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### THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Star Boardman.

Principles are more than men,  
Parties fall and rise again,  
Cities join the silent host;  
Histories, traditions, fail,  
Places are in Heaven's scale,  
Secondary at the most.

Tongue or pen can little do,  
Boston's glory to renew,  
In recalling, true and fair,  
By the mystic wand of rhyme,  
Footprints on the sands of time,  
That she learned to do and dare.

Still she falters not beside  
Other cities in the pride  
That with emphasis she claims  
Her historic rendezvous  
Of the great and good and true  
In her list of honored names.

But the truth which cannot fade  
From the record she has made  
Is the truth which cannot die;  
Which the angels, to defend  
From the bigot's swordward tread,  
Raised a Banner to the sky.

Ever floating on the breeze,  
In the city by the sea;  
Where the early pilgrims trod;  
With a legend of the truth  
Speaking of perennial youth  
Like a sentinel of God.

Faithful Banner of the Light  
Sent to guide us through the night  
Of the apathy and fear;  
Nothing of thy prestige fades  
From the glow that four decades  
Use to veil each fading year.

High above the swirls of wind  
Of the lame and deaf and blind,  
And the enemies of right;  
Ever floating on the breeze,  
In the city by the sea,  
As a Beacon of the night.

Can it be the Evil One  
Ever hath such work begun  
Where the early pilgrims trod;  
Borne the frowns, the law's reserve,  
Met the slander and the curse,  
To proclaim the truths of God?

Can it be that love and hate  
Hobnob to perpetuate  
Both the evil and the good;  
Averaging low and high  
On a system you and I  
Have not fully understood?

Can it be that black and white,  
Good and evil, day and night,  
Are in all things much the same;  
That life's teasing snares and tricks  
Are the schemes that people fix  
Simply by a change of name?

Can it be the dear and true  
Who come back to me and you  
And are breaks from Fancy's hand;  
Sent by spirits less good than wise  
Human hearts to tantalize  
On their journey through the land?

Cease, Oh, Pessimist, to prate;  
Doff the yoke of church and state,  
And be free, as mortals ought,  
From the pall of gibe and sneer  
Placed by avarice and fear  
On the avenues of thought.

For this Banner of the Light  
With its legend pure and bright,  
Is not sullied by the frown  
Which denies a brighter sky  
Than the pessimistic eye  
Sees by always looking down.

And I cannot doubt this truth  
Teaching of perennial youth  
Like a sentinel of God;  
And the glory lent by Him  
Is not suffered to grow dim  
At the withering bigot's nod.

So I think that, on the whole,  
I cannot too much extol  
This bright Beacon-light of truth;  
Ever floating on the breeze  
In the city by the sea,  
Teaching us perennial youth.

Friends, and foes, and neighbors kind,  
There is comfort for the mind  
In a goodly store of news;  
And a hint of Heaven's blue  
In this Banner of the true  
That you cannot well refuse.

Ever waving on the breeze  
In the city by the sea,  
Bringing messages of truth,  
Rising, not to fall again,  
Bringing to the sons of men  
Lessons of perennial youth.

Thou hast driven, one by one,  
Shadows from the setting sun,  
By the right light from above;  
Leagued with hosts of angels despair  
Thou hast placed upon the air  
Messages of truth and love.

Still wave on, Oh, Banner dear,  
Till the fable and the fear  
And the avarice shall cease;  
Till the champions of right  
Sing in words of love and light  
Songs of universal peace.

Ever waving on the breeze  
In the city by the sea,  
Where the early pilgrims trod;  
As a guardian of truth  
Watching over age and youth  
Like a sentinel of God.

La Crosse, Wis.

### The Study of Reincarnation.

Paul de Gourville.

(Continued.)

It seems to me that to accept the theory that the soul evolved from the mineral, through the vegetable and animal until it became conscious, intelligent and immortal in man, is to proceed pretty much like the scientist in his effort to explain spirit manifestation. In my paper on the origin of man, the teaching of the Intelligence under whose inspiration I wrote it, is that the intelligent spirit of the planet evolved every living creature; each endowed with the instinct and mind necessary to its being; and man, the most perfect of those creations, was made a living soul by a higher power, by the Infinite God. Whether this be accepted or not, it is the only plausible way to explain the presence of an intangible, imperishable, and supremely intelligent essence, in the material, perishable body of man. Either the mineral, the vegetable and the animal are immortal, or the soul of man is not, it must disintegrate.

