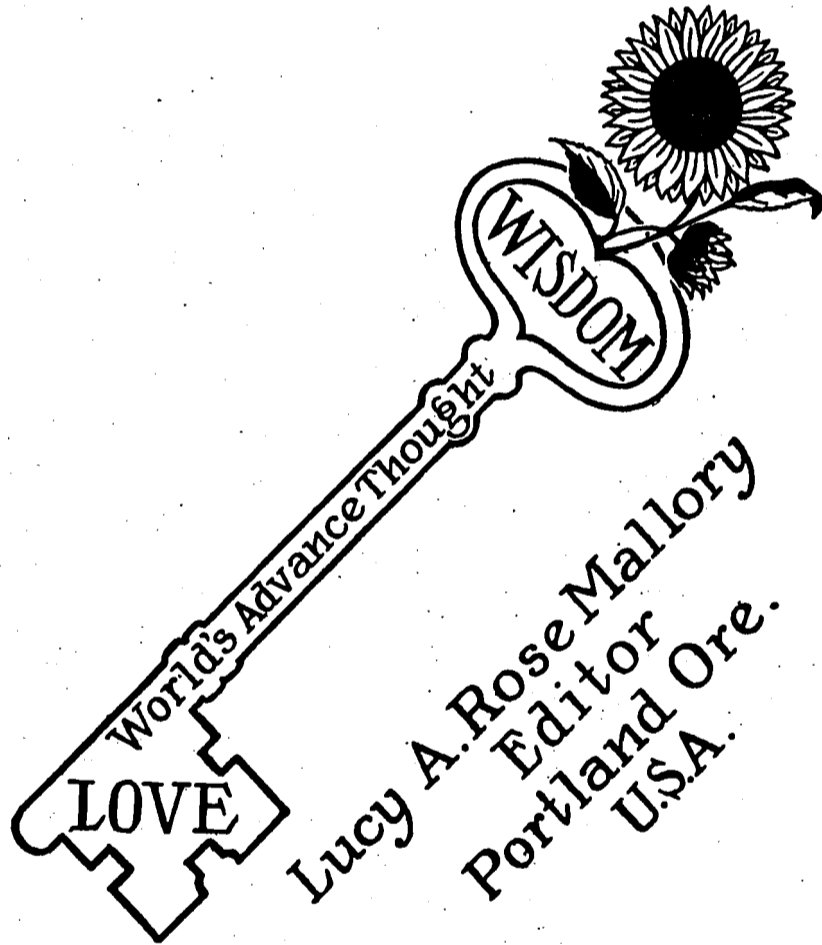


AUGUST 1915.

THE LORD IS PASSING BY.



# HEREIN IS PEACE AND SAFETY

## WHOLE-WORLD

### SOUL-COMMUNION TIME TABLE.

There was Silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour.—Rev. viii.

The 27th day of each month, and from 12 m. to half past 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspirationally communicated through The World's Advance-Thought for Soul-Communion of all who love their fellow-men, REGARDLESS OF RACE OR CREED—the object being to invoke, through co-operation of thought and unity in spiritual aspiration, the blessings of universal peace and higher spiritual light—we give below a table of corresponding times for entering the Communion in various localities:

When it is 12 m. at Portland, Oregon, U. S. A., it is at—

Austin, Texas	1:43 p. m.
Augusta, Maine	3:03 p. m.
Boston, Mass.	3:28 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.	3:08 p. m.
Burlington, Vt.	3:18 p. m.
Berne, Switzerland	8:41 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. A.	4:18 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia	9:09 p. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.	2:55 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey	10:11 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa	9:26 p. m.
Charlottown, Pr. Ed. Id.	3:58 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.	2:48 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio	2:38 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.	3:43 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela	3:46 p. m.
Chicago	2:20 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland	7:46 p. m.
Denver, Colo.	1:08 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.	2:38 p. m.
Dover, Delaware	3:09 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland	8:01 p. m.
Frankfort, Germany	8:43 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky.	2:33 p. m.
Ft. Kearney, Neb.	1:33 p. m.
Fredrickton, New Bruns.	3:43 p. m.
Georgetown, British Gua.	4:18 p. m.
Havana, Cuba	2:51 p. m.
Hallfax, N. S.	3:18 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.	3:03 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.	9:51 a. m.
Iowa City, Iowa	2:03 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind.	2:28 p. m.
Jerusalem, Palestine	10:31 p. m.
London, Eng.	8:11 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal	7:49 p. m.
Lecompton, Kan.	1:48 p. m.
Lima, Peru	3:04 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.	2:03 p. m.
Milwaukee	2:18 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.	2:18 p. m.
Memphis, Tenn.	2:11 p. m.
Montreal, Canada	m.
Nashville, Tenn.	2:23 p. m.
New Haven, Conn.	3:18 p. m.
New York City	3:15 p. m.
Newport, R. I.	3:28 p. m.

Norfolk, Va.	3:05 p. m.
New Orleans, La.	2:11 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.	1:38 p. m.
Ottawa, Canada	3:08 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn.	3:11 p. m.
Panama, New Granada	2:53 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.	2:51 p. m.
Paris, France	3:19 p. m.
Rome, Italy	9:01 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia	10:11 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.	2:48 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.	2:11 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.	1:07 p. m.
St. Johns, Newfoundland	8:38 p. m.
San Domingo, W. I.	3:33 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.	1:58 p. m.
Spanishtown, Jamaica	3:36 p. m.
Sioux Falls, Dakota	1:48 p. m.
Salt Lake City, Utah	12:43 p. m.
Santiago, Chill	3:28 p. m.
Springfield, Mass.	3:21 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.	12:01 p. m.
Tallahassee, Fla.	2:33 p. m.
Vienna, Austria	9:21 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss.	2:08 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mexico	1:48 p. m.
Wilmington, N. C.	2:59 p. m.
Washington, D. C.	3:01 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash.	12:18 p. m.

Cultivate grossness in the senses long enough and you will sink to their lowest level. Cultivate your spiritual consciousness assiduously and you will rise to its topmost heights of Peace, Purity and Wisdom.

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# THE WORLD'S ADVANCE THOUGHT.

THE AVANT-COURIER OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION.

August, 1915.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Vol. xxvii No. 6—New Series.

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT.

SPIRITUALISM,

**The Lord is Passing By.**

Love is The Way, The Truth, and The Life.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY LUCY A. MALLORY.

