits in a minute of the visitors,
friends or relatives, in a deep twilight, with-
out brush or pencil, some of these in a locked
box; and all paintings of portraits equal in
beauty and execution to any that I have ever
seen in picture galleries (and I have seen
some valued at \$20,000), done in five minutes
without brush or pencil in the visible form,
or all present. And I was well acquainted
with Prof. Denton, who took an active part
in these seances.

Mr. Barrett is mistaken. He has never
seen these phenomena; I have; so have thou-
sands of others; and a witness who has seen
is better than one who has not seen.

I have not, nor ever have had one cent of
pecuniary interest in this matter; but when I
see men making such statements as I have
quoted, I feel like correcting them. I make
no comments on Mr. Barrett's motive. He is
perfectly honest and conscientious, and is do-
ing what he feels it to be his duty.

I write this in the spirit of kindness and
fraternal regard, and I want you to accept it
in the same spirit, which I trust you will.
—E. J. Schellhouse, in Progressive Thinker.
Kansas City, Mo.

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 troubles. 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 dis-
covery banishes uric acid from the blood,
loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood,
and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and
tone to the whole system. If the above in-
terests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Sup-
pers, Box 157, Notre Dame, Ind.

Church of the New Thought, De-
troit, Mich.

A correspondent from Detroit sends us some
enthusiastic words of Mrs. La Grange's work
as pastor of this church, and encloses an ex-
tract from a recent address of hers as reported
by the Detroit Times. "Love, the Gospel of
Brotherhood" was her theme.

"Our orthodox friends tell us that the Jews
are an accursed race because they crucified
Jesus, but if we believe what we think we do,
we should fall down and worship the Jews,
because through their crucifixion of
Christ they made heaven possible for us. Had
Judas not betrayed Jesus, heaven would
have been rent tonight."

"They tell us that the basis of Christian-
ity is Jesus, but I say the cornerstone of
Christianity is the devil," she continued.
"The best that orthodoxy can do is to provide
crutches for the cripples that are here. I tell
you that when your creed is not broad enough
to reach out and save every human being,
even those who have wandered furthest away
from the path of love and goodness, there is
something wrong with your religion. The
man that tries to hide his light under a bushel
soon has no light left but the bushel."

"I claim to be a Christian, but I don't
claim to follow any man's gospel. I don't
care what your creed is, but I do care what
your every day life is. I do not claim to be
any better than orthodox brothers, but I do
claim to be just as good. I may know but
very little, but if I could have had a hand
in the rehashing of the earth after the
flood I would have known better than to start
the race with a slave to habit, and that habit
drunkenness. I tell you, my friends, love is
the Messiah of today. It can reach out and
save the most degraded of human beings and
hardened criminals. That mother's love that
can kiss the condemned murderer's lips and
call him her boy, her baby, even when the
mob clamors for his blood, is more potent
to save the race than all the creeds under
heaven."

During the vacation, in addition to her
morning and evening classes, which had full
attendance, Mrs. La Grange took an added
work in the publication of a monthly paper
devoted to New Thought and kindred subjects.
She is now organizing classes in the "First
Michigan College of Occult Science" in which
biology, astronomy, astrology, physical and
soul culture will be treated.

Cities near Detroit are to hear her from
the lecture platform as well.

Our correspondent adds: "Notwithstanding
the fact that she is not yet 25 years old,
she can discuss the history of the past, the
needs of the present and the possibilities of
the future with that force of logic that en-
ables her audience to grasp the truth in its
fulness and then go to work and live it."

The Banner of Light greets this gallant
worker and congratulates the city in which
she serves.

Deer and Moose in Maine.

Law Off Oct. 1—A Big Season!

The season of 1905 gives every promise of
becoming a record breaker in the amount of
big game which will be sacrificed to the sport
of the hunter. From all over Maine, from the
wilds of Aroostook County and far down in the
wilderness of the Washington County region,
down to the nearer Rangesleys and the border
lands of New Hampshire, come tales of
hordes of deer and numerous moose, await-
ing the advent of the sportsman. Aroostook
deer and one moose are the allotted quota by law
for every non-resident who visits Maine pro-
tected with his \$15.00 license; and it is very
seldom that one reads an account of a re-
turned hunter who has not secured his legal
allotment of deer at least, and judging from
the moose market this year, the big game
hunter with a good eye, a steady aim, a
trustworthy rifle and a Maine guide, or a thorough
knowledge of the region which he traverses
has a "long shot" chance of making good on
his quarry. Maine covers a vast territory and
the hunting grounds are scattered throughout
the state. Around the shores of Moosehead
Lake and scampers over the islands are num-
erous deer. The Rangesleys Region, known to
every follower of Isaac Walton, is also a
prolific game territory. Mt. Katahdin is the
rendezvous of the moose and every year some
large specimens of the lordly animal are car-
ried from here. Away down in the Aroostook
Region the sportsman will enjoy himself to
his heart's content; like the other portions of
Maine's hunting section suitable camps have
been erected here for the accommodation of
the sportsman, and reports from the guides
in this particular section state that thirty
moose within the last month were seen close
to the camps.

Already the sportsman who enjoys hunting
smaller game or bird shooting is in the Maine
wilderness. Partridge, woodcock, plover and
pheasants are very plentiful in sections of
this state and the hunter with a good dog
who seeks these haunts will find rare sport.
October 1st, when the law is off on deer and
moose, then the great influx into the game
region will occur. Guides are preparing for a
record breaking season, and the adventurous
sportsman who feels strenuous enough to
tackle something bolder than a moose, if re-
ports are accurately recorded, will find
verses in the shape of hungry brutes
among the berry patches and orchards of

Washington County. Besides deer and moose
there is an endless variety of quadrupeds
awaiting the sportsman in the Maine woods.
Rabbits, mink, squirrels, badgers, foxes and
any quantity of fur-bearing animals will be
found in the northern section.

Maine has been well termed the "Sports-
man's Paradise." Surely he cannot resist for
deer or moose, he knows where to seek larger
game and the endless variety of smaller ani-
mals and birds will surely satisfy the hunter
who is steering in this direction. Write to
the Boston & Maine Passenger Department,
Boston, and receive free one of the beautiful
booklets telling in detail the various sections
of this prolific game paradise and how to
reach it, and profusely illustrated with pic-
tures of camps and hunting scenes.

From N. S. A. Headquarters.

VERDICT OF COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION
IN ST. LOUIS IN THE CASE OF MISSOURI
STATE SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION VS.
MRS. FOLSOM.

Dear Mr. Editor: We crave your indulgence
in placing before the readers of your valu-
able journal a summary of the case mentioned
in the caption of this article. As doubtless
you are aware, this case has been pending
for several months, for it has been widely ex-
ploited in the columns of the St. Louis secular
press and by other journals. The case simply
told is as follows: Mrs. Josie K. Folsom,
pastor of the Truth Seekers' Society of St.
Louis, which is an auxiliary of the N. S. A.,
and at the time an officer in the Missouri
State Spiritualists' Association, also an aux-
iliary of the National Association, was, some
time ago, accused by a number of residents
of her city with producing card writing and
pictures upon cards in her public meetings,
claiming them to be the independent produc-
tion of spirits. The particular persons mak-
ing these charges gave their reasons for so
doing, making their affidavits in regular form
and asking the Missouri State Association to
investigate the same. At this time Miss Ella
Preston, a medium of St. Louis, publicly ap-
peared before the official board of the State
Association and confessed that she had on a
number of occasions supplied Mrs. Folsom
with the written cards that the latter lady
afterwards presented as genuine evidence of
independent spirit manifestations. Acting
upon the results of its investigations, believ-
ing that the testimony against Mrs. Folsom
and her present husband, Mr. Stewart, was
sufficient to warrant such action, the State
Board expelled each of the accused from its
membership declaring their offices vacant.
Upon this action an urgent appeal was made
to the N. S. A. by the accused parties for
protection and investigation, and the State
Association also urged the National Associa-
tion to appoint a Committee of Investigation
of the mediumship of Mrs. Folsom in the
particular phase of mediumship that had
been questioned.

After due consideration of these appeals,
the official board of the N. S. A. appointed
its committee, with Dr. George B. Warner,
vice-president of the N. S. A. as chairman of
the same. The committee, consisting of Dr.
Warne of Chicago, Rev. Thomas Grimshaw
and Mr. B. A. Schram of Peru, Ind., presi-
dent of the Indiana State Association, met in
St. Louis Sept. 6th, in the St. Louis Spiritual
Temple, of which Mr. Grimshaw is pastor.
Three daily sessions occurred for several
days, the inquiry being conducted with the
utmost care and order, in the presence of a
special stenographer, and with the dignity and
decorum of any judicial inquiry, each mem-
ber of our committee having only the desire
to establish the truth and to uphold the prin-
ciples of Spiritualism. Testimony from both
the accused and the accusing parties was
carefully received and weighed, and the me-
dium given every opportunity to establish her
claims as a card writing and card picture
medium, as the following from the report of
the committee will show.

Saturday evening was devoted to a seance
in her own home. About twenty-five ladies
and gentlemen of her developing class, chosen
by herself as a battery, were in attendance,
while our committee had three outside ladies
present to examine the medium's clothing and
person. The seance was conducted entirely
by means of marked cards which were of con-
siderable size and unobjectionable in quality
and finish. Its members were seated near
the medium, the chairman being either at her
elbow, or directly facing her across the small
centre table, and was assured that he con-
tributed a helpful force. The committee by
its opening words and private utterances and
acts, sought to create harmonious vibrations
and felt to sincerely mourn over the evening's
failure which caused Mrs. Folsom to shed
tears.

Because the medium claimed her own forces
had never produced this manifestation save
in the presence of a public audience we con-
sented to attend the Howard Hall meeting on
Sunday afternoon. Here again only the cards
of the committee were used. The service,
lasting three and one-half hours, was charac-
terized by spectacular methods in the giving
of spirit messages, and by emotional read-
ing of spirit messages, of papers and cards
collected from the large audience.

After much tribulation the name "Sue"
appeared upon one card and the word "Yes"
upon another, while upon a third an attempt
had been made to form the capital letter "Y"
apparently the beginning of "Yes." All of
these being written in one hand and appear-
ing to have been produced by a piece of col-
ored chalk or lead.

Mrs. Folsom on other occasions and under
less rigid conditions has delivered from the
same platform at a single seance, from six
to a score of "Spirit-writings," mostly done in
gold letters, one being found by actual count
to contain twelve lines and ninety different
words.

It is our united belief, formed by the in-
dependent observation of each member of the
committee, that letters and words on the
cards furnished by us were produced entirely
by mortal and material agencies. We further
agree that no evidence before us in this case
establishes beyond reasonable doubt that
there is such a phase of genuine mediumship
as that of Independent Spirit-writings and
Pictures upon paper or cards.

Your committee has striven to be patient
and fair in the hearing of this case and con-
scientiously in reaching its conclusions.
Neither the coming flood of personal abuse
nor aspersions of our methods or motives can
swerve us from the belief that our verdict is
in harmony with the facts as they exist; no
hearts can be sadder than our own over the
result we are compelled to announce.

Signed by the committee:
Geo. B. Warner,
Thomas Grimshaw,
B. A. Schram.

The Executive Board of the N. S. A. also
reverts the result of the investigations of its
well chosen committee and is pained that no
better report could be made.

Mary T. Longier,
N. S. A. Secretary.

Public Speakers use "Baker's Cure" to
strengthen the voice and prevent hoarseness.

What fortunes are wasted by men and
women who are struggling to know those who
are hardly worth knowing!—Exchange.

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turns to earth with perfect recollection of what he saw and
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The extraordinary merits of "The Wisdom of Passion"
are the outgrowth of human instinct and content in the
way of fact and reference with which the book is crisscrossed
its main thesis I agree with.—Prof. William James, Harvard
University.

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

Here is a man who sees and says things as himself. He
is not reading or reciting. The book is a book of
with wise sayings. I believe the theme is consummate and
that the author has given a long and varied life to it.
After I took the book I did not quit, even for a minute
and slept till I had read it carefully from cover to cover.
Alfred W. Smith, Editor of Dept. of Sociology and Director
of Alameda Work of the University of Chicago.

I am somewhat familiar with the tendency in modern
thought to give primary place to feeling—will you
"Will to Believe," with word's social philosophy, with
Shelley's and Browning's philosophy. "The Wisdom of
Passion" fits in with these constructions. The main theme
of the book—that the soul forms its own form by its choice
of ideas—has been the basis of the modern movement in
Chicago.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Little Dots.

"Who suffers conquers." He who would
That perfect peace, which fears not loss nor
pains,
Through calm endurance must the victory
gain."

Thus said the spirit—and my soul replied—
"With bleeding feet I walk o'er paths un-
tried,
Oh Sacred patience! with my soul abide."

Long had I watched, and anxiously had I
The lamp of life, for one whose pathway led
Down to the land of silence and the dead.

And now, while midnight, with its shadows,
lay
Across the pathway of the coming day,
The tide of life was ebbing swift away.

I knew that Death, with eyes of tender
gloom,
Whose hands so often pluck life's fairest
bloom,
Watched with me in the silence of that room.

I feared him not, he seemed so calm and
still,
Nor did I count it as a deadly ill
The perfect law Death waited to fulfil.

And yet Life's mighty problems vexed me
so,
And ever as I scanned their meaning o'er,
The darkness deepened in my soul's core.

I thought of all that made life desolate—
Of cold suspicion, and of cruel hate,
Of hope deferred, and help that came too late.

Of feet, drawn downward to the tempter's
shrine,
Of lips that quivered with a voiceless prayer,
Of souls that sat in darkness and despair.

Of patient brows, that crowns of suffering
wore,
Of sad farewells, that tender heartstrings
tore,
Of sweet young faces, seen on earth no more.

