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No. 2

#### THE EVENING SONG.

It singeth low in every heart, We hear it each and all. A song of those who answer to However we may call.

They throng the silence of the breast, We see them as of yore, The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.

Who walk with us no more.

"Its hard to take the burden up

When these have laid it down,
They brightened all the joys of the
They softened every frow.

But 0 1 'tis good to think of them

When we are troubled sore.
Thanks be to God, that they have I

Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast uni Since they have entered there; To follow them were not so hard, Wherever they may fare.

They missed coursel process.

The control of the co

great credit to himself) in landing his man in a damp, unreattliated cell of our city prison. He is slated as a dangerous character and resisting the police.

At the turnkey's office he was searched, as is the custom. Nothing was found, however, save a few cigar stubs and a greasy old remnant of a German Testament, which was jaken away from him. He was tired; he was hungry. He had not slept well. Rigors were creeping up and down his back. Strange, ringing southds were in his head, and he felt a deadly faintness of the stomach. The sounds grow louder. He tumbles down on an iron-slated cot; the grates of his cell grow dim. He losse consciousness. If he had been a well-to-do man, the doctor would have called it a swoon; but he was only a tramp. No one cared to call it anything.

When he came to consciousness he had a

hasten termination, furnishing a rare exhibit. Splendid case, good fellow at last!

While these pathetic scenes were occurring, several of our churches were beloling enthusiatic revival services. Professed followers of Jesus were added to the churches, by the sus were added to the churches, by the score. These comfortable, well-housed, well-dothed, well-fed people who they spend an hour in the city prison in they lives, me in large congregations to sing hymid about 50 mount of the city prison in they lives, me in large congregations to sing hymid about 50 mount of the never thought of condecting the work of the Master with prisons or hospitals or the hungry or those that are naked. Nothing of that sort.

These people think they are following Jesus when they go to their churches to sing and pray, and tell each other how bad they have been and how good they are going to be. I used to be pantor of a church of this sort, or which I am hearthly ashamed. The pathetic incident which I have narrated has been repeated in this city many times, and yet, those people who call themselver following every doo's. I find a such hings every day, now that 'I have quit preaching and gone to practicine. Every preacher in this city ought to be leading his congregation in this sort of work. Nowhere on earth is there more need of Christian teaching than in our churches, and yet there are people who are raising money to sent missionaries to foreign countries in order to instruct them, in the teachings of Jesus. I believe that the work of Jesus is exactly what He outlined when He picture of the Hispaches Union, and ye came and ye content the lingdom prepared for you; for I was hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirst, and ye gave meat; I was thirst, and ye gave the find of the produce of the companies. Unto one company He said, come yet blessed of My Pather and inherit the kingdom prepared for you; for I was hungred, and ye gave meat; I was thirst, and ye gave the find of the produce of the produce of the produce of the produce of the

a beautiful woman—the object of the traveler's loyalty and quest. At the base of the mountain to one side, lay alluring fields of blooming flowers and waving grains, denoting fertility, plenty, renown and success; on the other hand stretched a cool and inviting forest, where sparkling streams wandered and leafy glades invited to ease and repose, but the toiler turned from all, preferring to meet the storm and tempest in his upward climb, so that he should at length rise to the side of his beloved—at once his inspiration and his guide.

A third picture attracted the sleeper's attention, this was of lighter significance than the others, but a beautiful and suggestive portrayal of true comradeship; it was entitled "Companionship," and depicted two young ladies in a hammock, visiting with each other, their books had fallen to the ground, and they were engrossed in conversation, while tiny spirites gaily wreathed their forms with strands of lovely flowers.

At this juncture, Miss Agnes returned to the body and awoke, but in a few moments fell into slumber again and was transported to a class room where a learned instructor was about to begin an illustrated lecture upon "Human Vibrations, and the Power of Personal Magnetism," showing how individuals are affected by the auras and magnetism of different persons, making a hall somewhat like a child's toy halloon but of larger dimension, and inflating it with his magnetism, the teacher explained that he had sensitized this to a high degree, so that it would be affected by the slightest vibration that came in contact with it. He then produced a large spectrum into which he tossed the ball, where it floated in the red trays.

The teacher then invited one after another of the class to annorach the spectrum and as

produced a large spectrum into which he tossed the ball, where it floated in the red Lays.

The teacher then invited one after another of the class to approach the spectrum, and as each did so, the ball would rise or fall in the spectrum to the color corresponding to the vibration and the aura of that individual. This was considered a strictly scientific experiment, and one which showed without fail, the rate of vibration and the aura of all whocame near the ball. By way of further fallistration, the instructor magnetized a younglady in the amdience until she entered the hypnotic state, when he caused her to be suspended in reclining position in the air; to the approach of individuals this recumbent form would respond as soon as their aura came in contact with her, by rising or descending slightly but perceptibly, showing the effect of human magnetisms upon a sensitive.

Proceeding to a marking board, the teacher.

the effect of human magnetisms upon sitive.

Proceeding to a marking board, the teacher began to make a diagram, beginning at the same time to lecture upon human magnetism, vibratory forces, and the law of attraction and repulsion. Discoursing upon personation are repelled from each other, or, who frequently clash with others, be drew sharply defined wave-like points, that as they neared each other pulsared with an angular motion clashing together and breaking into sparks and fragments, showing that persons whose forces repell each other become angular when together, and that their vibrations and magnetic line clash, instead of blending together.

