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No. 25

OUR WEE SPIRITUALISTS.

Mrs. Minnie M. Soule.

This is the very first time that Sunbeam's Media has let any one put her picture in the paper, and we are just as proud as we can be to show it to you. She let us have it because she loves all the Banner children dearly and would not disappoint them. She and Sunbeam have been faithful, loving friends to the children ever since they had a corner of

the baby brothers had done, and I was very sad indeed. I could not see her, nor hear her, and I wondered where she could be and if she wouldn't cry for me and want me to take her in my arms sometimes. And while I was wondering about it all, she was growing and growing, just as fast as she would have grown if she had stayed with me.

When Sunbeam came to visit us, about the first question we asked was, "How is little Marie?" and she told us that Marie was liv-

wonderful to me, growing from little, crying, laughing, wee bits of people, who only know how to eat and sleep, into little men and women, just like older people, only small, and next, because I always think of my little Marie when I see you and I want to kiss you and talk to you just as I would kiss her and talk to her if she were here. So you see you are my little baby friends and my baby's little friends, and in her dear name I bless you all and call myself

Your devoted friend,
Minnie M. Soule.

GREETING.

Oh! Banner Babies, fair and sweet,
I look into your eyes,
And feel my pulses faster beat;
My drooping spirits rise.

So near the gate of life you are,
The light of heaven peeps through,
And makes each dear face like a star,
Shining in depths of blue.

Your little ears still catch the tone
From out that other life;
While mine have learned to hear too soon
The discord and the strife.

Your eyes undimmed by blinding tears,
See good where e'er you go;
Alas! that mine have seen for years,
So much of pain and woe.

But, Darlings, if my ears have heard,
Some things to make me sad;
Your merry tones, like song of bird,
Can make the old world glad.

And if my eyes have seen the joy,
Your happy smiles, my dears,
Will, as the sunshine after rain,
Absorb the old world's tears.

Oh, Banner Babies, sweet and dear,
Unmeasured love I send;
Where'er you be if far or near,
Low to your hearts I bend.
—Minnie Meserve Soule.

Marquette Smith.

Marquette Smith is quite a big boy, but I do not believe he will mind being with our babies, when he knows how everyone will enjoy seeing his manly little face. The photograph from which this picture was made, he gave to Sunbeam and Dick Waterman. You all remember Dick, the news-boy. I know he would like to write to us oftener, but his medium is as quiet and modest as a little mouse, and we have to coax her to give Dick a chance to write.

When Sunbeam gave her party for the Banner children, Marquette's mamma sent her a very nice letter. You will like to read it, too. So Mrs. Soule says she doesn't think Mrs. Smith will mind.

Dear Little Sunbeam:—I have just read your letter of invitation to the children. I wonder, dear, if I am too old a child to write you a letter. I have lived a long time in this mortal house of mine,—at least it seems a long time,—and still I am not thirty. But then, you know, one sometimes feels only a child even if one has gone through lots of troubles.

You said that may be the little brothers and sisters in the spirit might come. Somewhere, little Sunbeam, in the great beyond, there is a little baby girl whom I never saw or had to love. But, then, I get hungry for her and sometimes feel as though I would like to see or hear of her.

But I have a baby boy who is a dear little fellow, and when we are joking we call him a little cabinet spirit because he is so very busy, and, like them, his little tongue is forever busy.

Believe me your friend in love, truth and the great Forever,
Burr W. Smith.

Mrs. Soule sent Marquette a box of the good things that the children had at the party and this is the second letter written to Sunbeam.

Dear Little Sunbeam:—Ever since you sent me that sweet little box I have wanted to write and thank you for it. But you know, dear, we plan things sometimes and then fail to execute them. My little boy enjoyed them so much, while to me the knowledge that you had sent me a kindly remembrance was like a ray of sunlight from your own Summer Land. You are indeed a "Little Sunbeam."

Give my love to Dick Waterman and tell him for me that, although I am passionately fond of boys, no class of boys appeals to me so strongly as the newsboys of large cities. I often spend hours watching them in Ch-

cago, where I spend a great deal of my time. Tell him there is a lovely home there for those newsboys who have none, and the nation is dear and motherly to them all.

I am sending you a picture of my own little boy,—the one, you remember, I told you we called a cabinet spirit. Sometimes, Sunbeam, he asks me "Not a really truly spirit, Mamma?" And I tell him yes, just as much as he will ever be.

Bring your medium, Sunbeam, and com-



Marie Bickmore Soule.

and visit us. I think summer time would be best. We have such a lovely river here. It is just at the edge of our garden. It is named for two Indians, Wapsie-Pinecon.

With love to you and Dick, I am
Ever your friend,
Burr M. Smith.

Alfred Owen Hewett.

Alfred Owen Hewett was born May 11, 1898, and passed on into spirit life March 20, 1899. He lived in Boston and was the light and life of the home which he blessed with his dear baby presence. He has a grandma with him now who used to take much care of him when they both lived in Boston. I know the readers who are interested in the "Banner Babies" will be glad to know that he is still in the family and is a member of the Sunday Club, to which so many little spirit-children belong. He is a grandchild of Mrs. Jefferson Owen, who was for many many years a reader of the Banner, and who is now interested in everything that is being done for the children among the Spiritualists. Alfred's mama and papa live in Boston and love the Children's Page in the Banner as much as some of the little folks.

Leona Coy.

What more shall we say about dear little Leona Coy? She has been a Banner baby and truly belonged to us ever since she came to Earth, so we know a great deal about her already, and are glad to see her sweet face.

She is a very wealthy baby, for she has three brothers, one sister, and a cousin. You know them; they have all written to you. They are unselfish children, always trying to make someone else well and happy. When Elhanan heard that a friend whom he loved was sick, it troubled him very much. He talked about it and wished he could do something, and one day he said:

"Mama, I would give my whole dollar for something that would make her well!"

Don't you think it made her well just to hear that?

The angels brought Leona to Earth in March, 1900, and just a month later, in April, they brought Xilia. Both of them have grown on the love that the Banner children have given them, and are as happy as babies can be.

When Xilia first saw Leona's picture, she laughed gleefully, bent over and kissed it, saying "Ba-by."

You will hear from both of them again.

Jessie Elizabeth Proctor.

Jessie Elizabeth Proctor, daughter of Dr. A. and Minerva E. Proctor.

When this bright little spirit first opened her eyes at Lake Pleasant, one of the first to

welcome her was Auntie Hatch, who loves children very dearly and has with her kind husband been interested for many years in the Children's Lyceums.

She was born at 7 a. m., and weighed just 7 lbs., and when 7 days old was carried to the Temple, the 27th of August, where the beautiful Consecration Service was held, conducted by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds and Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, the object of such a service being to attract to her and surround her with those influences for good that would help to guide and protect her through life, and make each day helpful to all with whom she may be associated, combining the spiritual and material forces for a practical line of work. With two such earnest workers as Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Allyn interested in her future welfare, she certainly will be encouraged to do a noble work for humanity, in whatever sphere of life she may be placed.

Her parents were married 17 years before she came a welcome visitor to their home. She is the seventh grandchild, and the third child born at Lake Pleasant in 27 years, and as I write this is just 7 months old.

Every name has a meaning, and Jessie Elizabeth signifies The House of God built on a flat plane. Perhaps this may mean something to her in the future, and she may be able to help to teach the true location of "The House of God," how to reach it and to live a true, a pure spiritual life. This is the earnest prayer of those who have learned to love this little spirit very dearly, and some time we hope she will be able to write a letter to the children whose parents take the Banner and read a letter from each one of them.

From Her Auntie,
Sarah A. Farnsworth,
630 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

Wendell Griffith Galloway.

Mrs. Harrison D. Barrett, Boston, Mass.

Dear Madame:—In response to a request made some time ago, we send you a photo of our only child, Wendell G. Galloway, born July 15th, 1900, taken at the age of six months.

My wife and I are both Banner of Light readers, consequently, we are progressive Spiritualists.

You will pardon parental pride, I hope, if we think this child, physically and mentally, second to none. The picture speaks for itself.

Very respectfully,
Thomas K. Galloway, M. D.
Fannie Galloway,
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Banner Children:—Do you want to hear about a little Baltimore baby? Well, Wendell Griffith Galloway was born July 15,



Alfred Owen Hewett.

1900, and is the dearest little baby, with light hair and large blue eyes. His mama named him Wendell, because she admired Wendell Phillips and Oliver Wendell Holmes, two great men.

Do you know anything about them? If not, just ask your mama to tell you about them.

Wendell's mama hopes he will be a good man, and his papa says he is a Banner Baby and he intends to teach him what it means to be a true Spiritualist. Wendell can walk if you hold one hand, and he loves to climb up stairs. He is a little medium and I hope he will do a great deal of good some day, and as he has so many to love and pet him, (Continued on next night.)



Minnie Meserve Soule.

their own in the Banner. Sunbeam has never failed to send a sweet message when she has been asked, and Mrs. Soule has always given her the chance, no matter how busy she was.

We all love her very, very much and this paper will be doubly precious to us because it contains the pictures of her and of her own Baby Marie, who made her heart so big in the short time she stayed here to be loved, that it has room for all the children, young and old, that she can find.

Every Christmas she gathers in all the poor little children she has discovered during the year, and gives them something warm to wear, and something good to eat. Best of all, she is so kind and loving to them that they never forget it. When they grow older, if they start to do anything very wrong, surely they will be ashamed to do it when they think of her and of the love she gave them.

She does not forget her own little friends, but gives every one of them a message so precious that neither money nor jewels could buy it.

If you shut your eyes, you can imagine that you see little Sunbeam, who has been as bright as her name, and has often warmed your hearts by the beams of love and light she has shed upon you.

Baby Marie.

Dear Banner Babies:—I wonder if you know how dear you are to me. If you don't know now, I am sure you will by and by when you are older. Ever since I was a little girl I have loved babies very much, for I had two little baby brothers and I used to play with them and take them out to ride and have the nicest times you can think of until they went away. I thought they died and I cried very much because I missed them so.

After a while, when I grew older, I had a dear little baby girl of my own and I thought there never was a nicer little girl than she was. I was sure she would stay with me always, and oh, I was so happy! But one day she, too, went away from me just as my lit-

ing with her Grandmas, for she has two there, her papa's mother and mine, and that they were taking care of her for me and that she came to see me a great many times when I did not know it. Oh, I was so glad, and have been happy ever since. Sunbeam tells us what she says and does and how she looks and I can't see that she is one bit different from any of you.

She goes to see you sometimes and she goes to school and she is very fond of flowers. I wonder if you know what Hyacinths are? I think they are beautiful and so does Marie, and some of her friends over where she is now, call her Little White Hyacinth. Isn't



Marquette Smith.

that a pretty name? I hope you will all have your little eyes opened so that you may see spirits when they come to you, and then perhaps sometimes you may see her. Now you see, little ones, I love you all for two reasons. First, because you are babies and seem so

A RETROSPECT.

BY IRA W. ADAMS.

On the shady side of sixty,
Sixty two years old today,
Coldhead, boyhood, vigorous in taboos,
Like a dream has passed away.

Vaccination in England.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I received a letter from Leicester, England
(May 13) which please give a place in your
columns.

"Dear Doctor Wilder:
I have forwarded the Passaic cutting which
you sent me to the Editor of our Enquirer,
and hope that space will be accorded for its
publication."