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## DIVINE LIBERTY

When with prophetic voice a Nation speaks,  
Ablaze in all its thoughts with Liberty,  
The inspirations of Almighty God  
Are its enkindling powers. The depths of  
thought  
Fling all their waves far up into the light,  
Wreathing the dome of Heaven with rainbow  
flames,  
And in that Arch is written—Liberty.  
God works through separate minds, and fires  
the race,  
Even as from sphered suns It lights the  
worlds.  
Mind-centers to their brethren free men are;  
Truth-centers to their brethren true men are;  
Fire-flashes from invisible depths of mind;  
They stream at every pore with Deity;  
God in the radiance of the eye is seen;  
God in the strength of the right arm is felt;  
In thoughts far-streaming from their depths  
of thought  
God shines no less than in the heavenly host.

A whole lot of people who "sit in the Silence," asking for the remedies for their self-inflicted ills, need to get busy—need to transform their bad habits to good habits; their laziness and thoughtlessness to industry and thoughtfulness. "God helps those who help themselves;" "Be Still, and know that I am God," will then be realized, after one has done his full duty by himself.

What one gets out of anything depends upon what there is in the person investigating. Some people say that Spiritualism is a Science and not a religion; and it is true that it is nearer a Science than any other religion. One has only to witness the demonstrations to know the truth.

Science can be tabulated and proved any number of times, provided the conditions are all correct. It is the same with spirit intercourse. We must know the law that rules in the matter and carefully observe the requirements. This applies to all things material or spiritual where the best results are sought. The subjective forces of Nature must act from well defined governing principles, quite as much as objective things.

Axiomatic statements touching the phenomena and laws of religious life are scattered all along the pages of profane and sacred history. Can it be proper to say that religion is not a reality provided its phenomenal facts can be tabulated? Or if some of the facts are demonstrable, and some are not? The most powerful forces in Nature we cannot taste or handle. We know some of the rules by which they act and many we do not know, but we do not say that definite rules of action cease when comprehension stops. There are some things in the domain of religion that are inscrutable, and so there are in gravitation, light and electricity, but the limits of our information change none of the essential facts.

If we can set in a consecutive line enough spiritual facts to justify us in saying that communication with the Spirit World has been, is now and ever must be a scientific truth, does it become useless as religion? Must all our religious ideas float in a sea of nothingness? That would be equivalent to saying that there were absolute rules of procedure for all earthly things, but for the Spiritual or Heavenly Kingdom all is left in chaos and uncertainty.

No individual can make anything more or different of a religion than his own personal

development warrants or requires. That which one holds to be a religion is such to him. The limits of Justice act upon this principle and need a witness by that which he esteems sacred. It is a truism that men make their own Gods. It is equally true that they make their own religion.

But Spiritualism is based on scientific facts, proven at every point. Its God is Omnipresent. It is not a man, with all the passions and appetites that mortals possess. It has no Hell and no Devil. It is Love and Good Will and Eternal Progression.

Andrew Jackson Davis, the Father of Spiritualism, the author of its system of religion, is the greatest Savior that has yet come, and he will live in the hearts of Humanity as the ages come and go.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

### BE A BEAUTY SPOT.

Dress in light colors. Be a beauty spot on the landscape. You can feel better, think better, and have better luck when you are dressed in light colors.

A friend came to us the other day in dead black—hat, dress, wrap were all somber black; not even a white collar at the throat, and the brooch was black. When we asked her how she could endure so much black, she replied that it kept clean longer than light colors. Now that is not so—the black becomes just as much soiled as white would, only the dirt does not stand out so clearly on black, but the dirt is there just the same, and if one had on light colors she would keep herself much cleaner, and it is said, "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

But few wear black now compared with a few years ago. And there are not nearly so many who wear mourning for relatives and friends who have passed to Spirit Life, and there is not so much sorrow and mourning as there was a few years back, for all are beginning to see that the "dead" are not gone, never to return.

We shall be very glad when mourning, both for mind and outward form, has been left in the past. It does not belong to this New Age of Light and Gladness.

No power in the Universe can give you the Good unless you are receptive to it by being it.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

## VOICE OF PROPHECY

### LOVE AT LAST SHALL TRIUMPH

I saw the world afar in distance lying,  
Like a pale mourner prostrate o'er a tomb;  
Above it One, like Christ, with life undying,  
Stood whispering comfort through its fearful gloom.  
"This," said a voice, "forbodes the Day of Doom!  
Christ hath descended to Humanity,  
Earth shall behold her deserts bud and bloom,  
And thrill in all her veins with Deity;  
And Error die, and Love make all men wise and free!"

### EARTH'S NEW BIRTH

Earth, thou are now in thy transition; soon  
Thou shalt receive God's best and noblest boon,  
Release from all thy anguish fierce and dire.  
Soon, weary Earth, Heaven's air thou shalt respire,  
While Angels throng around thee; thou shalt wake  
In Heaven's serene and ever blessed state  
Of Love and Freedom. Angels round thee throng,  
O Earth; they chant their happy-voiced song.  
Naught that is thine shall perish,—stately thrones  
And priestly dungeons—these are but the bones  
Of that old perishable shape that dies  
And crumbles. O'er thy head Celestial skies  
Wreath Crowns of Light; with visions of sweet Peace  
They fill thy breast, and give thy Soul release!

This is the Day of Judgment! The Harvest of the Ages is being gathered!

A Spiritual Chinook is coming to melt the ice of inharmony in the world into Peace and Good Will.

The upheavals of the Nations in the past have always been for tearing down. Now the peoples are going to bring forth a Spiritual Upheaval for Peace and for building up.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

## KEY THOUGHTS.

LUCY A. ROSE MALLORY.

Faith never disappoints.

Faith and failure do not affinitize.

Life is a problem that Eternity alone can solve.

You must learn to serve before you can reign.

If you live right today tomorrow will be a good day.

You do not "go" to Heaven; you make your Heaven as you go.

Instead of you "saving" your soul, it is your soul "saves" you.

We are carried on, whether we will or not, by the current of Eternity.

If there is any joy within your reach, take it. There is enough for all.

There is nothing in the Universe of Eternity that can affect you adversely if you keep out of fear.

All the riches of the individual and the world come from the dirt under your feet, harmonized and perfected.

Out of the Invisible comes the visible. The Invisible is the Spirit; the visible is matter. The Invisible is the Cause; the visible is the effect.

The past and the future can only manifest in the now. The past is the father, and the future is the mother of the now. The father is the seed, and the mother gives birth to the New.

Always send out a pleasant look and a pleasant thought to every one you meet. And don't be afraid to say a pleasant word to any one you may be in company with, because you have not been introduced to them.

You may forget the sowing time, but the thought-seeds you have planted will inevitably grow, and the reaping time will not forget you. Recollect that the Law in the internal mind and the external field is the same Law.

