

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL 90

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

\$2.00 Per Annum
Postage Free. NO. 14

WOULD THEY COME BACK TO US?

Would they come back to us, would they, our sainted,
Who dwell in that city that needs not the sun;
Fair as the angels, as radiant in purity,
Crowded with rejoicing life, endless life, won?

Would they from peace that is past understanding
Come back to earth's discord, confusion and strife?
Thirst they again for the waters of Marah
Who drink from the springs of the River of Life?

Would they come back from that beautiful country
Where pain never enters, no farewells are said—
Back to the land where forever are echoing
Moans of the dying and wails for the dead?

Captives long prisoned may pine for their dungeons,
The bird when let loose may return unto thee;
But spirits redeemed and released from earth's
bondage,

Victorious, triumphant, rejoice to be free.

ELIZABETH WESTCOTT LEADBEITER.

A REPLY TO

"WOULD THEY COME BACK TO US?"

"Would they come back to us," ah would they depart
To some far distant "city," or walled-up Devachan,
To stay there, imprisoned, selfish, and idle,
Ignoring the needs and the suffering of man?

Dwell we not all in the same realm of spirit,
Clothed and unclothed, embodied or free,
There is but one world—one life; and Death's
No more passport to a strange, new country.

Death is mastery, freedom; not alone
From "earth's discord, confusion and strife,"
But freedom to labor for the "dead and the dying,"
To bring to the world the waters of Life.

When the Master writhed alone in the garden,
Praying the Father that dread cup to spare,
Why left the spirits their peace past believing
To "come back" and minister tenderly there?

Is Heaven a place—a locality distant,
Is "endless life" to remain there always,
We are spirits to-day, and our comrades in spirit
Can not "come back," for they go not away.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

A Soul's Imagery.

BY AIMEE D. MARSH

Wearied and discouraged she had sunk into
The soft depths of an arm-chair, and with
Tears in her eyes given way to despair. Yet
The world would have laughed to see her
weep, this petted child of fortune, possessing
all that most people hold dear. Ah! but
that one cross of which the world knew
nothing—a life, thus far, spent in the fruit-
less pursuit of happiness.

"Come with me, poor weary Soul, although
It is not Death that seeks you."

She started violently at the words, which
were a direct answer to the thought at that
moment floating through her mind. In vain
she looked around the room: it was as she
thought, empty.

There was a short pause, during which the
Woman waited, half fearfully, and yet ex-
pectantly, and instinctively her gaze was riv-
eted upon a beautiful pink carnation in a
vase near her. As she watched it, her
amazement and interest intensified, for it
was not her imagination that caused her to
observe that its leaves moved as do the lips
of a human being in conversation.

Before the Flower spoke again the Woman
knew that she was privileged to have an in-
terview with one from the Great Unknown.
By a mighty effort she restrained her impa-
tience, and waited for a few minutes, dur-
ing which each second seemed like hours.

At last the silence was broken by the
Flower. "For years," it said, "you have
been longing for Death. All humanity does
from time to time, but it is wrong. So long
as the Soul is left in this world, incased in
a tenement of clay, it has its life work."

The woman made a gesture as though to
speak, but the Flower continued.

"Some flowers that grow in the beautiful
world inhabited by human beings are planted
by those from the Great Unknown, and
these have a special mission. It is per-
formed by means of what human beings call
their perfume, and when that is exhausted
their mission is over, and they wither and
die."

And the Woman asked, "What is your
mission?"

"I am a Soul temporarily released from its
tenement of clay, appointed by the Power
overruling the Great Unknown, with a mis-
sion to your Soul. By the supernatural
power with which I am for the time being
endowed, I am enabled to cast over you a
spell, by which your mental vision will be
so intensified and idealized that you can
view certain scenes, which I shall describe
to you, in the light of their true significance.
Certain occurrences in your life, which I
shall enable you to understand fully, will be
as seen by those in the Great Unknown, not
as seen by mortals."

"Have no fear, frail Woman," said the
Flower, as she shuddered.

"Concentrate your mind now upon the
thought that you are, for the time, without
a body, merely a Soul. Assisted by the su-
pernatural power of which I spoke, you will
practically be in that state within a very
short time, and then you will view one of

the principal events of your past life for
good, and one for evil."

And it was, as the Flower said. In a few
minutes the Woman became as it were an
Enlightened Soul, unencumbered by a mortal
frame.

"I will show you first the principal accom-
plishment for good in your life. It may be
shown in three scenes.

"The first scene connected with this event
is a crowded room full of boys, playing
games, laughing and enjoying themselves. In
a corner is one who stands isolated and
apart, with a sullen expression upon his
face, yet with a longing look, as though he
too could enjoy the pleasures of life.

"A young girl is standing in the room, and
after taking a hasty survey of the apart-
ment walks up to the boy and says some-
thing, which causes a transformation of his
countenance, and before long she is playing
a game, and talking with him who is called
the 'black sheep' of the crowd. Thus the
good seed is first sown, by a little human
kindness.

"The next in this series occurs six years
later. It is the porch of a small but neat
house. The same boy, now almost grown to
manhood, is experiencing a terrible conflict
between good and evil impulses. His face is
contorted with mental anguish, and he has
almost made up his mind that honesty is not
the best policy. He suddenly raises his head
and catches sight of a young woman coming
slowly in his direction. Unconsciously his
gaze becomes riveted upon her face. She
turns and gives him a bow and a few pleas-
ant words, and passes on. Slowly the drawn,
pained expression passes from his face, and
the muscles relax. He resolves that for the
sake of the only friend he has ever known,
the one human being who has shown him
kindness, and is interested in his welfare,
good shall gain the victory and he will prove
himself worthy.

"The third and last in this series is a
death-bed in a hospital. As the man is
dying, he turns to a woman standing by the
bed, and says, 'To you and your kindness,'
and then all is over. His Soul is now
among the Redeemed."

As the Flower ceased speaking, the Woman
was filled with a sense of thankfulness, as
she remembered vividly each of the scenes
presented to her view; thankfulness that she
had been allowed the privilege of helping a
Soul, struggling through its mortal existence.
"The principal instance in your life when
evil impulses predominated may be presented
to you in one scene.

"A proud, haughty woman is approaching
the altar to take upon herself that solemn
vow contained in the marriage service. Wil-
fully she is blind to its solemnity, and her
heart is filled with arrogant triumph. Her
heart at this moment is the habitation of evil
thoughts and wrong ambitions. In vain the
Souls imprisoned in the flowers which com-
pose her bridal bunch remonstrate. Remorse-
lessly she crushes the Souls of Purity, Kind-
ness, and Humbleness beneath an Overbear-
ing Pride."

As the last words were spoken the Woman
distinctly remembered the minutest details of
the description, and hung her head in shame
and remorse.

"Now but one part of my present mission
remains unfulfilled, and that is to show you
some of the crosses that have been borne by
human beings.

"There is, far beyond this world, a region
called the Transition State. To this place is
borne, by the Angel of Death, every Soul,
after its final release from an earthly frame.
Here the Soul drops its earthly cross.

"In another section of the region of the
Great Unknown, these crosses are symboli-
cally represented. Some few favored Souls,
while still encumbered by an earthly frame,
are permitted to view this section, conducted
thither by a released Soul in what is com-
monly called a dream."

Her body then became limp as that of one
asleep, her Soul remaining as before, as it
were a thing apart therefrom.

Time passed, but presently the Flower
spoke again, and the woman saw and heard
as one in a dream.

"Here is the region of which I last spoke.
In it are crosses of every conceivable shape,
design, and material, both heavy and light."

"This," indicating a beautiful one of the
finest gold, "was borne by a man who was
envied by all who knew him, simply because
he was supposed to possess more money than
he knew what to do with. In reality he
hated his gold, because he was a slave to
making it, and keeping it after it was made.
He was forced to work early and late, with
less leisure than the humblest clerk in his
office. All this toil was endured simply to
supply the incessant demands of a wife and
two spoiled children.

"That handsome silver cross was borne by
a man who was also envied by many, who
knew only the part of his life the most cas-
ual observer could witness. In reality, he
was carrying a terrible load on his conscience.
He had been so anxious for wealth that he

longed and wished for his uncle's death, from
whom he was to inherit a large income from
silver mines. After his wish was granted, he
realized that he was little better than an
ordinary murderer, and ever after experi-
enced the most terrible remorse.

"The cross of precious stones was borne
by a woman who possessed the most beauti-
ful gems of any among whom she mingled.
She was so fond of them that she would
almost have given her life rather than lose
them. No sacrifice of herself, or others, was
too great, for the sake of adding to her col-
lection. At first this only gave her the most
intense satisfaction and pleasure, but at last,
it became, as all selfish ambitions and wishes
must eventually become, the trial of her life.

"The next cross for you to notice is that
exquisite mother of pearl. It was borne by
a woman of spotless purity in thought, word
and deed. One whose life was a perpetual
self-sacrifice. Her life was so bound up in
others that her own trials were as nothing.

"That last cross, that wooden one, was
borne by a poor seamstress, whose life was
ceaseless toil. Cheerfully she performed her
life work, taking each day's duties as they
came. All along her pathway in life she
scattered flowers and sunshine for those
around her. Each day her cross grew lighter,
so that by the time Death claimed her, the
cross was so light that she was barely con-
scious that she carried one."

As the words died softly away upon the
air, the Woman was aware that her Soul
had entered her body once more, and that
the two had assumed their natural relation
to each other, but deep within her memory
was implanted a vivid picture of what she
knew would remain with her through life and
after. Slowly she opened her weary eyes
and glanced at the carnation, but it had al-
ready begun to wither. Reverently she
leaned toward it, but fragrance it no longer
possessed.

She laid her head back upon the pillows,
and was soon lost in a sleep of complete
exhaustion.

Her friends, and even the world, wondered
in after life what had changed her so, but
none could solve the problem.

Echoes from England.

NUMBER SIXTY FIVE

Specialty Contributed to the Banner of Light by
its European Agent, J. J. Morse.

Greetings and good will to my American
friends, and the Editor of the good old Ban-
ner of Light, from their friend across the
seas. The world has learned in these times
that oceans unite and do not divide the great
human family. Physically, the cable, the
steamer, and the mails, are means by which
an almost instant touch is maintained be-
tween widely separated peoples, while, be-
fore long, the telephone will make that
"touch" more intimate yet. To the students
of the occult there is the closer union that
thought vibrations establish, which outstrip
the wonders of electricity, and puts the boast
of Puck to the blush that he could "put a
girle round the earth in forty minutes!" To
spirit nothing of that grander fact which, in
spirit communion, unites the vanished with
those remaining here. And, who knows what
other wonders that may unite us here, and
with the there, that the wise immortals may
yet unfold to us? Who can tell? The race
is young, its powers all but untried in the
mystic paths of science and psychology. If
not us, others may see wonders accomplished
that will eclipse the most wonderful we know
today! But, a truce to dreaming, though it
be akin to prophesying! My purpose is of
things mundane, albeit the spiritual is the
golden thread that runs through all.

Since my last, the sombre shadow that fell
across the "Star Spangled Banner" sent its
shade across our little island home, and it
evoked an outburst of sincerest sadness and
sympathy among all classes of our people.
Our two greatest National Panes, St. Paul's
cathedral and Westminster Abbey, were the
scenes of a deep and genuine expression of
spontaneous sympathy, and the multitudes
therein assembled paid no lip homage to the
memory of that illustrious man and fellow-
citizen of yours, William H. McKimley, who
was so untimely struck down by the hand of
the assassin. I remember the tributes paid
to the martyred Lincoln and Garfield, but in
neither case was the tribute so deep seated
in affection for the Great Republic as in the
latest of these sad incidents. Literally the
nation mourned, from the highest to the low-
est. It was not the sympathy of a class, it
was the tribute of a people. Politics were
sunk, "the one touch of nature made the
whole (country) kin." Truly the blood of the
President has fertilized the sentiments of uni-
ty between the two greatest nations of mod-
ern times. So, even again, "out of evil com-
eth good," and the ill we shuddered at has
turned to blessing in the end. To paraphrase
an old sentiment: The President is dead;

long live the President. Though William
H. McKimley has now a double immortality,
in the heart-history of this world, and in the
world to which he was hurried.

During the past months we were again
visited by those earnest workers, Mrs. M. E.
Cadwallader, and her father, Mr. B. B. Hill,
of Philadelphia. The lady in her brief visit
saw much of our Lyceum work, and received
a warm welcome wherever she attended.
Her pleasing and genial presence was an in-
spiration, and her counsels most acceptable.
We received her with pleasure, parted with
her with regret, and hopefully anticipate
her return next year.

Our National body is at last legally incor-
porated, it being duly registered on the 22d
of October last. The arduous labors of the
Executive, spread over quite a term of
years, has achieved fruition, and the Spiritu-
alists' National Union, as the body is now
named, stands as the representative organi-
zation of British Spiritualism. The effort
encountered the inevitable opposition, some
misrepresentation, and numerous difficulties,
but, happily, they were all surmounted by
the tact, perseverance, and determination to
secure the end so long held in view. So on
this head, as on many others, we can say,
"All's well that ends well."

Our leading metropolitan organization, the
London Spiritual Alliance, inaugurated its
autumn and winter labors with a largely at-
tended reunion of its members and friends
in the banqueting room of St. James Hall,
in this city, on Thursday, Oct. 24th, when an
interesting address was given by Rev.
Washington Sullivan, on "A Spiritual Inter-
pretation of Nature," which was pronounced
a finished oratorical effort. Reliance is usu-
ally placed on an outside attraction for
these annual assemblies, merely as an at-
traction, not because there are no competent
authorities within our own ranks. It also
serves to show the catholicity of the council,
and introduces new thoughts and views to
the members present. Mr. E. Dawson Rogers,
the honored president of the Alliance, used
the opportunity of introducing the lec-
turer of the occasion to say some exceedingly
wise and sensible things about the much
boomed "recitation" of Mrs. Piper, with
which the present writer is in entire agree-
ment. Far too much has been made of the
matter in our public prints, and Mr. Rogers
rendered the movement a substantial service
in his timely remarks.

The work in the metropolis goes on with
ever-increasing vigor, and our various soci-
eties were never in a healthier condition. The
two chief societies attract very large audi-
ences each Sunday evening. That at the
Cavendish Rooms being the largest. The plat-
form, when occupied by such workers as
Mr. C. V. Peters, clairvoyant, Miss Mc-
Creadie, clairvoyant, Mr. E. W. Wallis and
Mrs. M. H. Wallis, and the writer, proves
attractive enough to fill this handsome
meeting place to its utmost capacity. This
society held its opening social for the winter
season last night and in point of numbers at-
tending, the excellence of the program pre-
sented, and the quality of the company,
would more than favorably compare with
any similar assembly. In the Northern dis-
trict, Stoke Newington, Blanche Hall is an-
other vigorous centre. The audiences are
large, some of our best workers occupy the
platform, and an immense amount of good
is done through the effort to disseminate our
facts and philosophy through the large area
the district includes. At Hackney, Stratford,
and Battersea, among other places in Lon-
don, the same happy state of affairs pre-
vails, so London is doing her part in effect-
ing the great Reformation Spiritualism is en-
gaged in accomplishing.