The writer alludes to the incident where
some two hundred girls were locked into the
factory in Passaic where they were employed
and then compelled by policemen to submit
to vaccination. He is shocked at the
outrage, but what would he say to learn that
similar violence has been perpetrated else-
where, and that our constitution so far as
protection of personal rights are concerned
has become by construction, as Jefferson
presaged, "waste paper."

"Is not the occurrence at Passaic a viola-
tion of the fundamental law of the Constitu-
tion of the United States; and are not the
victims each entitled to damages for such a
gross violation of the principle of personal
liberty? Leicester would not tolerate such a
dastardly act, and if the American sense of
what is reasonable, right, and proper, does
not bring about a revulsion of feeling, I shall
be very much mistaken."

"Our movement in England was never more
active than at the present time; nor was
there a greater interest taken in the work.
The necessity for continuing agitation and the
education of the people upon the question of
vaccination is evident from the fact that the
Exemption Act being only for five years, ex-
pires on December 31, 1902. Of course we
Anti-Vaccinationists regard this measure as
simply the end of the wedge, and propose by
a continuing of our crusade, to administer
such telling blows upon the head of it as will
drive it right home, and effectually shatter
the structure of compulsion."

"Applicants for exemption are treated with
scant courtesy by some magistrates, while
others make matters as easy as possible.
England now boasts of from three to four
million unvaccinated children, and Leicester
contributes nearly eighty thousand toward

that number. In our town there are nine
thousand parents liable for prosecution.
Eighteen or twenty years ago defaulters
used to be summoned by the hundred; and
2500 pounds (\$12,500) were paid in fines.
Goodness knows how much still remains un-
paid. There were numerous defaulters upon
the goods of people who absolutely refused
to pay. When I felt you at the time, the
defaulters cost the Leicester League stairways
as much as 50 or 60 pounds, you will form an
idea what an outlay our struggle for liberty
entailed. Sixty-four went to prison, four of
these were ladies. All honor to them who had
so much respect for their children and the
wishes of their doctors, that they suffered
the extreme penalty of the law for such
an offence (7).

"We had supposed that the fight was won
forever; and so it would be if the local au-
thorities were allowed sole control, as should
be the case. To show this, I may relate that
the last General Parliamentary Election, this
borough and county returned six Anti-
Vaccinationists; and out of forty-eight members
constituting the Board of Guardians, cer-
tainly not more than three or four favor com-
pulsion. Still after sixteen years of immu-
nity from vexatious, the Local Government
Board stepped in and controlled the Vaccina-
tion Officer. He accordingly took out six
summons which were heard on April 3d. As
a result two were dismissed and four with-
drawn. Not a bad start you will admit for us
Anti-Vaccinationists."

"Should further proceedings be instituted
and continued to follow, we feel that the
nominal fines to be succeeded by appeals to
the Higher Courts of Justice. This will be
in order that we may argue the question of
local self-government; i. e., whether the
Guardians who are responsible for the ap-
pointment and salary of the Vaccination
Officer shall retain control of him, or
whether he, their servant, shall be lord over
his masters. It is a very pretty problem and
I hope that the day is not far distant when
the Poor Law Boards of the country, having
been elected by the people, and being their
representatives, will rise up in their combined
wrath, stand up for their dignity, and open
war against the harassing action of a
Government-Department—the Local Govern-
ment Board."

ADMIT INCREASING OF FEES.

"It may interest you to know that our Vac-
cination Officer's little bill of costs for the
six unsuccessful cases was 12 pounds, 18 s.
5 d. (\$63.00), which of course falls on the
payers of poor rates. Public vaccinators, too,
are reaping a rich harvest, thanks to the pow-
ers vested in them under the Act. You are
doubtless aware that these officers only send
out formal notices by post; then call at the
houses to offer to vaccinate. Thus he has
earned a considerable sum of money without
perhaps having performed a single opera-
tion. One of the public vaccinators in Leices-
ter is reported to have earned seven pounds
in a day quite recently; this cheque for fees
last quarter amounted to no less than 113
pounds, although we do not want and will
not have anything to do with their filthy vir-
gins now styled pure glorified calf-lymph."

"The Wiltshire Poor Law Association has
published a return showing that the cost of
vaccination in that country has risen from 484
pounds to 2,213 pounds (\$2256 to 110,777). In
the St. Pancras (London) the cost rose from
723 pounds to 1201 pounds, but vaccination
there has decreased. In Poplar (London) the

increase has been from 537 pounds in 1895 to
515 pounds in 1899; yet only 22 per cent. of the
children were vaccinated. By the adult
management of official persons under the Act
of 1898, with far less actual performance, the
charges upon ratepayers has been thus in-
creased."

"Leicester's leader, Mr. Councillor J. T.
Biggs, J. P., one of the foremost men upon
this subject in the kingdom, got our return
prepared by a Clerk of the Guardians. It
shows officially the average cost to the rate
payers for carrying out the Vaccination Acts
for twenty-seven years—1873 to 1899,—to be
253,170 pounds (\$123,294). The highest year
1881, it was 428 pounds; the lowest, 1891, 129
pounds, but this last year, the cost was 83
pounds 15s. 6d. (\$4600) and this year it will
probably be over 1000 pounds (\$5000). The
doctors get nearly all this money and so one
cannot be surprised that they advocate this
abominable practice which lines their pockets
with gold."

"If parents were compelled to pay one
pound for each child that was vaccinated; if
the doctors' fees were knocked off and they
were no longer allowed to fleece the rate-
payers, or if as an alternative, they were paid
as much for advocating sanitation as vaccina-
tion, an altered state of things would soon
appear. We should then be more likely to
get a straight forward and unadjudged and
unbiased financial consideration of the matter."

"Many pro-vaccinators are joining our ranks
on monetary grounds alone. The way to
arouse a Britisher's interest in a matter of
this sort is through his pocket. Jenner re-
ceived 30,000 pounds for his great "gift" to
the world; and the same motives seem to
have actuated the Government since."

"The danger of vaccination is painfully ap-
parent on all sides. I have just left a gentle-
man, Mr. James Davis, of Crook-by-Darlington.
His oldest son was obliged to undergo
amputation of the right arm close to the
elbow, because of vaccination."

"Three weeks ago Mr. W. H. Rooke ad-
dressed a meeting in the Bromley (London)
Vestry Hall. He told us that he had been
blinded through the operation. He quoted
several cases equally distressing. One was
that of an ex-soldier named Webb of Lime-
house, London, who had been re-vaccinated
ten times during two years, and was written
down as a feeble specimen of British
manhood into a blind and paralyzed mass of
corruption, dependent upon a charitable pub-
lic for his daily bread, and to whom death
would come as a happy release."

"The Registrar-General's official statistics
show that on an average one life is sacrificed
on Jenner's altar every week in England; and
no one knows the amount of suffering borne
and injury sustained which never gains publicity.
"The theory of vaccination as a preventive
of small-pox has long since had its bottom
knocked out. This phase of the subject is
being abandoned in England; and the argu-
ments, facts, and statistics. Yet we have still to
agitate and educate until the coup-de-grace
is administered to the compulsory require-
ments. The epidemic at Leicester thirty years
ago, when 98 per cent. of the population had
been vaccinated, involved thousands of cases,
and cost the lives of 23,000 persons. It was
their faith in vaccination and turned
their attention to sanitation. As vaccination
decreased, small-pox and all the other infec-
tious diseases also decreased; and we are now
saving hundreds of lives every year as com-
pared with the number that used to be ac-
counted for by zymotics."

"In 1891 when a wave of small-pox swept
over this country Leicester got another
marriage named Harbott whose papers now in
Councillor Biggs's possession show that he had
been re-vaccinated seven or eight times. At
that time only about 2 per cent. of our popu-
lation had been vaccinated and there was an
apparent conspiracy on the part of the medi-
cal men of the town to spread the epidemic.
I make that assertion in all seriousness as it
is founded upon fact. Nevertheless we
escaped with three hundred and sixty cases
and twenty-one deaths."

"Since that time we have had nearly forty
cases imported into the town, but thanks to
our system of isolation and notification, an
outbreak of epidemic is unknown.
"Let us now look at the other side of the
picture. The Exemption Clause (of 1893) does
not extend to Scotland. Glasgow, where 98
per cent. of the population has been vacci-
nated, prides itself upon being the best
vaccinated city of the world. She is quite
welcome to that distinction. Fourteen months
ago, small-pox was introduced there by a re-
vaccinated sailor from Liverpool. There have
been about two thousand cases of small-pox
and over two hundred deaths. This shows a
percentage of twelve while Leicester's propor-
tion of deaths per case in the epidemic of
1890 was only 6 per cent."

"They let loose two hundred public vaccina-
tors, each one of whom was accompanied by
a policeman in plain clothes for the purpose
of intimidating the people. Four hundred
thousand re-vaccinations have thus been per-
formed; five thousand tubes of lymph (7) per
day were used, and 30,000 pounds of public
money were spent, but with what lamentable
results!"

"In Hull in the two hospitals during the
epidemic of 1899, nine hundred and four (904)
cases of small-pox were treated. Of these 761
had been vaccinated, 10 re-vaccinated, and
143 unvaccinated."

"Yours,"

"J. H. Bonner."

Mr. Bonner is the agent employed to lecture
upon vaccination and agitate for the abroga-
tion of all compulsion. It costs money and it
is paid. It requires effort and it is made.
When England becomes free, America, al-
ways imitative, will presently follow."

ing and moving of heavy bodies, slate writ-
ing, etc., all without the touch of human
hands, or assistance, or for the gathering up,
and holding, out of the unseen that; that is
to all appearance veritable flesh and bone;
that, which has every outward indication of
being a veritable human being, with human
intelligence and speech. All of this is possi-
ble. This I have seen under conditions be-
yond reasonable dispute or question. All of
the fraud-hunters, fraud-exposers, and
psychical research societies in the land, can-
not counterfeit. They may make a reason-
able guess, as to how it might be done, other
than by spirit.
The following phenomena occurred at On-
set, in the summer of 1890. On the ground
floor in a cottage with three adjoining rooms,
parlor, dining-room and kitchen; the parlor
made the dark-room or cabinet; this was
connected with the dining or seance room,
by one door in the centre of the side. In
the centre of the side, at the left—other wall
of the room—was a mantle shelf, in front of
which was placed a full length sofa; at the
left of this sofa was an open door into the
kitchen; in this room was placed a lighted
kerosene lamp, which was sufficient to make
all visible in the seance room. The other
two sides were unbroken, except by windows.
All the room other than the space before the
parlor door, and sofa, was occupied by
chairs, in which to seat the company, con-
sisting of twenty-three individuals. The
medium remained in the parlor, or at least
did not enter the seance room after com-
mencing the circle.
There were very interesting mental
phenomena which I have no desire to men-
tion at this time, but if some reader is anx-
ious to know about them, the individuals are
still living to verify the communications. The
question is a question of realization is the
sole purpose I have in view."

