



LOVELY LAKE PLEASANT.

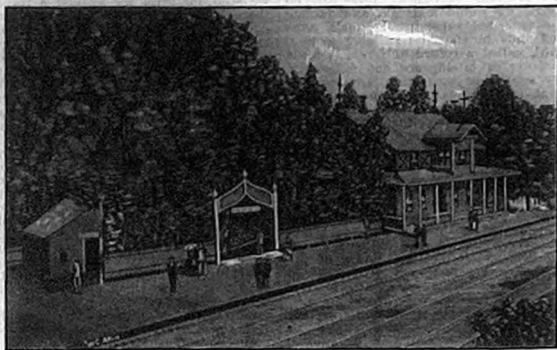
The camp was started twenty-eight years ago by a small party of pioneer Spiritualists, headed by Dr. Gardner, Dr. Storer, J. B. Hatch, Sr., Dr. Joseph Beals and others, who had been holding meetings previously at Lake Waldron and Silver Lake and finally arranged with the Fitchburg railroad company to hold an annual campmeeting at this charming place. None could have been found more suitable. A mirror like lake nestled among the mountains of Western Massachusetts, set in a frame of forest trees whose waving branches kiss the ripples of its surface with every breeze and all fashioned by Nature's choicest handwork.

The nights were and are always cool, no

Dr. E. A. Smith and James Wilson purchased the grounds of Lake Pleasant from the Fitchburg R. R., and controlled them until 1895, when they were sold to the campmeeting association, which owns them today.

The work done for the Cause is almost incalculable. Thousands have visited Lake Pleasant from curiosity and have come back for love of the place and a desire to hear more of Spiritualism. The way has not always been smooth but much hard work was done by the pioneers, much hard work is encountered by their successors.

An immense change has taken place in the appearance as well. From a dozen tents among the trees with three or four stores



ENTRANCE TO LAKE PLEASANT.

mosquitoes and plenty of sparkling spring water and invigorating mountain air. For several years the New England Spiritualists' Campmeeting Association, the largest and oldest in New England, held its meetings annually, presenting the spiritual philosophy by the ablest thinkers and demonstrating the phenomena with such instruments as Charles Foster, Henry Slade, Joseph Stiles, J. Frank Baxter, John Slater and hosts of others.

Although located in a situation where the people were most conservative in their religious views the seed sown, took root, sprouted and flourished and Spiritualism found active adherents in Greenfield, the Deerfields, Sunderland, Orange, Athol, Northampton and in towns all along the Fitchburg and Central Vermont railroads, even in the stronghold of the Methodists, the town of Northfield, thirteen miles away.

In 1896 a syndicate of men, among whom were the president of the association of today, Judge Abram H. Dailey, Fred Haslam,

protected from the elements only by the branches above them, Lake Pleasant with its hotels, dancing pavilion, temple and 200 cottages, is a veritable city in the woods. Only nine miles from Deerfield of Indian war fame, six miles from Greenfield, near the Connecticut river, Amherst, Northampton and Northfield within a few hours' drive, it is one of the most picturesque and historical sections of the country.

The convocation this year opened July 28 and will close August 28. Excursion rates are issued by all railroads and excellent board is furnished by the Lake Pleasant Hotel. Boating, dancing, swings, band concerts, beautiful drives and high-class theatrical entertainments daily add much to the attractiveness of the place.

Circulars and cottages can be had upon application to the clerk.

Albert P. Billan.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

A Sermon on Character.

Out of Whom All Men Speak Well is a Man of No Character.

BY C. S. CARR, M. D. (DR. TALKWELL),
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Mrs. A. is a man of character. Mrs. B. is a woman of character. We hear such statements frequently. What is meant by character? To have a good character is it simply to be a person who follows the example of others? For instance, to live in a country where polygamy is practiced would it be evidence of good character to practice polygamy? If one were living in a country where polygamy is practiced, would a person be considered to possess a good character in case he fell in with such a practice? According to the usual use of this word character such would be the case. The man or woman is considered in any locality to be possessed of a good character if they do those things that the majority consider the thing to do. To fall in with these customs, traditions and usages to keep these things punctiliously, to hold the opinions of the majority, to speak and act according to the manner of the masses, these things constitute what is ordinarily known as good character.

But let a man step aside from the beaten paths of custom or opinion, let him be brave enough to hold views different from the masses, to practice things that the majority do not, such a man is generally rated as having no character. This is a very unreliable definition of character. Character is only another word for reliability. A man who has character is a man who can be depended upon to do certain things uniformly under like circumstances. A man of character does not do one way today and another way tomorrow, but always under the same conditions says and does the same things.

It may be that what he says and does is contrary to established custom, still he remains a man of character if he can always be depended upon to do the same things. Indeed a man is apt to be in possession of a

strong character who dares to do the unconventional thing and insists on repeating his act in spite of the obloquy of public censure, and the protests of his contemporaries. Character is not indicated by acquiescing in prevailing opinion. To be sure, a man may be at once a person of character and a man who has fallen in with the usual observances of his fellowman. He may happen to hold the same views and endorse the same customs that his neighbor does and yet be a man of character.

But the opposite of this is oftener true. Some of the most characterless men that have ever lived have been men very careful not to do or say anything in contradiction to public opinion and usage.

A man who has no character is much more apt to fall in with what other people think and do than the man who has a strong character. Sincerity is the basis of all real character. To be a sincere man or woman always saying and doing that thing which reason or conscience dictates, without any reference to other people's opinions or habits, to be such a man or woman is to be a person of character. That man has a good character who is perfectly sincere.

A man may get into jail for having a good character. We are apt to think that criminals are men of no character. It often happens, however, that they are men of very strong character. Such men came in collision with the letter of the law because they hold different views than the law dictates to them, and will not submit to any dictation. John Bunyan was a man of strong character, and it was this fact that caused him to spend so much of his time in jail. Martin Luther was a man of character, and was imprisoned because he preferred to adhere to his own views rather than to have his liberty. Jesus of Nazareth was a man of character, although he was in so great disrepute that he was executed as a common criminal.

It often happens that men who have the least real character, are men who get the reputation of having the best character. A man of character does not always behave himself well, that is to say he does not always regulate his conduct according to the

prejudices or customs or fashions of the generation he lives in. Such a man, however, is generally referred to as a man of no character.

Thus in common speech, we have fallen into the habit of reversing the truth. That man who is usually rated as a man of good character, will turn out to be, on close inspection, a man of no character. That is to say he places the opinions of others above the privilege of leading a sincere life. If he holds views differing from the prevailing views, he secretes them and adroitly adjusts himself to other people's mode of thinking.

Jesus in pronouncing woes upon certain classes of human society, as he found them, said, "Woe unto ye when all men shall speak well of you." That is to say, when any man lives such a life as to cause no man to speak ill of him, is a man upon whom Jesus pronounced a woe. It must not be understood that Jesus had the power or disposition to bring a curse or a blight upon any man's life or career; this is not the idea. Jesus was able to see that certain curses of life would bring woe and certain curses of life would bring peace and joy. In looking out upon the world he saw those classes whose lives inevitably lead to woe. They are bringing upon themselves woe. They had ignorantly or willfully chosen a life which had no other result than woe. He was commenting upon and enumerating the classes who were reaping for themselves woe. He said, "Woe unto ye hypocrites; woe unto ye that are full now; woe unto ye that for pretense make long prayers," and so on and so on.

But there was one class upon whom Jesus predicted woe that is not often mentioned in song or sermon. I refer to that man who is able to get through this world in such a way as to cause no man to speak ill of him. Upon this class of men Jesus was pronouncing woe. Woe unto ye when all men shall speak well of you. What sort of a man must it be who entirely avoids giving offense to some one. What sort of a man is it that can stand by and witness cruelty, dishonesty, tyranny, petty aristocracy, pretense, hypocrisy and all sorts of demoralizing practices. What sort of a man would it be that could stand by and witness all these things and not sometimes raise his voice in offensive criticism upon those who do these things?

If there be such a man who never raises his voice in defense of outraged and downtrodden humanity, if there be such a man, who can hobnob and fraternize with the rich and arrogant, who trample upon the poor and outraged, the defenseless, and yet keep his mouth closed so tight that no man speaks ill of him, woe unto such a man. Such a man has sold his honor, bartered away his soul, has exchanged his character for the sordid elements of physical life, woe unto him. No man who has a particle of character can avoid doing those things which cause other men to speak ill of him. Every man must take his choice. He must either brave the obloquy of ill-natured remarks on the part of other men, or he must part with his character. Character is what distinguishes man from the brutes. Brutes copy each other, and are governed entirely by instinct. They are not able to step aside from the modes which

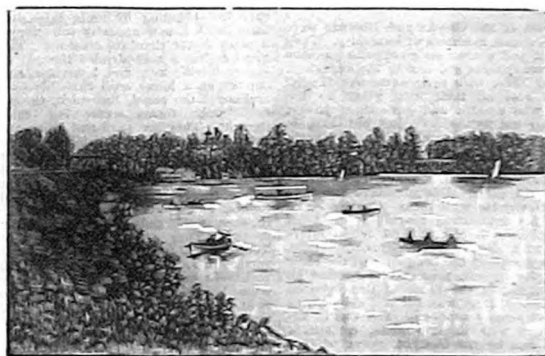
But after having given them respectful consideration, a man still finds himself not consenting to them, or finds himself led to a career which antagonizes them, such a man must either yield up his character, or else brave the spite and slander of his generation.

In fact, no man, however obscure or commonplace he may be, can always avoid being spoken ill of except by sacrificing his character. Never to give offense to those who daily practice injustice, never to be spoken ill of by those arrogant Pharisees who blind burdens upon the poor, always to elicit praise from the mean and stingy who have more than enough, while others starve; a man who can do these things is a man who has no character, a man who has no backbone, is a man who has no moral stamina. The man who, has no opinions or principles which are dearer to him than wealth or fame, is a man who has no character.

be often wrong. Such a man may be disagreeable in the community, but he has in him the elements of true manhood. Such a man needs only to have due respect for the rights of others, and he is sure to become a useful and noble man.

If we would be true to the nature that is within us, if we would be true to the light that God has given us, never violate our own inner light, never allow ourselves to be coerced or persuaded by anything that does not convince or convict us, we would all be led toward the same goal. But so long as men allow themselves to be swayed by the opinions of others, to be led by traditions of church or state that do not appeal to their reason or conscience, so long will science and discord and estrangement prevail.

What we need today is men of character. We need men to pronounce the message to the world, that God has given them. We



VIEW OF LAKE PLEASANT.

Character is but another name for backbone, for individuality. And yet it is exactly the opposite of this in which the word character is used by most people. The backboneless creature who like a wad of putty can adjust himself agreeably to every one, who smiles and fawns and cringes and praises and flatters, who never gives offense to anyone, who is always on all sides of every question, who says yes when he is expected to say yes, who says no when it is popular to say no, who laughs when others laugh and pretends to weep when others weep, who throws up his hat and shouts when other men do so, who agrees with everyone and disagrees with no one, that all-round good fellow, that man against whom no one ever says an ill word; that is the fellow we have been in the habit of saying is a man of good character.

But once let a man for principle's sake have a domestic infelicity, once let him for the sake of righteousness find himself in prison, once let a man come out on the side of the minority, because he sees that the minority is right, and immediately the cry goes up that he is a man of no character.

This is all very wrong, very false, but shows that Jesus was right when he said, "Woe unto ye when all men shall speak well of you." Such a man is like the salt that has

need men who dare to do offense to other men for righteousness' sake. "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad for so persecuted they the prophets before you."

A man who has suffered the obloquy of other men for the sake of following his conscience, is a man who ought to rejoice rather than be cast down. A man has every reason to congratulate himself when he has men speak ill of him. That church or college that is striving to make all men alike in thought and action, in manner and speech, such a church or college is an enemy to human character. It is doing all it can to make men and women characterless. But that church or college which is seeking to develop individuality, which is striving to encourage independent thought and action is making men and women of character. Such men and women may not succeed in getting through the world and have no man speak ill of them, but they will succeed in becoming the salt of the earth upon which all progress depends.