The writer of Genesis is not much at variance with my guide when he says (Gen. 1:11, 12). "And God said, let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth, and it was so," and further on, the same fact concerning living creatures that dwell in the water, in the air and on earth (v. 20, 24). As the anonymous writer of an excellent article in the Spiritual Advocate puts it: "At the divine fiat, nature burst forth from herself; in the words of Augustine, who is followed by Thomas Aquinas: 'God created them by conferring on the material world the power to evolve them under suitable conditions.' But God took a more direct part in the creation of man." He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

Here I can hear the sneering objections to an argument drawn from the "legend of Genesis" but the veriest legend has its foundation in truth. The manner in which the truth is presented is what constitutes the legend; divest it of the improbabilities and exaggerations foisted upon it by ignorance, the truth remains. What is the truth in the Adamic theory of creation? That the undeniable intelligence—undeniable because infinite—which presided over the formation of the universe (some people object to the word creation), imparted life-giving power to those countless worlds and, in the case of our world, added an immortal soul to one of the species so evolved. And we have no reason to think other worlds were not so endowed, on the contrary, it is logical to argue that other worlds, more beautiful or less attractive, are inhabited by more beings, more perfect or less advanced than man.

But we know nothing of those races and very little about ourselves, hence the puzzling question: Why are souls incarnated? We are told that the soul—an intelligent spark—possesses, inherent, the highest possibilities for good, love, knowledge and wisdom. To build for itself a spiritual body and, thus equipped, to develop these attributes until the soul is assimilated into Godlike power, is the task of the soul. Why this task, the successful completion of which will entitle the soul to eternal happiness,

we cannot tell, until we are initiated to the deific plan, any more than we can tell why there is a sun, a moon and countless stars. But we can understand how the power of Good, of Love, of Knowledge and their resultant, wisdom, can best be studied and applied in a world where the brute instincts and passions prevail. It is by the study of the abuse of Might we learn the value of Right, by contact with Vice we appreciate the beauty of Virtue.

The spiritualization of the race and, indirectly, the spiritualization of the planet—a spiritualized race makes a spiritual world—is the purpose of incarnation, a purpose in accord with the divine law of altruism, or love—the soul laboring, through many hardships, for the advancement of other souls, attains the highest condition of celestial bliss.

Could such a mission, extending to the endless future, be accomplished in one brief life? Was it possible in the pre-historic ages of savagery and ignorance? Is it feasible now? Which of us, mortals of the enlightened twentieth century, can say that he understands and practices love, that his heart is free from selfishness, from greed, from malice, from jealousy and envy?

"But," I hear it said, "taught by the good spirits, we shall progress over there; there is no necessity for assuming again a physical body. It is against reason and nature."

Pray, what necessity was there for our incarnation at all? What need for the immortal soul to take a perishable body, if it could progress untrammelled "over there?" Another argues that "there is no use for a spirit world if the human principle is subject to successive embodiments in matter." This is ignoring the divine nature of the soul—the "god in us." If the "human principle" be derived from matter, there is indeed no use for a spirit world, for there can be no immortal spirits. Then, the loved ones who bring us such glad tidings would act only temporarily independent of matter, they must finally return to their "principle," which is material. By no logical process of reasoning can it be demonstrated that the soul is a product of nature, transmissible by man as he transmits his physical organism, and, at the same time, an immortal entity.

It is also asked: "If material organisms are the essential requisite for the ultimate estate of the human spirit, either in the aggregate or individually, when do the laws of progress find a purpose or anything to work on in the spirit world?"

Progress is never interrupted; there is neither stagnation nor retrogression in the fact of re-embodiments or between two re-embodiments. We will compare the soul or spirit to a tree; it is spring, a delicate, tender foliage first appears; then buds, tender unfold and blossom; summer is advancing, the beautiful flowers drop their petals and the embryo fruit is revealed which will come to luscious maturity under the caressing breath of autumn. But winter follows, with its keen, chill blasts, the last fruits drop, the shuddering tree sheds its withered leaves and stands bare and gaunt to our eyes; dead in appearance; frozen into a lethargic sleep, at least. It is not dead, it is not plunged in the inactivity of sleep, though we cannot see the mysterious work going on under that inert bark. The tree has grown during that inert season, young twigs have sprouted on its vigorous branches; sap must be provided for their sustenance, vital essence for the future blossoms and fruit. The laboratory, way down near the roots, is kept busy night and day, while the snow covers the ground and all is hushed in nature.

