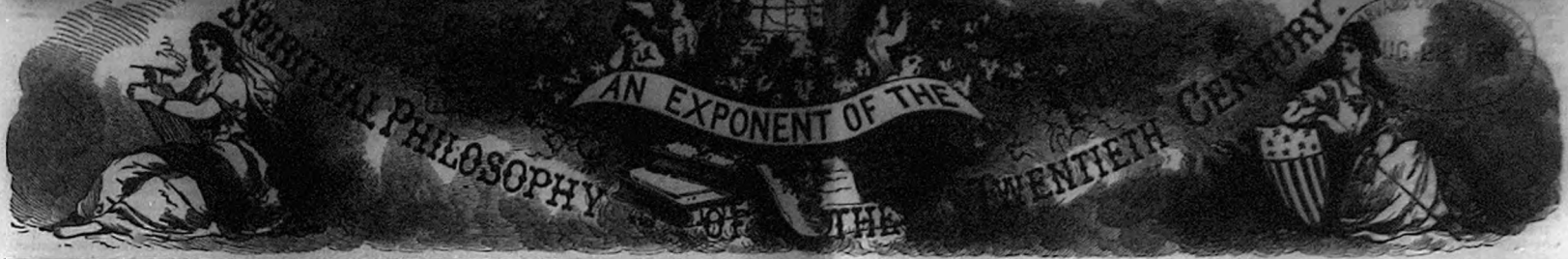


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



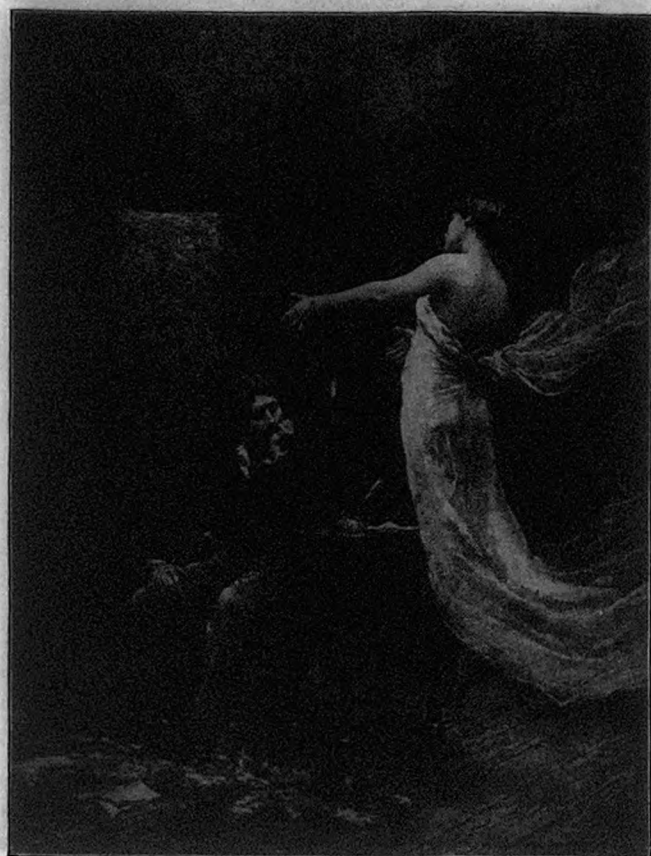
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Inspiration.

## THE HOUSE OF MANY LIGHTS.

After Reading the Couplet of F. R. Torrence.

When first the morning sun I saw,  
And knew it for the light of day,  
My heart was filled with gladness awe,  
And all the world was bright with May.

The wonder is we wonder not—  
At strangeness of our changing life,  
But take complacently our lot,  
The verse and prose of joy and strife.

The gift is ours beyond dispute,  
And bears its own delightful cheer;  
Man is a man and not a brute,  
And therefore man is glad he's here.

I own the joy of daily round,  
Its work and play, its rest and hope;  
I have the days most pleasant found,  
And rich in future plan and scope.

Upon the bush of time there grew—  
The sweetest flowers the eye could ken,  
They all my soul devoutly drew—  
For lo! they were the lives of men!

The centuries brought them manifold,  
Some with supreme alluring grace,  
The frank, the wise, the just and bold,  
And in each one was Love's own face!

Faith spoke to me and bade me prize—  
The ravishment of honor's roll,  
Love filled me with their enterprise,  
And gave to me their heart and soul.

And so I take the gift of time—  
To be as beautiful as flowers,  
And meant for man as hope sublime—  
To turn his life to summer hours.

All is my own that I enjoy,  
I have my treasures given me;  
These gifts were precious to the boy,  
They evermore will precious be.

They are the sense of beauty clear,  
The duty I by will can do,  
The mind enlarging year by year,  
And fond affections loyal and true!

The circle of my friends and kin,  
The gladness of the home I've reared,  
The freedom from the grip of sin,  
And bug-a-boos the race has feared.

These things were common to my place,  
Yet fair and sweet as morn and eve,  
They make the house of golden grace—  
In which I live and bliss receive.

I have no wish to prove it base—  
This blessedness of days and years;  
No Will-'O'-Wisp I wish to chase,  
And end at last in sighs and tears!

I take it life is really Life,  
Without a failure in its plan,  
That joys in all its griefs are rife,  
And earth most dearly loves the man.

And so I think there's more to come,  
A morrow when the days are done,  
For what is now—begins the sum  
That to infinity must run.

My neighbor doubts it as he will,  
He eats his fill and grumbles sore,  
But leaky bucket who can fill?—  
Let gratitude its use restore.

The man who loves the light he owns,  
And takes with pleasure what is given,  
Is like a king respect enthroned,  
Is like a saint in present heaven.

And with the certainty of this,  
He need not worry by the way,  
What is—surely touched with bliss,  
Then let the bliss in him have away.

And then when all the days are done,  
Then is the time he finds the rest,  
And by the gate of death is won—  
As by the gate of life—the blest!

And that no man has seen the sight,  
Would not disprove the faith within,  
We follow in a path of Light,  
The land of Light and Love to win.

But I believe the light is here,  
And gleams in gladness on the way,  
And Hope itself with music clear,  
Says—"Follow on the morning ray!"

My house of Life has many lights;  
In darkness—all the golden stars,  
In day—the sun that gleams affright—  
And shuts it off by golden bars.

This only is the thing to be,  
Pure pleasure while I walk the earth,  
A manhood noble, kind and free,  
The sign and seal of royal birth!

And then as monarch here I stand,  
And have the universe as mine,  
The sweep of ocean and of land,  
And all eternity divine!

—William Brunton.  
Fairhaven, Mass.

## TO "THE PILGRIM" ON HIS FOURTH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Go far afield upon thy errand kind—  
To see the world and give it of God's truth,  
Baptize it with the blessing of thy youth,  
The bright effluence of thy shining mind;  
Go joyously upon the earth's wide round,  
With message rich the race desires to know,  
Go where the suns in tropic splendor glow,  
And gathered treasure of thy life display!  
As flowers spring wherever May-time comes,  
So shall thy footsteps show new growth of good,  
And help mankind to better work and plan;  
With silent force, not with the noise of drums,  
Thy life sets forth our better brotherhood,  
And higher possibilities of man!

—William Brunton.

## Our Camps.—Yogalism in America. —Andrew Jackson Davis and God.—H. Clay Preuss and His Poems.

BY J. M. PEEDLES, M. D.

As this is the Spiritualist campmeeting season, permit me space in the Banner, hoping to interest some of its readers. Just now I am at the Mt. Pleasant Park Camp, Clinton, Iowa, where the air, since the copious rains is very pure and bracing. The scenery about these grounds is simply magnificent, and the attendance very large for the opening week. A week ago, Sunday, I was at Lake Brady Camp. The audience Sunday afternoon was immense, people coming over thirty, fifty and a hundred miles. Next Sunday, a week, I am to be at the Vicksburg Camp; then to Maple Dell Camp, Ohio, and so on to seven or eight on the whole, returning generally on Monday, to attend to my medical business.

There is much to admire and some things to deplore in our annual campmeetings. As outings, as resting-places along the weary pilgrimage of life, as centres for the influx and efflux of great truths and broadening principles, they are a grand success. They were no doubt heaven-inspired. But the competition, the frivolous club-gatherings, the silly side-shows, the excited and often overdone amusements, the tendency to mischief-making, and oft-seen jealousies among the mediums are deplorable; and then, there is a class of Spiritualists that will not give twenty-five cents a year for the support of Spiritualism in their own towns or cities (seemingly ashamed to be known as Spiritualists), and yet, they will flock to these camps, be-league mediums, haunt every test intermediary for a message, and struggle to filch and assimilate enough Spiritualism into their lean, hungry, stingy organization to last a full year. In this way they get it "cheap," and so measurably maintain their home popularity among their neighborly sectarists. From the depths of my soul, I loathe the hypocrisy of the hypocrite-loathe and detest this moral cowardice,—this creeping, crawling, slimy, cringing and knuckling down to—"What will the people say?" Personally, I do not care a solitary "damn" what the people say. As long as I have the approval of my own conscience, society-caterers may rave, and the hells may howl, but I move on like a circling star doing my duty,—and unwhiningly, gladly take the consequences.

As long as Spiritualists pursue this selfish, dastardly course, it is not strange that societies "decline"—their children are often ashamed to be seen in Spiritualist meetings; or, to have it known among their school-mates, that their parents are Spiritualists. The fault is in Spiritualists themselves. If they lived their Spiritualism at home; if they allowed their children to attend their home peonies as Christians allow their children to be present in the family prayer circles, they would grow up naturally imbued with the broad and beautiful principles of Spiritualism, and necessarily be proud of it. I need not specify the remedy. It is apparent to every decently intelligent Spiritualist.

### YOGALISM IN AMERICA.

Since three or four or half a dozen educated Hindus—not high caste Brahmins—have left their native land,—the land of poverty, of famine, of child-marriage, of the bubonic plague and deepest, darkest superstition, some of our American Spiritualists have been attacked with an "itching" for the Orient. A few have taken it badly. If they could travel through this portion of the Orient and witness what I have witnessed, both among the Pariahs and high caste Hindus, their fiery ardor would soon drop towards zero. I have before me the "Prasartana" of June, 1901, published in Benares, the holy city on the Ganges. Prof. M. N. Chatterji, M. R. A. S., writes thus:

"We need not, therefore, wonder how Patanjali, in his Yoga philosophy, speaks of a man who has attained to certain eminence in the practice of Yoga being in a position to work miracles (spiritual manifestation). In the circumstances of very great spiritual

growth man's coming by the power of working miracles, i. e., bringing about phenomena not in the power of ordinary mortals to work, is something to which almost all revealed religions of the world give assent.

"A religion that is not the natural growth of a soil and climate, is not supposed to have the potency to nourish the souls born in it. How is the ascetic practice of Yoga, resorted to by the naked Sannyasis of India, possible in the cold countries of Europe and America, where men have for a considerable length of time to try and accustom themselves to sitting on the bare or merely carpeted floor, or grass-beds? So long as there is not a wholesale social revolution in the countries of Europe—a radical change in the ways of living,—it is not possible for Yogaism to become the standard of spirituality."

Exactly,—it is very evident that Yogaism in any of its bewildering forms cannot become the "standard of spirituality" in America, or any truly enlightened country. The more cultured Hindus themselves know enough to know that such conditions as "nakedness," sitting in a cow-excrement-washed hut, looking at the "navel" twelve hours a day, tying a wet rag around the leg to intensify meditation, concentrating both thought and the eyes on the sun, and other non-hygienic postures, would not be tolerated in America. At Benares on the Ganges I once saw one of these Yoga practitioners almost naked, gazing at the sun, with ashes upon his head, and engaged in deep, prolonged breathing. I pitied this poor fellow-creature, and felt like "sousing" him in the Ganges for a bath, for he was terribly dirty. Using Col. Olcott's words, the most of them are "lazy, filthy beggars." There is a better, wiser way to develop mediumship, alias adeptship; but the best development of anything spiritual is by energetic activities in right living and right doing to others.

### ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS AND GOD.

It is generally conceded by Spiritualists and free-thought liberals that A. J. Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, the thinker, the independent clairvoyant and the philosopher, when in his exalted, or "superior state," went to the depths of human wisdom and divine knowledge. In his "Divine Revelations" and other volumes, in speaking of God, he uses such phrases as these: "The Great Positive Mind"—"The All-Embracing Mind"—"The Divine Mind"—"The Supreme Artist"—"The Eternal Mind"—"The Illimitable Cause of Causes"—"The Infinite Mind of the Universe"—"The Great Fountain of Causation"—"The Infinite Intelligence"—"The Great Mind of the Expanded Universe"—"The Central Source of all life"—"Nature is the mediatorial substance by which an Infinite Intelligence accomplishes infinite effects."

Davis further says that "to produce intelligence, God himself must first be intelligent." Every instant of time, the Great Positive Mind causes this element to express the unchanging pulsation of his Soul through all the various ramifications of nature. These immutable laws which govern the pulsations of divine vitality through the universe, are so minute and righteous that the tiny flower and revolving orb alike receive life, direction and protection according to their respective capacities and requirements." "To be good, or God-like, man must make goodness his constant companion, and Deity a subject of calm, deliberate concentration. Justified by these indisputable axioms, let us try to contemplate the Divine Mind more definitely—to fix, if possible, in the understanding, a clear and comprehensive conception of Deity—though it is, and always will be, impossible for the human finite mind to solve the problem of the Divine Existence, or even to fully appreciate the capacity and ever-varying manifestations of a single attribute of omnipotence. But, 'the pure in heart see God,' and the enlightened and enlarged understanding may, in a degree, comprehend Him. The pure, undefiled nature beholds God in everything and everywhere."