Why Not?

I was dreaming, and in the dream I was lost in a dense tangled forest that covered the side of a huge and almost perpendicular mountain. Turn which way I might, I could find no path, see no light. The little prickly bushes stung and scratched me, the bark of the rough trees bruised me as I bumped against them, the darkness weighed upon me and oppressed me.

I had almost ceased to hope for escape when there suddenly appeared before me, from whence I knew not, the familiar form of a friend, one, who in my waking hours was separated from me by many States. She wore the conventional dream gown of white that clung about her in loose folds. Her long hair floated down her back and surrounded her face with a soft frame. In her large blue eyes was a look of combined restfulness and conscious power that her self-distrust veiled ordinarily.

She smiled, as I looked up, and beckoned. With no apparent effort she pushed aside the obstructions here and there, and in a slightly waving line glided upward, ever upward. It was not difficult to follow. I felt an unaccustomed buoyancy, a delightful expectancy. The way became clearer, the light brighter, and I saw a goal beyond. Never once did my guide pause, until we reached the top and then I saw before me an open, endless space.

"We must rest," said my companion, and I did not from somewhere (I did not then and do not now know where), she took a shallow dish. This she held aloft. Into her eyes there came a fixed look of concentration, and I held my breath in wonder as the tiny grains tumbled one after the other into the dish.

"Milk, milk, we must have!" I whispered in suppressed excitement.

I too caught up a dish and fixed my eyes upon the all-inclusive space, with my whole being intent upon its object.

Just for! as she had done, so I did. Slowly at first, then faster, faster, did the rich, creamy fluid form and patter into my dish. Why not?



THE AUDITORIUM.

govern the genus to which they belong. The birds build their nests in exactly the same way that birds did in the time of Pharaoh. Beavers build their dams in exactly the same way they have always done. A colony of honey bees is governed by the same unwritten laws under which they have worked since the days when Sampson found honey in the carcass of the lion. Man alone is able to step aside or beyond the customs and traditions in which he has been reared.

The masses of men do not do this. Only here and there a man has the courage. Then men begin to speak ill of him. He is referred to as a man who has no character. The simple truth is, that it was real character that caused him to become a target of abuse from men who have no character. It is well for people to consider respectively the customs and beliefs of the generation in which they live. The fact that these customs and beliefs come to be, shows that they must have some justification or reason behind them.

lost its savor; it is good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of man. A man of character is like salt. He has some pungency, stands for some idea, strives for some ideal. In this busy world we have men advocating all shades of belief, practicing all sorts of customs, holding contradicting notions on every subject. How then is it possible for a man to stand for anything, who has a single principle by which he is actuated, to go in and out among the masses of men without giving offense to someone. It cannot be done except at the sacrifice of every vestige of character.

The beginning of a good character is sincerity. Insist upon doing the thing that seems to you right. Persist in saying the thing that seems to you true. Never allow yourself to consent even tentatively to things that seem to you false. Nothing short of this is sincerity. Nothing short of this will lead to the foundation of a good character. Character is based on absolute sincerity. Such a man may

WHEN?

BY HENRY N. THOMAS.

The night is dark, so long the shadows linger.
 "The time the sun of truth should herald day
 And send broadcast the pure light of knowledge;
 Awake, ye mortals! would ye sleep away?
 Wrapped in the slumber-robe of egoism.
 Chained to thy dream like Prometheus to the rock!
 When wilt ye bear these words and stand?
 "Behold! I stand at your door and knock."

Naught summer skies, thy head on do my pillows,
 Chained by the billows of southern seas,
 Dreams come of added wealth and splendor
 To fill a life with glided, unearned ease.
 And so ye sleep, indifferent to pain and hunger;
 Blind to the storm close o'er thy brother's head,
 While winter winds sweep desolate and dreary,
 Chilling the heart where now, brave Hope lies dead.

On battle-fields, where mad, ghastly revels
 Bring dreams of conquest; and, thirsting for fame,
 Ye plunge into crime, but the heat of the victory
 Sees each arch and heart with the brand of a Cain.
 And there are cries for many absent loved ones;
 And hands outstretched to never more be filled
 With burdens sweet, with acts of tender mission;
 The eager responsive hearts by War are stilled.

O dreamer wake! take in this patient waiter
 And bid him welcome, give him of thy all;
 For 'tis a wondrous message that he brings thee
 Wouldst thou but listen to his gentle call.
 And day would dawn, no more would shadows linger,
 The sun of truth would shine throughout the land;
 And send broadcast the altruistic glow
 Of "Peace on earth, good will toward man."
 Jackson, Mich.

Man's Aural Self.

BY CHAS. DAWBARN.

Chapter IV—Continued.

The gods of the Greeks and Romans were thought-creations of humanity. They were men and women endowed with passions and powers thought god-like by their creators. Zeus and Jove, with their numerous family, were as real on their own plane as the mortals who created and gave them power. They were not hypnotic visions, but invisible entities, which could materialize into earth life precisely as the dream of the architect and the sculptor. The mortal who could vibrate onto their level, in other words a sensitive, could realize their presence, and hold actual intercourse with them. Charles Maitland in his interesting biography of Anna Kingsford tells us she claimed actual intercourse with Zeus in his family circle. She even described the banquet, and the chair reserved for herself, presently to become an honored guest in the home of this celestial "upper ten." Anna was not self-deluded, as the reader usually supposes. She was in actual contact with living entities, created in the long ago by the thought power of God Junior.

The enthusiastic sensitive finds Jehovah on his throne, and saints shouting "hallohuja,"

with a man lamb for a sacrifice, and beasts in heaven. This must not be supposed to be a hypnotic dream. These things are built up of blended units, created by thought power. The sensitive thrills with awe, fear, reverence or love as the case may be. She enters the vibratory home of these thought-created entities, and they are all there. It does not follow that a man must be a believer in an orthodox god or devil, with their homes and surroundings, before he created religious entities for himself, and mingles with those thought-created by others. Religion does not demand worship, either of a First or a Fifth Cause as creator of man and his surroundings. The so-called agnostic and atheist picture to themselves men and women with greater power and knowledge than they have, moulding and shaping mortal life into scenes of universal health and happiness impossible today. They would raise society to a higher and less selfish level. They thus create ideal men and women, living and moving in actual life amid their own vibrations. Such creations are exactly as real as the picture of the statue, the bridge, the thought power, each thought-created entities existing in the invisible, and which may or may not materialize into earth life. Bellamy created a world of men and women who were realizing his own dreams. "Looking Backward" was no fiction, but a beautiful reality, real like every other man-created entity, and the man of the past. Man's ideal man is ever his associate and friend. That ideal may be impossible to realize on earth today. What we call present conditions may not permit it. In such case, Homo some day escapes from his chrysalis, and finds himself amid the thought-created entities of the long ago, as mere dreams. Anna Kingsford will be welcomed by the god men and women so real to her on earth. Bellamy will again greet Dr. Leake, and rejoice in the overthrow of social slavery and labor-cursed society. The religionist will enter his own heaven, and the sensualist find his well, each peopled with man-created entities. The emancipated mortal passes on amid his own vibrations, and finds them already peopled with various entities by various creators.

Let the reader realize this truth. Universal Intelligence creates Ego unless he prefers to assume that Ego is himself uncreated. Ego creates Homo. Homo creates entities after his own heart. Each act of creation is only the blending of units into some new form, with a new capacity for expression on a plane lower than his creator. The archangel is but a unit-blended thought of a yet higher intelligence, and himself a creator of entities on a lower level than his own. The archangel, the angel, the spirit, the man, are each only forms expressing somebody's thought. They are each and all created entities. The artist finds his ideal picture "over there," the sculptor his ideal form; the dreamer his ideal society; the reformer his ideal man. And, equally of course, the revivalist will find his ideal devil. Saints, and crowns, and harps and golden thrones, with gods many or few, are not dreams. They are thought-created realities. Those of hell have little difficulty in entering earth life as it is today. Most of the other realities must wait till beyond the veil of their before they can materialize into our daily life. But they are existing realities, all the same, because thought ever goes on creating. The result may be a monstrosity today, and the divinity of manhood tomorrow. The creator must begin as an apprentice, and learn his trade before he can create as a master workman in the realm of the ideal.

CHAPTER V.

The Vibrations of Aura.

The power that inheres to Homo, as distinct from that of Ego, needs are analyzed. To the student and the scientist, and the philosopher, man is man, and nothing more. They examine him in sections physically. The saint carries him to glory, or sends him to hell. The scientist endows him with the lordship of all he surveys in a remote future of mortal existence. Both alike focus their thought upon man, as they know him today. The fact that man is but a form composed of numerous Egos, although demonstrable by the scientist, is not a factor in his calculation; and has never been visible to the eye of faith.

The reader will recall that by Ego we mean the eternal and universal unit, which has blended into human form. We need not again emphasize the demonstrated fact that intelligence, energy and substance comprise Cosmos; and that every unit of Cosmos possesses its share of the mighty Three. This means that the "human form divine" is built up of innumerable units, directing their intelligence and substance, means of their united energy. The human body is a typical nation whose inhabitants have various trades and professions, which, without any positive intention, contribute by their exertions to the strength and prosperity of their country.

First and last, intelligence dominates in every department. That which blends into any special organ does not necessarily any more directly influence the entire form than the single citizen shapes the action of his government. For instance, the intelligence at work in hair or nails will be that of units uninterested in the growth of the hair, or the many affects all alike. Through organs of sense the blended units, as a personality, hold relation with other personalities, and with all their surroundings. Destroy sight, hearing, taste, touch, smell, or all but one of them, the form might exist, but it would have no means of contact with the world outside. We reach the brain, where apparently units gifted with highest intelligence gather, that we first discover evidence of creative power, exercised outside the form. Intelligence, whether centered in ganglia or elsewhere, repairs injuries, and adapts itself with wondrous skill to changed conditions. But like citizens in a state, its first care is to its own units and their specialty. It will "row, brothers, row," and "pull all together" to develop a cancer as readily as to round out the form of a growing child.

All internal organs must either accept or reject whatever comes their way. They cannot go to market for themselves. That is the duty of the government, which is centered in the brain. And the very first responsibility of the units centered in that organ is to select, choose and provide for the form as a whole such nutriment as its various parts require, and can assimilate. Which has like citizens in a state, its first care is to its own units and their specialty. It will "row, brothers, row," and "pull all together" to develop a cancer as readily as to round out the form of a growing child.

tainly as the molecules everywhere around him. He can neglect nothing demanded by any other annual form, and is subject to all the rules or laws by which inhabitants maintain or preserve their form. So far Homo is merely the animal. At this point his brain units become inspired with that activity of intelligence termed "self-consciousness," and are ready to turn their creative attention to the outside relations of their form. Just as no social compact, can intellectually advance until labor has been accumulated and stored as wealth, so Homo of the brain demands, before he can advance, that every organ shall do its work in its own way, without demanding of him more than a general supervision. Such performance of duty is called "instinctive," but it is simply the intelligent action of blended units who know what to do, and how to do it, and need no spur to hold them to their work. So the brain is now at leisure to take an outlook, and experiment with its own powers.

Although each of Homo's five senses remain less sensitive than those of many other animals, they still work without supervision of the brain.

These various senses are not merely outlets whereby Homo contacts his surroundings, but they are also inlets whereby those surroundings express themselves to his intelligence. Everything is in action. The material form is first claimed to be but one manifestation of the universal substance. It is assumed that innumerable whirls in the ether are specks of energy that are each an atom, or unit of Cosmos. This assumption is accepted by most scientists because it offers a reasonable explanation of what may be termed the "etheric" or "astral" light. It is assumed that through such units we take as the basis of our philosophy.