Love must begin to unfold in the individual by his loving himself first of all. One who only grows thistles in his own being has nothing but thorns to bestow upon others. When he has grown the roses of Love in his own mind and heart everyone he comes in contact with will be delighted with their presence.

Hope often disappoints.

Faith is the Religion of Life.

Wisdom is Light, and ignorance is darkness.

Who labors well today may have a happy holiday tomorrow.

There is no manifestation of Soul (Intelligence) without form.

The only real, unswerving wealth we can have is trust in God.

The best one is the one who is best satisfied with life so far as it is lived.

Heaven is yours when you have transformed your mental wilderness into an Eden.

Faith and failure cannot manifest at the same time any more than day and night can.

Earthquakes, cyclones, etc., are but the fruit of destructive thought-seeds come to maturity.

If you would think before hand of what the expression of your thought would result in, you would keep silent more often than you do.

It is always ignorance that lives in mystery. Knowledge is not mystifying. How to make good bread is a mystery to the one who has not learned how to make it.

It is not the belief in Spiritualism that attracts "evil spirits" to one, but it is the bad records we have made on our Phonograph of Life.

The sensual man thinks that if he attains the mirage of his illusions, that are always pictured in some distant time or place, he will be happy; the spiritual man seeks to enter into the peace of his own soul.

The first lesson of control of one's mind is to learn to be still. The more inharmonies he gives utterance to, the less control he will have of his mind. And one's stillness will only be peaceful if he keeps his mind and hands busy at some useful occupation.

In everything destructive—from bed-bugs to men—the tendency is to hide and do their deeds of darkness in secret. This is the reason why all institutions barred to the public gaze should be thrown open at all times to public investigation. Like a hidden disease, they are more dangerous to the public welfare than when exposed to the light.

## PHENOMENA.

In this New Cycle—this New Age that we are just entering—we will learn the use of our finer senses that will bring us in touch with new manifestations. I had quite a wonderful experience recently that I am going to tell to the readers of *The World's Advance Thought*, and perhaps it will induce them to send in some of their experiences on the psychic plane.

I have never been able to understand these experiences that have come to me many times. The first that I remember distinctly occurred on my fourth birthday. I was alone in the room when Nat Mitchell, a man who worked for my father, who had gone to Scottsburg to get provisions, came into the room and handed me a package, saying: "Here is a birthday present for you." It was a new green merino dress. I was so pleased I ran to get my father to come and see it, but when we came back to the room there was no man and no birthday present there. My father could see that I really thought Mr. Mitchell had been there, and when he came with the dress, just as I had seen it the day before, it made a great impression on his mind, and he would often tell people about it. This has kept it fresh in my memory.

The last appearance of this kind occurred last week. I had been cleaning my Silence room, that no one in the physical form except myself ever enters. After I had everything in order, I sat down for communion with the World of Spirit; and when I had become still, there were three of my friends sitting there with me, as real as they ever were in the flesh. I did not see them appear—they were sitting there when I noticed them.

They were with me for ten minutes, and when they had disappeared, I found lying on my writing-stand a sealed letter addressed to myself, that had been mailed on the 14th of April, and this was July, and when I opened it I found that the letter was from Mrs. Regina Oxer (one of the three ladies who had been present with me) and in it was the poem which will be found on another page. It was three months since Mrs. Oxer had mailed it and I had never seen it until I found it there on the desk, and no one in the flesh enters this room but myself, and there was nothing on the desk when I sat down.

Then a few days afterwards I was sitting again for silent communion in the same place, and the same three friends—Mrs. Oxer, Harriet Oxer, and Mrs. Harrington—again appeared, and after they had vanished I found another sealed envelope on my desk with Mrs. Harrington's name on it and it contained a message that had been written for her two years before.

The presence of these three ladies, in both instances, left a most Heavenly influence with me, and now I feel it again when it comes to my mind. It was as if Heaven had been brought right to me.

Now what is it that appears thus to my senses so real? Not one of the ladies present at either sitting knew anything about it at the time nor had any desire to be there, and I had no thought of them until I saw them before me.

I have never had it explained, and I cannot understand what it is that makes these appearances.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

## MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Modern Spiritualism is supposed to have had its birth in Rochester, New York, when Katie Fox and her sisters heard the raps and began questioning them. But several years before this, in the home of my grandfather, Horace Kellogg, at Lansing, Michigan, wonderful phenomena occurred.

My uncle Daniel Kellogg had been sick with typhoid fever for some time, and his wife and father and mother and all the family had gathered at his bedside, weeping, as he was dying. There was a table standing by the bed that held the medicines that my uncle had been using, and while they were all there, this table was almost instantly moved across the floor and all the contents thrown into the fire; then my uncle raised up in bed and began talking in a loud, strong voice, and gave directions as to what should be done, and they did everything just as he directed, and next morning uncle Daniel was entirely well and strong, as though he had not been sick.

My grandfather was a minister, and all the family, previous to this, had been very devout Baptists. Grandpa always had family prayers, morning and evening, and on Sun-

day the children all had to sit quietly in their chairs, and be very careful not to speak loud, and the older ones had to read the Bible. None of them had ever heard of Spirit Communion. But after this wonderful healing of my uncle, he became a healer and trance speaker. Every Sunday he gave two sermons, at eleven and eight o'clock, and while he was speaking he would light a candle (and he always insisted on having the candle placed in an old brass candlestick that had been brought from England a century before), then he would set the candle on the back of his hand and hold it so that the blaze would be in his beard all the time he was speaking,—sometimes over an hour,—yet it never burned a hair of his beard or made any impression upon him.

My father went back to the Eastern States on a visit when I was very young, and we were visiting my grandparents, and I remember very distinctly seeing my uncle Daniel hold the blaze of the candle in his beard; and I also remember that there were three young cousins of mine that my grandparents were raising and the youngest of them was only about a year old, and they would put her in the little high chair and set it up to the table, and put a pencil in her hand and she would write messages and answer questions. At the time I was there one of my uncles had gone to California, and they had not heard from him for some time, and some one asked about him, and the little infant wrote that he was coming home and would get there in three days, and sure enough he came exactly at the time she had written he would. While she was writing she always held her first finger right in the blaze of the candle, and they always gave her the old brass candlestick, for without the lighted candle they did not get any writing.

People came from all over the United States to witness the wonderful phenomena that took place in the Kellogg family. I have only mentioned the above phenomena, but nearly every member of the family had this wonderful mediumship.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

\*  
\* \*

It is time to do away with Death; it should no longer find a living place in the minds of Humanity. It is a myth that has made this Earth a world of sorrow.