So wrote the philosopher and the inspired Spiritualist, A. J. Davis, when illumined and uplifted into his "superior state"; and what a contrast with these few materialistic Spiritualists who are inventing or manufacturing a new god—a god minus consciousness, intelligence, purpose and will. This god may be introduced at the next N. S. A. convention in Washington.

### H. CLAY PREUSS AND HIS POEMS.

It was in the winter of 1874, if memory serves me, that I spoke to the Spiritualist society in Washington for three months, and among the peculiar characters that I met was Henry Clay Preuss, a musician, a poet, a genius.

Sitting in my comfortable room in the third story of Dr. J. A. Rowland's pleasant residence one evening, friend Preuss called to see me. It was near sundown—the red rays of the setting sun came streaming into

the windows and filled the very air with gladness unutterable. He was a genial, royal-souled man, thought responding to thought along the aisles and corridors of our soul temples, and we talked of lakes of light in waveless seas of tropical lands, where evening breezes are ever heavy with the delicious perfumes of orange groves, and valleys are musical with the low, murmurous flow of crystal fountains. We talked of the Orient, where in groves of palms, poets breathe poems too pure to pen, where the homeless find the homes of their happiest dreams, where souls released from suffering, live the sweet songs they sing, and weary pilgrims with bleeding feet, unburden their cares, lay down their crosses and rest—rest in the fellowship of hearts, jubilant with lyric and love—rest and listen to lutes, lyres and harps swept by angel fingers,—rest preparatory to entering that new Jerusalem, the soul's summerland that the mystic John saw in vision, descending from God out of Heaven. While thus conversing, Mr. Preuss seemed to be entranced, seemed to have a spiritual vision of those ancient seers whose inspired words have streamed in golden radiance down through all the past ages.

I remarked casually that among those ancient seers and sages the apostolic John was my ideal man, and I expressed to him the wish that he would write a poem for me, dedicating it to the Evangelist, John, the scholar, the Platonist and that disciple whom "Jesus loved."

He replied, "I will so do when I get the inspiration."

We shook hands for the night, and he returned to his room. The moon was full, the city hushed and silent, and while there sitting, his whole form became bathed in a spiritual influence, soft, mellow and golden. The inner life opened. In a vision rich with Syrian imagery, he saw the chosen "twelve" circled and glorified, and the Nazarene again in the "midst of them." Thrilled with the inspiration of poetry, he caught his pencil, and ere the vision fully faded, he penned the following beautiful poem:—

Oh! blinding sight to mortal eyes,  
Oh! strange, unearthly vision;  
My soul, upborne on waves of light,  
Is tranced in dreams Elysian.

The "Twelve" in awful circle stand,  
Where mortal dare not enter;  
And, blazing like a solar world,  
Shines Jesus in the centre.

Amid this throng I see a face  
So gently, sweetly human;  
To which the heart of Jesus yearns  
With love surpassing woman.

Ah! is it strange, in paintings old,  
That face 'bove all should please us?  
For John, we know, of all the "Twelve,"  
Was best beloved by Jesus.

He charms our soul with something more  
Than solemn law and duty;  
He fills our starving human hearts  
With tender love and beauty.

Behold! the wondrous Godlike power  
That unto Love is given;  
For with it, John, on Patmos Isle,  
Unlocked the gates of Heaven.

He sang a strain that far transcends  
The grandest earthly poem;  
And mounted up such heights sublime,  
The stars went out below him.

He photographed all future time  
Upon his burning pages;  
His harp waik out, in awful tones—  
The Dead March of the Ages!

Let skeptics view the Apocalypse,  
A tissue all of error;  
Yet, from the visions painted there  
They shrink aghast with terror.

And saintly men, in prayerful awe,  
Have drawn their souls so near it,  
They saw mapped out, in living lines,  
The vast world of the spirit.

Oh! look sublime—the riddle dark  
Of Earth's profoundest maze—  
Thine oracles must still remain  
The problem of the ages.

Yet greater truth than John has penned,  
He learned from those above him;  
That God will give all power to those,  
Who humbly, truly love Him.

This vision and poem of H. Clay Preuss reminds me of a very excellent and able article in the last London "Light" under the heading of, "The Pyrolic Powers of Jesus." This is the first paragraph:

"If Spiritualists know what was good for them, they would rally round the Jesus of the gospel with possibly more eagerness than they would manifest in any other direction. He is more truly their representative than any other being in history. From first to last, he is supremely the mediator or medium between the world of sense and the world of spirit." And yet, I say with a tear in my eye, there are spiritualists who would blot this medium and martyr out of existence, because, through, secretaries have misinterpreted and misrepresented him.

Barth Creek, Mich.



## WHAT IS SLEEP?

What is sleep? Ask all the poets  
Who have lived and sung;  
What is it? It is the sleep of Nature,  
It is the sleep of youth,  
It is the sleep of the morning sun,  
It is the sleep of the morning dew,  
It is the sleep of the morning light,  
It is the sleep of the morning breeze,  
It is the sleep of the morning flowers,  
It is the sleep of the morning birds,  
It is the sleep of the morning world,  
It is the sleep of the morning life,  
It is the sleep of the morning soul,  
It is the sleep of the morning spirit,  
It is the sleep of the morning God.

—Dr. B. C. Taber.

Thurber, Texas.

## Woman's Congress at Onset.

Friday, Aug. 9, was the day to open the Woman's Congress. The weather was all that could be desired. The auditorium was handsomely decorated with the colors of the Congress, yellow and white, and flags of all nations. The rostrum was covered with cut flowers, while the balustrade was covered with potted plants in bloom, and ferns of all description.

The Congress was opened by Mrs. C. P. Pratt, chairman of the committee, who with a few well chosen remarks, welcomed the friends and guests to the Congress. A vocal selection was rendered by Mrs. S. F. Ryder of Warham, after which Miss Lucy C. McGee was introduced. She took for her subject, "Intuition; has Woman the Degree par Excellence?" She prefaced her lecture by reading a few verses from the Bible and a choice bit from Shelley.

"After one has looked over the universe thoroughly one is in a position to agree with the old Greek philosopher, who said, 'know thyself.' The knowledge of self does not depend upon the external. Intuition pertains to the soul. Reason gives information in regard to the external; intuition is not a faculty, it is the soul's perception of its self, and dwells in the higher self. What do we mean by the higher self? It is that which comes from within. It is very hard to draw the

line between the higher and lower, but if you will dwell between the metaphysical or spiritual, you will have the basis of our remarks. Metaphysical is above the physical; it means the same as born from above; it is that which is within every physical, and gives the physical the knowledge of things. Let us look for a moment at personality and individuality. Personality deals with the external, with separateness, with the temporal and the transient. Individuality deals with being, unity, immortality and eternal. Each blended together make a perfect whole. Intuition has to do with individuality. Intuition voices divine inspirations; the voices bring messages of knowledge and cheer of the incarnate and exanimate life. Intuition gleams from the inner self light. Intuitively man sees the light; he understands the one-ness of the body and a joy ineffable flows through his being. In a mystical way intuition has been symbolized as a gift to woman and she being the negative pole has become exalted to the plane of intuition; she became the oracle of divinity. The God of the Esoteric religion is neither masculine or feminine; it must include all power. In the sphere of divinity there are neither men nor women.

"We will now answer the opening question. We believe a high grade woman is intuitively more intuitive than a low grade man. On the other hand, a man who lives a spiritual life is far more intuitive than a low grade woman. People hear very queer ideas in regard to intuition. It has naught to do with different systems of thought; it comes from the soul, and has to be unfolded from within. A spiritual power is to be used for divinity alone. If this power is abused we believe it is withdrawn, but this is not so with psychic power because this is not necessarily on the spiritual plane. If we centre ourselves we will know all that is to do with the soul. Intuition prepares the way for the higher self; it ever speaks. Do you hear it? It will guide you into the realm of harmony. It is the soul's perceptions of the soul; it is the all-seeing eye; it sweeps the sky of the soul and is the oracle of the divinity."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond was then introduced and spoke briefly. She said: "It is refreshing, delightful and soul-filling, after one has been on the platform for forty years, teaching the light from within to hear our friends of the metaphysical society stand upon our platform and deliver the same teachings. Spiritualism over fifty years ago blossomed and scattered all these seeds, and made it possible for all these isms that are bursting forth today. We are glad that the seed scattered has fallen upon such rich soil, and is bringing forth such rich fruit. Spiritualism has revealed the truth that the sister has presented this morning, and we welcome her to our platform most graciously. When we understand each other we will see each other soul to soul." Mrs. Richmond closed with a poem, "Intuition."

In the afternoon we had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Esther Boland of Boston. She took for her subject, "Woman's Responsibility in the State."

"It has been said by Victor Hugo, that the nineteenth century was the century of woman, and it was doubtless true. Many changes have taken place in the last hundred years to man, and a most decided change to woman. She is placed in a vastly different light today. How can women best equal themselves in regard to the change? In this new era, women will determine for themselves, and will not be dictated to. This of course will take time and the women will probably be told many

times of the superiority of the women in the past, what they owe to the race, and to the home, and their proper duty to rear children, but intelligent women will decide for themselves."

She cited instances where women in other countries had been called into state affairs, and had successfully carried on the work without neglect to their families, and this proves that women's sphere is not necessarily that of the home. She said many of the leaders of politics were willing the women should hold prominent positions upon school boards and in the legislature, that a large majority of women were successful financiers, but they should not be allowed the right of voting. They say women lack the calm judgment necessary to understand state affairs, yet a foreigner who is a pauper can be given the right of enfranchisement. It is claimed women would have to neglect duties at home, but is there any laborer who neglects his work to cast his ballot? It is said that politics would contaminate the women. Politics has to do with the self government of the people, and should be of the purest; if it has fallen into bad ways is this not a sign that the woman's voice and presence is necessary for the welfare of the nation? We believe, the just demand that we have a right to have a voice in any matter that is of vital importance to the nation. As loyal women are recognized in all industries, in colleges, in all branches of labor, why are we denied the rights of enfranchisement? The time will come when we will receive all the God-given rights. The meeting closed with singing by Mrs. Ryder.

Saturday, Aug. 10, we convened once more, and after vocal selection, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles was introduced as speaker of the day. After reading a poem, "Life," she took for her subject, "Cheerful Service, or Living as a Fine Art."

"Standing as we do upon the platform of the Woman's Congress it may be thought our talk will be distinctly that of women, but we think the cause of man is that of woman. We are here to confer together upon cheerful service. We know many books have been written upon the way to live: all very good. We will not lay out any special plan today, as we cannot lay out a plan for another, we will only suggest the best plan for ourselves. How much is implied in the first two words, 'Cheerful Service!' How many are willing servants in the plan of life? Do we not often perform our work in a lifeless, shiftless way? How can we benefit others when we are not cheerful ourselves? The artist when painting a picture knows that every stroke of his brush means something. An outsider thinks some of the lines are of no importance, but the artist knows they are all necessary to the development of the picture. Thus should it be with ourselves, we should know the importance of every stroke, and be sure to leave no gaps to be filled up. The era in which we are living is an era of reason. Much time is devoted to psychic power, but of what avail is the search into this phenomena except to stimulate to right living and spiritual unfoldment?"

She spoke of the science of psychometry and paid a loving tribute to Prof. J. R. Buchanan.

"His teachings will live forever. Psychometry means soul measurement. We are constantly being taught that we impress everything we come in contact with. We know through this law that we are imparting love to our very food, our moods, our thoughts, and that they may be beneficial or detrimental according to our real selves. Is it not better

then for us to try and be cheerful and do that which we have to do in a cheerful, honest way? We must learn there are no trifling things in the universe. There is no work but what we can exalt, if we put into it cheerful service, and we will thus be lifted into the spiritual realm. If we are not willing to work in the spirit of love and help our neighbors we are not spiritually minded."

Mrs. Stiles closed with a poem. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond spoke briefly along the line of right living, paid a tribute to the speaker of the morning, and thought when we learned the art of right living we would have a different race of beings. She closed with a poem.

In the afternoon a very able address was given by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president National Woman's Suffrage Association. Her subject was, "The Procession of Justice."

"Some one has said in all times, in all history there have been fine and lofty sentiments floating just outside the grasp of the people, but in the onward march some one has grasped the sentiment and then the story is repeated with other lofty sentiments, and so on and it goes, all through the centuries until today the loftiest sentiment is that of woman. It is the greatest because it is the hardest to grasp; it means the equality of motherhood and fatherhood, and no matter what forces are marshalled against this movement of woman, the result is inevitable, because it is the logical conclusion of the past ages. The eighteenth century was that of man. In the beginning of that century there was no free thought or any kind allowed, and even in our own country that was supposed to be free, the Puritans were ruthless when the people did not worship God in their way. Then man began to see it was better to be free. The Declaration was written in that century; the foundation of democracy was formed, and just as the man was going into the grandest century, the ballot was given to man, and he could carve out his own destiny. When the ballot was given to man it was as an experiment. There were restrictions attending it; the property right was considered. He had to be a member in good standing. In many of the colonies the Jew was not allowed to vote. In some of the Catholic, and in some a person must be of good moral standing, which meant that they had not brought any scandal upon the church. This is the condition out of which our democracy was born. Now if these restrictions were placed upon us today who would be the voters? It would be the women. The great principle of democracy is representation, with taxation. One by one the restrictions were removed, and people born upon the Continent of Europe were enfranchised and the man that did not attend church was allowed to vote and in our last century the laboring class was allowed to vote. When this was first proposed it was with great opposition from all the wealthy people of this continent, but little by little the sentiment grew and then the opposition said, the working people do not know enough to vote; they will degrade our democracy; they do not want to vote, but sentiment and all objections were swept away in the onward march of time, and all men were given the ballot; every race, every color of people are given the right to vote except the women."

