

BAILEY'S LIGHT.



VOL. 89

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1901.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 18

CONSOLATION.

BY MARY EDVING BAYLIES.

Cheer up! oh, mortal child of earth,
Grieve not, though sad thy lot,
For Angels watch and guard you all,
So rest and merriment not.
The darkest days will test your strength;
The future, bright with joy,
Will pave the way with light and peace,
And fear and gloom destroy.
Thy hands shall aid the suffering poor,
Thy heart, with love to all,
Shall open wide its portal gate,
Humility install.
All thoughts and words of harshness, sting,
Embitter, and make sour,
The mind you aim to help and heal,
The soul that needs thy power.
So give of Love most bountiful,
It will in turn help you.
Stand nobly for the Right—that wins,
Be loyal, brave and true,
17 Spruce St., Maplewood, Mass.

Man's Aural Self.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Preface.

Man's personality can be splintered and split into fragments by "shock." This is a fact that has at last won scientific recognition. There are many such cases on record, of which the most carefully watched and attested is, perhaps, that of the Misses Beauchamp, as presented to the recent Psychological Congress in Paris by Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, U. S. A. Multiple Personality, on both sides the life line, is now a factor that must be taken into account by every student of human nature.

The learned doctor's report has been recently examined and analyzed by the writer in his article entitled "Subliminal Sally," wherein much was discovered of the mystery of manhood unnoticed and unknown before. Since it now becomes certain that the manhood of mortal life is not what we have supposed it to be, the thoughtful student will commence eager enquiry as to the real fullness and limitations of his own selfhood.

The distinction between the Ego and the Homo in each of us has already been pointed out and discussed in these columns by the writer, in his recent Ego Series. It is now proposed to advance much further into the unexplored. Almost at our first step we discover an aural selfhood belonging to humanity which will receive careful investigation in the following chapters.

CHAPTER I.

Philosophy of the Inner Life.

All can appreciate the importance of the large. Few realize the magnitude of the small, and that upon the unit of life rests all creation. Astronomers tell us there are more than a thousand millions of stars, blazing as mighty suns in Cosmos. To an eye that could survey so much of space, our earth would be an almost invisible speck, to be studied through a microscope. Yet although by comparison it would seem almost infinitely small, such a scientific observer would be aware it could be divided again and again into a still smaller speck.

Our globe, when first recognized by this celestial scientist, would be perceived to be alive—like himself—and possessing an intelligence like his own, everywhere peeping out according to conditions. He would note that the world speck he was studying was, like his own form, a compound of intelligence, substance and energy, and his vast experience and outlook would enable him to perceive that the same three must comprise the whole of the little planet and its inmost fraction. He would discern the infinite energy manifesting itself by constant motion. There would appear no more rest in the little globe than in himself, and each speck would be discerned to be seeking mates in harmony with its own vibration.

To that observer, space itself would be a vastness filled with the mighty Three, and therefore never at rest. Energy cannot become potential. It either exists in activity, or it would no longer be a factor in Cosmos. If energy were inactive, intelligence would disappear, for intelligence is known to itself, which is consciousness, only through energy. The remaining factor, which is called substance, becomes itself unthinkable if intelligence and energy be absent.

So our observer notes his kinship both to Cosmos as a whole and to Cosmos as a speck. The ever varying play of the three factors of Cosmos constitute the infinite variety amid which he himself lives, moves and has his being. It makes his form that which it is. It also compels the speck earth he is examining in every unit of its largeness or its littleness. When he divides a speck he only has two specks instead of one. He cannot make an exact division. No two specks in Cosmos are

exactly alike. Hence there is infinite variety, and infinite possibility of combination. Neither can he deprive any speck of some share of the mighty Three. More or less of intelligence, more or less of energy, more or less of substance, will determine the individuality of every speck, and of every blending of specks, whether into a molecule, a man or a world.

So much is knowledge that our celestial observer must bring with him, for it is a matter of experimental demonstration; and these are the primary facts with which he has to deal as a student.

He gathers certain specks. To gather them he himself must possess a certain amount of energy, and he notices that the specks possess a similar energy, for they will not remain together unless there is a harmony of movement. They will explode themselves apart. There is no vacuum in the space from which he has gathered his specks, but other units, at other rates of movement, are active as before. His energy can only gather that with which it is in harmony, and his individuality is itself limited in its own vibrations. The Mighty Three thus comprehend the whole, and remain unaffected, save in combination, by the efforts of any individuality.

It is obvious that, if our celestial student be himself large enough, he can divide the speck world he is examining again and again. He needs no knife. His intelligence tears it apart, though to lesser intelligence it remains whole as before. If his celestial intelligence be equal to the task, he might at last reach the ultimate unit, itself absolutely indestructible. Neither heat, cold nor intelligence can do more than blend or unblend a gathering of units; and such a molecule or form, although it may always be torn apart by sufficient intelligence, will not even remain a form unless its units be harmoniously associated.

The observer will further note that the greater proportion of intelligence in unit or molecule the greater will be its activity, and that the unit retains freedom of action under all conditions. The molecule must continue to attract, for its units come and go with a divinity of freedom that inheres to Cosmos itself. The molecule thus exhibits, from the instant of its blending, a molecular individuality as marked as that of the unit. The blended intelligence of the united units thus at once constitutes a personality.

The smallest gathering of which we can conceive, say the units which blend into a gas exhibits a molecular intelligence which will blend with another molecule into a totally different form. That new form will, in its turn, manifest an intelligence from its larger number of units differing from that exhibited by the gas. For instance the molecular hydrogen will blend with molecular oxygen, if in the proportion of two to one, into a new compound in which the further exhibition of gas intelligence seems, or becomes impossible. The intelligence now exhibited becomes known to us as water, and is at once noted as a very influential factor in the experience and history of the world.

Under other conditions the gas intelligence will merge itself into what we call solids; each gathering of such molecules having a very different manifestation of intelligence from that of the parent gas, or of its ultimate unit. Yet there is but one intelligence, one energy, one substance; the trinity of a divinity—no more inconceivable in its vastness than in its appearance in the unit, and its varying manifestation in every compound.

Our celestial student traces these molecular combinations step by step, and notes that creation consists in this development of more and more powerful personalities, as the blended molecule associates with mates more or less congenial. The new association acts with the united intelligence of its units, each working towards the object of its gathering. The end to be attained, that at first seemed only to be gas, liquid, solid, is now perceived to be a sequence of molecular associations, at last comprising a world, and all things within.

The unit, coming and going, can thus harvest all the experiences possible to Cosmos. That is to say, he can individually know the effect of every molecular blending, and enroll it in his own biography. Such a god-like experience would constitute the highest individuality we can realize, and become the only deity of whom ignorance could conceive. But he would still be a unit, compelled to associate with other like units before he could manifest any one attribute of what we may call his developed godhood. We there leave him and return to our student so intently watching the molecular gatherings and blendings which unitedly comprise planet earth.

The student has noticed and recorded that the individuality of the unit and its personality of form, composed of blended units, are facts in the world's history that accompany every manifestation of life. Each unit contains life in itself, apparently by divine right. Each form exhibits form life—apparently individual, but really only collective. If the

form disintegrate then form individuality disappears. To keep the two expressions of life distinct in the mind of the student, he calls form life "personal," and that of the unit "individual." The thinkers of the race have always dealt with form life as if it were an individual unit. And the great effort of religious aspiration has been to demonstrate that form life continues after its vibrations have ceased to impress mortal sense. In this effort believers have been recently aided by science.

Through the experimental investigations of the Society for Psychical Research, it may be now taken as demonstrated that form manifestations are not limited to vibrations tangible in earth life. What is called human immortality is really a continued blending of units amid vibrations that existed during the earth experience of form, but were unnoticed and unrecognized by intelligence in earth life. Thus form seemed more important than ever. It was now proved to be not only the basis of all planetary experience, but to retain its personality after the disintegration of what we may call its slower moving units. Immortality being thus an accepted fact, the religious "form instinct" and the dogmatic theology evolved by form were apparently the only rivals as pilots for manhood through earth life.

This immortality of form will be examined and analyzed in a future chapter. At present the student of earth experiences must largely confine his attention to the indestructible and unchangeable unit, as distinct from the personality, which is the result of blended individualities.

Until the reader has recognized that he is himself an individuality, quite distinct from the personality by which he is known in earth life, he is not ready to commence the study of The Philosophy of the Inner Life. That the unit has its likes and dislikes, which we call attractions and repulsions, is a fundamental, scientific truth. It is necessarily, thereby, gaining experiences, and storing them in ways we are not now discussing. It has vast creative power inhering to it as a unit of the divine. But all that we call form life, including that of man, is a blending of such units, which becomes a city. It is a personality, but not an individuality, in any true sense. It is blended into a marvelous whole, which, when brain has been evolved, gradually masters its surroundings, climbs into the self-consciousness of manhood, and, in its own estimation, poses as lord of creation.

Its experience is founded on its capacity for suffering and enjoyment. That which leads to happiness is styled virtue. That which produces misery is known as vice. In mortal life the attempt is to strike such an average as conditions will permit. Imperfect virtue and imperfect vice constitute the average respectable citizen. In every case alike the visible experience is that of the form and not of the unit. Units come and units go. Cosmos is full of them, each seeking the spot and the task which attracts him. When satisfied he abandons the form, and is ready for another experience.

This form city has experience with other form cities which affect its personality, out from which the unit can get nothing but the experience of an onlooker. For instance, the personality loves. It will accept apparent destruction—as a personality—for the one it loves. It propagates; is devoted to its civic offspring; cultivates the arts and sciences which enable form life. Through form ignorance it sins and suffers. Through form knowledge it compels civic health and happiness. It investigates and masters its surroundings, and discovers that its form life continues into the unseen and unsensed future.

Such is the experience of form life when it has climbed to manhood, and much of it is impossible to forms where self-consciousness is yet absent. So the human personality thinks, reasons, suffers and loves, calling itself "man." It is startled when it perceives its own civic limitation. It has talked about incarnation and reincarnation; about its past, its present, its future; and of course piteously bewails itself when it at last perceives that it is only a personality composed of blended units. It declares that its loves must be eternal, and that the labor of all creation has been to round out this blended personality called "man."

Our Cosmic Philosopher smiles at such theology, devised for the benefit of form. Earth life demands the embodiment of form, the development of the brotherhood of form, and the utmost powers of form. But the beyond, the life of the invisible, demands the subjection of the form to the needs of the eternal and divine unit.