Illustrating two individuals who are naturally harmonious with each other, but who seem to be nearer at intervals than usual,

into magnetic fire clash, instead of osembly together.

Illustrating two individuals who are naturally harmonious with each other, but who seem to be nearer at intervals than usual, the tracher drew two parallel lines of graceful curve-like waves that undulated in their own course, but now and then approached each other and flowed on in harmony, only to diverge again to follow their separate plans and course. This expressed the effect of harmonious magnetism upon each, from each, without necessarily uniting the two lives in oneness of thought and work.

Another illustration, was of two broad, undulating, graceful lines without angular points, that began to flow along in their separate course, gradually growing nearer together until the vibrations of each, quickened by the aura of one another pulsared together, drawing the two waves or currents into use broad stream which, blending into harmony, increased the attractive force, creating a one-ness and accord, of perfect unity and completeness. In this case, the perfect unity of vibration and complete blending of the surface, produced over an increased acceleration of the magnetic forces and as there was then no separate outlet for the activities, they became intensified in the perfect unitying of two souls into one plane of action and of thought.

The above but dimby expresses the lecture.

The above but dimly expe-The above but dimly expresses the hecus as it can be but fragmentary in finding way through mortal channels, nor have done justice to it own as related to me, it may serve to awaken thought us the subjects in the minds of some who are seeing for light. After the besson on pecusomagnetism, my friend awoke, only to againstor, and to be transported to Nazad house, and amid a group of more in children, who enterested the with the more and account medline medical property and account medical process. OR. HOW GLOOMY

BY DO. T. WILKINS

You may take with you your memory.
Sitingy man, stringy man.
To their land of milk and boney.
If you can if you can;
If you can go the spirit So weighed down you cannot rear if,
You may find it not so summy
As you plan, as you plan.
So no old Father Time will want you
At the grave, at the grave;
But a consolounces will ham! you,
Money slave, money slave,
That you haven't doney your duly,
And your soul will hang its beauty
On the dollarsthat will tann! you
Till you rave, till you rave.
You will take your grasping nature
To that land, to that land,
And twell they prove spirit stature,
Understand, understand,
Till the rim of a gold dollar
Will just it you for a collar
And you soon will almost hate your
Grasping hand, grasping hand,
Oh, 'twill make your conscience quive.

Oh, 'twill make your conscience quiver,
So it will, so it will,
To observe the cheerful giver
Up the hill, up the hill,
In a manston of his making,
While your soul's remorns is shaking
All your hope beyond the river
From your till, from your till.

#### Evangels of Glad Tidings.

BY CHARLES E DANK.

Luke 2-10. And the angel said unto them, "fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

A most important duty rests upon all who wish to become evangels of yale tidings. Three very important steps should be considered; the call, the preparation, and the work, Truthfully it has been said, "hah many shall be called, but few chosen." As we study the lires of the evangels of the past, we shall flact that the call did not always come to those high in social or public life, but many were called from the humbler walks of life. When the angel appeared to Joseph and Mary with the giad tidings that a son was to be boar to them who should bring to the earth-sorrowing ones the giad tidings to the earth-sorrowing ones the giad tidings of eternal life beyond the grave, they could hardly believe that which they heard. So John the Baptist, born of humble parentace, was the evanged who was chosen to herald the giad tidings of the new kinz. Abraham Lincola, born and reared in a log cablu, was the evangel who was to be proclaim freedom to the coslaved black man. Henry Ward Beecher, one of a large family and rearred by a father and mother who were not endowed with an abundance of this world's goods, was to because in the state of the insteach century and the evangel of the giad tidings of a future life. But it is not of those who are called in the past, but of those who are called to the past, but of those who are called to the church of earth, of whom we wish to speak.

You may ask me, "How shall we know that we are called as erangels?" Exter late the silence and ask yearselves the question, "what is my mission in this life?" Listen for that voice divine that speaketh in no uncertain manner. Does it speak to you of that little child who is wandering in your streets, cold and hungry, without a home, without care, without love? Then consider yourself called as an erangel to clothe, feed and bring sunshine little that little one's life. For our Elder Brother has said, "And whosoever shall give unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in ow wise lose his reward."

Does it speak to you of the young girl who has been tempted and fallen? Then you should consider yourself an evangel to carry the glad tidings of light and purity back to the bound and fettered soul. Remember the words of the Nazarene, "Let him that is without ain cast the first stone." We have been told to carry the glad tidings unto the uttermost parts of the earth, that all may hear the joyful news. But it is not necessary for us to go to China, Japan or some other foreign land in order to help our fellow-reatures. We have the heather all around us. We need only go ten minutes' walk from our door and we will find hundreds who are in a worse condition, physically, mentally and spiritually than the heathen in foreign lands. There are many who find fault with the home and foreign missions. How can we get along without them? The Board of the Helping Hand Association in London spends annually 180,000 pounds in teaching the poorchildren, and if they are studious and willing to learn, they are given scholarships in the universities where they may become cultured and honorable. Would that we might have such an association in every large city of this country to help educate the poor and homeless children who wander our streets day after day. The heather are not responsible for what they know not, while those around us are liring more closely to an atmos

sido Emerson:
"For this is love's nobility:
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment, bought and sold:
But to hold fast our simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood
To make our bosom counsel good.
For he that feeds men serveth few:
He serves all who dares be true."