No matter how degraded the man may be, somewhere in the United States he can find a place to cast his ballot. The women in the nineteenth century began where the men did in the century

before them, and they have been evolving until now they are recognized in every department of life. In New York City the women pay more taxes than all the colonies put together did, when they demanded the rights of representation. When will our brothers see that this principle is for women as well as men? She said that she was told by representative men, that we were not receiving the representative men from Europe at the present time as formerly. The majority of those that come here are serfs, idiots, paupers and the lower class of people.

"We need only to turn to our institutions to find that the largest percent of the inmates were born on foreign soil, yet when we invite them to this country we give them the right of enfranchisement. They enter into our city life and paralyze our political parties and no leader dares to declare against immigration. This is a serious question, and I think it is time the women took a hand in this matter. I do not believe the welfare of this country is in danger from illiteracy; I believe the danger is from the cultivated man who has neither love of country nor liberty. It is the man who buys the vote of the illiterate man, and if these people were barred from this country, he would contrive to find some other devilish plan to meet his ends. I believe the man who buys the vote should be disfranchised. The woman suffrage movement is an evolution which is bound to succeed because progress moves on and on and there is no stopping it. We ask you as loyal men to share with us the duties of a democracy."

The meeting closed with singing. Mrs. C. C. Catt received a grand ovation after her lecture. Mrs. C. P. Pratt, in behalf of committee, extended thanks from the platform to all who had assisted in making the Congress a success and for all contributions of flowers and to the decorator who so tastefully decorated the auditorium, to all who participated in the opera and made of this a grand success. Woman's Congress committee—Mrs. C. P. Pratt, chairman; Mrs. Lizzie Smith, Mrs. O. A. Miller, Miss Margaret E. Vaughan, Mrs. G. D. Fuller, Mrs. Dr. Wyman, Mrs. C. M. Hervey.

C. L. Hatch.

## Passed to Her Spirit-Home.

The funeral services of our risen sister, Mrs. Frank E. Akin (formerly Mrs. Olmstead), were held at her late residence, 155 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, Aug. 11, 1901, at 2 p. m., Bro. E. W. Barber officiating as conductor.

"The Beacon Light Ladies' Aid Society" (of which she was an active member), sang "Nearing the Goal," and "Hope for the Sorrowing."

Duets were sung by Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Keenly—"Beautiful Beckoning Hands" and "Open Wide the Pearly Gates."

Bro. H. C. Dorn sang a solo entitled "Gathered Home Beyond the Sea," and Miss Thornton rendered the pathetic hymn, "When Grief and Anguish Press Me Down."

Bros. E. W. Barber, H. C. Dorn, Dr. J. C. Wyman and Geo. A. Delere made appropriate and appreciative addresses commemorative of the faithful life-work of our beloved sister, as an instrument of the wise and loving guardian spirits, who for so many years, both in private and upon the public platform, gave numerous messages of counsel and consolation to mourning mortals.

So large a number of friends gathered to

## MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"No, mama, dear; it would not unless I loved him, and could honor him above all other men."

"Is there any reason why you could not love and honor Marcus Chesterfield?"

"Perhaps not, as you look at it, mama; at least, I do not know of any; but I certainly do not love him."

"Of course, not yet; for he has not proposed. But you may love him when the proper time comes. I have had experience enough in my past life to know that he will soon propose; and, surely, you cannot be so blind to your own interests, and my happiness, as to refuse him. Isa, I little thought that such honor would ever be conferred on you, the daughter of a lodging and boarding-house keeper. To be sure I was once the mistress to a million myself, was a belle and moved in the best society, but that was long ago, before you can remember. My dear, you do not even remember how your father looked, do you?"

"Yes, mother. I recall him very faintly indeed, and when I look at Mr. Chesterfield, I seem, for the moment, to be a little child once more and be—my father—must have looked very much like Mr. Chesterfield?"

"Yes," replied the mother, musingly; "he did. Father and son could not resemble each other more; but your father, dear, was an English nobleman; or, at least, so I supposed him to be. I well remember my delight when he proposed to me. He said that his fortunes were fallen but that his honor and good name were untarnished. We were married, and for two years I was happier than the happiest. You were born, Isa, and I foolishly thought that misfortune could never touch me. When you were three years of age the great calamity fell. Your father came home one day, wild and dishevelled, saying that all was lost. He, an Englishman, did not understand the ways of Wall Street. He had invested largely in mining stocks, railroad bonds and what not, confidently expecting to quadruple his money; but, instead, had lost all, or nearly all. Some few thousands were left to you and me, the rest was irretrievably lost. He acted like one bereft of reason. That night he disappeared, and I have never seen or heard of him since. All this happened in the city of New York, dear, as you know. I could not remain there; I must go forth and try to find him, so I thought. I traveled here, there and everywhere, for a year, but obtained no clue to his whereabouts. By the time I reached San Francisco I became entirely disheartened. The climate there was so disagreeable that I kept on to Los Angeles. I had but a few thousands left now; the summer sun was so blazing that the cool Pacific enticed me; I purchased this house, dear, and the acre of land on which it stands, and then I had a few hundreds left. If I must earn my own support and yours, I thought the easiest way would be to turn my home into a summer boarding and lodging house. To be sure it has made us comfortable. We have not been cold, hungry, or shelterless, and I have been enabled, thereby, to give you a good education; but this property will be your only portion; then, Isa, how can you think of refusing the immense wealth that might be yours?"

"But, mama, it was your wealth that, at last, caused your sorrows, disappointments, and worse than widowhood. We do not even know whether my father is dead or alive. I can never be happier than I have been here with you, mama, and it is no disgrace to keep a small, quiet hotel, such as this is—a little home-like hotel—

you know I never call it a boarding-house. I always say 'small, private hotel.'"

"Well, it is all one and the same thing. I earn my living by keeping summer boarders from Los Angeles—travelers from the Eastern States who visit California—and so forth; but I would like my daughter to marry one who could restate us both—one who could put you into the position once occupied by your mother."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Isa. "Do you wish me to be left worse than widowed, and my child, if I should have one, fatherless?"

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Morton with great emphasis. "Certainly not! What could put such a thought into your head? I think if the money your father lost had belonged to himself, and I had been comparatively poor, he would not have disappeared."

"Mama, I believe money to be the root of all unhappiness and evil. If you and my father had both been in poverty, and had your own way to make, you might have lived happily together until the present time; I should have had a father, your the protecting care of a husband; and you might not have been obliged to keep a private hotel. Now, I don't know how it is, mama, dear, but I like almost anything better than riches. I feel a secret antipathy toward the very wealthy. I think this little hotel is all right. I should be willing to keep one myself if I were to marry a gentleman who had very little but himself to offer me."

"Oh! Isa, why will you not look upon Mr. Chesterfield's suit with favorable eyes? Your low-down ideas cause me great unhappiness."

"Because I cannot, first of all; also, I do not love him; and, moreover, I distrust him greatly. There must be an undercurrent of badness in his nature or I should not feel thus when in his presence; and there is something else about him, mama, that I do not pretend to understand. I only wish I could. Whenever he approaches me, I sense the presence of a tall, dark-eyed lady; I do not see her with my natural eyes, and yet she is as real to me as though I did. Her eyes are wild and black. If I try to look at him, I am looking at her instead. If he speaks to me, she speaks to me. Her voice may be inaudible to others, but I am conscious of what she says. If he tells me I am beautiful, her lips curl scornfully as she says, 'he tells me the same,' and yet we are not at all alike. When I am dancing with him, her form is between us—she is nearer to him than I am—and I feel that I must certainly take my seat, and have done so a number of times, very much to his chagrin I am sure. Of course I could not tell him of this, for it is something invisible to all others but myself. Mama, he is not an honorable or true-hearted man. I feel sure of that, although no one says aught against him."

"You are jealous, Isa. There is not a young lady about here who resembles in the least the person, or rather the imaginary being, you describe. I beg of you not to give way to such foolish fancies—and, even if some young lady were in love with him, it would be nothing strange—he is very fine looking and exceedingly wealthy. Young ladies, as a rule, are not proof against rich, fine looking men. It does not go to prove that he may be in love also, Isa. I feel sure that he loves you and you alone; and you will find that mother is right."

"Well, thank heaven, he has not asked me to marry him yet. I will not trouble myself about it until he does, which may never happen, as I most devoutly hope it will not. I intend to avoid him as much as possible that he may never find an opportunity. Mama, perhaps he never even thought of such a thing. I am sure a hotel keeper's daughter is not in his station of life; he will, probably, seek a wealthy lady—one who has wealth and station equal to his own—and may I dance at his wedding," saying which, Isa arose and sought her couch.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE TALKING SPECTRE.

The mother sat, still musing, gazing into the blazing coals within the grate, sighing disconsolately at her daughter's lack of ambitious desires.

"My will has, thus far, been my law," she thought. "A more obedient daughter never lived. She has been as pliant wax in my hands. This is the first time she has ever expressed an opinion differing from mine. I must overrule her for her own good. She shall obey me in this matter—am I not her mother? And is it not God's express command that children should obey their parents? She shall not throw herself away on a poor and unknown suitor. I am determined she shall marry this exceedingly wealthy young man. If all accounts are true he is destined to become a second Vanderbilt."

Mrs. Chesterfield, the father of Marcus, not only left his son a cool million, but one of the richest mines in all California; and that is what brings the son here; he is personally overseeing the mine. I have been informed, by those who know all about such things, that the mine will yield many millions more. Oh! How can Isabel be so blind to her own interests? But she is ignorant of the world—scarcely ever having left Redondo. We have not been rich enough to travel very much; a little trip to San Diego and Coronado; and once, or twice, to Catalina Island; once to Mount Lowe; about ten or a dozen visits to Los Angeles; and once, only, to San Francisco; this is all the child really knows of the world. She has always been very innocent and unsophisticated; but, here and now, this must end; she must become a woman and be made to comprehend the difference between the rich and the poor. She will really yield to my wishes, as she always has done, when she finds that she must. It rests with her, now, whether my dreams will ever be realized or not."

"Here I am but forty years of age—oh, how much I may enjoy before I reach sixty—and, really, one is not a very old lady before sixty, and I have seen those who could enjoy much even after that age. Now let me see what Isa's marriage to young Chesterfield would lead to. A princely home in New York, the city of my birth and home of my girlhood, a beautiful mansion on the Hudson, a few years of travel in the old world—and I should visit all the places of note or interest on the globe—in all probability be introduced to the Queen and her court—enjoy all this world can give, have a retinue of servants at my command; all this as the mother of Marcus Chesterfield's wife I shall be entitled to, for Isa will be sure to see that I have all that she does, and more if possible. Even as it is, she relieves me of the greater part of the care of this house. She manages the servants far better than I can already, young as she is. The best of everything is for mother. Then, she is so capable, she seems to understand intuitively just how everything should be done; and she sees that it is done, and done well."

"Oh, yes; when she becomes the wife of a millionaire, wealth, honor and happiness will be mine; my dreams will all be at last realized through her. My own young womanhood was one of bitter sorrow and disappointment. At last I shall meet with a just recompense."

Her eyes closed with the happy thought; and, immediately, as she supposed, they opened to stare with astonishment at a figure standing by the other side of the small fireplace, one arm resting lightly on the mantel, the large, dark, wild eyes holding her in a restless spell.

"So you are determined to marry your daughter to Marcus Chesterfield, whether she will or no. Madam, are you not reckoning without your host? You have not yet taken me into consideration. I shall most certainly object to the union."

"And who are you, pray, that you thus intrude upon me in my own private apartments? What one of my servants has dared admit you here, at this time of night, without first consulting me?"

"O, I have not asked your servants to admit me," said the weird lady, alrily; "I did not consult them about it."

"But the doors and windows of this house are all fastened, or, certainly should be. My housekeeper has never failed in this respect before. I must positively discharge her for her carelessness."

"Your doors and windows are all fastened, madam. You are not called upon to discharge your housekeeper. She is a jewel, no doubt. I did not enter here through barred doors or windows and yet I am here as you see; and, now that I am here, I wish to converse with you on a subject of very great importance to myself."

"I must know, first, how you entered this room."

"Because I will to do so."

"What has that to do with it," asked Mrs. Morton, "if my servants did not obey your will and admit you?"

"Nevertheless, they did not, I assure you. By my strength of will power I have overcome all material obstacles, and, consequently, stand before you."

"You are falsifying!" cried Mrs. Morton, indignantly, "and to carry your own point are screening my servants, or some one of them."

"You are wrong; but we will not quarrel about it. My mission here is too important to waste time on so trivial a subject. Something far more important engrosses my mind just now. Are you aware, madam, that the human will can overcome all obstacles that may intervene or rise up to obstruct or thwart it?"

"No; I do not know it, neither do I believe it."