And as I deeply mused thereon, I said—
"If I were God, and he were in my stead,
I would not rest till all were comforted."

Then through the lonely places of my soul,
A sense as of a Living Presence stole,
Strong to sustain, and tender to control.

It spake no language, and no voice was
heard,
Yet all my soul with eager longing stirred
To catch the import of that living word.

And thus it spake, "Seek thou to do and be,
Life must be lived, before the soul can see
The meaning of the Inner Mystery."

The morning came, and also came the end,
I saw the great white calm of Death descend,
And seal with peace the forehead of my friend.

Then o'er my soul went surging to and fro,
A nameless longing, to more surely know
That which my doubting heart had ques-
tioned so.

"Was life worth living? Oh, my friend," I
said,
I gently laid my hand upon that head—
White with the snows the passing years had
shed,

And lo! as kindred souls in silence blend,
He answered, "Be thou comforted. Oh,
friend,
Life is worth living: Death is not the end."

What was, and is, and evermore shall be,
Enfolds us all in its eternity,
And blest indeed are those whom death
makes free.

My soul was satisfied, I raised my eyes—
Filled with the tears that would unbidden
rise,
And read life's lesson in the morning skies.

Above the mists and shadows of the night,
The new-born day climbed up the golden
height,
And all the stars went inward, lost in light.

Thus, like the stars, our lives with light shall
blend,
And onward still from height to height as-
cend,
Life is worth living: Death is not the end.

From One Who Has Seen.

To the Editor:
I was educated in the State University of
Michigan and at the age of sixteen attended
its first sessions. I will soon be 35 years of
age, and I retain my mental powers as clearly
as ever. I was an early student of Spiritual-
ism. I have given it a great deal of atten-
tion; as my father's family, with the excep-
tion of one brother, have passed to the higher
life and all of my family, nearly forty years
ago, with all of whom I have often conversed
invisible materialized form.

"Paine's 'Age of Reason' was put into my
hands at the age of 14, and I have never been
influenced by religious emotions, and conse-
quently have no early teachings to combat,
which is usually the case.

While some of your correspondents are very
zealous on both sides of the questions dis-
cussed, as a silent spectator I can see how
they feel in the matter.

Their zeal sometimes runs away with their
discretion, and what seems to them true, to
them is true.

I was more amused than surprised in read-
ing in No. 522 the words of President Bar-
rett, where he says: "There are those who
are writing to me, asking me what shall be
done?" Many write to me what shall be
done? And I answer: "Go and see for your-
selves. I have but little faith in those who
take the advice of anyone in matters of this
kind."

But to proceed. He answers: "I can see
but one thing to be done. Declare in positive
terms to the world the demonstration of Sir
William Crookes in regard to materialization,
then honestly admit that as Spiritualists, we
have not added an iota of evidence to his con-
clusions in thirty years; that we have nothing
to offer the world today in this respect,
and that we advise all investigators outside
of the scientists in their laboratories, to let
materialization alone—that is, the material-
ization as practiced by the so-called physical
mediums of today."

When I consider the long and intimate
acquaintance I have had with materializa-
tion in hundreds of seances, and have seen
the medium cheerfully submit to the most
crucial tests imposed by judges, lawyers,
physicians, editors, ending without the least
suspicion of trickery or fraud; when I have
seen at least a thousand visitors recognize
their relatives and friends, converse with
them in the native language of the visitors,
write in legible hand on tablets at the rate of
one thousand words in a minute, draw life-

size portraits in a minute of the visitors,
friends or relatives, in a deep twilight, with-
out brush or pencil, some of these in a locked
box; and all paintings of portraits equal in
beauty and execution to any that I have ever
seen in picture galleries (and I have seen
some valued at \$20,000), done in five minutes
without brush or pencil in the visible form,
or all present. And I was well acquainted
with Prof. Denton, who took an active part
in these seances.

Mr. Barrett is mistaken. He has never
seen these phenomena; I have; so have thou-
sands of others; and a witness who has seen
is better than one who has not seen.

I have not, nor ever have had one cent of
pecuniary interest in this matter; but when I
see men making such statements as I have
quoted, I feel like correcting them. I make
no comments on Mr. Barrett's motive. He is
perfectly honest and conscientious, and is do-
ing what he feels it to be his duty.

I write this in the spirit of kindness and
fraternal regard, and I want you to accept it
in the same spirit, which I trust you will.
—E. J. Schellhouse, in Progressive Thinker.
Kansas City, Mo.

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 troubles. 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 dis-
covery banishes uric acid from the blood,
loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood,
and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and
tone to the whole system. If the above in-
terests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Sup-
pers, Box 157, Notre Dame, Ind.

Church of the New Thought, De-
troit, Mich.

A correspondent from Detroit sends us some
enthusiastic words of Mrs. La Grange's work
as pastor of this church, and encloses an ex-
tract from a recent address of hers as reported
by the Detroit Times. "Love, the Gospel of
Brotherhood" was her theme.

"Our orthodox friends tell us that the Jews
are an accursed race because they crucified
Jesus, but if we believe what we think we do,
we should fall down and worship the Jews,
because through their crucifixion of
Christ they made heaven possible for us. Had
Judas not betrayed Jesus, heaven would
have been rent tonight."

"They tell us that the basis of Christian-
ity is Jesus, but I say the cornerstone of
Christianity is the devil," she continued.
"The best that orthodoxy can do is to provide
crutches for the cripples that are here. I tell
you that when your creed is not broad enough
to reach out and save every human being,
even those who have wandered furthest away
from the path of love and goodness, there is
something wrong with your religion. The
man that tries to hide his light under a bushel
soon has no light left but the bushel."

"I claim to be a Christian, but I don't
claim to follow any man's gospel. I don't
care what your creed is, but I do care what
your every day life is. I do not claim to be
any better than orthodox brothers, but I do
claim to be just as good. I may know but
very little, but if I could have had a hand
in the rehashing of the earth after the
flood I would have known better than to start
the race with a slave to habit, and that habit
drunkenness. I tell you, my friends, love is
the Messiah of today. It can reach out and
save the most degraded of human beings and
hardened criminals. That mother's love that
can kiss the condemned murderer's lips and
call him her boy, her baby, even when the
mob clamors for his blood, is more potent
to save the race than all the creeds under
heaven."

During the vacation, in addition to her
morning and evening classes, which had full
attendance, Mrs. La Grange took an added
work in the publication of a monthly paper
devoted to New Thought and kindred subjects.
She is now organizing classes in the "First
Michigan College of Occult Science" in which
biology, astronomy, astrology, physical and
soul culture will be treated.

Cities near Detroit are to hear her from
the lecture platform as well.

Our correspondent adds: "Notwithstanding
the fact that she is not yet 25 years old,
she can discuss the history of the past, the
needs of the present and the possibilities of
the future with that force of logic that en-
ables her audience to grasp the truth in its
fulness and then go to work and live it."

The Banner of Light greets this gallant
worker and congratulates the city in which
she serves.

Deer and Moose in Maine.

Law Off Oct. 1—A Big Season!

The season of 1905 gives every promise of
becoming a record breaker in the amount of
big game which will be sacrificed to the sport
of the hunter. From all over Maine, from the
wilds of Aroostook County and far down in the
wilderness of the Washington County
region, down to the nearer Ranges and the
border lands of New Hampshire, come tales
of herds of deer and numerous moose, await-
ing the advent of the sportsman. Aroostook
deer and one moose are the allotted quota by law
for every non-resident who visits Maine pro-
tected with his \$15.00 license; and it is very
seldom that one reads an account of a re-
turned hunter who has not secured his legal
allotment of deer at least, and judging from
the moose market this year, the big game
hunter with a good eye, a steady aim, a
trustworthy rifle and a Maine guide, or a thorough
knowledge of the region which he traverses
has a "long shot" chance of making good on
his quarry. Maine covers a vast territory and
the hunting grounds are scattered throughout
the state. Around the shores of Moosehead
Lake and scampers over the islands are num-
erous deer. The Ranges Region, known to
every follower of Isaac Walton, is also a
prolific game territory. Mt. Katahdin is the
rendezvous of the moose and every year some
fine specimens of the lordly animal are car-
ried from here. Away down in the Aroostook
Region the sportsman will enjoy himself to
his heart's content; like the other portions of
Maine's hunting section suitable camps have
been erected here for the accommodation of
the sportsman, and reports from the guides
in this particular section state that thirty
moose within the last month were seen close
to the camps.

Already the sportsman who enjoys hunting
smaller game or bird shooting is in the Maine
wilderness. Partridge, woodcock, plover and
pheasants are very plentiful in sections of
this state and the hunter with a good dog
who seeks these haunts will find rare sport.
October 1st, when the law is off on deer and
moose, then the great influx into the game
region will occur. Guides are preparing for a
record breaking season, and the adventurous
sportsman who feels strenuous enough to
tackle something better than a moose, if re-
ports are accurately recorded, will find
verses in the shape of hungry brutes
among the berry patches and orchards of

Washington County. Besides deer and moose
there is an endless variety of quadrupeds
awaiting the sportsman in the Maine woods.
Rabbits, mink, squirrels, hedgehogs, foxes and
any quantity of fur-bearing animals will be
found in the northern section.

Maine has been well termed the "Sports-
man's Paradise." Surely he cannot resist for
deer or moose, he knows where to seek larger
game and the endless variety of smaller ani-
mals and birds will surely satisfy the hunter
who is steering in this direction. Write to
the Boston & Maine Passenger Department,
Boston, and receive free one of the beautiful
booklets telling in detail the various sections
of this prolific game paradise and how to
reach it, and profusely illustrated with pic-
tures of camps and hunting scenes.

From N. S. A. Headquarters.

VERDICT OF COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION
IN ST. LOUIS IN THE CASE OF MISSOURI
STATE SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION VS.
MRS. FOLSOM.

Dear Mr. Editor: We crave your indulgence
in placing before the readers of your valu-
able journal a summary of the case mentioned
in the caption of this article. As doubtless
you are aware, this case has been pending
for several months, for it has been widely ex-
ploited in the columns of the St. Louis secular
press and by other journals. The case simply
told is as follows: Mrs. Josie K. Folsom,
pastor of the Truth Seekers' Society of St.
Louis, which is an auxiliary of the N. S. A.,
and at the time an officer in the Missouri
State Spiritualists' Association, also an aux-
iliary of the National Association, was, some
time ago, accused by a number of residents
of her city with producing card writing and
pictures upon cards in her public meetings,
claiming them to be the independent produc-
tion of spirits. The particular persons mak-
ing these charges gave their reasons for so
doing, making their affidavits in regular form
and asking the Missouri State Association to
investigate the same. At this time Miss Ella
Preston, a medium of St. Louis, publicly ap-
peared before the official board of the State
Association and confessed that she had on a
number of occasions supplied Mrs. Folsom
with the written cards that the latter lady
afterwards presented as genuine evidence of
independent spirit manifestations. Acting
upon the results of its investigations, believ-
ing that the testimony against Mrs. Folsom
and her present husband, Mr. Stewart, was
sufficient to warrant such action, the State
Board expelled each of the accused from its
membership declaring their offices vacant.
Upon this action an urgent appeal was made
to the N. S. A. by the accused parties for
protection and investigation, and the State
Association also urged the National Associa-
tion to appoint a Committee of Investigation
of the mediumship of Mrs. Folsom in the
particular phase of mediumship that had
been questioned.

After due consideration of these appeals,
the official board of the N. S. A. appointed
its committee, with Dr. George B. Warner,
vice-president of the N. S. A. as chairman of
the same. The committee, consisting of Dr.
Warne of Chicago, Rev. Thomas Grimshaw
and Mr. B. A. Schram of Peru, Ind., presi-
dent of the Indiana State Association, met in
St. Louis Sept. 6th, in the St. Louis Spiritual
Temple, of which Mr. Grimshaw is pastor.
Three daily sessions occurred for several
days, the inquiry being conducted with the
utmost care and order, in the presence of a
special stenographer, and with the dignity and
decorum of any judicial inquiry, each mem-
ber of our committee having only the desire
to establish the truth and to uphold the prin-
ciples of Spiritualism. Testimony from both
the accused and the accusing parties was
carefully received and weighed, and the me-
dium given every opportunity to establish her
claims as a card writing and card picture
medium, as the following from the report of
the committee will show.

Saturday evening was devoted to a seance
in her own home. About twenty-five ladies
and gentlemen of her developing class, chosen
by herself as a battery, were in attendance,
while our committee had three outside ladies
present to examine the medium's clothing and
person. The seance was conducted entirely
by means of marked cards which were of con-
siderable size and unobjectionable in quality
and finish. Its members were seated near
the medium, the chairman being either at her
elbow, or directly facing her across the small
centre table, and was assured that he con-
tributed a helpful force. The committee by
its opening words and private utterances and
acts, sought to create harmonious vibrations
and felt to sincerely mourn over the evening's
failure which caused Mrs. Folsom to shed
tears.

Because the medium claimed her own forces
had never produced this manifestation save
in the presence of a public audience we con-
sented to attend the Howard Hall meeting on
Sunday afternoon. Here again only the cards
of the committee were used. The service,
lasting three and one-half hours, was charac-
terized by spectacular methods in the giving
of spirit messages, and by emotional read-
ing of spirit messages, of papers and cards
collected from the large audience.

After much tribulation the name "Sue"
appeared upon one card and the word "Yes"
upon another, while upon a third an attempt
had been made to form the capital letter "Y."
Apparently the beginning of "Yes," all of
these being written in one hand and appear-
ing to have been produced by a piece of col-
ored chalk or lead.