"On the mantle shelf, which was directly
opposite me, and not more than seven inches
wide, was standing a large and beautiful
piece of considerable value, a fine clock, and
choice bric-a-brac. The sofa in front was
scarcely full. Now let me tell of what oc-
curred on that mantle shelf, in a light suffi-
ciently strong to see all, free from all drap-
eries, screens, or anything else to hide, or
divert the eye.
Sheif seven inches wide, bear this in mind.
As I faced it, on the right end of the shelf
there was first observed a luminous, mist-
like appearance, full of motion and con-
tinually increasing in size and form, until out
from it came a fully dressed child, seemingly
five years old, a veritable, living, talking,
laughing child; a little girl, standing upright
against the wall, on a shelf not more than
seven inches wide. I saw her full of what oc-
curred on that mantle shelf, in a light suffi-
ciently strong to see all, free from all drap-
eries, screens, or anything else to hide, or
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ciently strong to see all, free from all drap-
eries, screens, or anything else to hide, or
divert the eye.
Some one said, "Rose Bud, reach up and
tap on the ceiling."
Well, this "cheese-cloth phosphorescent
confederate," reached up and tapped on the
ceiling, and as she moved about somewhat
the owner became anxious lest she should
knock some of the valuable treasures off
from the shelf, and moved to take them
down, but the child said, "No, no, don't
move them; I won't harm them!" and she
didn't. After some little talk and jesting
she said, "I guess I will come down now."
She placed her right foot on the head of the

Spirit Materialization a Fact.

BY EDWIN WILDER.

I feel the time has come when there should
be some strong, clear and positive affirma-
tions made for spirit materialization.
It is time the mediums of this valuable
phase of spirit manifestation, should be de-
fended, and their character for honest, medi-
cunism vindicated. It is time all of the va-
rious phases now known, as "physical phre-
nomena," should be recognized as the very
basis on which Spiritualism rests. And what
is more, it comes from a high order of spir-
it intelligence. It is not the outcome, the do-
ings of "low, undeveloped, earth-bound" ex-
traneous spirit, as the contrary, every
phase has within itself unmistakable evi-
dence of a knowledge and skill, an acquaint-
ance with the occult in nature.
"The subconscious, the subliminal mind,"
or self, will not explain or account for the
playing on musical instruments, for the lit-

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSTELA.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

They arose from the sands, and Nathan opened
a couple of little doors that closed the space beneath
a broad seat in the stern of the boat, exposing to view
quite a comfortable bed and bedding.

"Yer see," he said, "I kin sleep all right in thar, but
thar's no room ter spare. Molly an' I'll take our smoke
now, an' then I'll turn in. Look yer here, yung feller!
I like ther looks on yer, an' I like yer wurk, an' ef
ther wurst cums ter ther wurst, I'll see yer agin, mayn't
I?"

"I hope you will see me very many times. I shall
never forget you, Mr. Kester; and I sincerely thank you
for your kindness and good opinion."

The young man turned down his sleeves, buttoned on
his cuffs, removed the old oil coat with the help of the
fisherman, untied the tarpaulin, looking none the worse
for the three hours of cold, dirty, disagreeable work.
He had thoroughly, and carefully washed his hands,
that no odor of fish might attach to them.

"Good night, yung feller!" called Mr. Kester, as
Mark turned his footsteps toward the hotel.
"Good night, and happy dreams of Molly," returned
Mark, as he wended his way upward; for the grand
hotel stood on quite a commanding elevation.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE ME."

As Mark drew near the hotel, he perceived that the
windows were ablaze with light; and strains of music
caught his ear; while many carriages were waiting
around, and near the grand entrance.

"Ah! A fete," mused young Chester.
As he mounted the steps of the spacious veranda, he
stepped one side to allow a young lady and gentleman
to pass. He started back in surprise as his eyes rested
upon the young man.

What could be the meaning of that which he saw?
Was it his double? But for the young lady hanging on
the arm of the stranger, he might suppose himself look-
ing in a mirror at his own reflection; but the young
people descended the steps and entering one of the car-
riages were driven rapidly away.

Chester turned, entered the hotel, and found his way
to the office. The clerk stared at him inquiringly.
"Beg pardon, Mr. Chesterfield," said he, respectfully,
"but I thought you had just driven away in your car-
riage."

"I think you are mistaken in my identity," he said.
The clerk still stared incredulously, but turned the
hotel register toward him. Mark inscribed his name,
then turned the book back. The clerk glanced at it
surprisedly. There, in a bold, round hand, was written:
Mark Chester, Hong Kong.

Mark then stated that he would like a cheap, quiet
room, for the remainder of the night, and breakfast on
the following morning. One of the attendants, taking
down a key, beckoned him to follow, which he did will-
ingly. He was shown into a small but neat and com-
fortable room well warmed by an open grate.
Young Chester, being very weary, quickly retired.
The hotel clerk down stairs was still staring at the
register.

"Wonder what devilment he is up to now? I could
have sworn I saw him get into that carriage, and before
I could turn about there he stood. Mark Chester;

Indeed! A cheap room? Well, that is the first time
I ever knew him to order anything cheap. He is up to
some trick; that I am sure; but I will keep my eyes
open. Why did he sign a name so much like his own?
Mark Chester—Marcus Chesterfield. Well, I do not
pretend to understand it at all. It would take one
above the ordinary to take cognizance of all his mad
pranks. I suppose a millionaire can do about as he
pleases, but if he had been a poor man, he would have
been in the chain gang, or penitentiary, long before this.
Ah, the carriage has returned. Now we shall know
more about it," and presently Mr. Marcus Chesterfield
entered the office. The clerk looked blankly at him.

"This is the first time in my life," he muttered, "that
I ever saw two people look exactly alike; yet they are
different in manner and expression. The face of one is
that of a devil-may-care, the other thoughtful and
slightly dejected, if I am any judge."

Mr. Chesterfield took an expensive cigar from a gold
case, lighted it, and between bejewelled fingers carried
it to his lips.

"Deuced cold night!" he ejaculated, as he lazily sent
forth wreaths of smoke, head on one side, and one eye
half closed. "Any new arrivals, this evening?"

"Only one," replied the clerk. "A young man." But
he mentally reserved the remainder of the sentence—so
much like yourself that you might be twins.

Mr. Marcus Chesterfield examined the register with
a nonchalant air.

"Mark Chester. Whew! Why did he not call him-
self by my name, and done with it? Hong Kong. Is
he a Chinese, then?"

"Not a native, certainly," answered the clerk.
"Young, or old?"

"Young; About your own age, I should say. A young
man, as I said at first, I think."

"Does he look like a person one could associate with?"
asked Marcus. "It is getting very desolate here. One
needs some companionship, you know."

"A very respectable looking young man, indeed," re-
plied the clerk.

"Used to good society, should you judge?"

"Impossible to say, on so short an acquaintance. He
remained just long enough to write his name and in-
form me that he desired a cheap, small room, with
which he was, forthwith, provided."

"Ah, well, au revoir," returned Marcus, a shade of
ennui and slight disgust crossing his countenance.

"The mother would like to marry her daughter to my
millions; of that I feel assured; but the daughter?
Time and flattering attentions may yet win her. But
after all, what do I want of a poverty-stricken wife?
Her beauty would soon pale. I know that I should
shortly grow tired of her. Some other beautiful woman
would attract my attention. In fact, I am more than
half in love with that tall, dark-eyed—rather weird eyes
they are too—dark haired beauty shall I say? No, she
is not really beautiful; still, she is very attractive. I
must know more of her—get better acquainted. She?
Well; she rather seeks my society than otherwise, and
those flashing orbs of hers look straight into mine as
though striving to hold me with a potent spell. I hear
a great deal about hypnotism. Just now it is quite the
fad. I wonder if women have the power to hypnotize
men? I don't know why turn about is not fair play."

"We hear of the male sex exerting hypnotic power
over the weaker sex, but not so much of the power of
the female hypnotizing the male."

"Mesmerism, hypnotism; I should like to understand
that the power really is—to analyze it. I am rather
given to analytical research," and he tossed off another
glass of champagne.

"Well, eyes are eyes; but the power behind the eyes,
therein lies hypnotism. Ugh! I see those great black
eyes shining upon me now, and I could take my oath
there is a shadowy form connected with them. Well,
I have no fear of ghosts, or shadowy forms. I am
rather partial to them, than otherwise. That, surely,
can be no ghost, for it takes on the form of the very
black-eyed girl I flirted with tonight. But, I was very
careful not to be observed by that mother and daughter."

"I have heard and read of such things as apparitions
of the living. I will put out the gas, place this light
screen before the fire; perhaps, by so doing, I shall be
able to see what those eyes mean."

He suited his actions to his words, then threw him-
self once more into the depths of the easy chair.

"Really," he continued, "this is the witching hour—
two o'clock—and not a sound to be heard throughout
this large house."

"Ah! There are the eyes again; and the form is
much more distinct. Its shadowy arms are stretched
forth toward me, and the eyes are burning into my
soul; but the eyes are not holy eyes; I know that. I
feel that ostentation and greed hide within their bright-
ness; those shadowy hands would clutch at me, not
alone for myself, but for money and the position I
should give her."

"Now that I have read their language, they sink
away into the dark shadows. The form is gone also,
and I had best retire and let sleep cool my fevered
brain." Which he accordingly did.

CHAPTER V.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Let us look in, for a moment, on the mother and
daughter.

On leaving the carriage, they went directly to their
own rooms. A serving maid was sitting before the
grate, awaiting them. They were soon divested of their
wraps and evening dresses.

We like to see ladies within their own homes, in their
easy wrappers and unbound hair; for we can get a
better idea of their true characters. The mother is a
large, fine-looking lady, of about forty years, and car-
ries those years easily. Look as closely as we may,
we cannot discover any silver threads amongst the gold.
The gold is long and abundant, falling half way to the
floor. The large, blue eyes are still bright and expres-
sive. Her complexion is clear, but somewhat pale. The
form is full and matronly, but still retaining much of

womanly grace. She carries her head somewhat haugh-
tily, and we feel intuitively that she is one to be obeyed;
and, while the maid is still employed brushing out her
beautiful hair, we will take a survey of the daughter.

She is cast in the same mould as her mother. Still,
in many respects they are diametrically opposite. The
daughter is as fair and sweet as the fairest and sweetest
of southern California's sunniest and brightest of
days. She has long golden hair, like her mother's, yet
it ripples more, and clings more softly. She is not much
taller than her mother, but so slight of form that one
would think her so. Her eyes are in form and color
like the elder lady's, but where the expression of one
is imperious, the other is dreamy and spirituelle. She
has the sweetest of rose-bud lips, together with a large,
well developed forehead; fair complexion, dainty hands
and feet, and a white, swan-like neck.

"Good night, ma'am," said the maid, as she took her
departure. "It is nearing one o'clock, and I must be
up in the morning in good time."

"Good night," returned both mother and daughter, and
they were left alone with the warm firelight shining
full upon them.

"Isa, dear; how very kind of Mr. Chesterfield to
bring us home in his elegant carriage. We may surely
feel quite honored."

Isa yawned.

"Do you take it that way, mother? We had but a
few steps to come, and I would much rather have
walked. I felt greatly oppressed shut up within that
close carriage."

"Oppressed?" echoed Mrs. Morton. "Does such luxu-
rious elegance oppress you? It seemed to me that I
was returning to my former estate. For the moment I
dreamed myself once more a girl, rolling home from the
opera, or, perhaps, a grand ball, in my own carriage,"
and Mrs. Morton heaved a sigh of regret. "Oh! Isa,
little girl, you have never known the meaning of the
word opulence."

"But, mama, dear, I have been very, very happy as
we are. We have never wanted for anything."

"Wanted, Isa, I have wanted for everything."