"Then you are not willing to believe your own eyes and ears? But, I pray, let us not waste words. Madam, your daughter shall not marry Marcus Chesterfield!"

"Shall not? Your impudence is unparalleled, whoever you are. Shall not? And, who can prevent it, pray, if the parties most concerned are agreed?"

"And who, may I ask, are the parties most concerned?"

"Marcus Chesterfield, my daughter and myself; his parents both being dead."

"Both being dead?" laughed the weird lady. "Dead, madam? There is no such thing as death."

"We will not split hairs on that question," said Mrs. Morton. "They have departed this life, and, no doubt, are angels before the throne of God; at least, we will hope so. There is no one to object to my daughter's union with her just as good as affianced husband. Who you may be, does not matter. A jealous woman, no doubt, who desires to win him for herself. He told me, with his own lips, that he was entirely free—had never, even, spoken of love to any woman, as yet, in his short life—for he is very young, not quite twenty-two, and that no woman has held his promise of marriage; he told me all this when asking my consent to paying his addresses to my daughter, for I questioned him, particularly, on the subject."

"I did not say that he had engaged himself to me. I spoke of the human will; and I will that he shall engage himself to me. My will being the stronger will, can conquer his."

(To be continued.)

As a man thou hast nothing to commend thee to thyself, but that only by which thou art a man, that is by what thou choicest and refusest.—Taylor.



do honor to her memory, that the pious and upper-rooms were overcrowded, and many were unable to obtain entrance. The floral offerings were very generous and beautiful, and the wish of our sister, that she might be buried under flowers, was literally fulfilled.

She leaves a most devoted husband and son behind her, who deeply mourn their heavy loss.

The cause of Sister Ahn's decease was cerebral hemorrhage. She passed to spirit life on Friday, Aug. 9th, at 6:04 a. m. Spiritualism, in the death of our dear sister, loses one of its brightest ornaments, one of its most faithful workers, and one of the most devoted instruments of the spirit world. She was, at the time of her decease, the vice-president of "The Woman's Progressive Union," and she had many warm friends in that society, a large number of whom were present at the services, which were brought to a close by all joining in "Nearer, My God, to Thee," with the closing prayer by Bro. Delere, and the benediction by Bro. Dorn. H. C. Dorn.

#### Mrs. Lucy Bowen

Passed to the higher life, from her home in Pawtucket, R. I., Aug. 4, 1901, at the ripe old age of 85 years. Mrs. Bowen was a Spiritist for many years. She was one who was ever ready to declare and defend our loved Cause. In her home life she lived her religion in its fullness. She leaves an only daughter and many friends to miss her visible presence.

And tho' we say good-night,  
Yet this too mortal sight  
Thou' lovest to mortal sight  
In heaven's golden glow,  
She now will dwell in light;  
The angels led us so,  
And they will light the way,  
'Cross death's cold tide,  
And safely shelter her  
In heaven's fold so wide.

The writer officiated at the services.  
Mrs. Sarah E. Homes.  
Providence, R. I.

#### Passed to Spirit Life

At Corry, Pa., on the 31st of July, Caroline R. Butler, wife of Wm. G. Butler of New York City.

Mrs. C. R. Butler was for many years a consistent Spiritist, giving of her means to aid not only the Cause, but all of whose need she learned. Of high principles and warm sympathies, she was beloved by all who knew her. Her husband is left to mourn her irreparable loss, but not without hope of a meeting hereafter.

K. D. Knox.

#### For Over Fifty Years.

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

#### Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott.

Aug. 11.—Owing to the fine weather fully twelve hundred people were at the grove during the day. At the morning conference, remarks and messages were given by G. Baker of Worcester, W. Tatts of Salem, W. A. Estes and H. Clough of Lynn; congregational singing. The 2 o'clock meeting opened with singing by the Mowerland Park quartet. "When the Dear Ones Gather," followed with invocation and remarks by the president, L. D. Millard, of Lynn; interesting remarks, L. Willard, Lynn, solo, Prof. Holden, Salem, "We'll Never Grow Old," remarks and messages, Clara E. Strong and H. Hersey of Boston; singing, "America."

The 4 o'clock meeting opened with quartet singing, "Don't Shut the Door Between Us, Mother," interesting remarks, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, Mrs. H. A. Baker of Danvers, A. D. Graham and Mr. Brown of Boston. Mrs. Burnham pronounced the benediction.

National Spiritualists' Association Day, with Harrison D. Barrett and other speakers, will be at the camp Sunday, Sept. 2nd, (fourth Sunday). All speakers and mediums are invited to write to Wm. H. Gardner, Sec'y.

#### Pan-American Visitors

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

#### Grand Lodge, Mich.

The largest meeting in four years assembled here Sunday, August 11, to hear Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates. These workers are giving better lectures and tests than ever before, and they have been favorites here for two years previously.

Our accommodations are all filled and the camp is a great success this year.

Reporter.

#### Spiritualist Camp Meetings for 1901.

Cassadaga Lake, Lily Dale, N. Y., July 14 to Sept. 1.  
Onset, Mass., July 14 to Sept. 1.  
Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 23 to Sept. 1.  
Clinton, Iowa, July 23 to Aug. 25.  
Camp Progress, Mass., June 2 to Oct. 6.  
Etna, Maine, Aug. 30 to Sept. 8.  
Vicksburg, Mich., Aug. 2 to 25.  
Chesford, Ind., July 18 to Aug. 24.  
Queen City Park, Vt., Aug. 10 to Sept. 8.  
Niantic, Conn., June 24 to Sept. 9.  
Earncliffe Grove, Chelmsford St., Lowell, Mass., June 2 to Sept. 23.  
Island Lake, Mich., July 15 to Sept. 2.  
Hawlett Park, Mich., July 25 to Sept. 1.  
Lakewood, Fla., Sept. 1 to Oct. 4.  
Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 11 to Sept. 11.  
Temple Heights, Me., Aug. 17 to 25.  
Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Mass., June 2 to Oct. 6.  
Port Jefferson, L. I., Aug. 4 to Sept. 2.  
Madison, Me., Sept. 6 to 15.  
Delphos, Kansas, Aug. 9 to Aug. 24.  
Mantua, Ohio, July 10 to Sept. 2.  
Grand Lodge, Mich., July 23 to Aug. 23.  
Forest Park, Ottawa, Kans., Aug. 24 to Sept. 2.  
Summerland Beach, Ohio, Aug. 10 to Sept. 1.  
Waukegan Camp, Wis., Aug. 24 to Sept. 2.

**Over-Exertion of Brain or Body.**  
**Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**  
It is a wholesome tonic for body, brain and nerves. Wonderfully quick in its action.

We are such stuff as foods are made of, and our little life is rounded by a whirl and dance of atoms.

#### Onset, Mass.

Sunday, Aug. 11.—The largest audience of the season was present to listen to a lecture given by Mr. J. C. P. Grumbine. The meeting was opened by Mr. Maxham with song, after which Mr. Grumbine read a poem entitled "Consider the Lilies," closing with an invocation. After another song by Mr. Maxham, Mr. Grumbine took for his subject, "Universal Religion." He said in part: "Religion is the exaltation and dedication of Love. Religion is only present where love is. If God is love, love is the centre of the universe. All life is the manifestation of love."

"Atoms and molecules bind matter to matter. The two words mean one and the same thing. Atoms cannot like each other unless love is there. Atoms and molecules draw together. This universe could not swing in space were it not for this unchangeable love. We must sacrifice our bodies that the soul can realize itself. We get the word universal from universe, as it means one. Religion is the exaltation of love. There is no affinity in marriage. Affinity means bringing the ends together to make one centre."

"The time will come when we can penetrate all worlds and find one centre. Evolution is religion. They have taken evolution out of religion and called it science. Science was got to be religious, an here in this earth because I desire to be, or I would not be here. There was work for Buddha and Jesus to do or they would not have been here. Generation means to be born. The people want to know what was in this world before they came and what is in the other world to come. Reincarnation does not mean we will be born again. You cannot be born again in spirit. Spirit is. You realize that birth in Consciousness. You are not giving birth to God when you regenerate. God has nothing to do about regeneration."

"You cannot live over your life again. You can never live over a thing twice. What you are today you cannot be tomorrow; you cannot go back. Jesus had a cross. Every one has a cross, and there is a cross for me. I must bear my own cross. God is revealing today as he revealed in the past. When the word of truth is spoken, it is the word and not the truth that appeals to you. I care not how high the religious consciousness may be, I cannot touch that consciousness until I become as high. The inspiration that came to Buddha cannot come to Jesus, but the truth that came to Buddha came to Jesus. It is the truth that speaks. You can come into the God consciousness without reading a Bible of God."

"The orthodox church says that the only revelation was given to Jesus. I deny it. The multitude followed Jesus because he was a great teacher. Divine love is in the world, not out of it. You have not got to go into a convent to obtain love. Religion does not belong to any one person, it belongs to humanity."

Mr. Grumbine closed with a poem.

At 2 o'clock the band gave a fine concert. At 2 o'clock an audience of about two thousand listened to an eloquent address given through the mediumship of that world-known speaker, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond of Chicago, who, after a soulful invocation, took for her subject, "In My Father's House are many Mansions not Made by Hands."

"When Jesus said, 'I go and prepare a house in My Father's mansion for you,' he did not mean a home made by hands. He had said before, 'The Kingdom of Heaven will be within you.' Religion is universal truth. Religion is an adaptation of truth according to the many needs. My father's house is within the soul."

If we had lived in the period of Buddha perhaps some of us would have gone with him. We might have listened to the voices that came from the mountains to the Jews and we would be worshipping the golden calf just as it is today, and we might perceive the open gateway of our father's house. Whatever pathway we may take, we would have seen the mansion within and not without."

Jesus did not withdraw from the world to find spiritual truth, but he sat down to give to the people the light he perceived. The open gateway in each age is according to the needs of the world. Spiritualism is the open gateway between humanity and spiritual truth. This gateway was not prepared for the first time by Spiritualism or Christianity. Every denomination claims it.

Progress is growth from within. Jesus wants every one to be true to the truth embodied in the golden rule. After fifty years this house unmade by hands has been revealed to you by a name that humanity knows. Spiritualism was a great doorway to the external Christianity. The external failed to accept the spiritual gifts. The sign that made many believe was work made manifest to the world."

Spiritualism came elucidating the old truth, and revealing a future life. Spiritualism welcomed all that have been benighted with the light, even if they do not know it. Spiritualism re-announced the final truth. Spiritualism opened the gate that was closed and welcomed all who desired to enter. The Theologians would close the gateway to Spiritualists."

Many come out of the church to enter the gateway of Spiritualism. We hail with glad light the presence of Prof. James and Hodgson, who have come peeping around the gateway that Spiritualism has opened. The difference is in the name only. They have labeled it Psychological Research. Let us call things by their right names, as long as they are right and true. The Psychological Research Society has claimed Spiritualism to be true."

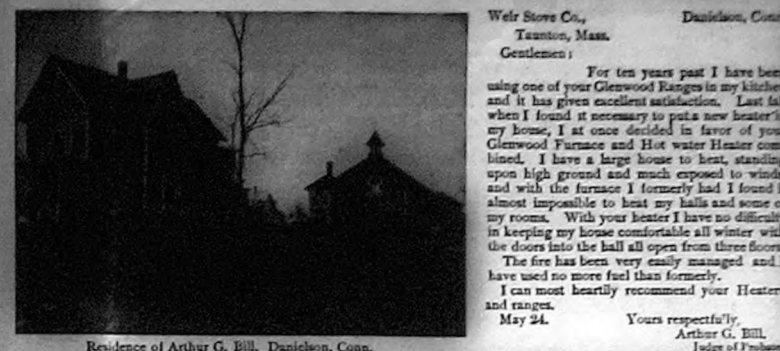
J. K. Newton, thirty-five years ago, healed multitudes, until a Catholic priest was obliged to heal in public for fear that a multitude would go to Newton and lose their souls. The files of the Banner of Light contain much of the new thoughts that have claimed to have been discovered. We welcome Dr. Savage and others to our thought. We are glad that our Spiritualism is being preached from our pulpits. Of course Dr. Savage never read the Banner of Light."

If clairvoyance is wicked, from where did Talmage get his information? He must have taken a peep into this little side door. Spiritualism is not being injured because some people are using it for mercenary purposes. Since when have mercenary methods been crowded out of the church? Is Christ responsible for the blood shed in his name? Is Spiritualism responsible because a narrow-minded bigot runs away into a corner and says "I have found all the light?"

The tide of Spiritualism has not turned; it has not reached its full ebb. What you will do to make its flood-tide we do not know, but yonder hearth-stone will continue to be lighted by its presence. On and on through the archway of truth you will go. You will go on and on, where some of the teachers have gone who are included in the ranks of the immortal. No life is excluded, from the king to the pauper. The gateway is flung open to all. That pathway is your way, even you who deny the open doorway. Spiritualism is the open door and we invite you to enter. No one is denied."

Mrs. Richmond closed her address with an inspirational poem, subject taken from the

## Judge Bill Has Two Glenwoods!



Residence of Arthur G. Bill, Danvers, Conn.  
Writes for handsome book illustrating scores of modern homes and public buildings heated with the Glenwood. Write Stone Co., Taunton, Mass.

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Gentlemen:

Danvers, Conn.