He serves all who dares be true."

So dear friends, we who feel that we are called as evangels of the glad tidings of Spiritualism, must awake from the dormant condition which we have been in for so long a time. We who have been depending on the spirit world to perform all the labor for us and receive all the praise, let us now turn to the second step, Preparation. Many have thought it strange that nothing has been said in the Bible about he life of Jesus between the age of twelve and thirty years. Nothing

whatever is known of his life at this time. Is it not reasonable to suppose that he was preparing himself as an evangel of eternal life? Without doubt, he felt within his own heart that he was called as an evangel to heal the sek; and carry peace and foy to many a heart. It is not reasonable to think that he would allow all these years to pass without improving them.

There is a great difference in the advantages which Jesus had and those we enjoy in the present day. No schools and colleges opened their doors to all who wished to unfold their mind and become adepts in those vocations which they had chosen. There are some who feel that they are called an evangels of Spiritualism, who wish to stand upon the platform and let the apfrit-world use them. There are two things that are essential for an evangel of Spiritualism, namely, a first-class education and a thorough knowledge of the work.

We are not growing strong in numbers or finances. Why this condition of affairs? Because the evangels whom we are placing upon our platforms are not prepared for their work. They are not presenting our philosophy in a manner which will-attract the caltured minds to our ranks. It is not an uncommon thing for our local societies to have an average attendance of twenty-five, fifty or seventy-five at their meetings. Why the great difference between the Spiritualist society and the so-called-Christian church? The church presents its truths through an evangel who has studied his subject day after day. If furnishes singers who have cultivated their volces and throw their whole souls into their singing.

How can an evangel of our philosophy study or prepare himself for his God-given mission on five dollars a week? Is not our religion worth just as much as that which the church is presenting? Then let us be liberal and pay our evangels enough not only to support themselves and their families, but that they may be able to secure the best literature of the present day. The mind grows by what it feeds upon. The pastor of any church most d

"Forenoon, afternoon and night:—
Forenoon, afternoon and night:—
Forenoon and—What?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, this is life: make this forenoon sublime
This afternoon a psalm,
This night a prayer,

And time is conquered, And thy Crown is won."

And time is conquered,
And the Crown is wow."

We now come to the third and grandest
step, Work. What a vast field and what a
grand work lies before the evangel of Spiritunlism. Every local society should have a
Lyceum connected with it, where our little
children can be taught the truths of our religion. Each society should have a Young
People's Meeting where the young people can
meet to study and unfold the mind by reading and by holding fraternal talks together.
The evangel should visit each Spiritualist in
the different homes and give freely of that
spiritual food that the spirit world has been
pleased to give unto him. For it has been
splaid, "Freely ye have received, freely give."
He should be prepared at all times to attend
funerals and to speak words of consolution
and sympathy to those who have lost their
friends just as much as the Christians. They
may feel assured of the life beyond the
grave, but they ever see before them the vacant chair. They are ever listening for the
dear voice that is hushed in this world and
times.

The vanuel of Spiritualism should always

The french served of the beaver all the search and the samile that encouraged them so many
times.

dear voice that is hashed in this world and the smile that encouraged them so many times.

The evangel of Spiritualism should always keep before the minds of his hearers all the latest reforms of the day. He should ever impress upon his hearers that it is impossible to reform a murderer by hanging him. He should teach that vaccination is a menace to public health and a great many times it causes more sickness than it prevents. Remember, friends, when we keep our bodies pure, clean and healthy and fear not, no contagious diseases can ever rain a foot-hold and cause us suffering. He should teach that while we should respect all nations and honor all noble men and women of all countries, we should ever remember "Our Country "tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," and ever honor

"That flag of the free hearts, hope and home, By angel hands to valor given, Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven.

"Forever float that standard sheet, Where breathes the foe, but falls before us, With freedom's soil beneath our feet, And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

Our Cause needs evangels who are willing to put their whole soul into their work, not for the dollar, but for that religion which is able to bring "peace that passeth all understanding." How many mediums who stand upon our platforms are willing to sarrifice themselves upon the altar of truth?

Our local societies are demanding more of the mediums than they are able to give. The societies may thrive for a time at the expense of their mediums, but the bread that is cast on the waters is sure to return again. Napoleon, the great general, won victory after victory at the expense of his fellow-creatures, caring no more for the lives of his soldiers than he did for the ground under his feet. But there came a day when Napoleon received back the bread which he had cast upon the waters. At last he met with defeat and on St. Helena's lonely isle he passed from this world into the great beyond. The longed for son, frail in body and unfitted to take the father's place, at an early age was called away from this life to the spirit life. Napoleon's name still lives and will never be forgotten.

May we so live in this earth-life that when our fourney here is euded, our names may be embiazoned on the pages of history, not as Napoleov's was, at the expense of so many lives of his followers, but as the evangels of the glad tidings of eternal life. May we be enabled to gain many a victory, not by making some one else suffer pain and misery, but by and through the principles of altraism.