At this point we would note, although not exactly needed at this stage of our investigation, that the student finds the scientist silent when he is asked what first started him to study "astral light"? The scientist seems to the writer to offer no real difficulty. If each unit be composed of intelligence and energy, as well as of this universal substance or ether, then all alike are universal. All alike manifest by activity. Intelligence is not intelligence except by virtue of its activity. Its activity is a manifestation of its energy. Without movement there is no energy. So we would maintain and assume that the universal substance is itself composed of units in eternal unceasing motion. The whirl, called a centre of force, is itself also a centre of intelligence and substance, for they cannot be separated. One rate of movement is as easily altered as the other, it can be liquid or solid. We trace it out from this starting point to the Roentgen ray, and perhaps a little beyond, which is the present limit of physical science. But our sense limit does not imply that vibration has ceased. We know that it is at work, although we cannot see it. It is at work within and without our sense limit. In other words, movement is going on everywhere as vibrations unnoted by Homo. Since energy is expressed only by motion, the writer assumes that whirling must be the constitution of the entire Cosmos. Yet further, if it be that no two things are exactly alike in their proportions either of intelligence, energy or substance, it is only when those with certain proportions of energy blend that Homo can recognize them. Those differently proportioned are outside his limit, but they are vibrating all the same in their wondrous and eternal play of eternal midlets, playing in the eternal sunset of an eternal summer's

day. So to the writer these scientific points of force do not stand as marvelous creations out of an inactive whole, but simply as expressions of a universal activity at certain rates of vibration which Homo can recognize. In other words, if the world be assumed, there need be no dark problem as to the origin of its movement, since, in simple fact, its eternal energy was necessarily always active. Returning to Homo as a blending of units into human form, we find him, like the midlets, playing in Cosmos, in conscious relation with all he can sense, and in unconscious relation with everything else. We know that blended units must have more intelligence, energy and substance than any single unit. They must also have more consciousness, and with their united power they both cognize and impress themselves on their surroundings. We have now to notice a most remarkable effect produced by this united self-expression.

Self expression extends far beyond the limits of the form we sense in our daily life. Recent experiments in France, corroborating previous ones in America, have demonstrated the actual existence of an exterior sensibility, that certainly has never been included in the scientific study of anatomy and physics. When motions of pinching and pricking were made in the air, several inches from the blindfolded sensitive, her form instantly responded, let us learn the lesson. The scientist, with his spectroscopic, is analyzing the aura of the sun. For thousands of miles the sun's form is in actual existence beyond its more solid globe, whose diameter he could express in feet, inches and miles. Suppose we call it atmosphere, we know it is an expression of the sun's own life force. Of course if with which are well acquainted, are at home in that blazing center of our system. We find no line at which they cease. Like our earth atmosphere or aura, they extend till mortal sense and instrument become silent. In other words, the sun's aura extends to earth, and the aura of the earth extends to the sun. When we extend this thought, we perceive that the fact of a human aura is to be scientifically expected, and should cause no astonishment.

Another step enables us to assert that what we mark as a limit to any form is an illusion of our earth-bound senses. Of course if we stub our form to against a form brick, there is a collision, with consequences that do not usually follow a sudden blending of mere auras. The accidents of life are supposed to be limited to form. Public sympathy is aroused and hospitals are founded to help sufferers whose forms collide with form. Our education is with microscope are insisting that our physical woes are due to the presence of invading forms they can see and measure.

The Society for Psychical Research has piled up evidence that the agony of form, in some hour of suffering or peril, finds expression in the aura, which is reached to and blended with the aura of a sympathetic but distant friend or loved one. That pinching and pricking of sensitives at a few inches from their forms is but an almost laughable attempt to prove, by a laboratory experiment, this universal physical fact. Physics may grow very feeble when they reach into aura, but they are in presence of matter all the same. And matter is composed of blended units, with every unit an uncreated selfhood.

The importance of such explorations of refined facts is seen when we commence to study the powers of mortal man, outside and beyond the limit of his mortal sense. The everyday experience of those who experience

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILLEA.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The young man took the canteen and started toward the high land; filling it from the well he retraced his footsteps. The fire was already blazing brightly and the coffee-kettle was soon steaming. The fisherman prepared a good sized fish, and soon had it broiling over the coals; then, taking from the boat a can of baked beans, a lot of hardtack, a loaf of brown bread and some butter, he spread the whole on a piece of tarpaulin, which he placed on the sands. Taking a couple of large tin cups from the boat, he poured out the steaming coffee and invited the young man to partake.

"Ye'll be hungry enough 'fore yer git through," he remarked, "so yer better trace up," and they proceeded "to brace up."

Hot coffee was not amiss this cold night; the broiled fish was delicious; the baked beans and brown bread had been heated over the fire and were very nourishing. The fisherman heaped the fire with dry sea-weed, drift-wood and sticks, until it blazed high and when they had finished their meal, both were in a glow of warmth and comfort.

The stars were glittering in splendor; some of them looking large and bright like small moons. One, in particular, glinted alternately, blue, red and green. The young man had never observed this before in any other land.

"That star takes on all the colors of the rainbow," he remarked. "It must be owing to the clearness of this southern atmosphere."

"That star? Well, now yer hev mentioned it, I'll tell yer, we fishers call it Joseph, or, ole Jo, for short."

"Joseph?" said the youth, interrogatively. "Why Joseph?"

"Well, yer see as how it changes its color so often, we call it Joseph's coat of many colors, or, jest ole Jo, for short."

The young traveler smiled. The idea was rather poetical than otherwise.

"Now, pard," said the fisherman, "take this ere ole oil can, an' put it on hind side afore, like ole Grimes, an' let's git ter work. See! I'll button it all down behind, instid of afore, ter keep them clo'es o' yorn clean. Turn up yer shirt-tails, jest this 'ere way, an' cover up them wedge toed shoes an' duds trousers, o' yorn, with this 'ere piece of tarpaulin, an' yer all right for a job of a couple of hours or so. Yer don't think yer'll git locked out, dew yer? Yer didn't say as whar yer was a stoppin'."

"I have not yet secured a place for the night."

A tremor of sadness crept into his voice, although he had made an effort to speak nonchalantly.

"Jerusalem-Jewhiteker! Why didn't yer tell me that afore? Why, young feller, yer can't git in anywhere now. Everybody's shut up an' gone ter bed long afore this 'cept, perhaps, the hotel. Dew yer think o' goin' ter the hotel?"

"No."

"Whar, then?"

"If I work for you until midnight, can you not accommodate me for the remainder of the night? Where do you sleep? Is your home near here?"

thieves an' ravenin' wolves? No, no. Molly an' me air never separated. She's my wife, Molly is. She's my home, Molly is. She's my sweetheart, Molly is, an' she supports me, Molly does. I tell yer, young man, that thar beat's a treasure, an' if I couldn't git another like her, a million wouldn't buy her. She's a Rockefeller ter me, yew bet! Air yer intendin' ter stay round these parts, young feller?"

"I had not thought of so doing. The city of Los Angeles is my destination."

"Wall, a man can't go a fishin' in Los Angeles, else, perhaps, I might go thar. But my fish find ther way thar, yew bet! Some o' these very yaller-tails will be eat thar, by the Los Angeles angels."

"Were you ever in the city?" asked the young man.

"Bet yer life!"

"Is it a place where one might hope to prosper?"

"Wall, now yer hev got me. I couldn't prosper thar, sure. If yer've got plenty o' money, perhaps yer might. Don't know 'bout its bein' a very good place for a poor man. What kind o' business yer goin' into?"

"Well, that is uncertain."

"What kind o' business hev yer ben inter in ther past? An' whar did yer cum from?"

"My home was in London until two years ago, when my mother died, leaving me alone in the world. I then went to South Africa, and from there to Hong Kong, then to India, from there I have arrived here."

"Wall, yer hev ben all around robinhood's barn, an' no mistake. What'd yer expect ter find out thar in Afrika among the nigger coons?"

"Oh, I was not among the Negroes. There are towns and cities in South Africa, settled entirely by white people. I did not feel contented there, however, and so went to China. But there I was restless, then went to India. While there I could think of nothing but America, and here I am."

"Wall, yer must hev spent a fortin, travelin' round arter that way?"

"No; my mother was in poverty, and when she died, nothing was left me but a solitary mill, which she had put into my stocking when a little lad, as one of a number of Christmas presents; and, for a long time thereafter, I thought the gifts were from Santa Claus."

"Wall, how'd yer git yer money ter travel around so much?"

"I went to South Africa in the position of gentleman's valet. My services were not required after we arrived there. I then shipped to Hong Kong, as captain's private steward and bodyguard; but not caring to follow the sea, I went to India, paying my own passage, which took about all the money I had; but I did not care for a life among the Hindoos, and took a place, as table-waiter, on board a steamer which would connect with a Pacific liner; then, once more I took the position of waiter. The ship put in for repairs at Honolulu, and some months would elapse before she could again be fit for sea service. I took passage on a sailing vessel for San Francisco. She was wrecked, but the crew and one or two who had taken passage, were saved. All our baggage being lost we were sent to San Francisco, but were there advised to go to Los Angeles where the climate was mild and the chances for a poor man better. My passage to this port, was secured to me by the 'Life Saving Company' for those who are wrecked at sea."

"I landed here at five o'clock, and the mill, which my mother gave me, is all the money I have in the world."

CHAPTER III.

"OLE KISTER."

"Wall, now pard, yer wuss off nor I am, far all yer look so much like a duds. Say, now, young feller, whar's yer name?"

"My name is Mark Chester. Will you not oblige me with your name?"

"Wall, they call me, around here, Molly Kister—ole Molly—ole kisser; but occasionally a lady will call me Mr. Nathaniel Kester, an' as ye boy ben so kind as ter tell me all about yerself, I'll spin ye my yarn. I cum from Yarmouth, I did, way back in New England."

"Wall, I was thar summat o' a fisherman, but I wanted ter cum ter California an' git gold. I onct hed a sweet-hart back in Yarmouth, but she died an' that made me kinder rovin' yer see. Yer say as how ye hev got but one mill; wall, I hed nary a red when I landed here at Rehoboth. How's I ter git ter them thar mountains? 'Twas in ther mornin' when I hauled off ther boat, the Corony, hardly daylight, an' 'twant in ther winter, like 'tis now, an' I walked 'long up ther wharf af' ther turned outer ther beach an' went an' sot right down on ther thar same beach as yer sot on when I fust seed yer, an' I axed a feller, as cum down thar ter fish, whar them thar gold mines was, an' he tolled me they was two hunderd miles away, off up toward the north."

"Jerusalem-Jerico! How was I ter git two hunderd miles without a cent o' cash an' nothin' ter eat? Oh go by! I don't want nothin' on yer," and Mr. Kester waved his hands toward the north repudiatingly. "Go by! What do I want o' gold mines when ther thar pond lies afore me? Thar's summat ter eat in ther thar water, an' ther thar ole well up thar 'll give me summat ter drink. I tell yer young feller ther thar sea hed more charms fur me then all the gold mines in California, an' how I cum ter ever hev ther gold fever, is a question ther I can't ans'er."

"Air yer troubled ther way much, young feller? e'a'n-a-most all the men-about here hev ther fever bad, be-times."

"Well," answered Mark, "I do not think I should care to work in the mines: It would be rather a good thing, though, to own a large share in a very rich mine."

"Wall, thar air plenty o' them ter sell, of ye hev ther chink, but a mill won't buy um, my boy. Wall, as I was a sayin', I sot on ther thar bench, an' ther thar man went lazily down toward the water, an' I yelled arter him: 'Look yer here, pardner! Goin' a fishin'?'"

"'Yew bet!' he yelled back."

"'Say!' an' he whirled hisself around an' looked at me."

"'I say, pardner: Can yer lend a hand ter day?'"

"'I jumped up an' yelled back: 'Yew bet I kin.'"