In the great provincial centres the report is
equally good. In Manchester, Liverpool,
Bradford, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in Glasgow,
Dundee, in Leicester, Nottingham, in Bir-
mingham, Walsall, Blackburn, Portsmouth,
Plymouth, Cardiff, and other places too
numerous to mention, the meetings are well
attended and the progress stimulating. There
are "ups and downs," of course, trials and
tribulations, of course, little selfishness and
the like, which will continue until human na-
ture is other than it is, but, nevertheless, the
Cause is doing well, in spite of the hard
times of which we are just now having more
than enough.

The periodical literature of the movement
maintains its position; Light, The Two
Worlds, Psyche, The Northern Spiritualist,
The Keystone, all report increased patro-
nage, and severally maintain their various
qualities. The two journals under the con-
trol of the present writer keep on the even
tenor of their way. The Lyceum Banner,
catering for the children and their Lyceums,
is filled with the news of the Lyceum move-
ment, and as the official organ of the Ly-
ceum Union is always to the fore with of-
ficial intelligence of the Union and its work,
ably assisted by Alfred Kison, the secretary
of the Union. The Spiritual Review is
steadily winning the regard of the Cause for
its able original articles, contributed by some
of the best writers we have. Just now an

important symposium is running through its
pages, the subject under consideration being,
"Where Is the Spirit-World?" A special
contribution has been received for it from
that veteran and noble soul, Andrew Jackson
Davis, and two others have come, from
Thomas G. Newman, of the Philosophical
Journal, and Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, respec-
tively. Indeed, the articles received are
numerous beyond anticipation. All of which
goes to show that our people are alive to the
value of the literature the various editors are
offering.

In the matter of books, though things are
quiet. The most notable thing in this line
being a work by Mrs. M. H. and Mr. E. W.
Wallis, entitled "A Guide to Mediumship,"
in three parts, the third and last part of
which has just been issued. It is a capiti-
ally written, well conceived, and eminently
useful work, and is the only one of the kind
hitherto produced in this country. It may be
noted, en passant, that these two able work-
ers will celebrate their silver wedding on the
14th of the present month, and no doubt their
large circle of American friends will cordially
congratulate them on that interesting
achievement of their earth lives.

The latest recruit to our platform work is
Miss Florence Morse, who, as an inspira-
tional speaker, made her debut at Stoke
Newington on Sunday last, the 13d inst. She
was greeted with a numerous audience, and
her maiden public effort was most warmly
commended by the presiding officer, and the
audience. Her development for this work
has been proceeding for the past eight years,
and competent judges predict for her a career
of much usefulness for the Cause. Her wel-
come from other workers has been sincere
and hearty.

Madame Montague, of San Francisco, has
commenced her Sunday meeting, of which I
made mention in my last letter. It is under
what she calls the "London Psychic Society,"
and as the word "Spiritualism" is not in evi-
dence, the meeting forms a good half-way
house for outsiders, and unconvinced enquir-
ers, and so makes, indirectly, for the com-
mon good of the Cause. She also holds pri-
vate circles during the week, which I under-
stand are very largely attended.

Let my last words be those of congratula-
tion to you, sir, on your re-election to the
Presidency of your National Association, as
showing the confidence reposed in you, and
the esteem in which you are held by the peo-
ple of our Cause in your own land. The old
words can scarcely be quoted against you,
that "a prophet is not without honor save in
his own country!" May your ninth term of
office be full of noble service, and crowned
with abundant satisfaction to all. And when
the National sends that delegation to our an-
nual Convention, may you head the party!
Florence House, Osnaburgh St., London,
England, November 24th, 1901.

Why Is the Fire of Love Kindled on Hearths Made Desolate?

BY FANNIE B. HINDS

There is a natural sequence to events that
always follows certain prescribed laws or
rules. While the present age glories in its
attainments—and well it may—behind all this
there is a pressure formed of combinations
exclusive, as well as inclusive. The under-
ground divisions are the basis proper when
the mind adapts itself to regular forms or
pronounced habits of expression. The very
presence of the essence of love sheds favor,
coming it may be as an uninvited guest, en-
riching all in its environment. Singular ex-
periences have taught this truth while the
subtleties of its art cannot be touched or
handled. Writers vainly try to catch the
undertone, but it ever eludes. And why shall
we try to attain unto the end thereof?

This undertone is vibrant of colors in deep,
dark shades of emotion as well as in those
of lighter tone. Virtually all must be classed
with certain restrictive formulas and taken
by divisional process. Each central object of
adoration has many tributaries. Time's
process of building is slow, and while one
waits the hoped for fruition oftentimes hides
itself in its own garment of chastity accom-
panying both prudence and patience, lest the
fulfillment lose something of its finest texture
and quality. Flowers show this to the one
who loves and cares for them most devotedly.
Haste is sure to deprive the fragrance, the
strength and color properties. We sometimes
speak of dwarfs. This means those de-
franded of some potential element, and it
requires a series of evolutions to bring about
wholeness—as it stands for perfection. The
illustrations may be drawn from different
aspects of life, but let us speak of huma-
nity. What is it? Too subtle to be caught
and analyzed, and handled with impunity.

We see it all about us, everywhere we go,
and it seems cheap, as the phrasing of every-
day vocabulary gives utterance. Then we
ask again, is it? How has it grown, from
what source did it awaken? Was it in the
(Continued on page 2.)

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MARGARET C. N. WOODWARD.

How oft, when evening shadows come,
I steal away from sound and sight,
Into my sacred "angel room,"
While darkness deepens into night,
And softly let my fingers glide,
And vibrant chords awake from sleep,
To bring my loved ones to my side,
That they and I may vigil keep.

But the "I" strains a listening ear,
And hushes me to passive ease,
And strive to banish every fear,
In gaudy palace sit and wait—
Two plaintive strains of music rise
That seem of other souls a part,
A spirit and within me sighs,
And disappointment fills my heart.

For unto me there comes no sound
Of voices sweet, hushed long ago,
No forms angelic hover round,
No mystic lights fit to and fro,
Thus proving to my yearning soul
That those I hunger so to meet,
Are waiting at fair heaven's goal,
For precious ones of earth to greet.

Sometimes, almost, I feel them near,
Sometimes there comes an inward thrill,
They seem sometimes beside me here,
My train with fancied feet doth fill.
But oh—a "doubting Thomas" I,
Must see to know, and know to see,
From out the seen is born this cry—
Oh, unseen, show thyself to me!

And so I sit, and list, and wait,
While evening shadows around me fall,
Until the hour grows still and late,
Yet wait I, for the angels call.
My heart with longing keen, grows tense,
As thus I come, and come again,
Ah—must I suffer this suspense,
Must I ever come and sit in vain?

An Open Letter from James B. Townsend.

To the Readers of the Light of Truth:
As many of our readers are also stockholders in King Solomon's Mining Company, and will be writing me to ascertain what I personally have to say about the contemplated sale of additional stock, I therefore take advantage of the columns of the Light of Truth to say to all in the form of an open letter, what I have already written to several.

The company's circular of Oct. 14th discloses that the company is acquiring some additional properties in the province of British Columbia, also adding to its possessions a group of gold mines in Yavapai county, Arizona. In referring to this, I mean to say this does not indicate any change in the policy of the company. Our operations in Arizona and the United States were determined upon just as much as those disclosed in British Columbia; however, owing to conditions it would have defeated our very purpose to have disclosed this fact at that time. We now bring it before our stockholders and friends because we have finally secured all the reins and titles to this "Revenue Group" of mines. I may say here that the statements made by the company (in its circular letter) in reference to this rich mining district, and our "Revenue Group" of mines, if

criticized at all, it would be to say that these statements are entirely too modest.

A neighboring mine to the south of our group recently sold for over five million dollars cash. The "Octave Group," another near neighbor, belonging to some of my Standard Oil Company friends, is showing up to be a great mine. Other mines near to are the "Rich Hill," "Fool's Gulch" and "Monte Cristo." The gold and copper in this district occur in well defined fissure veins and leads, and in this vicinity the mines are geologically and mineralogically the same. In many other gold districts gold often occurs like gravel in a bank, with large areas nearly barren of values. In the granite mountains in this county the ledges can be followed for miles and shafts sunk on them for thousands of feet.

From private sources I know the statements made in the last issue of the "American Miner" regarding a mine in this vicinity, known as the "United Verde," are very reliable. I quote what this journal has to say about this mine and its owner, Senator Clark:

"It has only lately come to light that the average value of the ore taken from the United Verde is \$75 per ton in all values—gold, silver and copper. This mine, so far as has been developed, including explorations and diamond drilling below the present workings, shows an immense ore chimney, 400 by 600 feet across, that has been explored by shafts, tunnels and drill holes to a depth of 1400 feet.

"Just how it will be possible to work this mine down before the heat limit is reached is hard to say, but a reasonable estimate would be 3000 feet. An estimate by one of the best mining engineers in this country shows that the mine to the depth of 1400 feet contains 235,000,000 cubic feet of ore, and, estimating 11 cubic feet to the ton, there are practically 23,000,000 tons in sight.

"If we carry these a little further on the present four values of the United Verde we have the average value of the ore equaling \$2,500,000,000. The present owner of the property has refused \$500,000,000 for the mine."

In 1898, Mr. J. E. Underwood, mining engineer, in speaking of our "Revenue Group" mines, said:

"The richness or value of this ore is no longer a matter of inference—it has been fully tested by systematic sampling and competent assaying. Thirty-four assays gave results ranging from a few dollars to \$336.97 in gold per ton, with an average of \$40.61 per ton. The average value shows the mine to be a high-grade proposition.

"From developments already made on the property, I calculate at rough estimate that there is, what we might safely say, 45,000 tons of ore in sight."

I shall not go into details as to the skill, time and money expended since the organization of our company to secure this great "Revenue Group." At the time of the organization I published in the Light of Truth what I termed "A Plain Statement," and when I did so I had in mind, in addition to our possessions in British Columbia, these same gold properties in the United States. For that reason I said in the last "Plain Statement," in speaking of our "Series A" stock:

"Of course you can not all of you become as well posted on the holdings and advantages of this company as I am, so the question naturally resolves itself down to this: Have you sufficient confidence in my judgment and integrity to place your money in

my hands for investment? . . . I promise to return to you out of the operations thus set in force all the money you invest with interest, and to leave you at the end of that time with a good dividend-paying stock that has practically cost you nothing."

Referring to British Columbia, I want to first speak of the changes we have effected there. When we first took hold of the British Columbia properties, they were owned by people scattered over the country, who, instead of acting in harmony, were constantly quarrelling and drifting into debt and litigation; the equities and rights belonging to the different properties slipping away, and the surface of the mines, together with the valuable timber growing on them, passing into the hands of squatters. To change these conditions required time and money. We know this money was expended wisely, and our lead and silver properties, by reason of it, greatly enhanced in value. A very important feature of this work was securing crown grants for both mineral and surface rights, thus making our title and ownership absolutely secure, though we work the mines but a part of the time. Instead of shutting them down, as did 95 per cent. of the mines, owing to the drop in lead and the controversy between the American Smelting Company and the railroads of the Northwest over freight rates, sold among the miners, we transferred our work onto the "Enterprise," "Iron Point" and other properties we own further up Woodberry creek. Right here I want to say the ores along the lake front, being largely lead and silver, generally occur together, the only variation being in the percentages with which the two ores are found.

To illustrate: The properties we have strung along Woodberry canyon from Lake Kootenay to the glaciers, 16 miles away. On the lake front the properties are at an altitude of 2000 feet above the sea level, and before you get beyond the properties of this company you reach an altitude of 10,000 feet.

At the lake level the ore predominates, being about 70 per cent. pure lead and from 15 to 20 ozs. in silver. As you ascend the canyon developments show that the lead gradually disappears and the silver increases in quantity, and when you reach the upper properties, the values have changed to an average of \$32 per ton in gold and silver, where, as Mr. Nellis in his report says: "The quartz contains much native silver in wire form, the average being \$112 per ton. If assays were made from picked samples, you could find it in some instances running 10,000 ounces, that is, \$6000 per ton in silver."

As I have remarked, we extended our more active developments up the canyon, where the percentages were high in silver. In that locality, where the veins were well defined and large, we acquired the adjoining properties for better operation, thereby securing the surface, timber and water rights. We have made our arrangements to push the work here and accumulate ores through the winter months, and in the spring, notwithstanding we will have to ramble and pack these ores to our tramway and mills, we will show a handsome profit for the winter's work. The action of the Canadian government in the subsidizing of the refining of lead, together with the determined effort of the mine owners to help themselves, and the resumption of commerce in the Asiatic seas, will put the price of lead, through the natural law of trade, where it belongs, and by spring we will have a large force also working on the lake front. We shall also persevere in our original plan of owning our own smelter, re-

berry and commercial chemical plants. When we have these added, we will not be the prey of the great American Smelting Combine.

To take over these new properties in British Columbia and in Arizona, U. S. A., and add the necessary stamping mills, cyanide plant and water power, a large sum of money must be raised; therefore we are selling a new block of our "Series A" stock on the installment plan. I therefore again quote from the "Plain Statement":

"I have been asked why I am selling stock on King Solomon's Mining Company on this plan, and why the company agrees to refund the investment made with interest. I want to answer these questions as frankly as the inquiries have been made.

"Realizing that in this matter, as in all large ventures, the company sooner or later must become a borrower, we determined to select our creditor. All of us had more or less experience in raising money in the East and were familiar with the dangers and excesses incurred in making the loans in the usual manner. In the first place if we wanted \$1,000,000 they would expect the property to be mortgaged to secure the loan of this amount. The mortgage would have to bear 4 per cent. interest at least. Then they would sell these bonds at about 70 cents on the dollar. Financial result: Our property mortgaged for \$1,000,000 at 4 per cent., and only \$700,000 to show for it. Their next demand would be for the pooling of all stock until the bonds were redeemed, thus eliminating the voting power of the stock and virtually placing the management of our property out of our hands until the bonds were paid. That is giving the control of the shaping of the destiny of the company into other hands during the most critical period of its existence. We determined to avoid these pitfalls and borrow this money from people who have confidence in our judgment and integrity, and give them our 'Series A' stock.

"The 'Series A' stock of King Solomon's Mining Company will take preference over any other stock issued by the company, as indicated by the following condition, endorsed on each of the 'Series A' certificates:

"This certificate of stock is one of 'Series A,' consisting of 5,000,000 shares, which series is to receive all dividends and divided profits until the price paid by the purchaser, together with 4 per cent. interest on said purchase price, is refunded from the net earnings of King Solomon's Mining Co. and thereafter this stock shall participate alike with all other stock in all dividends and profits declared and distributed by the company. The amount paid on this certificate is Dollars."

The money invested in this stock draws interest at the rate of 4 per cent. from the date on which the certificate is issued.

The entire revenues of the company are pledged to the holders of this stock until the purchase price together with 4 per cent. interest has been refunded, and thereafter, as stated on the back of the certificates, this stock shall participate alike with all other stock in all dividends and profits.

This stock can be purchased either for cash or upon the installment plan, the terms of which latter plan being five cents per share down at the time of making subscription, and five cents per share upon the first day of each month thereafter until the purchase price has been fully paid.