## EVER BRIGHT AND YOUTHFUL.

Spiritualists do not grow old. In mind and body they are always young. Sometimes one may see wrinkles in their faces, but in their general appearance they are bright and new every day. They belong to the Advance-Thought Age.

We have an old, life-long friend, Mrs. Julia A. Johns, stopping with us. She fell and injured her back four years ago, and since then she has not been able to leave her bed, but her mind is as bright and active as it was at thirty, and she is thoroughly conversant with all the questions of the day, and she will be ninety-three years the first day of September, nineteen fifteen.—Lucy A. Rose

A disorderly person is always looking for a Heaven outside of himself, and he never attains it until he brings his disorderly mind into order—the "Heaven within you." He never realizes an outside Heaven, because every external, orderly Heaven he enters he starts in to make the counterpart of himself—Disorderly.

Idleness and laziness generate "wickedness." The "wicked" know enough of hell, without it being added to by pictures of it in the pulpit. What they need most of all is harmonious work that keeps the empty mind and idle hands busy, helping them to harmony out of the chaos they are in.

There is nothing disagreeable in Spirit Life. It is the realm of joy and bliss. But you don't realize Spirit Life in your consciousness (the "Heaven within you"), if you have cultivated the disagreeable—you remain in the Earth consciousness, where the disagreeable belongs, until you have transformed it.

He who with sound organs and faculties says continually, "I don't feel like it" when any duty of life requires his services, after awhile loses the power to do anything worth while in life, and eventually renders himself useless and incapable in mind and body.

I am a Tome of Wisdom. But I can only read and understand myself by the Light of Love.

## THE STORY OF CREATION

## Chapter 1. The Work Yet Remains Unfinished

James L. Jones

It may be news to many people to learn that we are living before the creation of the world, but it is true all the same. The authority for this statement is in the Book of Revelations, which pictures the Creation as yet in the future.

It is not strictly correct to say as above that we are living before the creation. We are imprisoned spirits waiting for life. The New Creation complete will be the manifestation of Perfect Life.

There was a Perfect Creation probably about twenty-five thousand years ago. This is described in symbolism in the first chapter of Genesis. This is the creation of the Immortal Man, who is God—or the gods—the Elohim—the many-in-one—*E pluribus unum*. "Male and female created He them."

But this Perfect Creation went to the bad long ago—so long that we have no historic account of it—only traditions and mythologies—stories of gods and demi-gods.

The beginning of the New Creation was A. D. Anno Domini—the year of our Lord. The story of Adam and Eve is an allegory—literally true, no doubt, but the Allegorical is the key to the understanding of the literal.

Adam in the garden of Eden alone, signified Jesus Christ in Palestine alone. The animals were all there as in the other allegory of Noah and the Ark. The faithful Jews were the sheep. The Romans were the wolves—the she-wolf's litter.

Herod, the Edomite King was a fox. Jesus knew all these animals. He had known them all before.

Adam fell into a deep sleep when Jesus was incarnate, born into the mortal race. He passed into a deeper state of sleep when he was crucified, dead and buried. Then the woman was taken out of him. The woman was the church.

Jesus was an Immortal in part. He was male-and-female. The mind is the male part of the Immortal Man. The soul is the female part. Mankind is male-and-female spiritually, but in the material form the sexes are divided—each being incomplete and imperfect.

The soul was the mortal part of Jesus, inherited from his mother. This was poured

out unto death. The mind, the Immortal part, an emanation from Deity, ascended into Heaven. The soul or bride is the church militant, the church invisible, the spiritual church; not any of the external factions into which the so-called church is now divided, but that Spiritual Body which includes all the faithful and true of all nations and tongues.

That is the meaning of the word Catholic—all-inclusive. Not the Roman Catholic, nor the Greek Catholic, nor the Angelican Catholic—not any of the Protestant or Evangelical or unorthodox, or New Thought factions. These are all factions or fractions or fragments of the broken Bread of Life. Catholic means the whole, re-united. Religion means re-union. Atonement means made one.

The union of these factions in the One Truth will be the New Creation. It means the separation of the elements. Error must be eliminated, because it cannot unite with Truth nor even with itself. The factions are divided against one another on account of the errors to which they cling. Those who let go the errors and animosities will be united in the New Body of the Truth, which is the Body of the Resurrection.

The work of Creation is the six days labor that we all have to do. It consists mainly in appropriating Truth and eliminating error. It comes by instruction and information. Instruction means building in. Information means the same thing. Truth is the material of which the Temple of the Immortal Mind and Soul is built. The use of this material is the true Freemasonry. But much of the instruction and information we get is false. Building with error is the vain labor of a false and fallen creation.

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The crude is here at hand, but we have to fashion it into the useful and the beautiful.

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Judge Morrow, of this city, has ruled that a woman cannot be discharged from her position as teacher in the public schools because she has married. Judge Morrow is a progressive, New-Age man. From our point of view a married woman is better qualified to deal correctly with children in the public schools than a single woman, for she understands them better as a mother.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.



# THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC.

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SOUL COMMUNION FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

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PORTLAND, OREGON.

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## VIRTUE IS BORN OF LOVE

There is no Virtue separate from Love;  
There is no Virtue but is born of Love;  
All evil is the opposite, and dies  
When Love hath won the being to itself.  
To hate is not an attribute of man,  
But rather an inversion. Heaven is Love.  
All men are heavenly mansions built of God,  
They vary in externals only; all  
In organized interiors are the same.  
Harmonic manhood is the human form  
Of every human attribute complete,  
Exact and just in harmony of state.  
God dwells in man, in all men, in the heart  
And in the mind as in a two-fold shrine;  
And God inspires all men, but as the beams  
Of sunshine through the acorn make the oak,  
And through the thistle seed the thistle flower,  
And hatch alike the offspring of the dove  
And the young viper, so the Eternal Powers  
Unfold the germs that lie within the brain.

---

## ROSEBURG, OREGON, U. S. A.

Roseburg is the heart of the Umpqua Valley, and the Umpqua Valley is Southern Oregon. If you want to have a feast of beauty; if you want to look upon the most beautiful scene in the United States, you must be in Roseburg some day in May when the sun is shining and there are no clouds in the sky. Then you must cross the South Umpqua river (there is a bridge now across the river; when I used to go for the beauty feast I had to wade some, and jump from one rock to another, and where there were no rocks to jump on and the water was too deep to wade I had to swim, but this was before Roseburg had materialized) and on the west bank of this river is the highest hill in the valley, and there are many very high hills. This hill you must climb until you get to the very highest point, and then no matter in what direction you look you can feast on beauty, and you will feel bountifully repaid for the labor of getting there. Language cannot picture the loveliness of the scene that opens to view; in every direction you look it is beauty, not to be surpassed.