Spring again! The genial sun frees the bark from its icy ligaments; the gentle wind whispers glad tidings; it is time for a new birth. The tree hears, it sends forth the new, young leaves; buds, flowers, fruit will follow in rotation, until another winter compels another retirement from the outside world. And so it will be year after year, and the twigs shall have grown into sturdy branches; the flowers and fruit, not the same the last year saw, yet the same in fragrance and lusciousness, will remain a pleasant memory. The tree that has never been inactive; it has progressed continually and with each spring or re-embodiment it has gained new strength to do its life-work. It remains the individual tree

after giving crop after crop of the same species of fruit, but of fruit so different in quality, in appearance! Some were bitter and acrid, from the baneful effect of environments, others grasping trees which robbed them of sunshine; worms found lodgment in the very core of others; while still others fell victims to the inclemency of the seasons. But those that attained maturity were a credit to the tree, and next year the conditions may be better for a full, perfect crop.

So with the soul. During an embodiment, it has made certain conquests; it will not have to fight the battles again in which it was victorious; its conquests remain its property; being spiritual they must become part of itself; between two embodiments, it will recognize their full value, it will assimilate them and, transformed by experience, it will be better prepared for other conquests.

I will risk here another simile, taken this time from one of those grand American lives which make the greatness of our nation. Here is a poor, ignorant village lad; he begins life by working on the tow-path; but he has ambition and genius. His next step is a clerkship in a country store; he studies at night and leaves the store to become a village schoolmaster; thence he evolves into a lawyer, he is eloquent, his people send him to the legislature. A few years later we find him a member of Congress. Another stage and the whole nation acclaim him President of the United States. Through these various transformations he was certainly the same man, yet not the same to those who knew him in those different epochs of his life. But the canal boat lad had, inherent in him, the qualities which were to culminate in the honored statesman. In each of his successive experiences he had difficulties to conquer, difficulties pertaining to his then condition, which once overcome would not have to be met in the next. In each stage there was not stagnation but active endeavor; each was a link in the chain of progress.

The principle of Reincarnation is found in nearly all the ancient religious systems. We may accept the principle without adopting the paraphernalia of quaint fables, dogmas or mystic ceremonies with which the ignorance of the times, popular superstition, or theocratic policy have surrounded it. The lore of the Orient is precious; we may profit much by the study of it, but in pursuing that study we must "prove all things and hold fast only to that which is good"; that is, to what our reason judges—by the light of modern knowledge—is worth keeping. Mystifying and of no service to us is the vocabulary of exotic terms Theosophists persist in adapting to their modernized teaching. The English language is amply sufficient for expressing our thoughts. Spiritualism has had to coin new words, but it needs not borrow old ones from foreign tongues, any more than it needs believe in "shells," "elementals" and the like.

In studying the thought of preceding—especially the far removed—generations, we should not pass judgment from our twentieth century standpoint; the national temperament, cold or imaginative; the influence of climate; the political institutions, theocratic, monarchical or liberal; all leave their mark on the popular mind, especially in its conception of religious truth. The myths of the warlike peoples of the north differ widely from the mythological creations of imaginative Greece; Jehovah, the national God of Israel, bears no resemblance to Bram, the universal god. Yet all religions were founded on truth or, better, were the result of man's instinctive search after the truth.

The goddess Truth was represented in Grecian mythology as a beautiful woman, perfectly nude, yet so modest that to escape the gaze of mortals she sought refuge in a well. She must be ubiquitous, for many people have found her, but, ashamed of her nakedness, they hastened to dress her in garments of their own invention, some graceful, some hideous, but all concealing or disguising the perfect white form. With our keen modern gaze we pierce through these disguises and manage to take a peep at the goddess, and if under every disguise we recognize the same fea-

tures, we may safely infer we have seen Truth.

(To be continued.)

### Suffering After Death.

All religions tell us that the conditions of existence after death depend very largely upon the kind of life which the man has led upon the physical plane; that if his life has been good and pure he will find himself happy, but if his earthly course has been gross and evil, trouble and suffering may ensue from it. Unfortunately in some forms of Christian teachings these joys have been regarded as reward and this suffering as punishment; and much grievous misunderstanding has resulted from this clumsy mistake. If in physical life a man seizes hold of his rebirth near his hand will be burnt, but it will hardly occur to him to say that God has punished him for taking hold of that bar. He will say rather that what is the consequence of the neglect of his own action, and anybody who understands anything of science can explain to him exactly the mechanism of the occurrence and show that the contact with the rapidly vibrating of the hot iron have torn apart the tissues of his hand, and so produced what we call a burn. We shall never understand the conditions of life after death until we realize that happiness follows upon good thought or action and suffering upon evil thought and action, in exactly the same way as the burn follows the contact with the hot iron. The cause and its effect are related as the two sides of a coin are related; and just as we cannot draw towards us the ball without also drawing towards us its reverse, so we cannot commit any action or give birth to any thought without at the same time bringing ourselves the result as a definite part of the original action.