To the student who has once recognized that every form is composed of units, generally called atoms or corpuscles, all that has been herein stated will be recognized as true philosophy of the inner life. Once accept the unit as a fact, with its blended intelligence, substance and energy, form personality becomes a logical and obvious fact, a demonstrated

creation. Any other conception involves the active presence of a power that is neither intelligence, substance nor energy, but, as it were, an inner something out of which these three are evolved. Since this would but demand the prior existence of a great Unit breaking himself into lesser units, we have precisely the same sequence as has been supposed to be observed and recorded by the celestial scientist.

Such is the truth we present to the reader as the foundation thought of what we venture to claim as a new philosophy of the Inner Life. What it means to man mortal, and the possibilities it unfolds, will appear as the student continues his investigations. But until the distinction between unit individuality and form personality is clearly recognized, the meaning of earth life will continue hopelessly befogged. That distinction has been the object of this chapter, expressed as tersely and clearly as the powers of the writer will permit. The action and reaction of individuality upon personality, with the blendings and separations of the unit and the man, constitute human history. Consciousness, subconsciousness, superconsciousness, are effects of unit upon personality, and of personality upon unit. It is believed that without the key, now offered to the world for the first time, they will remain locked in the old mystery. But when the distinction is once recognized, progress is unfettered. Man, spirit and unit each takes his own place and wields his own power, as the result of Cosmic activity. To discover and aggregate that power is the object of the following chapters.

CHAPTER II.

Unit Blends into Form.

All man's experiences in earth life are those of an association of units, wielding their united powers as one personality. This applies to all forms, which are always the expression of the blended intelligences of a vast number of units. We have already noted two most important facts. One that the world as a whole, and in parts, is composed of units. The other that this association of units continues after visible form life has disintegrated. So ghost land, and the entire realm of the invisible, as well as the visible, is built up of units. We recognize that each of the hundreds of millions of stars, with their planetary systems, and that every comet and meteor is an association of units. Everything that can be divided, even by imagination, is a blending of units, and every such blending into form constitutes a personality. Its highest manifestation is the developed self-consciousness we call "human."

The scientific demonstration that the human form survives the disintegration called death carries with it momentous consequences. Every intelligence of which we can conceive as existing beyond death, is a blending of units into form. So not only the form of every mortal but the form we call spirit, angel or archangel, up to the very highest, must consist of a blending of units. Advancing a step, further we realize that Deity, or Great First Cause as he is called, is also a blending of innumerable units into the vastness of an inconceivable personality. That this startling thought is a truth is demonstrated by the fact that if Deity be the All in All he comprises all the units in existence, and is thus himself blended into a vast personality. We destroy the word "infinite" as utterly meaningless. The aggregate of units, however vast, and comprising all the intelligence, all the energy and all the substance throughout Cosmos, is an association of units—and thus a huge personality. We thus find ourselves declaring the existence of a personal God by precisely the same law which impels us to declare certain blended units to be a personal man.

The celestial student, from his point of vantage, discovers a religion within a religion, and a unit within a god. No single unit could compass so mighty a truth. Only experienced intelligences, blending into form, dare attempt to fathom such depths, or to climb such heights of possible personality.

The intelligence of the whole, and the energy of the whole, manifesting in universal substance, is thus seen to be a blending of units. It follows that every unit is a fraction of the whole, and necessarily endowed with its share of the power wielded by the blended whole. This power is always the expression of intelligence through energy, acting upon substance.

There is no royalty in the race of units. From hovel to palace, from microbe to man, from blazing star to exhausted sun; in mineral, vegetable and animal, wherever there is form, units come and units go, and each unit living the life of an eternal I AM. Yet every unit is but a finite individuality, with limitations he cannot transcend, although within his limitations may be many forms.

Here is a simple brick. It is composed of units in perpetual motion. Presently that brick is built into a mighty pyramid. The unit is now not only a unit of a brick but also a unit of a pyramid, and with the experiences of both at the same time. Here we perceive

a double personality manifested by the single unit. And if that pyramid be a religious expression of its builders, that unit has become also an integral expression of that religious idea. There is herein a mighty truth for the reader to grasp if he would become a student of the Inner Life. The moulder thinks the brick into shape before it becomes tangible to mortal sense. Every unit is embedded in that builder's thought, and is an expression of his thought, and becomes one of the experiences of the thinker. This is yet more marked when we turn to the architect. He thinks the mighty pyramid into an entity. It becomes a great whole, alive with vast intelligence, and permeated with the personality of its creator, although still tangible to mortal sense. The unit is there, garnering that experience in another of the personalities in which he is expressing himself, and all at the same time. The thought of the pyramid is itself a creation of the architect's own inner life, which can only manifest itself in the blending of intelligent units, of which our unit of the brick, the material pyramid, the original thought structure and the architect's inner life, is thus gaining the experiences of various personalities, and all at the same time.

(To be continued.)

Freedom.

DISCOURSE THROUGH MRS. MINNIE M. SCOTLE.

Very frequently when I have been away from you and have viewed all the things I have said, I have wished I might return again and say more concerning the spirit life, that I might leave with you a better understanding of the life that is to be, of the beauty, the splendor, the glory that might be yours, and that you might, even in the days of this life, understand how sweet and beautiful it is. Again, when I have thought these things, I have felt that after all, while I must still keep trying, you will come into that knowledge without any help of mine, without any special effort on my part; but as the flower grows in the sun, so will you grow in the light of the spirit.

It seems as if one traveling in a far country might entreat another so that he would desire to go on to that country, and perhaps of all that is beautiful and good; and yet, unless one has learned to love and to understand his own country, the country of a foreign shore means little to him and can be little appreciated. So we speak to you of the spirit life that is all about you, of the wealth of spiritual opportunities, and of the boundless spiritual love that is everywhere present and manifest in your midst.

I have sometimes thought, and have often expressed to you, that had I the power I would free you from every bondage, and have you stand free and strong in the light of the spirit, with your own soul plainly understood by yourself. I know that the sorrows and troubles that come to you, the cares, the losses and the crosses of the material life seem more than you can bear; and you from day to day reach out and think that soon the hour may come when you can stand as I would have you now, when the shackles shall drop away from you and you will be free, spiritually free and strong as you desire to be.

Some of you think that if you could only get out of debt, if you could only stand even with the world, free from the temptation of seeking for more money, free from the thrall of the debt that comes with this life, then you could seek for the spirit and could understand. Some of you feel that if you could only be free from the bonds of ill health, if some time the angel of health might speak to you and make you strong, you would find a work to do and you could happily and earnestly do it. Some of you are seeking to be free from habits; some of you are seeking almost unconsciously for this freedom that you do not understand, and yet your soul is reaching for, and which you desire above all things.

But I have come to talk to you of the wealth of the spirit, of the abundant spiritual life that may be yours flowing, outgoing to all other souls; no matter how much in debt you are, no matter how much you are bound to habit, no matter how much ill-health keeps you in bondage, the spiritual wealth can be yours and make you free.

Could you take a step beyond and look into the spirit life, you would see the poverty of those who do not understand spirit and spirit conditions. Imagine being washed out into the spirit and standing stripped of money, stripped of everything the world holds dear, alone and naked in the spirit with nothing to clothe your naked spirit—because you are spiritually impoverished! One cannot go at once into abundant conditions; one cannot at once get into the beauty of abundant life. It must be earned through spiritual understanding and appreciation. So much of it is in debt. So easy it is to open your eyes, to put out your hands and to appropriate God's gifts unto yourself; and yet you are in such a hurry. (Continued on page five.)

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Bibles, Prayer-books, Hymn-books, and all the latest and best of religious literature. Wholesale and Retail.

TERMS:—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express must be accompanied by cash or a check for the full amount. If sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Sum under \$5.00 can be sent in that manner for cents.

In getting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we do not endorse all the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give vent.

Notation is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return editorial articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1901.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK END AT DATE.

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

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE
No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce Building, Copley Sq.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50
Postage paid by publishers.

Managed by
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Harrison D. Barrett.....President.
Frederic G. Tuttle.....Treas. and Bus. Man.
Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Aque Line.
DISCOUNTS.
3 months.....10 per cent.
6 months.....20 " "
12 ".....40 " "

200 lines to be used in one year.....10 per cent.
500 lines to be used in one year.....25 per cent.
1000 lines to be used in one year.....40 per cent.
50 per cent. extra for special position.

Special Notices forty cents per line. Minimum, each insertion.

Notices in the editorial columns, large type, extra matter, fifty cents per line.

No extra charge for cuts or double columns. Width of columns 2 1/16 inches.

Advertisements to be received at continued rates as set by our Office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT cannot undertake to touch for the accuracy of the many statements. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interrupted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover to our columns advertisements of persons whom they have reason to believe to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

July 4.

By the law of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, as well as by the laws of all other States in the Union, the fourth day of July of each year has been made a legal holiday. The office of the Banner of Light Publishing Company will be closed throughout the day on that occasion. Our patrons will kindly take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

Sapient Physicians.

A party of fifty doctors, according to the Boston Herald of recent date, was on its way to a convention in St. Paul, Minn., not long since, when one of the number was taken ill, and despite all efforts of the forty-nine learned men of medicine, the sufferer died. The Herald aptly says: "Had these men been Christian Science healers, instead of regular practitioners, their unsuccessful effort to cure might have occasioned much more comment." These are weighty words of truth, and the Herald is to be congratulated upon its impartial statement. The regulars lose a case and it is a "mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence;" the irregulars lose one, and it becomes murder. When the doctors can show a cleaner and better bill of reference in regard to the cases treated and cured, than can their irregular competitors, they will have a perfect right to demand preferment for themselves. Unfortunately for them, however, the facts are all against them, and they resort to persecution of their successful rivals in order to sustain themselves in positions for which they are neither fitted by nature, nor by a real knowledge of the healing art.