The first time I was ever on the top of this mountain, Solomon, my Teacher and Protector, took me there. I was just a little tot, with hair like tow (and now I find a tow-colored hair coming again) and a freckled face, a blue jean dress, and pantalettes that came down over my shoe tops, or, I should say, mocassin tops, for shoes were not made in the Umpqua Valley or imported at that time. But Solomon always had a supply of lovely beaded mocassins that I was very proud of, and they were much more comfortable than shoes indoors.

At the time when I first looked from that mountain top there was no Roseburg. It had not yet been christened. Later Douglas County was located and Roseburg named in honor of my beloved father, Aaron Rose, who was its founder, and his body, by which he was known while on this plane of manifestation, lies on a lovely knoll in an oak grove near the river, and the place can be seen from the top of my grand old hill. I always feel that it is my hill though I have no deed to it, and there is a pine tree standing on the bank of Deer Creek, near the bridge, that is mine. Sister and I planted it there when she was about seven, and I was five years old. We went to the very top of the hill that encloses Roseburg on the east and there we found a number of little pine trees growing, and one of these we dug up and brought back with us and took it to the Creek and planted it on the bank and it rooted again and grew quite rapidly. It was not over a foot in height when we moved it to the Creek, but when I saw it about ten years ago, it was a large, fine tree. I hope that it is there still, and that I shall find it there many years hence.

When I made my first visit to my hill with Solomon, there were only three little cabins in all nestling among the oak trees on the site now occupied by Roseburg. One of these was our home; one was the horse's home; and the third was a blacksmith's shop. There was a magnificent oak grove, with here and there a myrtle tree interspersed among the oak trees, covering the place where the town

now is—but there is not one of them left. It would add a hundred per cent. of value to the town if the oaks and myrtles were standing there now.

Roseburg is not only the most beautiful place on the Pacific Coast, but it is the best place—the best for health and strength of body and mind, and it is the luckiest place of all.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

#### IT GIVES THE KERNEL DIRECT

Dear Mrs. Mallory: I have been reading your magazine now for over three years, and I think it wonderful. There are hundreds of magazines with many more pages, but yours gives us the kernel direct; we do not have to wade through a sea of words to find it, as we do with most other writings, and often we find there is no meat after we have gone through them. It has given me a clearer insight into life than anything I have ever come in contact with, and I want to thank you for what it has done for me.

I take it from what you say of Spiritualism that you are a believer. I do not know anything about Spiritualism. Will you tell me what it is? SAM PEABODY.

Yes; I am a "believer," because I know. There is no mistake about that. There was never an ism or religion but has a Kernel in it somewhere that will give nourishment to the mind, if one can search without prejudice.

I could not tell you what Spiritualism is, for each one makes his own ism or religion; but seeing you through my Spiritualism, you too are a "believer."—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

#### COURTS OF REAL JUSTICE

Advanced Thought is getting a foothold in the world. Courts of Conciliation and Real Justice, void of lawyers and court procedure, are being established in America. A new court has been opened by Justice Lauer in New York City, to be known as the Branch Court of Conciliation of the New York Municipal Court. It will not be a court of contest. It will be a place to settle disagreements, not to fight them out. It will not only save time and money; it will save fighting; and the cases submitted will end in friendly understanding instead of in increased hatred and enmity between the contestants."

#### SHELLS

Arthur W. Neale

The majestic harmonies of the Spheres,

Suffer not as you force your screaming way  
O'er Earth's fair fields, dripping with dewy  
tears,

Where bleeding victims of your mission lay.

The brilliant stars unheeding go their way

Despite the frightfulness of your shrill  
chord.

Efforts of centuries crumbling in a day—

Marble columns, carved altars of the Lord.

The serene, Rhythm of Universal Law

Holds its Infinite Celestial calm,

Unruffled by man's brutal shells of war,

Justified by steel case, inscribed with  
Psalm.

And blinding Suns in space their orbits keep,

Uninterrupted by Earth's lust of blood;

Yet somewhere we believe the Angels weep,

That their tears mingle with the crimson  
flood.

The placid splendours of the Milky Way

Flood celestial space with fleecy light

The darkened Earth now craves a precious  
ray.

We are blind with fury. Restore our sight.  
Portland, July, 1915.

#### IT'S THE MAN.

One day recently we dined with a friend, and her husband found fault with the food—it was not cooked to please him, and when he was served with cherry pie he said: "I don't see why we cannot have good cherry pies like my mother used to make. I could eat a whole pie then, it was so good, and it would not hurt me, and the cherries now are even better than they were then."

He turned to me and said: "Do you know why they do not have any good cherry pies any more?" I said: "I think I know why you do not have any as good. When you ate your mother's cherry pies you had a fresh, young appetite—it had not been satiated with over-indulgence, and the working organs of the stomach had not been overworked, and they could digest all you ate. But that was a long time ago."—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

## SILENT MARTYRS OF CIVILIZATION

A large part of the energy of civilization has come out of the bodies of the great, four-footed races—on the powerful and patient backs of these beings civilization has been borne for unknown hundreds of years. The power and mobility of these races have enabled man to carry out enterprises he never could have dreamed of undertaking single-handed. Without horses or other beings able and willing to wield the great implements, agriculture, the most basic of human industries, would be almost impossible.

But human dependence is not the chief concern of this paper; but the fact that these races associated with man are not treated by him with a consideration at all equal to their services. He must have a hard heart or a strange understanding who can look upon the lot of man's menials and not feel that wrongs—not petty wrongs, but wrongs that would darken the darkest pages of human history—are unmercifully rained upon them. The horse, the mule, the camel and the ox have contributed to human welfare and achievement to an extent that can never be estimated. They are the bone and sinew of civilization—the plodding, faithful, indispensable allies of man in almost everything he undertakes, whether of war or peace, pomp or pleasure.

Civilization is not exclusively a human thing. It is a joint product—the result of the combined labors and sacrifices of many races of mammals. And no one of these races has the right to take more than its share of the blessings of civilization nor to shift upon others more than their portion of life's ills. This is a hard world. There is a lot of necessary evil in it that has got to be borne by somebody. We should be willing to do our part.

In his conduct toward those associated with him in the labor of life, man violates every principle of morals and humanity.

Take horses. The great mass of these beings are regularly and systematically robbed. Their lives are drained of everything that makes life worth living, and into them are poured instead all the anguish of prolonged crucifixion. They are chained to a slavery so hopeless, and subjected to sufferings so incessant and horrible, that no human being of intelligence would endure them for a day.