"'Cum on then!' an' ther settled it fur me. I went with him in his boat, an' we jest hauled in them yaller-tails all day long, an' here I hev ben ever since. Yer see, I got along purty well, consid'rin' as how I hed nary a red. Twus three year ago lar sum'er sence I cum. I shad' fur awhile with ther feller as owned ther boat, an' at las' I tuck a fancy ter Molly, here, an' made love ter her right away. She was a restin' high an' dry on the sands when I fust seed her. Ther man as owned her wanted ter go to Alaska, hed mis-used her I reckon, for she was rather shaky, weak in the joints, an' not a bit o' paint on her barst cheeks; but I gin him fifty dollars fur her; all ther money I culd spare then, an' Molly blong'd ter me. Wall, yer bet I hed her jerk'd up in short order, jints made stiff, bottom an' sides well corked up, an' then I gin her all ther paint she wanted, an' she's ther bestest fishin' smack on this 'ere shore. She hev ar'd me a'ready nigh on ter a thousan' dollar an' five hundurd o' ther is snug an' taut. Now, ther's my story, boy, ther is, ther most on it."

"And so, Mr. Kester, you have never married? Are there no nice young ladies around here that you remain single?"

"Yung leddis? An' of what use wuld a yung leddy be ter me—ole Kister? Yes; thar air yung leddis here, by ther score, but when yer talk 'bout gals, yer hev me on ther hip; thar air yung leddis, but nary a gal. When ole Kister marries, he wants a gal, not a yung leddy; an' I hev sworn a vow, that I'll never marry a gal ther's not like what Molly was; ther was ther name of my dead sweetheart, yer know."

"Molly she culd go in a boat an' fish all day with ther best man in all Yarmouth, an' beat him every time. She culd paddle aroun' on shore all day, barefoot, an' never catch cold, an' when night set in, black an' stormy, as it mostly do' in Yarmouth, in winter, she culd make a little home look bright an' comfortable fur her ole-dad, fry ther fish an' make ther teaklike sing. Ther's ther kind o' gal I want. None o' yer leddis fur me. But I am content, yung feller. Molly might be jesus if I shud put another in ther place she hed made up her mind ter fill."

"I understand by this, Mr. Kester, that you think your old sweetheart, Molly, knows all about you at the present time."

"Thar's summat as hangs on ther," replied Mr. Nathaniel Kester. "I didn't so think, but I'm blowed if I don't think so now. Listen, yung feller. When I go out on ther thar Pacific in ther mornin' an' she's smilin' an' sweet as a baby an' I git ther arnest at ther catchin' in o' them yaller-tail beauties, so as ter forgit all about ther signs o' ther wether, presently I hear Molly speakin' ter me soft like. 'Nathan,' she says, 'look up, Nathan,' an' I look up, an' ther sky 's got black'ern thunder. 'Hurry, Nathan,' she says agin; an' I hurry, yew bet; an' jist git in afore ther storm breaks. Yung feller, she hev saved me from bein' wrecked many a time."

"I always smoke jist afore I turn in, an' no other time, an' when ther fish is all taken care on, an' I gits out my ole pipe—an' ther reminds me as how she used ter fill it fur me with her purty fingers, her ole duds an' mine, ther we might hev a sociable smoke jest afore I went hum, fur I spent ther best o' my evenin's thar with her dad an' hur—it allers seems as ef I culd see her fingers pressin' down ther terbacker, an' then I sot an' smoke fur awhile, an' then it is ther I feel sett arms about my neck, an' a cool breath on my cheek, an' as I take ther last wiff, an' lay ther pipe down, blessed ef I don't feel her sweet lips pressed ter mine, an' like as though I huld a voice, an' it says, 'Cheer up, Nathan—cheer up my man; it is I, Molly, an' no mistake. Yew'd not best git another gal, an' then I'll stay by yer, an' be a careful an' lovin' wife ter yer, 'til yer cum here too.' An' onct or twice I saw her as plain as I am lookin' at yer now."

Mr. Kester's eyes, which were, by the way, very fine and large, were glowing softly in the moonlight and his bronzed face became radiant. He sighed gently as he took the last fish from the boat.

"Wall," he said, "we hev got um purty nigh all cleaned, an' it's only half-past seven. Ye hev got plenty o' time, yung feller, an' yer jist go right up thar ter ther thar gran' hotel an' stay fur ther rest o' ther night. Here's a dollar an' a half fur ther work ye hev done fur me. Yer'll git a decent room, bed, an' breakfast fur a dollar, ef yer tell um ole Kister sent ye. I'm frald yer'll hev ter pay a dollar an' a half ef yer don't. Ther favor me, yer see, an' them as works fur me, an' they buys plenty o' yaller-tails o' me, likewise."

Mr. Kester laid down his last fish; the fire was burning dimly, and the cold was becoming unendurable.

"I can't make yer comfortable in ther boat," said Nathan, "or yer might save ther dollar. Thar's no one place in it whar a man kin sleep, an' thar's whar I sleep. Yer kin take a peek later it ef yer like."

(To be continued.)

with psychometry is direct proof of this out-reaching of form beyond the lines we see and handle. Smell, sight, hearing, deal with aura, for they are always an out-reaching of centre into circumference. But far beyond such an expression is the power inhering in another human faculty called "psychometry" by its discoverer, J. Rodde Buchanan. It is dealing with what Professor Denton calls "The Soul of Things," and should be made a matter of individual study, or of experiment in the family gathering. When this satisfactorily demonstrated, it will not remain the hidden mystery claimed for it by those who delight to ramble into the occult, and call it a scientific exploration. It is always aura blending with aura, and demonstrating that every form out-reaches its visible limitation.

Here is some member of the little home circle who thus out-reaches further than the student of this faculty. A letter written, mayhap a score of years ago, is placed in his (her) hand, held on his forehead, or, if he be sufficiently sensitive, placed on a table by his side. A lock of hair, a locket or ring; better still for him is a photograph, unseen and placed face downward in his hand; each and all tell a tale of character, and sometimes of incidents in a life history. The sensitive is always more out-reaching in some one direction than in others, so it may be that, as in Denton's experiment with a speck of lava, the record may sometimes be of an era when the earth was far less developed than in our own times. Many a sensitive perceives physical conditions almost regardless of distance, as well as of time. And when the scientific investigator shall have learned how to eliminate "suggestion," which is now the misleading factor, he will find a valuable ally in this faculty, possessed today in workable proportion by five per cent. of our population, and normal to all the rest.

It is well for us, at this point, to ask ourselves if we now measurably understand the process by which "suggestion" becomes an effective reality. Surely we may realize that it is an effect produced by intelligence, acting through aura, upon another intelligence. The recipient must, however, have a sensibility to such impressed vibrations as will enable it to catch and record them by its sense outlets. As the sun expresses its inner life to the eye of the spectroscopist 50 millions of miles away; as the speck from earth depths will tell the tale of its experience and surroundings, perhaps of a million years ago, to the human spectroscopist of today by aura blending with aura, so next door neighbors, only a few hundred or thousand miles apart, bleed their out-reaching auras. Usually but one of the twain can tell the tale, or express the result through mortal sense. But the experiment becomes a wondrous revelation of the truth that Nature has no secret from those who can listen to her gossip. The son may be in danger in America, and the father in England, who hears in England his unconscious cry of agony, echoing almost from pole to pole, and tells her husband their boy is dead. She misinterprets the cry, for the lad escapes; but her aura and that of her child were blending, or the cry would not have echoed down to mortal sense in mortal form.

The records of the S. P. R. offer a student attested cases in abundance. They are usually interpreted as "telepathic," by which is meant mind out-reaching to mind in a wondrous flash, and finding an abnormal sense outlet and inlet, another way. But if aura touches and blends with aura, almost to the limit of imagination, there is nothing abnormal in the experience save our ignorance of a fact in nature, which we might call "the true size of man." The telescope, the microscope, the spectroscopic outreach or inreach from form to form regardless of distance, and would yet be useless to the blind. In mid-darkness, when auras blend, sensations flash, and are interpreted by the particular sense which may happen to be on duty. Perhaps the eye calls it "form," and sees it by a light that "never was on land or sea." Perhaps the ear receives it as sound, and interprets the echo, which forthwith is embedded in the records of the S. P. R.

Ignorance calls such experiences "abnormal," and being terrified becomes an unreliable reporter. Science would analyze the vibration, and trace it to its source. But her spectroscopic is useless in the dark. Flowers may be produced by the action of the passing form. The taxidermist places form on record in our museums. But the midnight vision—the voice that is unheard—the impression in the hour of silence are each vibration of aura. They are spectra of human lives recorded in number. So many vibrations per second, and we have an element of repetition; a long forgotten form, or the re-creation of a thought.

If form be the vibration of particles singly invisible and intangible to mortal sense, aura is but their attenuation. They are still messengers, recording by number every passing event. Theirs is the way. It is not vibration that tells the tale at noon, and some wondrous mystery that is recorded for the midnight hour. Nature's law is universal, and her auras that blend are out-reaching almost beyond imagination. But her book-keeping is the same. Count the pulsations and you know the temperature. Record the vibrations and you find embedded the fact of a thousand or a million years ago. The event of yesterday gives no clearer tone to the listening ear than the incident of the long ago. Just count the vibrations in the aura, interpret the numbers, and the problem is solved.

The sensitive is mystic because her numbers have been uncounted. She brings us facts. How did she get them? Her sense aura recorded the vibration and made a more or less plausible interpretation. The obstacles in her way, the causes of her very limited accuracy, and the problem is solved. The sensitive is mystic because her numbers have been uncounted. She brings us facts. How did she get them? Her sense aura recorded the vibration and made a more or less plausible interpretation. The obstacles in her way, the causes of her very limited accuracy, and the problem is solved.

CHAPTER VI.

Suggestive Vibrations.

The discovery that no vital fluid passes from form to form during mesmeric and hypnotic experiments does not in any way lessen the mystery. If the effect be called "suggestive," we may well ask for a definition and an explanation. There can be no effect without a cause, and by calling the cause "suggestion," we merely recognize that something actually passes from operator to patient. But the "medium" remains the same, explained as when it was called "vital fluid," and supposed to be communicated by passes, or distributed around as in the days of the apostles. It is becoming fashionable to call it "absent treatment," and talk much of "sitting in the silence" for the development of the power. We are assured by assurance that the operator did nothing but suggest, and the patient did the rest. But such an assertion does not even sugarcoat the mystery. If suggestion can produce an effect it is a positive force, as much as electricity, and passes from one terminus to another. So much is obvious to the student at a glance.

Here is a pill of usual size, prescribed by a learned physician, and duly swallowed. The patient becomes very unhappy, and not at all

improved. The pill was fascinating, but scientific; still the sufferer bemoaned his fate. He was examined and tested for microbes; he was with culture; started with batteries; doused with medicine; yet is as much as usual as ever. Such is the occasional experience of every physician in active practice. He can do no more. At this point, and when the case is apparently hopeless, comes "suggestion." And sometimes the patient recovers. Suggestion is evidently as much of a personality as the learned but unsuccessful physician. It may not feel of the pulse, note the temperature, and write a prescription, but it does something for the patient gets well. It is proposed to weld "suggestive therapeutics" into a science, or at least into a branch of the present medical culture, so, once again, we ask for some definition, some explanation of this wonderful suggestion, which seems to be offering itself as chief magician to the 20th century.

San Leandro, Cal.
(To be continued.)

Pan-American Visitors

can secure choice rooms in advance by addressing O. Hagos, D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Temple Heights, Me.

The Temple Heights Spiritual Corporation will hold its nineteenth annual session at Temple Heights, Northport, Me., commencing August 17, and closing August 25.

PROGRAM.

