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NO. 1

FRIENDSHIP.

Throughout this changeable life, how few souls find
true friendship! O imperishable prize,
That makes the bitter sweet; that lights the eyes
With speechless joy; that fills the unquiet mind
With so much precious peace and kindness twined,
That thought unfolds a glimpse of Paradise,
Wherein the narrow earthly selfhood dies
And leaves the spirit calm with true love shrined.
Blessed are they who hold the sacred gift,
Returning love for love until the end
Of life when Death the mystic veil shall lift
And crown with glory every faithful friend,
Whose ministrations make the loneliest bright
And raise the poor recipient into light.

But, in this age of imitations base,
Alas! how oft we make the sad mistake
And give our hearts' best friendship for Love's sake,
Which naught on earth can ever quite efface.
Ah, God! We suddenly feel the withering trace
Of unrequited friendship, knife-like, break
The silver soul-rod, and a cry doth shake
The heart which seems a pillaged, empty place.
The agony of this no words can tell,
And naught but Time can heal the stab thus given;
To be too trusting doth entice a hell
To rage within us, shutting out the Heaven.
Our freely-given friendship lies destroyed.
Alas! Our hearts are one dull aching void.

If thou, O man, a trusting friend possess
Who gives thee sympathy, and love, and all
That heart can wish for, let no shadow fall
Across that generous spirit. Rather bless
The Father for his gift. Do thou no less.
For sure will thy life's sweetness turn to gall
And, conscience-stricken, Death will thee appal
And plunge thee down in dire unhappleness.
Shattered into a thousand fragments, lies
The priceless vase of friendship! Say, didst thou
Cast it aside, causing thy friend's sad eyes
Brim o'er with tears? His loss is greater now
Than thine; but lo, thy work thou'lt surely rue,
And drink Fate's cup measure for measure true.

Devotion.

Sydney, Australia, 1901.

National Gods and Idiosyncracies.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

We are prone to condemn the heathens for
worshipping several gods, and would fain
teach them the blessings of Christianity; an-
cient religions we class as mythology; even
the graceful poetic fancies of Greek polythe-
ism have lost their charm, and no longer
adorn literature.

Civilized nations know and adore but one
God, the true, the eternal Creator and Ruler.
Is this really the case, and does all Christ-
endom entertain the same conception of a
common Father? Whether I consult history,
search the Scriptures, or survey the contem-
porary religious field, I am led to the con-
clusion that each people has its own particular
national god, its special protector, defender
and avenger, whom it adores more or less fer-
vently, but from whom it demands and ex-
pects much more than it gives Him in love
and veneration.

The reason of this is that if all mankind
feel intuitively that there must exist an intel-
ligence, a power superior to the intelligence
and power of man, all men cannot agree in
an attempted definition of the Infinite. It is
a question of temperament, of environments,
of mental development. From time im-
memorial, therefore, nations have conceived a
God suited to their peculiar character and
wants, and they have adopted so thoroughly
that conception as the true one (it reflected
their best qualities and worst faults) that
they warred with each other, persecuted their
own citizens and shed torrents of blood in its
defense, or for its propagation.

The Bible, even more than ancient history,
testifies to the belief in national gods. From
Genesis, where the Lord is made to say:
"Behold the man is become as one of us, to
know good and evil," down to Malachi, the
ancient Testament contains repeated refer-
ences to other gods beside Jehovah or Yahweh:
the Israelites are warned against the gods of
the Amorites; they are told to not inquire
how other nations serve their gods, lest they
should be tempted to say: "Even so will I
do likewise;" they are charged, long after
these many warnings, with "serving the gods
of Syria and of Zidon, and the gods of Moab,
and the gods of the children of Ammon, and
the gods of the Philistines," etc.

The wars of Israel were the wars of the
gods; Javeh pitted against all others; and a
fact worthy of notice is that Israel's victories
were not only marked by the slaughter of the
vanquished and their women and children,
but were rewarded with plunder of all sorts.
Javeh was a merciless god and the royal
psalmist's songs of praise always embodied
an appeal for the destruction of his enemies.

Now, has this changed? Are the nations of
Christendom governed by Christ's precept:
"Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall
be called the children of God;" or, rather,
has not the old Jewish bloodthirstiness been
hereditarily transmitted? Frequently at war
with one another—often on the flimsiest pre-
text that ill-disguise their covetousness and
rapacity, modern nations have the audacity to
invoke their god. They find ministers of a
gospel of peace ready and willing to plead
with the "God of battles, the Lord of Hosts"
to bless their fratricidal arms. They go forth

bent on plously slaughtering thousands of
God's children, and their soldiers, good and
humane men, perhaps, in private life, are
soon transformed into savage beasts, thirst-
ing for human blood.

The war is over; the victors return tri-
umphant (what is left of them); the clergy
sing the Te Deum and praise the Lord who
has given them the victory; the people mad
with joy and gratified pride, forget the cost
in blood and money of this glorious victory.
But the vanquished, what of them? Amidst
the lamentations that rise from desolate
hearts, do we hear praises of the Lord? Is
the confidence, the respect, the love they bore
their God as lively, as sincere as when their
gallant hosts marched forth, trusting in His
power?

Like the "Judgment of God" in the middle
ages, victory in battle is no evidence of the
righteousness of a cause. There is more
truth than blasphemy in Napoleon's oft
quoted remark that God always sides with
the biggest battalions. Modern warfare is
still a war of the gods; the contending parties
do not trust in the impartial judgment of a
supreme arbiter, each relies on the favor of
the god he has endowed with his own pas-
sions and prejudices, the god who is of the
same nationality as he, and must, perforce,
judge of right and wrong by the standard set
by him, the belligerent.

The God the German Emperor thanked for
giving him the victory and Alsace-Lorraine,
could not be the same God who permitted the
defeat of the too-trusting French; the
God whose "chosen instrument" the Ameri-
can nation is—as it has been pro-
claimed from pulpit and rostrum could
not be the God to whom Catholic Spain
offers daily the sacrifice of Mass, or whom
the untutored Filipinos may have invoked in
their dream of freedom; and the sturdy faith
Kruger and his Boers still place in the justice
of their God, is sorely tried by the big battalions
of Great Britain's God of war.

No, no, they are all different gods reflecting
the character of their respective peoples. The
little French boy hit the nail on the head
when he told that the little German children
also prayed for their absent fathers: "Why
mamma," said the little fellow, after ponder-
ing a while, "our bon Dieu is French, he will
not understand; have the Germans a German
bon Dieu?"

All this business of claiming the special
protection of God, even in doing wrong, only
proves that these very Christian people have
forgotten the commandment "Thou shalt not
take the name of God in vain." The man
would be pitted, indeed, on whom so many
claims were made as God is daily asked to
grant, not only in connection with war, but
relating to more peaceful pursuits. And the
name of the deity is identified with the move-
ment started with his special sanction: thus
we have the pro-slavery God and the anti-
slavery God; the total abstinence God and the
drink as you please God; the puritan Sab-
bath God and the let the people enjoy Sun-
day God; and many more, still active. God
must be made to endorse every attempt of
man to regulate his neighbor's affairs.

Too many gods, verily! so many, that peo-
ple there be who, unable to decide which is
the right one, have given it up and concluded
there is no God; while others yielding to a
mild conceit, have come to believe they are,
themselves, minor gods and, as such, entitled
to be looked up to for guidance. This idiosyn-
crasy of bringing down things supra-mundane
to the level of our narrow, if conceived, pri-
vate judgment is quite common; we Spiritualists,
are not entirely exempt from it. The free,
dogmatic expression of their peculiar
understanding of the Truth by our speakers
and writers present a kaleidoscopic view often
embarrassing to the unsophisticated inquirer,
who asks: What does Spiritualism teach?
What do Spiritualists believe, beyond the
fact of spirit return?

Very guarded must be he who attempts to
answer these questions, lest he be misunder-
stood or charged with speaking unauthoriz-
edly, even when he claims to but express his
opinion and does not back them up with the
unanswerable: The spirits say so. Why, not
long ago, I happened, in one of my articles,
to speak of the "Christ spirit;" a correspondent
immediately took exception to my remarks
as favoring too much Christianity, and queried
"Why the Christ spirit? Why not the
Buddha spirit as well? Though the matter is,
perhaps, foreign to the question of national
gods, I may be permitted, I hope, to give
here an explanation. Buddha was a Christ,
as were all the noble beings who have sacri-
ficed self to the good of humanity and en-
deavored to lift man's spirit above matter.

Were I an Oriental criticizing Buddhists for
remissness in observing their founder's
teachings, it is more than probable I should
have used the term Buddha spirit. But I
have not to do with Buddhists but with
"Christians," and I am free to criticize them
for deifying the noblest and most perfect
model of self-sacrificing humanitarianism, and
yet failing to act in accordance with the spir-
it which inspired his acts and the precepts
he left as an heirloom to his disciples; pre-

cepts so admirable that wherever they were
taught, the people turned from their effete
gods to hail Our Father in Heaven, and by
this, I simply mean that I am a Spiritualist,
sufficiently endowed with altruism to admire
and endeavor to follow the "Christ spirit,"
which led the humble carpenter of Nazareth
to the crowning glory of a felon's death on
Golgotha.

All then I dare reply in behalf of Spiritu-
alism, as I understand it, in common with
a goodly number of seekers after the Truth,
is that an Infinite Intelligence, whom it
would be folly to attempt to describe, but
who reveals itself to us by the irresistible
force of love, rules the universe and is in
rapport with the humblest of us through this
one great law of love. God is Love; we want
no better or fuller definition, and this love
when it fills our hearts reaches out to every
other human being. We believe that this love
which impelled the spirit-world to establish
free communication with us, imprisoned spir-
its, teaches us to do away with pride, self-
conceit and selfishness, with all manner of
wrong and injustice, and to devote our ef-
forts, such as they are, first to self-reforma-
tion and next, having thus fitted ourselves for
the task, to the betterment of our fellow-
beings, materially, morally and spiritually.

Succeeding in this, we may hope to hail
the day when national gods will be unknown,
and one loving Intelligence, whom we will
call Our Father—Mother God, will receive
the fragrant incense of pure hearts united by
the sacred ties of spiritual fraternity.

Ashkettle's Dream.

BY W. S. HASKELL.

Ashkettle may not satisfy the artistic taste
of the average reader, but, according to our
family chronology, it's a name that has
never been disgraced, and I'm proud of it.
My friends familiarly call me Joe, though my
full appellation is Josephus Albertus Ash-
kettle.

On the morning of the 15th of February in
the year of our Lord 1901, I was engaged in
the photograph business in the city of Oak-
land, California. On that particular morning
I made a trip across the bay to San Fran-
cisco on my way to the Presidio, where I
was to deliver some pictures to the soldier-
boys. Just as the boat made the landing, and
I had entered the new Ferry Building, I was
taken with an attack of my old chronic mil-
liment, a pain in the pit of my stomach. From
experience, I knew that the sooner I got a
place to lie down, the sooner I would get
over my uncomfortable attack. In the outer
waiting-room I espied an unoccupied bench,
and without ceremony stretched myself full-
length on the seat. I had just got fairly set-
tled and heaved a sigh of relief, when my ears
were regaled by the pleasant voice of a
policeman shouting from the corridor: "Hi
there, young fellow! this is no bedroom!" and
of course I had to make some reasonable ex-
cuse or move on. I chose the latter course
as preferable to being carried off to the re-
ceiving hospital. It then occurred to me to
try the efficacy of a good strong soda, and
with that end in view, I made my way to
the nearest drug store.

The drink did me so much good that I de-
clined the druggist's offer of further assis-
tance, and returning to the depot, I got into
a car bound for the Presidio. The jolting of
the vehicle, however, brought on a renewal
of the attack, and I was forced to abandon
that mode of conveyance at Kearney street.
I walked over to the little common, think-
ing that at last I had struck it. Judge of my
chagrin on observing the signs posted all
around, "Keep off the grass," and the seats
and benches were all occupied.

"Damn such city laws!" I muttered as I
walked away half bent with pain and hold-
ing on to my abdomen. "It's a shame, a liv-
ing shame!" I continued exploding; "if I was
Mayor of this town I'd erect booths on every
corner for the convenience of the suffering
public. I'd—blame it all, I can't stand this
pain. I've got to find a place to lie down. Ah!
I have it!" I ejaculated. "I'll go to a lodg-
ing-house, hire a room and—lie down. And
if any policeman or anybody else comes to
disturb me I'll—blow his brains out."

A walk of half a block brought me to a
lodging house where rooms were rented for
twenty-five cents and upwards. I mounted
the stairs leading to the flat, and soon made
a bargain with the landlady and was shown
a room. I entered, partly drowsed, and tumbled
into bed. There I lay and groaned and
grunted, until my changed equilibrium had
caused my internal arrangements to right
themselves, and the uncomfortable pain to
cease. The relaxation was accompanied by
that sleepy languor that is both pleasurable
and resting. In the enjoyment of my release
from pain, I even forgot to curse the city of-
ficials, and, turning upon my side, I went to
sleep.

When I awoke to have awakened, I got
up, dressed myself leisurely, and looked at
my watch. The hands pointed to the hour of
two, therefore I had slept some four hours

and felt greatly refreshed. I went down
stairs and stood for a moment on the side-
walk watching the passers-by. There were
an unusual number of persons on the street,
and I noticed that most of them were decked
out in very gay attire. At first I thought
that the Knight Templars were having some
kind of a parade—but no! it must be some
other organization, as these were dressed dif-
ferently from the Knights. They wore a
kind of Quaker garb, with striking reliefs of
red, white and blue, in sashes, shoulder
straps, epanlets, etc. The men—there were
both sexes—wore top boots and high hats,
while the women were arrayed in combina-
tion bi-colored skirts of the Quaker material,
with white waists, ornamental hats and
shoes. Altogether, the throng gave me the
impression of a superior class of healthy
looking citizens, and my pale and pinching
features must have contrasted to my disad-
vantage, as every one looked at me queerly,
as they passed.