The board of directors, in ordering this block of stock sold, directed that the price

of "Series A" stock, the face value of which is \$1.00 per share, and is issued fully paid and non-assessable, be dropped from 50 to 25 cents per share for these special purposes, then to be again advanced to fifty cents. They regarded this plan a much less evil than mortgaging the company's new properties to obtain money to use in going on with this enterprise. All the trouble I would have to incur would be to take a trip to New York, where within forty-eight hours I could have personal friends who are connected with a half-dozen large trust companies and banks, seeking after the opportunity to supply the new capital, conditioned upon my submitting to the methods that usually prevail there, and which I fully outlined above. These were the tempting offers originally made when the company was being brought out, and I could have them up very quickly again. The plan we are working is a little tedious, but it gives us freedom and in the end will be gratifying to our stockholders.

In closing, I desire to say I feel the readers of this paper and Spiritualists generally to be very near to me. My own kin, on my advice, are investing their funds in "Series A" stock. I wish you the same good fortune. If not able to buy yourself, write the company for an option on a few thousand shares and then sell it to those able to pay and take your commission in stock or cash, as you may desire.

For further information address King Solomon's Mining Company, Lima, Ohio.

Very truly yours,
JAMES B. TOWNSEND,
President.
—The Light of Truth.

Warned by Spirit of His Mother.

How Railroad Wreck was Averted, and Why Engineer Now Firmly Believes in Spiritualism.

Indianapolis, Aug. 10.—Thomas Grubbs, an engineer on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, has been converted to Spiritualism, and today appeared at the Spiritualists' camp at Chesterton and related the remarkable story which led to his conversion.

He said that he was taking out a special one night and was driving his engine ahead at the rate of 50 miles an hour. While turning a sharp curve in the road he saw a figure standing upon the track and distinctly recognized his mother, who had been dead for 20 years. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, and the features of the apparition were more distinct than before. As he gazed at the figure it waved a red light across the track three or four times and then disappeared as suddenly as it came.

He called the attention of his brakeman to the apparition as he reversed his engine, but the brakeman had seen nothing, and was greatly surprised when he saw Grubbs apply the emergency brakes. A few seconds later the train came to a stop, and just ahead of his engine a bridge had been swept away.

Grubbs says there can be no doubt but that it was the spirit of his mother that waved the light warning him and saved the train, and he is now a confirmed believer in Spiritualism.—From Boston Globe.

"A German proverb tells us that every great war leaves a country with three armies—one of invalids, one of mourners, one of idle persons ready to commit crime."

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

But I hear some of these wise ones say, "If they were to marry they should each strive to bear with the other's faults—bear and forbear—that is my motto. Love should not be free, else we shall be called free lovers." These people would unite the lion and the lamb, and then ask them to lie down peacefully together and bear and forbear with each other's faults. The lamb might look with fearful, innocent eyes at the lion and consequently keep very quiet; but we think that the lion would, most assuredly, destroy the lamb, given time and opportunity. Such marriages are sacrificial. One must surely be sacrificed to the other. True marriage should not be a sacrifice on either side, but it should be the blending of two halves into one harmonious whole; and, unless this other half exists, there could be no perfect marriages.

We contend that every human being has a true counterpart of itself and that it can never be entirely happy with any other. The world may not be ready to receive this truth, but like all truths it has begun to dawn upon the world, not yet thoroughly understood or comprehended. Instead of combating and striving to suppress the light of a grand truth, as some of our would-be-wise ones do, why not strive to grasp and understand it?

These very ones who strive to combat a great fundamental truth, think they are trying to make the world better; but, in our opinion, they have the cart before the horse. They think they are making the world better; their intentions are good. Then why not give others the credit of good intentions also? Mrs. Morton thought she was right. She believed that she was urging her daughter to marry just as she ought to marry. She did not take the soul into consideration; and no matter what misery her daughter might have endured after marriage, she would have said, like some of these other wise ones, "Oh, they should bear and forbear," but the misery and forbearance would have been all one side. Why not try to find out the great law of harmonious marriage and then teach it to our young men and maidens that their unions may be happy and joyful and their children beautiful and good? We shall now try to show our readers the soul, or interior being, the spiritual being of two separate halves that had not yet met—who were not yet at all acquainted with each other.

The virgin soul of Isabel Morton had often dreamed of love. Within the depths of her being she saw mirrored the form of the other half of herself—young, fresh, noble, manly. The eyes of this ideal often seemed to look into hers, clear, truthful, and innocent as her own. He was of medium height, well formed, strong and full of manly grace. This ideal would never stoop to a mean, dishonorable or degrading act of any kind. He appeared to her to have talents of various kinds—a man who would constantly reach upward toward the highest possible attainments. She could not picture him to herself as a rich man, but as one who would attain to wealth through earnest endeavors, for, she reasoned well, that one already rich would have no incentive to exert himself, and she could neither love nor respect a supine man. She would take a being, like the foregoing, by the hand and walk by his side his equal, sharing with him through weal or woe, riches or poverty. She did not desire to be a pet or a toy, but the other half—the female half—or, in other words, the negative of her own positive—the right positive and negative joined as one. She could not, in her mind, separate herself and this positive other

self into two beings, but as though two forms blended into one being.

When she looked at Marcus Chesterfield, a strange mist crept into her eyes. His face and form looked like this mirrored image, and yet it was not he. No; her ideal bore no marks of dissipation about him. She really did not know that young Chesterfield was dissipated, but she felt it with this sixth sense of hers. Her ideal's face looked bright and fresh, the eyes clear and truthful, whereas young Chesterfield's was sallow, his eyes were a shifting, uneasy expression, and the grandeur and nobility of noble, strong, innocent manhood, were wanting.

She could not understand the puzzle—why his form, features and general make-up were so much like those of the pictured image within her soul. If she had then known all that the reader knows, she would not now have been the betrothed wife of Marcus Chesterfield. Our young men and maidens need teaching on the all important subject of matrimony. It is the one great event in the life of either man or woman, and ought not to be entered into rashly. It is the great event which peoples the world; and yet, there is no law of life so little understood as the marriage law, that is, the true law of marriage as it exists within the soul of man and woman.

Most young ladies marry for almost any reason but the right one; most of them do not wish to marry unless the young man is in good circumstances, or rich, and a money consideration never had anything to do with the true law of marriage. Some marry because of passionate attraction; the young lady, perhaps, is very beautiful, the young gentleman does not ask himself, "Will this young lady prove to be a match for my inner being—my soul?" neither does the young lady stop to ask, "Does this young gentleman fulfill, in all respects, the measure of my soul's ideal?" No; but he says, "Oh, how beautiful she is!" knowing nothing of her mind, whether it is beautiful or not; and she says, "I wonder if he will give me a lovely home and then allow me to do as I please?"

After marriage they find that they do not think alike in anything; their inner natures are as far apart as the poles. After a short time they take no pleasure in each other's society. The young lady is, perhaps, vain and frivolous; the young man, often more than otherwise, more or less given to vice and dissipation. Her beauty becomes stale in his eyes, and as he no longer pets her, or flatters her vanity, she repines and becomes fretful. They now find they do not think alike on any subject; this leads to their becoming contradictory; they are continually bickering and contradicting each other. At last, they quarrel outright, and in a year or two, at most, they quarrel continually and violently; next comes the divorce.

Now how much better to understand the true law which governs marriage, than such a state of things as exists at the present, but we hope, in this story, to show how the young should marry. We like to show the inner law controlling true marriage.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MYSTERIOUS SPECTER.

The dinner at the Morton House passed off with great eclat, and after dinner music and cards. At first they played simply for amusement, then Alstair proposed that they play for small stakes. "It was so much more exciting, giving zest to the games, and as the stakes were so small, no one would be greatly injured thereby."

Miss Black and her niece, together with the old gentleman, now retired to their several apartments. Mr. MacMerry, Mr. Alstair and Marcus Chesterfield were the only ones left, except Mrs. Morton and Isabel.

Mrs. Morton was not at all averse to small gambling, but Isabel looked upon it with great disfavor and would not join in the game; she sat apart in a drooping and pensive attitude, and shortly after, asked to be excused and retired to her own room. The party below stairs played on, regardless of time. It was three o'clock in the morning before they broke up and took their departure; and another ten dollars had found its way into Alstair's pocket—transferred from the young millionaire's purse—and a large quantity of champagne had disappeared. In the meantime, Isabel, on going to her room, drooped more dejectedly than ever, and as she laid her weary head on her pillow she thought: "I do not love Marcus Chesterfield. I could not love any man who cared to gamble, no matter how small a sum. What a quantity of wine and champagne he drank! Why, if he were to continue to drink, as he did this evening, he would soon become a sot. I begged mother not to have wine or champagne with the dinner; but she would not listen to me. She said she could not think of giving a dinner so meagre—that Marcus was accustomed to the best—and what would he think to be invited to a dinner without wine, especially one given by her in honor of our betrothal? I feel that if I am ever weak enough to yield to her wishes, and marry Marcus Chesterfield, that my life will be most wretched in spite of his millions. Oh! I would much rather marry a poor man who had his way to make in the world; a man whom I could love and honor above all others; a man who tonight would have refused to drink wine; a man who would have refused to play cards at all, or, if he consented to play one or two games for amusement, he would not, on any account, have gambled, even for the smallest sum. Oh, we can never be happy! We do not think alike. He did not seem to care much for my music, and music is the breath of my soul. He tells me that he could never concentrate his mind, or his energies enough to become even a passable player; and I admire strength of will and purpose in a man. I cannot discover that he has any particular talent, and I am sure that his soul is poverty stricken. I would much rather a young man would be poor in pocket and rich in soul, or spiritual power.

"My betrothed husband is in the house, and yet I feel more lonely and desolate, by far, than if he were not. Certainly a girl ought not to feel this way toward a man whom she expects to marry—to whom she is affianced." And the girl fell asleep with a sigh and a tear.

After her guests had left the house, Mrs. Morton retired to her chamber. She had slipped considerable champagne, herself, and felt a little giddy in consequence; so, when she had donned a flowing white wrapper, she threw herself into her large arm chair and gazed dreamily into the fire. Her lofty ambitions were in a fair way to meet with fulfillment, so she thought.

"My future son-in-law enjoyed himself well tonight," she mused. "He can now see what a grand mother-in-law I shall be to him. How very foolish for young men to think a mother-in-law in the way. Really, I do not know what he would do without me. Isabel seems to take so little interest in her own welfare—and, how interested that friend of his seemed to be in me. Really, he said the most flattering things to me. It makes me feel almost like a girl once more. It would be strange, would it not, if he should want to marry me? I am not so old, after all—only forty—but, unless his wealth can match that of my daughter's affianced, I certainly could not marry him. I should much prefer being at the head of Isabel's princely establishment unless he should prove to be a millionaire also. I could never think seriously of him otherwise. I must ask Marcus about him.

"How pleased young Merry seemed with Miss Vaughn. Perhaps he is a rich man too, for certainly Marcus would not associate with any other. Miss Black can leave her niece next to nothing. How important, then, that Miss Vaughn should marry a wealthy man. Well, if it turns out as I think it may, they will have me to thank, and being guests at the Morton House will prove to them to have been a golden nest. I feel vexed with Isabel for refusing to play, and she would not taste champagne, either; and to think of her leaving our guests so early in the evening. To be sure, she pleaded headache, nevertheless I doubted the headache very much.

"Well, she is pledged to Marcus, that is one comfort, and I understand her well enough to know that she will not break her promise lightly; consequently, I have nothing to fear."—"Indeed, madam! Have you not?"

A voice had sounded in her ear—a voice had apparently spoken these words—but the voice was far away and seemed to be borne to her ears with the boom of the restless waves that were dashing with resistless perseverance against the beach. The softened roar of the ocean could always be heard at the Morton House, and again—"Indeed, madam! Have you not? Have you taken me into consideration, proud mother—me, Jane Erie?" The voice sounded nearer. It was in the room, and there—Oh! mysterious, dreadful thing!—there stood that spectral form she had seen once before. She could have met the real Jane without fear; she could have taunted and insulted her if need be, but this spectral thing was altogether different; and yet, after all, this spectre was the real and the other but the dissolving shadow—this spectre was the real Jane, while her body was the covering which would be, sooner or later, cast aside.

"Madam," said the voice once more, "look! and the spectre held up her hand. 'Look at this mill; the very counterpart of the one your daughter wears. Marcus Chesterfield has pledged his troth to me, and I will hold him to his vow though the world were rent asunder! I will hold him to his vow, though the nether world and all its legions of satanic imps were marshaled against me. I know what you would say, old lady. That Isabel's betrothal was first, consequently would be valid; but I will prove that the last promise of a man is the true and valid one, showing, as it certainly does, that he became weary of his first choice and therefore sought a mate more congenial to him.

"Madam; I shall win. Be sure of that," and the spectre vanished with a hollow, mocking laugh.

"O! Great God!" sighed Mrs. Morton. "What mystery is this? Twice that creature has appeared before me. It is, simply, witchcraft. She is a witch, and ought to be burnt or gibbeted. The Bible says a witch ought not to be allowed to live. But I will cast this visionary thing out of my mind; and, let Jane Erie beware how she crosses my path, or she shall yet taste my revenge! I am inclined to think this spectral form is something more than mere fancy on my part."

CHAPTER XXV.

OFF TO THE MINES.

The next day Marcus Chesterfield and his two friends started for the mines. But it is not our intention to go to the mines with them. We prefer to stay at Redondo and watch the progress of Mark Chester and the family of Nathaniel Kester, the old Yankee fisherman; and we also desire to keep an eye on Mrs. Morton and Isabel.

It was very uncertain how long Marcus Chesterfield might find it necessary to remain at the mining camp. On this day, also, the old fisherman took to himself a wife.

(To be continued.)

Bakes Twelve Pies At Once

The Glenwood Home Grand range with asbestos lined oven, and two oven shelves, bakes three rows of food evenly at once. The asbestos lining triples baking capacity and saves coal.



"Makes Cooking Easy"

GLENWOOD

THE GLENWOOD AGENT HAS THEM.

Lake Helen Camp, Florida.

THIRD AND FOURTH EXCURSION

The boom at Lake Helen has begun. A number of people have already arrived at this genial winter home. One-half of the first floor of the Apartment house has been engaged.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. D. Palmer, finds herself busy in answering many letters of inquiry about the coming camp meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will arrive at Lake Helen about Nov. 27, hence all letters to the corresponding secretary should now be sent to Lake Helen.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Morse have opened the hotel dining room and are catering for the arriving guests. It will be remembered that Mr. Morse was the head cook some six years ago and led a fine reputation as manager of the cuisine.

Mrs. Mary Northrup resumes the position she held so excellently last season as manager of the rest of the hotel. The guests may be sure of finding a real home at the camp hotel this season.

Mrs. Thompson has settled down for the winter in the Budington cottage, and expects her friend from Cincinnati, Mrs. Eva Glenn Keck, to join her early in December.

The Lily Dale party, which lately left, have reached Florida—some stopping for a short time in Jacksonville, but all bound for Lake Helen.

Mr. A. A. Butler of Ohio, with a party, will go to Lake Helen early in December.

There is much interest to know if Mrs. J. Clegg Wright will accompany her husband to Lake Helen this season. The campers will be delighted to give them a hearty housewarming when they are settled in his unique cottage.

Mrs. Dr. Brigham of Fitchburg will go by rail early in December.