August 17—Social meeting; address by C. Fannie Allen. 18—Addresses by Nettie Holt Harding and C. Fannie Allen; 19—C. Fannie Allen, Harrison D. Barrett; 20—Social meeting; address by C. Fannie Allen; 21—G. A. R. Day, social meeting and informal program with special entertainment accorded to "Old Soldiers," address by Harrison D. Barrett; 22—Edgar W. Emerson, Harrison D. Barrett; 23—State Association Meeting, address by State President A. H. Blackington, Harrison D. Barrett; 24—Social meeting, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, Edgar W. Emerson and others; 25—Social meeting, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, Harrison D. Barrett. Tests will be given each day from the platform by father Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding or Edgar W. Emerson.

A Dollar's Worth.

The question that most interests the consumer of paints is: How much will a dollar cover and how long will it last? To him gallons of material, square feet of surface and discussions as to processes of manufacture are generally confusing rather than helpful; but when he is told a dollar's worth of this paint will cover one-half more surface than a dollar's worth of that, and this paint will wear twice as long as that, he recognizes it as a business proposition.

Speaking on the "dollar" basis, then, it has been demonstrated that a paint composed of not less than two-thirds zinc white and one-third other pigment (white lead, for example), with no additions but pure linseed oil and drier, will cover fully one-half more surface than straight lead and oil, and that it will wear at least half again as long. In other words, a dollar invested in such paint will give fully twice the return that the same money invested in any other form of paint would give.

This calculation applies only to a strictly pure zinc white and oil combination paste paint, and excludes all the cheap emulsion and similar compounds upon the market. The latter spread well and are apparently very economical, but are deficient in wearing qualities.

Paint is, as I have before pointed out, the cheapest item of expense to which the property owner is put, because, though it costs comparatively little, it saves a great deal in preserving more valuable materials from decay. Everybody that is capable of figuring profit and loss nowadays uses paint, and no one ever lost money by using good paint. In short, it is the surest and most successful way to be liberal with paint, and the improvident and unsuccessful who save at the spigot of paint and waste at the bung-hole of lumber.

Verona Park.

The camp meeting at Verona Park opened Sunday, July 23. It was a rainy day, so that none were present save the campers on the ground and the boarders at the hotel. Three successful and interesting meetings were held during the day, the speakers being A. F. Smith of Bangor, F. W. Smith of Rockland, and Ella P. Hewes of Carmel. In addition to extemporaneous speaking Mrs. Hewes gave many fine tests of an unmistakable and satisfactory character. She has greatly improved in her mediumship and is a great favorite with all upon the grounds. Visitors are delighted with the new hotel and its excellent management, as well as with the beautiful scenery, the good speaking and the prevailing harmony. J. S. Scott of Portland, Sunday, Aug. 4. B. F. Austin of Toronto will speak Aug. 11, and H. D. Barrett Aug. 18. Meetings are also held during the week and literary entertainments given. Large audiences are present on pleasant Sundays.

F. W. Smith, Sec'y.

For Over Fifty Years.

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

Onset Wigwam.

At a special meeting of the Onset Wigwam Co-Workers, held July 10, 1901, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the all wise ruler of the universe to remove from our midst our beloved sister and co-worker, Mrs. Susan Hodgkins, therefore

Resolved, That while we submit with deep regret to the loss of our beloved sister, we feel that our loss is her gain and that while we miss her material presence here, we know that her spirit will often hover round us, a benediction of love and peace.

Resolved, That we tender to those in earth life who were near and dear to her our heartfelt love and sympathy, in the light of their affliction, and pray that the angel world will ever bless and comfort them.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of this society, and sent to the friends of the arisen one, and to the Banner of Light and Warehouse Times for publication.

Signed,
C. D. Fuller,
M. C. Weston, President,
Mrs. M. O. Whitwell, Committee,
Mrs. Fannie Bruce,
Mrs. S. A. Bryant.

At a special meeting of the Onset Wigwam Co-Workers the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, In view of the loss we have sustained by the higher birth of our beloved associate and brother, Charles S. Wilder, and the still greater loss of the material presence to the dear wife left in the earth plane, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of our brother, who loved and loved to say that we regret his removal from our midst; we are indeed saddened by his loss, and by the just laws of nature, for he was in all things worthy of our love and esteem.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with his family and friends, but know they will have the love and watchful care of the angels who are ever ready to comfort in the hour of need.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathy and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife. Also that a copy be sent to the Banner of Light and Warehouse Times for publication.

Angels be and abide with those he loved, as their souls require.

Signed,
C. D. Fuller,
Mrs. M. O. Weston,
Mrs. S. M. Whitwell, Committee,
Mrs. Fannie Bruce,
Mrs. S. A. Bryant.

For Impaired Vitality.

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Half a teaspoon in half a glass of water, when exhausted, depressed or weary from overwork, worry or insomnia, nourishes, strengthens and imparts new life and vigor.

A Happy Occasion.

August 1st marked the seventy-seventh anniversary of the birth of the late Mr. Joseph Carr, for nearly or quite a half century a resident of historic Charlestown, Mass., and its immediate vicinity. He commemorated the event by receiving his friends between the hours of four and six p. m., at the pleasant home of Mrs. Clem. 25 Prescott street, where his wife passed to spirit-life some eighteen years since, and where he now resides.

The occasion was celebrated by music, and after singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the company, led by the host's daughter, Miss Gertrude Carr, Mrs. N. J. Willis, under spirit control, added the congratulations of the spirit friends present to those of the friends in the mortal. She spoke earnestly and impressively of the great truth of Spiritualism, its enduring character, the happiness it bestows, and the solace it brings to lonely, bereaved hearts, as instanced in the career of the host, who has always proven himself brave and outspoken in his championship of the Cause, and whose upright, blameless life is an example to all. Miss Lucy Barnicot, also under control, followed with words of comfort and cheer, delivering impromptu a beautiful poem appropriate to the time and place.

Refreshments were served, and with hearty good wishes to the genial host for many happy returns of the day, the company departed, carrying with them pleasant remembrances of a more than ordinarily enjoyable occasion.

I. L. S.

An excellent cabinet photo, of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 35 cents.

Onset.

Sunday, July 23, a good sized audience was present to listen to the band concert. Mr. Maxham opened the morning meeting with vocal selections. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine read a poem and took for the text her own words, "The Hope of the World."

She said in part: "Spiritualism is a hope of the world because it is a natural religion and will reach every avenue in life. It brings us in touch with everything and everything. I do not believe that true Spiritualists would ever have stuffed birds upon their mantels, or had the real Spiritualism it would make us think of the poor working people in the shops. When we see so many cheap things in the stores, do we ever wonder how many lives are woven into the goods? Spiritualism is good for us in this life, it will come when the mink seeking office at the front door of the capital and the man seeking charity at the back door will be on an equal footing. I believe that women should take part in the affairs of the nation. If we could have selfishness crowded out we would have a better government. I believe the time will come when the mink seeking office at the front door of the capital and the man seeking charity at the back door will be on an equal footing. 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Lily Dale, N. Y.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

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Marguerite C. Barrett, Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett, Assistant Editor.

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The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot undertake to return for
its money any advertisement which is not accepted, and
which it is not possible to insert in the proper place.
We regret our advertising columns, they are at once interrupted.
When payment is not made promptly in cash they are
inserted in our editorial column, where they have proved
to be of the greatest value to our readers.

Mediumship.

So much has been written upon this subject that further discussion seems to be superfluous. This would be true, were it not for the fact that the vast majority of the people of earth, not excepting the Spiritualists themselves, fail to appreciate what mediumship really is, and know nothing of its true mission. It is not a gift peculiar to a few specially favored individuals, but is rather the property of every mortal dwelling in the form of clay. Like unused muscles that have become weak and flabby by lack of proper exercise, this principle of mediumship has become so dormant in man's nature, that the rank and file of the race now deny its existence. Its development has resulted in revealing to man his psychic self, and has shown that there is no death for that self. If mediumship were to be cultivated as man cultivates his mental faculties, or his muscles, it would place him in possession of his own soul, and enable him to see that the soul-man is the real man.

Life, in acting upon so-called matter, uses mediumship in all things. It has the material form of the flower as one of its mediums to express beauty—the rainbow to express the glories of color—the tree to denote its power to form solids—the grasses, shrubs, grains, and all other material phenomena are but mediumship, required by Life to manifest itself. In the world of mental action where man dwells, mediumship is also required for the purpose of manifesting the powers of the mind. It is the voice of the soul, speaking to kindred souls, that it may convey instruction of a spiritual nature to those who are in need. He who is consciously in possession of this natural faculty is or can be a benefactor to his race. His power is in nowise supernatural, but is only such as may be possessed by all men, when they seek to develop it aright. It uses physical organisms to express itself, it is true, but those organisms are simply following and obeying a natural law in thus acting. If mortals but knew themselves, harmonious, well-balanced offspring would be evolved in whom the psychic sense would predominate.

Mediumship would then be a synonym for moral action, as well as the repetition of the characteristics of the exoteric influences. The psychic forces could then approach the earth through those who were morally balanced in thought, and well poised in physical power. Sensuality of all kinds, hideous tendencies, coarseness of speech, and other forms of misapplied energy would disappear, and mediumship would appear as it really is—the voice of the soul calling the children of men to higher and truer thinking, as well as

to nobler and better living. These ideals are lost to sight in the present day world of events, and the commercial spirit has swallowed up the purer aspirations of many of those who ought to be the angels' truest helpers. The Spiritualism of the soul, rightly applied, will put all men into possession of this new latent power, and make all of the children of earth mediums for the expression of soul wisdom and psychic truth. Then the "black crows" whose raven voices now turn so many away from the paths that lead to the centres of spiritual truth, will become the heavenly nightingales, whose sweet music will drown all discordant sounds, and give to all the melodies of comfort that they so sadly need. By protecting this faculty from the storms of material things, it will gain in strength until it rules the entire being of man. Honor be to that mediumship, that, born of the truth, leads its possessors Godward by the soft, sweet voice of the soul, and places man in possession of his real self. All human beings can be mediums of this kind, if they will but develop their own psychic powers.

The Great Conflict

between Capital and Labor is now on in earnest, and is said to be assuming alarming proportions. Here is a case where the great statesmanship of the Labor leaders has been demonstrated, and their absolute fairness has placed the Capitalists in a most pitiful light before all fair-minded men. President Shaeffer of the Labor Union desired to arbitrate the points at issue, but the Trust magnates declare there is nothing to arbitrate, and steadfastly refuse to do the workmen justice. Capital is firmly entrenched behind the ramparts of its great wealth, while Labor has only its hands, and the mites contributed by its toilers with which to carry on its struggle for the right. It is highly probable that Morgan, Rockefeller, and their associates will win the fight in the end, for they have the means whereby they can prolong the contest. Rockefeller is now reported to be a billionaire, hence has greater power even than the ruler of any State in the Union. His wealth alone could not be exhausted in a contest against Labor of the character of the present Steel Strike. It is to be hoped that this contest will be settled without bloodshed. The laboring men have thus far shown a conciliatory spirit and have conducted themselves so well in respect to their opponents that they have won the hearty respect of all fair-minded people. The course followed by their adversaries has been far different in spirit. Selfishness is behind them, and they can only see their own interests in the case. We would not do the Capitalists any injustice, for we feel that the interests of the two contestants are identical, but we do desire to see justice done to both.

Spiritualistic Work.

The work of Spiritualism comprises far more than an acknowledgment of a belief in spirit communion, and an occasional visit to a medium. It rather consists in a more correct life, truer, purer and clearer thinking, as well as unselfish devotion to the good of others. He who aids another for the sake of a possible return in dollars and cents is far from being a philanthropist—he is an embryo millionaire of the Russell Sage type. He who willingly renders another a service without regard to money, is a benefactor to his kind. Many persons imagine that their duty is done to the Cause when they pay a ten-cent admission fee at the door, or induce a half-dozen investigators to come out to the meetings. Some who, while in the Church, got into the habit of buying their way to heaven by means of their contributions, have sought to escape all responsibility in Spiritualism, and refuse to give anything whatever to aid their new religion. Others, even when abundantly able to give large sums, refrain from doing so from a sense of fear that their money would be misapplied, while others still give generously, and feel that they have no further duty in the case.