Mrs. Folsom on other occasions and under
less rigid conditions has delivered from the
same platform at a single session, from six
to a score of "Spirit-writings," mostly done in
gold letters, one being found by actual count
to contain twelve lines and ninety different
words.

It is our united belief, formed by the in-
dependent observation of each member of the
committee, that letters and words on the
cards furnished by us were produced entirely
by mortal and material agencies. We further
agree that no evidence before us in this case
establishes beyond reasonable doubt that
there is such a phase of genuine mediumship
as that of Independent Spirit-writings and
Pictures upon paper or cards.

Your committee has striven to be patient
and fair in the hearing of this case and con-
scientiously in reaching its conclusions.
Neither the coming flood of personal abuse
nor aspersions of our methods or motives can
swerve us from the belief that our verdict is
in harmony with the facts as they exist; no
hearts can be sadder than our own over the
result we are compelled to announce.

Signed by the committee:
Geo. B. Warner,
Thomas Grimshaw,
B. A. Schram.

The Executive Board of the N. S. A. also
reverts the result of the investigations of its
well chosen committee and is pained that no
better report could be made.

Mary T. Longier,
N. S. A. Secretary.

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women who are struggling to know those who
are hardly worth knowing!—Exchange.

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it were a certain sense I had inspired it.—Prof. Cesare Lombroso.

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with wise sayings. I believe the theme is consummate and
that the author has given a long and varied life to it.
After I took the book, I did not quit, even for a minute
and slept till I had read it carefully from cover to cover.
Alfred W. Smith, Editor of Dept. of Zoology and Director
of Alameda Work of the University of Chicago.

I am somewhat familiar with the tendency in modern
thought to give primary place to feeling—will I
"Will to Believe," with mere social philosophy, with
Shelley's and Browning's philosophy. "The Wisdom of
Passion" fits in with these constructions. The main theme
of the book—that the soul forms its own form by

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND MONTHLY
No. 100 Cambridge Street, Boston, Mass.

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THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
41 Chambers Street, New York.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year \$2.00
To Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand, 2s. 6d.
Single copies 5 cents.

Managing Editor: IRVING F. SYMONS
To whom all Literary Contributions, News Items, Reports
and Communications should be addressed.

Transmitter and General Manager:
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1905.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

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

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

We have information from Minneapolis that many applications are being made for hotel accommodation during the N. S. A. convention and that the prospect is excellent for the largest convention yet held. It is well to proclaim our zeal by an attendance—besides, by going, reap a great personal benefit.

The Cleveland, Ohio, Spiritualists dedicated a church building they lately purchased as a Spiritualists' Temple, on Sunday, Oct. 1. Keep up the good work.

All people who are so warped by prejudice that they decline to seek for or accept any facts of spirit presence, are surely to be pitied. But they have been so warped by a proclaimed idea of the impossibility for a spirit to return, and that God sends delusion, or that the Devil tempts us, and other superstitions with regard to soul-life, that they are not so much to blame as the priests of the ages have been for blinding the eyes and dulling the soul-powers of humanity.

"A word to the wise" is said to be "sufficient." Will some one tell us what that word is so we may utter it to the people who think Spiritualism has no message for them? The "Banner" prints pages of wisdom each week and even many Spiritualists do not listen to its words. Perhaps the "word" is "subscribe." Try it and see if that suffices.

A college president lately said that one of the results of education is to make gentlemen. These same prospective gentlemen he had addressed then engaged in their usual fights between sophomores and freshmen, with the result of much blood and many bruises. The president closed his office door so that he could not be accused of hearing the noise, and no doubt smoked his cigar with joy as he contemplated the valor of these gentlemen getting their first lesson. Strange are the ways of a modern educational institution. We trust that gentlemen may be developed by some better process, and we hope that females will gauge the true gentleman by some other measure than an admiration for his brutality. Better have effeminate gentlemen than brutal ones.

Spiritualism has distinctively helped women. The spirits seem to prefer females for their mediums—the first modern ones being girls; and since, the great majority of psychics are females. Why is this? Because the females of the world live truer and purer lives. There is an object lesson here for you, dear brothers.

As humanity is far from being saved from sin and misery, with crime quite universal, it is apropos to question if the "saving grace" has been righteously applied. The scheme of salvation has evidently been wrong and a new plan is necessary. Suppose we try responsibility instead of a vicarious process.

An apartment-house proprietor in New York City has given notice to all families with children to vacate on October first. There are several families having dogs who will be permitted to remain; and that fact gave rise to the remark that the proprietor must be a little related to the canine species. There are numerous people who seem to be more fond of dogs than babies. Women are often seen carrying puppies, and they lavish an attention upon them which they deny to their own offspring. No woman should ever be a mother unless she is willing to give all possible sacrifice for the welfare of her child. No man of human instincts will ever consider children to be a nuisance. There must be room for children on earth, because we want true men and women by and by. If apartment houses drive families with children to the country, it will result in great benefit to the children.

Auxiliary societies of the N. S. A. should try to send a delegate to the annual convention. If they cannot appoint a suitable person they should not take any chance whatever in being misrepresented by proxy. The entire proxy system should be abolished. It is not so desirable to have a large representation of persons on the floor who may not comprehend the needs of our Cause, as it is to have a representative body, although few in numbers, composed of those who are able to wisely and with understanding legislate for the national needs. We hope to soon learn that the N. S. A. has abolished the proxy system. Local auxiliaries say that they pay a per capita to the N. S. A. and want to be represented. A stranger to your local interests cannot represent you. Pay your per capita willingly and await your opportunity to have an interested member go as a delegate and present your views. The good of the Cause requires that you shall send a delegate if possible.

Ministers and Mediums Needed.

The Methodists and perhaps most of the denominations are complaining that there is a lack of young men entering the ministry—and they fear that the churches will sorely need for able men to fill their pulpits if this defection is not overcome. They claim that more lucrative pursuits are now attracting young men—and that liberalism has engaged so much attention that religion is losing ground in human affiliation. These alarms are doubtless not without cause. But, no class of people are more strenuous to secure support from the youth than are the orthodox churches—and the Catholics do not omit any energy in that direction. We had not heard or noticed any special effort being made by the Liberalists and Spiritualists. These seem to take chances in securing advocates. If they come forth, well and good; but if they fail, then it is deplorable. With so little effort put forth to proselyte, except by the intellectual effort to present truths based upon reason and fact, the Liberalists and Spiritualists are making mighty progress. Their growth would thus seem to have stability. If they are undermining church growth allied to the traditions, it is not because of special intent, but is the natural results of human progress and a recognized weakness of the doctrines preached. Are we as Spiritualists able to present a better condition? Have we a better prospect for young people to take the places before long of the elders who are rapidly passing away from earth labors?

It is a serious question with us. If all of the other sects are alarmed in this manner, had we not better examine as Spiritualists with regard to our prospects? Surely, we do not offer a lucrative field of labor. We cannot hold out any great prospect for place, power or compensation. Perhaps we can increase these. They who may conclude as an individual or society that they are not sufficiently helping in this direction may possibly listen to their conscience and arouse their ears to the spirit, and hear a call to arouse to more complete sacrifice of self and surrender to duty. The spirit-call will come to many—and they who are consecrated in spirit will find fields of labor. In many localities women, old and young, more than young men, are being called by the spirits. The tendency is to have local workers who will soon make it unnecessary to have itinerant lecturers and mediums for the cause of Spiritualism. Thus a more stable effort is developing. We see nothing in this to deplore—but every promise of greater good to result. Some tendency may exist to impose upon these new advocates, by refusing compensation and exacting their sacrifice to duty. Let us then be careful to dispense justice. We are not dependent upon a theological institution to give us spiritual ministers; but have these supplied direct by the spirit call. But the time and effort of the mediums must be considered—and also the great value of their service to us.

To these mediums we say: Give freely of your heaven-born powers, and trust with confidence to earnest souls to protect and care for you. We feel sure that you will win sooner or later the greater blessings materially and spiritually. Let your labors be filled

with love, inspiration and an altruistic spirit. If humanity fails to properly appreciate or compensate your labors, then the plaudits of angels in good time will bring you peace and joy. Let your own conscience not spite you with duties unfulfilled and work undone. Present the beauties of truth in the sweetest tones and clothed with beautiful language. Lay aside harshness and condemnation. If any cause needs consecrated laborers, Spiritualism needs them yet the more. And if any cause needs beautiful edifices, tuneful choirs and the liberal gifts of wealth, it is Spiritualism. One-sided consecration will not do—but all-sided devotion and all possible assistance is needed in order to uplift humanity and to join forces with angelic workers.

How Can We Assist the Cause of Spiritualism?

As the "Banner of Light" aims at a practical work for Spiritualism, we ask every Spiritualist: "How can we assist the Cause?"

Perhaps you have been puzzled to answer this question. We trust that you have meditated upon it—but if you have not, as we fear of many, then it is high time to retire into the closet and there in secret ask to be instructed.

You have often said: "I owe no duty to Spiritualism." You have considered, perhaps, that it was the special business of Spiritualism to help you. Are we to think that the spirits desire to merely satisfy us that they can manifest—or even desire only to prove to the multitude that they can produce a visible power of their presence? Do they come to us only to show what they can do? Or, is there a desire to minister unto us mentally, morally and spiritually? If we have found that the spirits have high utilitarian motives in their ministrations to the earth-people, then let us consider some of our duties to the spirits' cause. If we have stopped and are fossilized in the seance room of physical phenomena then the spirits have not reached the spiritual centres of our being, and we may be yet only selfish dwellers in the house of crude sense. Can the "Banner" assist you to drink at the fountain where spiritual waters flow for the cleansing of mental and moral impurities? We hope so. That is part of our practical work. We do not want a paper based on theory alone—but one that seeks selfish purposes—but a grand humanitarian spirit, actuating every line of its face and every pulsation of the press that prints its glowing truths. We need to stand out boldly for Spiritualism—and so do you!

There is no comfortable place in heaven for a hypocrite! Of all people, the Spiritualist should be the one who will acknowledge what has been proven to be truth—for it is the most blessed truth of the universe to which he has fallen heir. In its advocacy and in living its divine injunctions, perhaps you have been either backward or unwilling. If so, your duty to the Cause is clear. Do not be fanatical—but be positive and honest. Angels will then smile upon you and urge you to still greater consecration.

Perhaps your purse-strings have been tightly drawn and the Spiritualist papers have taxed a poorer person than you to pay the bills; or your local society has depended for effort upon those who are making great sacrifices to support its feeble capacity; or perhaps you have seen self-sacrificing speakers and mediums seek other fields of vocation in order to eke out a livelihood. Can you now awaken to see whom you can help? We hope so. Each one of us can do a little and that little will create a mighty power. The spirits cannot furnish halls, temples, choirs, the money-basis of bibles and papers, nor any of the worldly affairs our Cause needs but they will supply a power to make all of these of mighty value to humanity. Will you join forces with them?

We must educate, purify, assist, destroy crime and misery, exemplify altruism and live out Spiritualism; then the spirits will be able to come into closer touch with us and our Cause become useful.

Will you help? If so, pour into the treasures of our organized cause, and into the "Banner of Light" your practical help and do not wait for the bye and bye to start you into useful efforts.

George W. Kates Talks with an Evangelist.

When in Michigan recently I was attracted by a street-corner exhorter who was trying hard to secure some interest in his proposed evangelistic work. His talk was very commonplace and his platitudes rather extravagant as is usual with his ilk. Finally, he stated that at the meeting the previous evening, "several persons heard the voice of Jesus." After he came down from his speaking pedestal I approached him and asked how the persons referred to heard the voice of Jesus. Before replying to my question he asked me if I had accepted Jesus as my Savior. My reply was that I had not, because I was sure that I had to save myself. Then he said that he feared that I did not have proper spiritual discernment. That was rather hitting me in a tender spot and I retorted that my business was to develop spiritual discernment; as I too am an ordained minister. His desire was then to know my denomination. I said that my intention was only to know how the voice of Jesus had been heard, as I believed voices could be heard if we were glad to announce myself as a minister of despised Spiritualism. He said that he was sure that I could not be orthodox, because I was disposed to be too critical. I then felt complimented.

But how did you or others hear the voice of Jesus? Then he replied, as I expected, "In the heart." But has the heart an organic structure that causes you to hear? "Oh, no, it is my consciousness." But is your consciousness located in the heart? "Not alto-

gether." Well, then, how did these people hear the voice of Jesus? "By and through the voice of his ordained evangelist." You?

Yes. Well, how were you called to be the evangelist of Jesus? "I heard God calling me." Actually heard the voice? "Yes." How, in your heart? "Yes." Well, did you not attend a theological seminary and study to be a minister, just as I would attend a college and study to be a physician in response to my personal judgment to secure a lucrative profession? Would that not be the same form of call? He replied: "I attended a theological school after I heard the call of God." Yes, but how did you hear the voice of God? "I heard it in my heart audibly calling me." But you have not been able to prove to me that the heart is organically constructed to hear sound. "Oh, my friend, you have not sufficient spiritual discernment," again he charged. Then I added: Are you not arrogating too much judgment unto yourself? Of course he could not see it that way.

I further asked if Jesus heard the voice saying: "This is my beloved son," etc., and if Paul heard: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" "Of course they did." Whose voices were they? "Jesus heard the voice of God and Paul heard the voice of Jesus." Did they hear them audibly or in the heart? "Audibly." Why can you not hear these voices audibly? "The day of God speaking to man in persona propria was in the past, and his manner of speaking today is through our conscience."

I cannot agree that any law of God has changed, but I do agree that God speaks in our conscience. Then he asked, "Do you believe in God?" Of course; but not in a man-God that I make in any image, as you have done; but in a universal law or force of nature that is impersonal, hence omnipotent and omniscient. Then with victorious glee he said: "You will find yourself to be a lost soul." But there cannot be a soul lost; all nature proves progressive development. Then followed a dissertation from him about the dying calling on Jesus to atone for and save them. Thereby he tries to frighten poor, unthinking people, when all the time it is the doubt of the grace of God that makes death a terror to every Christian, and it is the teaching of an angry God that has made the orthodox God a monster.