Mr. H. M. Clark sailed Nov. 22, and will assist Mrs. Brigham in renting Brigham Hall.

President Bond and wife leave for Lake Helen the first week in December.

C. H. Mathewson of Vermont and C. Hagen of New York sailed for Lake Helen Nov. 23.

The speakers thus far engaged for the season are J. Clegg Wright, W. F. Peck, and Carrie E. S. Twine. Other speakers may be announced later. Mrs. Nellie C. Mosier is to be the platform test medium.

Mrs. Twine has recovered from her late illness and is filling her engagements.

Those coming to the camp should notify K. M. Spencer, Lake Helen, and he will meet them at the station to convey them and their trunks to camp.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. White have opened their cottage for the winter. Mr. White is as well as he was last spring.

Mrs. Still of Boston is stopping with Mrs. Philbrook.

Mrs. Hall is in the apartment house.

Mrs. Francis' new home is very cozy.

Already there are six cottages occupied. Several hotel guests have arrived.

There was a white frost Nov. 16, but no serious damage ensued. The orange crop is coming in.

Mrs. Myers was called to Tennessee lately to the funeral of her brother-in-law, Mr. Bosworth. It will be remembered that Mr. Bosworth was at the camp three years ago.

Mrs. Stevens and niece are dwelling in the Stevens cottage.

The new addition to Geo. W. Webster's hotel will not be ready for occupancy this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Bedell have returned, bringing a niece.

Dr. O. B. Webster's child has fully recovered from a late illness.

Those who go by rail from the middle west should write for discount rates to W. C. Rinserson, Gen. Pass. Agt. at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Buy all your tickets via the Florida East Coast R. R. from Jacksonville.

Those who wish to stop over night at Jacksonville will find good 50-cent lodgings at the Acme Hotel, 207 West Bay St.

My third and fourth excursions by water will leave New York, Dec. 13 and Dec. 27. Write me for particulars, low rates, etc., enclosing 4 cents in stamps for postage on folders, etc. H. A. Budington, 91 Sherman St., Springfield, Mass.

played "The Vacant Chair." The beauty of the scene was much enhanced by red light. Mr. Sydney Trask delighted the audience with a solo, entitled, "The Only Way." Masters Fowler and Bolles fairly convulsed the audience with laughter in their funny tramp sketch. Mr. Louis Neely very ably rendered charming music on piano and harmonium simultaneously. Miss Sadie Parker, robed in green and adorned with autumnal tints, held a basket laden with fruits and flowers, representing "Queen of the Harvest." The harvest song written by Mrs. L. A. Judkins of Boston, for the occasion, was finely rendered by the children, while in the background was displayed a bright harvest banner. A supper was served at 5 p. m. for the children and thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Judkins is the founder of this army, and instructor of these children. Many others graced this festive occasion. It closed with a Harvest Dance.

If your Brain is Tired Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. T. D. Crothers, Supt. Walnut Lodge Asylum, Hartford, Conn., says: "It is a remedy of great value in building up functional energy and brain force." Invigorates the entire system.

Local Briefs.

The Boston Spiritual Temple held the Tuesday evening meeting at Chickering Hall Building, Room 1, Nov. 12. Although the weather being stormy, the gathering was not quite as large as usual. There was a good number to enjoy Mr. Wiggins' fifteen minutes' talk and the scenes which followed. These meetings are attracting investigators and truth-seekers in large numbers, and are often the door to the entrance of spiritual knowledge and growth. Mr. Wiggins, although a most remarkable medium, is pre-eminently a spiritual teacher and leader, and often those who come only in wonder or curiosity are led into the broad fields of Spiritualism.—Mary L. Porter, Sec'y B. S. T.

Sunday, Nov. 3, our platform was occupied by Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport. He gave two of the finest lectures that we ever have had the good fortune to listen to; he treated upon all the issues of the day in a way that none could fail to understand. Mr. Scarlett deserves great credit for so nobly speaking the sentiments that will cause people to think. He will be with us again in the near future, and we shall be glad to hear him.—Mrs. H. A. Baker, Pres. First Spiritualist Society, Salem, Mass.

Mr. C. B. Nichols of Andover, Ohio, has been in Corry, Pa., for weeks, where his most excellent mediumistic services were in great demand up to the time of his leaving. His special phases are slate writing, independent voices with trumpet, and business. His trumpet voices are very interesting and successful.—R. F. Livermore.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St., spiritual meetings, fair attendance; those assisting: Messrs. Hall, Smith, Fryer, Cohen, Dr. Blackden, Mesdames Chapman, Abbott, Smith, Brown, Bird, Smith, Hall, Gutierrez; President, Sunday, Nov. 10. Meetings every Sunday, 11 a. m., 2:30 and 7 p. m.

Fitchburg, Mass.—The usual large audiences greeted Mrs. Lizzie O. Butler of Lynn, speaker for the First Spiritualist Society, Nov. 17. The two addresses were very interesting and instructive, and the large number of tests were accurately given. Miss Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections.—Dr. C. L. Fox, Pres.

The First Spiritualists' Unity Society has been organized in Elmira, N. Y., with a membership of forty and fair prospects of doubling very soon. Our officers are as follows: Mrs. Louis Dahl, pres.; E. F. Evans, vice-pres.; Mrs. Louise E. Zimmerman, sec'y; Benj. Rhodes, treas.; trustees, Dana Blodgett, Ira Smith, H. H. Goodwin, Mrs. Mary E. Stromman, Mrs. Chas. MacNeil. Sister Von Kanzler has been with us this month giving a continual feast for the uplifting of the soul. Bro. and Sister Kates gave us a flying visit of one Sunday, last month.—Mrs. Louise E. Zimmerman, Sec'y.

The Progressive Spiritualist Association, Lynn, held two remarkably well attended services, Sunday, Nov. 17. From 6:30 to 7:30 a concert was given by the Nellie Miles Orchestra, consisting of ten pieces. At 7:30, a lecture and test session.—Anna Quade, acting Sec'y.

A large and most appreciative audience greeted our medium and pastor, Ira Moore Corliss, at the services on Sunday evening, Nov. 17, at the Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn. Mr. Corliss has been seriously ill at his home for the last two weeks and although far from being well, seemed to be at his best both in voicing the comforting spirit messages and his Bible lecture. The Verdi Quartet sang three numbers, and Mr. F. B. Boynton sang a solo, while Prof. Wm. Ahrens rendered a pipe organ overture. The Banner of Light gives light to all our members and visitors from week to week, is always highly spoken of at all meetings, and can be found at the door.—W. H. Adams, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, Mr. Geo. W. Nutting, conductor. Mrs. Annie Shean, sec'y, writes: The children and friends of the lyceum gathered in Harmony Hall, 25 Centre St., Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2 p. m. The children were carefully instructed by their leaders. Remarks were made by Mrs. Jennie Cooley. Closed with Banner and Target March. All are invited.

The Malden Progressive Spiritualists, at their hall, Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant St., Sunday evening, Nov. 17th, had for speaker and astrological medium, Mrs. Nellie S. Noyes of Boston. Her talk on astrology and personal astrological readings from birth dates was highly gratifying to the large audience. In the absence of Mr. Milton, Mrs. Abby Burnham gave the invocation and conducted the meeting. Mr. Snow proceeded the work of Mrs. Noyes by reading a short pa-

per on "The Practical Benefits to Humanity of the Sciences of Astronomy and Astrology." Mrs. Noyes will again serve this society as speaker and medium, Sunday, Jan. 6, 7:30 p. m.—John H. Snow, Sec'y.

The regular weekly meeting of the Ladies' Lyceum Union was held in Dwight Hall, Wednesday, the 28th last. The meeting was called to order at 7 p. m. by the president, Mrs. Butler, in the chair. The usual business was transacted. Supper was served at 6:30. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, gave the entertainment of the evening. Mrs. Kate Styles opened with a Christmas poem; Clara Weston, song; reading, Florence Southern; May Burdett, song; Rebecca Golditz, dance; Fern Foster, reading; Louisa Gilday, reading; Iona Stillings, reading; piano duet, Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. McPherson; Miss Cushing, song. A flag drill, 10 little girls, under the direction of Mrs. Sawyer, was a feature of the entertainment; in one of the songs by the children, Miss Pauline Wood sang the "Star Spangled Banner," the children joining with her song, "America" at the close of the drill. Miss Lottie Weston was accompanist. Our usual spiritual meeting next Wednesday, the 27th.—Mrs. W. S. Butler, Pres.

The Boston Spiritual Temple's Sunday services were held at Chickering Hall, Huntington Ave., Nov. 17th. Morning at 10:30; evening at 7:30. The text taken by the pastor, Mr. Wiggins, for the morning's sermon was "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The fact was dwelt upon that at the door of every one's consciousness the spirit was calling for recognition of his atonement with the Divine. The two paths were pointed out, the one of love with its fairer fields and brighter skies, or that of law, which is often hard and thorny, both leading to the same goal, soul consciousness. The evening audience surpassed in number any previous one of the seasons and showed appreciation of the short, pithy address given by Mr. Wiggins on "Christian Science, How it Differs from Spiritualism." The usual service followed. Music by the Ladies' Schubert Quartet. Mary L. Porter, Sec'y B. S. T.

The Boston Spiritual Temple held the Tuesday evening meeting Nov. 19 at Chickering Hall Building, Room 1. Mr. Wiggins spoke for fifteen minutes on "Obsession." An hour's session of unusual results followed. Mr. Wiggins proposes to speak at each of these meetings, for a few minutes, on subjects to instruct and direct students of spiritual laws. Mary L. Porter, Sec'y B. S. T.

Boston, Nov. 17.—Lyceum opened as usual, the lesson was from card three, explained by conductor W. A. Hale. After the march, the following took part in the exercises: Songs, Esther Botts and Clara Weston, readings, Fred Foster and Harry Green; piano solo, Rebecca Golditz; timely remarks, George Lang and Dr. Hale. Mrs. Butler gave a description of a vision that she saw in the hall; she also gave an interesting talk on "Spirit Controls and Spiritualism" in general; her remarks are always the right ones in the right place, and are ever welcome. Gave a very interesting session with singing at 1 p. m. Do not forget the fair in December. S. E. Jones, Sec'y.

Friday, Nov. 22, Appleton Hall.—The regular meeting of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society was held as usual with the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albee, in the chair. Reading opened with singing by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason. Mrs. Mattie read "The Modern Prayer," being costumed in surplice; this was received with much pleasure. Mrs. A. A. Eldredge represented Truth; Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch represented The Delinquent, and read an article on the prevailing fashion, which was received with applause. The exercises were as follows: First prize, Mrs. Hatch; 2d prize, Mrs. Eldredge; 3d, Mrs. Albee. Mrs. S. P. Billings represented Investigator. The judges were Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. Ada Simmons, Mrs. M. E. Tilton. Mrs. Mattie Mason and Mrs. M. J. Butler gave spirit delineations; Mrs. Grace Sutherland favored us with a piano solo. Mrs. Monroe spoke briefly. Dr. Dean Clarke spoke upon the "Piper Controversy"; his talk was enjoyed by all. We have a good time every Friday evening. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Paine Hall, Sunday, Nov. 17.—The Boston Spiritual Lyceum met as usual, with conductor J. B. Hatch in the chair. The lesson was "The Great Thing to Seek For." This subject was handled in an able manner. Harry Green, Esther Botts, Alice Ireland, Mrs. Greene, all took part in the exercises, also Alice Hatch. Mr. E. W. Hatch had the topic for the day. He chose for the same the Public School. Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1:30. Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. Wilkinson, conductor. Services always at 11, 2:30 and 7:30. Those taking part during the day Sunday and during the week, were Mr. A. F. Hill, Mr. de Bos, Mrs. McGrath, Mrs. Woods, Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Graham, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Belle Roberson, Mrs. Jennie Rhine, Mrs. Lasher, Mrs. Glendon, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Knowles. Mrs. Wilkinson: a photographic concert by Mr. Wilson; music by the Lytle Trio, and Mr. Peak and Mrs. Grover. Sunday, Dec. 1, afternoon and evening, Mrs. Wilkinson celebrates her 10th year of public work. Many workers are expected to take part. The Hall Sisters, juvenile entertainers, will be present, also many soloists and mediums. A collation served free to all in the afternoon. Banner of Light also for sale at all meetings.—Recorder.

Notes from Topeka, Kansas.

With your permission, I desire to say through your columns, that Spiritualism is not dead in Topeka, Kansas. The Church of Spiritualism is moving along, with Emma Chaland as its president and Laura B. Payne as speaker. By the way, Sister Payne is developing as a platform speaker. She is in demand at a number of places, not only in Kansas, but Missouri, Iowa, and Nebraska. She had a call from one of the societies of Massachusetts during the fall, and regretted she could not go so far from home. She spoke at some six or eight camp meetings during this past season. This is the home of Sister L. A. Mabey, who is a forcible speaker; she has been busy in the work all summer and fall; is home now, taking a needed rest. Sister Inez Wagner of our city has done a grand work through her different phases of mediumship; her trumpet sessions are of a superior order and very satisfactory; she, too, has been busy at work demonstrating the fact of spirit return and making converts for our beautiful religion—Spiritualism. We have quite a number of mediums, all doing good work in their way.

A. Markley.

Letter from J. Jay Watson.

I am still here, and shall remain and play again for the Spiritual Society (Judge Daily presiding), next Sunday. Mrs. May Pepper did some marvelous work on Sunday, the 17th inst. Her lectures and tests were a revelation. She will be heard again in Brooklyn on Sunday, the 24th inst.

Nov. 20, 1901.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?



Do You Have Rheumatism? Have You Bladder or Uric Acid Trouble?

To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU, all our Readers May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow; Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle for the asking.

Lame back is only one symptom of kidney trouble—one of many. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times at night; smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, catarrh of the bladder, constant headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, irregular heart beating, rheumatism, blotting, irritability, worms, swelling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh or sallow complexion.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that

your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

Swamp-Root is the triumphant discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with marked success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you free by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book of wonderful Swamp-Root testimonials. Be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the Banner of Light.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take, and if you are already convinced that this great remedy is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

Hon. James B. Townsend's Lecture.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you kindly permit me, through the columns of the Banner, to refer briefly to the admirable address delivered before the N. S. A. at Washington by the Hon. James B. Townsend of Lima, Ohio?

Like the honorable gentleman, I had also been waiting, anxiously waiting, "hoping that some one would be moved to speak plainly of the necessities of the hour." This address fully covers the ground; it is a bugle call to the Spiritualists of America, so clear, so logical, and comprehensive, that its meaning cannot be misunderstood. It inspires one with a feeling of enthusiasm and I wish it were possible to bring it to the attention of all earnest men and women who are laboring for the uplifting of humanity.

It is generally conceded by thinking men, humanitarians and reformers who have studied the question that the next step in social evolution will be the establishment of human Brotherhood, which means the practical application of the precepts of the "Golden Rule." How can this be done? Mr. Townsend says:

"If we adopt the teachings of Bellamy and proceed one step further by uniting Nationalism to an altruistic Spiritualism, in effect we shall have established the state of Universal Brotherhood."