As I stood punishing my brain in the en-
deavor to interpret the various expressions
on the faces moving before me like a vast
panorama, I was startled by the sound of a
voice near me, and as I turned, an officer in
uniform laid his hand on my shoulder, and
in an authoritative tone said:

"Sir, I arrest you for being a nuisance!"
"What do you mean?" I inquired, aghast
at his impudence. "I've simply been stand-
ing here minding my own business."

"You're very innocent," returned the officer
with a shrug of his superb shoulders. "Don't
you know that you are sick, and that sick-
ness is a crime punishable by law? Your con-
sumptive face is sufficient evidence of your
depraved mind. A man that cannot keep in
perfect health in this twenty-first century is
a menace to public decency and a relic of a
past age. We will stamp out this degeneracy
by prompt and decisive measures. Come now,
and take your medicine." Saying which, he
pulled me along by the arm until we were
opposite what I thought to be a corner drug
store. Then the officer blew his whistle and
a man came out and took charge of me.

"Ah!" said he, as he led me into the build-
ing and the officer had departed. "My friend,
I see you have been sinning against your
Maker by neglecting your health. Indeed,
you are sadly out of harmony with the times,
manners and tone. I don't like to
hurt your feelings, but you're the worst case
that has been brought in during my service
for the city."

"Is this a dispensary?" I asked, more curi-
ous to unravel the skin of mystery that
seemed tangled around me, than sensitive to
his unflattering remarks.

He regarded me with astonishment and
said: "This is a place of punishment for evil
doers, and I am the chief warden. Now,
swallow this pill as quickly as you can."

He held out a coated pill as big as a
robin's egg, but the size of it did not frighten
me so much as the mystery of what it con-
tained. I did not hesitate long, however, but
made the best of necessity, and swallowed the
pill at a gulp.

"How do you feel?" asked the warden a
moment later.

"Quite well, thank you," I replied in a jocu-
lar mood, adding, "and if you have a few
more of those pellets, I think I will take
them, as they are pleasant to the taste and
appear to be nourishing."

"I advise you to go into the ward and lie
down awhile," he said with a look of con-
cern. He led me into a large apartment
where there were beds, and two or three per-
sons, evidently offenders of the law. Acting
upon the warden's advice, I lay down upon
one of the beds and immediately went into a
spasm. I had the hallucination that I was
a mad wolf, and wanted to bite something. I
chewed the bed-clothes, and when my keeper
tried to calm me, I attempted to make a meal
of him, and actually set my teeth into his
cheek. He threw me down, and sat on me.
Presently an assistant came, and they took
me by the legs and arms and threw me into
a vat of hot water. It was boiling hot, and
I felt the flesh cooking from my bones.

The punishment was terrible while it last-
ed, but it was soon over. My brain ceased its
turmoil and I was conscious of being a living
spirit presiding over my future destiny. I
felt the power within me, to move, to shape,
to create. I arose with my skeleton and
stepped out of the vat, and it was given to
me to see with the eyes of the spirit. I be-
held myself as one endowed with wisdom,
a part of the All. I realized that nothing ex-
ists that does exist, outside of God. That He
is all, and that there is no sin, no sickness—
aye! no death.

"I will take on the body that I choose," I
cried. "For I am of God, and His will is law,"
and straightway I began to put flesh upon
my bones. I conceived the idea of making
myself as beautiful in form as possible, and
to that end kept my ideal before the mind's
eye: the ideal that is in every man's heart—
woman. I conceived the form of woman, and
grew into the visible likeness of my concep-
tion.

"Oh, joy! my dream is realized!" I cried,
as I beheld my image, reflected from a mir-

ror hanging on the wall of the apartment. I
became intoxicated with my own charms and
bugged my soft plump shoulders in a frenzy
of delight. I was recalled to my senses by
observing a pair of eyes gazing upon me.
With a little hysterical cry, I sprang behind
a French screen, and, in blushing confusion,
barged of the warden to bring me clothing to
hide my nakedness.

"Goddesses do not need to be given cloth-
ing," he answered in a deferential and respec-
tful tone, "they can create them."

Sure enough! I had not thought, and even
as he suggested it, my mind conceived of a
gorgeous raiment, and immediately I was
adorned.

As I stepped from my hiding the warden
came and congratulated me; and I took the
opportunity to thank him for the part he had
taken in bringing about my wonderful trans-
formation. He appeared very friendly and
praised my beauty with a warmth that I
mistrusted. Yet I was not afraid of him, and
never before had I felt such power to influ-
ence men. I knew that I could mold them
to my liking. No woman's franchise could
enhance the subtle power that dwelt in my
charms. The greater power is not in the
wielding of the ballot, but in the molding of
the mind behind the ballot.

The warden asked me to remain in the es-
tablishment as his guest for a few days, as
he said he was interested in me, and wished
to make some experimental tests and scien-
tific research into the nature of the anatomical
changes resulting from his treatment. As
I had no desire to leave until I had gotten
more accustomed to my new personality, I
consented, and was shown a suite of rooms
and given all the attention that feminine
heart could desire.

My host was fond of canary birds, and so
was I, therefore we passed an hour or two
each day in the aviary, and I found his con-
versation entertaining. I had no idea that a
man could talk so charmingly. I really be-
gan to fancy him, and was sure that he quite
adored me.

One day, a week after my advent, he came
to me and said: "As you have changed your
sex and nature, it is fitting that you should
take a suitable name. How would you like
to be called Paulina?"

"It's an ideal name," I answered, "and I
like it very much, but I do not think it would
go well with Ashkettle. It's not quite ec-
phonous."

"Indeed!" said he, surprised, "then your
surname is Ashkettle? This name, also. My
father was a San Francisco attorney and my
mother, still living, is a society leader, while
my grandfather, Josephus Albertus Ashket-
tle, was the leading art photographer of the
town across the bay, and a striking charac-
ter in his time."

It almost took my breath away to realize
that I was talking with my grandson, who,
as far as my experience went, had never been
born. It seemed that my spiritual eyes had
been opened to a future age, and that I was
looking backward to the living present, and
a little beyond. I had the curiosity to ask
him who his grandmother was. He replied
that she was Paulina Fisher, a noted autho-
ress, and famed for her writings on two
continents.

"Come," said he, "and I will show you her
portrait taken by my grandfather."

I followed him into his study, and was
shown the picture of a beautiful woman with
the pose of a queen. The more I gazed at
the likeness, the more I was fascinated. A
great longing came over me to see the origi-
nal—my wife. The masculine spirit began to
predominate, and I found myself wishing
that my sex had never been changed.
Thoughts flew back to the beginning of the
century, to 1901. I grew hot and faint, and
with a presentiment that something serious
was about to happen, I said:

"Good-bye, friend, I must go." I put out
my hand and felt his warm clasp, then all
was a blank.

When I awoke, I raised myself in the bed,
and looked at my watch. I had slept just
fifteen minutes. My stomach felt better, but
I thought it advisable to defer my trip to the
Presidio until some other day. So I got up,
dressed, and descending the stairs of the
lodging house, went out upon the street, and
took the first car back to the Ferry.

As I stepped on to the boat, a friend came
forward and introduced me to Paulina
Fisher, the original of my dream wife. Our
acquaintance ripened into friendship, love,
and marriage, just as it was planned.
1108 Spruce St., N. Berkeley, Calif.

Dream glorious dreams, splendid dreams,
sweet and beautiful dreams only; know them
for what they are, give them power by real-
izing that to you the day will come when
those dreams will have taken shape in this
world.—Alma Gillen.

Love's voice doth sing as sweetly in a bag-
gar as in a king.—Decker.

If a man would enjoy the freedom of the
higher planes, the fruits of the Spirit, he
must pay the price. There is no royal road.
—H. W. Dreesen.

GUARD THY TONGUE.

ELLEN T. PRATT.

"If you're told an ugly story,
Let it drop.
No good thing can come of evil,
Let it drop.
"If words are just as harmful
As evil deeds,
And keep the soul from growing,
Only words.
"Let the Christ within you whisper
'All is well!'
If you know a friend has fallen,
Do not tell.
"Follow straight the golden rule
That Jesus taught,
Live good, talk good, and then can't do
The miracles He wrought.
"There is so much of beauty
To talk about
In this great world of ours—
Put lies to rest.
"Talk health and loving kindness,
Talk peace;
Talk anything but evil
And all will cease."

Unity.

Man's Aural Self.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

The usual first answer to our question is that "suggestion" is an effect of mind. We have no doubt that when a patient is either killed or cured by active treatment of any kind somebody is furnishing a mind. But what is mind? We have never seen a mind, though we often hear of specimens, large and small. We can conceive of intelligence in activity, that is to say, expressing itself in substance by energy. If that is what is meant by mind it is evidently the same as suggestion, which cannot be both cause and effect. So our question remains unanswered.

As we have already noted, neither intelligence nor energy can be conceived as passive or potential. They are eternally kinetic or active. In other words, they are perpetually vibrating the substance through which they manifest. The size of the particular whirl they manufacture at any given time is a question of physics that need not concern the student just now. Some we know are large enough to affect human sense; others seem to dance outside even the limit of imagination. But the movements are always orderly, and produces an arithmetical effect. If 50,000 vibrations in a second produce a certain tone to human ear, then that number of vibrations will produce the same effect on the same ear, from pole to pole, under similar conditions.

Some of my readers have listened to vibrations when they were romping and playing, like school boys at a game, and when they sometimes have fun all to themselves for minutes before they die away. Intelligence starts the echo, and then plays truant. The echo is simply Nature's photograph repeating the exact number of vibrations originally produced by intelligence, in co-partnership with energy and substance. In other words, echo is memory. That may be a new definition, but it covers the entire field. Mem-

ory is always intelligence repeating herself by numbers of vibrations. We readily apply that thought to tone. We know that an exact number of tiny movements in the structure of a tuning fork or a human larynx produces an exact repetition of some earlier effort of intelligence upon the human ear. The effects of such tiny vibrations upon the eye are counted by billions instead of by thousands. Even scientists have rarely stopped to reflect that any and every expression of intelligence can only be by vibration. Thought, which is an expression of intelligence in activity, otherwise mind, vibrates sometimes an oath, and sometimes a prayer. Echo the vibration and you have memory, which is merely a repetition of effect, though not of cause, that is necessarily as eternal as Cosmos. So we repeat that memory is always an echo; a repetition of a certain number of vibrations, whether in mortal brain or in human aura.

The interpretation of the meaning of any special number of these tiny movements upon ear, or eye, or brain, is always a question of education. The child is taught an exact meaning of vocal sounds, which we call language. Thus an echo may be received as mere sound and convey no intelligence, or it may bring with it a thought familiar to the listener.

We have now noted that the power of thought, inhering to intelligence by divine right, can increase or retard the movement of the atom. Starting from its own centre, that movement travels to its own outmost circumference or aura—a distance incomprehensible to mortal man—with a tendency to communicate its own vibrations to every blended unit with which it comes in contact. Intelligence is never meaningless, or it would cease to be intelligence. The movements of units thus in activity is a direct expression of their intelligence. The intelligence in the rock, the plant, and in lower animal life is as much a fact, and expressed in numbers, as is that of our next-door neighbor. We have interpreted to the other we are silent. Both if repeated become an echo, but one is still meaningless, while the other is evolved into memory. We can thus easily conceive of a developed Homo, educated to interpret not merely the sounds called speech of his fellow men, but also the vibrations by which intelligence is expressing itself in other forms. There are students of today striving to master some branch of this universal language, and of such is every scholar in the Academy of Science.

Having accepted the fact that vibration is a transmissible movement of particles arising by intelligence and within our aura, it necessarily follows that if there be contact with another aura capable of the exact number of such movements there will be an interchange of thought, so far as the receiver can interpret the movements, which is entirely a matter of education and training. Apparently a certain rate of movement is not extinguished by another rate of vibration following it, but is an eternal effect of an eternal cause. That numeral expression always means something, and its meaning is also eternal—to its interpreter. He receives it today, and it becomes to him a new thought. Tomorrow, or next day, or next year, it occurs more, and we now call it an echo, or memory, of his former experience. Such is the expression of intelligence between Homo and his surroundings. It is one aura touching another aura, and carrying its numeral expression to a head centre, where it is interpreted by what we call consciousness. A possible answer is returned by vibrating back

a thought-encased movement, to be, in its turn, received and understood according to an educated formula.

We are now ready and prepared to answer the questioner when he demands what we mean by the term "suggestion." Every movement started by blended (personal) intelligence vibrates to the utmost limit of its aura. It has a tendency to communicate a like vibration to the particles in any other aura with which it may come in contact. If these vibrations are not only received, but understood, we have suggestion. They may be felt, that is sensed, without being interpreted, and then they are not suggestive, but the vast majority of instances they pass unnoticed, and uninterpreted, when, of course, there is no suggestive effect produced. Thus a suggestion, like any other thought, is a numeral expression of intelligence in substance by energy, which may be echoed as memory again and again, until the receiver at last becomes incapable of repeating that particular vibration, when the memory has died out.

A suggestion may be either positive or negative, intended or altogether unintentional. It is thus a somewhat complicated subject both for direction and interpretation. If I am not thinking of you at the moment you catch my vibration, you may never know it. It may be called self-suggestive, although it is really born of my thought. Or, I may be actually directing my thought to you, and may thus affect your aura, although you do not sense it as from me. In this case you probably accept it as coming from the unknown, but with a conscious effect upon your mental organization.