The man who gives nothing at all, and the one who gives liberally, yet does no work, are equally reprehensible. They are the true Spiritualists who put heart, soul and money into their religion. In the Church, giving is a pleasurable duty to nearly all of the members, for it makes them feel that they have something to do and are parts of the institution they support. It is, or should be, the same in Spiritualism. When men take a monetary interest only, they become careless as to the choice of leaders, and indifferent to the talent selected for the platform. The real workers want to know the educational standing of the people employed, and are greatly concerned as to making the movement a spiritual and financial success. Work is always necessary to keep up an interest in Spiritualism itself, and a little effort to make the members acquainted one with another is a source of strength to the society. Nothing is ever lost by being courteous and considerate of others. Societies need much of it on the part of their members both toward one another and toward the strangers that come within their gates.

But there is another important factor in connection with the propagandism of Spiritualism. It enters the field of educational effort, and takes people to the site upon which the temple of the soul is to be constructed. There needs must come a spiritual teacher in every community where Spiritualists dwell. That teacher should be highly endowed with spirituality, as well as have a complete knowledge of the sciences, and well grounded in the philosophies of all ages. The time has come for the advent of a teacher of that character. The day of dreaming is over, and the wonders seen in dreamland, and wrought out in modified forms in objective phenomena, should now be utilized for the instruction of the world. Spiritualists should all become students, and students can always work to better advantage when they have a regular teacher. It therefore follows that there should be regularly settled spiritual teachers in every city, town and hamlet in the land.

They should be able to explain the phenomena, and induce the people to use them as spiritual helps, rather than as the playthings of the hour. Phenomena should be consecrated to spiritual truth—not made the sport of the curious and unthinking.

In order to make them what they should be, the work of Spiritualism should be broadened. The home circle should be re-established, and spiritual laboratories provided in which the truths of psychism could be properly demonstrated. Our work needs cultured and spiritually illumined teachers, and a demand for them on the part of the Spiritualists, will surely lead to the coming of the proper supply. Unless this call is made, our propagandism will be carried on in classes under the tuition of competent teachers, and our public work will disappear. Which shall it be, Spiritualist, the class room for the few, or the broad arena for all? We prefer the latter, and are therefore desirous of seeing the work of Spiritualism extended into fields that sadly need cultivation. We have neglected the practical side of the spiritual work, and have wasted too much energy in destroying imaginary gods, and orthodox superstitions. Let us now lay aside our indifference, and declare that popular ignorance shall no longer control our emotions. Let us make our work educationally constructive, and show the world by our instructions, built into our own lives, that Spiritualism has within it which will heal all of diseases, and give us spiritual peace.

"Proof Palpable of Immortality."

A new edition of this splendid work by that gifted scholar, Epes Sargent, has just been issued by the Banner of Light Publishing Company. In view of the great interest taken by the eminent scholars and scientists of the world in the subject of psychism, this work of Mr. Sargent's is reissued at a most opportune time. It contains the facts for which they are searching, and will be invaluable to all who are seeking for indisputable evidence of life beyond the grave. Single copies of this splendid work have been placed at the very low price of twenty-five cents each. It is thus within the reach of all, and no progressive Spiritualist can afford to be without one. Let us hear from all, with quarters enclosed, ordering copies of this splendid work.

"Transcendental Physics."

Prof. Zollner's great work bearing the above title astounded the savants of his day, and was most eagerly read by the scientists of all nations. For some time this book has been out of print, and, therefore, inaccessible to the reading public. In response to the renewed demand for the work the Banner of Light Pub. Co. has issued a new edition, and has placed it on the market at the exceedingly low price of seventy-five cents per copy. His ideas with regard to a fourth dimension of space are of interest to all truth seekers, and should be studied with care by those who wish to be grounded in the basic truths of Spiritualism. Scientists, philosophers, and rationalists will all find this book of the utmost value to them, and copies should find their way to their respective libraries. The Banner of Light can and will fill all orders at short notice. This is a rare opportunity to form the acquaintance of one of Germany's greatest men, as well as one of Spiritualism's truest representatives.

A Just Tribute.

Miss Lillian Whiting, in the August number of our valued exchange, "Practical Ideals," pays a well deserved tribute to Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, the gifted Circle Medium of the Banner of Light, and promises to speak at length concerning her splendid psychic powers in a future issue of the same magazine. Mrs. Soule is a psychic who considers her powers as a sacred trust, and utilizes them for the good of the suffering ones of earth. She aims to be true to the high calling of the angels, and faithfully seeks to interpret the spirit messages that she receives. Miss Whiting, Mrs. Livermore and other gifted writers appreciate her worth, and bear willing testimony to accuracy of her psychic powers.

Our Message Department.

We present a goodly number of spirit-messages each week, with the hope that they will comfort the hearts of many who are sorrowing over the loss of loved ones. We are convinced that many people are cheered by them, who are unwilling to publicly verify them. We would most respectfully urge our readers to interest themselves in the matter, by endeavoring to verify these communications. Each verification helps the spirit, and encourages others to find their way to their grief-stricken friends. Some persons have been heard to declare that the messages in the Banner were correct so far as they applied to their spirit friends whose names were attached to them, but that they had no interest in Spiritualism, hence would not help it by so much as briefly acknowledging the genuineness of the message. Sometimes when attempts to verify the messages have been made by friends of the Banner, they have had their way blocked by the prejudice of the public, and the direct refusal of some to give the information desired. Occasionally it has been found impossible to locate the communicating spirit in the city or town named in the message. In such instances, the spirit either named the wrong place, or else was misled by some mischievous influence into this misstatement. Sometimes, too, the guides of the medium may not hear correctly, and give what they understood the communicants to say.

Our medium is desirous that the truth in all its purity should be given to the world. She is honest with herself, with her guides, with the public, and with the Banner of Light. We have full confidence in her and her work, and as a matter of justice to her, to the spirits who communicate, and to the

public, we ask our readers to look up all references made to parties in their respective communities, and send us verifications for publication. We are convinced that these messages are what they are claimed to be, and feel assured that, barring some slight error in name, or place of residence, or perhaps in language, they are the words of exalted intelligences. Mrs. Minnie M. Soule is one of the few reliable psychics now before the public, and enjoys the full confidence of the most careful investigators in the field of psychism. She is above deception, and is solely devoted to the truth for its own sake. It will give us great pleasure to present a cut of this gifted, generous-hearted woman, in our children's issue of the Banner of Light. All Spiritualists who read the Banner will want some extra copies to send to their friends for the purpose of making them acquainted with this splendid psychic.

Do You Want

A "Brick"? If you do, send one dollar to the Banner of Light Pub. Co., and purchase one of the most unique "Bricks" you ever saw, heard of, or read. It was written by Corilla Banister of Texas, and contains much that is of interest to all Spiritualists. In fact, it is a book that will appeal to progressive thinkers in all denominations, for it has a message for the world without regard to party, sect or creed. Send in your orders and read this work for yourselves. It is truly a "brick" worth having, and one that you can throw at your friends without any danger whatever. Try it and see.

The soul of man will never fail to guide him aright, provided he permits his soul to approach him near enough to advise him. Man has too long depended upon the advice of mortals and spirits, hence has suffered keenly for the mistakes he has made. When he heeds his own soul's voice, mistakes will be impossible, for he will see and know the truth in all its purity by the reflected light of the soul.

That man who depends upon his neighbors and friends for information with regard to the weather, the state of the country, or the conditions in the life beyond, is in need of instruction in the school of Self Dependence. He will find that school in his own soul.

The educational features of Cassadaga Camp are proving very interesting and instructive. The free classes are largely attended, and are sources of much pleasure to the hundreds who attend them. Profs. Wright and Lockwood are equally popular, and draw about them the earnest thinkers who throng Cassadaga's grounds.

Three negroes were lynched last week in Mississippi for the crime of murder. Some white men killed a negro, then some negroes killed the white men, and then the mob lynched three negroes. As usual the whites were the first aggressors, and set the example in murder that was followed so quickly by the negroes. It is a forecast of what may come when the negroes unite in what they deem an organization for self-defense.

Do animals exist in the spirit-world? This question was recently asked by an eminent speaker in one of his popular lectures, and when he declared his belief in the immortality of every existing thing, he was given a round of applause by his hearers. If animals do continue to exist, what is their condition after death? Do they evolve into self-conscious beings, or do they remain dumb, unthinking things, subject to the wills of masters throughout all time? Where is the servant who will give the correct reply to these queries?

Have you ordered an extra copy of the Children's Banner of August 17? If you have not done so, you should do so at once. We are going to make it a splendid issue, and shall issue extras enough to meet a limited demand. Our edition will be gauged by the orders we receive, so if you wish to see some good looking banners, you should order some Banners of Aug. 17.

Dr. H. V. Sweringen, a devoted friend to Spiritualism and advocate of all legitimate reforms, of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, pays his respects to Christian Science in the July number of the Cincinnati Lancet-Clinic, in no uncertain terms. The erudite Doctor believes in telling the truth in hard words when occasion requires, and he has always had the courage to express himself freely. His article cannot fail to do good, and we are positive that it will be widely read.

We present some views of Lake Pleasant's charming scenery in this issue. Lake Pleasant is next to the oldest regularly organized camp in the world, and deserves an honored place in the history of Spiritualism. It has been called "The Mother of Spiritualist Campmeetings," for it was beneath its green trees that many of our leading workers received their inspiration to establish camps in other sections of our nation.

Dr. E. A. Pratt, formerly of this city, has removed to South Attleboro, Mass., where he will be permanently located.

Be sure to order a goodly number of the Children's Banner to distribute among your friends. Parents, remember that you are soon to see some of the new comers into our ranks. Send for the Banner of Aug. 17 and see what they look like. Extras will cost you only five cents each.

Sink isms and crown with brotherly love. Evolve the germ of heaven within. All healing, getting well and growing better, is Divine. The inside is the real; the outside is the superficial.

Labor Day, July 31, Hon. J. J. Lentz, of Columbus, Ohio, delivered an impassioned address at Lily Dale on "European Imitation Not American Expansion."

Preceding the Congressman's speech, Cora L. V. Richmond called upon him to furnish a subject for an impromptu poem. "Progress" was the theme. Mr. Ramsdell sang with fine effect, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Mr. Lentz said: "Among the pleasures of being a Congressman, one at least has the privilege of forming the acquaintance of gentlemen who are in the habit of thinking for themselves. In this way I became acquainted with Hon. A. B. Gaston, through whom I have the honor of being present today. I said, 'What shall I talk to Spiritualists about, Electricity?' Mr. Gaston said, 'Mr. Lentz, you can talk about what you please, and they will believe what they please, reject what they please.' The lecturer then proceeded with his discourse, of which the following is a synopsis:

There are times when radicalism is necessary. No progress has been made unless some one has said, "Forward, forward!" Stagnation is imitation. Millions without thought drop a ballot into the box. We must face facts—our people are demonstrating their utter incapacity for self-government. Men are studying every other question than self-government. They are dominated by four or five political bosses, in either the Democratic or Republican party, who commit more crimes than any equal number in the penitentiary. The Vanderbilts and Rockefellers and Morgans are greater feudal lords than ever lived in the Dark Ages. George III., nor any queen, nor any king had the power of Pierpont Morgan in New York. The great German emperor cannot do with the Reichstag what the sugar king can do with the American people today; a few men in Washington dictate the legislation for seventy-six millions. The president has more power, than an old plutocratic machine behind him, than any king ever had. Nine-tenths of the voting people sustain this state of things. One-tenth of the Democratic party and one-tenth of the Republican party control the other nine-tenths. Your first duty is not to other party. Your first duty is to be an American. You who swear your party allegiance better drop that. I heard a good old Quaker lady say, "If thy religion does not make thee a better man than thee had better change thy religion!" If your political party does not make you an American you had better abandon your party. European imitation is not American expansion. I would rather follow the suggestion of the monarch on his throne than any of the political bosses in the United States. There is not as much danger from a monarch who has inherited his power as a political boss who has bought his power.