President Capen of Tufts College, who should be a progressive man, has surrendered to the Medical Trust, and is now extolling its virtues, and commending its success in defeating wholesome legislation in behalf of vivisection. He also rejoices that Medical Monopoly is so strongly entrenched, and congratulated the President of this monstrous iniquity, known as the Massachusetts Medical League, upon his work in combating the people, whom he characterized believers in chicanery and quack practitioners. Yet this man is the President of a so-called liberal religious college, and is so good standing in the great Universalist Church! For very shame, every liberty loving Universalist should hang his head because of these unbecoming and wholly unworthy words of President Capen. He is unworthy of the religion he professes, unless Universalism has turned its face backward, and become a non-progressive, creed-bound, and bigoted religion. He could even endorse vaccination, and went out of his way to rebuke its opponents. It is a pity that such a

bigot should occupy the high position of President of a great college. He should be a preacher in some obscure hamlet, where progressive views are unknown, and only admitted once in a thousand years. There is such a thing as being puffed up with an idea of one's own importance, and this idea seems to be the master-spirit in control of President Capen's life and actions at the present hour. May he and his supporters find the light of wisdom ere they enter the "Great Hereafter" with so much bigotry, ignorance and prejudice wrapped up in their souls.

Organization.

Many of the objections that are offered against organization on the part of Spiritualists are highly amusing in character, yet decidedly indicative of lack of interest in the cause itself. In the days when thousands of people flocked to hear our most eminent speakers, there was a business organization on the part of a few who were desirous of spreading the truth among the people, and these few rented halls, engaged the platform, and musical talent, and invited the people to come out and learn what Spiritualism really stood for. There was a president or chairman of this crude sort of organization, a secretary, and generally an advisory board, who acted upon all matters pertaining to the Spiritualistic meetings held under their management. People did turn out in large numbers to attend these meetings, and went home delighted with what they had heard. Why was this? Because the speakers were not afraid to discuss the live questions of the day. They were opposed to slavery in all its forms, and were sincerely desirous of breaking the fetters that held the people in mental bondage.

Another reason was this. Admission at the doors of many of these meetings was free, and it was understood that a generous collection was expected of them. As a general thing, the collections were always large, and very satisfactory. But behind this fact of free admission stood a number of men and women with ample means, who were perfectly willing to make good any deficit that might chance to occur. Some instances are on record where donations of one and two thousand dollars per year were given to carry on the meetings in question. Some cases are reported where large donations were duplicated with the provision that certain speakers should not be employed upon the platform. It will be seen from this statement that organization was a fact in those days, otherwise there would have been no managements to succumb to influences of that character. It may be added that no phenomena other than those of trance or inspirational speaking, were required to attract the people. It was marvel enough that boys and girls, men and women, could speak learnedly and at length upon the most abstruse theme, and the people did not require, neither did they desire, parades, mongrel English, and strings of names, the source of which were open to suspicion.

Had the organizations that then obtained been permitted to evolve naturally, they would have led to associations that would have raised Spiritualism to the dignity of a world-power in religion more than thirty years ago. But the opponents of organization had their way, and these crude experiments were killed out, under the false cry that an organization of any kind meant a creed. Anarchy and confusion followed. During that period the wonderful work of "rounding out one's own individuality" wrought its pernicious effects. It was "each man for himself, and Satan for all the rest." Wild schemes were advocated from the platforms of the speakers who hired halls on their own hook, and labeled their utterance Spiritualism. Many of the intelligent Spiritualists who loved the spiritual visitations of the early days turned away, sick at heart, and sought the liberal churches. George W. Childs, the talented founder of the Philadelphia Ledger, is a type of those to whom we now refer, when he said in explanation of his return to the liberal church, "Spiritualism is true—I can never forget that fact—but it costs too much to be identified with it." He had in mind the illogical and anarchistic platform teachings, as well as the bogus phenomena that were then becoming popular among Spiritualists.

Had organization been maintained, the expressions from the platform could have been left free and untrammelled, yet held to higher spiritual ideals, and truer lines of effort. When the change from the spiritual to the material and sensual lines of thought took place, the parting of the ways came, and with it a visible loss of power on the part of the Spiritualists. Phenomena that are absolutely true are never in Spiritualism today as such as they ever were, but it was the introduction of genuine phenomena upon the platform that opened the doorway for the counterfeit phenomena that have been so frequently exploited in recent years. People without consciences, men and women without hearts, began to duplicate the phenomena, and by giving a quantity of marvels, they soon undermined the honest mediums upon the platform and drove many of them into retirement. Not only were the true test mediums overcome, but also the genuine mediums for other phases of manifestation were driven out of the field by being forced to compete with those who were spurious. If organizations had been formed at the right time, much of the trouble would have been avoided. With the return of organic effort, true mediums were once more given a chance, and today we have a goodly number of them at work in the field. But they are sadly handicapped by being forced to compete with those who are fraudulent, and are ever at a disadvantage when compelled to give phenomena from the same platform. Spiritualists themselves put a premium upon bogus phenomena, and have paid for them with tears of agony, and heart sorrow too great to be depicted in words.

We must not be misunderstood. We favor phenomena at proper times and places and are earnest advocates of them, but we feel

that they are too sacred to be made the playthings of the curious, and the jests of the ignorant. Let us have organizations that the phenomena of Spiritualism may be turned into educational channels, and made the avenues by which the sorrowing can find their way to the city of Consolation. Organization means protection against church encroachments and from unjust legislative enactments. It also means education for speakers and mediums, as well as for children in all of the sciences and philosophies of the ages. It means advancement in civilization, and the cessation of the traveling in a circle that obtains with many of the Spiritualists of today. Progress is better than stagnation, and liberty is preferable to slavery. It is "Unite or Perish," Spiritualists, and organization is your only hope. A new Declaration of Independence is needed and organization will put it forth to the world in a challenge that cannot be misunderstood. Those who choose to continue in the old way, who prefer to find fault, to throw stones, and to oppose the efforts of their brethren to do something to benefit others, will, of course, feel grieved at these plain words. Yet we are constrained to ask all Spiritualists to attend to their own affairs, and to refrain from all efforts that will injure or retard the progress of the Cause. Let us find our own in our neighbor's good, and unite, heart and soul, in an effort to make the world better through a practical application of Spiritualism.

Dowie.

Says the Boston Herald of recent date: Meekness is not the predominant trait of latter-day evangelists exemplified by John Alexander Dowie on the platform of the Chicago Auditorium last Sunday. Said the leader of "Zion":

"I am Elijah, the prophet, who appeared first as Elijah himself, second as John the Baptist, and who now comes in me, the re-creator of all things. Elijah was a prophet, John was a preacher, but I combine in myself the attributes of prophet, priest and ruler over men. Gaze on me, then; I say it fearlessly. Make the most of it, you wretches in ecclesiastical garb. I am he that is the living physical and spiritual embodiment of Elijah, and may continue to carry a third time, has been prophesied by Malachi, by God himself, by his son Jesus, by Peter, and 3000 years ago by Moses. All who believe me to be in very truth all of this will stand up."

And now, honestly, reader, would you have guessed that over 2000 people rose to their feet and greeted the brazenous declaration with cheers and handclapping? Well, that is just what happened.

Commenting upon Dowie and the prosecution of some of his followers, The New York Tribune speaks as follows:

There is a sense in which it may appear harsh to punish severely the unfortunate victims of semi-religious delusions, and, of course, most of the followers of Dowie are merely deluded; but the safety of society demands that such delusions shall not be made the excuse for violations of the law or for violations of the common instincts and obligations of humanity. If Dowie has rendered himself subject to punishment he should be dealt with promptly and fearlessly; if his followers have involved themselves in lawlessness they also should be punished. No sane person will fail to understand that they are punished not because they hold certain doctrines, however base and foolish, but because their deeds are criminal.

Many Spiritualists who attended the Chicago Convention in 1899 will recall in Dowie the man who was ordered out of the Convention Hall by the presiding officer. Dowie came in to Christianize the Spiritualists by calling them all sorts of bad names in the circulars he was distributing. Dowie's methods are certainly open to criticism, and there is no defense possible for him or any other man who permits a helpless child to perish for the want of proper medical treatment. Dowie is more anxious to convert men than he is to save precious lives. And he calls this religion!

"Two Thousand Years in the Celestial Life."

A book bearing the above title has reached our desk and is now in the hands of our reviewer who is devoting considerable time to its study and analysis. The claims made for the work are of such an extraordinary character as to call for the most careful scrutiny of its text, and forceful comparison of its statements with those contained in the works of eminent authors, whose words and ideas are strikingly similar to those of the book under consideration. This work was received through the mediumship of W. E. Cole of Detroit, Mich., by Mr. Henry C. Hodges, an aged capitalist and veteran Spiritualist of the same city. Mr. Hodges is a gentleman, honest, sincere and devoted to what he feels to be true. His associate in the editing and publishing of the book is Mr. Hamilton G. Howard, son of the late United States Senator Howard of Michigan.

These gentlemen are men of scholarly attainments, and are qualified to judge of the literary and philosophical value of the messages they have received from spirit land. It is possible that they may be deceived, and led to accept as true that which has no foundation in fact, as many able men have done before them. The contents of this book have come to them during the past four years in Mr. Cole's seance room, by means of the independent telegraph, alleged to have been operated by spirits. The leading communicating spirit is Cythina, a Greek girl, who entered spirit-life 120 B. C. Mr. Hodges says: "If the communications do not emanate from the spirit of the Greek girl, then Mr. Cole is the greatest intellectual marvel the world has ever seen." In conversation with Mr. Hodges, we have found him well versed in Greek history, and singularly familiar with the philosophy of that nation. Of his devotion to the truth, as he sees it, and his integrity of purpose, there can be no doubt.

The Detroit Journal has taken up the question of the origin of the book, and has subjected it to a most searching criticism and captious review. Mr. Cole is pronounced a fraud in the fullest sense of the term, and Messrs. Hodges and Howard are alleged to

have been the dupes of a clever swindler. It must be remembered that the Detroit Journal is intensely hostile to Spiritualism, and seldom lets an opportunity pass to make an unwarranted and wholly unmerited attack upon it and its followers. In giving reports of spiritualistic meetings, it does not hesitate to resort to falsehood, even where the truth would suit its purpose better. So much for the attitude of the Journal with regard to Spiritualism. Its bias must be kept in mind by the unprejudiced reader until he has found evidence to sustain its charges, and then only should his opinion be formed.