Now with this great responsibility resting upon both the medium and the society, there remains but one solution to the problem, namely, for societies to hire their lecturers by the year, then when the society and the medium meet together upon the same level, seeking only to strengthen and uplift humanity, manifest in the Fatherhood of man, misunderstandings will cease and more perfect harmony will exist. . . The society and the medium will both be better situated financially. Then will our andlences be fed whith the living bread from the altar of love and truth. Then shall the thirsty drink from that fountain whose waters spartle with the principles of brotherly love. Oh! angel loved ones speed that day of prosperity and success for our beloved Cause.

The Question of Pay for a Sitting

## The Question of Pay for a Sitting with a Medium for Spirit Communication.

BY IDA C HAWKINS.

This subject has often been discussed by those "outside the pale," the uninitiated; elaborately discussed by persons who cheerfully assent to the payment of dues to the clergy for spiritual ministrations. They do not object to paying a salary, great or small, proportionate to the ability of the church in which he is employed, but when these same persons go to a medium for spiritual communications demanding a tax upon the time and energies, mental and physical, they remonstrate at paying, saying that spiritual messages should be given free.

All right: They could be given free.

All right: They could be given free, food, shelter, raiment and travelling expenses free. In fine, were these spiritual mediums considered as too holy in their office of mediator or messengers between the world seen and worlds unseen, to attend to such prosaic duties as house-hunting, marketing and shopping, such divergent paths from the holy office of mediamship; were they, I say, provided with all the necessaries of life free of care and expense to themselves, devoting all their time to development, then and then only could they possibly give free sittings habitually to the same. Most of the same of the superficial observer to these stubborn facts demand pay in exchange for their wares, mediums can no more afford to do their work habitually free than can a clergyman who has no other means of support than his salary.

We call the attention of the superficial observer to these stubborn facts and ask that all true spiritual mediums be paid for their work and let their work be considered too holy for any discussion as to pay for the same. Most of the sins of omission is this lower world are due to the fact that the generality of people take surface them.

#### MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

CHAPTER VIII.- Continued.

"Hullo, than! Be with yer in a minit," and his long legs are soon seen daugling over the side of the Molly, then he jumps to the sands and confronts an old, knock-kneed, white horse, standing shakily, with blinking, half-shut, sleepy eyes. The horse is attached to a covered cart as shaky as himself, and the driver sits on the seat, wrapped in an old coat, smoking a black, stumpy pipe; his bleared eyes are also nearly shut, but there is more speculation in them, when he occasionally lifts the lids, than in those of the horse.

"Hello, Kister! How's Molly an' the yaller-tails this mornin'?"

speculation in them, when he occasionally lifts the lids, than in those of the horse.

"Hello, Kister! How's Molly an' the yaller-tails this mornin'?"

"An' howdy, yerself. Molly's spankin', yew bet; an' ef I ketched one yaller-tail yisterday I ketched two hunderd—croakers, pouts, an' a lot o' halibut thrown in," and Mr. Kester sauntered proudly toward the pile of large, long fish, taking one in each hand and holding them up for laspection.

"How many'il yer take, this mornin', pard? Mayn't her another sich a haul in a long time, yer know."

"Wall, now, let me see," and the speculative eyes opened somewhat. "This yer day is New Year. It's ninty nine, Kister, as sure's fate, an' another year'll make it infecteen hundred. Well, seein' as how it's a holiday, I'll take the whole o' them yaller-tails, an' ye can throw in a lot o' them croakers, pouts, an' halibut. Throw 'um all in—ye can afford to, far I'll buy the yaller-tails, an' pay ye a good price fur 'um, too."

"Do yer see any thing green, Howsler? Fer ef yer dew, yer mus' be lookin' at them thar pepper trees, up on ther bank, yender, an' not at Nat Kister. Yer kin her jist as many fish as yer pay fur, an' no more, bor no less. Do yer see them thar little shanties over thar? Wall, ef I bev got anythin' ter give away, I'll give it ter them thar poor, hungry people, instid of a bloat like you be. Come, now; jump down an' lend a hand, will yer?' 'No; arn yer money yerself, Kister. Pile in them yaller-tails, an' mind there's not one short."

Mr. Kester immediately commenced pilling, and presently the 'yaller-tails' were in the cart, and two shining, ten dollar gold pieces were transferred from the pocket of Mr. Howsler to the palm of Mr. Kester's hand. "There you are!"

"Drive on yer cart! Hope yer'll sell um all, Howsler."

"They'r all spoken for a'ready. Hope ye'll spend a happy New Year. Git up there, old Jock! There's the sun a'ready, ye lazy beast!" and the old horse labored wheedly, the wheels grated in the sand, the spokes ratted like castanets in unskilfu

his pocket:
"Thet thar was a good day's work," he said, turning toward Molly, "Yer a stanch ole boat, Molly, an' ye arned yer share o' the money. Gess we'll stay ashore ter day, bela' as "tis New Year Now, yer look thar, Molly. Thar's a good pile o' fish left now, my black-eyed beauty. Tell me what'd yer think I'd better do with it? What's that yer say, Molly? Guv it ter the poor, an' hungry, an' them as needs it? Is thet the kind o' a gal yer be, ter adwise me ter guv away my hard arned fish? Did yer know, Molly, thet that fish would bring another V jest by takin' it up to thet thar hotel? Another five would make my sirnings yisterday count up ter fifteen dollar', an' yer jist adwise me ter guv

seep, Preparation. Alony aver strange that nothing has been said le about the life of Jesus between I twelve and thirty years. Nothing

Ium away. Perhaps yer right, Molly. Them poor, little chilera, over thar, is hungry, jist as yer say, an' them fathers can't ketch no fish, 'cause they hes no boats—nary a boat, Molly, hes nary one o' them. Yer a fortia in yerself, my beauty. Them mothers, an' hungry chilera 'll thank ye, no doubt. Let me see, Molly, how things stand with ust' Ten dollar' far you, Molly, an' ten fur me, an' five fur them as is hungry. Yer right, Molly, darilin', an' yer always right, an' thet settles it.