We are told that we have become a world power. We became a world power when Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. What is right? Is the question, and you are not a servant of God, nor a servant of man unless you do your own thinking. You cannot trust the banker to think for you. You cannot trust the preacher. You cannot trust the lawyers. You cannot trust the physician to think for you. There is only one man that you can trust, and that is yourself. Columbus did not hesitate to stake his life on the line of independent thinking. Thomas Paine said, in 1783, "The times that tried men's souls are over," but there were more trying times from 1783 to 1789; from 1861 to 1865, and in 1899 when American soldiers on the fourth of February fired the first shot on innocent lovers of liberty. Were we rebels and revolutionists because each individual man was accountable to his God direct and not to a king on his throne? The world had had republics, but they had been failures. You and I are taught by holy writ that we have no right to kill one man. Does it make it right for ten men to go out and murder one man? Ah, my spiritualistic friends, if the English church has no higher Christianity than that then away with Christianity!—there is no God.

Our Philippine policy was dictated by England. If we have a right to take the islands of the sea, as we are doing things on a large scale, we might move on to Canada at once and appropriate it as a political and military necessity as England secures the Transvaal. Like the farmer, we want more land to grow more corn, to raise more hogs. A few hogs want to live in grander style than the feudal lords of the Middle Ages. The mission of this country is not to build castles and palaces, but to build heads and hearts in men and women. The civilization that moves up must move up with the masses and not with the classes. This everlasting greed to own everything in sight is the worm at the centre of the apple. Unless you destroy the worm you will destroy the Republic itself. We need fraternalism. This is the mission of the American Republic—a better manhood than was ever seen. You have sacrificed millions of dollars and thousands of your young manhood. You have murdered sixty thousand human beings that the Oil Trust and Sugar Trust might live. That policy never came from the home, the factory, the church. It is not a question of what will you do with these islands, but what will you do with yourselves? Why not love your neighbor as yourself?

Mr. Lentz proceeded to show the injurious effects of the war spirit, standing armies, government by force instead of by consent; that training a class of professional murderers would instead of making this the most powerful nation on earth, make it the weakest. He pointed out how municipal ownership would make this one of the mightiest republics in history.

If you would weaken a faculty make it dormant. If you would strengthen it make it active. Abolish evil by thinking only of good. This is the only known way of killing evil.

We build as we climb; and we climb as we get in unison with the Divine.

Children's Spiritualism.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

I have found a nest full of pretty eggs,
Right here in the meadow lying;
And I may look at them all I wish,
Till the mother bird comes home crying.

Five pretty eggs, that by-and-by
Five dear little birds will be;
With beaks, and feathers, and wings to fly,
And little brown eyes to see.

And by-and-by I will come some day,
When the summer has older grown,
And will find them here, all hidden away,
Where I left the eggs alone.

I have heard it said that once on a time
(It must have been long ago),
A little boy found a nest of eggs,
Just as I found these, you know.

And that poor little boy, so little he knew,
And so naughty he was, they say,
That the pretty eggs never to birds grew,
For he carried them all away.

I am sure if he only had known, like me,
(For mama has told me so),
That if he only would let them be,
They would all into birds grow.

He would never have taken the pretty nest,
And carried the eggs away,
And perhaps that five little birds more
Would have sung in the fields to-day.

But away off there in the blue, I see
Where a fair white cloud is lying,
A little brown spot, that looks to me
Like a bird's homeward flying.

And lest she should think I mean to keep
The treasure I took hidden,
I will lay it back in the grass deep,
Where I found it safely hidden.

So, little brown birds, do not fear;
Your nest is in tender keeping;
And safe in their speckled houses I see,
Your five little birds are sleeping.

H. J. Wescott in Our Dumb Animals.

My Turtles.

BY ALBERT DAVIDSON.

I have eight turtles. One is a painted slider, two are box turtles, five are mud turtles. Three of them have spots and two haven't any.

They live in ponds, brooks and lakes. My papa got them for me. They like to swim in the water though they do not spend all their time in the water.

Turtles like to bury themselves in the mud in winter and sit upon logs and snail themselves in the summer. Turtles' tails are quite short. They have no teeth, but they have very sharp beaks. Turtles have very sharp eyes.

Turtles like to eat worms, flies and other small insects. They have four feet and on every foot they have two sharp claws. They have quite long necks. Their shells are very hard. The upper shell is bigger than the lower.

I feed my turtles with worms and flies. One of my turtles bit me on the nose and on the hand.

My biggest turtle got out of the box his home was in. He ran as fast as he could. His box was on a high balcony. He did not stop to look, but fell off. It broke a little piece of his lower shell, but did not break any of the upper shell.

One of my playmates found him for me. He was not suffering very much, so I took him and gave him some flies.

My big turtle and my two box turtles fight together. Most always the big turtle is the winner. Once in a while the box turtles win.

My five mud turtles do not fight or try to bite me. They are very good turtles for that reason. My mud turtles have very sharp claws, so they can dig in the mud. Mud turtles live in the mud. There are two hinges on the front and back of the lower shell—sometimes when it is cold they shut up their shell and go to sleep.

Turtles' ponds have quite a few logs and bushes. Turtles like to get upon logs and dive off.

14 Lapham St., Medford, Mass.

Susie's Second Letter.

'Deed, I'm a proud little girl now! Got a real sure enough letter from the beautiful white folks. Never expected that. The big man says it come 'cause I want to school and tried to learn. Do you want to know about our school? Every one that comes to it, has n't any hard body, and there's lots of real nice white boys and girls, quality ones, and some black ones, and some red ones. Miss Perot, she took off her hard body last fall, and she come to visit us and she said our school was more like training schools where hard bodied folks went. She said your other schools used books. Maybe she didn't know, but if she did, and folks with hard bodies have to learn out of all those books that's on the lady's table, sure, ain't I glad I ain't got a hard body. It's heap easier to learn nice things in a nice way, and have teachers show you all about things by the things themselves. You see, when it's garden things, we all go to the garden and teacher begins at the root and goes up to the fruit and seeds, and all what it's good for and how to make it good, and put it in shape to use. We've got all kinds of garden things and there's heap to learn. They call garden things, vegetable growth, us, Kingdoms. And then teacher takes some flax grass and makes it go all through lots of things, too many to tell about, till it gets to be cloth. And then other teacher cuts the cloth and shows us how to stitch, and I do wish you could see the lovely apron I've got on. It's all blue with white specks in it, and I sowed it myself, and I helped grow it out of little bits of seeds. Can your little girls do it out of books? With love to the beautiful white folks.

Spectfully,

"Brack Susie."

Dictated through the mediumship of Jessie S. Pettit Flint.

A True Story.

Dear Banner Children:

With Mrs. Barrett's permission I will tell you a true story about a dog who lives on our street. His name is Don. He loves to visit certain of the neighbors, and believes in coming often, too. He comes into the back yard, sits on the lawn and watches the kitchen; then he attracts their attention by vigorous barking, and sits up on his hind legs begging to be let in or else treated to a bone or bit of meat.

Not long ago, one of his lady friends, where he visits, was married, and she thought so much of Don that she sent him a written invitation to come to the wedding reception, the same as to the other guests. At the appointed time Don presented himself, wearing a new collar attached to which was a bow of bright blue ribbon, also a tiny white box which contained his present. Inside the cover was written his name. The bottom of the box was covered with rice, then a bit of cotton covered over it, then a very nice collar button for his friend, the bride.

He behaved beautifully at the reception, walked up to the newly married pair, sat up and gave his paw to shake and kissed the bride. He was presented with a box of wedding cake which of course he gave to his mistress.

When the lady containing his friends drove away, he barked loudly and long, which was his way of saying, "Good luck to ye."

Now wasn't Don a cute dog?

C. C. P.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some time ago, a large-brained and large-hearted Spiritualist in New England sent me a considerable sum of money with the request that I send eighteen copies of "Why She Became a Spiritualist," and fifty copies of "From Night to Morn," naming a few persons and free libraries to whom he wished the larger work to be sent, and leaving it with me to select persons to whom the remaining portion should be sent.

It seemed best to look through the Baptist ministers' directory, because this gives the date and place of birth, important facts in the life, and the present address of each Baptist clergyman. Looking the thick book from end to end, I selected those who are or have been engaged in missionary work in Burma, all ministers who were named for my revered father, prominent men in the denomination, and also those with whom I am personally acquainted. The work is done, and the books and pamphlets have been mailed.

From one who was named for my father, and is now located in the South, I received a closely written letter of eight pages. He also enclosed a card, naming the places of trust and influence that he at present occupies. He is evidently a typical local leader of the Baptist denomination in the large city of which he is a resident. His views are those held in the main by Baptist ministers and teachers, so far as my observation extends.

After some pleasant and cordial remarks of a personal nature, he proceeds to state his objections to the little work entitled "From Night to Morn; or, An Appeal to the Baptist Church."

He states that after much thought, prayer, and research, his mind had settled long ago on these points:—the inspiration of the Scriptures, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the immortality of the soul; and that he has never wavered in the slightest on these points.

Turning to a consideration of my pamphlet, he objects to my calling it "An Appeal to the Baptist Church," on the ground that there is no Baptist Church, because the genius of that people forbids their coalition into one huge organization, as is the case with the Presbyterians and the Roman Catholics. I accept his criticism in this respect; and were it not for invalidating my copyright, I would in subsequent editions change the title to An Appeal to Baptists, or the Baptist denomination.

But when the gentleman proceeds to say that my choice of a title shows such a lack of accurate information that I am thereby prevented from being a safe interpreter on anything that is vitally important, I must enter an objection. I object, on this ground.

Whether persons who hold certain views coalesce into one huge organization, or whether societies maintain their independence from each other, is not a vitally important fact. It is not vitally important, because it has to do with a question of expediency in regard to carrying on work while on this mundane sphere. The vitally important thing is whether the persons in these societies realize the two things, God and the human soul, and their own personal and dependent relation as individuals, to the infinite soul from which they sprang into conscious being.

This relation between God and the human soul far transcends in importance any questions as to modes of church working, or any consideration whether this book or that book was inspired into a human soul by Almighty God. Compared with this relation between God and the individual soul, the question whether Jesus of Nazareth was deity incarnate, or whether immersion is the only acceptable mode of performing a certain rite, becomes of small importance.

Whether some other human being was divine, does not concern me. What does concern me is whether I am myself divine, am acting in a divine manner, and am striving to live as near my father, and to be as much one with him, as did Jesus of Nazareth.

My correspondent goes on to say that in rejecting the deity of Jesus, I set my own judgment against his. Jesus did not claim deity. He said his father was greater than he was. He said that he was one with his

father, and we should all be one with God in the same sense, which is that our will should be one with God's will. When we attain that, we are absolutely happy.

This learned gentleman reminds me that my father believed in the divine inspiration of the Bible, and translated it into the Burmese tongue on that account. This is quite true, but one should remember that one so radical and progressive, who has been in spirit life for fifty-one years, has had ample time to alter his views by enlarging them. One of his late utterances is as follows:—

"The unsaved world was a burden which my soul could not bear and feel that my duty had been discharged until I sacrificed life for it. If true, every Christian should feel this. Thank God, it is not true. Love is all-sufficient. Hatred has no place in the bosom of God. We are saved by doing, not by believing."

The last sentence directly contradicts Paul, whose plenary inspiration my ministerial friend reproaches me for doubting.

On another occasion, my father said as follows:—

"I was led, carrying out a part of the great plan of civilizing by Christianizing, and then by liberating from that, by leading to greater heights. What seems like error at one time was, when it was given, all of truth that mankind was at that time and age able to receive. And so the great law of continual unfoldment is going on."

He closes the above by saying:—

"Ever will we praise the Infinite Father that we have part in so great a plan of redeeming the race by the knowledge of the truth."