For ten years past I have been using one of your Glenwood Ranges in my kitchen and it has given excellent satisfaction. Last fall when I found it necessary to put a new heater in my house, I at once decided in favor of your Glenwood Furnace and Hot Water Heater combined. I have a large house to heat, standing upon high ground and much exposed to winds, and with the furnace I formerly had I found it almost impossible to heat my halls and some of my rooms. With your heater I have no difficulty in keeping my house comfortable all winter with the doors into the hall all open from three floors. The fire has been very easily managed and I have used no more fuel than formerly.

I can most heartily recommend your Heaters and ranges.

May 24.

Yours respectfully,

Arthur G. Bill,  
Judge of Probate.

audience. Mrs. Richmond held a reception at the close of her lecture.

Monday, Aug. 12.—A Conference was held in the Arcade; the following talent took part: Mrs. Ring, Mrs. Meers, Mrs. Della Smith, Mr. Thos. M. Locke, Mr. N. U. Lyon, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Robins furnished the singing; Dr. Huot also spoke briefly. Mr. Young presided at the meeting, owing to the absence of the chairman, Dr. G. A. Fuller.

Tuesday, Aug. 13.—The meeting opened with singing by Miss Robbins, after which Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond gave an invocation. She then asked for questions, which were answered briefly to the satisfaction of the friends. Her subject for the day was "What will be the Future of Spiritualism?" A very eloquent speaker once said, "We know of no way of judging the future except by the past; but this does not admit the gift of prophecy. We cannot judge wholly by the past. Like all other movements, Spiritualism has its beginning, its progress, and if like other movements, it will have its decline. Spiritualism is the open doorway of communion between the two States. It is the only living light of today; it is all inclusive; if it is not, you have failed to grasp the message of immortality. Spiritualism will stand for just what you claim for it—the largeness of the soul and its eternity, the religious light of this age, or the small personalities to the dull treadmill of science and personal seeking after material things."

Spiritualism is the religion of the century, and many Spiritualists have been busy spreading wide over the world some of its phenomena, philosophy and religion. We cannot separate this trinity, because we would lose much of the spiritual beauties of the soul. Notwithstanding what is claimed by many of our spiritual teachers, Spiritualism is not a science, because it has no formulated plan. The scientist cannot tell you the formulas of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and many of our scientists tell us they are beyond any science; they cannot tell you the first principle. Many reject the word religion, but this is the only word that expresses what spirit is in its relation to God, or the Universe of Soul, or Intelligence. It is man's perception of the divine. If your Spiritualism has not reached further than the phenomena, and philosophy, and opening up what is divine in yourself, it has failed thus far. All that is within you, believe the spirit has power to conquer. Let us not reject the word religion, but let us restore it to its true place. Theology is man-made. Religion is from the spirit."

In regard to organization, she said: "We cannot prosper unless we have the zeal of other religions. If we are thoroughly organized we must use brain, heart, and little finger and work with zeal. Spiritualism of the future will either be the grandest religion that the world can receive, or the different branches of the spiritual tree will be carried off by the separate cults that are constantly springing up. Friends, this depends upon you; if you will receive this personal light and use it for good, you can make your Spiritualism the grandest religion ever known."

Mr. F. A. Wiggin closed the meeting with a very fine test séance.

Wednesday, Aug. 14.—The meeting opened with singing by Mr. A. J. Maxham, after which Mr. H. D. Barrett, President National Spiritualist Association, was introduced. He prefaced his lecture with a poem, "The Chinese Mother's Song," which was well received. Mr. Barrett's subject for his discourse was "The Mission of Spiritualism."

"Spiritualism has a direct bearing upon all expressions of thought. Many say this is a new truth presented, but we say rather it is a new expression of an old truth, for Spiritualism is as old as the Infinite. The mission of Spiritualism is to make men practical. Any religion that does not reach into the hearts and homes of the people is not an ideal religion. Better opportunities must be given before Spiritualism can fulfill its mission. One of the first things necessary is to rationalize our religion. Credulity is one of our worst drawbacks. Its mission is not fulfilled unless it affects the social life. We must teach that right is right, and we must not do anything for policy's sake. We must teach that we must not charge any more for things than their actual value. I plead today for a more united brotherhood among the Spiritualists. When we have learned the value of this, we will then be able to shed the light among those less favored. We must manifest to the world that we have the broadest, grandest religion; a religion that makes men better from within. I do not think that our Spiritualism will pass away, realize that all branches are necessary for its growth. The phenomena are only helps to our understanding of the philosophy, and helps to climb to the altruistic heights beyond. The mission will not be fulfilled until every soul has been brought from darkness into light."

Mr. A. J. Maxham closed the meeting with a beautiful song.

Thursday, Aug. 15.—The meeting opened with singing by Mr. A. J. Maxham. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond gave an invocation, and followed the same with an address, subject, "The Co-relation of Material and Spiritual Progress as Revealed by Modern Spiritualism."

"When Moses, Teacher said to the world he was going to try and open communication with the planet Mars, people smiled, and the statement was met with ridicule, but this statement follows upon the steps of the announcements made by the spirits many years ago. Material science, instead of discovering the spiritual truths, has been very slow

in responding to the spiritual growth of the age. No one today in the world of thought can say there would be Psychic Research if it had not been for Spiritualism. Yet they set themselves up as something unusual and say these phenomena are caused by sub-consciousness. Why they have not tried to cultivate the sub-conscious before and carry it into the pulpit is a mystery. A. J. Davis declared that other worlds are inhabited. These predictions are being demonstrated by science today."

"Edison claims it is by inspiration that he is able to produce such wonderful inventions in electricity. The thought must precede the manifestation. The truth is, the scientific world is slowly creeping along where Spiritualism has led. It would seem the planets are inhabited, and by methods the space may be easily bridged by thoughts. If it is possible to transmit thought one mile, then it is possible to transmit millions of miles. A spiritual force is moving the world today as no other force in the universe. You will clasp your loved ones by the hand and they will clasp you in return to the grand unfoldment of your spiritual selves. These forces, though, will be held in check by the wisdom that guides the universe, until you become clean and pure and are ready to receive the truth."

Mrs. Richmond then thanked the chairman, the board, and all the friends at Onset for all courtesies received, and closed her part of the program with a poem. Mr. F. A. Wiggin gave a very fine test séance.

Dr. Fuller at close stated that Mrs. Richmond leaves this camp to go to her home, Cuba, N. Y., where she first received the revelation of the angel world, and the best we can say of Mrs. Richmond is, "She has never outgrown her Spiritualism." We wish her good speed.

Friday, Aug. 16.—The meeting opened with singing by Mr. A. J. Maxham. Mr. F. A. Wiggin read a poem by E. P. Weston, and gave an invocation. Mr. Maxham sang, "I Walk Alone in the Light." Mr. Wiggin said in part:

"I know of no better condition of mind and spirit to which it is possible for man to attain than that of the song just listened to, the beautiful sermon in song. When a person feels the Almighty is at the helm, and we guide with safety, the need look no farther than this for a condition of heaven. We are not to blame today that heaven is far or less remote from the place where we are, or that it is a place purchased through the blood of a Savior on the Cross. Such a doctrine has been taught for many years, and we have such hold upon the people. There is a Universal Divine Law. Millions of years ago, God breathed into the Universe, Divine law, and then apparently retired from this plane save through this law. This law is diversified in its expression, and wherever you may live, each is following out some expression of that law. The question is asked, if it is possible to violate this law, and I will say from a close analysis of the situation that mankind is fulfilling the law when he is apparently violating it. This may seem strange to you, but we obey and carry out things according to our make-up and environments. There is only one law, all others are legal fiction, and we know very often these laws are burdens to be borne. God is law, but I would not have you think that God is not love also. The purpose of life is to understand law. There is a purpose in every expression in life. God-law is exacting, and is an active one. The world of harmony could not exist without activity; heaven necessitates activity. It is not a place of the future necessarily. It may be a state or condition of the present. True civilization will not come until Altruism is recognized somewhat by the rich and poor alike. The most beautiful expression or results of life often come over roads of suffering. The suffering comes through ignorance; the violation of law and painful expression lead us back to the law, and we then behold it in all its beauty. The realization of divine law brings us into touch with love. The universal law demands, commands and compels every man and woman to step their lives toward the common centre."

Mr. Wiggin closed the meeting with a test séance.

Among the arrivals at Onset are Mr. and Mrs. Locke of Philadelphia; Mrs. Hines, Miss Galoway and Mrs. Smith of Philadelphia; Mrs. Warren Thaxter of Boston. Weather delightful. Hatch.

#### Officers of the Onset Wigwam Co-Workers.

At the annual election of the Onset Wigwam Co-Workers, held August 3, the following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. May C. Weston; vice-pres., Mrs. Fannie Bruce; second vice-pres., Mrs. J. W. Kenyon; secretary and corresponding secretary, C. D. Fuller; treasurer, Mrs. Emily C. Wilder; board of directors, W. H. Whitwell, H. W. Howard, E. A. Blackden, G. W. B. Leonard, Mrs. L. J. Dunbar.

The Wigwam is in a very flourishing condition. The place is overcrowded at the afternoon meetings, and overflow meetings are held in the grove. August 30 and 31 we held our annual fair in the park in front of Wigwam. C. D. Fuller, Sec'y.

#### To Let.

In the Banner of Light Bldg., No. 304 Dartmouth Street, a fine large front room, well adapted for a medium, physician's or dentist's office. Terms reasonable. Apply at Banner of Light Book Store.

#### The Michigan Association.

The annual convention of the Michigan Spiritualists' Association was held in Lansing, Tuesday, August 13. This seems to be a body that might do a great work—but is slow to move its force. The business was hurried through in one day of two sessions, and at one of these the time was nearly all wasted. The afternoon session was hurried, and only a little absolutely necessary work done. The business of sessions and election of officers may be said to comprise the work of the Convention.

Members seem not to understand the rules of the organization, nor the principles of parliamentary law. They are ready to do or undo, as some one who appears to know, may declare. If we want success in our organizations, we should study the business needs, parliamentary law and practical methods. We sadly need business methods and ordinary understanding how to proceed.

That the lack of business genius and esprit exists in Michigan was well exemplified by the crude way this convention was run. With our fifty local auxiliary societies, only fourteen were represented by delegates, and these totaled forty persons. This number thus settles the policy of the Michigan Spiritualists. And of these the Grand Rapids society sent a delegation of twelve persons. These delegates ruled the Convention, and forced the elections of officers they desired. The officers may be a good working body that remains to be seen. It is to be hoped they will be.

These are days that we should be careful of what we do. The officials of our organizations should be well-tried and true; they should possess honor, integrity and capacity. We trust that Michigan is a mass of men represented—but if it is not, then the Spiritualists of this grand State are only to blame by their lack of interest and absence, letting the few represent them. We hope to see an awakening, to see those come forward who shall in no case bring other than respect and zeal. Visitor.

#### Etna, Maine.

Campmeeting opens August 30 and closes September 8. The following program has been arranged and will be adhered to so far as is practical and possible. A. J. Maxham, of Ludlow, Vt., will render appropriate music. The Sunday Evening Meetings will be made a special feature of the year. In the past, and all are cordially invited to participate.

August 30—Mrs. Nettie H. Harding; H. D. Barrett, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Ella Hewes, Carmel. 31—H. D. Barrett; Mrs. Nettie H. Harding.

September 1—Mrs. Nettie H. Harding; H. D. Barrett; Mrs. Ella Hewes. 2—Mrs. Ella Hewes; Mrs. Nettie H. Harding; F. A. Wiggin, Boston, Mass.; Social meeting led by H. D. Barrett. 3—H. D. Barrett; Mrs. Nettie H. Harding; Social meeting led by F. A. Wiggin. 4—Mrs. Ella Hewes; H. D. Barrett. 5—A. J. Maxham, solo; song by A. J. Maxham. Memorial services conducted by Harrison D. Barrett; 3 p. m. Grand Annual Concert; all members and friends are invited by the committee; W. E. Luce, South Newbury; L. M. Hewes, Hermon; Mrs. Abbie M. Hopkins, Plymouth; Mrs. Addie M. Goodrich and Miss Chas. Packard, North Newbury, to contribute. The evening of the best Concert ever held on the grounds; 7 p. m. Lecture by F. A. Wiggin; this evening the pavilion and grounds will be illuminated and there will be a Grand Ball at the hall on the grounds. 6—Annual business meeting of the Association; Children's Concert; N. S. Association, conducted by H. D. Barrett. 7—F. A. Wiggin; H. D. Barrett. 8—H. D. Barrett; Mrs. Ella Hewes; F. A. Wiggin. Farewell meeting.

Local speakers and strangers are always welcomed to our rostrum. For programs or further information, address the Secretary, H. B. Emery, Glenburn, Me.

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

#### Camp Meeting at Waukegan, Wis.

The first annual campmeeting of the Waukegan State Spiritualist Association, at Waukegan, commences August 24 and closes September 1.

#### PROGRAM

August 24—Flag raising and rally; Patriotic music; 10-minute speeches by State and local Officers and Mediums; Benediction. Opening address: President Stewart; Test séance. 25—Song service; Lecture, Moses Hall; Test séance. 26—Song service and conference; Lecture, Mrs. Pierce; Music; Lecture, Mrs. Catherine McFarlane; Test séance. 27—Song service and conference; Lecture, Mrs. Francis Woodson; Lecture, Moses Hall; Test séance. 28—Service, conducted by Waukegan Society; Lecture, Moses Hall; Test séance. 29—Song service and conference; Lecture, Pres. C. I. Stewart; Music; Lecture, Moses Hall; Test séance. 30—Conference; Lecture, Nellie Knapley; Robert; Lecture, Geo. W. Brooks; Test séance. 31—Song service and conference; Lecture, Moses Hall; Test séance. 32—Service, conducted by Waukegan Society; Lecture, Moses Hall; Test séance. 33—Song service and conference; Lecture, Moses Hall and others; Test séance; Farewell, Pres. Stewart.



## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Progressive, Miscellaneous and Miscellaneous Books, Wholesale and Retail.

TRANS. CARR.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by full or at least half cash, the balance, if any, must be paid by C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

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

It is quoted from THE BANNER that should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of personal free thought, but we do not endorse all the varied shades of opinion in which correspondents may give utterance.

No subscription is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited articles.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1901.

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

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Harriet D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.  
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

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

### ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Aque Line.  
DISCOUNTS.  
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Avertissements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date when they are to appear.

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### Labor Day.

Monday, Sept. 2, is Labor Day in Massachusetts, and a legal holiday. In honor of the event the office of the Banner of Light will be closed throughout the day. Our friends, especially our camp correspondents, will kindly take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

### A Timely Suggestion.

In a recent conversation with that valiant worker for the "Good Cause," Bro. Moses Hull, he suggested that it would be an excellent idea to have a meeting of the Presidents and Secretaries of the State Spiritualist Associations at Washington, D. C., during the week of the regular annual convention of the N. S. A. This suggestion is not only timely, but eminently practical. The Presidents and Secretaries of the different State bodies could formulate plans for propaganda that would be mutually helpful, and would be the sources of much valuable information to the delegates at the convention. The following States now have legally organized State Spiritualist Associations: Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, California, Washington and Texas. Should Indiana and Missouri succeed in organizing before Oct. 10, there will be twenty States in line ready for action.

We see no reason why the Presidents and Secretaries of the eighteen State Societies above enumerated cannot be present at the convention. They could compare notes, and give the causes of the failure of local organizations in their respective Commonwealths. This information would enable the delegates to act intelligently upon the questions affecting local societies and the standing of our Cause as a whole. The councils of the State leaders are needed to make possible better plans with which to meet the ills now besetting our movement. We hope every State President and Secretary will make a special effort to attend the Washington Convention. It will be the means of broadening his own views of life, and of helping to broaden the views of his associates. A regular annual gathering of these officials would soon become a source of strength to Spiritualism.

The question of expense is one of great moment as we well know, but if a man or woman has the ability to fill the office of President or Secretary of a State Association of Spiritualists, surely those who elected them to their respective positions ought to

be willing—nay—even anxious, to honor their officers enough to send them to the National Convention with all traveling expenses paid. A small sum contributed by each Spiritualist would place money enough in the treasury of each Association to defray the expenses of the officers named several times over. Besides this, there is the idea of justice to be considered. Each President and Secretary serves his people gratuitously and if they are willing to donate their valuable time, surely their fellow Spiritualists ought not to expect them to meet the expenses of an annual trip to a National Convention, or to a gathering of State Presidents and Secretaries unaided. Our columns are open to the officers of the several State Associations to discuss this important question. We hope all of the State officers will have something to say on this subject, and trust that they will at once write us with regard to the successful carrying out of the above outlined plan.

### Volume XC.

This issue of the Banner closes our eighty-ninth Volume. Aug. 31 will mark the opening of Volume Ninety. In six months, the Banner of Light will be forty-five years old. It holds its own today, and shows no signs of the decrepitude of age, despite its many years of labor in its chosen field. Its new volume will be even more progressive than any of its predecessors, as it will deal with the living issues of the times, and will not dwell in retrospect upon what has been, or pine over what others might have done. It will in every respect be a progressive Spiritualist journal, knowing no schisms, no side issues, no personal exploitations, no mercenary spirit. Its aim will be Spiritualism as the universal religion of and for all mankind. No party fetters will shackle its thought, no creedal tether limit its utterances. It will be aided in its endeavor to establish these ideals by the leading writers in our ranks, and will receive an occasional lift from some of the advanced minds outside of the spiritual fold. It will be new, up to date, philosophical, scientific, and religious in its character, while the social side of life will not be forgotten, and an occasional choice romance will find its way into its columns. In fine, Volume Ninety of the oldest Spiritualist paper in the world, will be everything that goes to make up a first-class journal. As such we appeal to the liberal-minded reading public for a share of its patronage. We will give you value received for your money by sending you each week a clean, wholesome, helpful, instructive paper. Subscribe for the old Banner of Light, and let your first copy be number one of VOL. XC.

### The Police Scandal in New York City.

The respectable citizens of the metropolis of America, to say nothing of those of the entire continent, were startled by the unearthing of one of the greatest criminal plots of this age among the police of New York City. From the Chief of Police down to the humblest roundsman, there seems to have been no exception to the uniform practice of consorting with vice and crime of all kinds. Gambling houses, brothels, saloons, houses of ill fame were all in partnership with the police, and were warned of impending raids by the very persons who were the sworn guardians of the morality of the city, when the officers of the Society for the Suppression of Vice had sufficient evidence in hand to warrant them in making an attack upon the dens of vice. It is a most serious thing to contemplate that the entire police force of a city can be turned into abettors of wickedness. Every good citizen, regardless of party ties, must hang his head in shame as he views the present condition of things in New York City.

The causes of this wholesale demoralization are not hard to find. Partisan politics and the spoils of office are behind this fearful state of things. Tammany Hall is the most perfectly organized, as well as the most unscrupulous combination of forces, ever formed in this nation. Fifty millions of dollars in official salaries are annually paid in New York City. Tammany Hall grows rich upon the tithes it gathers from its beechmen whom it puts into office. This organization wants power, hence secures the services of such men as it can use. These men are rewarded with juicy official plums, and when they are once in office, they look about for opportunities to increase their incomes. Criminals themselves at heart, they do not scruple to form alliances with those worse than themselves for the sake of pecuniary gain. Tammany secures a goodly share of the profits of vice, while the office-holder doubles and trebles his income from the sale of his "protection" to the dens of infamy that are located in his district.

Many policemen have retired from the force in New York and other cities possessed of comfortable fortunes, and live in respectable (7) ease the remainder of their days. There is no doubt that they obtained their surplus in ways that are decidedly questionable, now that these revelations of wholesale blackmail have come to light. The utter disregard of civil service laws on the part of executive officers is the source of much mischief. In this respect, New York City does not stand alone. Philadelphia is equally demoralized, and her officials from the Mayor down are utterly brazen in their wantonness in trampling upon the rights of the people and disregard of law. Civil service is not only scorned in Philadelphia, but respect for honesty has been absolutely lost to sight. Croker and Tammany Hall in New York are no worse than are Ashbridge and his organization in Philadelphia. That they represent opposite political parties enhances rather than diminishes the wickedness of their actions. Civil service has now no standing in either of these cities. So long as men are given office as reward for party service, and not from merit or their ability to discharge the duties of the same, just so long may the people of this country expect such corrup-

tion as has been unearthed in New York and Philadelphia.

Even at Washington civil service is no longer recognized. Many hundreds of offices have been taken from the civil service list and placed at the disposal of the spoilsman during the past five years. The civil service law is not only disregarded, but it is also willfully broken by men who are deemed to be honorable in everything outside of politics. Is it not true that men were chosen to serve the people, who are qualified by education, honesty and ability, rather than those who can be bought and sold as sheep in the shambles? Is not New York's shame an object-lesson for all other municipalities to profit by? When law-breaking of all kinds is made respectable by officials, can we wonder that men in the humbler walks of life should engage in it? We feel that the time has gone by when a man should be prohibited from holding office simply because he is a Republican or a Democrat. It does not matter what his politics may be so long as he worthily discharges the duties of his office. Civil service reform is the sole hope of New York City and our entire nation, so far as honesty in office is concerned. We hope our people will awake before anarchy and bloodshed may come in to add to the list of crimes now practiced against the people. Let us have law and order under intelligence, not prejudice, and then we can have the higher civilization for which we are longing. To make this possible, every Spiritualist should cease to be a partisan, but should become a civil service reformer and a patriot in his every action.

### Andrew Jackson Davis, M. D.

This gifted sage, seer, prophet, and healer completed seventy-five years of earth-life on Sunday, Aug. 11. He is as active as ever, and labors faithfully to serve his fellowmen in their sufferings. No man has done a greater work for humanity than has Andrew Jackson Davis. He sympathizes deeply with all reform movements and takes a keen interest in everything affecting the interests of Spiritualism. He is one in whom the soul is ever in the ascendancy, and his life is lived for the good of others. He has seen three-quarters of a century roll away, yet is as youthful as people are at two and twenty. In fine, he is "seventy-five years young," and well does he deserve the affection of the multitudes whose lives he has brightened. He has shown the world that the soul of man is ever young, and that the passing of the years but adds to the perennial growth of the soul itself. Dr. Davis is taking a needed rest during the month of August, and is celebrating his birthday by numerous bicycle excursions, and other youthful pastimes. Long may he dwell in the form to minister unto the needs of the suffering children of men. He is physician to both body and soul, and nobly does he discharge the duties of his dual office. His revelations are yet divine, and his spiritual sight never fails to recognize the glories of the world of souls in which he dwells.

### Prof. A. R. Wallace and Sir William Crookes.

A valued friend has received a letter from Prof. Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent scientist of England, in which the statement is made that Dr. Wallace and Sir William Crookes are as firm as they ever were in the truth of the spiritualistic explanation of psychic phenomena. In these days, when so many Spiritualists are sneering at scientific evidence, at the testimony of eminent scientists, and our opponents are claiming that Spiritualism is on the decline, it is quite refreshing to receive the renewed assurance of the continued devotion of these great men to the truths of Spiritualism. These scholars have honored Spiritualism by their steadfast devotion to its principles, and Spiritualists will yet be compelled to adopt the very methods these gentlemen employed in dealing with psychic phenomena of all kinds.

### Sheriff Pearson

of Portland, Maine, is having a lively controversy with some of his predecessors in office. He says that the profits of his office for the first six months were only three hundred eighty-five dollars, whereupon an ex-Sheriff declared that he would willingly give one thousand dollars for the emoluments of the position for that very period. Pearson retorted by suggesting that his opponent might have had sources of income that were unknown to the present incumbent. The ex-Sheriff got angry and said the preacher-Sheriff was falsifying. Then they did have a scene. Charges and counter-charges were freely made, but Pearson held his ground, and stood by his assertions. He offered to show his books and contrast them with those of his opponent. Just why this was not done is not apparent, but it shows that the ex-Sheriff is evidently afraid of the comparison.

Sheriff Pearson has shown that his predecessors made little effort to enforce the prohibitory liquor law in Cumberland County. It was used solely for political capital, and was held up for party ends. The party that declared for it was opposed to it in both theory and practice, and kept it upon the statute books for the sake of making liquor-selling less expensive to the dealer. Pearson is a Prohibitionist, and is doing his best to enforce the law. He claims that he has closed every liquor den in the county, and vigorously prosecutes those whom he finds violating the law. He has succeeded in showing up the hypocrisy of the party that has fostered prohibition, even if he has done nothing more. It remains to be seen if he has crushed out the liquor traffic, or only driven it under denser coverings. We believe that it is the latter, for liquor drinking has never yet been overcome by law. The appetite must first be conquered, the moral conscience quickened, and education of the intellect established ere the love for liquor

can or will go. Prohibition does not prohibit, and never will. It is wrong in principle, hence is destined to end in a disastrous failure. Right generation, true prenatal influences, pleasant environments, and like aids are the only methods by which the appetite for strong drink can be eradicated from human nature.

### A New Psychology.

That versatile and scholarly teacher, J. Clegg Wright, is about ready to place his new book on Psychology upon the market. It will be out of press early in September, ready for distribution. It covers a field never before cultivated by writers on this important subject, hence contains a large amount of new and interesting matter. Mr. Wright himself is a profound thinker, and has a very superior hand of guides about him. Together they make a strong, reliable team that cannot be beaten. In this work, profound philosophy and lofty idealism will be found, as well as tomes of valuable information. Mr. Wright is a teacher of teachers in the spiritual world, and deserves a most generous patronage on the part of those who are in search of instruction. This splendid work will be on sale at the office of the Banner of Light, where orders can now be placed for it. Mr. Wright is thoroughly at home with his subject, and no one can afford to be without his latest and best thought thereupon. Let us hear from every Spiritualist who sees this reference to the work, with an order for the book. The price is only one dollar per volume, and the entire first edition should be sold ere the book comes from the press. Send in your orders at once.

### Beldere Seminary.

It is to be hoped that this school will not be forgotten by the Spiritualists of the nation. The building can be utilized for school purposes to advantage, and the faithful teachers who have stood at the helm even when the storms of adversity have rolled over them most fiercely, are yet there with their faces to the front, ready and willing to do their whole duty. Such a school as Beldere has been and can be again, is sadly needed by the Spiritualists of this land, especially so by those who want their children educated under liberal religious teachers. Miss Belle Bush has toiled early and late for forty years to sustain a Spiritualist school for the young. She is now in distress, and asks only that the school be rehabilitated, new life infused into it, and means provided to perpetuate her endeavor. After Sept. 1 her tenure is doubtful. If the school were to be filled with pupils, and words of encouragement given her, there is no doubt of the outcome. Write this faithful worker for our Cause for full particulars. Her address is The Seminary, Beldere, New Jersey.