Yet again, I may consciously direct my thought, and you as consciously receive it. It is then we have suggestion, pure and simple. The very important point for the student to notice is that it does not require a repetition of my thought to renew that suggestive effect. It is much like remembering that it was a numeral expression of my thought which traveled forth through my aura, and blending with that of another produced a similarity of vibration. Let the recipient place himself at any time in the same numeral vibration and he once again receives my suggestive effect. It is much like remembering that if vibration be eternal, or age lasting, its effect on my organ of sense will be also repeated as long as that organ continues equally receptive. An echo appears to die out because it is passing further and further into atmosphere (aura) where Homo's physical hearing can no longer sense it. That is, it is passing beyond the range of physical ear, but it may be in harmonious vibration with the aura of Homo. A memory is an echo the mortal can sense. A suggestive thought, once received, may presently become echoed into a memory silent to the normal mortal.

But there are abnormal mortals. An abnormal mortal is one who is able to sense vibrations which are not in the range of physical ear, but it may be in harmonious vibration with the aura of Homo. A memory is an echo the mortal can sense. A suggestive thought, once received, may presently become echoed into a memory silent to the normal mortal. But there are abnormal mortals. An abnormal mortal is one who is able to sense vibrations which are not in the range of physical ear, but it may be in harmonious vibration with the aura of Homo. A memory is an echo the mortal can sense. A suggestive thought, once received, may presently become echoed into a memory silent to the normal mortal.

It will be seen the "suggestion" belongs emphatically to the inner life. If I take a man by the collar and hasten his approach to the sidewalk, that might possibly be called physical suggestion. But if I simply tell him he had better go, and quickly, the process is very different. I create a thought which vibrates the units in my brain and larynx, and then outreaches to the units in

my aura. There, like the aura of the sun, it expresses the movement started in the denser centre. If my aura can at any point blend with that of the man I want to suggest, and he can both repeat and interpret it, he will know just what I am expressing. It sufficiently near he may receive it as sound. If a little further off, it might tell him that I was clenching my fist, and growing dangerous. The interpretation might be the same. But when he is out of reach of both sound and sight the vibration is still going on in my aura, and by my thought power is still entering his aura. Whether he can get the exact vibration and trace it to its source depends entirely upon his sensitiveness and power of interpretation. But the effect is there all the same. If I am vibrating anger and hate, and the movement is echoing its way to his centre, he will reflect that inharmonious whether he can trace it to me or no.

Now let us see what this all means. We all recognize that health and happiness are expressions of certain vibrations throughout our physical system which are, though expressed by different organs, harmonious with each other. But anger and hate are exactly opposites. They are discords instead of harmonies. If carried to extreme they disintegrate the form. So the unfortunate is to teach them the whatever may happen to their victim, their own lives are necessarily cursed by their own evil thought. Too often, however, it is those of one's own household, if sufficiently sensitive, who suffer most directly from every outburst of inharmonious thought and feeling.

There is a threshold, the necessary foundation for our investigation of the basis for this modern outcry against, or in favor of suggestion. Hypnotism is now recognized as a suggestive effect produced upon one mind by another. On the one hand, it is praised as a great blessing to the weak and the suffering. On the other hand its dangers are pointed out, and it is claimed that it should never be practiced, or wielded as a power, save by a professional mind with a diploma. This will be the theme of following chapters.

CHAPTER VII.

Psychometric Suggestion.

The processes of civilization may be summed up as effects produced by one mind upon another. No man could pass from savagery to civilization without exerting suggestive influence upon his fellows, and experiencing in return all that he could himself receive. The effect is as certain as that of

the development of the infant through childhood and up to the rounded man. Growth is a series of repetitions, and a little more. Presently man echoes the past of humanity, link by link, till the child is born. He will then mentally echo that same past but on a normal plan of vibration. He will, if a normal lad, echo the savage, the barbarian, the grossly animal; and is liable to arrested development according to the influence of his form (heredity), and his surroundings (environment). Civilization implies that he has echoed that past, gathered its experiences, and made for himself some advance, however trifling, towards a higher manhood. Anything less than that in civilization is decay. The social bond is weakening, and disintegration has commenced. The root cause affecting civilization, for good or ill, is thus seen to be the suggestive influence of one mind upon another both physically and mentally.

Physical, mental and spiritual development are alike founded upon suggestion. That gained by personal experience becomes auto-suggestion. It was recorded by vibration upon some physical organ, and when echoed, re-echoed and recognized, is counted as memory. The simple fact that two and two make four is suggestion if taught by another. It becomes auto-suggestion if gained by personal experience, and in either manner, it is echoed before it becomes an act of memory. The fact that mental processes are thus a series of suggestions, echoed into memories, will prove the key to the mysterious claim that suggestion will become prime magician to the Twentieth Century.

Suggestion is a universal fact, a direct manifestation of personal affecting intelligence throughout Cosmos. All attraction and repulsion may be said to be suggestion, although we do not use that word in connection with physical force. But as soon as intelligence in personality has evolved thought power, suggestion is its only method of communicating with its fellow. There is nothing more mysterious, so far as we know, in any other of the processes we call normal.

We here recall the fact that connection is only possible when aura blends with aura. For instance, the existence of aura may only become tangible to mortal sense when a son's agony is dashed to his mother's form is 10,000 miles away as recorded by the S. P. L. But aura is there all the same. The ray of light is simply an outreaching portion of the sun's personality, and under the spectroscopic it tells the tale. Time is not a factor, for the ray from the star, which has traveled, we are told, for a thousand years, contains proof of the existence of well-known elements in the outreaching aura of that star. If it be that that what we call the star has itself vanished long ago we have a most startling kindergarten lesson in immortality, for that aura is as much an entity as in the remote past. It is ready, at any moment, to contact with any suitable faculty or instrument, and manifest its active intelligence.

It is precisely the same with the entity we call man. His aura exists when the physical Homo has vanished. The thought embodied in a letter, written a hundred or a thousand years ago, will spectroscopically reveal a student who possesses the human instrument or faculty with which to interpret the numeral vibrations which record thought in every aura. It will thus be seen that the psychometric faculty, as it was called by its discoverer, J. Hodes Buchanan, is the blending of one aura with another, and therefore only a phase of suggestion. If psychometry

MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSHILL.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"You must be some brazen hussy—some unprincipled adventuress—to use such language to me, or to anyone; or, even, to harbor such thoughts. Marcus Chesterfield told me that he loved no one but my daughter. You impudent, and, no doubt, vile woman; how dare you talk of willing a gentleman to engage himself, in marriage, to you?"

"I dare to do any and all things that I wish to do; and I will set the power of my will against yours; and there shall be a wrestling of the powers of our wills, and mine shall conquer yours; be sure of that. Your daughter is no more than a straw in my path. Marcus has no particular will of his own. My conquest over him will be easy. You are the real obstacle in my way; and you I will overcome or read in pieces. Marcus Chesterfield, and his millions, shall be mine; and no power on earth, or in heaven, shall thwart me."

"I defy you!" cried Mrs. Morton, with flaming eyes and cheeks. "You shall be as a reed in my hands, and I will bend and break you. My daughter shall marry Marcus Chesterfield, and you shall not. If it, as you say, is a question of the power of one human will over that of another, then my will shall conquer. We will fight it out to the bitter end."

"To the bitter end it shall then be," said the intruder, becoming pale as the dead. "I am possessed of a power that you know not of—a power which you lack—oh, never fear; I shall be the victor! and the weird eyes glittered like those of a basilisk. 'Do not attempt to thwart me, I warn you; for if you do, you and your daughter both will wish you had never been born. I came here tonight on purpose to warn you. I would gain my ends without resorting to this power, if I could; but if I cannot, then beware! I shall not hesitate to use it'; and the eyes that gazed into those of Mrs. Morton's glittered like a deadly serpent's."

Mrs. Morton sprang from her chair; the eyes still glared into her own, and the serpentine form of the creature approached her, waving its thin hands before her face, until each finger upon them seemed like ten writhing snakes ready to dart their forked tongues in her face.

"Sit down!" again commanded the creature, in a hissing whisper. "Sit down! I warn you not to oppose me, or you shall suffer the consequences of your own folly! Sit down, and hear me out. Give up all hopes of Marcus Chesterfield's wedding your daughter, and all shall go well with you; if not, I will encompass the ruin and downfall of yourself and Isabel. Do not call into activity a subtle power which you cannot hope to compete with or overcome. We shall meet again."

Mrs. Morton sank back into her chair, paralyzed in every limb, utterly unable to remove her eyes from those of the basilisk; the creature, in the meanwhile, slowly retreated to the farther end of the room, waving its slender hands, with their dreadful fingers; never taking the glittering, serpentine eyes from the victim, until it gradually vanished from her sight. The room was not dark, for the fire still blazed within the grate, and a small night lamp burned steadily upon the dressing table; no door had opened, no window had been raised, yet the figure was gone, and Mrs. Morton found herself alone.

"O! This is dreadful!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter? Have I been dreaming—in one of those horrible

nightmares?" She arose from her chair, shook herself, bathed her heated head and burning cheeks in cold water. She put forth her hand to ring for the maid, but desisted.

"It will be of little use," she said. "I really am not ill and they will say that I fell asleep in my chair, through fatigue, and it was all the effect of a nightmare. I am unwilling to tell what caused my fright. It will be the better way not to mention this dream, or whatever it may be, to anyone. Can it have been produced by the few remarks which Isabel made regarding an imaginary woman, who constantly appeared between her and her lover?"

"Goodness-gracious! It is two o'clock, already. I shall appear a fright if I do not get some rest and sleep," and the good lady immediately retired.

CHAPTER VII.

HIDDEN FORCES.

The spectre went with its hands clasped over its throbbing heart; the gleaming eyes and pale face were turned upward toward the heavenly vault. A sigh escaped its lips. Not one of regret—oh, no; but one of intense determination.

Let our souls come in rapport with this soul, that we may understand its language. Thoughts are things; let us follow the gleam of the moving figure, and look at the trail of thoughts it leaves in its wake.

"This it is to understand the secrets of nature. This it is to understand how to separate the soul and spirit from the more material body. Here am I, a living soul, out in this starry night. I am not obliged to walk wearily back to my body, but can float easily and gracefully along. The night is cold but I am not, for the magnetic and electric currents meet within me and warm my soul. This it is to know I cannot die. Even though this earth were to vanish forever beneath me, still, here am I, and I live. Even if those heavens, with all their countless hosts, were to roll up as a scroll, still would I be here. That body, lying yonder in that dwelling, is senseless and still. Some might say it slept, for the breath of life is still within it, but I am not. Intense desires lure me away from it. My soul wills, and my spirit obeys. If I must yet be confined within that prison house of clay, I will move like a queen upon the earth. Wealth and power I will have, and nothing shall hinder me. If the earth yields treasures of gold and diamonds, I will find a way to make them mine."

"While I must inhabit that form of clay, I will deck it in glittering gems. I will clothe it in velvets, laces, silks and satins, costly beyond compare."

"I have visited, in this my astral form, the mines belonging to Marcus Chesterfield, and I have found the wealth of Golconda hidden within them; riches—riches untold. He does not even dream of the wealth that will yet be his, and but for this secret power, which I possess, I could not know of these things."

"Does that baby face and her mother, think to thwart me? They might as well think to move yonder mountain from its base. I care no more for the girl than I do for a wisp of straw; but the mother requires all my subtle force. If necessary, I must search nature for more subtle forces still."

"Love me? Does Marcus love me? What is love? I must understand it fully in order that I may conquer. Two souls and one idea; two hearts and but one throbbing. Very poetic, truly; but more of poetry than truth. The ideas of my soul are far beyond those of Marcus Chesterfield's. My heart throbs are full, fast and furious; his are slow, and rhythmic. My fluttering, palpitating heart, finds a resting place within his more slowly beating one. I wish to fly, but like the dove in the fabled ark, come back to rest on firmer ground. Love? What

is it? Attraction? Hardly. One is attracted to many that one does not love. Love is a myth—a fable—a blind God. I will have nothing to do with a blind God. My God shall be all-seeing, all-hearing, all-knowing; for I am; at this moment, my own God, able to see and understand all with whom I come in contact. Others may worship the blind God, if they choose, but I never will. I will blind others and compel them to do my bidding."

"When I have conquered Marcus Chesterfield, and, thereby, become possessed of his enormous wealth, I shall have the means of traveling all over this vast globe—a queen in my own right—and be sure, my soul, I will queen it over all that are worth my time and attention: Lords and Ladies shall bow to my sceptre, for I have made myself acquainted with the great secret wherewith to rule all; even inanimate things run at my bidding, and much of the unseen world is under my feet. Do I not compel them to work for me, to help me on toward fame and fortune?"

"Be quiet, now, soaring spirit; fold up thy wings; beat more slowly, palpitating heart, for thy prison house awaits thee. Take up that senseless form once more, for it must serve thee well."

"Here is its chamber; here is its bed; poor and lowly at present, for the spirit has but just begun to soar." Pause here, my friends. Watch the gleam as it shimmers, for a moment, against the wall of that little old house; all lonely and desolate, far out on the sands, but a little above high water mark; in plain sight of the bench where Mark Chester sat a few hours ago.

See; the gleam has disappeared within the walls of that lonely cot. Let us, also, enter.