The question may be asked, Why should Spiritualists accept Bellamy or adopt Nationalism? By reference to the files of the Banner, Oct. 5th, 1899, you will find the answer to this question. Spirit John Pierpont, through the mediumship of Mrs. Longley, speaking of Bellamy and Nationalism, said:

"I see him wrought upon by high minds, invisible to mortal sight, yet lofty in thought, and exalted by the touch of heavenly love; and I know that he has been inspired to give to the world that idealistic picture of an advanced century, an improved civilization, and an elevated state of society which the work called 'Looking Backward' outlines. What, then, is my opinion of Nationalism, or of governmental guardianship and direction? Remember that I am speaking as a spirit who stands a little apart from and beyond the play of human passions and strife and activity and emergency called mortal existence. I view these exhibitions and wonder at the spiritual weakness of the race. I observe the poverty and want and unhappiness on the one hand, and the extravagance and waste and folly on the other. I note the distinctions of class and caste as they exist in our free and independent country, and I ask how many do believe, even though it is professed by speech, that all are members of one family whose Father and Maker is God? Nationalism is governmental control and direction of all industries in every department of human thought and occupation. To many hosts of human spirits who have arisen above the limitations and bondage of your earthly environment, it is the grandest plan ever presented to human acceptance for the amelioration of want and suffering, for the leveling of caste, the destruction of prejudice and the banishment of social indifference and selfishness. To these spirits, Nationalism is the platform of future civilized society."

W. P. Conway.
21 West Baltimore St., Lynn.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

Cubes and Spheres IN Human Life.

BY F. A. WIGGIN.

"Mr. Wiggins is earnest, strong, and his words must stimulate the higher thinking and nobler living."—*The Herald, D. D.*

"There is not too much of it, it is all right. I shall most heartily recommend it to my friends."—*Albany Freeman.*

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The whole book is rich in stimulating thought."—*The Coming Age.*

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Personal Magnetism.

A Treatise on Human Culture.

BY LEROY BERRIER.

SUBJECTS TREATED.

Personal Magnetism; Presence and Power; Magnetic Control; Cultivation; Life-Developing System; Mental, Emotional, Intellectual, Temperamental, Chemical, Transmutational; Waste of Personal Magnetism; Attraction; Repulsion; and Induction; Mass, a Magnetic Field; Personal Power; Magnetic Influence through Suggestion and Hypnotism.

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MEDIUMSHIP, AND ITS LAWS;

Its Conditions and Cultivation.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

A book written in answer to the question: How can I become a Medium? On the basis of the new Science of Spirit, by determined laws (the work of all peoples), I have shown the capabilities and possibilities of the sensitive medium. Mediums are not born, they are made. The work of the medium is to be a spiritual and a law is not. Every phase of Mediumship, clairvoyance, and other phases of the spiritual world, is explained in this book. The book is written in a simple, direct, and practical manner, giving the information every person and every individual needs.

Price, 75 cents.
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KARL ANDERSON'S TABLES OF HOUSES.
For Astrological Students, with Tables, Charts, etc., so that they can see the positions of the planets and the stars in the sky at any time and place. Under the present form it offers to the student of the Astrology the most complete and accurate tables of the positions of the planets and the stars in the sky at any time and place. The work has been done by the author, Karl Anderson, who is a well-known astrologer and has been successful in many cases. The book is written in a simple, direct, and practical manner, giving the information every person and every individual needs.

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For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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TERMS CASH.—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 C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Freight and postage of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

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

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

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

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

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

Issued by

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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

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Special Holiday Offer!!!

Commencing with the issue of Dec. 7, 1901, the Banner of Light will be sent to any new subscriber for four months for

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!

During that period Miss Lillian Whiting, under a special engagement, will contribute a series of articles upon topics of interest to all Spiritualists, Liberalists, Metaphysicians, and Occultists. Now is the time to subscribe. Let us hear from all quarters of the globe at once.

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In order that our loyal patrons of past years may be benefited by this grand offer, we make you the following proposition:—If you will send us a club of twenty new names, subscribers for four months, we will credit you with

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God's Poor Fund.

Since our last appeal for contributions to this worthy charity, we have received a few generous offerings, but the amount is yet insufficient to meet the calls that are being made upon the fund by those who actually deserve assistance. As the cold weather approaches, the demands upon this fund are more numerous, and we therefore again request our generous-hearted patrons to aid us in this good work. Sickness often brings dire want in its wake, and it is for the relief of deserving cases only that God's Poor Fund was established. Despite the present prosperity throughout the country, there are thousands without work, and many hungry ones to feed. The Banner of Light will do its part to mitigate the sufferings of our people throughout the land, but we want the hearty co-operation of our generous friends. We ask the liberal-minded everywhere to

send us a donation for this worthy object. Mark your offerings "For God's Poor Fund," and address your letters to Frederick G. Tuttle, Treasurer, 204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

A Vaccination Crusade.

An epidemic of vaccination broke out in a most virulent form some three weeks since, in nearly all of the large cities of the United States. It has spread with astonishing rapidity, and can, after a period of only twenty-one days, claim with truth a greater number of victims than can its chief rivals, smallpox and diphtheria. The two latter diseases have afflicted some few persons in various localities, causing the sapient doctors of the land to begin their more deadly work of destruction, through wholesale vaccination. Vaccine virus and anti-toxine have been used indiscriminately, and in some localities human beings have been "rounded up" as cattle formerly were for branding, by the cattlemen of the West. The pain of branding was most severe, and its after effects most injurious. In the case of vaccination, the pain from the operation itself is but slight, while the results are life-long in the agony it causes, and most costly in respect to financial outlay.

In St. Louis, not less than ten persons have been killed by "tetanus" (lockjaw), caused by the use of anti-toxine as a preventive of diphtheria. In Camden, N. J., nine persons have been similarly afflicted through vaccination for protection against smallpox. In both cities, there were a few sporadic cases of the two diseases that are so greatly dreaded by the masses. No evidence is at hand to show that there was the least danger of their becoming epidemic. The few isolated cases gave the doctors a coveted opportunity, and they raised the scare that resulted in an order from the health authorities, so-called, for the wholesale vaccination of the people. This order is now being obeyed in many cities and towns with a fierceness of spirit that Torquemada could never equal, even in his worst moments. In Camden, N. J., the revolt against vaccination has become so pronounced that the erudite (?) Board of Health has issued a supplementary order suspending vaccination until the vaccine points there in use had been properly examined. This order will not restore to life the nine persons killed by vaccination, nor will it mitigate the sufferings of the friends of the people who were thus legally slain.

We are having a touch of the vaccination epidemic in Boston. A few isolated cases of smallpox have given the physicians a chance to fill their pockets at the expense of the victimized populace. There is no danger whatever from the plague of smallpox in Boston, and we believe it is the same in all cities and towns where the people are being scourged by the doctors under the compulsory vaccination law. Vaccination gives the doctor two chances at his every victim. He forces him to pay one dollar as his fee for vaccinating him, and then, when the virus begins to do its fatal work, the doctor is again called, and he bleeds his victim a second time far more successfully than he did at first. He now doctors him for "consumption," Bright's disease, eczema, and other troubles, all of which can be traced to vaccination as their primary cause. In view of these excellent opportunities to fill their purses, it must not be thought strange that the sapient physicians are so strongly in favor of compulsory vaccination. It is the source of a double stream of revenue to them, and they are greedily reaching out their collection boxes for cash, more cash, on every possible occasion. When Jesus of Nazareth was being crucified, he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Humanity is being crucified today in a more terrible manner than was the gentle teacher of Nazareth, and many of the sons and daughters of earth are praying "Please do so some more—we want more money."

Just what the prayer of Jesus would have been had he been vaccinated, it is difficult to say. He might have used the words that he spoke from the cross, but we do not believe it. He would have cried out in righteous indignation, "Woe unto you, scribes, pharisees, hypocrites, and thieves. His great soul could have borne his own suffering without one murmur of complaint, but when he saw the evil wrought upon helpless children, innocent men and women, he would have raised his voice in denunciation against the damnable practice that undermines health, destroys mental vigor, induces premature old age, and causes financial disaster to so many thousands of people. We know of many cases where young men have been forced out of their bodies simply through vaccination. The death certificates read "Quick consumption, typhoid fever, blood poison," etc., but good care was taken to conceal the true cause in every instance. It is a pity that Jenner ever succeeded in winning even one disciple to his cause. What Alva was to the Netherlands, Jenner and his satellites have been to the entire world. It is a pity that the enlightened people of today will consent to be outraged, as they are, by the advocates of vaccination. When they do awaken, woe to them through whom these offenses against God and man have come! The charge of wholesale murder is lodged against them on high, and they stand convicted of that terrible crime in the Supreme Court of Highest Heaven!

Vaccination per se is not a preventive for smallpox. Of itself, the practice amounts to nothing, save when the mental suggestion of immunitary inoculation gives, becomes the dominant factor in the victim's mind. Let a man be fortified with the suggestion that smallpox is not contagious, and he is as immune to it as is the man who has recovered from an attack of it. Dr. M. J. Rodermund of Wisconsin gave the people of the United States a striking object lesson as to the value of suggestion last winter when smallpox was epidemic in his State. He had never

been vaccinated, and he did not believe that smallpox was necessarily contagious. He proved his theory by calling upon the people who were ill with the disease, at all stages of its progress. He broke open the pustules, bathed his face and hands with the virus that came from them, stayed with the worst cases hours at a time, and never took the disease. What is also equally positive proof is the fact that he never communicated the disease to others, although he shook hands with scores of people, and came into contact with hundreds of others while wearing the very clothing with which he was apparelled while in the sick-room. Dr. Rodermund answered his fellow-physicians beyond words to describe. Not only was he too refractory to have the smallpox, but he was so inconsiderate as to fail to give it to others. For both reasons they were aggrieved, because they could not add one penny to their several bank accounts. Scars are of service financially to the doctors, and extremely expensive to their victims. Suggestion frightens the people into being sick, and their fear creates the epidemic. Let suggestions of illness be met with stronger suggestions of health, and the victory is won. Vaccination, with its manifold evils, will disappear, and smallpox, diphtheria and the like will be known no more. Let the people live in the thought of sound health and the doctors will find their occupations, like that of Othello, the unhappy Moor, gone forever!

Premature.

It seems that we were somewhat premature in announcing the release of the now famous missionary, Miss Ellen Stone. She is yet in captivity, her abductors having refused to accept so small a sum as sixty thousand dollars for her release. The sum originally demanded was one hundred and ten thousand dollars, and the wily brigands do not purpose letting the extra fifty thousand dollars slip through their fingers in this easy fashion. They are holding on to their hostage and will undoubtedly receive the sum they ask in the end. It is now stated that other female missionaries are on their way to Bulgaria for the express purpose of being kidnapped. They want to be heroines, and are seeking this method to prove their love for God, as well as their lofty (?) Christian courage. This morbid desire for notoriety and the equally reprehensible love of money on the part of many missionaries will inevitably lead to the combination of forces to which we alluded last week. The brigands and missionaries will form a friendly coalition in a sort of kidnapping "trust," by means of which the brigands will capture the missionaries, hold them as hostages until a goodly sum of money is raised for their ransom. Then, of course, the captors will divide with the captured, and all will be as serene as a May morning. This may seem an extreme and altogether unlikely view of the case. We submit, however, that it is in keeping with the average missionary spirit on the part of those who seek to "convert" the heathen (?) in foreign lands. Missionaries in China not only stole all they could find to steal, but they even had the audacity to defend their thieving in American magazines under the "catching" title, "The Ethics of Loot." Missionaries who can do this, will not be above forming a coalition with Bulgarian brigands.

Fossils.

These interesting objects that link the present with the remote past in the history of our planet have rendered untold service to antiquarians in the knowledge they have brought to light. Agassiz, from the fossil of a single scale could reproduce an exact counterpart of a fish that has been extinct for myriads of ages. The imprint of the feet of birds and animals upon stones, and the finding of petrified woods, bones, and other objects have been sources of wonder, and inspiration to scientific research on the part of thousands of people. But all of the fossils of this type are material in character, and consequently inanimate, in so far as their real nature is concerned. To find an animate fossil has generally been considered an impossibility, and the idea of a talking fossil was considered nothing less than preposterous. The seven wonders of the world would pale into insignificance could such a marvel be produced.

But it has been produced in this year of the Spiritual Era 24, and of the Christian Dispensation 1901. It has come in the person of a preacher in North Attleboro, Mass., who is giving forth such a stream of talk that the remains of the Jurassic age, the Tertiary Period, and the Drift, have lost all of their attractions through this antediluvian marvel that has come forth from an age so remote that geology and paleontology make no reference to it whatever, having had no information until two weeks ago, that it had ever existed. But here is a witness close at hand, who is talking here, there and everywhere of that age and is demonstrating its existence by his continued manifestations of his own intellectual littleness. It is really painful to gaze upon, or to read of this fossil, for the works of Nature's God are usually grand in themselves and inspiring in their every characteristic.

This preacher, whose fulminations and self-dedication are indicative of his prehistoric origin, has undertaken to reform the world by the extermination of forms of liberalism in religion. He recently denounced in terms most abusive, all ministers who would sit upon the same platform with Unitarian, Universalist, Catholic, and liberal Orthodox clergymen. He declared that such actions as that, undertaken to show the liberal spirit of the clergymen involved, sent thousands to hell and was the Devil's means of fighting the Church, meaning, of course, his own organization. He also averred that liberalism was the roadway to hell and argued that the Unitarians and Universalists were rapidly "filling that sulphurous abode with the souls of sinning men. In this statement, he evinces

such an intimate acquaintance with his Sanctified Majesty as to lead people of intelligence to wonder how it is that he has escaped from that abode where the groans of the damned are sweetest music to ears like his. It is also a wonder that this relic of an age so remote possesses any knowledge whatever of modern progressive thought, or of the religious ideals of the people.

His utterances show that he thinks he is omniscient in all things, especially in respect to the point under discussion. His ignorance is excelled only by his egotism, and both are due to his accidental birth in the remote age of an unknown past. He has been galvanized into speech by some mysterious power, and is now soaring aloft "in the sublime ozone of his own littleness," to his own keen delight and the amusement of all persons who delight to gaze upon the grotesquely absurd products of a forgotten era, when they are accidentally brought to view. God's ways are said to be mysterious and inscrutable, and the sudden appearance of this intellectual pygmy among the mental giants of the twentieth century is ample evidence that Almighty God takes delight in furnishing fresh indices of his inscrutableness at frequent intervals, and would almost lead a thoughtful man to conclude that He enjoyed perpetrating an occasional side-splitting joke upon His earthly children!

This North Attleboro preacher will do no harm, of course, and we refer to him at this length solely because of his unique fossiliferous character. No man of sense or of even moderate mental power ever presumes today to sit in judgment upon the world, nor does he dare attempt to send his superiors into the fabled hell of Orthodoxy. It is a wonder that he did not name the Swedenborgians, Spiritualists and Metaphysicians in his sweeping condemnation of liberal thought. Perhaps his preacher-soul was so harrowed by being brought into the "aura" of a wicked Universalist or Unitarian clergyman that he forgot to name any others outside of those two sects. It is more likely, however, in view of his own remote fossiliferous origin, that has never heard of any religious movement less than a century or two old. In any event, he is to be pitied. He should have been left in undisturbed repose upon the fossil couch where he has reclined in peace for ages past. He is out of place in the busy world of up-to-date affairs. He will serve as a nine days' wonder for certain people, and will then drop out of sight, as does any dead weight when it is cast into the moving waters of the events of life. When he does thus disappear, his rocky bed will be exceedingly hard for him, and the jibes of his fellow fossils who were disturbed in their repose by his jarring fall will make his lot most terrible to bear. Even the hell into which he is now sending the best people of the world would be far more preferable to him.