### The Hatch Brothers.

A sojourn at Onset of even one day makes every visitor acquainted with Messrs. E. W. and C. L. C. Hatch, who are in charge of the book-store. They are also known through their musical and elocutionary talents, by means of which they add to the pleasure of hundreds of visitors. They are ever affable, courteous, and obliging, being ever ready to lend a hand in all entertainments where they can be of service, and to do a favor to those who are strangers to the camp. They really constitute a whole team in themselves, but when they combine their efforts with others, they fill the camp with merriment. They are young men of sterling integrity and are a credit to Spiritualism. They will have charge of the musical program at the coming Convention in Washington, D. C.

### F. E. Titus.

This eminent leader and teacher in Theosophy was a guest at Onset on Sunday of this week, when he spoke to a large audience upon his favorite topic. Mr. Titus is a scholar, a profound thinker, and is broadly tolerant in his views in all directions. His lecture was most excellent in its subject matter, being highly instructive and thoroughly logical in all respects. There is very little difference between the Theosophists represented by Mr. Titus, and the advanced Spiritualists in our own ranks.

### "Lisbeth."

Don't forget that every new subscriber for the Banner of Light for one year will receive a copy of Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing's splendid work, "Lisbeth," as a premium. The Banner alone is two dollars per year; "Lisbeth," single copy, is one dollar. You will receive the two for the price of the former. Send in your two dollars and receive the best Spiritualist paper in the world for one year, and a copy of the best Spiritualist novel in existence. Now is the time to subscribe, as this splendid premium offer holds good but a short time longer. Send in your orders.

Would it not be well for the coming National Convention to consider the question of determining the possibility of establishing a few strong spiritual centres in the way of Camp Meetings and Schools of Philosophy, rather than in wasting so much vital and financial energy in the many weak ones now in existence? What say the Spiritualist leaders to this idea?

Don't forget to write J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney St., Boston, for full particulars with regard to the grand excursion of Eastern Spiritualists to the National Convention at Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., Oct. 15-19 inclusive. The Royal Blue Line is the official route. You all want to go. Send for circulars.

### The Passing of Moses Thurston Dole.

On August 7, the spirit of this esteemed citizen and brother set out across the "silent sea" sailing from the home of his brother, Charles A. Dole, of Somerville, where for some months he had been the recipient of the tenderest care which living kinship could give. A frequent visitor to his room of pain gives her loving tribute in these words:

"He bore his sufferings silently; patiently waiting for the time when his spirit should be freed. He was ever thoughtful of the sister who cared for him, fearful lest he become a burden to those who tried to make his last days with them peaceful and happy." A few days before his departure he quoted the following lines from Andrew Jackson Davis as an expression of his confidence facing the journey he was about to take:

"There is no death! for our Father's breath  
Filleth our hearts with youth;  
And a heavenly wave destroy the grave  
For him who loveth the truth.  
The earth is singing and time is winging  
Each to another sea:  
Then let us love the truths above  
That make us happy and free."

On the afternoon of Sunday the eleventh, at the hour of two, a simple funeral service was held at his brother's home, 34 Perkins Street, Somerville. As arranged by the departed, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, pastor of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Boston, officiated.

A quartet, composed of Mrs. Walter C. Bailey, Mrs. John C. Rolfe, Dr. N. J. Hall and Mr. William Walker, rendered in perfect harmony and with spiritual interpretation, the beautiful selections "Lead Kindly Light" and "Waiting, Still Waiting." The president of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, with which Mr. Dole was devotedly connected from its inception to the hour of his death, read a poem as part of the service. So steadily moves the spirit that with no conscious knowledge of the one who selected the poem it proved to be a favorite of Mr. Dole's and one he had frequently read to him in his last hours by his devoted niece.

A memorial service will be held at the V. S. U. Home in Waverley, on the second Sunday in September. It seemed fitting that at the home for which he labored and prayed this service be held. Mrs. Sarah Byrnes will give the address. All Spiritualists, whether members of the union or not, will be welcomed at this service which aims to mark with reverent recognition the life-work of this devoted friend of organized charity in the name of Spiritualism.

If I were to name the character which, prevailing, should leave the whole loaf of Modern Spiritualism, without hesitation it would be the type of which Moses Thurston Dole was a significant expression—the consecrated layman. From the time he, in conjunction with the late Dr. Gardner, assumed the thankless task of maintaining a steady light of spirit communion on a public altar, in the Melonian meetings, to the time when failing health forbade further energetic duties his was a prompt, consistent and generous service. One cannot read the early history of that practical effort of charity, The Veteran Spiritualists' Union, without being impressed with the constant service of Mr. Dole. Hardly a directors' meeting that an expression from "Mr. Dole" is not recorded. In the hour of financial straits, when calls for assistance far exceeded the capacity of the union's treasury not the last to provide practical measures for relief, as the records show, was "Mr. Dole."

And now, with spirit freed from the weight of a diseased body, already he sends back the word of cheer to those bearing the responsibility of management and assures them of continued devotion. He reports a council called already by him in behalf of the union at which was present Edson and Storer and Cobb with other veterans whose power in the clearer light is pledged as if we will hold ourselves steady to receive. How beautiful! How inspiring! How natural! Irving F. Symonds.

Onset, Mass., August 18.

It is rumored that Hon. A. H. Dalley, the efficient President of Lake Pleasant Campmeeting, purposes retiring from office at the close of the present season. Judge Dalley has been a tower of strength to that Camp for many years, and his retirement would be disastrous. Upon him the success of the meetings at Lake Pleasant have ever depended, and there is no one in sight qualified to take his place. Judge Dalley is a true Spiritualist in the most complete sense of the word, and always labors earnestly to promote the welfare of the Cause as a whole. His influence for good is apparent in every undertaking in which he is interested.

Camp Cassadaga has been doing a splendid work along educational lines during the present season. Those eminent instructors, J. Clegg Wright and W. M. Lockwood, are hosts within themselves, and are giving the people many things to think about. Cassadaga has also been most considerate in its treatment of the Banner of Light and its representatives, for which our management returns sincere thanks.

Corilla Banister's latest and best work, "I'm a Brick," should be read by every one who desires to keep abreast the sweeping current of modern metaphysical thought. It is cast in the form of an allegory, the incidents of which transpire upon the encircling sands of beautiful Onset Bay, and the interest of the reader is held in absorbed attention from beginning to end. It is of value as a permanent addition to the library and for currency examination upon the centre table. See advertisement in another column.

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



[illegible]



## 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 social representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner staff.

### 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 25, 1901, S. E. 24.

### Invocation.

Oh, spirit of Infinite love and wisdom, with heartburnings, with a new desire for truth, we turn to thee this hour. We ask that our lives may be quickened by the inflowing of thy spirit, that our weaknesses may be made strength; that our unkindnesses may be made kindnesses; that our uncharitable ways may be made charitable; that above all, we may look for something of thee in every other life far or near. May we through the influence of these lofty ones be better able to understand those who are still searching for light and who through weakness and despair falter and fall and sometimes grow discouraged. Give us more of thy love, more of thy wisdom, and may we always stand ready to carry forth whatever is ours to give to any worthy or needy soul. Bless the dear ones who gather here. May they through thy strength and the loving thoughts given them, go with renewed vigor into the homes from which they come, into the hearts which bleed for them, into the lives which are sad and lonely without them, and breathe their blessing of peace and love for these their own. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Carrie Brown.

The first spirit that comes here today is a woman about twenty-five years old. She is tall and quite dark. Her hair is combed weak. She says, "I do feel weak, but it isn't because I am this way all the time, it is only that the excitement of trying to get the word back to my own has almost undone me. My name is Carrie Brown and I lived in Framingham, Mass. I have been gone long enough to have gathered strength enough to say a great deal, and I thought I would be able to come without agitation or distress, but this is my first message and perhaps that is the reason that I am so weakened by the effort. I have my mother with me and she wants to send word back to Charlie, as I do, and we both want to say to him that the cloud that has been hanging over him for a few weeks is about to lift. The hardest part of the trial is over. If he will only be brave a little longer now he will be able to see his way clearly; tell him, too, that little Annie sends her love to him and wants him to know that she is often about and tries to bring her good cheer into his life."

#### Walter Brown.

The next spirit that comes is a man by the same name as this last lady who spoke, but he is thirty years old, or about that. He is fair, light complexioned, light hair, blue eyes, and not a very strong looking person. His first name is Walter, but he didn't come from any part of this section. He comes from Los Angeles. He says, "I went there for my health and was better for a while, but at last had to give up the struggle and found myself in the spirit land. I am happier over here. It may seem strange to some people to feel no sort of desire to return to earth life and live again with those one loves, but I haven't the least desire to do so. I am happy and growing strong and find pleasure in this new life. I suppose one reason is because I never had very much strength, and over here I am so exultant in my strength that it is a comfort and a joy to be living. I am still studying, because when I went away I was trying to do something in art and I felt disappointed that nothing could be accomplished through my hand, and now I am studying and gaining fast and enjoy it all so much. Tell my mother that she needn't grieve over me. This life is so full of opportunity that I find no time for regret and express my love constantly to her in my effort to bring her into the consciousness of my presence. My father is with me; he says, 'Tell her that I will take care of the boy; I am glad to have him with me.' Uncle Richard says that he, too, wants to send word back to her, that she may grow strong in the understanding of this law of spirit return. Her name is Matilda."

#### Amy Strout.

I see the spirit of a little girl about fifteen years old, as pretty and dainty as a fairy. Her hair is bright gold. There is a quantity of it and it is flying all about her face with great big loose curls in the back. Her eyes are blue as the sky, her cheeks are red, her lips are full and pretty. She dances up to me as full of grace and beauty as any flower I ever saw and the first thing she does when she comes to me is to put her little hands up as though she wants to be helped and also wants to help other people. She says: "My name is Amy Strout; I used to live in Cleveland, Ohio. I have my grandmother Fiske with me and she says for me to be

just as clear in my expression to my people as it is possible, because they don't know anything about this condition of life after death. My mother's name is Grace and my father's name is George. They live in a lovely place. I often go there, and have so much pleasure in looking at them and trying to make them hear me or see me. My mother does sometimes, but she thinks it is all imagination and just puts it out of her mind. The other day, when she was on the sofa in the parlor, I came and stood right beside her and touched her head so hard that she was sure someone had stepped into the room, and when she looked up and didn't see anyone she was frightened and went away. I want to tell them that I like grapes just as well as I did when I was there, and I see so many beautiful ones growing over here. Oh, they are beautiful, and I think they are as beautiful as any flowers I ever saw in my life. Please say that I have seen Nelson. They will know whom I mean and they will be pleased to know I have. Oh, I thank you for helping me, and I do send so much love that I can't express to my father and mother."

#### Roland Carter.

There is a spirit now comes to me of a man about thirty-five years old. He has a jolly, bright, round face, blonde hair, blue eyes, and a light mustache. He is just as happy-go-lucky as can be. He says: "My name is Roland Carter and I used to live in Washington, D. C. I want to go to Mamie Carter. I don't care much about the rest of the world if I can only get to her and have her know that I am there. I think I would be so happy that it wouldn't make much difference about anything else. I have a little boy there and I want him to know that his papa is not dead. He talks about me all the time, and I want him to. I don't want him to forget me and I want to go into that little home and stay there and have them know that I am helping them. I am sorry there was so much trouble over my death. I suppose it was because it was so sudden that it turned everything upside down, but the insurance has come now all right and they are getting along better. Tell Mamie that I know how she suffered and that I, too, suffered; that I would have given anything just to speak to her and that even now while I stand here it seems as if I could turn heaven and earth to make her hear my voice. I am not impatient though, because I feel that the time will come when I shall be able to make her hear me. Give her my love."

#### Hattie Clark.

The next spirit is that of a lady about thirty-eight or forty years old. She is quiet and weak. She passed out after a long sickness. Her hands are thin and her face and form are all wasted away. I know she has been a great sufferer, but she puts her hands up to her face and says: "Oh, I am so glad it is over. That was my first thought when I came here. I was so glad it was over and when I come back it seems to be the first thing I can say. My name is Hattie Clark, and I lived in Lincoln, Neb., and I have such a longing to get to Fred and tell him that it is all right. There is nothing more that he could have done. I am sure he feels it himself, but once in a while a regret comes over him. I wouldn't have it so. I am not unhappy. I am at rest. I have been with him and have seen the changes that have come to him. Changes that had to come. I don't like the way my people have treated him. He will understand what I mean, how everything I want to say seems of such a private nature that I entreat him to go to some medium as soon as he can and let me talk. Tell Ella that I am sorry she has been sick and am glad she is better."

#### Henry Foster.

The next spirit is a gentleman about fifty-five years old. He is as bright as a dollar, and comes in here as though he walked down, and doesn't seem to mind at all the trouble of getting his message through in this way; when I say that he looks up and laughs and says: "Well I guess not. I guess you would be so glad to get a message back that you would not consider any effort was great. My name is Henry Foster, and I am an old New Yorker. I lived there the greater part of my life, was in the hardware business and tried to carry on my business like a gentleman and a Christian. I thought about all one had to do was to be square with his fellow-men and take care of himself as best he could, do his duty to God and man and let the future take care of itself. I never dreamed that along with life came assurance of continued expressions of love and care such as I am able to give this morning. I want to get to Lena. Her name is Helena and most of the friends call her Helen, but my name for her was always Lena. I think she will be pleased to know that I give her the same name and put after it the name that I always used, 'My little one.' I am so glad to come to you. She suffers very much through loneliness and grief, and I desire her to understand that I am never unconscious or unmindful of her love and I wish her to realize my love and my efforts to help her and make her settling up her affairs. If I can assist her understanding, it may bring her into a better condition of health both in mind and body. She has done a great deal that she never thought she would be able to; and has been so brave about it all that I feel like putting my arms about her and telling her just as I would if I were here. I ask her if there is not some way that I can come to her personally so that I may feel that we are once more exchanging thought and sympathy and understanding with each other. Thank you for this opportunity, and I say God bless the workers who are carrying on this work on the spirit side of life, for they are so patient with us, so good and helpful to us, and ever ready to give us a lift on to those we want to see."

### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

During the outing that I am at present enjoying in southern New Jersey, my mind is led to dwell on the close connection between the soul and its outward forms, and on the necessity for a good physical condition, that the inner nature may receive its full development.

The two ladies who are so kindly entertaining me live in country seclusion more than two miles from each other. Each has but one child, a daughter, and it is the aim of each to rear her child in such a way that she will have a strong and pure body, which will not hinder, but rather promote the growth of her spiritual powers. Both the mothers are vegetarians, and have given much study to the selection of foods that will supply all the needful elements of the fleshly body.

They want their children to live in accordance with nature. They do not mean by this that they are to yield to every weak impulse that springs up in daily life. On the contrary, it is their aim to develop strong self-reliance in the child, and the power to hold firmly to the ideal of the right, so that she will not swerve to the right or the left, but walk unflinchingly in the path of duty.

Next to the love they bear their husbands, the first thought in the minds of these women is the care of their child. But though they love them so fondly, and have the natural desire that they should cling to them in filial affection, and confide in them with the trust that befits the relation between daughter and mother, they yet foster the spirit of self-dependence, which will enable these daughters to walk life's pathway without a mother, should the course of nature leave them motherless.

The lady I am now visiting, who lives by the pretty lake, is in somewhat delicate health, and her child is only seven years old. Her home is in a great city, and they became so weary of spending the four summer months seeking recuperation away from home in hotels and boarding-houses, that she conceived the notion of buying some land near her city home, here in southern New Jersey, where land and living are cheap.

Last year they bought a boat, built a boat-house, also a small cook-house where they could eat in stormy weather, and slept in a tent. Before the season ended, they had bought some more land, and had planted many trees. This year they have built a house, choosing a spot that would show the sunsets on the lake to the best advantage, and removed the boat-house and the cook-house to the new location.

As she believes that nuts and fruits are a very important part of a natural and healthy diet, she has planted a large number of nut-trees as well as fruit trees, and I am surprised by the variety of nuts that will thrive in this climate. Of course it will take time for them to produce abundantly, but it is probable that in six or seven years they will have sufficient for their own use, besides what may be sold to add to their income. Vegetables have been raised this year, and we all know how nice they taste in their freshness. As to milk and butter, they are so cheap here that one does not fear to use them lavishly. Here the best milk is four cents a quart, while in Arlington I pay eight; and while the Arlington butter is now twenty-five, here it is only fourteen. Eggs can also be bought at correspondingly low rates. The milk is of the best, and the morning's milk is warm. It is warm because it has just come from the cow, and not warm by having had its temperature raised by a little hot water from a tea-kettle.

When my friend was superintending the building of the house, she often hoped that the carcass of no living creature, be it beast, fish, or fowl, would ever be cooked in the dwelling. But she has been obliged to succumb in this respect to the desires of some of her relatives who are not vegetarians. They long for chicken and beef-steak, and so her hospitable heart leads her to allow what she abominates—the smell of the burning of animal substances—to pollute the pure sweet air of her country home.

In this respect, she has the same mind as Dr. Peckles. But, whereas he allows nothing of the sort on his premises, she yields to the wishes of those she loves. And after all, can one do otherwise, when one's friends have been working hard all the week, are not vegetarians, and do not feel fed without meat?

These kind friends of mine do not think it right to eat fermented bread. So the entire wheat flour, which is the only kind they use, is cooked like the Southern hoe-cake, or made into delicious loaves and gems with milk, butter and eggs. Black Virginia, who is in the country for her health, and is still under the care of the kind physician husband, takes daily to this mode of cooking flour, and I suppose that when I return to Arlington I shall be completely spoiled for the Newark whole-wheat bread, because it is of course fermented. Like the ancient Israelites, I shall look for the food of the past. But there will be a difference. They wanted a richer food, and recalled with fond desire the onions and garlic and flesh-pots of Egypt, while I shall long for the sweet vegetables, and the simply cooked flour, and the milk that is only four cents a quart, in this delightful vegetarian home. If I ever move again, it will certainly be into southern New Jersey.

When I first became a Spiritualist, I used to hear a great deal of Vineland, where many of our faith clustered, like swarms in a bee-hive, in those early days. Vineland is not far away, and if some of those pioneer workers are still on the earth-plane, it would be nice to be transported either in the body or out of the body, into one of their homes. Some of them used to write and ask me to visit them, but I cannot use the old

pencil directory, loaded with names from nearly every State in the Union, now that the eyes are so poor. Besides, I have it not with me.

So, dear old-workers of Vineland, I wait ye a greeting over these meadows and sunlit lakes, and if so be that ye have passed into the yet fairer beyond, may our souls mingle in unison, and may you bestow your benediction on your sister worker on the earth!

It has been my delightful privilege in the past to visit several places where a chapel still stands that was erected by these faithful early Spiritualists. They were all built forty or more years ago. So sweet was the light that shone into their own souls, and so earnest their desire that the world should share therein, that they gave generously and toiled laboriously to build these little temples.

The first of them I visited was in Omro, Wisconsin. The fact that they owned a spiritual house served to keep them interested in the work, and I can recall pleasant faces and true-hearted workers there, as well as in the other places where I saw a temple of the early time.

The next was at Waukegan, in the same State. Here the work was kept up with much enthusiasm and persistence, and I remember the interested crowds that gathered at the meetings. The good little building was put up before the railroad invaded the town, and the station was close by. It did seem as if all the freight-trains in that part of Wisconsin saw fit to go back and forth on that summer afternoon that I spoke in Waukegan. The din drowned my voice, and when it began the only thing for a speaker to do was to be quiet and take a drink of water.

There was a most earnest Spiritualist minister who had long lived in Waukegan, and no doubt it was his efforts, seconded by those of his family, that kept the Cause so flourishing in that place. He was at that time in poor health, and has since passed to his recompense and to still larger labors in the world of souls. I think his name was Mr. Potter, but if I am mistaken in this, I trust his friends will overlook the error, on the ground that I have not my diaries with me. But I am certain that his grandchild, the infant of his daughter, was named Achsa. Since becoming possessed of a picture of Achsa W. Sprague's soulful face, I have wondered whether this little household pet were named for her.

Of course, it is impossible to carry all one's books and papers on a journey. One cannot select, for of course one cannot foresee what will be needed. So this time I brought only four with me: my Oxford Bible, Shakespeare, Dante, and the book on Dogs. I thought of my Milton, but remembered that his best lines are stored in my memory, and that he has not the breadth of Shakespeare, or of even the way-worn and long-suffering Dante.

The next old Spiritualist temple that it was my fortune to visit was in Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin. This was beautifully situated in the woods on the top of a hill, and was reached by a winding path. There were some dear good Spiritualists among the most cultured persons in this manufacturing town, but meetings were held but seldom. I think the last one was two years before I went there. But how beautifully Jessie Cole decorated the building with leaves and flowers, and what an inspiration her sweet face was to me, as she sang "The Sweet By and By," with her blue, tearful eyes looking heavenward! Where is Jessie now? I know not. But what she is, I shall always know, for she could not greatly change, even though she be with the angels above.

The next old temple was about two years later, in Sturgis, Michigan. The yearly meetings call many together from far and near, and our papers tell us of them, and of other meetings that are held between. And Thomas Harding's pen often imparts to us the spiritual work in that region, as well as the progress of his own soul in heavenly things.

There is yet another old Spiritualist tabernacle which I have had the pleasure of visiting. It is that in North Collins, N. Y., near beloved Cassadaga. Mrs. Lillie was with me at North Collins, and as I am always perfectly happy when with Mrs. Lillie, my visit there was delightful indeed.

I recollect when she was speaking there, a physician thought he might puzzle her by asking a question about Hippocrates. The questions were read to her before going under influence, and she evidently knew nothing of the old Greek, for she made some remark that went very wide of the mark. But once under control, she gave an account of his life and his works, and an analysis of his character, that proved that some of her guides knew all about Hippocrates, though she did not.

I well recall her delight after we returned to the house and looked him up in the Encyclopedia, to find that her guides had managed the matter right.

Another lapse of memory prevents me from giving the name of the excellent family with whom we stayed. But I remember the artistic paintings from the hand of their gifted and idolized daughter, and the sorrow I felt for the bereaved parents when I read lately in one of our papers of her transition to the spirit side of life.

The last old Spiritualist hall or temple I visited was in Stafford Springs, Conn. There meetings had been kept up for many summers, but I was told that possibly that season might be the last, owing to there being so few Spiritualists in town. If so, one wishes that that nice building could be removed to some locality where Spiritualists are pining for an abiding-place.

It seems to me that the claim was made by the friends that nearly all of these halls was the very first Spiritualist temple that was erected in this country. Of course there is, as metaphysicians say, "a violent improbability" that this could be the case. All of

them could not be the very first.

But no doubt each one was the very first in the region where it was located, and bespoke the zeal and the self-denial of those early workers for our beloved Cause. May their number be multiplied, till every town and city in the land have a spacious and well-filled auditorium where spiritual truth be promulgated, and every village its comfortable edifice on hill-top or in glade, where the denizens of the two worlds may hold sweet converse together!

Meanwhile, where there are two or three in a family who are inclined this way, or a few congenial friends, circles can be held at regular intervals, that will prepare the way for larger enterprises. Or if one's family oppose such spirit communings, or one has no sympathetic friends and must lead a solitary life in this regard, it is always possible to keep the temple of one's body pure, where the lonely soul can sit, and reach out for the invisible friends beyond "the ether blue."

By care and planning, almost every one can have a nook or corner, either in the house or out of doors, where one can retreat, sometimes, and even "keep one's appointments" at set intervals, and be "at home" to bright spirits. The friend I am visiting has a heavy curtain across the corner of the sitting-room. It is not easy to get behind this curtain, for the way is blocked by the end of a lounge and by the writing-table. She calls this nook her "Rest."

There she can be quiet and by herself, and feel that she is undisturbed, even by the talking that is constantly carried on by the members of this sociable family. If she disappears for awhile, no one would disturb her there, for they well know that when she goes behind that curtain she wishes to be alone.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
Abby A. Judson.  
Arlington, N. Y. (General address), Aug. 10, 1901.

## Literary Department.

Books Here Reviewed are Sold at Banner of Light Bookstore.

### Excerpt from "I'm a Brick."

One brick and twelve stones instruct a thirsty jelly-fish stranded on the shores of Onset Bay:

#### THE WHITE STONE:

"Two thousand years ago I was only a little grain of white sand and memory carries me back to the Sea of Galilee, where my body became sensitive to rays of sunlight. First consciousness was awakened by a voice softer than alumber-song which the anxious mother croons over the cradle of her first-born, sweeter than honey gathered from flowers watered by tears of gratitude. The volume thereof seemed to be caught from the music of the spheres.

"This glorious voice was speaking to the fishermen as they mended their nets. In their work they had acquired the power of silence, which made them ideal listeners to Jesus, who turned to them when others, in their ceaseless toil for earthly gains, rushed along refusing to stop for a few moments to learn how to acquire spiritual wealth from this man whose body reflected the light of spirit. He radiated health of soul and body, and all who entered the divine circle were healed.

"He was saying: 'To him that overcometh, will I give of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone.' (Rev. ii., 17.) 'I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out!' (Luke xix., 40.)

"After many moons had passed, one day while I was meditating upon the teachings of Jesus, I heard a stranger telling that a terrible thing had happened at Jerusalem. From what he said I gathered this: When my Master entered the city through the gate called 'The Eye of the Needle,' he saw the unloaded camels crawling and dragging themselves under the great wall. He turned to his disciples, pointed to the men taking the loads from their burden-bearers, and said: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.'

"The passers-by stopped to listen, and the wealthy and proud among them murmured at this saying. Of course, some one told the priests, who kept the temples as a source of income. They could not brook such a rebuke from our brave teacher, and took counsel among themselves how best to murder him who taught that spiritual unfoldment was gained by keeping the thoughts constantly fixed upon high and holy subjects.

"When the stranger faltered speaking, I whispered to Mother Earth that if what my Master tried to teach the fishermen is true, he was then and is now a free soul, with power to project his lighter spirit-body into higher planes of existence and return to lower consciousness with the memory of what he had seen and heard while his dense body was in a state closely resembling the last sleep. How could he have known himself to be spirit unless he had seen and used his bright shadow-body? When he went alone to fast and pray for forty days he was only getting his teaching from the vibrations which touched the plane upon which he was then dwelling. Away from man and the unrest of earth-bound minds he attained freedom, and was then and is now a free soul."

Jelly-fish: "If he has made one convert, perhaps that pupil will pity my parched condition and return me to the waters of Onset Bay."

"Alas, many have listened, but the coarse vibrations which touch their plane of life dull their comprehension of the higher laws governing spiritual development. Peace must



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