There are but three rooms within it; a living and sleeping room, together with a small kitchen. Upon the bed, in the sleeping apartment, we discover a slumbering form; the exact counterpart of the airy, floating figure we have been following. Is this a dead form? It resembles one very much. But, no. Although the pallor of death is on the face, and the body is rigid, still a faint breath escapes the livid lips and we notice the heart flutters slightly. Observe; the gleam hovers over it; gradually it is drawn down out of our sight; the breathing becomes stronger; the lips take on a little color; the heart ceases to flutter and beats with regularity; the rigid limbs become supple once more; the girl moves; opens her eyes and looks about her; and, as we can learn nothing more, just now, we will retire and leave her to her own thoughts.

We go forth into the bright, clear moonlight. It is now two o'clock. The New Year is two hours old; 1899 is already two hours old—a sweet, pure cherub, as yet.

Here, on Redondo beach, how clear the atmosphere; how bright and clean the face of the moon; how the stars glitter. The peaceful Pacific sends its waves, with a soft boom, against the shore. Apparently every soul in the small city is asleep. We know that all those of whom we have spoken are asleep, even the last one, for the girl soon slept again; this time the spirit resting with the body.

Three hours more, when the cherub is five hours old, the activity of life will commence once more. Would that all the thoughts and actions of human beings could be as pure, calm, and peaceful as this innocent hour; but such we know will not be the case.

As we are spirits, already freed from the flesh, feeling not the cold, neither needing sleep, let us pause quietly here and summon other souls to keep us company; also, to impart to us strength and ability to accomplish that which we desire to do—and that which we desire to do is to help poor, weak, erring humanity. To ward off evil from the innocent and well disposed; to still pure and good thoughts into the minds of those who wish to wrong others; in fact, to overcome evil with good.

There is no higher mission given to spirits, angels, or

men, than to bring order out of chaos, good out of evil, wisdom out of ignorance, love out of hate, heaven out of hell.

Even if there were such a hell as some think and teach, could the angels in heaven find any better employment than saving souls from such a pit of darkness?

Let us introduce the reader to some of the spiritual beings whom we have called to assist us in our good work. First of all, at our earnest desire, floats toward us a lovely woman; beautiful, pure and sweet as the angels. This is Molly, the guardian spirit of Nathan Kester. And here comes a sweet and gentle lady, the safeguard and mother of Mark Chester. And this rather sorrowful, regretful soul, or spirit, is the father of Marcus Chesterfield. Now let your enraptured eyes gaze, for a moment, on this lovely, angelic maiden; so pure, so sweet, so innocent, and withal so wise. She passed to the spirit world before the talent of sin or folly ever touched her; but the lessons which earth and material life can teach must be learned by this pure being, in order that wisdom may sit enthroned on that dazzling brow; therefore is she appointed, by natural law, to be the guardian spirit and soul companion of sweet Isabel Morton. And here stands a stately woman who was once, when on earth, an ambitious and wicked Queen. Her grand and noble nature is not yet purified from the heavy dross of earth. She still desires to be a queen. She still desires to animate a human form, and as she cannot reincarnate herself once more, she loves to attach herself to some fine-looking, ambitious woman, that she may again and again enjoy the pomp and sensual pleasures of earth. How many times she will do this, before her soul emerges into the glowing light of goodness, holiness and perfect purity, none can tell. She stands before us now more of earth than of heaven, and yet a spirit. Her appearance is exceedingly brilliant and dazzling, but we feel, as we look at her, that she is not at rest—not at peace—that she is not wholly pure or good; still, whatever the soul desires it attracts to itself.

There she stands before us, blazing in jewels and precious stones, clothed in rose-colored satin and golden ornaments of various kinds. Her eyes are large, brilliant, and dark; her hair long, thick, and black as the wing of a raven; her form full and exceedingly voluptuous. She likes to be with us occasionally, but her eyes speak more of disdain than love.

This soul has attached herself, for the present, to Mrs. Morton; for she loves to conquer outward conditions and work out her own will. She may, thus, at last, work out her own salvation. Let us hope so, at least.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MORNING BREAKS.

The New Year's morn is breaking. The moon has set. A cold, chilly fog has obscured the twinkling stars. Not one is now visible. All is dull, cold and gray. The night is dead. The day still lingers. The cold, gray, dead night is wrapped in a dim, winding sheet of fog; a fitting symbol of the present age in which the whole world is struggling, trying to pierce the fog which is the winding sheet of the night of ignorance, that still hides the glory of the coming day. But, see! A gleam of golden light shoots upward over yonder mountain. The dawn of day is not far behind and the warm and glorious sun will soon follow.

"Hello!" Mr. Kester starts up from his snug bunk, under the seat in the stern of his boat, rubs his sleepy eyes and yawns.

"I've got ter git out o' this," he mutters. "Hed no idee 'twas mornin'. Them thar fellers has cum arter the yaller-tails, sure as yer live."

(To be continued.)

be thus, as claimed, the blending of auras, it demonstrates that auras exist as entities long after form has become invisible to mortal eye. Of course such a duration of aura is not thereby proved to be eternal, but that it is in existence long after form has disintegrated becomes a demonstrated fact. The reader will understand that the aura is itself form, although it is invisible to mortal eye, and has no limit the mortal can conceive. What we are really asserting is that when units blend into form that form becomes what we call solid, liquid or gaseous at its centre, and more or less attenuated at its circumference. Only a portion of form can thus be sensed by Homo, but it is there all the same. Some day the form becomes less solid at its centre. A process of disintegration commences, which process we call death when recorded of vegetable or animal form, and at last this centre or core is changed beyond possibility of touch or vision by Homo. It is as real as ever, but as it were, it comes all auras. While the aura remains tangible to Homo he can repeat all sensations its vibrations may have suggested. Such repetitions are echoes, and become memories to him of what may have been love to love through a few years of mortal kinship. They are the repetitions of vibrations received by his mortal brain. We have seen that the aura remains as personal as ever, and can actually blend with the aura of Homo, as in the past. But its existence has never been taught in school or college, so poor Homo can only interpret its vibrations suggestions as dreams, or perhaps as telepathed from some unknown source. So he lays away his memories with all other memories into the unconscious, and cherishes only when he is alone with his own soul. He knows nothing of his own aura, how then should he know of that of his lost darling?

In some fortunate hour Homo becomes alive to aura, or finds a mortal who can testify to the fact that the aura is really there with aura, if conditions permit, almost as in days gone by. That mortal is a sensitive, and simply recording a physical fact, become metaphysical by attenuation and ignorance. At first its vibrations recorded in his own past stir him as they are echoed through his physical brain. He cannot realize that the aura he has felt but never known is repeating them with all the force of a new suggestion. Amazed, he tries to smother them by calling them "telepathic," a contact with he knows not what, and coming from he knows not where. If he be himself the sensitive he can give no evidence to a sceptic, and is soon mentioned into silence. If he is enough to recognize a fact, without regard to foolish laughter from the blind, he traces further and further the effects he is experiencing. Presently he proves to his own satisfaction the actual existence of two distinct auras. One, his own, has a core that is of the earth, earthy. The other, which is that of his loved one, has dissipated its material centre. The possibility of such blendings has been the study of the S. P. R. for a score of years, and is today attested by its leading officers.

To the patient investigator first comes a echo of the past, which is memory. At last wonder of wonder, come vibrations of the present. Then, and not till then, we have actual scientific proof that the aura without a core is yet a living personal entity. The I AM never changes its tense. It is an ever present, demonstrable reality. The proof remains, like the intercourse, almost as attenuated as the aura. It can be sensed only by one sensitive to aura in earth life, and at best is woefully imperfect when tested by mortal sense. But the blending of aura with aura stands today scientifically attested by patient and competent investigators. The name by which the fact may be known, like the follies by which it has been bedeviled by ignorance, remains a matter of indifference. Through the demonstration of blending auras the existence of immortal manhood becomes an accepted fact. So much is both interesting and important. It is a branch of suggestiveness that demanded our passing notice at this time. We now turn back to continue our study of the direct and indirect effects of auras in earth life.

If a man hear of a sudden catastrophe involving ruin or death to those dear to him, the vibrations in his own aura respond and blend with those of the source from whence came the evil tidings. The personal effect will depend upon his sensitiveness. One will simply feel a sudden depression, deadening every sensation, so that he cannot, at first, realize the extent of his own misery. Another quick to respond, add: auto-suggestion to the first effect, realizing the consequences in a flash of horror that unmans him, and perhaps drives him to despair. It is suggestion, that by vibration, is the potent factor in either case. The care with which evil tidings are imparted to the sick is a proof that men realize they are dealing with a deadly force. That suggestion can kill has long been an accepted fact. The suggestion that poison has been eaten will disturb the digestive repose of the most innocent repast. And the man who goes through life suggesting to himself coming evil is inviting its approach, and, by anticipation realizing its effects.

So much we know as every day facts. That the same law will work for health as readily as for disease has also been known, but, until recently, never reduced to practice for profit. We have seen society terrified when witches have been suggested with sickness and death. As soon as their grandchildren have taken to suggesting health and prosperity in return for a fee, society has smiled and opened its purse. This is, of course, displeasing to the physician, learned in all arts and sciences of his profession, save that of suggestion. Yet, in a momentary way, he has practiced the same in his daily life. He has smiled at the sick, talked lightly of the disease, and been welcomed by his patients. The trouble has been he has not believed in his own suggestions. He was inwardly vibrating thoughts of suffering and coming death, while speaking and looking the picture of quick recovery for the patient. Nature is not deceived. Her treatment is a question of suggested vibrations. He who would be successful with therapeutic suggestion must, with his whole soul, believe in his own success. And when he falls he must recognize that he did not believe strongly enough. Where the uneducated and untrained modern magician really helps his patient it is because he believes he is transmitting some form of energy which will change the mental and physical vibrations of the sufferer. That this is an actual possible fact cannot be disputed by the educated sceptic, although he will find abundant evidence of gross conditions in almost every claim. And myriads of successes are claimed for what is, at most, but mere sudden and temporary stimulation. The sceptic is well aware that mind has vast power within its own realm, and that among its energies are some that can compel the vibrations of health, and looking other conditions permit. So much may be taken as granted. But we must now probe much deeper. If we would analyze the source and effect of this suggestive influence, as first turned to profit in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

San Leandro, Cal.

A selfish person has very little room for gratitude.

Campmeeting, Madison, Me.

Meetings will be held in Lakewood Grove, Hayden Lake, Madison Centre, Me. The Maine Central Railroad will sell round trip tickets to Keweenaw, commencing Sept. 1, good to return Sept. 15, at one fare.

The Keweenaw Railway will sell round trip tickets to Madison, Sept. 5, good to return Sept. 16, at one fare.

The Steamer Margaret B. will leave East Madison every week-day at 7 a. m., 12 noon, and 7 p. m., returning at 6.50 a. m., 11.30 a. m., and 6 p. m. Special boat will run to and from evening entertainments.

On Sunday a boat will leave East Madison at 9.30 a. m., 12 noon, 7 p. m., and every hour during the day upon signal.

PROGRAM

Sept. 6, Miss Blanche H. Brainard; 7, Mrs. Nettie H. Harding, Miss Blanche H. Brainard; 8, Miss Blanche H. Brainard, Nettie Holt Harding; 9, Business meeting, Harrison D. Barrett; 10, Nettie Holt Harding, Rev. F. A. Wiggin; 11, Miss Blanche H. Brainard, Harrison D. Barrett; 12, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding.

State Association Day. Addresses by A. H. Blackinton, President of State Association, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, Nettie Holt Harding, Miss Blanche H. Brainard and Harrison D. Barrett.

Thursday evening, Illumination night. The grove will be beautifully illuminated with all cottages and campers are invited to illuminate.

Sept. 13, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, Harrison D. Barrett; 14, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, National Association afternoon, Harrison D. Barrett, President of National Association, will conduct the meeting; 15, Harrison D. Barrett, Rev. F. A. Wiggin.

Pan-American Visitors

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

Spiritualist Camp Meetings for 1901.

Cassadaga Lake, Lily Dale, N. Y., July 14 to Sept. 1.

Onset, Mass., July 14 to Sept. 1.

Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 25 to Sept. 1.

Camp Progress, Mass., June 2 to Oct. 6.

Etta, Maine, Aug. 30 to Sept. 8.

Queen City Park, Vt., Aug. 10 to Sept. 3.

Niantic, Conn., June 24 to Sept. 9.

Earncliffe Grove, Chelmsford St., Lowell, Mass., June 2 to Sept. 29.

Island Lake, Mich., July 18 to Sept. 2.

Hasslet Park, Mich., July 25 to Sept. 1.

Lake Helen, Florida, Sept. 1 to Oct. 6.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 11 to Sept. 11.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Mass., June 2 to Oct. 6.

Port Jefferson, L. I., Aug. 4 to Sept. 3.

Madison, Me., Sept. 6 to 15.

Mantua, Ohio, July 25 to Sept. 2.

Grand Lodge, Mich., July 23 to Aug. 28.

Forest Park, Ottawa, Kans., Aug. 21 to Sept. 2.

Summerland Beach, Ohio, Aug. 10 to Sept. 1.

Wanewoc Camp, Wis., Aug. 24 to Sept. 2.

For Over Fifty Years

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

Camp Progress.

Camp Progress Spiritualist Association held very interesting meetings last Sunday, the 17th. Fine speakers and mediums were present. At the morning conference Mr. Fred DeBos, A. D. Graham, Mr. McKenna, all of Boston, and Mr. W. Taft of Salem entertained the audience.

It was such a beautiful morning the woods rang with the music by the congregation and all seemed to feel in perfect harmony with each other. Two o'clock meeting opened with singing by quartet, "God is Love." Invocation and remarks by the president, L. D. Millikin; quartet singing "Your Darling Is Not Sleeping." Mr. John Willey of Lynn related some of his wonderful experiences; remarks, Mr. J. R. Milton, president of the Malden society; he also sang "Where Is My Wandering Boy?" remarks, J. R. Snow of Malden; remarks and messages, W. F. Holden, California. The meeting closed with singing by quartet, "Come Where the Lilies Bloom."