They are overloaded, overworked, poorly sheltered, beaten without cause, neglected, starved, misunderstood, cut with brutal whips, deprived of leisure and liberty, and doomed to a round of wretchedness and toil such as only machines, with no desire for happiness and no capacity for despair, would ever voluntarily enter upon.

From the time they start out in the morning till they come back at night, aching with weariness and covered with stripes, they are doomed to an existence that contains all the essentials of a living death. And it is not for a day, or a week, or a year. It is for a life time. They have absolutely nothing to look forward to—except a pistol shot; and often this even does not come to them until they have lost the power to feel.

I wish I could say something that would move you—something that would make you miserable the rest of your days in pity for these poor, helpless, doomed things—something that would make you feel in some measure the pitiable lot, the awful, needless sufferings, of these silent martyrs of our civilization.—Prof. J. Howard Moore.

## W. J. COLVILLE

Prof. W. J. Colville is now in the East filling engagements at the camps and in different cities, but he expects to return to this Coast this Fall.

We have never heard him teach anything but the most delightful optimism; and he never complains at the size of his audiences, or finds fault with the financial returns for his work. He always feels that he has a fine audience, no matter how many chairs are vacant. His great success is due to his perfect faith and optimism. Prof. Colville's perfect faith keeps him "whole" and inspires him with the grand thoughts that uplift and encourage his auditors.—Lucy A. Rose Malory.

Kind thoughts and words are never wasted, and if we were regularly to set apart five minutes early every morning for sending out thoughts of love and sympathy for all the animals, I think it would often keep us from forgetting to do a kind act when the opportunity came.—The Little Animals' Friend. It would not only help the animals, but it will help the sender.

## IT COMES THROUGH WOMAN

My Dear Mrs. Mallory:

I am enclosing the announcement of that for which you have given your faithful devotion for years and years, the Inauguration of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Many other workers are on the earth giving forth of the Light they carry, whose rays are intended to penetrate the darkness of the minds and hearts of Earth's children. Thousands are praying for, and looking for the age in which ploughshares and pruning hooks would be in use, and not cannon, bombs and death-giving strokes to men and animals.

But, that age, that time, those prayers, seem far distant and a waste of time, and hearts have grown cold and dead; materialism and superstition have conquered the human mind and heart; however, the might of the devils is declining under the strokes of prayer, patient waitings, devotion to the labors of giving forth love, whilst hate ruins the world. The Might of the Gods increases with every struggle, every prayer, every groan and cry of the righteous of earth. "Ye are the salt of the earth" refers to the workers who labor year in and out, that "Peace and Good Will to Men" come to earth's inhabitants.

This longed-for era comes through the processes of evolution. Ages are required to make advances as to the human family, since the forces of negation are ever pulling down, thus the battle goes on and on, till the force of the Good, as a leaven, begins to give a growth of power in human minds and hearts which push the races of earth higher on the spiral of Truth.

Truth has come to earth, and this through woman. It is the God-given task of woman that she should save the world. "She shall bruise thy head" is the Promise given the "woman." That bruising is going forwards; I am asking you to give space to the enclosed preaching. I am not in a position that I can publish and give publicity, and thinking of you and your labors, I deemed, that in you I would find a helping hand, so I am asking you, if possible, to give your audience the message of Truth, that the seed sown may bring forth fruitage.

I am your co-worker,

LYCURGUS,

Heralder of the Woman's Age, Love's Kingdom

## ON MY FATHER'S DEATH.

Regina Oxer.

All through the long and weary day,  
And through the lonely night,  
It seemed this aching heart must break,  
Without one ray of light.

Oh, father, if for every ill  
Some good we shall receive,  
How great must be the good to come  
For this unbounded grief.

Oh send me but one gleam of hope  
To lift this crushing weight,  
Some sign, some message from beyond,  
To show that you're not dead.

But neither sign nor message came  
To lessen my despair.  
My burning eyes could weep no more;  
It seemed too much to bear.

When suddenly a little hand  
Upon my head was laid,  
And in a tender childish voice  
These glorious words were said:

Oh, Mama! see the lovely sight  
Up in the glowing sky,  
Oh now I know where father lives,  
And now you must not cry.

For see how much more beautiful  
His house is than our own,  
And if we're good we all can go  
And live in his bright home.

With awe I raised my wondering eyes,  
"A lovely sight" indeed!  
The sky and earth in sheets of light  
And glory seemed to meet.

And while I gazed all pain and grief  
And sorrow left my heart,  
Self seemed to mingle with the scene  
And there to form a part.

Dear father! This has been a sign,  
That after death your soul  
With all our souls will meet and form  
A grand, harmonious whole.

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Of all animals man should have the kindest care and consideration for the horse—it is the only wages he can give him in return for the horse's faithfulness and strenuous labors during a lifetime of unrequited toil.

## ONE LIFE IN ALL

"Man's contempt for animals would be amusing if it were not sad. He denies them minds, he denies them souls, he denies them immortality. Everything on which he prides himself he imagines to be wanting in them. 'A rational animal' he calls himself, as if, forsooth, he could reason and they could not; while, in point of fact, they reason very frequently a great deal better than he does. Milton says they reason not contemptibly; but I should be inclined to say they reason uncommonly well. In regard to sensuous and concrete matters, at any rate, their conclusions are more often right than ours. If we lose our way, our horse or our dog will take us home. In some parts of the desert where there is no sign of a track, it is not a man but a camel that leads us across. People say, 'Oh, that's instinct!' Of course, they are not going to admit that anybody in the universe could reason better than they do. But this attempt to deprive animals of the credit they deserve is futile, for instinct itself is but inherited reasoning. The ancestors, therefore, must have reasoned, or the descendants would never have acquired the instinct. And when we think of what is achieved by insects, such as bees and ants, we must feel convinced that their reasoning powers are in some respects superior to our own.—Dr. Momeril.

## "THE HEART OF OREGON."

The "Heart of Oregon" is a charming little Indian legend, written in verse, by our friend of long ago, Mrs. Ada B. Millican, Millican, Crook Co., Ore., and she will be delighted to forward a copy to anyone who wants it and will apply for it. It will make your home brighter, for its author has put brightness in every line. She is just running over with good-will and love for everyone and everything that is.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

There is something in this number of The World's Advance Thought that will give every one of its readers Eternal Gladness, if they can receive it.

What lessons an intelligent mind can learn from birds and beasts.—Horace Annesley Vachell.

Read carefully, and think deeply.

Faith never fails to materialize.