"But I mean, mama, we have never been hungry or
cold, or without shelter."

"No; not quite so bad as that, I admit; but we might
have been hungry and cold if I had not taken summer
boarders and lodgers, thereby gaining the wherewith to
keep us from actual want. Mr. Chesterfield was quite
attentive to you all the evening, Isa; but I thought
your manner toward him very cool indeed."

"And why, pray, should my manner toward him be
otherwise?"

"O, Isa; how can you ask such a question? Mr.
Chesterfield is a millionaire; the only really wealthy
man who has ever paid you unmistakable attentions."
I certainly would not encourage them; and I feel myself
greatly to blame for dancing with him more than once
this evening. Mama, it was your urging that caused me
to consent."

"I cannot understand," said Mrs. Morton, with some
asperity, "why you should hold yourself aloof from a
handsome, extremely wealthy, highly bred young man;
the richest; most attractive and gentlemanly man you
have ever met; and we have never heard aught against
him. His reputation as a man of honor I have never
heard assailed. Isa, to see you the wife of such a man
would make me happy."

"Mother, dear, I would like to make you happy, but
could you be happy knowing that I was miserable?"
"Miserable, my daughter? Why miserable? Would
it not make you happy to be the wife of a rich and
handsome man?"

(To be continued).

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The Ninth Annual Convention.

The National Spiritualists' Association will hold its Ninth Annual Convention in Masonic Temple, Washington, D. C., October 15, 16, 17, 18, prox. It will be a most important gathering, and every Spiritualist who can possibly make the trip should do so.

Questions of vital importance to Spiritualism will be discussed, and plans laid for carrying on the work throughout the country. Several amendments to the Constitution are to be acted upon, and they require the careful study of every person who believes in organization.

It is rumored that a move is to be made to remove the headquarters of the N. S. A. to Chicago or St. Louis. In view of the fact that the Association now has a home of its own, it seems to us that it would be suicidal to remove it from Washington at the present time.

We cannot believe that the delegates West or East will seriously entertain this proposition for one moment, and we hope that they will promptly put a quietus upon the proposition, should it be made.

In saying this, we cast no reflections upon the good people of Chicago or St. Louis. We should not have objected to either one of those cities as the permanent headquarters of the Association nine years ago, but now it has a standing in Washington, where it has a fine home of its own, and is at a point where the Spiritualists of the nation most need it—the seat of the Government of the United States.

The N. S. A. is located at the very point it should be to enable it to watch adverse legislation in Congress and promptly oppose the same. The West is not very far away in these days of rapid transit, and certainly it is no more difficult for the Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast to journey to Washington, than it is for the Unitarians of that section to journey to Boston to attend the annual conventions of the A. U. A.

The latter are glad to go to their headquarters, and there is no reason why the Spiritualists should not feel the same with respect to Washington.

The annual conventions are not often held there. The West can secure all of them if its delegates will but vote that way, but there are legal reasons for keeping the headquarters where they now are. So long as the Conventions are movable, the location of headquarters does not matter so much. Milwaukee, Wis., is desirous of securing the Convention for 1902, and St. Louis, Mo., wants it for 1903. We see no reason why they cannot obtain their desires. Milwaukee is a splendid Convention city, and the Spiritualists of Wisconsin need just the help that

a stirring National Convention will give them. St. Louis is to have a great Exposition in 1902, which will minimize the expenses of railroad travel from all points, and make the city the most desirable selection for the Convention of that year that can possibly be made. It will be in order to ask for the Convention in Boston by the year 1904, and it may be urged at even an earlier date, although we feel that the West should have it for the two years next ensuing.

Good rates at one and one-third fare on all trunk lines have been secured for the Washington Convention. Excellent hotel accommodations have been provided at the extremely low rate of two dollars per day. This figure, at a first-class hotel, represents much, and makes it possible for people of moderate means to take in the Convention.

New England will, as usual, send a special excursion to Washington at that occasion. J. B. Hatch, Jr., the genial and popular manager, has secured excellent accommodations for his party from the Royal Blue Line, and it is hoped that one thousand persons will take in this excursion. The entire expense of an eight days' trip is only twenty-seven dollars fifty cents. Surely, that is cheaper than it would be for some people to stay at home. We cannot at this writing outline the work of the Convention, but we know that it will be of vital importance to Spiritualism and to Spiritualists.

There should be no hesitancy on the part of any Spiritualist with regard to his duty in respect to this Convention of the N. S. A. He should go there, study it well, and then act from a conscious knowledge of the needs of the Cause. This Convention offers a combination of business and pleasure for all who attend it, and we know of no better investment that can be made of money in the way of an outing.

Reader, go to Washington in October and help the Cause you love.

The Case Will.

A suit is now pending against the will of the late William Case of Lafayette, Indiana, who bequeathed one-third of his estate to the National Spiritualists' Association for charitable purposes, on the ground that Mr. C. was of unsound mind at the time the will was made.

The contestants base their charges upon two provisions of the will in regard to the funeral services and the disposition of his body. He decreed that no religious services of any kind should be held over his remains, and expressly required of his executors that they should have his body cremated, and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven.

His wishes were faithfully carried out, but his relatives, who do not believe in Spiritualism, hence have no desire to have it prosper, now allege that such requirements indicate unsoundness of mind. Mr. Case is by no means the first person to thus dispose of his cast-off body. He believed in cremation, as do thousands of others, and lived up to his belief in decreeing that his remains should be disposed of in that way.

The scattering of his ashes was no innovation, for many people have decreed the same thing in connection with the disposition of their mortal forms. It will be of interest to thousands of Spiritualists to see the outcome of this contest. If the will is broken, the N. S. A. will lose about four thousand dollars, and the Spiritualists of America will be told by the overthrow of the will that they cannot have their bodies cremated and their ashes thrown to the winds, without being adjudged insane.

If the will is broken, the decision of the court becomes a precedent in similar cases, not only in Indiana, but also throughout the nation. This is a most important matter, and it is to be hoped that the Spiritualists of America will rally to the support of the N. S. A. in the present contest. The will should be defended, and if possible a verdict sustaining it secured. We favor taking the case to the highest court in the land, if it can be appealed to that tribunal for settlement.

The right of any Spiritualist to make a will is involved in this suit. Is a man to be prohibited from disposing of his property because of his religious belief? Has it come to pass in America that a man must be Orthodox in order to have any rights whatever under the law? This contest and all others of the same character are warnings to Spiritualists of means to do what they wish to do for their religion while they are in the form. If they do as Theodore J. Mayer has done, no will contest can ever be possible, for the property will be beyond the reach of greedy heirs who want the property regardless of right and justice.

When the evidence is in, there can be but one outcome of the trial, if Justice and not prejudice prevails. We ask all Spiritualists to stand by the N. S. A. in this contest, and urge them to remember that the sacred rights of all who have property to leave are involved in this suit. It will take cash to defend this will in court, and the N. S. A. treasury should be filled to meet this unexpected expense.

"Echoes from England." The newsy letter from that indefatigable worker, J. J. Morse, published in another column of this issue, brings us good tidings from "over the sea," and shows that our Cause is moving steadily forward in the "Mother Country." Bro. Morse's letters are always welcome, and his communications are of great interest to all of our readers.

He is a man of signal ability, and is toiling night and day to advance the interests of Spiritualism in all quarters of the globe. His "Lyceum Banner" and "Psychic Review" are very valuable productions, and are a credit to their talented Editor. Bro. Morse ever has a good word for all of his contemporaries, and is never so happy as when he is saying kind things of them. He has placed the Banner of Light and its Editor under deep obligations, through his complimentary and extremely courteous references to them. His comments upon Dr. George A. Fuller's

excellent work, "Wisdom of the Ages," were most gratifying to the publishers, and must have given the author new courage through their inspiring nature. We wish our gifted trans-Atlantic brother a full measure of success in all of his numerous enterprises, and trust that he and his will be blessed with health and strength with which to carry on their good work for many decades to come.

State Spiritualist Convention in California.

The sixth annual Convention of the California State Spiritualist Association will be held in Oakland, Calif., Sept. 6, 7, 8, in Macabee Temple, Eleventh and Clay Sts. This organization has done splendid work in California, and deserves the loyal support of every Spiritualist in that State. The hands of its officials should be stayed, and instructions given them to begin a crusade in favor of the taxation of all church and ecclesiastical school property within the confines of the Commonwealth. It is now exempt by constitutional provision, an amendment to that effect having been adopted at the last election.

For years California had the proud distinction of being the only State in the Union in which taxation was just and uniform. It should be the aim of all Spiritualists in the "Golden State" to have their State regain her lost prestige in this respect, and we hope they will work with a will to that end. Mediocrity, medical monopoly, capital punishment, and other reform issues also need attention. Our friends on the Pacific Coast are always at the front in every humanitarian movement, and can be depended upon to do their whole duty at their coming Convention. We greet our brethren of the Golden West, and wish them a pleasant and profitable meeting on the occasion named.

Our Children's Banner. This is the Children's edition of the Banner of Light. We have only presented the faces of a few of the little ones belonging to our family, as we have been unable to obtain photographs of them all. We are proud of those whose faces adorn our columns, but not any more so than we are of those whose likenesses we could not obtain. We assert, and we defy contradiction, that Spiritualist babies are as healthful, bright, and handsome as are those of any other denomination,—in fact, just a little bit more so. We feel that our Children's Banner is the best special number we have ever issued, and our friends can do us no greater favor than to assist us in giving it wide circulation. We have a goodly number of extra copies, and they are for sale at five cents each. Send in your orders.

Moses T. Dole. As we go to press, we learn of the transition of this veteran worker for the Cause of Spiritualism. Although well advanced in years, Mr. Dole continued in active service until failing health compelled him to retire. He will be remembered as the founder of the Veterans' Spiritualist Union, and for his earnest efforts to relieve the wants of the worthy poor. An extended obituary notice will be published in a future issue of the Banner of Light. A good man has passed to his reward in spirit. Peace to his ashes.

B. F. Austin, D. D.

This worthy representative of the "Good Cause" was a welcome guest at the Banner banquet on Monday of this week. Dr. Austin has been in attendance upon the New England campmeetings for the past two weeks, and reports the attendance fairly good, and considerable interest manifested by investigators. Dr. Austin left on Tuesday for Lily Dale, N. Y., where he fills an engagement of one week. He is one of the ablest men upon our platform, and deserves well at the hands of all Spiritualists.

N. S. A. Day at Long Island Camp.

The visitors at Port Jefferson Camp are hereby reminded of the fact that the N. S. A. will have charge of the platform on Aug. 22, when a special order of exercises relating to organization will be presented. All Spiritualists are urged to visit Port Jefferson on this day, and help to make the N. S. A. known to the world. Good speakers, good music, and good mediums will be the order of the day, and no one can afford to miss the treat offered for that occasion.

Dr. J. M. Peebles.

At the Mt. Pleasant Park Camp, Clinton, Iowa, Dr. Peebles delivered six lectures, and attended all the conferences except one, taking part in the discussions. The President, Prof. Peck, pronounced him an "Encyclopedia of Spiritualism," and at his closing lecture on Sunday afternoon the whole audience arose as one to their feet, thanking him for his lectures and bidding him "God-speed." The Doctor, though a few months past eighty years, has all the vigor, energy and enthusiasm of his youth. Will he tell the secret of not growing old?