"Thet thar sun's up later'n I am. She's jist throwin' off ther last sheet o' fog frum her bright face. Her morain' kisses 'll soon be too ardint fur them that croakers, an' ill do the pouts no good, nether; let me see, now, how many 'll do the pouts no good, nether; let me see, now, how many 'll Molly an' I want? One, two, three; thet 'll do fur me—an' Molly, poor girl, kin help ter ketch um better'n cat um. What's thet yer say, Molly? Be all ther more fur them as is hungry? All right, my beauty! Whar's thet thar baskit, Molly? Yer jist hlidin' it away here under ther bow. Suppose yer tho't yer'd like ter keep it clean an' dry. Thet's jist like yer, my good gal."

And with these words Mr. Kester proceeded to fill the basket with the remaining pouts, croakers, and hallbut, wrapping three goodly sized fish in a wet towel, and laying them carefully under the small seat at the bow of the boat, whence he had taken the basket. He then domned a pair of pants, the legs of which were of a respectable length, a clean fiannel shirt, and a long, coarse, warm coat, together with a respectable hat; then, taking the basket of fish on his arm, he wended his way toward a collection of huts, tents, and shanties, about a quarter of a mile down the coast, where the poverty stricken, the halt and the billnd resided.

This place contained about one hundred souls; men, women and children, in all the various stages o

Scarcely a sail can be discerned on this

ocean.
"O!" one exclaims involuntarily, "What vast possi-bilities are here!" Now look once more toward the northeast and behold the immense groves of orange and temon trees. This is the time of year when the oranges

are ripe, and they are hanging thickly among the shining, dark green leaves, like golden balls.

Although it is New Year's day, the birds are singing as billitely to the rising sun as though it were spring time in a colder clime. The lawns around the better class of houses are as green as possible, and as smooth as velvet carpets; roses are in full bloom; all kinds of beautiful flowers and vines are trailing over verandas, fences, and outhouses. There are a number of green terraces at the back of the grand hotel where Mark Chester is sleeping at this moment; and immease beds of the most gorgeous flowers are in front of it, as well as about it everywhere.

"Paradise!" do you say?

Surely, paradise can be no more beautiful or gorgeous. But the guests at the hotel have not yet risen, and the employees are busy preparing the bountiful breakfast. Smoke is just beginning to rise from Mrs. Morton's private hotel, that is, we would say from the chimney of that exclusive lodging and boarding house, just far enough distant from the grand hotel to nestle beneath its patronizing wings, for when one would like to be very, very exclusive, and very, very retiring, one found Mrs. Morton's private hotel very much to one's taste, especially if one did not care to be in full dress for most of the time, which is often quite irksome, particularly to those ladies who have passed the flirtation period.

The smoke is rising lazily from the chimney of this most exclusive abode; but the mother and daughter are both still wrapped in slumber.

CHAPTER IX.

#### CHAPTER IX.

JANE ERIE EXPRESSES HER OPINIONS

Nathaniel Kester has now arrived at his destina and a crowd of men, women and children surroun

Mr. Nathaniel Kester has now arrived at his destination, and a crowd of men, women and children surround him.

It is evident that he is well known here. He places the basket on a bench and takes his seat beside it.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" comes from a score of voices.

"Nice basket of fish, that," says one with longing eyes.

"Oh, aint them besiuties?" says another, hungrily, "Old Kister beats um all at fishing," says another covetously. "But he's generous wi' um," quavers an old woman whose gaunt form and hollow cheeks speak of famine.

"Here, mother, take this ere biggest one," says Nathaniel, holding it forth.

"Oh, thank ye! Thank ye! May the holy virgin an' all the saints bless ye, Mr. Kister! But I am that hungry I can hardly wait for it to be cooked."

A half dozen children huddled about the old woman whom they called "granny." "Take this," she said to the eldest of them, "and tell yer marm to cook it quick, for we are all nearly starred to death."

The children ran on with the fish to one of the huts, and the grandame hobbled after.

A fair young mother passed slowly by, with her lafant in her arms.

"Oh, Mr. Kester!" she sobbed, "Jack has a broken leg and we have nothing to eat."

Another fish was handed forth; and so, one after another, they passed by, until but one fish remained within the basket.

"I must save this fur her as lives up yender," said Mr. Kester, bobbing his head in the direction of the lone house where we have been before, and amid blessings and thanks, he arose and turned his face in the direction of the cottage. Having arrived there, he discreetly knocked. The door was opened by a woman of middle age who certainly had seen better days. Mr. Kester took off his hat to her, bowing clumsily.