## ORIGIN OF BLOOD ATONEMENT

Spiritual maturity deals with absolute oneness. You know the story of Buddha walking with his disciples along a country road, and he heard that a great prince was going to sacrifice a goat, in order to exempt himself from sins. That was a custom in India at that time,—vicarious atonement. The priest used to gather all the sins of these men and women and transfer the sins upon the goat and the poor goat had to be killed. All the sins were taken out of the men and women who wanted to become free from sins and become virtuous, and the goat was the victim. Then the goat was sacrificed by the priests and the blood sprinkled on the heads of these men and women and then they were free. When I was a boy, I went through that ceremony myself. So, you see that conception that Christ's blood will save you from sins did not originate with Christ. Not alone an old Jewish conception, it was quite universal among all nations.

So, five hundred years before Christ, Buddha was traveling and heard that this prince was going to sacrifice a goat. He went and asked the prince, "What are you going to do?" The prince told him and he said, "What for?." The prince said, "To attain to virtue." Buddha replied: "By sacrificing a goat you cannot be free from sins. If, by sacrificing a life, you can be free from sins, sacrifice me and save the life of that goat. If I have gained any virtue during all of my penance, I will give you that virtue. Let that be yours. Save the life of the goat. I cannot see the goat killed for your sin." Buddha would not listen to any argument that was given by the priest. He insisted, saying, "Sacrifice me," and fell prostrate at the feet of the king. The king's heart was moved and he felt very compassionate. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he said, "Lord, who are Thou? I do not know Thee, but Thou art greater than all these priests put together." And he let the goat go, drove away all the priests, and became a disciple of Buddha. And that is love. And that kind of love will come to us when we realize who we are in reality, and what God is.—Voice of Freedom.

There is nothing that so fills us with joy as reading such teachings as the above; for it is the coming into this consciousness that will redeem this Earth from its Hell of suf-

fering to a Heaven of Gladness.

The transforming power of Love must begin with the lowliest creatures that are helpless in our hands because of our superior intelligence. When we love every form of life that the planet produces, from Humanity to the dirt beneath our feet, then and not until then will we get to Heaven.

When we get where there is nothing repulsive; when good fellowship takes the place of repulsion, then and not till then will we be in perfect health and growing our best.—  
Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

#### A WORLD-WIDE MOVEMENT.

Vegetarianism was at one time looked upon as a fad of the worst and most bigoted type, but the day has come when it is accorded more serious consideration and has a greater number of followers than even the most optimistic adherent of the Cause could have dreamt of twenty years ago. Extremists are as a rule so uncompromising in their views as to merit but scant attention, yet the surprising feature of the rigid Fruitarian Movement is its extraordinary progress and the number of educated and cultured people who have openly joined its ranks. Furthermore, every simple and natural dietist is an enthusiast, and anxious to bring others into the fold. There must, indeed, be something pleasing and attractive about a mode of life which so fascinates its devotees that their labours to enlist others as followers are unceasing.—  
The Daily Telegraph, London, England.

#### THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

The Harbinger of Light gives out a beautiful, uplifting influence, and the matter it presents to its readers always builds for the good. It is a good, clear Spiritualist Missionary. It is published in Melbourne, Australia.

The war seems to be having a purifying effect in many ways. Horse-racing and hunting are much curtailed, the nation is cautioned that it shall give up drunkenness and reduce its consumption of flesh foods.—  
The Animals' Friend, London, England.

The Spiritualist Campmeeting, held at New Era, Oregon, from July 10 to August 8, was largely attended and a great success in every way.

#### POLICE ADOPT HUMANE PRINCIPLES.

A large number of the police in New York City are much interested in the better protection of animals, and co-operate most willingly with all the anti-cruelty organizations in New York City. Miss Georgiana Kendall, the eminent New York humanitarian, recently brought the "Instruction for Police" (a series of questions and answers on matters pertaining to cases of cruelty to animals, which was first issued by the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.) to the attention of Lieutenant Williams, of the New York police force, who succeeded in having it published in the police order bulletin. This gives it the full force of an order to the more than 10,000 uniformed officers. Lieutenant Williams has a class of sixty-nine recruits who are training for the force. He will instruct these in all matters relating to the handling of animals.—National Humane Review.

#### A CONSCIENTIOUS GOVERNOR

At a luncheon given today in honor of the new Governor of Georgia, the retiring Governor, John M. Slaton, referred to the Frank case.

"Honest people may disagree with me, an honest man," he said, "but we realize that we must be measured by our consciences. Two thousand years ago another Governor washed his hands of a case and turned over a Jew to a mob. For 2000 years that Governor's name has been accursed. If today another Jew were lying in his grave because I had failed to do my duty, I would all through my life find his blood on my hands and would consider myself an assassin through cowardice."—The Oregonian.

All just, law-abiding citizens will applaud the courageous action of Governor Slaton in the Frank case.

No unprejudiced jury of Southern men would have convicted a Christian on the mere word of a negro convict.

The disgraceful turmoil of the Georgia mob against Frank was because he was a Jew, and to satisfy fiendish prejudice blood was demanded.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

Appreciation of present blessings depends upon your spiritual unfoldment. Unless you appreciate them where you are now, you will not appreciate them in any other place.

# THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC.

## BRINGS IT HOME TO SOCIETY

Holding that "society" is to blame for the death of the infant child of Harriet Fowle, 17 years old, Circuit Judge Gatens yesterday paroled the girl's mother, Mrs. Bessie M. Fowle, to her husband, after sentencing her to five years' imprisonment, and suspended sentence on Harriet Fowle "until the father of her dead child shall be brought to the bar of justice."

Mrs. Fowle and her daughter had pleaded guilty to manslaughter after being indicted for second degree murder. They confessed that after the child was born they had placed a camphor-saturated cloth over its face and left it until it died.

Judge Gatens characterized the crime as one "such as is committed daily by many of the respectably married people of the country, usually for no other reason than a wish to avoid the responsibility and burden of rearing a large family."

"Is the taking of the life of the unborn child any less a crime than taking the life of a child one day old?" asked the Judge. "Why make an example of these two? Must this girl and her entire family be sentenced to everlasting condemnation and this boy be allowed to go absolutely free? I do not agree with society."

"The mother of this unfortunate girl had other children to bring up whom, as she has said, 'would have to endure the sneers and jeers of society,' and, half crazed by the thought of the disgrace which the birth of the child must bring to the innocent members of her family if made public, she, in her ignorance and desperation, thought to save them, and committed this awful deed."

Judge Gatens censured the "double standard of morals which blames the woman and allows the man to go free."

"Bring these men into court," he said, "and make them stand trial with the girls upon whom they have brought or helped to bring disgrace, and soon we shall put an end to this sort of thing."

Mrs. Fowle, who is 52 years old, is the mother of ten children.—The Oregonian.