Of course such statements shocked my clerical brother, and he with shut eyes talked about the dear Savior and the Holy Spirit. Then I asked: What is the Holy Ghost? "The Holy Ghost is He and not I." Jesus repeatedly referred to the Holy Ghost as He. Is not the Holy Ghost a good spirit? "The pneuma, or holy spirit, is the third person of the God-head and is a he." But are not the spirits of females holy spirits? "Only when they are sanctified through the Lord Jesus Christ. Then they become angels in heaven." But, the Bible records, only men angels. How is that? "Only the men angels were permitted to minister unto the people of earth."

But, as you say the Holy Ghost is a he, how do you reconcile the following passages of scripture: "And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him." (Luke 2:22) "God made the holy spirit to appear as a dove." Then it was not a dove? "No, only in appearance." Well, also: "And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost, was held by the spirit." (Luke 4:1) How was that? "Well, the Holy Ghost took possession of Jesus and that good spirit led him." A very good reply; but if I say that a spirit takes possession of me and leads me to do mighty works, would you say that it is the Holy Ghost? "No, I would be afraid that it might be Satan—for you must accept the Lord Jesus before you can have the holy power."

Do you perform the works of the spirit—I mean the works as like did Jesus, that you call miracles? "Jesus leads me to do many good works." Do you heal the sick, raise the dead, speak in unknown tongues, interpret strange tongues, do you prophesy and do you discern spirits? "Why do you ask that?" Because Paul said that these powers of the spirit should be given unto us, and Jesus said: "If ye have faith in me, these works shall ye do and greater." Are you doing these works? "I am preaching the Gospel of Jesus." But you should be doing the works of Jesus.

My friend, you have not spiritual discernment. I heard him accuse me again. Let me tell you, friend, that you may be the one who has not received the Holy Ghost—for you cannot proclaim that you positively know that God or Jesus in person has spoken audibly unto you; but I know that I have heard the voice of my spirit mother and father and of many persons who have gone into the higher life. These are the voices that are spoken unto our ears and reach into the depths of our hearts and souls. These are the voices that you have heard, unless you have imagined or falsified.

It was a loved spirit voice I heard say to me: "Go preach my Gospel." And that Gospel is the same that Jesus preached, viz: of the resurrection. Upon that rock of Christ or the spirit, you may safely build your church. Then perhaps you can do further as Jesus did: "He breathed on them and said unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost." (Luke 24:22) Thus possessing the holy spirit you may impart its power unto others and the realities of spiritual discernment may come unto you and the blind faiths you possess will not dwarf your soul.

My clerical friend then said to me that the day of miracles is passed; and I retorted that there never were miracles performed, for miracles are powers outside of natural law. There is nothing outside of nature—not even God. My friend could not see it that way, for he claimed God to be above nature and that He could produce a manifestation outside of any law of the cosmos. In reply to my question of a miracle outside of law, he cited the Eucharist and said it was a miracle that has come down the centuries unto many generations and is the marvel of time. For once I could agree about the miracle. If the visible body and blood is thus incarnated. But I said, it is an unprovable claim, and an impossible reality, hence bears no evidence

of a miracle. Only superstition claims the fact and blind faith with eyes shut fears to disbelieve.

When will we have reasonable Christians who will apply the altruistic spirit of Jesus and develop the actual power of psychics able to prove a continuity of life and hold blessed communion with the loved friends in the soul-realm? When will reason rule the world's people, and facts of life be revealed to the actual senses and not be shrouded by the imagination and dictum of priests? When Spiritualism shall be understood and properly applied, we will have the church of reason and demonstration, and civilization will no longer enfold the ignorance of superstitious eras.

George W. Kates.

Thornton, Pa.

Organization.

Everything in nature organizes.

And there are co-operative forces in all forms produced by nature.

By multiple products man gains power from nature to develop wonderful ability to feed and clothe the myriads of people who inhabit the earth.

The successful enterprises carried on by humanity are the result of co-operation and association. No great enterprise can be developed and utilized by any one person. And in these there must be an arrangement of the administrative and labor departments in harmonious relationship. Governments and churches succeed only by reposing in a selected official executive who does the will of the people.

Spiritualism may be under the guidance of spirits who dwell in the higher spheres of life; but there must be administrators and laborers in the earth life. Neither class of these can carry on the work alone. There must be co-operation in order to make the efforts effective. On the spirit side of life we are led to understand that congresses exist where plans are developed and executives appointed. They co-operate in perfect manner, even to the utilization of the psychic ability of mediums; and their personal efforts have aid and instruction given by specially appointed ones to render such assistance. The spiritual and mental work done is subject to competent supervision and consent. If such is true, then it is but reasonable that on earth we should organize for better co-operation and try to harmonize with the spirit plans.

Into whose hands, and by what manner of co-operation shall we effect the co-labor upon the earth side? Decidedly by thorough organization. How can that be made complete? By a harmony of purpose with every individual Spiritualist, medium, speaker, official, local society, state society and the national body—with also a union of Children's Lyceums and Young People's Societies. These unions need not be restricted by creed nor a declaration of principles, nor by forms and ceremonies. Freedom in manner of meetings is entirely compatible with a perfected business organization. Minor points of belief need not disturb us; but a centralization of the superior intent must actuate and create the harmony of purpose. What is our rally call? Proofs of spirit life and communion. This ever enduring principle and object of the conquering religious body must be: "A demonstrated resurrection." Therein the churches of the past have failed; but the Spiritualists of today are succeeding. We need not split upon any germane issues—but can all unite upon the main principle and demonstrable fact. Why do so many Spiritualists hold aloof from the organized efforts? Because selfish interests have been made the paramount ones. Official positions and patronage have been sought for by persons who did not have public confidence—and when these failed to achieve their aims, have set up counter movements. Thus union and self-sacrifice have not been primal motives; but, rather, pride and personal ambitions have ruled. Such a spirit will not conduce to the perpetuity of a co-operative organization. Selfish ambitions must be eliminated from a great cause. Self-sacrifice must be an immolation upon the altar of public good.

Will the N. S. A. show this spirit at Minneapolis? Will that city be the scene of such a treaty that shall usher in the peace and spirit that shall make our Cause a world-power for good to all people? A great responsibility rests upon the delegates to that convention. It is a pivotal time. Many persons and societies are complaining of the N. S. A. That is improper and unjust. If any weakness is patent, it is the duty of the discoverer to try to remedy it and not to destroy the entire effort. The N. S. A. has done a mighty work. But greater accomplishments are before it. Its omissions would not be known were it not an organized body that has so failed—for the good accomplished has made these omissions observable. The comparisons are made as the result of achievement. What is our duty? Plainly, to send a clear-headed representative from every organized body of Spiritualists. When these shall be present at the critical period of action, then the hyper-criticism shall pass away, because we will each feel our responsibility.

To encourage better co-operation and to secure greater wisdom and to enlarge the sphere of organized effort for the Spiritualists is the purpose of the Banner's effort, for we must fall as a body of people if we fail—and we can only succeed by united effort if we shall succeed. May moral wisdom unite with spirit wisdom and usher in the great accomplishments prophesied that Spiritualism shall achieve for humanity.

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

The Heavenly World.

(Written for "Banner of Light.")

If that good land where our beloved have gone
Would speak to us from out its silence
And make us know our friends are really near,
That all we do and say they look upon;
What satisfaction would attend each one,
How gladly hearts would such a message hear;
How radiant would life henceforth appear;
How calm the days would then be gliding on!
Ah! so—but every hour the word is sent;
It speaks to spirit in its want and need;
With all our thought their thought of love is bent.
They prompt to hope and joy and angel deed;
And in the comfort and delight of good,
Our earth with heaven has brotherhood!

And now the grand appeal to us is made—
To prove more worthy of the goodness shown;
To manifest their glory as our own;
To live their life of justice undimmed;
To see the Christ in us not betrayed,
And thus as preachers we shall make them known.
Nor e'er in desert places walk alone,
Nor lack for light even in the darkest shade!
This is the truth and beauty of the hour—
That spirits walk the earth with feet of light;
They come to us as perfume of the flower,
They stir us with their own heroic might;
Their word gleams on us with a million stars;
So faithful faith the golden gate unbars!

William Brunton.

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

MOTHERS, LET RESTRAINT BE
SUPPLANTED BY WISE SYMPATHY.

One of the great daily papers in commenting on the recent awful and mysterious murder, makes the statement that there are always a number of girls missing from their homes in a city as large as Boston and that their friends always haunt the undertaker's rooms and investigate the clues when a body is found, with the fearful suspicion that the victim may be their loved one.

What a suggestive statement that is and how our hearts ache at the pathos of it!

The haggard faces of heart-breaking mothers, the white set lips of silent fathers as they lift the ghastly winding sheet and study the features beneath in an endeavor to trace their lost girls is no encouraging picture to us as we sit in our happy homes surrounded by the darlings of our hearts.

The tragedy of the situation is appalling and over and over again we ask ourselves, "What is to be done, what is to be done?"

How can we sit in patience and make no protest and lift no finger to stay the slaughter or stem the tide of sin?

Ah, who is wise and who is strong and who is brave and who is steady to lead the gay and thoughtless, the pleasure-seeking, love-thirsting, flattered and foiled little maidens, away from fires that burn and frosts that blight to the pure and peace-giving pursuits that yield abundant and blessed life?

'Tis the mission of the mothers of the world, the business of the fathers. And yet with a mother's kisses still warm on her lips and a father's words still ringing in her ears many a girl has walked out to a secret meeting that brought disgrace, disaster and death.

Kisses and fond words are not always indicative of strength and wisdom, but strength and wisdom are never fully expressed without tenderness and love.

How is it possible for a wise mother to go to sleep ignorant of the whereabouts of her child?

How can a wise mother look with unquestioning pride on expensive gowns and bits of silk and lace when she knows too well the stretching capacity of a dollar and the small income of her daughter?

How can a wise mother let her child form associations with men or women who give no evidence of any particular desire in life except to admire and be admired for a display of fine clothes and much jewelry?

How can a wise father allow his fair young daughter to associate in a business way even with a man who gives evidence of having no respect for virtue and no concern for the purity and chastity of maidenhood?

How can a wise father let pass unrebuked the pleasure that the smiling face betrays when his little daughter repeats the flatteries bestowed upon her by men of slight acquaintance?

How can any father or mother be so absorbed in any plan or work or scheme that it becomes an easy matter for the susceptible daughter to be passing through experiences of which they are ignorant?

It is not restraint that girls need but sympathetic companionship and a ready listening ear into which all the yearnings of their growing spirits can be whispered without fear of ridicule or misunderstanding. The love of dress is often but a love of beauty gone astray and the secret meeting in the starlight under the trees is but a bit of romance to the girl whose heart is free from guile and full of sentiment.

It is no simple task for fathers and mothers to tell the story of passion and deception and crime and degradation to the little daughter who looks out on the great world with happy, questioning eyes and seeks to find her fortune there.

Out there in the world she will find a place to do the great deeds of which she dreams, out there in the world she will find love and "Prince Charming," out there in the world she will see lovely ladies and gallant gentlemen who will help her to become just what she elects to be.

What mother, what father can sit down and calmly say, "Don't try to do great deeds, for if you do you will be attacked by those who have no desire to do anything themselves and are suspicious of everybody who shows enthusiasm for work, don't believe the love words spoken by any man until you have proved and tested him, for the world is full of libertines who use love's language as a bait to catch little girls who go seeking "Prince Charming?"

Ah, we all hope that the hateful knowledge will never come to them, but alas, for us if our hope make us blind or negligent!

To keep the heart of a growing girl pure and sweet and unsmiled, her enthusiasm unquenched, her courage undaunted, her sentiment unswayed, and have her as strong as she is sweet is to be a factor in the making of a queen among women.

What an opportunity for all of us and what unspeakable joy for the mothers and fathers of the world to be in a place where just this thing may be accomplished.

Prayers and protestations alone will be of

little avail, but if the supreme effort is made to watch the unfolding spirit of the children of the world and feed and guard and nurse and nourish them so spirits with bodies to be expressed through there would soon be an end to lost bodies of strayed away girls as there is an end to that old superstition that there must be some lost souls in every community. M. M. S.

Randolph Among the Boys.

The celebrated John Randolph, when at the zenith of his power as a leading member of Congress, had three wards (nephews) at the school of the Rev. Drury Lacy, Prince Edward county, Virginia, and used to be a frequent visitor there.

It was Lacy's custom to hear his boys recite their Latin and Greek grammar lessons before breakfast, and Randolph was known, more than once, to come from Bizarre (two miles) and enter the schoolhouse by sun-up. At 9 o'clock the school was formerly opened, when the boys read verses in the Bible, until the chapter or portion was finished. Randolph always seemed highly pleased with this exercise, read his verse in turn, and with Lacy sometimes would ask questions. On one occasion, while reading one of the books of the Pentateuch, he stopped a lad with the question:

"Tom Miller, can you tell me who was Moses' father?"

"Jethro, sir," was the prompt answer.

"Why, you little dog, Jethro was his father-in-law!"

Then, putting the question to four or five others by name, not one of whom could answer, he berated them soundly for their carelessness and inattention in reading, saying:

"When you were reading last week, William Cook read the verse containing the name of Moses' father, and have you forgotten it already?"

Just then a young man caught the name, and, unable to repeat the verse of the Bible, repented a part of a line from Milton: "The potent rod of Amram's son," etc.