"I hope ter fiad yer well this mornin', marm."

"I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Kester."

"How is yer darter, marm?"

"She is also well, for ought I know. She must be eeping still, I think, although she is usually a very early

"She is also well, for ought I know. She must be sleeping still, I think, although she is usually a very early riser."

"It is New Year's day, marm, an' I tho't as how yer darter an' yerself might like a little present. It's nothin but a fish, marm; but fishes air purty good when yer hungry. Not thet I mean thet you might be hungry, marm. In course I didn't mean that; but Molly thar, yer see, she wanted ter make ye a New Year's present, an' Molly thinks a lot o' fishes an' fishin', yer know, marm, an' sometimes she kin spare a few jest as well as not."

The lady smiled, and taking the large, fine halibut, she thanked Mr. Kester again and again.

"We are nearly penniless now," she said in a faint voice, "but it has not always been thus. I should not care to have Jannie know that I accepted alms; still, it is for her sake that I do so."

"Oh, no alms, no alms at all, marm, jest a present on New Year's morn," and Mr. Kester sauntered back to Molly.

Presently he had a little fire kindled, his fish brolled, his coffee made, himself seated eating his breakfast with a relish.

Mrs. Erie knocked at the door of her daughter's room:

Mrs. Eric knocked at the door of her daughter's room: Jannie, dear, it is time to get up."
"Yes, mother."
"Mother wishes you a happy New Year through the tey hole."

"Mother wisnes you a mappy, which they hole."

"I wish I could think it would be," murmured the daughter, opening her door, "But what is the use, mother, of wishing you a happy New Year, when I know that you are not happy—that you cannot be happy under our present distressing circumstances. Happy, with poverty and starvation staring us in the face? I am not happy, mother, but exceedingly miserable."

"Well, dress as quickly as you can, dear. Mother has something nice for your breakfast."

"Something nice! It is useless to tell me that! Where would it be possible for you to get anything nice? We had nothing last evening for supper but a dry crust and a cup of cold water. On New Year's eve, too. Just think of that!" and Jane got herself into her clothes

had nothing last evening for supper out a dry crist and a cup of cold water. On New Year's eve, too. Just think of that!" and Jane got herself into her clothes with a frown.

Nathaniel Kester had laid the fine, large halibut down upon the table, and, all unobserved by Mrs. Erie, he had amuggled a packet of coffee behind it.

"Dear, good old soul!" exclaimed that lady on discovering it. "What a nice New Year's breakfast we shall have to be sure. I am truly thankful that heaven has not forgotten us."

She had spoken aloud in her surprise on finding the coffee. Jane, just emerging from her door, heard her mother's remark.

"Old Keater has been here," said she, scornfully. "Oh, mother, mother! We have fallen low, very low indeed, when we are forced to accept alms from an ignorant old fisherman. I would much rather starpe."

Mrs. Erie was busily cutting slices from the fish and laying them within the hot frying-pan over the small stove; and the odor of fragrant coffee filled the room.

"Jannie, dear, lay the table and we will soon have a good breakfast. Daughter, sweet, mother is very hungry. Come and kiss me, Jane. Aren't you glad, love, to have a good breakfast this New Year's morn?"

"Breakfast! Breakfast!" sneared Jane. "One would think you never thought of anything else but eating. No, I am not glad of a miserable breakfast of fish, bestowed upon us as alms by a dirty old fisherman. I am thankful that I was not in the room when he came. O motherly you have not the spirit of a mouse. If you had, we should not be in such poverty."

(To be continued.)

#### Briefs.

E. W. Sprague and wife, missionaries of the N. S. A., are again working in the State of Indians. They will soon turn their steps toward Washington, D. C., reaching there in time to attend the N. S. A. convention, Oct. 15 to 18. They wish to hear from localities in Indiana, West Virginia and Peansylvania where there is a prospect of organizing socie-ties. They will be in Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 15 to 20. Address at once, Rochester, Ind. Home address, 613 Newland Avenue, James-town, N. Y.

time to attend the N. S. A. convention, Oct.

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15 to 20. Address at once, Rochester, Ind. Home address, 613 Newland Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y.

Commercial Hall, 634 Washington Street, Boston. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Services at 11 a. m., 3 and 7.30 p. m. The following took part during the day: Dr. Romacker, Mrs. Norse, Mrs. Reed, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Hicks, Mr. Brewer, Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Tuttle, Mrs. Julia Davis, Mrs. Wilkinson; soloists, Mr. Peake, Mrs. Neille Grover. Meetings every Thursday at three. The Indian Healing Circle every Tuesday at 3 is largely attended, and many curse effected. Names are sent in from different cities. The Banner of Light always for sale. Good mediums always welcome.—Recorder.

The proposition for next season at Lako Pleasant is as follows: One week for Unitary the Mrs. Welled of the Commisting the month of August the Spiritualists will hold the fort. The lake and its grounds are among the most beautiful spots anywhere in our Eastern States. New thought and progress must come. God speed the day!

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Judge Dailey; vice-presidents, H. A. Buddington, Alice Waterhouse, F. B. Woodbury; clerk, A. P. Bilan; treasurer. Byron Loomis, D. P. Barber, H. A. Buddington, Alice Waterhouse, F. B. Woodbury; clerk, A. P. Bilan; treasurer. Byron Loomis, D. P. Barber, H. A. Buddington, M. D. Childs, L. F. Crafts, W. W. Luce, H. S. Streeter, Chas. Huelst.