The Wise (?) Doctors

of Camden, N. J., have decided that the nine cases of tetanus that recently proved fatal in that city were not due to vaccination, but to the bacteria in the air, or to the filth in the clothing of the victims! To prove this "learned" assertion, they vaccinated some white rats with some of the vaccine used with such fatal results in the nine instances above mentioned. The rats lived through the ordeal and appear to be as well as ever. The doctors smile serenely and in great glee declare that bacteria and filthy clothing were the causes of the numerous deaths. They have (in their minds) won a victory for their favorite barbarism through the ability of a few innocent rats to escape lockjaw after having been successfully vaccinated. It was "rough on the rats," to be sure, and that they escaped tetanus is surely no fault of the doctors. These wiseacres may be perfectly satisfied with their own logic as deduced from the rat syllogism, but the enlightened men and women of today will mentally exclaim "Rats," as they read of the decision of the Camden autocrats, and earnestly register a protest against the continuance of the barbarous practice of vaccination. It is a curse to the world, an insult to intelligence, and fanatical rebellion against Infinite Wisdom. We hope that the American people will awaken to a realizing sense of their danger, ere their best blood is poisoned by vaccine to create numerous diseases for the benefit of the pocket-books of the doctors. The doctors are vaccination mad, because it is their chief source of revenue.

Very Strange.

A Spiritualist lecturer recently said at a spiritualistic convention that he could not speak intelligently of the workings of the State and National Associations, for he had never heard much about them, and had never read anything with regard to them. It takes just such speakers as this man to place Spiritualism in a ridiculous light in any community. Such remarks are a virtual confession that the person making them does not read the Spiritualist papers, and has no interest in the work of pushing Spiritualism forward. A man was once introduced to a large spiritualistic gathering to speak on the subject of "Organization." He gravely asserted that he supposed organization was a good thing, as there were so many good people interested in it, but of himself he knew nothing about it. "I do know, however," he continued, "that I am proud of being a medium, and glad that my dear angel friends are near. I want to be pure and true, and will always do their bidding." He occupied his time with such twaddle as the above and never touched the subject upon which he was asked to speak. He had his match in the lecturer to whom we first referred. It is a pity that such self-confessed ignorance can be exploited from our platforms with complacency, and received so meekly by the people.

Speakers have a perfect right to oppose organizations of all kinds if they see fit to do so, but they have no right to be ignorant concerning that subject or any other of equal

importance. Ignorance is inexcusable in any speaker, either upon the platform of Spiritualism or that of any other religious denomination. Such speakers as the above may have a legitimate field of labor before the public, but we feel as if they would be more in place were they to confine their work to the quiet of their own homes.

President Roosevelt's Proclamation.

The Thanksgiving proclamation of President Roosevelt contains one splendid paragraph. He says: "We mourn for President McKinley because we loved and honored him, and the manner of his death should awaken in the breasts of our people a keen anxiety and a resolute purpose not to be driven by any calamity from the path of strong, orderly, popular liberty, which, as a nation, we have thus far safely trod." These are the words of a statesman, and we thank our Chief Magistrate for giving them to the American people. They came at an opportune moment, for many people, hot-headed and unreasonable, were planning all sorts of measures having for their ostensible object the suppression of anarchy, but their real purpose being the throttling of free speech in the United States. President Roosevelt sees the danger from these proposed measures, and utters a timely warning with regard to them. All lovers of liberty should take courage at these brave words, and move on in a body to suppress the real anarchy that exists in this nation, the defiance of law and order on the part of the plutocrats and their formidable combinations. President Roosevelt means that murderous anarchy cannot be tolerated, yet its suppression must not jeopardize the sacred liberties of the people.

An Interesting Item of News.

Spiritualists are clamorous enough to take pleasure in the success of any of their cult. From private sources we learn that Mr. James B. Townsend, of whom we recently have had much to say, on last week consummated the syndication of a large acreage of coal property, and the building of a railway sixty miles in length in the West.

The subject that may be of interest to the readers of the Banner, is his enterprise known as King Solomon's Mining Company. Having absolute faith in his ability and business sagacity, several hundred Spiritualists have associated themselves with Mr. Townsend in that company.

Believing it will be of interest to Spiritualists in the East, also to comply with a request from Mr. Willard J. Hull, the editor of the "Light of Truth," we reproduce from that paper an article written by Mr. Townsend regarding the enterprise he deems to be the crowning work of his already successful business life.

Capt. E. W. Gould.

"As we go to press we are informed of the transition of that veteran Spiritualist, Capt. E. W. Gould, of Pasadena, California. Capt. Gould ever labored diligently with voice and pen for the Cause he loved, and for its earnest representatives, and his physical presence will be missed by all who knew him. He has earned his rest, and the larger opportunities of spirit life. He can now pursue the work he loves unfettered by mortal limitations and be more clearly conscious of the sweet communion of the angels. May the peace of Infinite Love surround him in his new home.

An obituary notice will appear in our next issue.

"Jim."

This is the title of Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing's latest novel, which has recently found its way to our desk. It is a good story, in well told, and has much in it to interest Spiritualists. It will be reviewed at greater length in our columns in the near future. For sale at this office, \$1.00 per volume.

"What Converted Me to Spiritualism."

This is a new book, edited by B. F. Austin, D. D., and is composed of eighty chapters, written by eighty different Spiritualists. A review will be given later. Price one dollar per volume. Orders filled here.

Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson will celebrate the tenth anniversary of the opening of her personally conducted meetings in this city on Sunday, Dec. 1. A special program of interest will be presented on that occasion, and a general good time is anticipated.

Our Connecticut friends will do well to remember the grand rally of the Spiritualists of their State to be held Thursday, Dec. 5, in the temple at Poquonock, in the town of Windsor. For full particulars read the special notice on another page of this issue.

Li Hung Chang, China's greatest modern statesman, has taken leave of earth at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. The value of his services to his country lies in the fact that he opened China to the trade of the Occident. It is a question whether this act was a wise one in view of the recent developments in his native land. The actions of the Christian missionaries during the past two years prove that Earl Li's confidence was grossly abused, and gave the Chinese abundant cause for hating the people of the Occident.

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Message Department.

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

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of the Banner staff.

These circles are not public.

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

As to 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 Seances held October 31, 1901, S. E. 24.

MESSAGES.

Abby Hanson, Duluth, Minn.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a woman about forty-five years old. She is medium height, has dark brown hair, dark eyes and is very pleasant looking. She is dressed in rather an old fashioned way. She has ear rings in her ears, her dress is black and white striped and cut away a little bit at the neck with a broad white collar on it. She says: "My name is Abby Hanson. I lived in Duluth, Minn. I have the greatest desire to go back for my own benefit. This may seem selfish to you, but I hope it won't. I haven't been quite sure that spirits could return and give evidence of their own life. Of course I am sure that I am living, that I can see those who are still in the earth life, but I wasn't quite sure I could make myself heard or understood, so I am making this effort for my own benefit. I have with me Ed. Of course his name is Edward but I call him Ed. He says, 'Oh, go on, you will be able to do it because you have in the past. It isn't so very long ago that you went to Lizzie's,' so with this encouragement I have come and I am so glad I can make myself heard, that I am understood, that perchance this message will get to some of my old friends. I was very positive when I was in earth life, had an idea that anything I wanted to find out, I could, and this positiveness helps me as I come today. I desire to send this word to Charlie. Tell him I am able to see what is going on and have been able to help at times through a magnetic influence which I have been able to throw about those round about me. I thank you very much for letting me come at this time."

William Upham, Dorchester, Mass.

The next spirit that comes is a man who is very quiet and unassuming, very tall and thin, and I think about thirty-five years old. He has dark hair, blue eyes, a dark mustache and he is very particular about himself. He looks as clean and fresh as though he had just come straight from having his clothes brushed and his hair combed. He says in a quiet, rather slow way, "My name is William Upham; I lived in Dorchester; I have been gone quite a long while to the spirit, quite a while, with me, means a number of years. I have been interested in this Cause and the work that is being done by the Spiritualists; I was interested some time before I came away. I had made some investigations and they had proved very satisfactory, too, but I hadn't come to the point where I was ready to declare myself when I was taken into the spirit. I came rather unexpectedly into this life, but I have to say this, that the investigations I had made helped me to come into a better understanding of the life, and I can't see how one can go on through an earth experience and fail to desire to know more about the next step they are to take. It isn't only that one should know what is coming, but it helps to make one better fitted for the duties of the present life. I want this message to go to Susan. She is alive and she will understand what I mean when I tell her that I have seen Silas; Silas is sorry for his part in the matter; he would give anything to return and make it all right, but that is impossible, he must wait until she comes over here. It won't be many years now before we will be altogether in the spirit side of life and can talk matters over plainly and understandingly. I think perhaps I have taken enough of your time. I can't say any more now, but later I may be able to express myself again. I thank you sincerely for this opportunity."

Annie Brown, Bangor, Maine.

I now see the spirit of a girl who is very much disturbed. She seems all shaky and trembling, as though she was weak as she could be before she went to the spirit. She is dark and thin and coughs incessantly. She coughed, coughed, coughed, until she coughed her life away. When she takes my hand, it seems as though she would take all my strength from me. She says, "Oh, how can I ever get strength enough to say what I want to. My name is Brown, Annie Brown. I used to live in Bangor, Maine. I have people there, my own people, who think I am dead. I can't bear to have them think so. I want them to know that when they put me away, put my body in the ground, put the stone up, that was not all they had to do. If they would only think of me as being with them, it would help me so much. They still put flowers on my grave and go there and cry over me as though that could do any good. If I was dead and that was all there was to it, what good would their cry-

ing do? I wish they would stop it, it hurts me so. Every time I see them, crying it seems as though I should go wild, because I know there isn't any need of it. I want my mother to take off black. She looks as though she would die herself every time she puts it on; she really acts as though she wanted to. She seems to have no idea she has anything to live for now I am gone. Do tell her, if you can, that I would rather see her take care of herself and stay until she is ready than to come the way she is feeling today. I wish I could say more. Perhaps I will be able to some other time. Thank you."

Hiram Schmidt, Williamsport, Oh. o.

The next spirit that comes is a man about sixty years old. He corrects me and says, "I am sixty-two, my name is Hiram Schmidt, I lived in Williamsport, Ohio. God bless me, I had no idea that it would be quite like this, but here I stand in your midst and I am able to speak for myself. Before I went away, I believed in the great Father. I believed in the power that was round about me, and when I got over to this side, I just watched and watched and watched to find out more about God, but I didn't find out any more than I knew in the earth life and I began to grow discouraged, when all at once a spirit of great beauty came to me and said, 'You will find God in every condition of life if you will only seek honestly for him.' Since then I have been happier and have felt that it was not a personality I was seeking for but a spirit manifest in various ways. However, I didn't come here to preach about this. I came to send a direct message to Emma. I know she wants this word from me. I know she will feel, if I can come back, it will be all right to do so. She had a fear that it was wrong to ask a spirit to return. I want to take that fear away and to say it isn't wrong to open the door and let us have our own free will, let us stay or not as we please. I have seen our boy and what he has lately started to do and I know he will succeed because he has a persistent energy that will carry him on to the end. Tell Emma not to fret about his being away. He will come home again all right. Tell her that I am watching him and will help him to succeed."

Alexander Jones, Hollister.

Here is the spirit of a short, stout man about forty-five years old. He is very persistent and strong in his way as he crowds in here to me. He comes right up behind me and takes hold of my shoulder and says, "Don't send me away. I have been trying so long to get here it seemed as though I never would get the strength and courage sufficient to get my word in and my message to my people. My name is Alexander Jones, I come from Hollister. I didn't know anything about this blessed truth. It seemed to me that we only could see one life at a time and could have no knowledge of the dear ones gone on, but when I came over here and was conscious of what was being said and done, oh such a longing came over me to speak a word, to bring some comfort to them. I have such a desire to get to Sarah. I want her to know that I am in the house with her. She needn't be afraid. I won't let any harm come to her. When she hears those little noises that sound as though someone was walking about, it is I looking about over everything to see if things are right. I have lately tried a new form, an Indian; I want to take him to her and I want to see her unfold and come into the better knowledge of these conditions. I don't care so much about expressing myself about material things. I only desire to say that my love is hers and I desire to bring strength and power to make the greatest unfoldment that will be best for her and give her strength to bear the burdens as they are brought to her. Tell her I have seen Aunt Mandy; we are often together and so happy in our knowledge that we will be able to help her. It is only when I come and feel that I am unable to help that I grow disturbed and uneasy."

Jennie Harris, Portsmouth, N. H.

Now I see the spirit of a beautiful lady about thirty years old. She has blue eyes, brown hair, a round, full face and such a graceful way, so quiet and unassuming. She steps up to me and in the gentlest voice says, "Can you give a little word for me, dear? I, too, am anxious to say a word to my loved ones and they have been watching a long time for some signal from the other shore. I have tried to make it in the home but I have been unable to and now I have come to you to see what you can do for me. My name is Jennie Harris. I used to live in Portsmouth, N. H. I would like this word to go to my friends there. I'd like to say to them that I am trying as hard as I can to understand the new life and just why I had to be removed. It was dreadful for me at first. I had so many hopes, plans, friends, everything to look forward to, and to have them suddenly shattered, broken, upset. It was too bad, but I have grown very patient and understand that perhaps it was for the best. I have round me so many beautiful flowers. My friends will know I was very fond of them. I loved to have a garden; my garden was always a thing of beauty because I paid so much attention to it, and over here I have a garden. My mother is with me. She says, 'Tell James we come together and are so happy in the coming; we want him to feel our presence, to understand we are with him. I am glad the blinds have been fixed. He will know what I mean by that. They bothered for a long time and now they have been fixed and I am glad about it.'"

To Amy, Jacksonville, Fla.

The next one that comes is a girl about fifteen years old. She is very dark, with dark eyes and hair and swarthy skin. She looks almost like an Indian. I think she is not wholly an Indian, but has some Indian blood in her. She steps up to me and I see

that she has a funny little cap on her head with spangles and feathers on it. I think it is a sort of headdress which she wears, and the first thing she says is, "I want to go to my media. I have been telling her I would come and now I am here. I come from Jacksonville, Fla. I want to go to my media there; she will know who I am. I want her to know I am helping her and trying to take care of her. Her father says if she will be patient a little longer she will get a chance to move. I can't get anything very definite to give her about her future conditions except that if she will put her hand in ours and trust, we will lead her out day by day. The worst of it is over. When she sits in that kitchen and tries to do two things at once, the work and the writing, too, I can't always do the best. If she could have a little better conditions, I could do better work for her. Thank you." This spirit goes to Amy, Jacksonville, Fla.

Anthony Carter, Philadelphia, Pa.