"Ah," said Randolph, "that is the way you learn your Bible—get it out of other books, what little you know of it," and with an exceedingly solemn manner and tone added: "And so it is with us all, and a terrible proof of our deep depravity it is, that we can rely and remember anything better than 'The Book.'"

This utterance, simple as it was, filled everyone with awe, and made him feel guilty, while at the same time it imparted a reverence for the Bible which was never felt before, and which, from one mind at least, was never effaced. Randolph was so well pleased with the young man who quoted from his favorite author, however, that in a short time—as soon, perhaps, as he could get it from Richmond—he presented him with a beautiful copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost," with a suitable inscription in his own elegant handwriting.—New York Mail.

How the Help Was Given.

Frank H. Sweet.

(Written for the "Banner of Light.")

It was Friday, and house-cleaning day. Mrs. Davis was in the hall when she thought she heard footsteps coming up the path, and she opened the door and looked out. A little girl of seven or eight, with a sweet, bright face, just now very thoughtful, had almost reached the door. Mrs. Davis stepped outside.

"Well," she said pleasantly.

"The little girl smiled. 'Are you Mrs. Davis?'" she asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"And are you very busy?"

"Well, comparatively so. This is house-cleaning day."

"The child's face fell. 'I didn't know,' she said. 'I will call some other time. You see, I have only been here since yesterday. Father sent me down to spend the summer, to get stronger. I'm staying at Mrs. Brown's beyond the orchard. Mrs. Brown is so busy, and you're the nearest neighbor, and your yard looks so pretty, I thought I would call and talk it over with you, and maybe you could help me.'"

"Why, of course, come right in," said Mrs. Davis cordially. "I'm never so busy but I have time for my friends. Now, don't stand back on account of what I said about house-cleaning," as the girl hesitated, "I can finish that up in another hour, and there's plenty of time yet. That's right," smiling back into the warm, brown eyes that looked up into hers gratefully, "come into the sitting room here. This is where I stay mostly. I call it my posy room," and she ushered her visitor into a room that seemed to consist mostly of windows and flowers, but in which there were enough easy chairs and pretty homemade articles to relieve it of an undue conservatory effect. The little girl looked about with unaffected pleasure.

"Isn't it pretty?" she said, her eyes sparkling.

She had been carrying a small bunch of wild flowers in her hand. She offered them to Mrs. Davis. "I picked them on the way. I love flowers."

"So do I," heartily, "and that is enough in itself to make us friends. Now what can I do for you?"

"It's about the Dexters," the girl explained.

"The Dexters?" Mrs. Davis' look of cordial interest became one of amused inquiry.

"Why, they're the most shiftless family in all the country round. I know, for I have peaches and apples and pears and a strawberry bed, and their house is just across my line. What can you know about the Dexters, and only been here one day? And oh, yes, you haven't told me your name yet."

"It's Millicent—Millicent Proctor. I live in Baltimore. You see, Mrs. Brown is so busy I've been outdoors most of the time, and I've looked across and watched the Dexters all the morning. They are bright and nice-looking children, if only they would bathe often. And they go barefooted and wear ragged clothes and say rude things. It made me so sorry that I—I wanted to do something. You see, Mrs. Davis, looking up wistfully, "father gave me twenty-five dollars to do with just as I liked, and I thought if I stayed here all summer I might get the Dexter children to looking better, and—liking water and things, and not talking so. Mother would wish that."

"Yes," Mrs. Davis' tone was non-committal. "A sort of Lady Bountiful," she continued, smiling.

"The girl's eyes filled with quick tears. "Please, don't say that, Mrs. Davis," she pleaded. "One of the boys called me that. I really and truly wanted to help them, but I didn't know how. I was stupid. They stared at me, then they laughed, and one boy sang 'Lady, Lady Bountiful, Bountiful, Bountiful.' I can never be like mother. She did things like that, and everybody loved her."

"Your mother is dead?" Mrs. Davis asked.

"Yes, she died last year, and—she said I must fill her place. I have tried to, so hard. I had the cook teach me how to make things, and I watched over father and did everything I could for my two little brothers. I lay awake nights trying to think what I would do for them, so I could fill mother's place. And—and I couldn't," her voice choked a little.

"Father just laughed and said I was only a little girl yet, and that I must wait for the big things until I was bigger myself, and—and," blushing painfully, "he bought me a big doll to play with, and said—and said that the housekeeper could do most of the looking after for a while. Then he sent me out here."

"Well, I wouldn't wonder if your father was—," began Mrs. Davis. Then something in the girl's grief-stricken face made her pause and add briskly, "About the Dexters. I wouldn't wonder if I could help you do something for them. I have been here longer than you, and know their ways better. They are proud, if they are shiftless and poor, and it wouldn't do to have them think you are trying to help them. Do you know how to fish, and play field games, and drive hoop, and throw balls, and such things?"

"No."

"Well, you must learn. The only way to help the Dexter children is to make them think you are not trying to help them at all, but want to play with them just for the fun of playing. You see, they don't know they need help, and are perfectly contented and happy. The best way to make friends will be for you to ask them to show you how to play and do things; people show their best side when they are helping others. Now I have a nephew and niece coming next week to spend the summer with me. They are about your age, and can do all these outdoor things that the Dexters like, and," smilingly, "they wear shoes, except on warm days, and they have no objection to water. I think you will like them. Now my idea is this, Millicent. When they come I will give a party and invite all the Dexter children. Then you can induce Mrs. Brown to let you give a lawn party over there. I will speak to her about it myself. You could use a small part of your twenty-five dollars for a croquet set or something like that. The young Dexters will not be advised, but they have quick eyes. Before long they will be using more water and better language, and will look after the tatters in their clothes. Don't you think the plan good?"

"Yes," hesitated Millicent, "only I'll not be doing anything. It will be just having a good time."

"That is often the very best way to help," smiled Mrs. Davis.

As she watched Millicent go skipping down the path she nodded to herself thoughtfully.

"It may help the Dexter children some," she said aloud, "but not any more than it will Millicent."

Floss—A True Incident.

Floss was a big yellow cat, one of my many pets in my country home. One summer we noticed that day after day Floss went down across the meadow and disappeared in the edge of the cedar swamp. He always went in late afternoon, and one day I followed him, taking good care he should not see me. He skirted the swamp for several rods, stopped at a little open and, seating himself on a stump, began washing his face, stopping now and then to glance about in expectant fashion.

Shortly there was a rustling among the bushes and a handsome yellow fox leaped into the open. Then the fun began.

Floss and the fox played at tag as gaily as two children. Floss was always the "tagger," and the fox ran this way and that and doubled and dodged in so comical a manner that once I laughed outright, whereupon they stopped their play and stood for a moment listening. Then Floss went back to the stump and the fox lay down on the grass. After a few minutes' rest they were up and at it again.

For half an hour I watched them from my hiding place behind a clump of cedars, until Floss was quite exhausted.

The fox was untiring, but Floss was not so nimble and was very fat.

About sundown they separated, Floss walking slowly towards home and the fox swinging off towards the near-by stream at a brisk trot.

I hurried to overtake Floss, but he seemed much frightened when he saw me and ran into the swamp. He did not come home until next morning, and never again did we see him crossing the meadow or find him playing with his wild comrade.—Our Fourfooted Friends.

In Summer.

Do you know
That you can go
In the early morning light
When the dew is on the grass
And find the little cobweb tents
The fairies sleep in all the night?
But, alas, you'll find no traces
Of their little fairy faces!

Edith Colby Banfield, in "The Place of my Desire."

The Borrowing Box.

The chief merit of this little tale is its truthfulness. It actually happened, and because it may provide a hint it is given in its entirety.

Several years ago there lived in a Missouri village a woman whom everybody called "Aunt Sally," because she was one of those goodly and lovable women who never was found wanting when her services were needed. Her stock of patience was wonderful, but it was exhausted once—and only once—so far as known.

Aunt Sally had a neighbor who was a chronic borrower. The neighbor meant well, no doubt, but her eye for measurements was very bad. When she borrowed a cupful of sugar she always returned a little less. It was the same with everything else. Aunt Sally stood for it a long while, but one day she said to her husband:

"Taylor, I want you to make me a little box with about six or eight small compartments."

"What for?"

"Never you mind, Taylor. Just make me the box and I'll tell you all about it after a while."

The box was made and Aunt Sally filled every compartment with kitchen condiments—coffee, sugar, flour, salt, spices, tea, etc. Whenever the neighbor sent over for "just a little" of this or that, Aunt Sally furnished it out of the box. When return was made she dumped it into the proper place in the box.

Of course the compartments were soon empty, one by one, and when the neighbor sent over for something not to be found therein Aunt Sally would say:

"I haven't any in the box."

Gradually the story leaked out and "Aunt Sally's borrowing box" became a village tradition.—The Comanager.

What is the beginning? Love. What the course? Love still.

What the goal? The goal is Love on the happy hill.

Is there nothing then but Love, search we sky or earth?

There is nothing out of Love hath perpetual truth.

All things flag but only Love; all things fall or flee;

There is nothing left but Love worthy you and me.

Christina G. Rossetti.

The prisoner who learns to be faithful to the hardest tasks behind the walls will encounter no difficulty in mastering the common duties of life.—Our Paper.

Don't discuss your "private griefs." There are very few people in the world who care enough for you to stand it.—Exchange.

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 verify 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.

With hearts overflowing with love and good will toward every living creature, we come into this little circle, and something of that infinite love which is forever flowing over and into our lives we would send out to those who suffer and are in need. May the wise spirits who have lived and learned the lessons of life, who with superior wisdom would guide the children of men, draw very close to us at this hour, and may they, with that patience which always characterizes their every message and effort, deal gently with us. Something of their patience we would have when the petty cares disturb and annoy us; something of their tenderness we would feel when the disturbing influences of some others sweep over us and trouble us; and, above all, we would have this precious, precious truth that has been revealed to us made a part of the life of everyone who seeks to know of the spiritual life. May no pang of suffering, no pain of doubt ever cloud or disturb the sweet influence that may be always borne from the spiritual life to those who are in need. Oh, bless us in our undertaking to bring peace and comfort to the sorrowing ones of the world, and may we have strength to always speak the right word in love. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Caroline Bailey, Boston.

Here is a woman rather stout, and gray hair that is crimped and worn parted and down the sides of her face. I should think she was 65 years old. She says her name is Caroline Bailey and that she's only anxious to come that her friends may know that she is satisfied with what she found when she went to the spirit. It was very sudden and everybody about seemed so shocked and disturbed. She had always been a woman who had her own way in doing things, and was very outspoken in her beliefs, and she says: "I used to say that I didn't believe a single thing in this nonsense, but I was satisfied when I came over and found that it wasn't nonsense, but love. Why, I have been as eager to return as any child to reach the old home and its mother. I was a Boston woman and knew more or less through hearsay of the work of Spiritualism, but I felt that it was for those who wanted it, and I didn't want it. If it is any comfort to my friends, I will tell them now that I made a mistake when I didn't see if there wasn't something there good for me. I have Lucy with me and Frank. Thank you very much."

Esther Strout.

The first spirit that comes to give a message is a woman. I should think, about 45 or 46 years old. She is quite fair, blue eyes and brown hair, with just a little of the gray mixed in, and she has a very patient and kind manner. She says that her name is Esther Strout, and says, "It is such a new thing for me to come that I hardly know how to say what I want to. I lived in Bangor, Maine, and I want to come to Willie. He is so engaged in material conditions and pursuits that he hardly ever thinks of his mother, but I am eager to awaken him to an understanding of my presence, for I can aid him and it is good for him and me to come close enough to talk to each other."

"George is here with me now, and he says that he never did have any use for religion, and he does not know that he has got a bit more now, but he will try and see if there is anything that he can do that will make the home affairs better, and that will be about as near Christian-like as anything he could undertake."

George Ellis.

The next one that comes to me is a man, I think, about 35 or 40, tall, slim, dark hair and blue eyes, and a dark mustache. He is very nervous and fidgety and he says: "Oh, dear! I thought I wanted to say everything about myself, but it is so hard to hold myself steady enough to talk that I am afraid I will fail."

"My name is George Ellis. I lived in Fremont, Ohio. God knows that I would have lived if I could. The whole thing was such a horrible accident that I have never quite recovered from the shock of it myself. These people who think they want to die and get away from trouble and troublesome conditions don't have any idea that conditions follow them up long after the body has been put out of sight."

"My father died when I was a boy, and that left so much on my hands to do that I was an old man before I was a young man, and it is no small thing to be called away and leave a lot of work undone."

"If I could only talk as plainly to my friends as I can here I think I could settle my mind. I wanted to tell Jennie that it is no use for her to try to hold on to things with any idea that she is doing something to please me. As far as I am concerned, I haven't any feeling about her disposing of anything. I would like to see her free from the strain, and I wish she would get away from the old people. I think they drag her to death with their troubles, and she needs to get out and have a little liberty. I have been in the house so much, and I have seen how little of anything like recreation she has, that it seemed as though I had to break down every barrier to tell her to get away from it all."

"I am not unhappy, but I am busy. I see so much to do, and so little chance to do it. Please tell her for me that if I could only explain how it all happened she would be perfectly satisfied that I was not to blame."

"I am very grateful to you."

Mary Webb.

There is the spirit of an old lady about 65 or 70, medium height, very round face, blue eyes and almost white hair, and she wears a little black lace thing on her head. She says that her name is Mary Webb, and that she lived in Seattle. She says:

"I have not been gone long. I was not a Spiritualist; I was a Unitarian. I knew that some of our people believed that the angels could talk with us, but I never had a bit of experience, and it was the happiest surprise of my life to find that I could see my children a good deal plainer after I had died than I could before. My boys and girls never had any thought except of pleasure in taking care of me. I think they were just as happy looking after my comforts and needs as I was when I rocked the cradle for them, took care of their little bodies, made their clothes, and did all my work. Those were happy hours, and although I used to get tired, I never for one moment wished for any different life; and when I came to die and saw how they really mourned for me, I knew it was because I had always loved them and made them feel that I did."