This is our Children's Banner. Is it not everything we promised? We have a few copies left and those who desire extras must order them at once. These words apply directly to the relatives of the babies who have signified that they desire copies containing the pictures of the little ones. Our issue will soon be exhausted. First come, first served. Let the orders be numerous.

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

Lily Dale, N. Y.

The inauguration of "Canadian Day" at Lily Dale Camp, Wednesday, Aug. 7, was an eminently successful event, bringing into our midst many prominent Spiritualists of Canada. Special exercises were held at 2 p. m. in the auditorium, which presented a tasteful appearance. "Welcome Canadians," in handsome lettering, was suspended over the rostrum, and the Union Jack mingled profusely with the America flag in decorative displays. After musical selections, brief remarks were made by numerous guests upon the platform, among whom were Messrs. Henderson, Campbell, Ring and Nixon of Toronto; Mr. Dawson, Montreal; Mr. Nickel, Hamilton, and Mr. Neelia of Seaforth, who presided as chairman. Harrison D. Barrett was then welcomed to the rostrum, as speaker of the day, in the unavoidable absence of Dr. Montague. Mr. Barrett's interesting address was enthusiastically received by the large audience, and Miss Margaret Gaulie closed the session with spirit dedications.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Dr. Pollard, of Toronto, Canada, a banquet was held in the evening at the commodious cottage of Mrs. Shen, which was appropriately decorated. Following the collation, five-minute speeches were in order, Mrs. Minnie McKeever presiding as moderator. Hon. A. Gaston was first called upon, and responded heartily, extending a warm welcome to the visiting Canadians and urging the perpetuation of "Canadian Day" at Lily Dale. Mr. Mullen then rendered a sweet song, and Mr. Neelia spoke in a happy manner, appreciative of the occasion. Mrs. Oliver talked flatteringly of our camp and rejoiced in being the wife of an American. Dr. Laura Brennan then delivered the exercises with a bright recital, and Editor Bach followed with earnest remarks eulogistic of Lily Dale's standing in all progressive movements, Canadian Day bearing evidence to the onward march. Miss Harlow eulogized the guests with characteristic words of welcome, paying tender tribute to their kindly reception among them. Miss Margaret Gaulie voiced the sentiments of all true workers, commending her sister mediums' successful labor, which had proved a stepping-stone to the earnest investigators whose zeal had made possible the inauguration of "Canadian Day" at Lily Dale Camp.

Mrs. Hyde spoke in a timely and a vote of thanks was then unanimously extended to Mrs. Pollard and Miss Langton, whose tireless exertions have aided so materially in behalf of Canadian representation among us. A poetical benediction, pronounced by Mr. Nickel, brought the happy festivities to a close.

Saturday, Aug. 10, at 2 p. m., Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Men-ville, Pa., occupied the rostrum, delivering a discourse upon "The Mystery of Death." Quoting A. J. Davis in his text, "When a body dies on earth a soul is born in heaven," Mr. Richmond spoke in part as follows:

The common mind the thought of death is ever painful. We leave behind us the emblems and pleasures of life, earthly ambitions and aspirations. Lives of the greatest and best are lost in the great sea of destiny. But this unvarying law applies only to the physical world or kingdom of matter—not to the realm of thought, mind or spirit.

"Human testimony only can with certainty preserve the records of human events. The great problem of death and the mysteries of a future life can only be solved by the positive evidence of those who have crossed the boundaries of the unknown—who yet live and can return to us. In vain do we theorize or seek for logical deductions to prove the continuity of life. Nothing but demonstration, clear and positive, will ever satisfy the longings of the human soul, or meet the demands of reason and reflection."

"Spirit phenomena are clearly demonstrative evidences of immortality. Observe: A fact was once known only to one individual. The form or physical personality of that person no longer exists. Material disintegration and decay have long since dissipated the body in the dust of original elements. At a seance, either in darkness or light, an inanimated fragment of stone moves intelligently, clearly proving the existence in our presence of an unseen, intelligent force. Science cannot account for it; nevertheless its presence is as clearly established as is the proof of any other physical fact. This intelligence is its personality, proving by the relation of circumstances its former existence on earth. Faith does not enter into the inquiry any more than it would in the solution of a mathematical problem."

"It is not evident to the thinking mind that the power which can give and destroy human life can prolong its existence; and if death comes by reason of law, that the phenomena must also be under its control, a continuity of mental existence being as certainly the result of law as is the life we now enjoy. The form of physical personality of that person no longer exists. Material disintegration and decay have long since dissipated the body in the dust of original elements. At a seance, either in darkness or light, an inanimated fragment of stone moves intelligently, clearly proving the existence in our presence of an unseen, intelligent force. Science cannot account for it; nevertheless its presence is as clearly established as is the proof of any other physical fact. This intelligence is its personality, proving by the relation of circumstances its former existence on earth. Faith does not enter into the inquiry any more than it would in the solution of a mathematical problem."

"And ever near us though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless universe Is life. There are no dead."

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Grand Army Day, Thursday, Aug. 15, Hon. A. B. Richmond speaker. Camp fire in the evening. Mrs. Jean Wallace Butler, of Chicago, Ill., who has been for some time a sojourner at Lily Dale, will spend the remaining camp season at Onset.

Our Canadian visitors attended closely the class lectures given by Professors Wright and Lockwood, which are still increasing in popular favor. In the regular lecture course during the week have been included J. Clegg Wright, Miss Lizzie Harlow, Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood and Hon. A. B. Richmond.

Onset. Sunday, Aug. 4.—Both morning and afternoon meetings were largely attended, as were the band concerts. Mr. J. C. F. Grumble was the speaker of the morning. He preceded his lecture with three poems, entitled, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?", "The Wanderer," and another by Wordsworth. The subject of his discourse was "Mysticism." He said in part: "There is a great difference between Spiritualism and Spiritualism. Spiritualism and Spiritualism are greatly separated from each other. Spiritism deals with communication with spirits. Spiritism must come under the head of the phenomena. Spiritualism is not confined to spirits. Theosophy is a system of philosophy. Philosophy understands more than Spiritualism understands. We believe if Spiritualism had certain next books it would be more prosperous. Today it is a general movement. It might have been a power throughout the world. Under Occultism we have black and white magic. In the South the black medium deals with that special form of magic, Black Art. When a Spiritualist is in a place of desire he is forced to use necromancy not because he wants to use the Black Art. However, Black Art means something material in place of spirit. It is dealing with magic. Men and women should know how to realize the God within. I haven't any power unless I have divine power. Nine-tenths of the sanity is insanity. Mysticism begins with reality of spirit. Man can educate himself, not because he wants consciousness. You can no educate consciousness than you can aural law. "When Jesus came up to God said 'I am in the faith and this faith.' 'You,' he didn't lose any light. Spiritism, consciousness begin with Spirit God. You can never get the key of divinity until you realize that there are spirit and not spirits. Evolution teaches that everything rolls out of something else. Every child that is born in this world has always been in this world. Spirit always is, the mother and father lose nothing. After death birth exists. All have to be saved, because no man can lose himself or be lost, because God is Spirit is. Death does not change or destroy. Consciousness comes more birth and never dies. It is not change or destroy it. Revelation does not depend upon Evolution. It believes in going in and not going out. Science can go only so far and no farther. Science deals with the mind. All revelation of the mind comes out of consciousness. When a man has been born of the Spirit he can't realize, but he can demonstrate it. Science can't demonstrate it. Spirit is; it never has and we believe it never will. The consciousness is always within and not without. We must always realize our consciousness as we are. Mysticism always deals with Divine Science. You can't tend to others' business; you can only rid the world of one scoundrel, and that is yourself. If we do not follow the tenets of the ancient seers, would only be minding our own business and not others. There is no evil in this universe. There is nothing to hate in this universe. "God is love. We must love everything and hate nothing. The divine science teaches you to realize yourself. You can never know the world until you know yourself. When I can say I am that I can know the world. Man who realizes life by innermost knowledge of his existence, of this life. To the savage one day is very much as the other. Weeks go by with but little change in his existence. To the civilized man each day is an experience. Every day the daily papers give reports of ships coming in bringing word to the primitive man. To the savage no such thing is possible. Science teaches us to seek the divine nature. The man today is not the man of yesterday. The man of this minute is not the man of the minute just passed. The purpose formed in youth is alive in later years. I myself am only to those that know me." Mr. Maxham closed with singing. Mr. Grumble received great applause at the close of his lecture.

In the afternoon Dr. Lewis G. Jones spoke before an audience of one thousand people, and gave a masterly address, that was scientific, and should be heard by everyone. Nothing but a verbatim report would do justice to the speaker. Dr. Jones read his address from manuscript, taking one hour and twenty-five minutes. It dealt with the ancient religions. During the address it began to rain, and Dr. Jones was obliged to stop and all adjourned to the Arcade. It was unfortunate, as the speaker and his audience were in close touch. The address demanded close attention as would be required in the class room. After the audience was seated in the Arcade, order was at once attained and the speaker proceeded. Of course, some interest was lost. Mr. F. A. Wiggin followed Dr. Jones and received a warm welcome as he stepped upon the platform. His seance was short on account of the lack of time, but was one of the best he has ever given at the camp. A band concert followed the address of the day, which was held in the Arcade. Mr. Wiggin was hardly recognized by his friend, without his mustache. It makes a great change in his looks, but his tests were just as good.

President Whittemore is always at his post of duty. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Mr. Richmond are on the grounds. Mr. Grumble's classes have been largely attended, at popular prices. Monday, Aug. 5.—Once more the friends convened in the grove to hold a conference and a goodly number of people were present. Mr. Maxham opened the meeting with singing, "Sixty Years Ago." Mrs. Della Smith of Providence was the first speaker. She spoke of the growth in the last sixty years, and said the Spiritualists were chosen by the spirit world to shed the light abroad. Mrs. Ritchie of Philadelphia gave many convincing tests and all were recognized. Mrs. Ring of Providence spoke briefly, and said we wished to find true happiness we should look for others. Mr. Thomas M. Locke, vice-president N. S. A., then spoke: "I think it should be a pleasure to any one to be here and in these beautiful groves, and to listen to the spiritual thoughts here expressed. I am full of enthusiasm, and hope for the future of Spiritualism. I am glad we are today and have the privilege of expressing our thoughts. I do not approve of the pessimistic views that have gone abroad. I know we are growing better. Our beautiful religion is permeating all the churches. I ask you as a representative of the N. S. A. to do all you can to carry on the good work, and try and make of our National Day at Onset a success. We do not want creeds, we want the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

Mrs. Eliza Douglas of Fitchburg was influenced by Mrs. Clara Banks, and said: "I have waited for this opportunity to voice a few words to the people. I wish to say Spiritualism is not on the decline, and it will

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SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner staff. These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the Banner of Light as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

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

Report of Seance held July 14, 1901, S. E. 24.

Invocation.

Oh spirit of love and life, we reach out to thee, we look up to thy expression of perfectness, we lean on thine everlasting arm. As children walking in the light of one still wiser and lovelier, so we would walk in the light of thy presence. Bless us with the inspiration of thy love this morning and may we draw ever nearer to every expression of thine. May we learn to understand every aching heart; may we be strong to lift up every burden; may we never in discouragement or despair turn back but always with eyes to the light go forward with faith unflinching. Often we may stumble, sometimes fall, but we are assured of the presence of dear ones who understand and guide to thee. We would that we might be as good as they, as tender, and as willing to serve, and wherever the stumbling or weary ones are found, there may we be with our expressive eyes to the light go forward with faith unflinching. Often we may stumble, sometimes fall, but we are assured of the presence of dear ones who understand and guide to thee. We would that we might be as good as they, as tender, and as willing to serve, and wherever the stumbling or weary ones are found, there may we be with our expressive eyes to the light go forward with faith unflinching.