But the Journal has found certain evidences in the book that Spiritualists cannot afford to ignore. Certain questions are asked that are too vital to be set aside as of no value. If there are mistakes in the chronology, errors in the use of terms, and impossible combinations of historical events, then the truth should be frankly told, and explanations offered. The Journal has weakened its own case by its wholly unjust attack upon Spiritualism, and its insulting sneers at Spiritualists. Its abuse of Mr. Cole is also unworthy of a great paper, and could only emanate from a mind greatly narrowed by bigotry and prejudice. But underneath its sarcasm, its sneers, and contumacious words, there is a foundation in fact that should lead every lover of truth to consider well the contents of the work, ere he accepts them as absolute verities. We shall not enter into a discussion of the book in any sense until we are familiar with its claims from cover to cover. We have faith in both Mr. Hodges and Mr. Howard, and accord them the high merit of perfect honesty. We have met Mr. Cole but once, and know nothing of his mediumship, but we shall assume that it is genuine, until we have evidence to the contrary, and then, if proved, we shall not hesitate to speak in terms that will surely be understood.

Organization at Camp Saugus.

As will be seen by a notice in another column, the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will hold a mass meeting at Unity Camp Saugus, Mass., on Sunday, June 29. The theme of both sessions of this meeting will, no doubt, be organization, and many interesting facts will be presented to the public. Good speakers will be in attendance, and it is to be hoped that all friends of co-operative effort will endeavor to attend the meeting. This new camp is to be congratulated upon having placed itself in line with organic effort thus early in its history. Its managers recognize the truth of the trite adage "In union there is strength," and are governing themselves accordingly. We urge our readers to visit Camp Unity next Sunday, and encourage its officers in their good work. Take Cliftondale car from Scollay Square at 10.15 and every half hour thereafter.

The Dean Case.

The celebrated suit of Mrs. Dean against Mrs. H. V. Ross of Onset, Mass., the so-called materializing medium, was tried some time ago in the courts of Plymouth County, and a verdict rendered in favor of the plaintiff for nearly or quite twelve thousand dollars. An appeal was taken, and recently the Supreme Court has reaffirmed the judgment of the lower court. Through the machinations of Mrs. Ross and her assistants Mrs. Dean was escheated of many thousands of dollars. She awakened from her peril too late to save her money, and brought suit to recover the same on the ground of fraud. She sustained her claim by ample evidence, and the result is that the Massachusetts Courts have upheld her in her contest for her rights. Mrs. Ross contended that her former husband, Mr. Ross, was the one who profited by the despoiling of Mrs. Dean, and she endeavored to show that she herself was a victim of her husband, as well as the lady upon whose money they were fattening. Her contention was not sustained in court, and Mrs. Ross must now deliver to Mrs. Dean the money of which she aided in depriving her. In this connection, we are advised that the so-called Ross cottage at Onset, will be sold at Sheriff's sale, Saturday, July 6, 1901, to satisfy in part Mrs. Dean's judgment. The cottage is well located and is a most desirable residence for any one who desires a summer home at Onset. Considering the fact that the proceeds are to go to so worthy a purpose, the bidding on the lot and cottage ought to be very brisk. The property is worth a good sum, and Spiritualists who want a splendid location in Onset should attend this sale in large numbers. We hope that every victim of misplaced confidence will be equally successful in securing justice from the courts of the land.

A Vicious Bill.

The Legislature of Connecticut is struggling with a bill designed to remove dependent children from State institutions, and place them in private institutions of a sectarian character, at the expense of the State. It is not claimed that the present County system of caring for the wards of the State is inadequate, or that any abuses have grown up under it. It is argued that their welfare can be better guarded in the private asylums than in the public, presumably in the direction of morals. The substance of the matter is this: It is a deliberate attempt to secure State Aid for sectarian institutions. Such legislation is not only unnecessary, but it is also vicious. Church and State should be kept separate, and there is no excuse whatever for any religious institution to ask for a State appropriation. The Catholics obtain it from the United States Government in the Philippines, where the priests are the recipients of financial aid, and the Sultan of Sulu is another pensioner upon our nation's bounty. He is not a Christian, but he is a polygamist, and a slave-holder, yet he receives his ten thousand dollars per year, with no protest from the people of America! Neither he, nor the

priests in the Philippines, nor the Episcopalian, nor the Methodists, nor the Spiritualists should receive one dollar from any State or from the nation to support them. Our schools should all be non-sectarian, and Government money should sustain only those that are so. As a means to that end, we would suggest that all special privileges be taken from clergymen of all denominations, and that marriage ceremonies in particular should be legal only when performed by a civil officer. Give ecclesiasticism an inch and it will take not only an ell, but a mile. The best place to amputate the tail of the theological dog is just back of its ears.

J. H. Altemus.

We learn from our valued friend Mrs. M. T. Longley, that this popular medium is to be tendered a reception by his many friends in Washington, D. C., during the present week. Many other mediums will unite in the service, thus honoring themselves as well as the brother to whom they pay their tribute of love. We extend greetings and trust that the reception will be a grand success in every respect.

Married.

In Orange, Mass., June 17, 1901, Miss Nellie Harriett Hill to Mr. Everett Jesse Taylor. The Banner extends congratulations, and wishes them angel guidance and blessings in the future.

We reproduce, on another page, an article from one of the Troy, New York, dailies, in which extended and complimentary reference is made to Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, second vice president of the New York State Association of Spiritualists. Mrs. Reynolds is a true and worthy worker for the Cause of truth, and deserves every good thing that her home paper has said of her. She is a credit to Spiritualism, and an honor to mediumship, whose principles she so ably expounds in her life and work.

We are informed by Dr. Pfeiffer, editor of the Medical Magazine "Our Home Rights" that the subscription price of that progressive journal, is fifty cents per year—not one dollar as we stated in a recent issue. We gladly make the correction.

Miss Ida L. Spalding, a former employee of the Banner of Light as a stenographer and typewriter, now has an office in the Colonial Building, 169 Boylston Street, where she can be found during ordinary business hours to serve the wants of her patrons. We take great pleasure in recommending her to those who are in need of work in her line. Miss Spalding is an occasional contributor to the columns of the Banner, and will, without doubt, continue to greet our readers through the same channel.

Have you ordered a copy of Mrs. Carilla Baister's unique work, "I'm a Brick." If not, now is the time to do so. It will soon be out of press, and those who order first will be served first. It is only one dollar per volume. Send in your orders.

C. R. Nearing, an aged friend of our Cause in New Haven, Conn., and an old-time magnetic healer, took leave of earth May 27 ult. He was a Spiritualist from conviction, a true friend of humanity, and has passed to his reward in spirit after a long and useful earth-life of over eighty-six years. We congratulate him upon his release from the body, and extend greetings as he enters upon the eternal youth of the spirit world.

Delaware has abolished the whipping post, and many ardent friends of woman's suffrage are rejoicing thereat. Inasmuch as the whipping post was chiefly designed for wife beaters, we fail to see why women should be so pleased over its abolition. If they believe in being flogged by brutal husbands, let them say so, and make no complaint when they are beaten half to death. Records show that out of every one hundred wife beaters, ninety-five never return for a second application of the whip. Imprisonment as a punishment can show no such percentage of deterrence. We hold that the whipping post is both a necessity and a blessing in every State in the Union. Delaware has taken a step backward, if it has repealed the wholesome law that provided for it.

For the first time in the history of the American Secular Union and Free Thought Federation, the President is now a woman. Mrs. Josephine K. Henry of Versailles, Kentucky, has been promoted to that office, through the resignation of Dr. J. B. Wilson, who was elected President at the annual convention of the Union last November. Mrs. Henry is well qualified for the office she has been called upon to assume. She has executive ability, is fearless in her advocacy of Free Thought, and devoted to the cause of liberty in all directions. We predict for her a successful administration.

We deeply regret the omission from our columns last week, of the announcement of the Farewell Testimonial tendered the Chaplin Sisters on Thursday evening, June 27, at Arlington Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. The notice reached us in season, but was accidentally mislaid. We tender the sisters an apology, also to Miss Augusta Howe Chambers, for her kindness in sending us the notice of the event. The sisters sail for Europe July 5. The Banner wishes them "Bon Voyage!"

Isn't it about time you induced your friends to subscribe for the Banner of Light for the summer vacation? It is just what they want in their summer homes, and a trial subscription costs only fifty cents, and is worth many times that amount. Send in your orders at once. The Banner will be better than ever during the present season.

SPRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special 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 each communication as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the Banner of Light as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

In the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality.

Report of Seance held May 30, 1901, S. E. 34.

MESSAGES.

Fred Willard.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a young man about twenty-five years old. He is rather dark and thin, and has a dark mustache and such a tired, weary kind of a way about him as though he was so tired before he went to the spirit that it was a relief to him to finally go there and be free from his pain. He says: "My name is Fred Willard and I lived in Portland, Me. I was sick for several years and fought along thinking I would get better, but finally the word was passed on to me that there was no possible hope, and I came over here. My father, mother, brothers and sisters are alive, but I want to speak to Charlie more than all the rest because he misses me so and imagines that he sees or hears me in the old room. He does; it is not his imagination, and that is what I want to say to him, that if he would only give me the opportunity I am sure I would be able to come strong enough to convince him that it is not his own mind, but is really I who love him and long to speak to him. My mother has been sick almost all the time since I came away. I think she was overtaken from taking care of me and I would send my love to her and tell her I appreciate everything she did, but I do long for her so much sometimes and wish she could be over here with me and see the beautiful things that I see and enjoy the rapture of this life. I, too, want Edith to know that I knew what she did soon after I came away—at the grave, I mean,—and I thank her for that. It was a sweet thing and just like her. Tell her I was beside her and knew about it and felt such a gratefulness that she took so much pains. Thank you very much."

James Morris.

The next spirit that comes is a man about forty-five years old. He is short, not very stout, with a rather quick, impetuous manner. His eyes are blue with dark lashes and his hair is dark and thin. He speaks his words right off short as though he hit them off and spit them out as quickly as he could. He says: "Well, that is a pretty good description of the way I talked. I didn't realize that I sounded that way, but never mind, let it go as it is. My name is James Morris and I lived in Carleton, Neb. I was something of a farmer myself, liked the life, and the freedom of it, so that when I came over here I chose that kind of a place to live in and when I tell you that I see everything about me as beautiful and as sweet and as real as when I was in the body you may be glad to know it. I have with me Helen and she says that she has been stronger to help me than I realize. I know that sometimes in my efforts to reach my own, I have grown weary and felt that it was almost impossible. I really did not believe that it was so easy to get back to those we love as I find it this morning, and Helen says it is because I have the influence of good people to help me to come. Whatever the reason is, I thank anybody or everybody who is instrumental in it." This man when he laughs shows his teeth very prominently, and he says with a little smile: "Usually when we try to remember something particularly, it is impossible to hold it. The very force of centering on one particular thing dissipates our strength and it seems to vanish away from us and it is almost impossible to retain it. I have been to my old home and have seen that it has changed hands, for which I am exceedingly sorry. I wanted it kept as it was, but I don't know as it is of any use for me to fuss over it. I might just as well let things go as they are and just send my love and good will and a helpful thought when it is possible."