When the 4 o'clock meeting opened there were fully two thousand people at the camp. An anthem was sung, "How Lovely Is Zion." Then Mrs. Nellie Noyse of Roxbury made pleasing remarks and read a bouquet which was satisfactory. Singing, "Hallelujah, Gold." Mrs. Abbie DeBos was called upon to make some remarks. When she came on the grounds she was heartily cheered as she has a large number of friends among us. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn spoke very earnestly. The meeting closed with the audience singing "America." All speakers and mediums are invited to visit our grove. The National Spiritualist Association day will be Sunday, Sept. 22. Camp Progress holds a charter from the Association, and also from the state. Picnic at the grove Labor day.

Mrs. N. H. Gardiner, secretary.

A Strengthening Tonic.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Especially recommended for the relief of nervousness and exhaustion so common with the grip patient. Nourishes and strengthens the entire system by supplying the needed tonic and nerve food. Induces restful sleep.

Judge Green's Wishes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

With increasing frequency appointments are made, sometimes years in advance, with my wife, Martha E. Root, and myself to conduct spiritual service after the person so arranging shall pass out of the body. A number of cases in which relatives disregarded these wishes have caused extreme sorrow. Judge Sanford, Mr. Green's case in Bay City, Mich., tells the story. He passed to spirit life, Aug. 13, 1901, in his ninety-fifth year, being the oldest Spiritualist, perhaps in Michigan, and the longest time one, since he embraced this truth early after the Fox sisters began the raps. He was president of the society in Bay City over thirty years ago when it cost much to declare "I am a Spiritualist." Down to his latest hours he was steadfast in this conviction.

He was one of the most eminent jurists and writers on law and its practice Michigan has had. His works are authority everywhere. Over forty years he sat on the benches of the supreme and circuit courts of this state. After a life-long experience in lifting evidence he put in writing less than four years ago, "From the most indubitable evidence I have long been convinced of the truth of what is called Spiritualism." This

was emphasized to me while I nursed him fifteen of his nineteen last days and nights, as was also his plan of memory service and cremation as told in his letter which is below, with his daughter's refusing to let her father's wishes be filled. His original letter was put in the hands of his two daughters and daughter-in-law when he was yet for days talking freely with all. They could have consulted him had they wished so to do, but they did not.

JUDGE GREEN'S LETTER.

"To my esteemed friends, Melvin A. and Martha E. Root of Bay City, Mich. "It is my desire that when I pass away my remains shall be taken to the Crematory in Detroit and reduced to ashes after such funeral service as may be thought proper. I desire that Mr. Root will take charge of my remains for the purpose aforesaid, and that Mr. Root take charge of and conduct my funeral services. I believe it is blessed immortal to die, as to the mortal, and to live immortal with the loved ones gone before. . . . "Your friend, S. M. Green. "Bay City, Mich., Dec. 23, 1897."

HIS DAUGHTER'S LETTER.

"Mrs. M. A. Root: "We are all agreed in this matter, strongly opposed to any departure from the long-time custom of our family. We have, therefore, decided to have the funeral rites observed exactly as they were at our mother's funeral. The will be read and the remains taken to Flint, where they will rest beside the wife of his youth. "M. Frances Bishop. "Aug. 11, 1901."

Judge's remains were not put to "rest" beside the wife of his youth, and this daughter will be the only child of his to be buried with step-children no more burial from the Green family would be allowed in the Bishop lot where twenty-two years ago her mother's remains were interred. But she did bury her father's body on an obscure and neglected lot where five years ago was buried alone her young prodigal son-in-law, who died of his excesses.

Thus this daughter Frances attempted to create the impression that Judge Green was not a Spiritualist by preventing the carrying out of his written wishes; and instead she had a robed rascal "read the Episcopal rites for the burial of the dead," and it went into the newspaper that this was according to the wishes of the deceased.

Let Spiritualists everywhere be aroused to make sure the provisions they desire be carried out for their memory service and disposition of their remains.

Respectfully, Melvin A. Root.

Bay City, Mich.

N. S. A. Day at Grand Lodge, Mich.

G. W. Kates and wife held services for the N. S. A. at Grand Lodge, Mich., camp, Thursday, August 15. Mr. Kates gave the address and ably discussed the needs and aims of the National Association. A liberal collection was taken for the N. S. A. Mrs. Kates described spirits and gave messages in her pleasing and forcible way. These workers commenced a week of labor at Hasslet Park, August 17, and will be at Mantua, Ohio, camp, August 24 to Sept. 1.

Union Picnic.

There will be a union picnic at Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, on Labor Day, Sept. 2. All Spiritualists and their friends are cordially invited to be present. Refreshments will be served to those who do not wish to bring lunch. Come and spend the day in the pines.

Onset, Mass.

Aug. 18.—Notwithstanding the severe storm during the night of Saturday, the sun came out bright and the day was warm. On account of the cool ground, the morning ceremony and meeting were held in the temple. A good-sized audience was in attendance. There were fully twenty thousand people upon the grounds. Mr. F. E. Titus was the speaker in the morning. Mr. Titus is from Toronto, Canada, and took the place of Col. H. S. Olcott, who was obliged to return to his home. Mr. Titus' first appearance at Onset, and we trust it will not be his last, as his work pleased his hearers. He has a good voice and is a fluent speaker. After a song by Mr. Maxham, Mr. Titus was introduced and preceded his address by explaining the teaching of the Theosophical Society. He took for his subject, "Have we Ever Lived on Earth Before?" and said in part:

"When we ask the question, Have we ever lived on earth before? to an audience of this size, we expect the answer to be in the negative. It seems foreign to the atmosphere in which we breathe. The average person is not expected to accept this proposition. It is said that the Welsh are conservative and not hospitable to strangers, and that is the attitude in which we receive new ideas. We think it cannot be so, when we find that those who do accept are in the minority. We are told that this soul did not come into evidence with this body, but lived before. When we find in the western world that the brighter minds have accepted this new idea, then we give a different aspect to the proposition. Henry Ward Beecher and the Beecher family advocated by voice and pen the idea of reincarnation. Such bright minds as Clark, Brooks, and Emerson have accepted it. Max Muller says that all great minds have accepted the idea. We have a personal consciousness which we are using. The president of the Psychical Research society says that back of this personal consciousness there lives a deeper consciousness. The man as we know him is not all that is a man. Every man is greater than he knows himself to be. Emerson, speaking of Plato, said: "No matter how great a soul Plato was and expressed himself, there was a greater Plato behind him."

Behind the physical is not the man; the flesh is only the clothing. The power of the Infinite are wrapped up in the infant's soul. We appear first as a savage with an undeveloped brain. We die and when we return we are stronger, like the plant. We sow a seed and a blade of grass appears only to die in the fall. Life returns to the root. In the spring the blade of grass appears again. It has gained from experience. It is the same way with the soul. We hear people say, "What proof have we of it?" Do we mean a physical demonstration? A physical demonstration does not constitute a basis of our conclusion. All the laws of nature we accept on theories. Proof is that which is the most reasonable.

We find a child that is born in the slums, with a mind that is idiotic, in surroundings in which it must work out its own destiny and one that is born in the light with a moral nature which is true. What explanation can we get that brings us to the most reasonable conclusion? You may take the idea of a Supreme Being that creates the soul. Take that theory and apply it to these facts. I take it that the person that accepts it be-

lieves in the justice of God. You have a Supreme Being who is all-wise and good. He creates a soul and sends it to the environments where it can work out its own destiny. Can man be more just than God? Man would not do such a thing as that. Some say that you inherit a thing. Is it just for a child to be the son of his parents? It is absurd. Did the sin of Adam corrupt the Almighty? Whatever rare capacity a man may have, having created for our souls all which we are, we are higher than the physical organism which answers to the soul within. We are here to develop the power; we are here as a boy to school. No God sends us to this school. We go home to rest and then we are sent forth again to another day of work. Nature having manifested itself, it returns to that unmanifested.

Mr. Titus spoke of the remarkable powers of Jesus Hoffman as a pianist, and said it would almost seem that a spirit of a great master was working through his organism. That spirit is the personality that he is using during the life time of the boy. You may call it spirit. The child is closer in touch with the higher nature than when older. You can find children who say they have lived before. A child declared that he had lived before and was a carpenter. At the age of 11 or 12 years he used to say anything about it, but the boy can do anything with carpenter tools. Another child claims that her name was not what it was before, and when taken out to walk went to a strange school and picked out a desk where she used to sit. Another boy claimed that he had lived in another town and when he was taken there for the first time picked out the house where he had lived. Going to the door, he rapped. A woman appeared. The child said:

"Hello, mama!"

The woman replied, "I do not know the child."

The boy said, "Don't you remember I did something wrong one day and you whipped me and I went away and then I forgot everything."

The woman said, "I did have a boy and it is just as this boy says. I whipped him and he went down to the river and was drowned."

When a person comes to us and gives us a testimony of a fact we ask, is the fact reasonable in itself. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the events of this life have all passed away from us. Let us remember that the things that come to us are not physical brain. Is it any wonder that we fail to remember that which occurred in the past life?

The subject was well handled and interested the people so much that many were on their feet at the close of the address to ask questions. The speaker in the afternoon, Mr. H. D. Barrett closed the meeting with a benediction.

Sunday afternoon, the meeting opened with singing by Mr. A. J. Maxham, after which Mr. H. D. Barrett, president National Spiritualist Association, was introduced, and read a poem, "Eh, we're in the Absolute Good." After another selection by Mr. Maxham, Mr. Barrett said:

I shall attempt to speak upon a peculiar subject, yet I hope you will feel some interest and will help us to solve somewhat the problem of life. "The Invisible, the Only Real." In the middle of the past century there had been great stress upon material things, and it was claimed that matter was the cause of all forms of life. Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Darwin dealt with outward phenomena, with effect not Cause. This has been the trouble all along the line and seeming chaos has been the result. There came a time when men began to seek for the causes of these phenomena. The chemists were invited to look into the phenomena of Nature. The external phenomena are the expressions of spiritual things. The flowers yield to the botanist's touch and are "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Then physical form was studied, and men were told of certain things in regard to the house we live in. Then the stone was studied and the stone told its consciousness to man. In studying the material world men made a discovery; they learned that all these things could disappear; by certain chemical processes these things can be worked upon and they go into the realm of the invisible.

The question is asked, "Do these things disappear and get lost? Not so, they exist in attenuated forms just beyond the vision. The realm of the invisible is predated with the forces that produce the expression to the outer world. Nothing that can be manufactured can be given life. It must have the life principle vibrated within it. Life produces life. The invisible holds all that causes all expressions of the soul. The living principle is unseen. The invisible is the real, and gives the manifestation of mind, life, infinite, intelligent force to souls journeying in the plane of matter, souls sending forth vibration of thoughts for good, souls struck off from the clock of infinite being. This is a part of the message of Spiritualism as I understand it. I am pleading for a study of the soul. In the soul world there is no escape from causes. We can only learn by experience. We can take a sum total of all experiences to reach a perfect life. Immortality can only be demonstrated when you and I have passed through it. We can only know it now through tracing cause and effect. If we will reason from cause to effect and if a soul can live ten years, a hundred years, it is logical to infer that souls live forever. This age is largely dealing with effects; worrying over the conditions of our nation, we are not reaching into the invisible for the cause.

I am pleading today for a greater trust than ever existed, the Spiritual trust, which will turn all trusts into rivers of love and peace will reign supreme. We should seek daily to connect ourselves with these invisible vibrations. If we make these connections possible we will not deal with material phenomena, but with soul; we will not think thoughts of envy and malice. We will be brought face to face with our own selves. Dare we go there? If so we will find every blemish, every evil thought will be there. Dare we face it? If we go into the cave of darkness we will see every selfish thought, every ignoble act, and we must endure the company of ourselves. How long I cannot say, perhaps down the ages of time, until we learn how much better to live the soul life now. Let us learn that the only bank we can take with us is the bank of love; the only draft that will be redeemed is the draft of charity. I ask you for what you are, or ever hope to be, to rise above what material lies in the light of the soul that shall shine as the noonday sun, and fill the world with love and peace and truth.

Mr. Barrett closed amid loud applause. Mr. F. A. Wiggin followed with a fine test message. Meeting closed with singing "America." In the evening Mr. Wiggin held a seance in the temple, which was well attended. Labor day will be Old Fellows' day and a grand celebration will be held. Order the Banner of Light for news. Hatch.

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BY SPIRITUS.

Dictated through the Mediumship of Annie F. S., with an Introduction by E. J. C. The contents of this volume were transmitted by a demonstration of the spirit-world through the mediumship of a sensitive, and have not the advantages of a liberal education, and by the comparatively slow and tedious process of "typing." The medium and as a false with the medium, and the book, on which she placed her hands, which she had no sooner done than they were typed, and the book was a true and accurate record of the spirit-world. In this manner, letters by letter, the book was produced. Its spirit and first, announced his presence in 1889, giving the name "Friend," who, upon being asked if he had anything to communicate to the reader, replied, "I will tell you my life, earthly and immortal. It will be a benefit to mankind. He at the same time gave the title of the book, but declined to give his name. The book was to be published in the opening chapter, and designated by a time when the length of time began to work for the causes of these phenomena. The chemists were invited to look into the phenomena of Nature. The external phenomena are the expressions of spiritual things. The flowers yield to the botanist's touch and are "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Then physical form was studied, and men were told of certain things in regard to the house we live in. Then the stone was studied and the stone told its consciousness to man. In studying the material world men made a discovery; they learned that all these things could disappear; by certain chemical processes these things can be worked upon and they go into the realm of the invisible.