MESSAGES.

Ira Brown.

The first spirit who comes to me this morning is a man quite tall with square shoulders, but not very stout. He has blue eyes and brown hair that is very thin and there is quite a lot of the gray. He comes over to me in a kindly way and says, "Oh, for such a long time I have been seeking for this place! I knew there was a way to return but I didn't know just how to find it or how to use it when I did find it, but today I have made up my mind to make the effort and see if I can get the message to the people who are looking for it. My name is Ira Brown and I used to live in Thomaston, Me. I have very many friends there and a number of relatives; they are not much interested but still would be glad to receive some word and so I send this message; I am all right; I slipped into the pew condition of life without much jar or disturbance and I would feel a good deal better if I could now and then send a message and receive one as well, for I find that it is not easy to know all one's friends are doing unless there is a sympathetic understanding between them, and it is quite hard work for me to follow everywhere and do everything that I would like to do. I very much want this to go to Frank. I want him to understand that I quite approve of his venture this spring. It is a question in his mind whether he had better keep on or go back, but I should say, keep right on, that the future will prove the wisdom of the step. I also want Nellie to get a word from me. I want her to know that I appreciate all she has done in my memory. God bless them all. They are good children and fond of me as I am of them. Thank you."

Hilda Cummings.

The next spirit that comes to me is that of a woman about fifty years old. She is short, very stout, her face is quite ruddy, her eyes brown, and her hair quite white. It looks very pretty and she seems to take a good deal of pains with herself. She has small, delicate looking hands but with a way of finding something to do for those hands always. They look to me as though they were never, never idle, and the first thing she says is, "What would life be good for if we had no work to do. I am sure that if we didn't have hands we would be thinking of how many things we could do if we had them and instead of that it seems to me it is better to find out what we can do with them as we have them. I suppose you want my name? Well, it is Hilda Cummings, and I came from Halifax, N. S. I have been quite interested in this subject. Before I came over here I made some little study of it. In the first place, I come from a family of mediums and while nothing was ever done in public, there was a good deal done in the family that made spirit life quite real. I have a Henry to whom I would send this message and I want him to see to it that he makes it possible for me to come and advise with him. He promised to and I would like to have the promise kept. More than that, tell him that Charles needs looking after. I won't say "Watching" but that is about what I feel. If he keeps his eyes open he will find that things will prove the necessity of his care. I have been down and seen the changes in the house below the one where I used to live. I don't think it looks very pretty, looks more as though they were trying to make a brown stone front out of a barn and I would rather see the thing left as it was than to see it as it is now. He will know what I mean. Good bye."

Amasa King.

The next spirit that comes is that of a man of quite good size and just as kind and gentle as a woman. He has soft blue eyes and a broad brow and he wears his hair quite long. It falls down over the side of his face a little and he has an unconcerned air—I mean unconcerned in the way of caring little what people say about him so long as he knows he is doing the best he can. He is dressed up quite a little, wears a black suit and black tie and everything about him as though he were dressed better than his companions. The first thing he says is, "My name is Amasa King and I came from Hebron, Me. I was an old soldier and like many another nothing was any dearer to me than my country and naturally I cling to the old conditions and desire to do anything I can to make them better. I have been gone now pretty nearly fifteen years and yet there is not a step that is taken politically that I don't follow with interest and wish I might do something about it. I feel the need of strong thinking and wise acting and if I could find the right condition where I could speak through another I would give as strong an utterance as I was able to sustain the ones who are tempted. I have met over here Charles B. Garland, and my friends will know that he was a friend of mine and that it is a pleasure for us to come together. I also want to send a word to Martha, and Martha will have brighter eyes and a lighter heart for having this word from me. Thank you."

Emma Battelle.

Right after him comes a woman, slight and delicate. She is quite tall but oh, so thin and she just sways back and forth here as though she had hardly strength to hold herself together. The first thing she says is she takes my hand and tries to support herself by it, "Oh, can you help me? My name is Emma Battelle; I came from Quincy and I hardly know what to say now that I have come. I thought I would be easier if I sent a message home to my people and perhaps I will be, but it is a good deal harder than I thought. Will you please send this to Hattie and tell her that I shall never forget anybody and never forget how much was done for me. I don't know how to thank them all but I know my way was made easy for me. I have met my mother. She was the first to greet me and I know it will be a pleasure to you all to know that, for I grieved so over her death. Don't fret over me. Just help me. This seems rather a selfish message but I haven't strength to talk about your affairs, only to tell you that I love you. My love, I send to you all."

Edith Guild to Augustus Guild.

Now I see a little girl. She looks about fourteen years old. Her skin is quite fair, her eyes blue, and her hair is golden. She dances right up in front of me and says, "I am Edith," and then when I ask her her other name she waits a minute and then says, "Guild. I came from Milwaukee and I want to go to Augustus Guild. I want him to realize that I am in the home and happy and trying to make him happy. I have my little brother and his name is Fred and he says, 'Tell mama and papa that we both not only come with love, but we are going to make a manifestation. We are going to make some sounds and are going to try to pull their clothes or do something to attract their attention.' I saw them out on the piazza fixing the vines just as they used to when I was there, and I heard them talk about it and about me, and I wanted to speak right out then but I couldn't do it. I had to wait until now and now I have come and I am coming again and I am coming just as often as I can and I am going to tell all the girls I know that they can come too."

Mrs. Clara Chadwick to Phoebe Chadwick.

Now I see a lady, I think about thirty or thirty-five years old. She is about the medium height but very dark. Her eyes are black and her hair is black as a coal and her face is long and thin and of olive complexion. She says, "Please say that Mrs. Clara Chadwick is here and wants to send a message to Phoebe Chadwick who lives in Detroit, Mich., and the message is, 'Your strength lies within yourself. Don't seek too much outside help. Know that we who love you can do more for you than those who are about you and who care very little what happens.'"

John C. Davenport.

I see the spirit of a man about fifty-five or sixty years old. He is quite stout and has a full gray beard and a beautiful face. He throws back his head with an open expression on his face that makes one feel that the sun is shining when they look at him. When he speaks, his voice is as mellow and sweet as a summer wind and he says, "What a comfort this is! I cannot tell you how pleased I am to stand here and greet you and send my greetings round to my friends. My name is John C. Davenport and I lived in Dubuque, Ia. I knew much of this when it was first heralded across the country that spirits could return. Somehow, I had always believed that it might be true but I didn't have the evidence until after it had been made known to the world. I desire to send my word to Allie and she will know that my tenderest love and sweetest sympathy are hers. I know that sometimes when I come where she is, my influence is too strong and that affects her head. She knows it for she always feels my presence and tries to walk away into a newer condition and relieve the strain. Tell her I know what she has done for the boy. I had hoped that I too could do something for that boy but I shall have to do it from this side of life. His grandfather will touch his brain and keep his spirit pure and sweet, if it is possible for any spirit to do such a thing. I have little with me and she sends love too. Her real name is Angelina, but we always called her Lidle."

Sallie Wheeler.

I see a woman who is very old indeed. She has lost all of her teeth so that her mouth falls in a little bit and she is covered with wrinkles but she has a kind little face after all. It seems as though her body shriveled up and let her spirit slip out of it. She has a black cap on her head with ribbons that hang down over the shoulders and she hasn't glasses on but she keeps them near her and puts them on when she wants to see anything particular. I think she tried to do without any staff as long as she lived. She says, "Here I am, and my name is Sallie Wheeler and I came from Bucksport, Me. Maine has done as much for the spiritual thought as any state in the Union. I want to say that I too knew something of Spiritualism and that it does me so much good to speak a word for it now. I can go to all the meetings I want to now. I used to feel badly to think I was cut off but all I have to do now is to get ready and go and hear all those who can speak so much better than I could ever hope to about the life and the possibilities and the joys. I would like to send a word to Addie and also to Belle. I want them both to know that grandma comes with her love to them."

Mary Ellingwood.

The next spirit that comes is a spirit who has been gone a long time. She is all in white and seems to be so far out of earth's conditions as though it was like an angel coming back to touch the hearts of those she loved and fill them with inspiration and hope. She whispers to me and says, "I am not an angel and I haven't been gone long enough to forget my own, those I loved and those who have come into the family since I went away, but I feel as though I am growing out of the desire to help in the common things, more as though I only wanted to touch their spiritual natures and have them aware of the spiritual possibilities. I know how good it is to have help about the little things in life and there are others who come with me who can do that but I feel like singing sweet songs and bringing inspiration of that kind that will lift them to the height where I long to live. My name is Mary Ellingwood and I have been gone a long time and I want to get back to Jack. That is what we always called him and that is what I call him today. I lived in Missouri City, and I feel as though I have come a long way to give a simple word, but perhaps the knowledge that I am about and am helping will be the inspiration that I desire to give. Thank you."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SEVEN

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Our complex civilization leads to a great deal of work in which physical labor is combined with mental effort to a degree of which we are unconscious until we see it in actual operation.

The husband who is confined in his office, or who is away all day, has no conception of the multiform labors of his wife, and of the planning and the executive power necessary to keep the domestic machinery in running order. The seeing to the weekly washing and ironing, the preparation and the clearing away of three meals every day, the attention needed to see that one does not run out of flour, butter, tea, coffee, and the fifty other things that are needful in the preparation of the meals, the need of seeing that one is supplied with coal, wood, split kindling and kerosene oil, keeping the beds clean and aired, and the whole house swept and dusted, and many other details not to be mentioned here, make the simplest house-keeping laborious indeed.

When to these is added the care of little children who must be nursed, fed, dressed and amused, and of older ones who must be started for school on time and in good condition, or watched lest they receive evil influences on the street, the wedding of the garden and keeping the piazza clean, and the making and repairing the clothes of several persons besides one's own, we see how it is with many women; and instead of wondering that a meal is ever behind time, we are only astonished that with these many cares crowding on one, that the husband has a good meal before he makes an early start for work, that the children are fed in time for school, that the various articles of food are cooked and placed on the table by a quarter past twelve, and that supper be prepared by six o'clock.

In addition to the above, the farmer's wife has the chickens to feed, the eggs to attend to, the milk to be cared for in clean pans and skimmed, and the cream made into butter, and the animals to watch and feed in the absence of her husband, and we feel that her lot is harder than that of her city sister, whose milk and butter and eggs are brought to her door. On the other hand, the one in the city is obliged to take the pains with her dress on going out, and to pay a certain deference to style in house and clothes and general appearance, that one can pardon the over-worked farmer's wife for neglecting to some degree.

What we have written brings forcibly to mind the old rhyme,—

"Man's work is done at set of sun, But woman's work is never done."

While this may be conceded in some respects as we see the man reading his paper in the evening and going to bed at nine o'clock and the wife clearing away supper, putting the children to bed, and then repairing or making clothes till nearly midnight, yet there is care and trouble for the man in the struggle of business, from which the woman is comparatively free.

I have an esteemed friend who is devoted to her aged husband, and has a quite unusual sympathy with him in his business perplexities.