Elmira Hendricks.

I see the spirit of a lady. She is tall, stout, very magnetic looking. Her eyes are dark, her hair is dark brown, and she has a sweeping movement of her head and her hands as though she took in at a glance every condition and every sort of need of the person that she was with. She says: "I thank God that I am able to come here today and see and be seen and send a message to my own. My name is Elmira Hendricks and I lived in Franklin, N. H. I am almost overcome with the effort and the desire. I had made up my mind to give some test of my presence at home. George would no more believe that it was possible for me to come than he would believe that God could speak to him directly, and it has been such a source of pain and grief to me when I was so conscious of everything being done. I have thought sometimes when I have seen the old lady there trying

to keep things together and yet having such a hard time because of the disturbed condition left by me, that if I could only tell her and explain to her and help her a little that perhaps it would help me. The other day she went upstairs and went to the bottom of the old box looking for something and I stood beside her so closely that she looked up at me as though she saw me. I think she did, and I was so pleased that I made impression enough to have her turn about. She spilled what she had in her hands when she went down, and she stopped and looked in an old bureau in the back room and did not find what she was after there. It was so cold that I felt the chill of the room myself. I hope I shall be free to get out of these conditions now because of this word that I have spoken and I thank you all for your patience with me."

Aunt Annie Turner.

Now I see an old lady. She has a sweet old face, her eyes are blue and her hair is perfectly white. It is a little round face that just shines like a little flower. She comes right up to me and says: "I am Aunt Annie Turner and I used to live in Hyde Park, Mass. I knew more or less about this Spiritualism. It had not assumed the proportions that it has today and one to stand up and say that he believed that spirits could return in my day had to have pretty good courage and stand the test of being ostracized from the church and society. However, I didn't keep so still about it. I gave my word wherever I thought it needed to be given because I had some experiences myself and knew whereof I spoke. I had lost a boy, Willie, and he seemed to be as much a part of my life after he went as he was before, and when I came over here he had grown into manhood and I found that he had been stronger because of my belief and my helplessness and today he comes with me and we both want to give our message of love to those who are left. I want to speak particularly to Emma. I want her to know that I am still striving to make any condition possible to give the spirit influence its fullest opportunity to speak and to help. Tell her not to be so discouraged, that conditions look a good deal brighter to me than they do to her and I hope that she will soon see; then we will have new strength to go forward. Thank you."

Susan Sanborn.

Right after her is a woman, tall, thin and old. Her name is Susan Sanborn and she passed out in Galveston, Texas. She says: "I have been gone a long time, but as time means nothing to the spirit I presume I am just as welcome as though I had only been gone a month or two. I have with me Samuel Doane; he is an old friend of mine and wishes so much to speak a word for himself and to his friends. He is not able to come alone and so I gave him my hand and said we would come together. He knew more about this work than I and I think even helped in his quiet way. He says: 'Please send this message to Addie and tell her that I am struggling to get a better understanding of spirit force that I may co-operate with her and help her in her spiritual climbing.' He also sends love from Lucy and Aunt Betsey. She will know who it is."

Sam Carter.

Now I see a jolly old man. He is just as short and round as he can be and just looks like a little round barrel. His eyes twinkle and dance, because he is so full of fun and he is just as quick as he can be for all he is so fat. He jumps round so quickly and says: "You are going to give an old fellow like me a chance to return? Well, that is pretty good and I will speak as fast as I can. My name is Sam Carter and I used to live in Brattleboro, Vt. I want you to know that when an old fellow like me comes rattling back from the spirit, you know that he has something to say, and I feel that I must speak as plainly as I can to Lucy and tell her that I don't care a bit what they did with my body. Don't care what fuss they made over the grave as long as I can stand here and give my word back to her. Tell her that I don't like that eternal scrubbing. She has kept at it since I came away and did before; I'd like to see her sit down and take a little comfort. She will laugh when I say it, but I speak in this way that she will know it is I who have come to her. I have seen Joe and he says to give his love to her and supposes now that it is coming spring that she won't be satisfied with scrubbing indoors, but outdoors as well. Tell her not to mind the spring cleaning in the barn, but open the doors and let the rain wash it out." Then he becomes a little more serious and says: "Now, really, I have a message underneath this other, and it is that I feel that she is paying too much attention to the things and the cares that are right close to her and too little to the spirit. I feel sometimes that I knock loudly enough at her doors to call all the neighbors and yet I get no response. I want her to know and I want her to feel that I am striving to help and to do what is possible. That is all. If this message goes straight, I will send another as soon as I can."

Sarah Palmer.

I now see the spirit of a lady who is quite tall and slim. She doesn't stop for me to describe her very much, but just says right off, "Don't bother about my description, but say that Sarah Palmer is here, and oh, I am so troubled. I felt that I could never possibly get my message in and I am so anxious to do it. My heart aches as I stand here, because I have come directly from my friends to this place, thinking I could send a message that would help them. I want to go to Plymouth, Mass.; I want to say to John that I am ever near; that I try to help him through his pain. It won't be much longer that he will have to suffer the way he has, and it seems that I ought to be able to relieve him. I know I could if I were in the body, but from the spirit it seems almost impossible to carry out all that I would like to. Emily is with me; she says she will do anything she can do to

help. Particularly I want to send this word to Lena who is helping and doing so much. I think she is as brave as she can be, and when this is all over or settled once more, I shall be able to give her the help which I so much desire to give."

Frank Higby.

I see the spirit of a man about forty years old. He is of medium complexion, his head is as red as fire and he has that florid skin that so many red haired people have, but he is pale and he just steps up to me and says, "Oh, I was drowned, and when I come back the fear that I first had almost overcomes me. I went down with a lot of others in broad daylight, so near to the land that we could see it and yet couldn't reach it. Oh, it was awful to see the white faces all about me and to be unable to do a single thing. I have thought that there could not be anything more dreadful than to be so near to life and yet so helpless to save one's self or those in peril. My name is Frank Higby and I belonged in New York. I traveled a great deal and it was on one of my trips that this happened to me. I have said to many of those that were with me at the time, that I believed, sometime, we would all be able to come back, and perhaps some of us could tell how it happened. Seems a mystery to me as well as to the others, it was done so quickly. I want to send this message to Laura and she isn't in New York, but has gone to Kansas City, Mo. I want her to feel that her life has much in it even though I am gone. That I love her and that I would do for her anything that a spirit could do for mortal. So many times I say 'Laura, Laura, if you only knew how much I love you, how much I long to help you, you would be happier.' She doesn't believe in this at all and it is with a good deal of hesitancy that I undertook the message, because I know so many who can get to their own through this method, that I feel almost as though I am usurping a place to give a hopeless message, and yet I send it out with a half trust that it will reach her and that perhaps I will gather some strength and can go with her and be stronger for this effort. I thank you for your patience. I thank those on this side of life who have made it possible for me to speak."

Walter Veazie.

Now there comes a spirit of a man about thirty years old. He is light with light hair, blue eyes and a fair skin. He is very tall and thin, and the first thing when he comes, he says, "My name is Walter Veazie and I came from Newburyport, Mass. I, too, went out to spirit very suddenly and unexpectedly. I have a good deal of sympathy for the man who preceded me, because I know what it is to be cut off so suddenly and have nothing to pick up the cord with and see what can be done. I want to go to Hattie who has the same name as mine. I want to tell her that she is a medium and I have brought guides to her who will help her if she will only let them. I also want to send word to Lizzy and tell her to stop making fun. That before she knows it she will have something come to her that will make her sure that there is something more than just fun in this revealing of spirit power. Somebody says to me, 'Why don't you tell something about the life where you are?' and so I do say just this word, that I am living with my mother, that I have my brother with me, that we have a home as real to us as any we ever had, and that life seems as sweet and as real as any that was ever ours before. I send my greetings, love, care, and every protection to all."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some of your readers doubtless remember the case narrated in Number 176, of an elderly lady, once wealthy, now destitute in New York City, owing to a violent injury to her head and spine, inflicted two years ago by a bicycle.

The statement then given has brought kind response from a number of readers, besides the aid rendered by those who received a personal letter regarding her. We have received enough to carry her through the summer months, as some kind friends have invited her to visit them in their country home. There she can be in seclusion, and close to the heart of Mother Nature, receive the healing balm that we trust may enable her to become again self-supporting in the autumn.

Though still weak, she is already better. This is owing to her having nourishing food, and to knowing that she has friends to stand by her in this hour of need. The trouble is in her back, where there is now a constant tremor, though she is relieved from the pain. In my last visit, she narrated the following encouraging circumstance.

Ever since the injury, her feet have felt as if only one inch wide, making her totter and sometimes reel in her walk. Some on-lookers have attributed this to intoxication. But when they looked more closely and saw her supporting herself on her umbrella, their derision changed to compassion. But about ten days after my first visit, she suddenly felt while walking on the street as if her feet were very wide, and afforded her ample support. This is indeed encouraging, showing that blood, which coarsens our physical life, is circulating freely through these members.

Dr. Ephraim Cutter of New York City wrote me that he has known her more than twenty years, and speaks most highly of her character and of her marked benevolence while she still had any money for those in need. So if any of our readers desire by and by to render her more assistance, it will be thankfully received, and I will let them know through your columns how matters go on with her.

We hear a good deal said in our day of egotism and altruism. I first heard the latter word in connection with George Eliot, who was said to be an altruist. Jesus was an altruist, by both teaching and practice, as was also Buddha. This grace of loving an-

other better than himself was less marked in Mohammed and Confucius, though good men and women of all times and races have felt a deep interest in their fellowmen, and denied themselves for the sake of others.

Dr. George D. Boardman of Philadelphia has coined two new words that he prefers to egotism and altruism. These words are I-ism and otherism, and he prefers them as being simpler, because they are derived from words in everyday use. Individualism, rightly practiced, strengthens the character, and enables us to do good more effectively; and I-ism may express the unbrotherly part of individualism, which seeks to build up one's own self, without a sufficient regard to the needs of others.