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Banner of Light.

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THE BANNER OF LIGHT cannot undertake to work for the benefit of any one individual. It is a public journal, and its only object is to give the people the truth, and to help them to live better lives.

Labor Day.

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

The Y. S. U.

This is Number One of Vol. XC. It is fitting that the initial paper of this volume should usher in a practical work.

We are impressed with the idea from the numerous letters that we are constantly receiving from all sections of the country that the immediate duty of the Spiritualists is to make possible the opening of the Home at Waverley. Elderly Spiritualists, with small means, are desirous of spending their remaining years with those of their own faith. Mediums and Spiritualists who are wholly without means, with no place that they can call home, are in need of a place of refuge. This can be found for all classes at Waverley, provided it is opened to the public. It will require but little to make this Home available, so far as each individual is concerned. It only requires a little thought put into practical application.

The Veteran's Union is an international institution and knows no state nor national lines in its treatment of the needy. The N. S. A. has a home of its own, and a small endowment fund. This is highly meritorious, and we hope that the increase will be abundant as the days pass by. The N. S. A. will look out for missionary work, the defense and protection of our Cause from its enemies. But the Y. S. U. is organized for the special work of caring for the sick and needy. It is occupying a field of its own, and its noble purpose should commend itself to every charitable soul in the land. We, therefore, appeal to the Spiritualists of America to interest themselves in the unselfish efforts of the Y. S. U. to care for our own people.

Letters are before us telling of poverty, sickness and suffering of our aged Mediums and Spiritualists. Several of them are already in almshouses. This is a shame to Spiritualists and to Spiritualism that it is so. It behooves us to remove this disgrace from the fair escutcheon of our beloved Cause. WE MUST CARE FOR OUR OWN! No longer should they be permitted to suffer privation and want for sympathy. We have people of means in our ranks who can help us. We ask them to open their hearts and purses at this critical juncture that the Home of the Y. S. U. may be made available to the needy of our land at an early date.

The "Banner of Light" henceforth will labor earnestly in behalf of this philanthropic work. We feel that personalities, jealousies and bickerings should and must be laid aside for the sake of our common humanity.

To that end we propose to establish a Banner of Light Endowment Fund for the Y. S. U. and pledge ourselves to contribute thereto the sum of \$500 as an index of our good faith. We say again our own people must be cared for. There is no time to lose in view of the suffering now known to us. We ask our friends throughout the world to join us in this work. Who will help us? Is not the time ripe for action? Shall the cries of the needy ones of our faith, now in the poor houses of the land, pass unheeded by? Shall we escape condemnation if we refuse to aid our own?

We propose making the fund named a trust fund, the income from which only shall be used, and that income devoted solely to caring for the indigent worthy Spiritualists and liberalists throughout the world. By establishing this fund, the Home can be opened, the needy cared for, and the officers of the Nglia enabled to devote themselves exclusively to the work of raising the mortgage now on the Home. They may be able to find a location of greater value, and by so doing dispose of the Waverley Home to advantage. But that is of the future; the Home can be made immediately available if the Spiritualists will but act together. Now is the time to look out for our own! Who will join us in this work? Let us hear from our humanitarian friends in all sections of America. This fund should be raised at once. A few hundred dollars from one hundred persons will make it possible for the Union to do its work. Let us take hold of this task with a will. Let us hear from our noble-hearted philanthropists with generous pledges to our Endowment Fund. Whose name shall we place next to that of the "Banner of Light" as a donor to this splendid, practical charity? Speak up, ye lovers of humanity, and fill this fund at once.

Some Conjectures.

A certain teacher once declared that the lower orders of animals were immortal, and destined to progress until they reached the stage of intelligent communion through written and spoken words. He argued that evolution was a fact in the economy of nature, and proceeded to prove that each incarnate spirit grew in wisdom and power during his sojourn in the flesh. The study of anthropology was cited to show that man had evolved from the brute to the savage, from the savage to the half-civilized state, from semi-civilization to civilization, and from civilization to enlightenment. He also put forth the idea that life was an infinite ocean from which certain drops were drawn to animate all living forms. These divers forms lived in flesh a little time, then passed away to be recast in a larger and more perfect being in some other relationship. From the monad to the amoeba, and from the amoeba to the next higher, and so on until the kingdom of the bird, dog and horse was reached, then from these expressions man was evolved.

He held that these minor expressions of life were absorbed in the ocean of being as they were withdrawn from the earth and other planets, to be reformed in the next higher order of creation by the soul-force behind them. By repeated embodiments of this life principle, through the manifold expressions of the intelligence behind, the stage of mentation occupied by man was reached. In fine, he found a line of soul-connection reaching from sentient man back to the monad. In thus arguing he claimed to prove that animals do exist in the life of the spirit, that they are absorbed only in their lowest expressions, and then with great rapidity, which lessens as they evolve toward the state of the horse or dog—that these servants of man continue as spirit forms just so long as man holds them as such by his love for them or by his desire for their services, that they then, under the direction of the soul-force behind them, are given accretions of intelligence and will, and are reprojected into expressions on earth as men and women of the lowest orders, that they progress under the same law of evolution until they reach the embodiment of the highest possible intelligence.

This line of reasoning makes the children of men akin to every living creature, and makes the command of the Buddha, "Thou shalt not kill any living creature," one that should be heeded by every child of earth. The butcher and meat eater are killing an embryo human being for the sake of enjoying his body. If this philosopher's assumption be correct, surely the animals should become special objects of man's love. Their existence in spirit is not only assured to him, but their growth toward mentation depends largely upon him. The doctrine of successive embodiments takes on a new meaning under this explanation and becomes the only logical solution of the problem of life. If his premises be admitted. But is there anything so very terrible in this subtle thinker's logic? Is meat eating so much a part of man's life that he will not refrain from killing? Is the sight of blood such a delight to him that he prefers to cause it to flow, rather than to add to the happiness of all living creatures through peace and love? Are men so tyrannical in soul as to desire the services of the helpless without being willing to requite them by making possible their evolution to intelligence? Are we to assume that men will continue to war against their brothers because of the desire to kill that arise within them from their eating of flesh? Is it not time for Spiritualists to consider these questions at length, and see if they cannot remove war and bloodshed from the earth? If they can do this by abstaining from killing the lower animals and by refraining from meat eating, is not the object worthy of their effort?

That man is strong whose bones are honor, whose muscles truth, whose blood is purity. The Spiritualist who is spiritual is such a man.

Portland, Maine, Spiritualists

now have an opportunity to prove their devotion to their religion. One of their number, with his heart full of love for his fellow-men and for Spiritualism offers to give a choice lot of land to the society, provided the brethren of that city will build a tasteful, commodious temple upon it. His philanthropic spirit should be met in kind, with that promptness of action that is born of love for the right. Surely he has done his part, and if every Spiritualist in the metropolis of Maine will do his part, a fine temple will be built ere the first snow falls in November. Now is the time to lay aside all petty differences, all jealousies, all heart-burnings and unite as one man in an endeavor to utilize the proffered gift for the good of Spiritualism. With such an offer before the Portland Spiritualists, there is no reason for any apathy, or lack of interest, among them. The local issues that have made two societies possible, should now be set aside, and one grand union formed for the purpose of making Spiritualism a power for good in Maine's progressive "Forest City." A commodious Spiritualist Temple in Portland would be of great advantage to our brethren throughout the state. The annual conventions of the State Association could occasionally be held there, and quarterly gatherings of the brethren in western and northern Maine. We respectfully urge our Portland friends to embrace the opportunity offered them, and set to work at once to materialize a fine temple at an early date. The site is ready as soon as there is interest enough manifested to build the temple. In a city of over fifty thousand people, it ought to be an easy matter to build a temple worthy of our Cause. We hope our friends will do this needed work at once.

A Bogus Test.

An item is going the rounds of the secular press to the effect that a pretended spirit was so severely handled by two young skeptics at a seance, at one of our campmeetings, as to make the medium decidedly lame, and caused him to resort to crutches. In fact, the story has it that the "spirit" ran out of the house and tried to escape from the men upon whom he was trying to pass his impositions. They followed him, and gave a finely materialized thrashing, which being absorbed in good shape, made the impostor lame. It is not said who the culprit was, but it is not difficult to locate him. If all people who are humbugged would administer the same treatment to their betrayers, there would be less bogus manifestations than there are today. Moral suasion sometimes needs supplementing in cases of this kind and a few nicely laid lashes of a whip might arouse the moral consciousness of the offenders. We do not believe in brute force, nor do we feel that corporal punishment should be advocated for all offenders. But for wife beaters, counterfeit mediums and their helpers, its influence could not fail to be otherwise than wholesome. Of course, it should not be thought of, save when the pretender is caught red-handed, as was the one to whom the daily papers refer. The offense of a counterfeit medium is greater than that of any criminal that ever stood in the dock, and no law can be found to convict or punish those who persist in making bogus tests their special line of business. Truly Spiritualists do need awakening to a sense of their duty toward their religion when such object lessons as these come before them.

The Temperance Question.

It is quite amusing to follow the discussion of this important question in the columns of the press and from the platform. It is assumed by many that temperance is the result of legislation, and that artificial props in the form of laws are the only methods by which men and women can be made temperate. Others lay all of their emphasis upon liquor drinking as the only form of intemperance that causes the world today. Others still declare that temperance is the result of heredity, and that there is the heredity of an appetite for liquor that must be overcome. Very little is ever said about the intemperance of over-eating, of intemperance in dress, in speech, and of opium and tobacco. Gluttony is the forerunner of whiskey drinking, and evil speech is the precursor of both. The use of tobacco is the source of the appetites for liquor in many human beings. Opium is but the substitute for tobacco, resorted to by those who are too lazy and weak to rely upon themselves.

Spiritualists should realize that prohibition is not temperance, and that the liquor traffic is but a small part of this problem. They should realize the majority of them do understand that the only way to have temperate men and women is to have temperate generation, to cease the begetting of progeny in drunken frenzy, or in the state of nervous excitation due to worry and regret. Intemperance in dress, in eating and in speech can be remedied in the same way, for they are as harmful in their effects upon the moral life of men and women as is liquor drinking. The use of tobacco is also a form of intemperance whose evil effects are but little considered. The system is filled with nicotine, and an abnormal craving for stimulants is the direct result—in fact, the very next step. Opium eating or smoking is productive of the same train of ill. Men and women will pretend to oppose liquor selling and drinking, yet protect the tobacco grower, the opium producer, the society, the glutton, and the blatant spouter, either by law, or by one of those unwritten mandates of custom that is often more potent than legislative enactments.

It is useless to legislate against whiskey, yet continue those practices that stimulate the appetite for it, and even smile upon those who invent concoctions that are especially designed to create abnormal cravings on the part of mankind. Education is the only remedy for all of these ills. When men and

women eat proper food—food that is cooked hygienically—when they dress decently and naturally, with some show of respect to the welfare of their bodies, when they refrain from tobacco, strong tea, coffee, opium and other narcotics, the whisky problem will settle itself. Legislation will never make men moral. Force never yet wrought a reform. Evolution has ever been slow in its processes, but it has always been sure. Education is its chief aid in this work of progressive unfolding. Spiritualists are evolutionists, hence should be friends of practical education. They should begin their work of instruction two hundred years before the children are born. Proper generation will settle the liquor and all other issues allied to the subject of temperance. Stirpiculture is a part of the teachings of Spiritualism, yet Spiritualists pay no attention to it in their daily lives. It is time now to put the teachings of four and fifty years into practice. Theoretical Spiritualism looks well on paper, but practical Spiritualism is the need of the world. When Spiritualists live it, and emphasize it, drunkards, opium fiends, spendthrifts and gluttons will be known no more. Temperance will then be a fact instead of a glittering generality.

"The Scribe of a Soul."

A book bearing the above title has by accident found its way into our hands, and has been read with more than ordinary pleasure. Its author, Mrs. Clara Iza Price, has spoken with the authority of truth behind her, and has been the instrument through whom rare gems of wisdom have been presented to the world. Having read Dr. Fuller's great work, "Wisdom of the Ages," we were prepared for the thoughts given in the work of Mrs. Price. These works are certainly companion pieces in the literary realm, and take high rank with all who are in love with spiritual truth. The prophets Zerkonem and Selestor evidently dwell in one of the highest wisdom spheres of the supernal world, and are certainly advanced souls in all respects. Spiritualists who enjoy reading spiritual books cannot afford to be without either one of these splendid works. Every well-regulated library in this country should have several copies of both books for the use of its patrons, while every student of occult science, every Spiritualist, every Metaphysician, and every Theosophist should have these works upon their centre tables. They contain truth that the world most sorely needs, and the helpful spiritual inspiration of their teachings cannot fail to make every reader nobler, purer, truer, and better in thought, feeling and action after he has read their teeming pages. These books can be obtained at the office of the Banner of Light at small cost. We hope that numerous orders will at once be forwarded for these excellent works. They are needed everywhere, and no man can make better use of his surplus cash than by investing in these books.

The Royal Blue Line

is the official route for the New England excursion to Washington for the National Spiritualist Convention. This will be one of the grandest gatherings ever assembled in the name of Spiritualism, and every Spiritualist who can do so, should plan to attend the convention. New York City and Philadelphia will be visited en route and the attractions of the city of Washington, together with those of Arlington and Mt. Vernon are well worth double the cost of the entire trip. The entire expense of the excursion, including transportation, meals en route, hotel in Washington and all transfers to trains, will be only \$27.50. As the trip covers a period of eight days it will be seen that the expense is less than the cost of living at home for the same period of time for many people, with less than half of the pleasure of sight seeing and none of the profit of the thought of the convention. Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., 94 Sydney Street, Boston, Mass., is the manager of the excursion, and will be pleased to answer all inquiries with regard to it. Write him at once for full particulars.