When one speaks of her many cares, she always insists that they are trifling when compared with his. She stays by the house all day, and can work undisturbed in her small domain. He, on the contrary, must go out in the world, face rough words, or the still worse sly efforts of some of the other workers to undermine his position, or if he be an employer, he must meet competition, and ferret out the mean tricks of trade, that will lessen his own business, and perhaps bring on him ruin and disaster at the end of the year.

In many occupations, the man constantly risks his life and his limbs. He may be thrown from the car, or cart, or elevated railroad, he may fall from a scaffolding and his mangled remains be taken up lifeless, he may be caught in the gearing and be torn in pieces before life be extinct, he may be helplessly entangled in "live" wire, he may be cut by an axe, or be jammed in an elevator, or be killed by a bicycle collision.

Perhaps after a hard struggle to get work to support his family, he at last gets a job as a carpenter. But the Union is after him. The agent of the Union seeks him out, and says that unless he pays \$15 down, he will be forced to quit work. He manages to give him \$4 out of his scanty purse. Two weeks after, the agent comes to his place of work on Monday noon, demands the remaining \$11, and as he is unable to pay it, he is forced to take his tools and walk out of the workshop. He is allowed to have till the following Saturday to get the remaining \$11. But as he has no way of getting it, he loses the \$4 that he had already paid, and the job of work.

The above recital is precisely what happened to the father of "the four little girls" about three weeks ago. He has fortunately secured a place in a work-shop since then, where, though the pay is small, and inadequate to support the family while the good mother is still feeble, he is, however, in no danger of being driven from his position by a Union.

My sympathies are with all laborers, but I think, with "The Outlook," that there is a tyranny of Unions, as well as a tyranny of employers. The poor workman is often ground between the two, as the corn is ground between the upper and the nether millstone.

There are so many of our readers who have no opportunity to take an outing, because they cannot be spared, or because they have not the money to use in that way, that I feel almost selfish in telling them of the one I am at present enjoying. It is, however, the first one in four years.

I am in southern New Jersey, and to reach this place, one is obliged to make four changes on the railroad after starting from Newark. As I was obliged to travel in the baggage-cars, in order to save my timid little pet from going alone in these cars, I had an opportunity to see the nature and the severity of the work of the men engaged in them, and was thus led into the train of thought expressed in the preceding part of this letter.

Like other travelers, I have all my life expected my trunk to be transferred with exactitude from point to point, and was perhaps somewhat indignant if it were not on the spot at the end of the journey. Little did I know of the physical labor and the mental strain by which these results are secured.

Knowing that baggage-cars are apt to be crowded and that a lady is considered quite in the way, I had provided myself with a small camp-stool, and on going up the steps, loaded with stool, umbrella, bag, and little pet, I sought a spot where I would be least in the way, and begged the man in charge to move me about to suit his own convenience.

The day was hot, and how that poor man worked! Not the strongest woman, nor any old or enfeebled man could possibly have done what he did. My little trunk was a mere bagatelle, compared with those mountainous and iron-bound trunks, some of which were marked from Cherbourg and Paris, and sprinkled with custom-house vouchers.

The baggage man, young, big and strong, with intelligent face and quick of motion, moved every piece of baggage in that crowded car, and arranged it piece by piece, so that each box or bag could be placed at each stopping-place by the door, and on the side of the car towards each station. On stopping, each piece went out in the right order, and new trunks entered. After each start, he arranged the new baggage, and pulled those that were to be taken out next to the proper door. Once in a while, when he got the chance, he put on his coat, and told me, smiling, as he passed, that he must go and get a drink of water. You may be sure, Mr. Editor, that I made it as easy for him as was possible, by taking as little room as I could.

One can easily see after such observation as this, why young and healthy men are preferred, and why the dear old workmen, who have borne the burden and heat of life's day, find it very hard to get work. In a position like this, if one strong man cannot do the work, the company must pay wages to two of lesser caliber.

The changes were made at Trenton, Camden, and Alloway Junction, and of course I had to get out myself and my belongings, and move into the next one. I thought of the indignation with which Moses Hall speaks of the necessity laid on travelers of loading themselves onto trains. I believe he thinks there ought to be some sort of derricks, by which the passengers can be transported from the platforms into the passenger cars.

At Camden, I made the blunder of loading myself into the mail-car, and found it quite spacious and quiet. From this point, we stopped at every little station, and I could watch the work of the alert young employee who had the mail-bags in charge.

On reaching each station, he weighed the bags that were to be left there, as well as those that were received. They were weighed on a large hook that depended from the ceiling, and every time it was used, he carefully hooked it back in its place. Had he not done so, some one might have been hurt by the

hook, or have even caught his jaw thereon, as happened once to a cruel boy who had been fishing, and learned by his own painful experience how fishes must suffer when the barbed hook is caught through their tender gills, and they thrown in quivering agony on some bank to pant their innocent lives away.

From Camden to the Junction, it was evident that we were in the country, for the young mail-man knew everybody, had pleasant jokes with this one and that one, and I even heard some sly jests on the contents of certain letters that seemed to be expected.

After changing at the Junction, it was only one mile to Alloway itself, and there I found my kind and hospitable friend awaiting us at the station. Then came a delightful surprise, for instead of a dusty drive on a country road, she rowed me in her own little boat quite a distance on the lake, until we reached her boat-house, and her own dear and beautiful home.

In this lovely place, far from any other house, I am enjoying the great advantages of seclusion, of observing the beauties of nature, and of being with refined and congenial friends.

The house sits with its back to the road, and its piazzad front faces this pretty lake. Here we watch the evening sunsets, and as Dame Nature never shows the same face twice in succession, we have a different sunset every night. Sometimes it is burnished silver, and sometimes it is molten gold. Again it is amber, or yellow, or soft gray shading into a delicate pink. Sometimes it is rosy red, or we have the beautiful mackerel sky, as if the heavens were flecked by happy fish, floating untrammelled and joyous in their native element.

Today it rains, and the fire is lighted in the wide fire-place. It is just the day, Mr. Editor, to write my Banner Letter. Tomorrow it will be pleasant, and we shall go boating on the lake, moor the little boat to the grassy bank, with the lily pads floating on the water close by, and perhaps visit the groceries in the little town.

When I first heard of Alloway I thought it must be named for Burns' Alloway, where the witches had their mad dance on a certain night long ago when

"Loud, deep and lang the thunder bellowed," The inhabitants, however, claim the name to be of Indian origin.

My friend was born in Hawaii, where her parents lived during the Civil War. So she has named her home here A-lo-ha (with the accent on the second syllable), from the Hawaiian salutation, "Welcome! Love to you!" Here she and her family and her guests spend the summers, close to Mother Nature, but they live in Philadelphia the rest of the year, where her busy physician husband cannot be spared by his patients.

My friend was first attracted to Spiritualism through reading "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," so that our views on this wide and amazing subject are in delightful consonance. She lives at the same time for both worlds, feeling, however, that they are not two, but one, and that there is only a thin veil between the dusky present and the glory-illuminated future.

As all my mail is forwarded to me directly, it should be addressed the same as ever, to Arlington, N. J. I am likely to remain some time in this region, where I have other friends, and I find that my sojourn will not prevent me from carrying on these letters in the Banner.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., Aug. 6, 1901.

Thoughts from the Inner Chamber.

What seem obstacles are always opportunities.

There never was an obstacle put in the pathway of any human being that it was not his opportunity of showing what he was made of and of acquiring something more.

The body is greatly abused through the ignorance of humanity, and human progress is impeded by turning the creative electrical fluids out of their course. It is not understood that every little channel should have its electrical current vitalizing, vivifying, energizing the machinery. That is the spirit. The fluids of the body are manifestations of the infowing of the spirit.

In your silent chamber you may so sensitively your machinery that thoughts like messengers will beat into your brain and out into the world. That is inspiration, only you will have built your chamber around you and made the walls strong. You can go out into the world and stand in the midst of the densest crowd. You can look through the windows of your chamber and see and hear all that is going on. You can open the doors and windows of your chamber and let in all that you desire. You can keep out all that you do not wish by this same means.

You wonder why it is that you are not able to do more. Be not impatient. Grow sweetly, steadily. Do not waste the silent hour in which you rest in the arms of the spirit. Grow like the plants and the trees; and as you grow in the spirit, your work, your duties will be presented to you. Let the spirit wind you up in the draperies of your soul.

Make it a point never to worry about a single thing. There is a higher power than you, and when you have done what you can with the help of that higher power, your duty is done. Do what you can simply and well. Be content.

Where do we find ourselves? How do we get to ourselves? How may we know? Go into the inner chamber. Silence! All is still. The outer faculties sink into oblivion. The celestial creations come in one by one till all is unfolded before us. We see the why. We see the how. We bring it down, down here. Do we degrade it? No. We but add to it.

The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence!—Mrs. Hale.

(Continued from page one.)

I think he ought to be a happy baby. I know he would send his love to the Editor and all the Banner Children if he could only understand.

With love to all, I am
A Friend to Children.

Rose Matilda Anderson.

This bright baby was born in December of 1899, but that was so near 1900, that we have claimed her. Besides, Mr. Barrett made a prophecy about her, and we are going to watch and see if it comes true. Last Feb-

ruary he saw this baby in West Superior, Wisconsin. He held her in his arms and said: "She will be an instrument in the hands of the angel world for the enlightenment and advancement of the human race."

Didn't he use big words? He meant that the angels would help her to teach the people how to be better and happier. So little Miss Rose Matilda Anderson is going to be a teacher, we can help, too, by sending her our good thoughts and hoping she will always listen to the soft voices of the angels.

You know we hear the angels with our hearts, and we cannot hear them very well unless we keep all cross and ugly things out of our hearts. This baby is not only going to be a teacher,



Nilia Barrett and Mamma.

solemn he looks, with his hands clasped together and his eyes cast down, waiting patiently for his morning ride? Wouldn't you like to run up behind him and push that cart ever so fast down the road until his sober little face was all covered with smiles?

A PRAYER.

Through the day and through the night
Lead me, Father, to the light;
And may I my kinship see
With all life that speaks of Thee.

May I patient be and kind;
And seek earnestly to find
The best thing for me to do
To all pain and sin subdue.

—Minnie Meserve Soule.

A Visit to the Dakota Indians.

BY SPIRIT MANNIE.

Lady-mother said I had better tell the Banner children about my visit to the Dakota Indians with 'Tela, Red-Wing, and some of the other spirit Indian people, who are wise and good, and as advanced as are the good teachers and preachers on earth. 'Tela said that she and the others were going out to the lands where they once lived on earth; they were going to help a Medicine woman cure some sick people in the tribe. They were Sioux Indians we went with—I forgot to say that 'Tela told me I could go too.

First we went to see some of a band—earthly Indians—called Brules, then we went and helped some of a band called the Mandan. I will tell about the Medicine woman that needed the magnetic help of our spirit people in her work. She was sitting near a heap of something black that had been burned. I was told it was burnt and charred bark, of some kind of tree, willow, I guess. She had a blanket over her head, and she sat as still as a stone. Around her in a cir-



Wendell Griffith Galloway.

but is one now. She is teaching her mama to be patient, how to love unselfishly, how to forgive, and ever so many things. Every one of you is a teacher. Did you know that? Every one who sees you and hears you talk learns something from you. If you make any one feel cross or unhappy, you have not been a good teacher. So you see you have to study and watch yourself all the time. Whenever you grow careless and say you "don't care," you are pretty sure to hurt some one else.