"Jeremiah, my husband, is right at my elbow, and he says: 'Tell them all that the streets of the spirit land are a good deal better than any good pavements, and that the music of the trees and the waters and the birds is a good deal sweeter than any tune played on harps by hands that could not pick a banjo.' He always had an idea that the pictures of a wealthy heaven were born in the brains of people who never had any gold, and he always said so, and that is why he speaks about it now."

"I have been very near to Annie for the last three months, and she will be glad to hear that I am pleased with what she has accomplished. Thank you."

Nellie Lane.

There is a spirit now of a girl, I should think she was about fourteen or fifteen, very dark, dark hair and eyes, and just as nervous as a witch. She walks all around with a little impatient air, and with her is an old gentleman. I think it must be her grandfather. He is quite stout and bald-headed, and round, full face, with full white beard. Her name is Nellie Lane, and she says:

"Oh, dear! I knew all about going. I have been a good many times to my Aunt Lizzie, and she knows it and she is glad of it. I come now to send her this message; that it is better for her to put off the change that she has planned until spring. She gets so headstrong when she makes up her mind to do a thing that it is hard for us to tell her through her own self what to do, so I have come here to give her this advice. Her father and Willie are with me too, and they are just as anxious as I am for her to make no change until she can see more clearly than she does today what the result will be."

"We used to live in Fitchburg, and we found out about spirits after we had gone out of the body. My grandmother is alive, and does not believe a word of this, but I am hoping every day that I will be able to give her something myself that will make her understand that I know some things that she does not. Thank you."

Helen Wigglesworth.

There is a beautiful old lady, I should think she must be pretty nearly eighty years old. She is quite tall and rather commanding, and her hair is iron gray. It is parted very carefully combed, and everything about her looks as though it had been taken perfect care of. Her name is Helen Wigglesworth, and she lived in Roxbury. Almost everybody called her "Aunt," and she comes with that graciousness that always emanates from a woman who has been much loved for her goodness. She says:

"This is beautiful to be able to speak for myself. I want to send a message to George. I want him to realize that I am near and have been, for some weeks. I received his dear one who has only lately come over here, and she is eager to send a message of her consciousness and love. Fred is in need of just this sort of a message too, but he is more absorbed in other directions, so that it is harder for me to get to him personally. I often sit with George, and can read his heart just as plainly as I could a printed page. I know his sorrow and his trouble and his loneliness, and it is because of these that I come. Do not, George, for one moment think because you are sitting alone that the one you loved the best of all and who is put away out of sight—do not think that that is the end of it all. Why, there is no moment of your life that we could not be close to you and speak to you if you would only open the doors. We all think the picture very lovely, and hope it will be a comfort to you. God bless you, dear, and keep you through your sorrow."

James Martin, Lincoln, Neb.

The next spirit that comes is a man I should think about 60 years old. He is tall, broad shoulders, a short white mustache, a bald head, and a very keen, clear eye, and he walks over to me with an air of importance and strength, and he says: "My name is Martin, James Martin, and I want to send a message to Will Martin, who lives in Wyoming City. He has not always lived there, but has lately gone there. I am very much troubled over the position he has taken; he is impulsive and impetuous, and I fear for his future, and I felt if I could come here and send him a word of warning that it would perhaps save him many years of struggle and pain. I am his father, and I used to live in Lincoln, Neb., and when I came over here to the spirit I knew very little about it. In a sort of general way I believed that my friends directed me, but I did not understand how definitely and clearly the word could be spoken. My wife is with me and she rejoices with me in this effort to bring good fortune and a steadier life to our boy. There are so many things we would both say if it were not for the publicity of the message, but let this be enough to satisfy our friends that what we do in this way so feebly we can do better with better opportunities. Thank you."

"Tis You, My Friend, 'Tis You.

The world is waiting for somebody
Waiting and watching today;
Somebody to lift up and strengthen,
Somebody to shield and stay.
Do you thoughtlessly question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
And has been years on years,
Somebody to soften its sorrow,<

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

The world is such a cheery place
If we but see it so:
There's beauty everywhere we step
To let the heart glow.
The air is full of rhythmic joy,
The blue sky throbs with love,
And every leaf and flower and bird
By pure delight in life is stirred.
Its ecstasy to prove.

The world is such a sorry place.
If we but see it so:
There's sadness in the skies above
And on the earth below.
The children weep, the birds are mute,
The flowers droop and die;
All sounds are tuned in minor key,
All sights but picture misery.
We wonder, wonder why.

How can we solve the problem—
Who fain the truth would know?
How can earth be so beautiful,
And how so full of woe?
O human heart give answer, for
In thee that answer lies:
Tis not for birds, or flowers, or air
To make life either dull or fair
Or prove its mysteries.

Life's radiance from within must chime,
Its harmony express
The aspirations of the soul.
The power to cheer and bless.
Tis love, love only, in the air,
The sky, the birds, the flowers,
That glorifies the common life,
That triumphs over care and strife
In this sweet world of ours.

The Burlington Free Press.

Remarkable Dematerialization.

Our lamented friend, and well-known writer, Mr. Leland, who died two years ago at Florence, made witchcraft, sorcery, voodooism, etc., his special study, and through him I learned of many wonderful occurrences, which corresponded to those which I have witnessed myself. To the latter belongs the "dematerialization," disappearance, and reappearance of the entire physical body of certain persons.

Incredible as it may appear, three such cases are personally known to me. One of these is the sudden disappearance of a paralyzed boy living at Florence and his "miraculous" reappearance; the other is the repeated visit of a lady, a native of India, appearing in her physical body in a family at Florence, well known to me, conversing with those present and disappearing (dematerializing) as mysteriously as she came. The third case I mentioned in the public press, I will speak of it more in detail.

At Radein in Tyrol, not very far from Meran, there lived in a small hotel an ecstatic Italian girl by the name of Angelica Daroca. It is asserted that for seven years she took neither food nor drink, and this will not appear improbable to those who know that such hysterical persons obtain their nourishment by vampirizing their visitors, which are usually very numerous, as such persons are regarded and treated as wonder-workers and saints. This girl also had the "stigmata," and on certain days she was sweating drops of blood; for which reason she was visited by many pious people, and especially by the Catholic clergy. Although very poor she received no money. She occupied the only room of that but as her bedroom, while her three brothers had possession of the garret-chamber below the roof.

She was of a religious turn of mind and very desirous to enter a nunnery. Therefore, by order of the bishop, two nuns were sent on November 17 to consult with her. They arrived in the evening, spoke with her, and the girl entered in an ecstatic condition. In the morning of the 18th these nuns called again, but the bed was empty and the patient gone, and remained gone for several days.

On the morning of November 25 her brothers and some neighbors held a prayer meeting in that same room, when they suddenly saw that the girl was again in her bed. She claimed that a higher power had taken her away and carried her to Rome, and a few days afterwards a letter arrived at Boyen from a lady living at Rome, saying that on November 18 she was visited by an amiable Tyrolean girl, giving her name as Angelica Daroca and claiming to be from Radein. This lady inquired of her friend at Boyen whether she knew that girl; she obviously never suspected her to be a ghost or an apparition.

In Adolphe d'Assier's book "L'Humanité Posthume" and in the "Lives of the Saints" similar cases are mentioned. Mr. Stead in his "Borderland" also gives some interesting accounts of the appearance and materialization of astral forms of the living; but cases in which the solid physical body is carried away are comparatively less known, and their consideration may help us to a clearer conception of the constitution and laws of "matter," a study which seems to me of supreme importance for the practice of psycho-therapeutics.

As to the skeptics who in their ignorance deny the possibility of such facts, it would be a waste of time and energy to try to convince them by arguments, and we leave that useless task to those who are so inclined. In my investigations of occult phenomena, which extend over fifteen years, I have met with very few cases of swindling, while the theories for explaining such phenomena on the part of the would-be wise have been exceedingly numerous, incredible, and absurd. Yours, etc.—F. Hartmann, in "The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal."

Gen. Porter on Paul Jones.

The October Century, which will be issued on the one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the battle of the Serapis and the Bonhomme Richard, will contain the first detailed and authoritative account ever published of the recovery of the body of John Paul Jones, written by General Horace Porter, L.L.D. It is to the unsoldier and patriot that the recovery of the remains of its first naval hero. While ambassador to France, General Porter, on his own initiative and at his own expense, began a personal search for John Paul Jones's body, in June, 1890. The details of this search, its final success, the rigorous verification of identity, are all covered in General Porter's story, which is to be fully illustrated with photographs.

Anti-Vaccination in Practice.—Free School.

Berkeley, Cal.; Sept. 19, 1905.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Knowing the interest you have taken in the vaccination question, and presuming that any news on the subject would be of interest to you and "Banner of Light" readers, we have instituted in the city of Berkeley, Cal., where children not vaccinated may attend. We were compelled to make this move because

Dr. Reinhardt (health officer) would allow no child not vaccinated to attend the public schools, unless indeed he himself pass judgment as to their ability to stand being vaccinated.

It is not because our pretty little city is infected with smallpox or any other contagious disease; quite the reverse, as we have one of the healthiest cities in the United States, rivaling Rome in hills, and have a natural drainage of over three hundred feet, and plumbing in our homes is up to date, being thoroughly inspected, and we have good sewerage and no cesspools.

Three years ago we had three cases of smallpox, carried by a young fellow employed on the transport, where all are supposed to be successfully vaccinated. A little over a year ago we formed a society, called the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League, Berkeley division, and at the last meeting of the Legislature in Sacramento, Cal., we presented a petition asking that the compulsory vaccination law be repealed. It passed both houses, but was vetoed by Dr. Pardee, Governor. A peculiar feature of our vaccination law is that the children attending the public schools and pupils of universities of California are compelled to be vaccinated; while those of all private schools are exempt.

We would not submit to this obnoxious law, claiming it to be un-American, so we opened this school with an enrollment of eighty pupils. Mr. J. G. Wright, who has been untiring in his efforts to repeal this law, has given the use of Golden Scaff Hall and banquet room free, to be used for a school room.

The school is maintained by subscriptions. Dr. S. H. Frazier was elected president of the league, and Mrs. Alice Vail Holloway secretary. Mrs. Mary T. Wilson, principal, who has had eleven years' experience in all grades in the public schools of San Francisco and Berkeley. We have three teachers and work is progressing nicely. The teachers and children are striving to keep up to the standard of the public schools. In closing, I will just add that we also have a state league. Dr. W. Allen, president; and W. T. Bailey, secretary.

We want the name and address of every person who is opposed to compulsory vaccination. Address all communications to Samuel Taylor, 2109 Alston Way.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not eat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold. Keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in 10 minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19) 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Besant Advocates Psychic Healing and Medical Clairvoyance.

Mrs. Besant, who was president of the Congress (Theosophical), gave most stirring opening and closing addresses, and also a lecture on "The Conditions of Occult Research." Science and theosophy, she said, were coming more nearly together. Those who investigated by the exercise of psychic faculties could only make assertions; they could not give the proofs which science rightly demanded, but the psychic might aid the scientist. Assertions regarding the weight and number of chemical atoms were made by theosophists ten years before science proved these assertions to be true. The existence of the human aura and the meaning of its colors was now recognized. Thought forms, taking shape and color, according to the nature of the thoughts which produce them, were being studied by medical and scientific men. Clairvoyant vision and clairvoyant diagnosis in a condition of trance were being proved to be of the greatest value, and this must obliterate the crime of vivisection. Some medical men were finding that the working of the human organism could be better studied under trance. Psycho-physiology was being recognized in France, and vivisection was being less practiced. "Cures" (?) discovered by inoculating animals and introducing serums into the human system were being found to cause new diseases. The body being the home of the spirit, should not be polluted by such treatment, but should be dealt with by psychic methods. The artist, too, as well as the scientist, would be aided by the cultivation of the psychic faculties, whilst the painter would perceive more exquisite colors, and the writer and musician be more open to inspiration. The theosophical movement was towards greater refinement in every way—refinement of perception, of manners, of methods of living—which must tend to keep the body in health; and of methods of healing in cases of illness.—Psychic Therapeutic Journal.

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If sick yourself or if you are interested in a sick friend write them a plain, candid letter and they will tell you what your trouble is and if your case is curable will quote you their lowest terms. Write to-day. Address: Dr. Peebles Institute of Health, 9 Main St., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Journeys to the Planet Mars

OR

OUR MISSION TO ENTO.

By MRS. SARA WEISS.

Author of "Story of Dorian Hayden." A story of the Planet Mars.

Being an account of the experiences of a remarkable seer, who has in spirit individually visited our nearest neighbor. Numerous original illustrations by the author.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 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 clearly.

Boston and Vicinity.