Utterances like the foregoing show how my revered father's views are expanding, and how he rejoices to find nothing in the constitution of the universe to disprove John's sublime declaration that "God is Love."

The rest of the clergyman's letter deals more particularly with my belief in Spiritualism, and shows less mental ability than the preceding part. This is not to be wondered at. Before, he was on ground with which he was familiar and to which he had given much thought, while now he betrays his ignorance of the subject on which he touches. For instance, he says:—

"I can produce every phenomenon produced by Spiritualists by and through purely psychological means."

We congratulate the writer on possessing so vast an array of psychic gifts, which are greater than those Paul alludes to in 1 Cor. 12:8-11. According to his statement, he can produce the manifestations given through Mr. Keeler, Fred Evans, Mrs. Piper, who has convinced Prof. Hyslop, and the redoubtable Dr. Hodgson, Florence Cook, who proved the materialization of discarnate spirits to Prof. Crookes, and Nettie Maynard, through whom spirits dictated to Abraham Lincoln the Emancipation Proclamation, as well as the "Harmonial Philosophy" inspired into A. J. Davis.

We know the writer of this claim is absolutely sincere. But that does not prevent him from being absolutely mistaken.

While it is true that much that passes for mediumship is undoubtedly the work of mortals through psychological means, yet there is a vast array of well-attested, carefully collected, and absolutely attested facts, which can be accounted for only on the hypothesis that discarnate spirits, formerly human beings in the flesh, are in distinct and intelligent communication with persons on the mortal plane.

The writer then asks me two questions, the first being:—

"What would you supply in the place of the Bible, to be a lamp to our feet and a light to our path?"

In reply, I would put no communications nor books in the place of the Bible, but I would treat the Bible and them alike. Whatever is spiritual and whatever tends to the purest morality in any of them I would accept. I would always remember that the very best of them do not come directly from Almighty God, but that they all come from finite spirits, either incarnate or discarnate, of varying degrees of mentality or spirituality.

True, I might mistake in judging this or that. I might now accept such a statement as "God is angry with the wicked every day," which my subsequent spiritual advancement would show me could not possibly be true, on the ground that he who sits above watches the slow progress of development from human child to seraph with patience and with tenderness.

Again, I might refuse some statement which really came from a wise and very progressed spirit, but which I was not yet able to comprehend. Or, I might in my ignorance misconstrue it, and divert it from its original significance.

For instance, when the pure and devoted Jesus said, "I and my father are one," I might in my ignorance suppose that he was claiming to be Almighty God; while further light and comprehension might show me that oneness with the source of our being is the duty as well as the prerogative of all, on the ground that "We are also his offspring."

The second question is:

"In whom or in what would you put your trust, if not in Jesus Christ?"

I trust in God, whose child I am, from whom I came, and to whom I shall eventually return. I live and move and have my being in God. Without God, I were not. With God, I may become all. I put myself into oneness with God. Then I have true freedom; then I have absolute peace.

Jesus was a manifestation of God. What God was in love, in purity, in goodness, shines forth in Jesus. As such he is worthy of our imitation, but not of our adoration, for that would be idolatry. "Worship God."

God is in me. He is in my heart. No mediator is needed between the father and his child. God is enough. In him I trust.

Of course I cannot comprehend him. No two persons in all the world form the same conception of the Absolute Soul of the universe. But in our efforts to do so, let us not belittle him, nor attribute to him passions and evil acts that would not be worthy of a

good man on earth. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

God is Light. God is Power. God is Wisdom. But his "noble crown-name," according to Mrs. Browning, is Love. God is love. Is it not enough for me to trust infinite light, and power, and wisdom, and love? Do I need more than that?

Our earnest friend goes on to say that the Mohammedan he met in Jerusalem was sure he was right, and was happy in his belief, while a Christian has the same assurance and happiness, and that both cannot be right.

Neither is right, that is, absolutely right. The views of both are inadequate. They are half-glimpses. They cast side lights on a mighty object. The finite gets only glimpses of absolute beauty, truth and goodness.

"Canst thou, by searching, find out God?" No; but thou canst spend eternity in the sublime and mighty quest.

Yours for humanity and for spiritualism,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., July 23, 1901.

An Instructive Letter.

The symposium of articles published in the "Progressive Thinker" of July 6, seems to have been inspired by your address in New York before the Mass Meeting of Spiritualists last May, indirectly if not directly, and I take the liberty of presenting my views upon the subject under discussion. I make no pretensions as a philosopher or teacher, but sometimes a person of very limited information can advance a good idea.

The consensus of opinion in the articles referred to seems to be that Spiritualism is not declining, but all or nearly all agree that our organizations are declining.

Now if the principles of Spiritualism are gaining ground and organization is losing prestige, it certainly goes to show that there is something out of joint, and the proper thing to do is to go to work to find where the trouble lies. I am sorry to say that so far as I can see the "Progressive Thinker's" articles make but little if any progress towards pointing out a solution of the problem.

In the first place Spiritualism is not progressing in any real, orderly, or intelligent manner, but if progressing at all it is in a sort of go-as-you-please style. As I understand the office of organization, it is to bring order out of chaos and place the movement before the public on a solid basis, along disciplining lines. Just here is where I think the difficulty lies or at least a part of it.

All the attempts at organization have failed to grasp the meaning of what organized effort stands for, and hence have all failed except the present organization, the N. S. A. and its subordinates.

If what is said (which seems to be well substantiated) is true, our locals are in a very sickly condition. This being true, it goes to prove to me that we are not moving along the proper lines. In fact, this has been my own feeling all along through the history of the N. S. A., and what little assistance I have rendered it has been without the proper spiritual inspiration, and had it not been for the President, I probably would not have done anything for it. But I am not going to particularize any complaints, as finding fault will not build up any cause. I have always been anxious for the success of the Cause, and have given considerable study to the subjects that pertain to organization. My cogitations have evolved some ideas in a rough and uncouth way that are probably not original, but will be colored a little by being filtered through my mind.

I have been fully convinced for some time that commercial Spiritualism—I mean in its phenomenal phase—has been the main clog in the wheel of progress. All public mediumship, save that of trance or inspirational speaking, has had a continual tendency towards leading us down into the Slough of Despond, and the great question is to get rid of it. When I say public mediumship, I not only mean platform mediums, but all and every kind of mediums that set themselves up for business, expecting to make money out of it. I look upon it as utterly impossible to separate the genuine from the fraudulent. Therefore there is no way of getting rid of this terrible fungus that has grown around and all over Spiritualism except to cut off the whole thing. This course may seem severe to some, but where the chaff is more than the wheat, it all has to go together, and, after all, this process in nature is what we are confronted with at every turn, and we have to depend upon wit, determination and energy to overcome obstacles.

The obstructions to the spiritual movement have grown around it by slow degrees, and it will take time to remove them. In fact, we will literally have to grow away from them, and to do this there will have to be inaugurated a system of education, dual in its nature, the first iconoclastic and destructive, the second to build upon its ruins.

Before going further I will explain a little: I regard phenomena as the very foundation of Spiritualism and absolutely necessary to the life of the new dispensation, but those phenomena must be placed where they cannot be blasphemed at every turn and corner. They must be confined to the home circle and taken out from under the "God of this world" (the dollar), the care of the mediums must not be the object of the public in general, but they should be taken care of and managed exclusively by the home circle. Now, the home circle need not necessarily be confined to a single family, but it should never comprise more than a few neighbors and congenial friends, and should always be regarded as the most sacred place on earth.

In order to bring about this state of affairs or start towards its consummation, it will be necessary to commence a gentle and quiet pressure against all commercial mediums, both genuine and fraudulent—in other words, educate the public as far as possible not to patronize them. On the other hand, commence in about the same quiet manner to educate the people to hold home circles, keeping constantly before them their sacredness. This may split our movement in twain but

it would be better to have two bodies than that the present chaos should continue.

I am fully aware that the course that I have outlined will be hard to follow, and it will take time to bring this reform about. If all Spiritualists that have the good of the Cause at heart and recognize its sacredness will adopt the home circle feature and frown upon all outside manifestations, whether genuine or fraudulent (and they can't tell which they are) it would put the movement on the road to success and to an organization that will startle the world.

The present N. S. A., if it can survive such a revolution, is good enough for a basis.

It makes this letter too long for me to give an outline of the effect and inspiration that I think this change would bring about in organization. I have suggested the course that I am aiming to follow myself as nearly as circumstances will permit me. We know that we have a truth to start with, and if we could get on the right road that leads to the public mind, the enthusiasm will be great. When conditions are right at my home circles (and we are constantly learning what is necessary) our souls are filled to overflowing. It is next to unbearable to see our beloved Cause dragged in the mud and the mire as it is today.

Yours for Spiritualism,
William Speer.
Missouri, July 9, 1901.

What is Matter?

BY VICTOR ILLUMINER.

What is Matter? It can be defined in no better terms than crude, undeveloped, or slowly vibrant life, in other words—is negative life. What is Life? Life can be defined as motion, action, or restless activity, but the explanation does not furnish a lucid idea of its real qualities and attributes. Motion and action are the results, and back of, or prior to every result is the impellent or motive cause.

Man calls matter whatever combination of particles that are visible to the sense of sight, and failing to acknowledge the full fallibility of his sense's present development, he feels competent and capable to assert that those objects which he sees must necessarily be superior to those forces which he cannot see.

Whatever man sees he says is "matter," but every potent force animating this matter, invisible to his very fallible sense of sight, he distinguishes from the seen by the term "spirit"; yet every student of chemical action must admit that the invisible forces are more potent than the seen for they disintegrate and control the visible particles or objects, and only a superior force compels obedience. Negatives never compel obedience from positives when the number of particles is equal upon both sides.

The unchanging chemical law has long since been demonstrated—like to like—therefore whatever force controls and influences visible, tangible objects, must be composed of similar nature, only the invisible is more powerful. If it is more powerful is it less real and substantial? Certainly not. It must be more so in every respect and the defective development of the physical senses of man is alone responsible for this apparent unrealness, tangibility and substantiality.

Let those persons who say they believe "matter" is a dead, inanimate substance, manifesting motion only as acted upon by some outside force or influence consider well the fact that were this assertion verily true, the operative force would determine the characteristics of the manifested result. But any chemist knows differently. No lagoonity of man can do more than to modify, intensify or decrease the normal and prevalent qualities existent in even the minutest particles.

Certain chemicals and combination of chemicals produce certain results, and no power of man can compel them to show forth different qualities. For illustration, suppose you wish to produce the color blue, any person who has made a study or profession of the productions of colors will at once inform you that only certain classes of chemicals can be made to represent that special color and the variation of the shades of that color are produced in exact accordance with the vibratory rate generated, even though you use precisely the same chemicals. Produce a slow vibration and you procure a dark shade; but ever as you increase the vibratory rate the color will grow lighter. The fact that only certain chemicals can be made to represent certain colors, is conclusive proof that there is resident discriminating sense or thought upon the part of the invisible life force. It possesses certain qualifications and these qualifications show discriminating intelligence or thought on the part of the animating life-principle. It knows its own kind and responds readily to congenial influences, but it as readily repels uncongenial, and how can any student believe there is no innate resident thought (even though it be in the simplest structure) that separates one sphere of action from another. Spirit and matter are really one and the same thing or force only that which is sufficiently crude to be visible to man's senses is called matter, while the same chemicals made to vibrate to their highest possible speed—thus rendered invisible to man's sight is called spirit—just the same as the chemicals capable to manifest the color blue will vary in shade according to the vibratory rate those chemicals are subjected to.

"Test yourself."

"Measure yourself."

"Get out of ruts—grow!"

"If you do not produce, you should not consume."

What would you be if all outside restraint was removed?—Ex.

All time, life, truth and power are sacred.—Ex.

The universe is great and yet, in man is the germ of the whole.—Ex.

Teach to inquire of self more and of others less. Develop the good germ within!—Ex.