This picture of Rose was taken when she was eleven months old. She is older now. Her hair is longer and curls prettily. She has large dark-blue eyes, and several small white teeth. The little lassie pushes chairs about the house, and is growing more lively all of the time.

Her mama is only twenty-two years old and has a little sister of her own who is going to write you soon. We shall watch for the letter, so she must not forget.

Gifford W. Gabriel.

Isn't this a cunning, plump little chap? His chubby hands are grasping a bunch of keys. His fat toes are curled up as if they were feeling of the air, and his nursing bottle is close by so he can reach it. Do you see his crib back there? I think his mama took him out of it and gave him a nice bath. It was a warm day in June, so she dumped him on her big bed for just a minute while she



Rose Matilda Anderson.

reached for his clothes. His papa thought he looked so cunning that he tossed him his ring of keys, caught up his kodak, and snapped a picture quick as thought. I am not perfectly sure about this. Baby's mama didn't send any letter, and I did not have her address. On the back of the picture was written: Gifford W. Gabriel. Born October 13, 1899; seven months old. I guessed the rest.

Who Am I?

This sturdy little fellow found his way to me without any name at all. Of course he is a Spiritualist and he belongs to us. How

time. When she commenced to chant, the other people covered their heads with their blankets and sat still; after the song, she sat very still for a while, then she uncovered her head and spoke, and all the rest uncovered heads. The Medicine lady, then broke off bits of the burnt bark, and gave it to the sick folks, they ate it, then she gave them each a little water from a funny looking dried shell, a kind of gourd. All the time our spirit Indians were standing around the woman, giving her magnetism, and she knew some of them were there too. Afterwards, she told her people that people from the sky were there, and the Great Spirit sent messages to them.

After a while, the Medicine woman got up and took the rest of the black bark, and carried it off a ways, and put stones and leaves over it—buried it for future use. Her people saw her do it, but none went with her, nor would any of them touch it, for anything, for it is held sacred by them, and no one must touch it but the Medicine lady—who is really a medium—if any one stole what she put away, he or she would be looked on, as very bad, and something awful might happen to that person.

Then we went to an Indian prophet who



Jessie Elizabeth Proctor.

was waiting for a message from the Great Spirit—he had been sitting for two or three days waiting for it—he was on a high rise of ground, with his blanket over his head; all his people could see him sitting there but none must go near to disturb him, they knew what he was waiting for. Red-Wing went to him, breathed on him, touched him, and made a light all around him, and then he got the message he was waiting for. So he went down to his people and told them, and they were glad, for it was for their best good.

This is what I saw, and it was a nice visit to the Sioux country in the far west on the earthly plane.

Echoes from England.

Number 827-Four.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE BANNER OF LIGHT BY ITS EUROPEAN AGENT, J. J. MORSE.

The busy round of daily life rolls on its way, every passing moment being filled to the brim with urgent duties, until one almost fails to count the marching days, and comes near to that state of living in soul throbs, rather than measuring the beat of seconds on life's dial,—the state the soul is in when time and its limits sink behind and no longer fret our purposes with the boundaries they create.

Many a time and oft has the pen been in hand and the spirit inclined to its guidance, but harsh circumstance has prevented the indicating of the line to go before the readers of the oldest and widest known Spiritualist newspaper in this world of ours. Once a rather frequent contributor, the writer has seemingly been but a laggard these many months past! But not with intent, far from that! The stern demands of an active life, and the multitudinous duties of a public career, claim so much of time and strength of late that it has been impossible to contribute these "Echoes" as frequently of late as hitherto. But the old-time friends, "from Maine to Texas," from "New York to San Francisco," are all held in memory's sacred sanctum as bright and beloved as ever. Some day, how soon, who can say? I, and mine, hope to meet them again under the starry Banner, and to tread the familiar streets of those marvelous cities pulsing with the life and thought of the most wondrous people that ever transformed the silence of the wilds into the activity of human life.

Well, my readers may say, how fares the Cause in Great Britain? How shall the answer be made to the question? Externally the day is won, the old-time abuse, denunciation, and slanderous sarcasm are almost things of the past. Indifference has succeeded to open hostility, and it is not quite good for us that such is the case! When we fought for our lives we were united, strenuous, and fired with apostolic zeal. Let us beware, and learn the lesson in time that toleration is not recognition! We are not yet accepted side by side with the great movements of modern thought, and yet there is our place, nothing less than that position will content he who writes these lines.

The larger organizations among us here keep their positions and surely increase in bulk and importance. For instance: the London Spiritualists' Alliance, the Spiritualists' National Federation (upon which a further

word presently), the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, the Yorkshire Union, each maintain their work with zeal and effective results. But of the lesser bodies there are many that lack enthusiasm and find existence a somewhat hard struggle. The zeal put into the local work is beyond all praise, the earnestness and devotion are in many cases little short of heroic, but, nevertheless, there is still something to be desired for the financial side entails much anxious thought in the most of cases.

Traveling for a moment outside of our organizations let it be recorded that never was the number of Spiritualists greater in Britain than at this time! That is, if one accepts as Spiritualists all who are satisfied that man can and does hold communication with departed human beings. But such a definition will include all shades and classes of Christians, Theosophists, New Thoughtists, Reincarnationists, Spiritists, and the ruck of heterogeneous people who accept the latest sensation without any intelligible reason for so doing. But also, if the above loose definition is accepted, are we not a crowd, rather than an army? To offset such an idea, and to return to the subject, let it also be noted that there was never a greater determination to put the public movement on the highest possible plane, and exact a more intelligent presentation of our phenomena and philosophy, than now.

It may be interesting to report the fact that after several years of serious effort our "National" has at last evolved the necessary constitution for it to become a legally organized body. But so peculiar are the Government officials in this country that they refused the privilege accorded to such corporate bodies as the Incorporated Law Society, the Pharmaceutical Society, the Salvation Army, and many other bodies, of omitting the word "Limited" from the title. It was objected to that we were not a Friendly Society, nor did we come under the definition of Art, Philosophy, or Science! The result is we are compelled to secure incorporation under the "trading" Sections of the Companies Acts. But, we are advised, the term "Limited" need only be used in official advertisements, and in all business transactions and correspondence. Which only again goes to show the truth of the oft-quoted saying, that, "A Coach and Four can be driven through any Act of Parliament!" Of course it is sheer prejudice that stood in our way, though our Solicitor put his finger on one weak spot in our case when he referred to the opinion that some folks entertain that Spiritualism appears to stand sponsor for "Palmistry," "Fortune-telling," etc., when thinly veiled under the term "mediumship" in many of the public advertisements. Of course Spiritualists know full well that real mediumship stands for nothing of the sort, but prejudice is ever blind, and, "Any stick is good enough to beat a dog" is as true now as ever.

The National will, when the Incorporation is completed, bear a new name, instead of being the Spiritualists' National Federation it will be known in future as "The Spiritualists' National Union, Limited," and its present Constitution will have given place to the new form, which will be in accordance with the requirements of the Law. A Democratic basis has been laid down, and "one man one vote" and "one subscription for all members," with the right of appeal to the annual meet-



Who Am I?

ing for all who have grievances, will assure equality of position and treatment for all in the Union, matters that were at times somewhat difficult to secure under the system previously in vogue. The dangerous "proxy" system is not included in the voting arrangement. Legally it is not permissible to lay down any "test" opinion in a public Company of a trading nature, so no "Declaration of Principles" can become part of the Constitution. We have had some cheap sentiment in the past about the wickedness of making us into "Spiritualism, Limited," inspired by lack of knowledge of the legal difficulties in the way, but the logic of facts has silenced these hasty objections and brought round those who made them to accepting the best the law permits us to have. It is confidently anticipated that within the next few months our Certificate of Incorporation will be granted, and at last we shall have a legally constituted National Organization in this country.

The Lyceum movement here is still thriving and steadily making real progress. The annual convention of the Lyceum Union was held at Pendleton, Manchester, in May last, and was largely attended; indeed the attendance was about the largest in the history of the body. Circumstances militated against any great amount of work being done, the result being that an Interim conference was decided upon to be held at Burnley, in August. At this gathering the important matter of the revision of the Constitution will be dealt with, and the question of appointing a per-

manent paid secretary will have to be considered. The present incumbent of that office has occupied the post for a dozen years or more, and though he devotes more time than many a man does to a highly paid post, the most recompense that we afford him is some £60 for a year's labor! But some folks like to get things cheap, and socialist equality,—of which, of a sort,—we have had sadly too much,—often than not seems to aim at leveling down, rather than up! But the Lyceum movement boasts now of a membership of nearly 7000 in this country, and some 120 Lyceums.

Mrs. Lyola H. Manks, of Philadelphia, and Madame Florence Montague, of San Francisco, are still with us, each meeting with much success and making hosts of friends. The latter lady will soon commence a course of high-class Sunday afternoon lectures in a



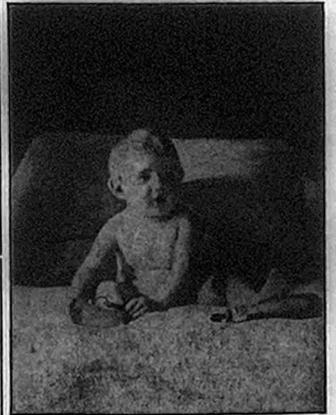
Leona Coy.

fashionable hall in London, at which there will also be a high-class concert. The affair is to be run by a well-known American entertainment manager, and will, no doubt, prove quite a success.

As this is midsummer there is little to mention in the way of general news; press and platform call for no special notice. Each department is doing its best, but this season of the year is not one that inspires pen or tongue to their highest efforts. When cooler days are with us, and the sting comes again in the air, then nerves and brains will be keyed up to responsiveness with the unseen ones who inspire us, and to whom we do not always give enough of heed in the rush and tumble of our daily lives. Let us each do our best to literally, as well as theoretically, "walk hand in hand with angels," then we and the world shall be the better for it. Florence House, Osnaburgh St., London, England, July 23th, 1901.

There seems to be no philosophical necessity for food. We can conceive of organized beings living without nourishment and deriving all the energy they need for the performance of their life functions from the ambient medium. In a crystal we have the clear evidence of the existence of a formative life principle, and, though we cannot understand the life of a crystal, it is none the less a living being. There may be, besides crystals, other such individualized material systems of beings, perhaps of gaseous constitution or composed of substance still more tenuous. In view of this possibility—nay, probability—we cannot apodictically deny the existence of organized beings on a planet merely because the conditions on the same are unsuitable for the existence of life as we conceive it. We cannot even with positive assurance assert that some of them might not be present here, in this our world, in the very midst of us, for their constitution and life manifestation may be such that we are unable to perceive them. —Nikola Tesla.

"Those whose minds are earth-bound and self-contained never reckon with the silent unseen forces at work in the world. They forget that the mightiest agencies at work in the universe are the silent ones. In Nature that great ponderous law of gravitation, for instance, came down the ages so silently that centuries of wise-men passed away before any ear had caught so much as its footfall upon the Sands of Time."



Gifford W. Gabriel.

Suspicion is no friend to virtue, and always an enemy to happiness.—H. Ballou. Truth is the root, but human sympathy is the flower, of practical life.—Chaplin.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak. It serves for food and raiment. —Longfellow.