Waverley V. S. U. Home, Sept. 24, 1904.—Because of innate mysterious impulses in our nature, said a speaker today, we are always mentally at unrest, and as a relief for this state, we are always longing for rest in the physical state. Even now I seem to hear the deacons of the long ago sing the dear old refrain, beginning, "On the other side of Jordan, in the green fields of Eden, where the tree of life is blooming, there is rest for you"; but we now understand that, complete rest is mental stagnation. All that we see that is beautiful, useful and good has been evolved through our mental activities. Do not psychologize yourself with the idea that you have got to wait until "the great by and bye" before you can attain to a very large share of happiness, but cherish with an abiding faith that whatsoever cometh unto thee, the love and protection of the Father exceedeth them all. Services began today by service of song, invocation by Mrs. Annie Jones of Lowell, address by Mr. Bradley of Boston, remarks and messages by Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Bolton, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Bemis and Mrs. Sprague; Mrs. Bemis, conductor.—J. H. Lewis.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, opened its sessions in Red Men's Hall, Sunday, Oct. 1. An unusually large number of scholars were present for the opening Sunday and a very profitable and harmonious session was held. Everyone seemed to be interested and full of enthusiasm for Lyceum work. Those taking part in the exercises were Miss Frances Lathrop, Miss Evangeline Condon, Mrs. W. S. Butler, Mrs. Packard, Mr. Austin, Mr. Sharp and others. The outlook is good for a very successful season for our Lyceum.—H. C. Berry, conductor.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor.—Morning circle for healing, development and spirit messages; a most pleasing session, with many friends gathering to start our pastor on a new year of key life work. Healers, seers and mediums: Dr. Brown, Prof. Payroe, Mr. Hill, Mr. Newhall, Brother Privoe, Mr. Baker, Mr. Hargrave, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Robertson, E. L. Johnson, Mrs. A. Shaugnessy; musical selections, J. A. Woodside; Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Grover.

Afternoon—Beautiful selections by our blind vocalist, Prof. Maynard; welcome by Dr. Frank Brown; readings by Mr. Graham, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Baxter; original poem by Mrs. May Lewis.

Evening—The Colored Jubilee Singers favored us with their beautiful songs. Fine speakers and mediums assisted us: Mrs. Henry Collis, Mr. Privoe, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Kemp, Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Baker. Poem by Mr. Starky, closing one of the grandest days of our experience. Tuesdays and Thursdays as usual.—Reporter.

Malden.—The American Psychical Research Society, Harvey Redding, president, held its first meeting at the home of the president, 202 Main street, Everett, Sept. 2. This was followed by meetings at the same place the other Sundays of the month, and most interesting services were rendered by Mr. Redding and his guides. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Stiles, Mrs. Alice Bean, Mrs. M. E. Dean, Mrs. Abbie Burnham and Mrs. Wells. Mr. Frank Bell rendered selections on the piano. The members of the society are intensely interested in the work and having good audiences to receive the messages of the spirit, which they make earnest endeavor to faithfully deliver.

Sunday, Oct. 14, the society held its first meeting in Malden at Odd Fellows' Hall. The meeting opened with song service, pianist Mrs. Frank Vickery. A few words of welcome by the president, also reading from the Bible, were followed by Cyrus, the Persian, through his medium, Mr. Redding, reading a poem in his own tongue, entitled "The Home of Many Mansions." Mrs. Abbie Burnham gave an address, subject, "The Benefit of Spiritualism." She spoke in her usual charming and interesting way. Miss Lottie Abrahamson sang "My Wandering Boy" in an expressive manner; selection on the piano by Mrs. Frank Vickery; Mrs. Red Jacket and Prairie Flower, gave many truthful messages. There was a large attendance.

The meeting closed with the hymn, "The Joy of Spiritualism." Mrs. Abbie Burnham, E. J. Trott, corresponding secretary.

Camp Progress, Mowbray Park, Upper Swampscott.—This camp closed its grove meetings Sunday, Sept. 24, after a very successful season. Upward of two thousand people were at the grove and the utmost order prevailed. It was a rare meeting, one that people do not have the privilege often to attend. The grand principles of Socialism and Spiritualism were so clearly explained that no one could fail to understand and many who never thought before could not help thinking now. We hope great good will be the outcome of the meeting. Fine addresses and messages were given by the following: Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, Cliffside, Miss Islette Sears, Boston; Aurin Bill, Boston; Mrs. Nellie M. Putney, Lowell; Mrs. H. A. Baker, Danvers; Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Stoughton; James A. Wilkinson, Lawrence; Mrs. E. Dix, Boston; Rev. Mabel Reed Williams, Roxbury; Rea Lyons, Marblehead; Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, Somerville; Theodore Curtis, Boston.

Fine selections were rendered by the Mowbray Park quartet. Solos were sung by W. Roonover, Everett, and Prof. Holden, Salem. Instrumental music by Mrs. Bertha Merrill, Mrs. Hattie S. Gardner, Bertha.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong.—The "Tiny Raps" formed the subject of the morning, sitting Bull using his medium, Walter I. Mason. All enjoyed him very much. Mrs. Chapman spoke also Mrs. Lewis, and messages were given by Bluebell. The afternoon service was given up to a public reception to the pastor, at this, her tenth anniversary of public work. The following program was carried out: Congregational singing; prayer, pianist; "Far Above the Stars," Schubert Quartet; recitation, Ruth McKinnon; congregational singing; piano solo, Clyde E. Evans; recitation, Little Bonnie; "Do You Wish the World Better?" Schubert Quartet; recitation, Elmer McKinnon; recitation, Little Bonnie; "Count Your Blessings," Schubert Quartet; recitation, Mabel McKinnon; solo, Abbie Morgan; congregational hymn; recitation, Anna M. Strong; piano solo, Clyde E. Evans. Remarks were made by our pastor, Walter I. Mason, introducing our pastor, who, in a

few well chosen words, outlined her plan of the fall work. Our pastor then called upon Mrs. Maggie J. Butler, who was listened to with great interest. Mr. Mason then told of his experiences, after which our pastor and president received the vast number present. Collation was then served and a social hour was spent. John xiv., "Our Example," was the subject of sitting Bull, after which our pastor spoke a few words. Mrs. Hughes gave message. Mr. Brewer then spoke and their Mr. Tuttle gave out his inspired verse and messages.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society held an "Indian Harvest Moon Circle" Thursday evening, Sept. 28, in its hall, 138 Pleasant street, in honor of the Indian end. The hall was packed to the door. Indian songs, speeches and messages were the features of the evening. Mrs. Jennie Conant Henderson, Mr. Oliver Thomas Newcomb, Mrs. R. P. Morton, Mrs. Alice M. Whall and many others took part. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens, autumn foliage and Indian bric-a-brac; in the center was the Indian teepee and in the corner the Indian wigwam, decorated with Indian relics, the whole making a most ideal Indian home. Never before have we experienced such enthusiasm manifested through the Indian custom and spirit guides. The singing of "America" brought to a close an evening long to be remembered. Sunday afternoon, circle, as usual, was well attended, and quite a few new workers were present. Especially we mention Mr. and Mrs. Buck of Chelsea; Mrs. Inez O'Neill, Mrs. I. W. Bird, of Everett. We all enjoyed Mr. Oliver Thomas Newcomb. Closed with the benediction at 5.30.

Sunday evening, opened with song service; scripture reading by our president; invocation by Mr. James Scarlett, speaker of the evening. The subject of his discourse was "The Angels are Near." A most beautiful subject could not have been found and he held his audience with perfect satisfaction. The subject was most beautifully illustrated. After closing his discourse, our president, with his little guide, Prairie Flower, gave some fine messages. Mr. Scarlett gave messages for the balance of the evening, closing with the benediction at 9.40.

Thursday, Oct. 12, afternoon and evening, the Massachusetts State Association will hold a mass meeting at this hall, 138 Pleasant street. A supper will be served at 6 o'clock. All are cordially invited.—Mattie J. Eaton, corresponding secretary.

Boston Spiritual Temple.—The Spiritual society which for twenty years has been well known not only in Boston, but among the Spiritualists throughout New England as the Boston Spiritual Temple, has during the past summer perfected its legal church incorporation under the name of The Unity Church, and will, from now on, hold its meetings in Jordan Hall, Huntington avenue. All Bostonians know this to be the finest hall in Boston today, having a seating capacity of thirteen hundred people. The pipe organ used here is the gift of Eben Jordan, of Jordan, Marsh Company, and is said to be the finest quality of this class of instruments in the United States. This will be presided over by an artist in this line, and a fine mixed quartet will also be a feature of services held by this church. The Rev. F. A. Wiggin will be pastor of this church. It is to be hoped that the general public will not infer that this change of name means any departure from the lines of true Spiritualism. The phenomena will be a feature of the meetings the same as when under the former name. In order to do more effective work the change seemed necessary, and desired privileges accorded other churches seemed desirable and were more easily obtained by virtue of this change than by any other method which seemed in evidence. The Spiritualists, as well as the general public, will be accorded a most cordial welcome to the meetings of this society, which opened its meetings Sunday, Oct. 1, with services at 10.45 and 7.30. Tuesday evening meetings specially devoted to the phenomenon of Spiritualism will be held in the smaller hall of the same building, which is the New England Conservatory of Music. This society proposes to enlarge its field of usefulness during the coming season and all are most cordially invited to co-operate in the spreading of this liberating truth among the people who are as yet in darkness with reference to the comfort which Spiritualism can alone furnish. Mr. Wiggin spoke upon the opening Sunday morning on a subject which was of interest to the general public, and especially to all believers in Spiritualism. The phenomena as presented by him were never better than on the Schubert Quartet, added to the musical strength of the occasion. There was a good attendance for the opening Sunday and the society is happy and hopeful over the outlook for the coming year.

New England States.

Worcester Association of Spiritualists, G. A. R. Hall, 35 Pearl St.—Services resumed Sunday, Sept. 17. Mr. Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H., opened the services, also served our society again the following Sunday. He was greeted by a large audience at each service. His lectures and delineations alike were well received and readily recognized. I enclose an abstract of his closing lecture for publication.

For the month of October our speakers are: Miss Susie C. Clark, Mr. Thomas Cross, Dr. George A. Fuller, Miss Blanche H. Brainard.—M. Lizzie Beale, Cor. Sec.

Portland, Me.—The First Spiritual Society of Portland opened the regular winter meetings today with a very pleasant social meeting. We feel our summer's work has been very successful both in a financial way and as a promotion to the Cause.

We have added many new members and have interested many skeptics to investigate and become convinced of the truth of our Cause.

Services were held both afternoon and evening. Mr. John M. Todd delivered short but interesting addresses at both sessions. This afternoon Mr. Wm. E. Brash also assisted. In the evening Mrs. Kincaid gave many messages so true and convincing as to interest all.

Next Sunday afternoon and evening—services with Mr. M. A. Graham of Boston, who will lecture and also give messages.—Francis W. Vaughan, clerk.

Newburyport.—The First Spiritualist Association began its season's work on Oct. 1, at 59 1/2 State street. Our speakers for the month are: Mrs. E. Carlin Adams, of Waltham; Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, of Stoughton; Mrs. Amanda A. Cate, of Haverhill; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Dane, of Lowell; Mrs. Annie L. Jones, of Lowell. During the summer we have held eight grove meetings at Hersey's Grove, Salisbury. Our speakers were: Mrs. Chapman of Brighton; Mrs. Washburn, of Haverhill; Mrs. Bonney, of Boston; Mrs. Pye, of Melrose; Mrs. Jones, of Lowell; Mr. Dane, of Lowell; Mr. Litchman and Mrs. Randlett, of Roxbury; Mr. Adams, of Waltham. Our meetings have been very interesting, and we trust instructive to the large audiences in attendance.—Mrs. S. A. Lowell, secretary, 422 Main street, Amesbury.

Fitchburg, First Spiritualist Society.—Mrs. A. J. Pettigall of Malden opened the season's work. The morning service was given to convincing and comforting messages from the spirit side of life. The medium's circle was largely attended and was very helpful to all present. Nearly every seat was taken at the evening service. The subject, "In My Father's House Are Many Mansions," was interestingly presented, supplemented by many correct spirit messages. Mrs. Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections. Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.—Dr. C. L. Fox, president.

Lowell, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell opened its hall for the season of 1905 and 6 on Oct. 1st in Grafton Hall, Lowell, with extra large audiences both afternoon and evening. Mrs. Margaret Jacobs of Lawrence was the speaker and both remarks and messages pleased the large number present. Mrs. Annie Chapman of Brighton is to be with us next Sunday.—A. E. Jordan, clerk, 14 Robinson Street, Lowell.

Salem, Mass.—First Spiritualists' Society. At the annual meeting of the society the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. E. R. Frye of Beverly; 1st vice president, Mr. F. Arnold of Danvers; 2d vice president, Mrs. Hattie S. Gardner of Salem; secretary, Mrs. Dora D. Webster of Lynn; treasurer, Mr. D. A. Wright of Salem; executive board, Mr. A. Duncan of Beverly, Mrs. E. R. Frye of Beverly, Mrs. A. S. Hall of Salem; musical director, Prof. E. J. Holden of Salem. The society opened its meetings Sunday, Oct. 1st, in the Asiatic Building, Odd Fellows' Hall. The exercises at the installation of the officers were very interesting. The work was done by Prof. E. J. Holden. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn was the speaker for the day. She gave good satisfaction. One of the fine features of the day is the half hour song service and entertainment conducted by Prof. E. J. Holden. A morning circle is held by the local mediums.—Mrs. Dora D. Webster, secretary.

Salem, Mass.—Sunday, Oct. 1st, the Spiritual Research Society of Salem, Mass., resumed its regular meetings at its hall, 53 Washington Street. The morning meeting, held at 11.30 o'clock, conducted by Healer Fowler and others, was one of the finest we ever had. At 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. Mrs. M. A. Bemis of Medford was our speaker and medium. Her lectures were something grand, and her communications were all very convincing. Our speakers and mediums for next Sunday, Oct. 8, are Mr. James F. Litchman and Mrs. Rundlet of Boston.—E. E. Woodberry, secretary.

New York and Vicinity.