The Pawtucket Spiritual Association will open the season of 1901 and 1902 on Sept. 8, with Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence on the 5th and 15th, and Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridgeport, Mass., on the 22d and 25th.—J. S. C.

G. W. Kutes and wife held successful meetings in Michigan during August at the following camps and places: Island Lake, Grand Ledge, Haslett Yark, Cheanaing and Owosso. They go to Minne

Have You Eaten too Much?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

If your dinner distresses you, half a teapoon in half a glazs of water gives quick reef.

#### Camp Progress.

At Camp Progress Spiritualists' Associa-tion, Aug. 25, the conference meeting in the morning was well attended. With coursega-tional singing, and remarks from different mediums, the hour was very pleasantly passed.

tional singing, and remarks from different mediums, the hour-was very pleasantly passed.

The 2 o'clock meeting opened with singing by quartet, "Lead Me Gently"; invocation and remarks by the president, L. D. Millikin, Lynn; singing, "We Shall Meet"; remarks, "What is Life," Fred De Bos, Boston; Mrs. Bertha Merrill, Lynn, rendered a fine solo, "What Shall be my Angel Name"; Mr. G. Baker, Worcester, gave psychometric readings and an inspirational poem; remarks, F. R. Brown, Boston, Boston, gave readings and an inspirational poem; remarks, F. R. Brown, Boston, Meeting closed with quartet singing, "Shall we Know?" The 4 o'clock meeting opened with invocation and remarks by Rev. James Smith of Clittondale; readings, W. A. Estes, Lynn, and Mrs. J. Smith. Clittondale; instrumental music, Mrs. Merrill; anthem by quartet, "Fear Thou Not"; Mr. A. D. Graham, Boston, made remarks and recited a poem; singing, "Sweet Sabath Eve"; remarks, J. Willard. Meeting closed with singing, "Let the Sunshine in." Notwithstanding the weather, there was an audience of over a thousand people. The National Spiritualists' Association Day will be Sunday, Sept. 22. All are invited to come.

#### Spirits and Disease.

Spirits and Disease.

In the Banner of July 13, is an article by A. A. Kimball, on "Spirits and Disease." It is the first time we have ever seen the subject in print as he presents it and we can most fully endorse his statement regarding disease through obsession. In the numerous cases we have treated, we are satisfied upon one great point, namely, the same great Law of Change that governs physical matter, governs spiritual matter. You will see it illustrated in the fact that an infant deprived of its physical body, will grow to maturity in its spiritual body. As regards disease, the spiritual body can be ill without organically affecting the physical, also a person can pass from a diseased physical form and not be ill in spiritual body. We find, in many instances, it is not only necessary to educate the earth-bound soul, but that the spiritual body requires healing too,—and this Law of Change in matter operates not alone on our earth and in the matter that binds souls to it, but extends to the kind that progressive, enlightened souls use and clothe themselves with. Having had over thirty years' experience in this work, we are fully satisfied as to the trath of the above statements, and feel with A. A. Kimball, that it would be much better for the health and progression of all of us, if this subject was brought up for discossion.

L. V. Flint, M.D.

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

#### N. S. State Spiritualists.

We are engaged to serve you as missionaries during the month of October, as a trial effort, to see if you will help the State officers to carry on an active work in sending you speakers and mediums. Will you help not Don't be slow! More quickly and get the best results you can. We will be salisfied. Get a hall, church or schoolhouse and announce us. We will get a large audience and do the rest, taking collections to help the State Association. We want to hear from every locality. You are all able to make an effort. Address us care of Herbert L. Whitney. Secretary, 1966 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fraternally, G. W. Kates and wife.

#### For Over Fifty Years

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

International Conventi

The following call for a World's International Convention of Spiritualists, to be held at St. Louis during the World's Fair in 1903, was issued by the executive board of the State Progressive Spiritualist Association of Missouri at a meeting held at the Zoo Spiritualist Camp Meeting, Springdeld, July II, 1901, and most heartly endorsed by all assembled.

of Missouri at a meeting beld at the Zoo Spiritualist Camp Meeting, Springsfield, July 21,-1901, and most heartily endorsed by all assembled.

Be it resolved, that in order to best advance the true interests of the Came throughout the World, and especially in the United States, and by this means making its real power and latent strength known to the millions of citizens and strangers who will visit the World's Fair in 1903, we the officers and members of the State Progressive Spiritualist Association of Missouri, hereby desire to make known to the National Spiritual organizations throughout the United States and the Spiritual and liberal preserverywhere, our sease of the imperative necessity and truly magnificent opportunity for a unified effort to arrange suitable methods and devise means for the holding of said great International Convention during the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1903.