Selfishness results from too pronounced I-ism, while otherism is the outcome of love, and manifests itself by slaking one's own desires and needs in the longing to benefit other persons.

In the practice of monopoly, I-ism is rampant, and the need of others is quite lost sight of in the effort to "corner" the very necessities of life; while Socialism merges one's own longings and needs in the good of the whole, of which one is but a single part.

We use the word socialism, though the misconceptions of some minds have confounded the word with anarchy; but our readers, Mr. Editor, are too intelligent not to know that real socialism is a very different thing from anarchy. An anarchist would abolish all government. A socialist would substitute for many of the existing selfish governments, one under which each individual is compelled to subordinate all his acts to the general good. When a true socialism has become the ruling force in social life, all selfish I-ism will be lost in the consideration of the good of others.

Jesus taught the broadest altruism, and he was called a fanatic, especially by the Pharisees, who were the egoists of that age and country. But "the common people heard him gladly."

When children or horses run races with each other, they do it in play, and with no unfriendly feeling. It is a manifestation of physical life and vigor. The same spirit is often shown by those who study or work together. It lightens labor, and it does not violate the law of love. The competition in such cases is sympathetic, and does no harm to the inner nature of those who engage in it.

But when competition is unsympathetic, and reaches for the foremost place, or grasps at the largest amount of money, in order to wrest these advantages from one's fellows, then the competitors are selfish, and have not the least right to the name of Christian. Under present social conditions, business men practice what is directly opposed to the teachings of Christ. Many of them regret this, but feel forced into this line of conduct by the need of supporting themselves and their families. Many who have reached the top of social success, and have seized millions of the current money, know that they are in the wrong. By way of atonement, they will endow universities of learning, and donate great libraries. They call themselves Christian, and yet the very last thing they would do is to follow the command of Jesus to the rich young man: "Sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor, and come, follow me."

At such a suggestion they would be "very sorrowful, for they are very rich."

Under present social conditions we think it might be right to reserve enough money for its interest to give us food, shelter, fuel and clothing during the remainder of our days on earth, planning that the principal go to our needy relatives or to some humane object at our death. But to retain more than a sufficiency, seems to us to violate the precepts of Christ, and yet think that those who are not willing to follow his plain directions ought not to call themselves by his name.

My father taught this doctrine, and practiced it, too, while he dwelt on the earth. He was single-eyed. He was radical. He was direct. He was not like Bunyan's character Mr. By-ends, from the town of Fair-speech, whose ancestors were Mr. Any-thing, and Mr. Facing-both-ways, and whose grandfather was a water-man, looking one way and rowing another, and whose mottoes were never to strive against wind and tide, and to follow religion only when he goes in silver slippers.

No; my father was no such man as that. He gave his money away to the Cause he loved, and left his children from the legacies he had received and from what might accrue from the sale of his memoir, barely enough to educate them well.

And as I am proud of his name, and love his memory, and welcome his benign presence, and ask him to impress me what to do and what to write, and to tell me what to do when my spirit meets his spirit in that happy land where we are all going by and by.

I have a tiny "Pilgrim's Progress" that is very dear to me. It is three inches wide and five inches long, and is covered with green cloth. It was printed in London in 1842. It was then a new book when he gave it to me with his own hand in 1845, writing my name on the fly-leaf himself—"Abby-Ann Judson." The leaves are now yellow with age, but it is dearer to me than if the leaves were gold, and its diary green cover of translucent emerald. My beloved father held it in his hands, and gave it to his little daughter when he left her in America to return to his toilsome work in Burmah.

He said that when I was eighteen I should come to Burmah, and be a missionary with him. But it was not to be, for three years before that time, he went to spirit-land, and I never saw him again in mortal flesh. But, thanks to natural law, which prevails there as well as here, and thanks to his great father-heart, which resolved to make me sure that he was sometimes with me, I have seen him in spirit many times by blessed clairvoyant vision. At such times, I feel him with me indeed. Then the door closes, and I find that I must wait.

Just now, when I wanted to write of Mr. By-ends, I got the dear little book my father gave me from its place among the bedroom books on the top shelf. I opened it at the page that tells of Mr. By-ends, and his following religion when he goes in his silver

slippers. Some would say that that was a strange coincidence. It was no coincidence. He knew what I wanted to find, and he opened the book, using my own fingers, at the very page. There is nothing strange in this. It is, beyond all question, natural that he should do so.

A few weeks ago, one of those portrait agents called at my door. He was very wheedling, very ingratiating, in fact, quite hypnotic in his ways. The portrait was to be in colors, and done without money and without price, on the sole condition that I should hang it in the parlor, and let my friends see it, to advertise the artist. A kind anonymous friend had sent me, a year or two ago, an engraving of my father, larger than those in the memoirs, and copied from the portrait painted in America in 1846.

Not till the agent had my engraving in his hand did I understand that I was to pay for the frame. He quickly left the house, bearing my precious picture with him, leaving me a prey to the fear that I should never see it again, and filled with regret that my treasure was out of my hands.

But after weeks of weary waiting, it came out all right. The older engraving was restored, and the new photograph, colored to the life with its brown hair and brown eyes, and looking younger than when the war-torn veteran had his portrait painted in Boston, hangs in its handsome frame, and gives me a pleasant sense of companionship every time I enter the room.

So, for the nonce, I do not regret being a sensitive, and a good subject (victim, I mean), and easily hypnotized.

On previous occasions, I have allowed psychologists to try to control me, but though I yielded the best I could, none of them has ever been able to psychologize me in the least. But on this occasion, the armor was off, and I fell an easy prey. May all the similar ventures of our readers turn out as well!

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., June 15, 1901.

Over the House Tops.

Article III.—The Haunted Earrings.

BY MRS. J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

"True love's the gift which God has given.
To man alone beneath the heaven.
'Tis not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wispen soon as granted fly,
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it does not die.

"It is the secret sympathy
The silver link, the silken tie
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind."
—Sir Walter Scott.

Dear Friends:—

I have in mind, as I write this, a pair of quaint, old-fashioned earrings, an oval brilliant surrounded by six round ones forming pear shaped pendants set in silver. They lie in a case lined with white lamb's wool and look at you like two sparkling, roguish eyes. I always feel like smiling when I look at them, though their history is a sad one, of two merry hearts of long ago.

They came into my possession at the death of my Aunt Valeria, who died in 1853, at the ripe age of 84. She had treasured them all her life. They were sent to me by my cousin Desire. The story I will tell you has for its heroine one Priscilla Morrison, who was a beauty and a belle a hundred and fifty years ago.

I will tell you the story as I heard it from the lips of my aunt whose descendant she was and who implicitly believed it. Priscilla Morrison was the daughter of a wealthy land owner near Salem, Mass., and his home contained many luxuries that were hard to get at that time in the Colonies. Priscilla was motherless, so an aunt had taken the responsibility of seeing her well trained and well married; and to this end she bent all her energies.

There is no picture of Priscilla Morrison, but let us try to imagine her as she is said to have looked. She was of medium height. Her brown hair, clustering about a high, broad forehead, was warmed by a tint of auburn that turned to gold in the sunlight. Her skin was fair, with the pink of the coach-shell in her cheeks, eyes like doves eyes, they said, for tenderness, with a roguish twinkle in their depth which, taken with the red lips, expressive mouth and the wicked dimple in her chin, made many a heart beat riotously under a colonial waistcoat. She rode horseback with one man and danced with another.

On one occasion when the parson came to have weekly prayer with her aunt, Priscilla was induced to come into the room. She played Watt's hymn on the spinet and whistled the tune in a lively measure to the scandal of the whole household. The parson went away in a huff, declaring that she, if not already lost, was on the brink of being damned. So the time went on, Priscilla's aunt trying in vain to get her settled into a home of her own; and Priscilla declaring, while the dimples came and went about her mouth and her bright eyes danced wickedly, that she'd live and die an old maid. It was such fun to be courted. There was one, alas the worst one in the lot, in whose presence Priscilla's eyes were always dove eyes. To him her voice was always sweet and low, her teasing laugh was changed to tenderness. Though he came into the room where she was, her face was alight with joy. With all his faults she loved him; he fairly worshipped her. His name was Richard Dalton; he was called Wild Dick. He was full of youthful merriment and in those puritan days such spirit was sinful. He played upon a satan invented fiddle and shuffled cards at the ale house.

About this time there came courting Priscilla one John Litchfield, and so the trouble began. He was wealthy, religious and determined to win his suit by fair means or foul. At once Priscilla's aunt became his ardent ally. Every inducement was held out to the

FOR SALE BY BANKER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 1 BROADWAY
New York, N.Y.

Children's Spiritualism.

A PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The shower had ceased, but the city street
Was flooded still with drenching rain,
Through men and horses with hurrying feet
Swept on their busy ways again.

The gutter ran like a river deep;
By the clean-washed pavement fast it rushed,
As out of the spouts with a dash and a leap
The splashing, sparkling water gushed.

A little kitten with ribbon ties
Crossed over the way to the gutter's brink;
With many a wistful plaintive mew,
She seemed at the edge to shudder and shrink.

And there she stood while her piteous cries
Were answered by the headless throng,
Looking across with such longing eyes;
But the torrent was all too swift and strong.

Up the street, o'er the pavements wide,
Wandered our Prince from Newfoundland,
Stately and careless and dignified,
Gazing about him on either hand.

The sun shone out on his glossy coat,
And his beautiful eyes, soft and brown,
With quiet, observant glance took note
Of all that was passing him, up and down.

He heard the kitten that wailed and mewed,
Stopped to look and investigate,
The whole situation understood,
And went at once to the rescue straight.

Calmly out into the street walked he,
Up to the poor little trembling wail,
Lifted her gently and carefully,
And carried her over the water safe.

And set her down on the longest of shores,
Licked her soft coat with a kind caress,
Left her and went on his way once more,
The picture of noble thoughtfulness.

Only a dog and cat, you say?
Could a human being understand
And be more kind in a human way
Than this fine old Prince of Newfoundland?

O children dear, 'tis a lesson sweet:
If a poor dumb dog so wise can be,
We should be gentle enough to treat
All creatures with kindness and courtesy.

For surely among us there is not one
Who such an example could withstand;
Who would wish in goodness to be gone
By a princely dog from Newfoundland.