New York City.—First Church Progressive Spiritualists. Pastor and demonstrator, Hugh R. Moore, Cora H. Moore. The First Church of Progressive Spiritualists having outgrown seating capacity at 120 West 13th Street, Manhattan, has leased for the ensuing year Berkeley Lyceum, 19 West 44th Street, a beautiful little theatre seating 500. We opened our meetings Sunday, Oct. 1st, with a program that could hardly be surpassed in point of excellence. Among others were Mrs. Seiber, Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Ida Cortada, soprano soloists; Mr. Crocker, baritone soloist, and Brother I. J. Withers, flute soloist. All of these are well known artists and the generous applause by the large and appreciative audience told only too well how efficient each was in his or her part. George H. Ryder, our musical director, came in for no small share of applause. Rev. Hugh R. Moore, our pastor, gave a most stirring address, giving a short resume of his work the past year as pastor and demonstrator for the First Church of Progressive Spiritualists, and struck a key note when he said that the phenomena and philosophy were inseparable companions and yet, after all, it was through the philosophy that we could hope to erect a Temple which would command the respect and admiration of the thinking masses. He said the phenomena are the foundation and corner stone but the philosophy is the temple. Too many Spiritualists are content to sit in seances night after night and think their only duty is to pay the medium his fee; they seldom read a book or even a Spiritualist paper, and when questioned by their skeptical neighbors have no argument to offer, such people may be found supporting some church and sustaining a creed which they do not believe, while their own workers in the field are idle. He urged upon all to read the spiritual publications and to become acquainted with the philosophy if they want to appreciate Spiritualism in its fullness. He paid a glowing tribute to the librarian. He alluded to the new departure in spiritualistic churches in opening the doors free to the public, and says, "Spiritualists, it is up to you now whether we shall continue to keep these doors open and invite in the public, or whether our majestic ship shall be wrecked upon the rugged rock of failure." The collection told only too well that the right chord had been struck. Mrs. Cora Moore, our beloved message medium, followed with many messages of love and affection which brought forth a tremendous and spontaneous ovation. Her sweet manners, frank countenance and straightforward facts have earned for her a most enviable position. We are financially and spiritually in a healthy condition, and look forward to a happy, prosperous winter. Sincerely yours, Titus Merritt, librarian.

The Field at Large.

Jackson, Mich., Sept. 26, 1905.—It gives me great pleasure to announce to the many readers of your most excellent paper that during the last month (September) the Spiritualists of Jackson, Mich., have enjoyed a genuine revival of interest in our Cause. We have had as our speaker Oscar A. Edgerly of Lynn, Mass. His guides have surely given us some very remarkable discourses, replete with logic, practicality and common sense; his work pleased our people to that degree that we were pleased to take advantage of our opportunity and secure his services for a return engagement in November. He will be with us that entire month. Wishing you every success, I am, respectfully, Benson Gray.

Baltimore, Md., First Spiritual Church.—Appreciative audiences greeted our venerable friend and brother, Dr. J. M. Peebles, every Sunday evening during the month of September. He made many new friends and renewed old friendships of fifty years ago, when he occupied a Baltimore pulpit of the Universalist faith. The present pastor of the local Universalist church, Rev. Dr. Anton Bilkovsky, and several of his most prominent members, attended the doctor's last lecture, "Is the World Saved?" which they pronounced good Universalist doctrine. He was offered a public exchange for the next Sunday, but had to decline, as his engagement had terminated. The doctor's visit has been of great benefit to the thinking public, as his wholesome words of good cheer and encouragement were read by many thousands in the columns of the "Baltimore American," a most prominent and liberal daily paper. Henry Schaffert, sec.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 26, Copyrighted, 1904, by C. E. Webster.)

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

The following Table is an INDIVIDUAL daily guidance for all, such as was never before presented to the world in a public manner. The daily guides as presented in the ephemerides and in public prints are of a general and not of individual import.

Birth Nos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Sept. 25-28	E	K	B	F	G	M	L	N	O	P	Q	R
Oct. 1-2	M	E	K	B	F	G	L	N	O	P	Q	R
3-4	G	M	E	K	B	F	L	N	O	P	Q	R
5-6	F	G	M	E	K	B	L	N	O	P	Q	R
7-8	F	G	M	E	K	B	L	N	O	P	Q	R
9-10-11	F	G	M	E	K	B	L	N	O	P	Q	R
12-13	B	F	G	M	E	K	L	N	O	P	Q	R
14-15-16	B	F	G	M	E	K	L	N	O	P	Q	R
17-18	K	B	F	G	M	E	L	N	O	P	Q	R
19-20-21	K	B	F	G	M	E	L	N	O	P	Q	R
22-23	E	K	B	F	G	M	L	N	O	P	Q	R

The number especially ruling during the above period is No. 7.

This table has appeared in the "Banner" for one entire year with explanations for the Solar birth numbers. Privileges to obtain a key for all the other numbers have been gratuitously given to all subscribers of the "Banner," and for a payment of 15 cents the same privilege has been given to other readers of the "Banner." The table should by this time be well understood by those who have taken interest in it; hence, it is a waste of space to further continue the publication of the Key principle. We need the space for other valuable matters along these lines. We have testimonies from all parts of the world, where the "Banner" is read and appreciated, to the effect that these tables are all right as far as they go. Any scientific astrologer, or

Chats with the Professor—No. 23.

"Now, doctor," said the professor, "as your friends are getting more and more interested in Wonder Wheel Science and the tables for daily guidance in the Banner, let each one of them take a Wonder Wheel in hand and follow me. Hold the wheel right side up before you. The photo in the centre shows what right side up is. Now, you see that this wheel is divided by heavy lines running outward like spokes, into twelve different departments. Each of these departments is named and numbered, as you will perceive if you look for the distinctions. The columns in the Table of Daily Influences are also numbered, from one to twelve. No. 1, on the left hand of the wheel as you hold it before you, is the beginning or starting point of the circle. So, too, No. 1 column in the table is the starting point of the columns. The table, then, in twelve columns, is just the same as the wheel with twelve departments. Now we may call these departments on the wheel, or the columns in the table, signs or houses. It makes no difference, provided we know that we are talking of departments, or columns of equal measurement, as houses are when measured from the center of the earth.

"It would be even houses from the center of the heavens, as well," suggested one of the doctor's friends.

"Most assuredly," replied the professor, "Unfortunately for us, nobody knows where the center of the heavens is; therefore, the center of the earth; with the circular heavens about it, is the only center we are able to positively know. Our earth revolves around the polar center every day and around a solar center every year, yet neither of them can be the center of the heavens to us. The polar center is north of the earth. The solar center is east of the earth. A straight line from the sun and from the north pole crosses each other at the center of the earth at all times, but these lines change, by the motions of the earth from hour to hour and from month to month, making different angles from the center of the earth. These angles vary from spring to summer or from morning till noon, as much so as a wood-horse might be made to do, if the crosspieces were loose. Such variations of the angles between the north pole and the sun make three signs to each quarter of the year, three months to each season of the year, or six hours to every quarter of a day. One hour, then, in each day, is equivalent to a fortnight of solar time. This shows that in yearly matters we particularly notice a twelfth division of the circle, called a sign; while in daily matters we notice more particularly the twenty-fourth division, called a house. A sign is equivalent to a month or a house, but a month may be more or less than one-twelfth of a circle, and a house may be more or less than thirty degrees, but a sign never varies. A house, in the daily revolution of the earth, is a one-twelfth division of the circle of the horizon, the center of which is the north pole, measured from the earth's equator, but the sun is the center of the circle of months, signs and mundane houses, etc., etc. To describe these various circles and their various divisions causes confusion in the mind of the ordinary reader, who knows nothing of activities, or of horoscopes, only as he has seen them drawn like a cart wheel on a piece of paper. Such designs are used for expressing the measurements of a globe, on a plane, or for expressing a hemisphere, or for expressing a circle of clock hours or a circle of planetary hours on the horizon. I am speaking of these points merely to show that no particular design is requisite for astrologic work, and, in reality, no particular number of divisions of the circle. Each sign may be divided into 360 parts, and each degree may likewise be divided and judged with an especial influence for each 360th part of a degree, but in such fine work our judgment would have to be as fine, and the finer the influence the sooner it would pass, and when passed be as soon forgotten. The only occasion for fine work in astrology is when some vital matter is at stake. Under such conditions, if the one who wants it is not willing to pay the price for the labor required in solving it, then it is evident to the astrologer that it is but a matter of curiosity to know. People in general have innumerable wrong ideas and false expectations concerning astrology. They have it all tangled up with card reading, palmistry, dactylography and other fortune telling, which are only to satisfy the cravings of the curious minded; hence the above people, when knowing no better, call themselves astrologers, and unscrupulous astrologers endeavor to feed the mind of their clients with material of the most superficial order. That has caused the horoscope to be looked upon by the ignorant as the essential feature in astrology, and if it were not drawn like a cart wheel, with lines for specimen notes, the ignorant clients might imagine that they were being deceived.

astronomer, knows that they are correct, if they have cringed up to the principle of their compilation. By adept astrologers they may be used for brief readings the same as with an ephemeris. They have not been published in the "Banner" as an astrologic catch-penny advertisement, but as an eye-opener to the mysteries of the divinest of all sciences known to the human race. They have cost the compiler a great amount of time and expense, such as will in no way be rewarded this side of the great beyond. If any have failed to learn their daily helpfulness, it is their own fault and no fault of ours. "Banner" subscribers are already supplied with the Key, unless they neglected the opportunity. Hereafter the Key will be supplied only to New Subscribers without expense. In the next few numbers of the "Banner" we will devote the "Chats with the Professor" to throwing additional light upon these tables, as such light may be deemed to be necessary. If any readers of the "Banner" are yet in the dark concerning the usefulness of these tables, if they will inform Prof. Henry wherein lies their failure to understand, he will elucidate the matter in the clearest manner possible in the "Chats with the Professor."

Address all matters relative to these Tables to Prof. Henry, Boylston Centre, Mass. All of Prof. Henry's published works are on sale at the "Banner" office. Students of astrology who have spent years in the study of the old methods have freely declared that they have received more light on this subject through the Wonder Wheel System than ever obtained from their other books; and yet at first they were prejudiced against the Wonder Wheel just as other people are prejudiced against things which they have not learned to appreciate. "We will know each other better by and by."

"Then horoscopes are not necessary?" said the doctor.

"No more than a saw horse for an amputation," replied the professor. "In fine work, worth not less than \$10 to arrive at some special conclusion, an accurate horoscope might be helpful. The Wonder Wheel is made up of signs with sun as center, and houses with the North pole as the center. The circle is just the same for either of them. The signs are known by name and the houses by number. Each of them are 30 degrees and begin at Aries, or No. 1, on the east; Cancer, or No. 4, on the north; Libra, or No. 7, on the west; Capricorn, or No. 10, on the south, with the intermediate signs and numbers between these. These various numbers are the birth numbers in the table of daily influences, and the numbers correspond to the signs, or to the mundane houses of equal length, but not to the individual horoscope houses of uneven length. If you count any of the spaces on the Wonder Wheel from any given point, including the first space as one, then the fifth space will be a trine from the first. So, if you count your own birth number as one (no matter what number it may be) then the fifth number from it will be a trine. The other aspects will be of the same number in the table, as they will be on the wheel. Hence, when any transits are going over the signs in the heavens or in the houses, they may be denoted in the tables, or on the wheel, as well as anywhere else. Suppose, now, doctor, that your birth-number is five, all you have to do is to look down column five and see where the letters are. Then run the eye across to the date of the month on the left, and you have the whole information."

"Does it tell when I will be able to beat the stock market?" asked the doctor.

"No!"

"Does it tell when I will get married?" asked the young lady.

"No!"

"Will it tell when I will get a position with a fat salary?" asked the young man.

"No!" "It merely informs you of conditions under which you should strike, while the iron is hot," replied the professor. "Under good conditions any fool can make his own events according to his sphere or his environments."

"How shall we be able to tell events to a certainty?" asked the young man.

"Toss up a cent," replied the professor, "and call the event certain until it fails to materialize; then toss up again. In the long run of such tossings you will strike a certainty some time."

Announcements.

The Massachusetts State Association will hold a mass meeting in Malden in conjunction with the Malden Spiritual Progressive Society on Thursday, Oct. 12. The following talent is expected to be present: President, George A. Fuller, Carrie F. Loring, treasurer; Miss Susie C. Clark, director M. S. A.; Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Minnie M. Seale, Mrs. R. M. Wall, president Malden society; Mr. Jas. S. Scarlett, Mr. Osgood Stiles and others. Miss Jennie Milton will be the pianist for the occasion, and will also give piano solos. All friends are cordially invited to be present to help make this a banner meeting. It is only a 5-cent carfare and the hall should be crowded. The place: Louise Hall, 129 Pleasant street, Malden, Mass.—Time: 2.30 and 7.45 p. m. Supper at 6 p. m. Come and get interested in the work of the State association.—Carrie L. Hatch, secretary.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Exeter and Newbury streets, Boston.—Lecture at 10.45 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker; school at 12 m.; Wednesday evening conference at 7.30.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mr. Zyanben, president, will begin their regular meetings Wednesday, Oct. 11, in Cambridge lower hall, 621 Massachusetts avenue, and will continue them on the second and fourth Wednesdays, instead of Fridays, as formerly. Oct. 11; F. A. Wiggin will be the speaker. Oct. 25, J. S. Scarlett will speak, and Nov. 8, Mrs. Katie Ham. Business meetings at 5 o'clock, supper 6.30, and evening meeting at 7.45.—A. M. Caine, secretary.

Worcester Association of Spiritualists, Worcester, Mass.—Sunday services at 2 and 7 p. m. in G. A. R. Hall, No. 35 Pearl street; seats free; all cordially invited. The Woman's Auxiliary, second and fourth Wednesdays of each month in Good Templars' Hall, 414 Main street, holds business meeting at 3 p. m.; supper at 7.45 p. m.; social or entertainment at 8 p. m.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, holds its services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington St. Up the stairs; conference at 11 a. m.; service, followed by test-circle, 2.30 p. m.; service at 7.30 p. m. All are welcome.—A. M. R. clerk.