I see a man about fifty years old. He is very important looking, has rather square shoulders and is dressed excellently. He has a keen, sharp way of looking at everybody and everything and he says, "No wonder I do, I am trying to see just what this means. I don't know the least thing about, spirit return, but I was invited to come here, so I am here ready to tell what I can about myself in the few minutes that are given me. Seems to me this is something like a testimony meeting in church only you give your names in a little message, but you have just so much time in which to give your evidence. My name is Anthony Carter; I lived in Philadelphia. I wasn't particularly interested in any religious organization, but believed that every man ought to make the most out of life. I got the most out of mine in a material sense. I had an idea that when I got through with life that would be the end of it. I was a follower of Brother Ingersoll and concluded that death probably put an end to Anthony, but when I came over here and found that I had a body and not only could see the people in the place where I came to, but those I had left, I concluded there was something else that was meant by death and that this was not it. I want to send this message to Bertha. Tell her that what she has heard has been an evidence of my presence. The picture that was turned, I turned trying to see what I could do. I shall do more. I shall keep on trying until she is able to comprehend that I am there. It is a terrible thing for a man to go on believing that he is going to be annihilated and have everybody else around him believe it and then to have to throw down the thing he has tried to put up. That is where I stand, but I hope this will reach the place where I want it to and give some help to somebody. Thank you."

Mary Frances Jeffrey, Syracuse, N. Y.

That man is followed by a woman about fifty-five years old who is very stout indeed. She is rather light complexioned, has blue eyes and almost white hair. She wears glasses and seems to be troubled about breathing so she can hardly talk. I suppose partly from excitement and partly because she has taken on the old conditions that she had when she was in earth life. She says, "Please wait a minute and let me get adjusted and then I will tell you what I have to say. You who are still in the body can have no conception of what it is to us who are striving to get back, and who spend days and days of our time striving to get back to those we love. My name is Mary Frances Jeffrey and I lived in Syracuse, N. Y. I have a son there. I am very desirous of sending out my influence to him, giving him the courage and strength to meet the demands on him. He has passed through one condition after another until he has become discouraged. I would not have it so. Those about him who do not understand him cannot help him, but I can and I know what he needs. I was with him in church last Sunday and saw how he felt that he must turn from his present condition of life and make a new beginning, and I was so pleased to have it so. I want to say that every time he sends out a thought for a better understanding of himself and his opportunities, that is the time that angels come to bless him. His Aunt Julia is with me, and she has been his guide for years, and she says, 'Tell him not to be discouraged, but to wait patiently. The light will shine.' His name is William and I thank you for helping me to reach him."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND TWO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I will first say, kind Mr. Editor, that my left eye remains comfortable, and that no words can express my delight that "comfort" can apply to that once unfortunate eye while on the mortal plane. As to the next sphere of existence, it is a glad thought that the pains and defects which belong to our state here will drop away when we cast off the tabernacle of clay, and will not characterize the form which the soul will then use as its means of manifestation.

When hearing some of our test mediums describe the way in which the spirits look whom they see clairvoyantly, and notice that the lameness, the crutch, the distorted spine, the squinting eye, the squeaking voice, are all reproduced for the benefit of the audience, as well as the oddities of speech, ungrammatical phrases and even the oaths which have awakened the delighted recognition of those in the audience who remembered the manifesting spirit while on earth, I have felt that some of those present really believed that these discarnate spirits retain all these physical and colloquial peculiarities in the spirit world.

Friends who heard Mrs. E. W. Wallis of England give tests at a meeting in Philadelphia admired the clear way in which she reminded the investigators who were present,

ent, that all these personal defects dropped away from our liberated friends when they left the earth body, and that they assumed them to her clairvoyant vision only so that they might be recognized.

"Your friends," she said, "who were lame, or blind, or sickly when they were here, are so no longer."

I think she went on to explain that if there were any defects in character or in their actions while here below, the traces of them were left on the spirit body, and that it was only as these disappeared from their inner nature that their spirit body became the beautiful and perfect thing that it was meant to be by the great Source of Life, which has endowed each individual soul with its own inalienable perfection.

Whether Mrs. Wallis said just this on that occasion we know not, but no doubt that we are one on this point, that as the clumsy, inert, and somewhat unpliant body of flesh becomes molded in the likeness of the inner nature, to a still greater degree, and far more quickly, does the ethereal, plastic, and easily manipulated spirit form reflect unerringly the soul within. Here, we may to a certain extent hide our real spiritual nature. Here, the soul shines but dimly through the tenement of clay, just as the light shone dim through the lanterns of thinly pared horn, which our ancestors used in England in King Alfred's time, before glass had been introduced into the mother land.

But there, the soul shines through the linaments and form of the spiritual body, as light shows for just what it is through the clear and colorless glass. There is this difference, however. Glass is stiff, unyielding, and flies to pieces as soon as its crystalline structure is disturbed, but the exquisitely yielding spirit form offers no bar to the expression of the varying moods and thoughts of the soul within. As fast as the thought or the feeling comes, the form at the same moment varies, and the inner being is unerringly expressed to the other souls with whom the spirit person comes in contact. So there can be no deception in spirit life. All may be read there like an open book.

We read lately that Mr. Schiller said in the "Fortnightly," with regard to Spiritism, that "there is something intrinsically degrading in the notion that our dear departed are watching us all the time." He goes on to say that "it is the notion of this espionage which is intolerable, and constitutes the unpardonable offense of Spiritism."

This writer claims that on the whole men do not desire immortality, and he evidently thinks that if our friends who have "died" are still alive, they may know too much of what we say and do to be really comfortable for us. He tells of a friend who lost his wife, and derived much consolation from communicating with her spirit through automatic writing. But after he began to wait upon another lady, "his spiritist enthusiasm was seriously checked."

All this sounds very flippant to us. If the departed wife really loved her husband, and had really entered upon independent existence in the spirit world, it would not be possible for her to feel pained that her former mate, who was still fettered in the clay, should find consolation for her loss in the companionship of one so inferiorly fettered. There is something so buoyant, so exhilarating, so untrammelled in the life of those who are truly freed from earth-bound conditions, that they must feel only sorrow for those who are still prisoners bound, and be glad that they can find any solace in their darkened condition, as we should be to know that a captive in his dungeon had made friends with a little mouse, who came to him in his lonely cell, and made him feel a little happier by its companionship. At least, that is the way I look at it.

It seems to me that were I liberated from the bondage of the body, I should feel such gladness and such triumph in the thought that I was forever free from it, and able to do for those who need my ministrations far more than I can do here, that I would be sorry to see any persons grieving their hearts out because I had gone, and should be only too glad if comfort could come to them in any way.

The whole article from the "Fortnightly" cited above, shows such an utter want of knowledge regarding the spiritual state, and its relations to our own, that we think the writer would better not have written it at all, save on the ground that he was writing for those who were as little skilled as himself.

One error is in supposing that our discarnate friends sense everything of a physical nature that pertains to us, just as if they still possessed the physical organs of sense. With their spirit organs of vision and of hearing, they cannot see our fleshly bodies and clothes, nor hear our voices, for their spiritual senses do not respond to the scale of vibrations which enable us to hear and see the objects of flesh. It is the same with smell, taste, touch, and general sentience.

Kate Field made this clear to Lillian Whiting on one occasion. Knowing that while on the earth plane Kate liked to see her friend tastefully and becomingly dressed, she asked her if she could see her clothes and her physical self. Kate replied to the effect that she could see her spiritual body, through which her soul manifested itself; but that her clothes and her fleshly form looked only like a dark shadow around her spirit body.

Of course there are occasions where a spirit uses the physical organs of a medium, but most of the times that they come to us, there is no medium present.

So it is not true that our spirit friends know in a physical way all the things that we do—the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the furnishing of our rooms, and the like. What is it, then, that they do see and hear? They see simply the spiritual part of all this, and on ordinary occasions they perceive no more than this.

To illustrate: We sit down to eat, and perhaps we are so sensually alive to the smell of rich viands and injurious pastry

that our aura becomes impregnated with cloying greediness. Our spirit friend may have his old memories of gluttony awakened, and we may thus interrupt his advancement. Or he may regret our sensuality, and try to curb it by wise suggestion. Failing in this, he may turn sadly away, and wait till we enter a more spiritual mood.

Or, we may sit down to the table, wearied by toil, and thankful that we have something to refresh us. Our thankful spirit, our loving heart that the wants of the others at table shall be attended to, and our mood of friendly cheer make the spirit light upon our head shine more clear, and our spiritual body, with its lovely garments, radiates a soft and beautiful light. The dear ones out of the body, who love us truly, and all the more fondly because they see that we are advancing a tiny bit towards angelhood, rejoice at all this. And though we be not actually conscious of all, a feeling of sweet content comes over us, and we are refreshed by our meal.

"The angels come and walk with me. And sweet communion here have we. They gently lead us by the hand. For this is heaven's border-land."

A true comprehension of the relations between mortals and spirits, and the knowledge that it is the spiritual part of our words and acts that progressing souls take cognizance of, will make us welcome their visits, and endeavor at all times to pour from our inner nature the loving and pure influence that will give them pleasure, and make them linger yet a while at our side.

These lessons began to come to me early, after I found out that spirit return is true, and it is my delight to be able to impart them to others. After I had learned to recognize my father's presence, I was one day in a store, and picked up a kitten. I stroked it gently, and it looked up lovingly into my face. At once, my father manifested his presence and his approbation. He did not see what the world calls "me," that is, my physical body, nor did he see the kitten as the people in the store saw it. But he saw the love pouring out of my heart towards something small and helpless, and he saw the trusting affection coming from the little animal. So he let me know that he saw it and liked it.

This is not "espionage," dear doubting ones. This is sweet communion, this is loving guidance, this is "light on the hidden way."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., Nov. 18, 1901.

A Vision.

This came to me while reading "The Ideal Christ," by Mr. Colville.

I saw him standing on an eminence; around him fell a golden light. He was surrounded by and connected a glorious Brotherhood, that seemed made up of all types of grand souls.

Men and women of wisdom, some of the ancient Magis in their immortal robes of beauty, also some of the great philosophers of the ages were there. Some were from the schools of Socrates, Aristotle and Plato. I knew this through the subtle law of recognition.

Some of the great poets of ancient and modern times were there, to fire his soul with divine inspiration. Many of the sweet singers of ancient and modern times were also there, to fill him with harmony and attune with song and melody that would help him to find his soul's completeness.

One of the great masters, with robes scintillating with the light, came forward, and laying his hands upon his head he spoke thus:

"My son, thou art one of the prophets of old, and came to earth to do the work thou art doing. Thy soul, coming from higher spheres of wisdom and understanding, did not need a large body, hence the small body—but full of concentrated forces stored away in thy sub-conscious self or mind. You came out of the universal, and belong in it; you did not come to one nation, or class of people, but to all.

"The octave of thy being ranges high and with our thought we can vibrate on any of these wires of thy mind, and ever has this Brotherhood stood by you, voicing thoughts, awakening thy sub-conscious mind and putting you in touch telepathically with the whole world.

"Thou hast obeyed well the divine behest of thy own soul, and thy work will tell in the long years to come; the seed sown through thy teaching will bring a harvest of good, that will ripen into golden grain and luscious fruits of the spirit and golden ingots of truth and love, which will be as a tall-man for your spirit to climb higher and still higher into spheres of wisdom still unknown to you.

"Press on, brave worker. The radiant thoughts of your spirit will help the toilers of earth to a higher living and greater understanding of life in all its forms and grades, and when thou returnest again to us, thou wilt shine as the stars, and rejoice that thou hast led souls into truth. Rest in the love of the Infinite Intelligence and this Brotherhood and all will be well with thy soul."

All the time I was hearing this, I saw around his head a golden light, edged with white light. I think some of the Brotherhood were with him while he was writing the "Ideal Christ." The vision only lasted a few minutes and then faded as a sunset fades from the sky, leaving me in perfect peace.
Star (Spirit Name).

"The wisest knows very little; science is only a means to an end, and that end the development of the human race. While one may teach, one can also learn many lessons from those born in the world of poverty and pain."

Yours for Health Lydia E. Pinkham



How Truly the Great
Fame of Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Com-
pound Justifies Her Orig-
inal Signature.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

It has cured more cases of Backache and Leucorrhoea than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors.

Irregular, Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility quickly yields to it.

Womb troubles, causing pain, weight, and backache, instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

It quickly removes that Bearing-down Feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, Dizziness, Faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, or some derangement of the Uterus, which this medicine always cures.

Kidney Complaints and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound always cures.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.

(Continued from page one.)

mother's devotion, the family ties? This might be our first answer. Yet back of that the little rills making up the little streams, till they merge into broad rivers of never failing supply. All along these rills and beaks have grown things of beauty, grass and wild flowers keeping the sand and pebbles happy—making love to them. Shall we say? Who knows?—the one of strength, the other of finer substance. Unconsciously men and women drink at nature's storehouse while treading the rugged pathway of every day routine, feeding a little here, a little there, till in the giving and taking the more enduring qualities ripen into richness of expression, in word and deed. Some hearts grow but little, others have overflowing abundance. Let this message speak to all to try and make your own so rich, and sweet, and full, that you may give freely when the hearthstones are swept too clean, or littered with cast-off rubbish which will never burn or brighten for the dweller within.

One day speaks to another,
One heart strikes the tune,
Make for the wayfarer
A day in June.

Children's Spiritualism.

THE CRADLE SHIP.

When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is
fresh and free,
His ship is just the queerest craft that ever
sailed to sea!
Ten fingers true make up the crew that
watch on deck must keep,
While all a-row ten toes below are passengers
a-deep!
And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so
true as she!
When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is
fresh and free!

When mother rocks the cradle ship, the
wall—'s for shores—slip past;
The breeze from the garden blow when
baby boy sails fast!
So fast he flies that Dolly cries, she fears
we'll run her down.
So hard a sport! we're not the sort to see
a dolly down!

And then, you know, we've got the whole
wide carpet for a sea
When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze
is fresh and free!

When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all
the crew is still,
When that wee ship's in port at last, all side
from stern and till—
Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips
a kiss his face,
Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile
at that embrace!

For mother watches, too, at night; while
through his slumbers creep
Dream memories of sailing ere the breeze
fell asleep.

From LADIES HOME JOURNAL.

Our Wee Spiritualists.

Dear Editor:—Ever since the 17th of August Banner came, I have wished to write a little letter just to tell you that your friends here were delighted with it. The Banner always comes to Sea Cove Lodge on Saturday evenings, and you can believe that I had a real joy evening when I opened the Banner and found such a lot of "Wee Spiritualists"—Banner lambs, I call them.

Killa looks very happy,
"And smiles over her face go rippling.
Like sunshine over the grass
And into the heart of the flowers."

Little Leona looks as if her mind was already made up to be always good.
Rose Matilda Anderson looks sweet and baby-wise.

"Has she a wonderful wisdom,
Of unspoken knowledge a store
Hid away from all curious eyes,
Like the mysterious love
Of the bees and the birds and the flowers?"

Here is love for Marquette, Wendell, Jess-

sie Elizabeth, Gifford, and cute little "Who am I?"

When I read about Baby Marie and little Alfred, I had to wipe away a tear or two. I could not help it. But we should never weep over the innocent and happy children of spirit-life.

Little White Hyacinth is a very pretty name for Baby Marie.

"She must be akin to the flowers,
For no one has heard
A whispered word
From this silent baby of ours.
No, never a word
Has yet been heard
From this silent darling of ours."