## PROF. T. L. WASWANI, M. A.

Prof. T. L. Waswani, the principal of the Dyal Singh College, Lahore, India, is a New Dispensationist and a great Spiritual Teacher. We herewith give the titles of some of his spiritual sermons, published in pamphlet form: "Peace-Chant: An Interpretation;" "In Memoriam; Benoyendra Nath Sen;" "The Future India;" "Sradhanjale (Faith Offerings);" "Bhakti Marga;" "A Social Interpretation of Religion;" "Dyal Singh College;" "Christopanishat."

No price is stated on these pamphlets, but a remittance of 25 cents, 50 cents, or one dollar will bring you the number of pamphlets you desire.

## BOOKS, PAPERS, ETC., RECEIVED.

Good News for the Afflicted, by Labshankar Laxmidas, Junagad, India. Price 10 cents.

Gleams of Light, by Florence Satterlee Leeds. A 32-page booklet of poems. Price 50 cents. Address the author, Box 155, Short Hills, N. J.

Send to Mrs. Ida Hulery Fletcher for a list of her Astrological and Occult books, at 476 Davenport St., Portland Heights, Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.

The Key to Fundamentals, monthly. Published by the Key to Fundamentals Co., 311 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y. Subscription price \$1.00 a year; foreign countries, \$1.50; 10 cents a copy.

The Occult Review, monthly. Published by William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row. E. C., London, England, G. B. Price 15 cents a copy.

Why Are We Here, by Ervin A. Rice. This is a most interesting and well written book. The author is a deep Spiritual thinker. No price is stated. Address Ervin A. Rice, 6615 Yale Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The New Astrological Bulletin, monthly. Price 50 cents a year. The "Planetary Daily Guide for All; Better than Magic." Price 50 cents. Address the Lewellyn Publishing Co., P. O. Box 638, Portland, Or., U. S. A.

The Holland News—printed in English, French and German—is the organ of the Dutch Anti-War Council, 51 Theresiastraat, The Hague, Holland, Europe. It is free; but contributions to sustain it are thankfully accepted.

The June number of Unity was a Vegetarian number, and was splendidly edited. Unity is doing a wonderful work. Unity is a dollar a year; foreign, \$1.25. Address Unity School of Christianity, 913-925 Tracy Avenue., Kansas City, Mo.

## "ZOOS" OR PLAYGROUNDS?

When we consider this great need, and think about the many thousands of dollars that are spent during the summer and the whole year to keep wretched wild animals in cages for children and their elders to stare at—and often tease—we feel as if the world is very far indeed from civilisation. The money spent every year on what are called "Zoos" would provide the very best and highest pleasure for the children of all ages during the summer vacation. Will our citizens ever be educated up to the point where they will see how much better it would be for the progress of a higher civilisation to use this money for keeping open all our school houses and for making parks with healthful amusements in every district of the city?

A large part of the press of Great Britain is advocating the Vegetarian diet.

The only real Teacher is the one who lives out harmoniously his lessons in his daily life.

## THE GOOD AND THE TRUE DO NOT PERISH.

### A MAY QUEEN'S PROCLAMATION

The crowning of the May Queen at Crosthwaite, in Cumberland, was marked by the reading of the following very unusual proclamation by Canon Rawnsley, one of the May Queen's Ministers. This proclamation we are glad to be able to reproduce:

"To all her beloved subjects, both boys and girls, the Queen commands that they shall be kind to all animals—that they shall not hunt the wrens, or stone the squirrels, or chase the cats, or rob birds'-nests; but shall learn by heart the notes of birds, and know when they come and when they go, and how they sing and what they say; that they shall not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but shall strive to save all gentle life; that they shall not root up ferns, nor break down blossoming trees, but shall learn the names of the flowers and their seasons and habits, and watch the budding of the trees.

"And to all coachmen, drivers, grooms, and ostlers, that they shall look after their horses well, not use bearing-reins nor work them too hard, nor load them too heavily, under pain of our most severe displeasure.

"And to all cow-keepers that they shall give their cows plenty of air and light in their byres, that so they may be kept in health and give good milk.

"Also it is our will and pleasure that a copy of this our proclamation be hung up in every house and schoolroom within our ancient and loyal parish of Crosthwaite."—The Animals' Friend.

### MEETINGS.

The following meetings for soul culture and spiritual unfoldment are held regularly every week in the Home of The World's Advance Thought, 511 Yamhill street, Portland, Ore.

A subject or question is discussed every Monday evening at 8 P. M.

On Tuesday and Friday afternoons, at 2:30 P. M., the members of the audience sit in the Silence and afterwards relate their experiences.

The Vegetarian Society meets in our parlors on the second Tuesday in each month, at 8 P. M.; and the International Ethical Educational Society meets on the third Tuesday of each month at 8 P. M.

All the above meetings have done and will continue to do a work whose scope for the individual and collective uplift cannot be measured, and it will eventually blossom into a New Awakening for the race at large.

All are welcome to attend these meetings.

### THE INTERNATIONAL ETHICAL EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

Section 1. The object of this association is to teach the sacredness of all life; the true relation of the human to the animal life; and the full import of the command, "Thou shalt not kill"

To promote the study of the laws of ethics, and their application to character building.

To inculcate in humanity a love for Truth, Justice and that beautiful generosity that makes the strong supporters, instead of oppressors, of the weak.

To—by individual thought, word and deed—strive to promote Universal Harmony, and to hasten the coming of that glad day "when there shall be no more hurting and destroying in all the earth, for the world shall be filled with the knowledge of Universal Law."

Section 1. The membership shall consist of Active, Associate and Honorary members.

Sec. 2. Application for active membership must be submitted to and accepted by the Executive Committee before being enrolled as such.

Sec. 3. Any person interested in the work of the society may become an associate member by the payment of the annual dues (one dollar) when they shall receive, post paid, the official organ, *The World's Advance-Thought*, and shall be entitled to all the privileges of the society, except voting.

Sec. 4. Honorary members shall be elected as such by the Executive Committee, and shall be entitled to all the privileges of the Society, except voting.

The "modus operandi" shall be:

2nd. Seeking to present the work of the society to all influential bodies, and all educational institutions.

3rd. Seeking to organize local clubs, especially at every county seat.

4th. To maintain a circulating library of such books, pamphlets, etc., as, in the opinion of the Executive Committee, best teach the objects of the society.

The headquarters of the International Ethical Educational Society are at 511 Yamhill street, Portland, Ogn.

Mrs. Lydia A. Irons, President-at-Large, 6391, 65th Street, S. E., Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.

Remember Whole-World Soul Communion on the Twenty-Seventh of Each Month.