Celia Thaxter, in Our Dumb Animals.

The Story of Staff.

AS TOLD BY SPIRIT NANNIE.

We live in the glorious country of the advanced and intelligent Indians of the spirit-planet; many splendid white people live with them; they all work together for grand blessing to everyone. These Indians are not like the red people of earth, for they are far advanced; we know this, don't we, Nannie? Instead of hunting game and killing folk, they are always helping someone, healing the sick, helping the earth-bound to better things, and in every way doing good. So I live with them here and I go along to help in the work, and I love to do it, for I know it is the only decent way for me and dogs to live and grow. I was here years before you came, Nannie; years ago, Red-Wind gave me to Lotela as her helper in good works, and she and I were great friends all the time. I was not white then as I am now. I know the good people here named me Staff, for they said it meant something strong and helpful. As you know, I am a friend to everybody, and all the children in our place love me, and though I am a dog and dog's work, still I can play with my little white dog, just as any child might do—and that is a part of my duty, too.

But I am growing out of the wholly animal condition; as I told you, I will have to go through some very dark places and be a crude person when I become a human, in earth form some day, and I suppose I will never remember them all the great times I have had as a dog, but I think it is all in the grand plan of life, and it means Progress, and that is what I want. I never expect to be a dog in an earth-form any more, because I would not have grown to this white coat and to my work here, if I had to work out any more conditions as a dog down there; but I suppose it will be a long time yet before I lose this form and get swallowed up in the forces of life to be born into the human sphere. But when I once get there I will go on and on, and will not stop, but will work for promotion and better things, for there is something in me that pushes me on to advance and learn, and it will not be content until I have put intelligence and intellect as the higher human beings have. I believe, the wise teacher who comes to us from the high plane of the ancient spirits, says I will go on that way, because it is the law of Evolution; I don't quite know what that means, only that it is growing and becoming better and stronger every time a round of life is made.

I suppose I believe know most everything—sometimes I don't look to me like a man, Nannie, but just like a great glory of light, but when he comes nearer, then he is a grand and handsome man all shining. He often puts his hand on my head, and then I feel a glow all through me and a wonderful power, and I am sure that he fills me with human magnetism and is helping me to get ready for my start on the human path. I heard some talk once, and it showed me that the animal life merges into the human by the aid of very high souls who breathe the magnetic life into the animal form and help it to absorb the spiritual spark that kindles the progressed life in the spirit animal into a human soul. I can't tell it very well, but I feel it, and I know, Nannie, that I have given you my true story, and that I have gone on so far in life, I am sure I will go on and on in eternity, doing more and being more, and that the Great Spirit will give me every chance to progress.

Well, Nannie, I guess I have told you all I can for now, more than the little earth folks will understand, but perhaps some of the older ones will be interested, too, and will explain to the children. There are many things I have done, and more that I think I cannot tell, for you could not understand, but though I am only a dog, I know that life is splendid and wonderful, and that it is so big, it will take everybody all eternity to find out.

This is the story Staff told to me, and Lady-mother writes it out as I tell it to her. The Guides in our world say it is true, and they know, never mind how Staff made me understand it; he gave it to me by the lake, and he told it straight; he can make me know everything he wants me to, and his thought language is better than the speech of some people is on earth.

Now I must go. I send love to all, and especially to Baby Barrett and Alice Nuttall, Nannie.

(The end.)

—An excellent cabinet photo, of "The Poughkeepsie Bear" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

Literary Department.

Books Here Reviewed are Sold at Banner of Light Bookstore.

THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE—Heary Wood. Fine cloth, gilt top, rough edges, 200 pp. Price \$1.25.

This work, the seventh to Mr. Wood's credit, is called by his publishers, "A series of constructive sketches and interpretations," and after careful reading I agree with them, quite. The subjects are of general interest, as a few of the headings will show: "From the Pre-Adamite to the Human," "The Human Body as Temple," "The Oneness of Life and Being," "Nearer to Nature's Heart," "Thinking as a Fine Art," "The Ever-Present Judgment," and "What is Disease?" The matter is in accord with the advance thought of the day, and the style is similar to that which has so popularized the author's former works that they have passed through from three to thirteen editions each.

That the reader may know of the quality of the author's productions, sense the breeze that sweeps over his thought—read! I append several excerpts from the different essays: "Salvation is thinking in accord with spiritual perception instead of with and in conformity to material sense. . . . Instinct and inspiration, though manifested upon very different planes, have a striking resemblance in directness and exactitude. . . . Man is made in the image of God. As God is spirit, the seen form cannot be that image, but Adam, dwelling in a sensuous paradise, mistakes the shadow for the substance. But the spiritual self is latent within him, and the purpose of existence upon this plane is to awaken it into actualized manifestation. . . . Sin is an experience which comes from ignorance. Redemption is learning to choose the higher instead of the lower. . . . Perfect unity must include variety. A conscious individual relation with the Universal, with the ear attuned to the utterances of the 'still small voice,' tends powerfully to heal the complex discords which otherwise reverberate through the chambers of the soul. . . . Vitality can be increased from within. All this is exceedingly simple when the working of the law is intelligently grasped. It involves no nonsense, superstition, denial of matter or anything else that is unreasonable. . . . From every reasonable point of view the literalized story of the 'Fall' as the origin of evil is untenable. . . . Continually disease is nothing less than an implacable foe. Who sends it, and where does it come from? Nobody knows exactly, and the profession is often as much in the dark as the laity. . . . Our punishment comes from the divine in us rather than from the divinity outside. . . . The alibi of sensuality, of the daily press is also concurrently responsible for much of the nervous unrest of the present era. Whatever is morbid, tragic, abnormal and diabolical is thrust before the eyes and minds of people in its lowest form, and if anything is lacking, enough is manufactured to keep up a morbid condition. . . . The artistic attitude of thought is to stand with back to the past, and eyes towards the future. With its gaze thus directed, ideals continually rise up in the brightening vista and beckon us onward. The past may roughly push us along, but only the future can gently draw.

Enough has been quoted to show the liberal, fearless thought and utterances of Mr. Wood, though you must read the work to gain a correct idea of his ideals, for disjointed quotation as often misrepresents as represents the author's full meaning. I commend "The Symphony of Life" to enquiring minds; its fullness will not appeal nor its poverty disappoint you; what the author says is well said; he beautifully, strongly draws, outlines and suggests, relating details which he leaves to the thoughtful reader.—A. C. Smith.

THE MAGIC SEVEN.—Lida A. Churchill. 88 pp., extra cloth, deckel edges, pocket size. Price \$1.00.

The seven magic things to do are according to the headings of the chapters: I. How to Centre Yourself. II. How to Go Into the Silence. III. How to Concentrate the Mind. IV. How to Command Obedience. V. How to Use the Will. VI. How to Insure Perfect Health. VII. How to Ask and Receive. Certain it is that the author is choosing subjects for her essays for such they are, close such ones as would by their nature appeal to all persons of all classes; he that cares not to know how to centre himself, to attain spiritual poise, will be eager to learn to use the will, or the one caring not to go into the silence will desire to command obedience, to ask and receive and to possess perfect health; and the subjects are so interrelated that the party that begins the perusal of these essays in the spirit of materiality and in the hope of sordid gain will turn to peruse those essays dealing with the spiritual. One will be driven to this purpose to become possessed of the key to the other subjects.

I quote one selection from the book; not some choice philosophy, for you wish to study that; not some exquisitely worded disquisition; those things seem better for having found them yourself; but a little story; I believe it is the only one in the book; it is in the chapter treating on health and it can be understood without reference to the context.

"Has your protégé come into the Kingdom of Heaven?" asked an evangelist of a man who had taken a most disreputable looking and tattered tramp as a helper, with a view to the latter's redemption. "I don't know, but he's in the place which is a sort of vestibule to the Kingdom of Heaven." "What is that?" was the next inquiry. "The Kingdom of Soggy Suds," replied the reformer.

While not all of the lessons are so plain as that contained in the above, there is a readily sound lesson in each chapter of the book, a valuable addition to the New Thought literature of the new century.—A. C. Smith.

The publishers of The Delineator have arranged for a series of articles on the Pan-American Exposition, and should the following articles hold to the standard of the June instalment, the series will well repay one for a subscription to this more and more popular magazine.

The current sketch contains a plan of the Exposition grounds, views of several of the buildings, the triumphal bridge, groups of statuary, and three colored plates, showing the style of architecture and color scheme as well, of some of the beautiful buildings of the "Rainbow City."

The accompanying descriptive matter is plain, direct, entertaining, and will serve admirably to acquaint the stay-at-home with the great fair now in progress at Buffalo.

Butterick Pub. Co., New York; 15 cents per copy, \$1.00 per year.

CYCLISTS AND OTHERS.—Whether you ride a wheel, go afoot, or otherwise, you want a map of the place through which you are going; or if you live in Boston and want to know the kind of trees and flowers in your Common and Public Garden, you want one of Walker's pocket maps. They are accurate, up-to-date and convenient; printed in colors, and fold in a proper form to fit one's pocket, and price for most any one of the series is 25 cents, some specialties are 50 cents.

The covers are tough manilla paper; and the index and accompanying notes are just what you would ask in relation to the section covered by the map.—A. C. Smith.

Knowing how and not knowing how seems to be all the difference in some communities between beauty and ugliness, health and disease, pleasant surroundings and conditions inimical to health and enjoyment.

We have received two pamphlets which give a note of encouragement and which are rich in suggestion to those who desire the improvement of their surroundings in city, town or village. Their author, Miss Jessie M. Good, of Springfield, Ohio, has not contented herself with local examples, but, thanks to her connection with the National League of Improvement Associations, under whose auspices the pamphlets are printed, has been enabled to spread before her readers examples of what is being done in the way of improvement from Massachusetts to California.

We have not lived truly if we have not made the world more livable, and Miss Good's two pamphlets, "The Work of Civic Improvement" and "The How of Improvement Work," should teach us what we must do to be saved, collectively as dwellers in cities and towns, and individually as citizens of the world's greatest republic.

Copies of either will be mailed for fifteen cents, both for twenty-five cents, or five copies for fifty cents.

WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE.—By Mr. H. V. Esmond. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. Price 25 cents.