The more ignorant among the Christians often speak of the providence of God, and in using that term they mean to imply that the Supreme Being is constantly personally interfering with the working of His own laws, and they usually also imply that He can be induced at their request to exercise such power of interference. This theory also involves the idea that He has originally planned His universe so badly that the machinery needs this constant tinkering in order to make it work satisfactorily—surely not an exalted conception of the Deity. Nothing could be further from the glorious truth, for one of the most striking characteristics of even that small part of the Divine world which we are able to see is its marvellous adaptability and the wonderful elasticity of its action. Men often find it difficult to recognize the accurate working of the law of justice in their own case, even though they cannot but admit that in all the realms, and in the law was already an effect without its appropriate cause.

Common though this position is, we may see its absurdity by taking a very simple analogy. The man who is engaged in an engine expects to get out of it an amount of work proportionate to the amount of energy put into it, say in the form of fuel. He allows for a certain waste from friction, and for a certain amount given off in the form of heat, but still there is a definite proportion of work which he expects to get out of his engine, because he knows that there is a natural law of the conservation of energy. Suppose he should find that he is not getting a proper proportion of work from that engine, we should expect him a very foolish man if he therefore declared that the law of the conservation of energy was all a delusion and a mistake. If we could suppose him to be so ignorant as to say that his experiment with his machine tended to show that there was no such thing, we should reply that there had been other experiments besides his, and that the law was already established as a definite certainty. It would never occur to the intelligent engineer to doubt for a moment the universal application of that law; he would say that his machine and experiment that in order to find the defect which caused the loss of energy. Yet the very same man who is so certain of the inviolability of Nature's law in one direction will begin to grumble about injustice if any suffering or sorrow comes to him; whereas the analogy of his own line of thought would regard such a machine would show that the only sensible conclusion would be that since the law of justice is perfect in its working there must undoubtedly have been something already in his own action in the past to account for this sorrow which has fallen upon him.—C. W. Leadbeater in "Theosophist."

Self-reliance, self-restraint, self-control, self-discipline, these constitute an educated will.—James Freeman Clarke.

When will talkers refrain from evil speaking, When listeners refrain from evil hearing.—Hart.

to enable them to escape the trap of the professions—the law of libel. You know, and the well informed on the street know that if a correct classification were made today, there are many men in our midst who would be serving in our penitentiaries, who because of the well-laid schemes of the politician are living in luxury, enjoying freedom and holding high heads in the social world. It is shameful cowardice not to let these men know that we know them, but to protect ourselves and our boasted free press, we have to do it in the most careful manner and by the use of the most vague generalization.

Go forth into the wildwood, under God's  
azure sky,  
And thou canst find a teacher in whatever  
meets thine eye,  
In running brooks are sermons, and he who  
will may read;  
There is food for all who seek it, and the  
Father knows our need.

voice was full of a wordless tenderness:  
"Oh, my beloved, how often I have been  
near you and yet the tempest of your self-  
ish, rebellious thoughts has kept me from  
speaking to your soul. How long, Oh, how  
long will the world dwell in the atmosphere

though they may be—often convince, cheer and comfort those who receive them. The fact has made me heart sick to hear the criticism and bitter condemnation of some of the facts nearly all our public mediums upon these points. These charges have not been made to them. Nor have they come from skeptics—but from their professed friends under strict secrecy. If not guilty, have you any conception of what this means to those sensitive mediums—those instruments through which the angel world—who have laid upon the

This great movement for human progress cannot be stayed at the hitchpost for others to catch up; its mission is to move onward and to let its great illuminating power shine in the dark places of superstition and ignorance. Evolution is the watchword.

It is useless to wait for another earthly experience to remedy adverse conditions as our present life's experience is our only opportunity and we had better make the best of it.

"We have left undone those things that we ought to have done-and we have done those things which we ought not to have done-and there is no health in us."

In the name of God and humanity is it not time we revisited our prayer books, changed our practices and burned our creeds? You say this is very plain talk. No. I am writing in the most careful and cautious manner. I am watching every word, every line and every paragraph, that I may make my statements vague enough

You scatter trouble in the world,  
Then, trouble expect 'twill yield.  
Nature is true to what we do—  
It's the crowning law of the field.  
As this law is fixed and cannot change,  
Let us watch where'er we go.  
Be straight and true in the work we do  
And we'll reap the kind we sow.

Because the soul is progressive, it never quite repeats itself, but in every act attempts the production of a new and fairer whole.—Emerson.



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