State Spiritualist Convention.

The Spiritualists of Maine will hold their fifth annual convention in Coburn Hall, Skowhegan, Oct. 5-6. Half rates have been secured on all railroads in the state, and excellent talent provided for the platform at all sessions for the three days. All Maine Spiritualists should plan to attend the State Convention at Skowhegan.

Onset is loyal to the cause of organization and especially to the N. S. A. Her contribution to the N. S. A. for the current year is \$28.53. This is a splendid showing, and a most noble example for all Spiritualists, as well as their camp-meetings, to follow. If the Spiritualists of America will but support the N. S. A. as loyally as the Unitarians do their A. U. A., Spiritualism will speedily become the leading religious principle of the age.

Camp Cassadaga has made a signal success of its special educational work of this season. It has been the source of so much help to the multitude that we hope to see it perpetuated. In fact, we hear it rumored that steps are being made in that direction even now. We wish the movement every success, but venture to inquire why the summer class work cannot be made permanent and a school of science and philosophy established at Lily Dale, and kept open throughout the year?

Private letters from Forest F. Harding indicate that he likes his new home in British Columbia very much, and enjoys his new position greatly. He gives glowing descriptions of the country, its resources and its people. The latter amuse him by their references to New England as the "Old Country," although in point of age they are correct. In some instances they are right as regards religious ideas, and unselfishness. New England does need the Gospel of Altruism practically applied.

It is with deep regret that we are called upon to chronicle the transition of our esteemed friend, Capt. B. C. Cooley of Marshall, Texas. He was an enthusiastic Spiritualist and loved his religion with all of the ardor of his intense nature. He was a brave soldier in the Confederate Army, and fought valiantly for what he then believed to be right. Upon his conversion to Spiritualism he found that slavery of all kinds was wrong and he battled for the freedom of all mankind as zealously as he had once fought against it. His life was ennobled in every respect by and through Spiritualism. He is survived by his devoted wife and three sons. His age was about seventy years.

A telegram announces the transition of C. E. Merriam of Hartford, Conn., to the higher life on Friday, Aug. 23. Mr. Merriam was a true Spiritualist, a man of noble impulses, and one who loved Spiritualism for its own pure worth. He was ever a loyal worker in its behalf, and gave even beyond his means, as well as of his time and strength to sustain it. He was singularly well informed upon all of the topics of the day, notwithstanding the fact that his day of labor covered a period of twelve hours. He was a good neighbor, a kind friend, a true citizen, and will be greatly missed by the many who knew him. Personally we feel his departure keenly, as he was a friend in every sense of the word upon whom we could depend. Our sincere sympathy goes out to his good wife and family in this hour of sorrow. Mr. Merriam has earned his rest, and his many friends can give him greeting in spirit. His age was about sixty-six years.

Another negro burned at the stake by a mob of whites and blacks. Surely this is civilization in full. Would it not be well for our Government at Washington to consider this subject at some length? Is the benevolent assimilation of an alien race of greater moment than the education, civilization, and moral unfolding of the blacks of America who were brought here against their wills? Lynching is ever to be deplored, but when it is wrought through burning at the stake, it becomes doubly revolting to every rational being on earth.

Rev. Keller, of Arlington, N. J., who was shot by Barker, on an alleged assault upon the latter's wife, has not yet brought the suit he threatened for defamation of character. It appears that he seems rather desirous of keeping the matter as quiet as possible, and himself out of sight. He may or may not be guilty of the offense charged, but his present course is very suggestive of for the course he pursued in the case. We thought that he has reason to fear the outcome of the trial of a suit for damages. Barker's friends have formed an association for the purpose of assisting him to meet the expenses of his trial, and to care for his wife during his five years' imprisonment. He has many sympathizers, and not a few of them feel that he should be paroled.

A letter from a valued friend in Pittsfield, Mass., informs us that the sentiment of the people of that city is about evenly divided upon the subject of the Fosburgh murder, and that the Chief of Police, Mr. Nicholson, is sustained by a large majority have no wish to do Chief Nicholson any injustice in our references to the outcome of the trial, nor to misrepresent the people of Pittsfield. Outside of that city, there are very few persons who feel that Robert Fosburgh had anything to do with his sister's death. If the people in Pittsfield think otherwise, and have good reasons for their thought, we are willing to accord to them the merit of sincerity, even though we by no means share their belief. It is doubtful if the murderer of May Fosburgh is ever discovered, and the crime will pass into history as one of the famous murder mysteries connected with American civilization.

The twenty-second annual session of the Somerset Spiritualist Campmeeting Association will open Sept. 6 at Lakewood, Madison Centre, Maine, and close Sept. 15. Excellent music and the best of speakers and mediums are assured for the platform. We hope our Maine Spiritualists will give this progressive Camp their patronage. It is a splendid place for an outing.

It would be well to order a copy of Mrs. Corilla Banister's new work, "I'm a Brick," for autumn reading. It is well worth the dollar it costs, and will furnish instruction as well as amusement to multitudes. The Banner of Light Publishing Company will fill all orders.

Many warm encomiums are being received concerning Dr. George A. Fuller's great work, "Wisdom of the Ages." Eminent scholars in the fields of philosophy, psychology and religion pronounce it a masterpiece, and declare it should be read by every progressive man on both continents. It is only one dollar per volume, and all orders will be promptly filled at this office.

No man ever has or ever can sacrifice anything for the sake of truth," said the Spiritualist sage, Rev. Samuel Woodman of Maine. Truer words were never spoken. Truth always compensates its willing servants in full, and never fails to render a just equivalent for every loss. The approval of a clear conscience is the greatest reward that can come to mortal man and this is ever the salary of the real servant of truth.

Love is the power that rules the world of Spirituality. It is the mission of Spiritualism to make it the one ruler in the hearts and souls of all of the children of men. This it can do when all Spiritualists will but live right and do right for right's sake. When they love themselves last, and their fellowmen more, the right of love will be established over all the earth, and we shall have the civilization of the soul.

SPRIT Message Department.

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

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

These circles are not public.

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

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

Invocations.

Report of Seance held Aug. 1, 1901, S. E. M.

MESSAGES.

Abner Clark.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a gentleman. He is quite tall and rather muscular looking, with broad, square shoulders, long, strong arms, and big hands. He has a strong looking face and a broad forehead with blue eyes and his hair is iron gray. He has side whiskers and they are gray too. He has a very kind manner and comes so clearly and distinctly right up to me. He says, "My name is Abner Clark, and I want to go to Hamilton, Ohio. I have a wife there and she would be so glad to get a word from me but she doesn't understand how to go about it. She has an idea that it is possible for me to know things that happen and yet she doesn't believe or really doesn't understand that it is possible for me to tell her about it. I know that I would be able to get into direct communication with her if she would only give me some time so that I might learn how to use her hand to write or to give her word definitely that she could hear and so I take this opportunity to express this to her, that she may make the effort. I feel, too, much interested in Charles. I want him to know that I often walk about the old place and look over the old conditions and am indeed pleased to see them going along as well as they do. I have Hattie with me and she says, 'Tell Annie that we are all as well and happy as can be and hardly know any difference in our expression of life here from what we did in the earth life.'"

Capt. William Frothingham to Henry Thornton.

I see now the spirit of an old man about sixty years old. He has brown eyes and his hair is quite gray but is combed right straight back from his forehead more like a woman's. His features are strong and rather plain. He has a large frame but a kind way and comes along easily and quietly and says, "Oh, it is so good to come here. I have looked forward to this and thought if I could ever get an opportunity that it would be the happiest moment of my life and now that I am here I am so overcome with joy of it that it is almost more than I can do to say what I want to about my people. My name is Capt. William Frothingham, and I came from Norfolk, Va. I have known for a long time of this method of returning to my friends and I thought I would get here before this. I want to send this message to Henry Thornton. I want him to know that I helped him to get into the position which he now occupies and that I will still endeavor to help him whenever it is possible. I have Jeanette with me and anybody who knows me will know who Jeanette is. I have been much among my people in earth life because I had a leaning to this method of expression of love and it gives me great pleasure to send this word out to them. Thank you."

Charles Atwood.

The next spirit is that of an old man. He is tall and stout and has beautiful white hair that is combed back from his forehead. It is quite long and curls up at the ends. His face is as pure and childlike as a baby's. His eyes are soft and blue; he wears spectacles and has a little upward look as though he was constantly lifting his head to God in prayer. He steps over to me with a reverend air and says: "What joy it is to be able to stand here and converse with people in the body! My name is Charles Atwood and I have a reverent feeling for every manifestation of truth. I desire more than I can tell you to give my evidence for this, which has sometimes seemed to me to be of little importance in the world. I find it of vast importance. I find it the link that binds man and angel. I find it a lever to lift the world out of its sorrow into the light of happiness and the reality of truth. I have many friends in and about Boston and I desire to send this message to them all,—that I still live, am active, and that no word of truth is of little value in the sight of God, but all truth is great. Whatever I can do, I do. I preach here, and if there is a heart to be healed, a sorrow to be soothed, any effort of mine that can be made, I make it gladly. Please send this message to my son, Frank. I hope he will see it for himself."

Frances Joy to Elizabeth Dodge.

I see an old lady about sixty-five years old. She has very white hair and is short and quite stout; she has a case as though she

was lame before she went and had to use that a great deal. She looks at me in a bright little way and says: "This is a greater pleasure than I had ever thought I could have. Have patience with me. I may be a little slow, but I want to be sure and get everything just right. First, my name is Frances Joy and I lived in Fryburg, Me. I never knew the least thing about this power to return and it took me many years to believe that it was possible. Some of my people are still living and so I make an effort to send word to them that they may not be left in the dark as I was, but may be strengthened and helped so that when they come here they will progress faster. I want Elizabeth Dodge to know that if I could get to her there are many things I could say which would be of use in her present condition. Her husband is with me and he is upset and disturbed so much over her condition that I desire to help him to get to her. If you can get this word through, it will do more good than you have any idea of. Her little boy Robbie is with me, too. Thank you."

Celia Gardner.

I see a woman about fifty years old. She is just as brisk and businesslike as a bee, and is slight and short and rather dark. Her eyes are dark blue, her hair is iron gray and is arranged stylishly and prettily. Her whole makeup is of one who makes quite an effort to make a good appearance, as though she always made everything look as nice as she could. She says: "My name is Celia Gardner, Mich., and I want to go to Grand Rapids, Mich., and I want to get into a little circle there of people who take the Banner of Light. They are sitting together for development and they need this expression from me. There is Mary and George and Will, the three that I know best, but I might say that the others are just as dear to me and that I want them to understand that I am working as fast as I can. I would like to do more, as indeed all of us on this side of life would, but it is not possible under the present conditions. Later on, we will be able to produce better manifestations. Tell them not to be discouraged, but to go forward with the effort and not try to keep everything with such an air of secrecy. The very effort of keeping it secret bothers us. We would like to have the feeling of freedom of doing as we please in our way and as best we can. I also want to send my love to Carrie Marshall. Thank you."

Grammy Knowlton.

The next spirit that comes is an old lady. She is about the medium height, has white hair and brown eyes. She wears a black lace cap on her head with purple ribbons on it, and she hasn't any teeth, but has a way of keeping something in her mouth as though she were chewing all the time. She is rather fat and sits in a chair a good deal as though she wasn't able to get about much, and she talks like an English woman, has little funny phrases and a pronunciation that is strange. She says: "I am Grammy Knowlton and I came from Swampscott; I want to go to Johnny. I want him to know that Grammy still looks after him and wonders if he looks all right when he goes out. It may be a funny thing for a Grammy to say, but I do want to say that I think he would be better if he didn't drink so much coffee. I used to tell him that before I came away, but he didn't seem to believe it, and now I repeat it partly because I really believe it true and partly to have him understand that I am the same Grandma. I have his brother with me and he is a strong, steady young man and says, 'Tell Johnny that James will do all that is possible and he needn't worry.'"

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"Life! life! eternal life!" cried Bunyan's pilgrim, as he ran from the city of Destruction towards the Celestial city.

To him, life was something to be struggled for, fought for, to be obtained only by strenuous effort, while he who did not earn it must be cast into the mouth of hell. And yet, as Christian ran, the living grass grew out of the ground, the trees drew the moisture from the earth and spread their thousand leaves to catch the warmth of the sun and the air, the butterfly was all alive as it poised over the flower so like itself, the mother-bird cherished the embryo life hidden in the eggs under her breast, while her joyous mate sang his song of love and home as his light body swayed with the tree-top to which his tiny feet clung, while every form of animate nature thrilled to its core with the life in which it so freely shared.

All these happy creatures, whether rooted to the earth, walking on the ground, or flying through the air, rejoice in the blessing of life, and abandon themselves to this happy consciousness without the shadow of a fear lest it should be wrested from them. Close to the infinite heart of life, they rejoice to live, and as life is a thing that cannot possibly die, they are troubled by no fear that their own will come to an end. When the days become shorter and colder, and the fragrant flowers fade, the bee, who had luxuriated in warmth and light and fragrance feels no anxiety as a stupor sweeps over him. Dropping to the ground he falls asleep on the bosom of Nature with all the confidence of a child who is hushed to sleep by the lullaby of its fond mother. One by one the nature's children fall further south, or hibernate, or fall asleep. The plants and flowers drop asleep gently, and the grand old trees let their sap go down into their roots, and in the quiet rest of nature's sleep, wait till the coming of spring days bids them waken again.