The success of this novel is assured when it is known to be founded upon the play of the same title, which was made so popular by Nat Goodwin and his beautiful wife, Maxine Elliot. The same pictures that were used in connection with the play are made into handsome cuts and scattered through the book. The familiar faces of Mr. Goodwin and his wife add much to the attractiveness of the work, which has that up-to-date dash of worldliness so dear to the mood that demands entertainment. If the reader has seen the play, he will enjoy it all over again; if not, he will almost think he has.—M. C. B.

An addition has been made to astrological literature in the form of a magazine entitled "Educator," edited by Professor Henry and published by the Wonder Wheel Company, Boston. It is a unique affair; on the light blue cover is a design in gold illustrating the influence of the planets upon the people of earth. Whether or not one is familiar with astrology the periodical seems to contain something of interest for him, but appears to have a peculiar value to those who desire to make a study of the subject.

The first article, "Truth is in Darkness, but Darkness Comprehends it Not," opens with the significant sentence: "He who fears to meet truth face to face, as a man meeteth his friend, has no need of truth, a 'mess of pottage,' in his inheritance."

Order is Heaven's First Law; Astrology in a Nutshell; God—I; A Good Study; The Cosmic Comprehension of the Cosmos; All Things; Food for Thought; Cause and Effect; Evolving Influences; and numerous short paragraphs on different subjects precede the Question and Answer Department, which comprises fifteen pages and covers a wide field of thought. The question, Does the earth-life is a school for character-building in which we lay the foundation for future growth and development, we should use every effort not only to perfect our best natures, but to assist all who are struggling in the life journey to overcome the physical obstructions to their higher moral growth.

"Perfectly. The life of the foetus is a minimum life of the maximum life on earth. It begins its life at a certain point in the circle, and it rounds its life out in that circle, before it can be born into the higher life on earth. A lesson might be learned in this fact, for minimum or maximum, the laws of life are the same in all of its departments. If man does not fully round out the circle of his earth life, then he is a miscarriage and does not attain the higher life. Sublimated abortions. Possibly the life of the earth with all its inhabitants, is nothing but its own rounding out of foetus existence prior to its foetal (or fetal) 'passing away,' into a birth of some higher or grander condition under the law of 'Survival of the Fittest' Embodiment."

Part Two is devoted to the Wonder Wheel and practical lessons in astrology.—M. C. B.

The National Convention.

The ninth annual convention of the National Spiritualists Association of the United States of America and Canada, will be held in Masonic Temple, Ninth and F Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C., October 15, 16, 17, 18, 1901.

Business sessions October 15, 16, 17, 18, at 10:00 A. M. and 2:00 P. M.—One session will be devoted to National Lyceum Union and Y. P. S. U.

Important business of interest to every Spiritualist will be presented for action before these gatherings.

At 7:30 each evening grand public meetings with addresses, spirit communications, music, etc.

A large number of the most gifted lecturers and mediums will be present and participate in these exercises.

The following galaxy of speakers and mediums will be heard from our platform at the evening sessions: Rev. Moses Hull, Prof. W. M. Lockwood, Thomas Gilmour, Prof. F. F. Peck, Mrs. Helen Palmer Rescove, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mrs. M. E. Root, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Margaret Gaulle, Zaida Brown Kates and J. H. Altman.

Reduced rates on railroads from large cities. Ask for certificate tickets to National Spiritualists Convention. These tickets must be endorsed by the secretary of the convention to entitle you to one-third fare for return trip. Special R. R. agent will be at convention on Friday, October 18, to give out the certificate tickets. No ticket entitled to certificate rebate unless thus used; therefore, delegates and visitors must be at the hall on the date mentioned to receive their tickets; deposit your ticket with the secretary as early as possible.

Headquarters for delegates and visitors will be Willard's Hotel, corner F and 14th Streets. Special rates, two dollars a day, each person; good rooms and excellent service. The Willard is under the same management as Ebbitt House, and the best of service is guaranteed our people, no distinction being made between them and the usual four-dollar-a-day guests.

Grand reception to delegates and visitors will be held at the rear parlor of the Ebbitt, corner F and 14th Streets, Monday, October 14, at 8 P. M. All are invited. Harrison D. Barrett, President; Mary T. Longley, Secretary.

All Spiritualists in the United States and Canada are invited to be present.

A. J. Davis' Vacation Notice.

He desires his patients and correspondents to know that he has planned to be absent from his office (23 Warren Avenue) during the entire month of August; but that he will be open for patients and letters during July only on Tuesdays and Wednesdays of each week. After August, and until July 1st, he will be at his office on days and hours as usual, as indicated on his business card, which please see for more explicit information.

A. J. Davis, M. D.

Boston, Mass., June 1901.

Glenwood Ranges
Make Cooking Easy
THE GLENWOOD AGENT HAS THEM

Diagram labels: 200°, 300°, 400°, 500°, SPONGE CAKE, PLAIN CAKE, PIES, BREAD, ROAST, DISCUT, GLENWOOD INDICATOR, IT'S ON THE GLENWOOD OVEN DOOR.

The Kansas State Society of Spiritualists Announces Its Position.

The Spiritualists of Kansas, who have been in session here for several days, have adopted the following resolutions:

"In organizing ourselves into an Association of Spiritualists, it is meant that we declare to the world the motives and principles which actuate us, which in brief are as follows:

"1. That as either fills all space and interpenetrates all grosser matter, so the spirit world reaches out in every direction from this earth and unites and interblends with this world.

"2. Man is a spiritual being here and now actuating a physical body, which brings him in contact with grosser matter and gives him the experience necessary to form character.

"3. All nature is evolutive, passing from the baser to the higher and holier condition, and the spiritual natures of men and women are but the ripened conditions of manhood.

"4. As matter is related to matter, so spirit is related to spirit and thus through our spiritual natures we may come into tangible relations with the spirit world and thus enter into communication with those who have not died but entered a higher sphere of life.

"5. Since earth-life is a school for character-building in which we lay the foundation for future growth and development, we should use every effort not only to perfect our best natures, but to assist all who are struggling in the life journey to overcome the physical obstructions to their higher moral growth.

"6. All human life, eye, all life is sacred. Neither in war nor in government have we right to send men into the spirit world before they have ripened for it. Therefore we favor arbitration in settling all questions.

"7. Believing that vaccination is the gateway by which foul and filthy diseases are introduced into the human system, that as a prophylactic it is uncertain, we are opposed to it and will use our influence as a society to prevent mischievous legislation on the subject.

"8. Not only does Spiritualism stimulate moral and intellectual growth, but it also carries with it a magnetic force to the bedside of the afflicted, fulfilling the Scripture: 'They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.' Therefore we shall use our efforts to prevent hostile legislation to such ministrations.

"9. Nature furnishes her own punishment for the sins of each individual and instead of railing that punishment we should so restrain, constrain and educate transgressors of the law as to make added punishment unnecessary.

"10. Knowing mediumship is the basis of all revelation from the spirit world and the only proof of a future, we resolve to protect, shelter and defend mediumship everywhere.

"11. We take pleasure in calling the attention of Spiritualists of this State to the 'Psychic Century' published in this city, and earnestly invite them to give it their support."—Topeka Capital, May 23.

PAN-AMERICAN HINT. Quick and Inexpensive Method.

The great Pan-American Exposition has realized fully the expectations of the managers, while the great public is more than pleased with the artistic and inventive displays provided.

The creative genius apparent in the architecture of the many buildings is without equal, and the effects obtained through the marvellous color decorations are simply astounding. The landscape work has developed the grounds into a perfect paradise. The exhibits are a chosen lot and far superior in comparison are they to those of all other expositions.

Buffalo, as a city, is a most delightful place, and excursions can be made in every direction to localities intensely interesting, but the greatest attraction save the Exposition is Niagara Falls, which is truly one of the marvels of the world. The Boston & Maine Railroad is making every inducement possible for the benefit of the tourist to Buffalo from New England. The rates are the lowest—the routes most numerous—line the most direct, and its trains without question the best equipped of any from Boston. The General Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, will upon application send you a Pan-American Folder, which is replete in information of service and is yours for the asking.

Missionary Work.

The State Spiritualists Association of Minnesota is doing an active work. Our missionaries, George W. and Zaida B. Kates, are incessant in their efforts to carry the good news to the people. They have been out of the State some considerable time during the spring months, before for about a month with President Barrett of the N. S. A. holding mass meetings and also assisting in the organization of the Iowa and Kansas State Associations.

During June they have been holding some meetings in Iowa.

We must strive to have their exclusive time in Minnesota, but do not want to be selfish, so have loaned them for these dates in our Sister State. The good reports show that the labor has been effective, with large audiences and earnest support.

They cannot find days enough to supply the places asking for their services. But they held thirty meetings during May and will exceed that record for June.

During July we want to hold some more meetings in Minnesota, and hope to hear from localities at once where same are desired.

Our Annual Convention will be held early in September, and we expect to have a grand one, perhaps one that will break the record for the State Association. We shall send a strong delegation to the N. S. A. Convention and hope that organized co-operation will go forward and achieve great results.

D. E. Griffith, Secy.
55 Royalston Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

From the Home Office of the N. S. A.

To the Editor and Readers of the Banner of Light:

Dear Friends:—Fraternal and loving greetings from the N. S. A. headquarters. We are pleased to wait our good thoughts of spiritual harmony to you all with the hope that the summer season will prove one of pleasure and of unfoldment to each of us.

The Cause is at present quiet in this city, as the meetings have closed for the season, and some of our good mediums have gone away, but others are here doing their good work, and bringing blessings to human hearts from the spirit world. The N. S. A. has its visitors and callers as usual—though in less number than in the winter season, when Congress is in session, and tourists are many in this beautiful city. Our free library is well patronized as ever, many stay-at-home and others coming for the bread of the soul that our papers and books furnish them. We have to thank many friends for contributions to this library, and we have now about six hundred books that we loan. Contributions of spiritual and liberal books from authors and other friends, are gratefully received at any time.

Mrs. Della Pearl Hughes of Seneca, Mich., has donated a large number of copies of her dainty book "Wedding Chimes," to be sold for the benefit of the N. S. A. This pretty book is suitable for a wedding gift; it is also just adapted to the needs of our speakers and workers for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.

The N. S. A. has been doing splendid work—through its special missionaries, its free distribution of literature, and by the friends who have worked for it early and late in many ways. President Barrett has held many mass meetings in conjunction with other societies and friends, and has awakened much interest in the Cause at many points. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague have done heroic missionary work wherever they have been, and have worked for it early and late in many ways.