And little Alfred is another

"Darling of ours
Who speaks not a word
Of all he has heard."

And what will earth-life be, I wonder, to all these wee Spiritualists? None can tell.

"Love, for a while, will make the path be-fore them
All dainty, smooth, and fair—
Will call away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there."

"How will they be allured, betrayed, de-luded,
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?"

"Will they go stumbling blindly in the dark-ness
Of sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?"

"Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely shel-tered,
Walk side by side with Love?"

"Some feet there be which walk Life's track un-wounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days."

"But these are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end."

"How shall it be with these, the tender stran-gers,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so far and wide?"

"Ah! who may read the future? For our darlings
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that he who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby feet."

I want to thank our dear M. C. B. and Mrs. Soule for their pictures. They were just what we were wishing for.

I think that all the children must have enjoyed the story of Staff. I did, and I want to thank dear Mrs. Longley for doing so much for us. It is not easy for her to write even a short story, because she is so driven with work for the N. B. A. So, my dear little brothers and sisters, whenever she writes for us, let us feel grateful and send her loving thoughts in return. Don't forget. She will know, just as our dear M. C. B. and Mrs. Soule will know, when we send them sweet thoughts. It will help them to feel well and happy and they will have many a bright thought for Banner children. It is good to form the habit of sending kind and loving thoughts to friends.

Dear Editor, I have heard read your beautiful words about our President. It is true that we do not understand. God has folded close the secret. If people could when thinking of him, always remember that he is

their hearts would not be so sad.

Allice Hulbert Nuttall.
Sea Cove Lodge, Va.

Literary Department.

A Spiritual Book by Dr. Bland.

Dr. T. A. Bland has written many books on different lines, and now he has given us a spiritual book which excels in interest all his other works, not only in the character of the theme, but in beauty and pathos is it superior. The title of this new book is "In the World Celestial," and a more appropriate and suggestive title could not have been chosen, as it is an account of what a literary friend of the author told him he actually saw and heard during a ten days' visit to the spirit world. The story was told in a series of conversations, and the doctor got permission to put it into a book. He has given us a most charming book, combining all the merit of a truthful narrative of a most extraordinary experience, with the charm of a wonderfully thrilling romance of two worlds.

This book contains, perhaps, the most realistic and rational description of the spirit world and its inhabitants ever printed, and it is a most valuable contribution to the literature of Spiritualism.

Dr. Bland showed the manuscript of this story to Rev. W. Thomas, D. D., President of the Liberal Congress of Religions, who was so pleased with it that he wrote a beautiful introduction to it, thus publicly endorsing it, and giving it the weight of his great influence. In his argument in favor of the reasonableness of the story, Dr. Thomas says:

"We should think of those who have passed out of their material bodies, not as nebulous ghosts, nor as waiting in some intermediate state to be clothed with a resurrection body, but as now having form, identity, personality, self-conscious being, and hence, as carrying the memories, the experiences, the loves of the world in which they once lived. One should think of the ones gone, not as far away, but as ministering spirits often walking unseen by our side."

Dr. Thomas further says, "The venerable and learned Dr. Nash, of the Methodist Church, told me, twenty-five years ago, that the time was not distant when it would be no more strange for people to say they had met persons from the other world than that they had seen some one return from Europe or Asia."

The book is printed on good paper in clear type, bound in cloth; price one dollar. See announcement in another part of the Banner.

"The Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake, or Circumstantial Evidence," by Hon. A. B. Richmond.

In "The Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake, or Circumstantial Evidence," by Hon. A. B. Richmond, is developed a story of uncommon historical interest. As its title implies, the expedition of "Mad" Anthony Wayne against the hostile Indians of the Ohio frontier, the time being during the administration of President Washington, when that part of the country was the frontier of our Western settlements. "The great whiskey rebellion"—so-called at that time of sparse population of Western Pennsylvania, and the expedition of "Mad" Anthony Wayne against the hostile Indians of the Ohio frontier, are the principal features of the stage upon which the various actors are introduced.

In his preface, Judge Richmond, whose father was a physician, informs us that when a small boy, living at Westfield, on the shore of Lake Erie, from Chautauqua Lake, he had heard an Indian doctor relate the legend upon which the story is founded, that all the principal facts are true, even to the names of persons and places, all of which may be referred to historical records for verification. It is this feature of certainty of fact—of time, place, circumstance and fact—that invests the story with more than ordinary interest, and ought to assure for it a much wider reading than it is likely to have, judged by the too frequent erratic estimate placed upon books of real merit.

Coupled with the historic feature of the book, which alone is sufficient to arrest the attention of the reader, is an interesting romance founded upon facts as thrilling as any connected with the Wyoming or the Merimac Valley; and as a monument now marks the spot made historical by the heroism of Hannah Dunstan, so ought there to be one erected on "Munson's Clearing" to mark the spot where Bill Munson bravely fought to save his wife and children from the tomahawks of the Indians of Chautauqua Lake.

The story has really two heroes, and both genuine ones. Judge Hall has been sent out by the Governor at Albany for the purpose of organizing several courts in the western part of the State, and also holds a commission from President Washington to continue on his journey to Pittsburgh for the purpose of inquiring into the responsibility for the so-called whiskey rebellion, holding secret orders to that effect. Having completed his business for the State at Buffalo, he is proceeding on his way over the trail between Chautauqua Lake and Lake Erie, when at a spot close to a cabin, on a high cliff, a shot is heard and his Indian guide, Onaida, falls, pierced by a bullet fired by unseen hands. Immediately the strange gunner emerges from the wood and hastens to the spot, muttering imprecations over the body of the dead Indian. The Judge is indignant, and as he tries to draw his pistols they are tripped from his hands by the hand of the giant Indian killer, who proceeds to tell him his story—the story of the killing and scalping of his mother and wife and children, of his own imprisonment and escape and his vows of vengeance, having done which he disappears again in the forest.

Meditating upon the matter, and quickly deciding to remove all evidence of the crime just committed, the Judge, in throwing the body over the precipice into the lake is unexpectedly surprised by a party of surveyors coming upon the scene, and herein is furnished the beginning of the chain of circumstantial evidence with which the story in its various stages abounds. The spokesman of the pretended surveyors is a lawyer—General Baird—who has been employed by the State authorities to detect and if possible put a stop to the killing of Indians in peaceful territory, a practice which of late had become alarming, and the circumstances attending which are so vividly depicted to some extent individual as the culprit. Seeing the Judge in the act of disposing of the body in that manner, the General began his examination, and from his manner of conducting it the Judge is made aware that he is in the hands of a lawyer who knows the value of circumstantial evidence. Having detected him, however, to keep Bill Munson's secret, and finding himself unable to give a satisfactory answer to the incriminating circumstances, short of exposing his own identity and the secret mission with which he is charged, the Judge submits to being taken to "The Inlet."

At this point the country seat of Chautauqua, at the head of the lake—where he is placed in the log jail for safe keeping until the following day. As soon as the jailer and villagers are asleep, Bill Munson, who from his hiding-place had kept track of matters, appears on the scene, releases the Judge, and after many thrilling adventures lands him

The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts

By Brother No. 1

IN response to a request from the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES to our Universal Order of Ancient Mystic Adepts (in and out of the body) as to how to attain membership in our order and the benefits of our teachings, we would say that any aspiring soul who has an earnest, intense desire to get into our vibrations, where there is spiritual unfoldment, health, wealth, eternal joy, peace and happiness, should address a letter to BROTHER NO. 1 OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF ANCIENT MYSTIC ADEPTS, care of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

[Editorial in THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.]

[The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts—THE HOLY SEVEN—which mystically works for universal good and the uplifting of mankind in all parts of this planet and the universe, recognize in this Magazine a medium for great and far-reaching good, and have for the first time in thousands of years been willing to appear in a public print of this character. The Magazine feels honored and blessed by this recognition, and our readers who listen to these Great Souls will be helped to reach the Great God—Light, Wisdom and Eternal Bliss.—Editor.]

B12-15

safe in Pittsburg, where he proceeds to transact the business of his secret mission, Munson having previously given him valuable information and advice.

It is here, at the home of General Neville, that the heroine appears in the person of the beautiful and accomplished adopted daughter of the General, who had purchased her from a band of Indians when she was but five years of age, the sequel of the story showing her to be Bill Munson's little girl, who alone, unbeknown to him, had escaped the massacre of the Indians. The heroine, who is now a young woman, is called Helen, and her fate that fateful day, and before her identity could be made certain, Bill Munson was off with "Mad" Anthony Wayne's soldiers, making good his vow of vengeance, which now lacked but one Indian scalp of having run its course. Judge Hall, who was on General Wayne's staff, had received a severe wound in his arm, and while on his way to the rear ran upon the giant form of an Indian warrior who had been shot and scalped. Near him lay Munson, mortally wounded. He had killed his last Indian. He had lived to execute his vow. In his dying moments, as the Judge looked down into his face, he saw a mother, his wife and his little boy Harry calling him to them—"but I do not see Helen, my little pet,—she must be in the angel world—why, oh! why, don't she come with mother and Mary and Harry to accompany me to my spirit home?" Why, ah, why, indeed. He did not yet know that his little Helen had been spared the terrible fate that thereafter had haunted his life and that a hundred years hence she would be the heroine of our story.

Bill Munson's double-barreled rifle had certainly been the Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake, and all the circumstantial evidence surrounding the facts contained in this most interesting story furnishes conclusive proof of the author's ability to combine philosophy and material facts in a manner to make their perusal a continuous pleasure.

I. N. Pratt.

Good Reading for Everybody.

In addition to its special articles by famous men and women and its stories by the most popular living writers of fiction The Youth's Companion contains every week a number of many regular features of great value.

The editorial page discusses the public questions of the day in a spirit of impartiality, the aim being to give the reader the material for forming his own opinions.

The article on the care of the health which has been published every week for many years is of the greatest value.

The departments of Current Events and Nature and Science give the important news of the world in condensed form.

The children's page provides diversion for the little ones, and the anecdotes and miscellany have their share in making the paper a complete treasury of good reading.

An illustrated prospectus of the new volume for 1902 will be sent to any address free.

Every new subscriber who sends \$1.75 for the 1902 volume now will receive free all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1901 and The Companion for 1902, 110 pages, illustrated in color and gold.

The Youth's Companion, 195 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

The November "American Boy."

The American boy for November (Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.), is an attractive number. The stories are: "The Bear Kidnappers of Crow Peak," "A Double Rescue," "Ned's Stratagem," and "The Switch at Mud Run."

Among the leading articles are: Working My Way Around the World, by Harry Steele Morrison; The Boy Traveler; Fun and Profit in Trapping; True Americans; and The Old Put House.

Under the various department headings are: The American Boy's Club House; How to Make a Good Kit; Shadowgraphy; The Game of Commercial Travel; Boys' Exchange; Reviews of Boys' Books; The Roosevelt Boys; Fruit Gardening for Boys; The Training of a Pug, and How to Make a Canoe for a Dollar.

The following departments each occupy a page: Boys as Money Makers and Money Savers; Boys in Gait; Boys in the Home; Boys in the Office; The Order of the American Boy; The Boy Stamp and Coin Collector; Boys and Animals; The Amateur Journalist and Printer; The Boy Photographer; The Agassiz Association of Young Naturalists; and the Puzzle department.

A valuable department entitled "For Boys to Think About," occupies two pages and is filled with items of information—science, statistics, etc., of keen interest to everybody.

"What Boys Are Doing," occupies two pages made up of true stories about successful boys in various lines of endeavor. 50 illustrations. \$1.90 a year. Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

"Thackeray in the United States" is the title of an article which General James Grant Wilson has written for the December Century. The writer met the famous novelist on his first visit to this country in 1852, and it is of this visit that he writes this month, a paper on the second visit being reserved for a later number. General Wilson's reminiscences are said to teem with anecdotes; and they will be illustrated with little known or hitherto unpublished portraits of Thackeray, and humorous sketches in water-color and black-and-white from the novelist's own facile pen.

A single affection may indeed be true, earnest and absorbing; but such an one after all, is but a type—and if the object be worthy, a glorious type—of the great book of feeling; it is only the vapor from the cauldron of the heart, and bears no deeper relation to its exhaustless sources, than the letter which my pen makes, bears to the thought that inspired it—or than a single morning strain of your orioles and thrushes, bears to that wide bird-chorus, which is making every sunrise a worship, and every grove a temple!

There are thousands of mole-eyed people, who count all passion in print a lie—people who will grow into a rage at trifles, and weep in the dark, and love in secret, and heed without mention, and cover it all under the cloak of what they call propriety.

Yet you call this fiction; you stave off the thoughts in print, which come over you in reverie. You will not admit to the eye what is true to the heart. Poor weeping and writhing,—you are not strong enough to face yourself.

—Ik. Marvel.

Priests have built temples and cathedrals, they have carved idols and images of God, they have worshiped all kinds of symbol and regarded them as holy, but there is nothing holy only truth, and the highest aim a man can have is leading a life of Truth.—Paul Carus.

"When you start out on a reform mission begin with self."

WORKS BY F. B. DOWD.

THE TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS.

This work is the product of a mind illuminated by the Spirit, is a compend of a series of Revelations upon subjects of spiritual importance, and embodies many of the principles of the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross.

It treats in the most lucid manner of the spiritual relations of the body, mind and soul, the perfecting of each, and reveals methods for the attainment of spiritual growth. Cloth and gold. Price \$2.00.

THE DOUBLE MAN,

OR
THE LIFE AND TRAINING OF A MYSTIC.

This story by a brother of the Order of the Rosy Cross and its messenger to the American of our day, as he was to the Englishman of a generation ago, is a story of his own time and country—a genuine American novel of rare power, charm, and originality, which embodies a new dispensation to mankind from those treasures of knowledge regarding man's higher nature and powers so carefully guarded and hoarded by the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross from generation to generation through many centuries. Cloth and gold. Price \$1.00.

REGENERATION.

The ripest fruit of a mind of rare illumination, this work will prove to be of unusual interest and importance to all seeking unfoldment and attainment on the higher planes. Through clear understanding of the great problem of life, its nature and control, man has ever come into largest realization of power, to be and to do in accordance with his highest ideal. Cloth. Price \$1.00.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO.

The Evolution of Immortality.

(By ROSICRUEX.)

A masterful and convincing treatise upon a subject of vital interest to every creature that breathes. A Rosicrucian Revelation through Spiritual Illumination, furnishing a new and powerful key to the understanding of the universe, and the evolution of the soul. In illustrated cloth and gold. Price \$1.00.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

In the World Celestial

A wonderful book, being the personal experiences of a man whose dead wife, after appearing to him many times, etherialized, materialized and through trance mediumship, has him put into a condition for ten days, which time he spends with her in the celestial spheres, and then returns to earth with perfect recollection of what he saw and heard in that realm of the so-called dead. He tells his wonderful story to his friend, Dr. T. A. Bland, the well-known author, scientist and reformer.

This book is a brilliant introduction by that distinguished preacher, Rev. W. W. Thomas, D. D., president of the American Congress of Universal Religions, who gives the weight of his own qualified endorsement.

Everybody will be charmed with it, for it is not only a great spiritual book, but a most beautiful love romance of two worlds. It is printed in elegant style, bound in cloth and gold, and has a full page portrait of the angel heroine, from a spirit painting.

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