But in spite of all these lessons of confidence and hope taught to him by tree and plant, insect, bird and animal, the anxious, half-despairing pilgrim puts his fingers in his ears lest he should hear the happy sounds that betoken their confidence in the source

of all life, and flies madly on, shouting his longing for eternal life.

What a pity that he cannot drink it in, enjoy it, trust it, live it sweetly and calmly from day to day, imparting his own confidence to all with whom he comes in contact! Then, when his feet lag and a stupor creeps over his weary brain, he may lie down and sleep, feeling sure that he lives now because infinite life pulsates forevermore, and that he will be sure to wake on some glad tomorrow!

I have heard the thought advanced that perhaps this earth, one of the smallest of those that roll about our sun, and but a mile floating in the sunbeam compared with stupendous orbs that sweep on in the regions beyond, is the only one where the highest form of life known upon it has had the blind, insensate suspicion that when the body of flesh decays and dies, the being becomes wholly extinct. It does not seem possible that a living soul, chained though it may be to a form of clay, could fancy for one moment that it could ever cease to be. One would think that if such a groveling thought ever came to a human being, he would hush it down as too contemptible to be expressed in words, and be thus communicated to anyone else. Let our stupid thoughts, as well as our evil thoughts be speedily forgotten and never contaminate any other person on the face of the earth.

Many years ago, a beautiful girl lay very ill. Her soul was as fair as her outer form. I remember so well pointing out to her some of the brightest constellations on a brilliant night, and the delight with which she gazed on Lyra, and traced the smaller stars which so exactly give the form of that poetic instrument, the harp. When she saw it revealed in all its beauty, with bright and silvery Lyra at its summit, she cried enthusiastically:

"How beautiful!"

Later, she pointed it out to some school companions, and the principal of the school was struck by her delight in tracing these starry beauties.

As said before, this dear and loving girl was lying very ill. But those about her did not realize her true condition, nor dream that her hours on earth were nearly done. One of them, a woman of mature years, whose nature was permeated by the poison of materialistic views and the dread lest this life end all, was voicing these darksome thoughts to my sweet, young friend, not supposing in the least that she was so ill.

This dark thought gave the suffering one great pain, and she declared most earnestly that she knew that it could not be true, and that she surely went on living, and that she was certain that Heaven was a real place. The gloomy thought of this materialistic woman could find no lodgment in her pure heart, nor be accepted by her trusting soul. About two days after, she ceased to breathe, and the one who had expressed these dark thoughts to one so near the end of earth, regretted her inopportune words, and was indeed thankful that they made no impression on that aspiring soul.

I was present at the funeral, and was deeply touched to hear the principal of the school she had attended advert to that night on the observatory when she, whose form now lay still in death before them, had traced out "The Harp" in starry characters on the sky, and had said again and again:

"How beautiful!"

All this was many years ago, and nearly all connected have passed to the spirit land, and have been welcomed by lovely Fanny to its fair home. Her parents, the friends of my early youth, are with her now. Her mother went a few years ago, and her father only a short time since. Two remain in the old family home, and as the shadows lengthen, may the star of hope shine for them more brightly, and hint to them the happy home beyond, where all will sooner or later be gathered!

In these restful days of August, I have been much with the trees, and have thought of the kind of life which they manifest. We often speak of the cool shade of the trees, but generally without thinking why their shade is cool. When having walked a long distance in the sun we come to a part of the road that is protected by trees, we greatly enjoy the coolness that fills the air. The effect far surpasses the shade cast, for instance by the overhanging eaves of a building. It was but lately that I have known why this is so.

A living tree is said to maintain its own temperature, whatever may be the variations in the heat of the day. If I do not mistake, its temperature is about fifty degrees Fahrenheit. So, though the day may be excessively warm, they lower, very sensibly the temperature in their immediate vicinity. It is not so with dead wood, of course. A house built of logs is no cooler than one made of glass. It is the living tree that gives out this coolness, and it is able to do so because it is alive.

If we feel cold, and place our hand on the breast of an animal, we are warmed by it, but if the creature be dead, it soon becomes cold to the touch. It has lost its vital warmth, the temperature of which is akin to our own. The animals that we call cold-blooded, possess but a single circulation of the blood. They feel cold to our touch, but are so constituted that they live in health at this lower temperature. Trees, too, are alive, and when alive maintain their own degree of heat. Their life is as real as our own. They are by no means the dead things that some persons fancy them to be, and who can be sure that they are insensate as well? For my part, I believe that they suffer and enjoy, though perhaps to a lower degree than ourselves.

There they stand, crowded together in a dense forest, or in quiet majesty alone in some field or by the river's bank. They cannot change their place, but tranquilly adjust themselves to the conditions of their existence. We note their slow growth and the spreading of their branches. Perhaps we forget the steady growth and spread of the roots under the ground. It is only when we begin

to understand the magnitude of that part which is below the surface of the earth.

Quite lately we read of a woman of great wealth who determined that two large trees should be transplanted from her former home to a new one that she had made. If I remember right, the trees were cedar, and she loved them because when a child she dwelt under their branches, and she moved them from somewhere on the Hudson to a place in Connecticut. Their transportation cost her \$30,000, and the trees live and thrive in their new home. Any form of living vegetation can be removed from one spot to another, provided that the soil about its roots be not disturbed, and that all be transferred in a mass.

To see a thing dragged up by the stalk, with its poor roots dangling helpless, denuded of their native soil, and stuck into a hole in a new spot that is not large enough is pitiable indeed. Perhaps the hole is partially filled with new dirt to which it is not accustomed, and the rash transplanter thinks he has done all his duty, when he has emptied some water on the surface of the ground. In a few days the leaves are withered and drop to the earth, and often the vitality of the plant or tree succumbs to this unnatural and painful treatment. To my mind, it is actually cruel to do so. It is better to kill a thing outright than to let it starve to death by inches.

I do not like my friends to give me cut flowers, though it is less cruel to cut them down than to tear them ruthlessly from their parent stem. When in their eagerness to gather me a large bunch they go from bush to bush, recklessly breaking off branches, crowding the helpless things in a mass, and binding them close together with a string, I plead with them not to do it, but to let them live their life on the plant. They look so much prettier there, rearing or bending their stalks exactly as Nature meant them to do.

The only occasions on which it may be right to pluck them, is when they are needed to brighten the life of some human flower that is shut in by four walls in a sick-room, or when one wishes to carry them to the wards of a hospital, or to the poor little children who are confined to the dusty pavements of a great city. In such cases, it may be right to allow the lower life to be sacrificed for the pleasure of the higher one. Many of these immured ones do not know about the flowers of heaven, and perhaps when they see the pretty blossoms in the glass by their bed, a thought may steal into their mind of a fairer world where flowers grow in fadeless bloom.

So, dear friends, if you hear of me as ill, do not go to the greenhouse, and order me a bunch of cut flowers, gorgeous and fragrant though they may be. Save its price to give away to some hapless sufferer close at hand. Then sit quietly in your "room of rest," and ask your spirit friends to whisper to me of the natural gardens of the spirit world, and to give me visions of the tender verdure, the gentle blossoms, the shady bowers, and the cool, green trees, all of which go to make that land like the fairest spots on earth, only far lovelier than can be found here.

"There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers,"
sang a devout poet of old, to whom a moment of inspiration presented heaven as rich in natural beauty.

The groves of God surpass any temples made by hands, be they stone cathedrals with the colored light shining down into the dim nave, or be they the unsurpassed beauty and pearly grace of a newly formed Greek temple.

The living flower is better than its imitation carved in marble or mother-of-pearl. The path through the forest is dearer than any city boulevard lighted by rows of electric lamps. The bower in the woods that we made for our girl-queen, and placed on her gentle brow the simple wreath of saxifrage or violets is far lovelier than the grand scene where Napoleon placed a blazing tiara on the proudly bending head of Josephine, and then a richer diadem on his own haughty head. The twittering of the mother-wren as she hushes her little brood under her wings, and the deep, sweet notes of the wood-thrush touch the happy heart more naturally than even the flute-notes of the prima donna half-covered by bouquets and decked by rubies and diamonds from the hand of royalty itself. The thunder of the wave as it dashes against its rocky barrier is grander than the organ's note. And when we hear the rain

"Come down in slanting lines,
And wind, that grand old harper, smite
His thunder-harp of pines,"

we are more moved than by the bass of the greatest singer. So far is art surpassed by nature.

Thank the angel world who have told us that heaven is a natural place, and have led us weary children of earth back from cross-crowned cathedral and the love of books, into the quiet of Mother Nature.

"Where kneeling, face to face we speak with God,"
Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Aug. 19, 1901.

Passed to Spirit Life.

From Haslett Park, Mich., Aug. 16, 1901, Sarah A., beloved wife of George Brake of Lansing, Mich., aged 62 years.

Mrs. Brake was a member of the Lansing Society of Spiritualists and the husband and all the children were in sympathy with her in her knowledge of that glorious truth, the life beyond the grave. Two children, a son and a daughter welcomed her upon that other shore and a son and daughter are left to comfort the bereaved father and husband. Mrs. Brake was a student of the higher truths of life and put them into practice in her every-day life and her friends can testify to the tender sympathy and practical everyday help that she gave in the hour of sorrow. She was a devoted wife and mother and sacrificed much for her loved ones. The writer had the last conversation with her

that she held with any one upon the subject of her knowledge of the life beyond and was deeply stirred when the news came two hours later that she had passed to a realization of its realities just as she was about to take the train from Haslett Park to her home.

The writer conducted the services at the house and the ceremonies at the grave were in charge of Capital Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, of which she was an honored member.

Henry H. Warner.

Questions and Answers.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By a physician in Sydney, Australia.] How far in your opinion, has the Principle of affirmation application to the major physical diseases and disabilities of humanity, as distinct from the minor troubles, such as headache, and the digestion of strawberries to which reference has been made in some of your lectures?

What we are concerned to know is, how best to proceed in cases of serious illness and accident. We have been taught to rely on the Professional Medical man, and it is startling to be now told in an emergency, affirm (and to get a mind healer to assist) that the condition does not exist, and so effect cure in that way. What is the use for instance of a sufferer from say phthisis, and who has (what is called) lost a lung, affirming that he has not lost it? If a man loses a leg and gets a wooden one to replace it, how will affirmation make it sound again? If a person is suffering from the terrible pains of rheumatic fever, what is the use of him affirming that he is not so suffering, or even of one or more affirming it with him?

I presume I have not grasped the essential principle of your teaching correctly in this matter and so I am asking for information. At present I am in the dark and possibly others of your audience are similarly situated,—much of your teaching is bright, optimistic and reassuring, but in above regard I for one am at present a doubting Thomas.

Ans.—We thoroughly sympathize with the mental attitude of our present interlocutor, but beg to remind him that he has largely confounded the teachings put forward in our own lectures with a more or less garbled general belief concerning the teachings of an organized body known as Christian Scientists with which we are not affiliated. The chief difficulty evidently arises in a multitude of cases similar to our present questioner's, from the mischievous prevalence of denials or negative statements in place of pure affirmations, but it seems a strange perversion of language to talk of affirming that one has not something.

The whole basis of our teaching is affirmative and it leaves, as it proceeds, very little room for verbal denials of anything where suggestion is practised either silently or aloud. Eviction or expulsion of disorderly conditions must certainly follow close upon the heels of orderly mental treatment, but we cannot see the use of employing a set of negative assertions which may often tend to increase rather than eradicate an ailment by stirring up mental controversy in a patient who needs repose above all things.

Though people have been taught to rely on medicine and surgery to a very large extent there have always been numerous cases on record of medical and surgical assistance proving unavailing and in every age and country numerous instances have been well-authenticated of healing by mysterious psychic agencies when all material methods had been employed in vain. We have known of many cases where persons pronounced victims of consumption in an incurable stage have been healed by spiritual methods and we have also known of cancers and tumors being completely destroyed by mental action when all known material remedies have been employed in vain, and further operating has been pronounced impossible.

We have never known of a case where a new limb has grown to supply the place of an amputated member, therefore we refrain from dogmatizing on that extreme portion of our questioner's enquiry, but we do know of many cases of serious accident and blood poisoning where spiritual healing has overcome the danger and saved a limb from threatened amputation. As to the limit of a principle, we know nothing, all we know of limitation concerns the understanding and application of the principle on the part of its demonstrator, and in this respect, we are claiming theoretically as the basis of practice neither more nor less than is generally conceded by the medical fraternity.

No physician claims to be acquainted with all that can ever be known of healing agencies, therefore there is progress within as well as outside the pale of the medical profession. It would be a good thing for persons who have been relying upon external methods exclusively to gradually grow into an understanding of mental therapeutics by familiarizing themselves with the most advanced methods now employed by people who still rely on material accessories but whose modes of treatment are very far in advance, theoretically and practically, of the old drastic medical and the modern surgical methods.

Three very advanced systems worthy of study are Count Mather's "Electro-homoeopathy"; Dr. Babbitt's "Light and Color Cure"; and Kuhn's "System of Hydropathic Treatment" long renowned in Germany. Mather, Babbitt, and Kuhn do not join forces as they well might but they all express very wholesome ideas on the nature of disease and the means of its expulsion. We always teach that as health is an orderly unity so disease is a contradictory disorderly unity which can only be vanquished by establishing in its place the normal order against which it is a rebellion.

If you take the Mather remedies, you are told that they act upon the lymph and the blood, purifying and strengthening the system and causing it to thrust out all foreign or invasive material. Kuhn's baths accompanied by very frugal diet are intended for purification, but it follows naturally and logically from the incubus of foreign substance, cally that however a system may be deliv-