It is therefore unanimously resolved to draw the earnest, thoughtful attention of all Spiritual Association's convention, soon to be held at Washington, D. C., to this supremand more of the progress of the more of the supremand of the progress of the more of the supremandaditions of men who come to see and learn at America's greatest exposition what this young giant among nations has to show them may also see how America's Spiritualists value and are able to show forth to all a reason for and their power to demonstrate the continuity of life beyond the grave has freed from death's cold dread, you will not fall, one and all, to assert your rights to the World's recognition of your faith founded upon actual demonstrated proof, by taking advantage of this glorious opportunity to prove by united action your love for and well-carned gratitude to your right founded upon actual demonstrated proof, by taking advantage of this glorious opportunity to the World's recognition of your faith founded upon actual demonstrated proof, by taking advantage of th

prove by united actions your risen friends, whom you so often have intercourse with, by heartly aiding in all ways possible this great undertaking and urgent desire of the angel world.

Spiritualists, everywhere, and especially in the United States, in the name of your spirit friends, rouse up from your apathy, and as you value the priceless gift of free communion through your mediums with your risen dead, rally at once under the banner of True, Loyal, Brotherly and Sisterly Unity. You can thus show to the whole World your really immense strength, that venal legislatures, corrupt political leaders and fanatical creedists may consider well and count the probable future cost before passing, or attempting to pass, more illiberal and restrictive laws, thus limiting your right to worship and the pursuit of happiness under that sacred liberty guaranteed to every citizen by the constitution of the United States, and through which your country holds such a proud yould not be abanded to the world's consideration and respect.

Listen, therefore, to the voice and carnest desire of your spirit friends. Provide them with a place in and from which the glories of proof of life beyond the dark river of death may be proclaimed to the myriads of visitors to the World's Fair from every state and foreign land.

To meet this most pressing and urgent need of both Spirit and Mortal, the Executive Board of the State Association of Missouri hereby request that the National Spiritual Association set a suitable time for the discussion of this matter by delegates and members at their convention.

Offering to the world a mighty object lesson of the State, who are brave enough not to be ashamed to own the love they bear to their Spirit friends.

Brethren, everywhere, this is no hair-splitting creedal matter, but really concerns our individual self-respect, and above all the solidity of our glorious Cause, and can, without fear of the self-temport.

By order.

Dr. Green, Sec'y.

Temporary office, 518 Commercial Bidg.

St. Louis, Mo.

Corresp

#### A Remarkable Seance.

A Remarkable Seance.

A London Sunday paper called The Referee has recently devoted space to Occult Phenomena and Spiritualism, of which it has spoken impartially. Among the correspondence arising out of it is the following letter from Mr. H. Davies, husband of the late Bessle Davies, whose name will be familiar to some of our readers. The phenomena described, though uncommon, are not singular, we have met with exactly similar incidents in our own experience—Ed. H. of Lt.

Sir:—After reading Dagonet's Ghost story in Sunday's Referee, I am emboldened to seed you a true experience of ghostland. Some ten years ago I was residing in Upper Norwood. My wife, who had for many years been well known as an extraordinary medium, was taken seriously ill. To save her life the doctors told me she must undergo ovariotomy, and the late celebrated Dr. Lawson Tait successfully performed the operation.

I greatly feared that the shock to the nerv-

her ilfe the doctors told me she must undergo ovariotomy, and the late celebrated Dr. Lawson Tait successfully performed the operation.

I greatly feared that the shock to the nervous system would put an end to all her mediumship, but the following story will prove that such was not the case.

About a year after the operation, the late Miss Florence Marryat, who was an ardent believer in my wife's spiritual gifts, called unexpectedly and proposed a seance. We adjourned to the drawing-room. There were present only Miss Marryat, my wife, and myself. To prevent interruption I carefully locked the door and put the key in my pocket. It was twilight, and we sat round a small table. Miss Marryat had lately lost a favorite daughter, Eva, who had married a gentleman well known in the theatrical world. In earth Eva was celebrated for her long and beautiful hair. We had not been sitting a quarter of an hour before my wife said, "Eva is here." The room was now quite dark. Miss Marryat said: "If you are really here, darling, give me some proof of your identity."

In a moment both Miss Marryat and myself were enveloped in a mass of hair. It swept over our heads and hands, and I said, "Is that your hair, Eva?" and immediately the table, with irreshible force rose three times and gave three distinct thuds upon the floor. I must here state that we were sitting

lyst was naturally very overcome and a tribe nervous.

A chair was then banged down just behind me, and I heard a voice say distinctly, "Bob, I am here." Suffice to say, I recognized the voice as that of a friend of mike long since hushed as far as this life was concerned. Always of a sceptical turn or mind, I sought for further proof of spirit power; I said aloud, "Can you bring into the room any article now outside of it?" The spirit, through the table, rapped out, "We will try," I then said, I fear somewhat secondary, "Bring in the dinner-bell and ring it." Instantaneously the bell floated over my head, ringing, and then fell with a crash to the floor.

I then saked for flowers.

i Then said, I fear somewast scomaging,
"Bring in the dinner-bell and ring it." In
stantaneously the bell floated over my head,
ringing, and then fell with a crash to the
floor.

I then asked for flowers.
In a minute or two my wife began to
breathe steriorously and I know she was in
a trance. Miss Marryst eviaced signs of
great treplation, an icy breeze swept over
my head and hands, and presto! the flowers
came. I struck a light, and behold! the table
was covered with white chrysanthemums,
and on my wife's head were twined the ram,
flowers in and out of her hair. On the floor
behind my chair was the bell, also another
chair.

Now, mark; I am prepared to swear that
we had no chrysanthemums in the house, althought my wife is passionately fond of that
flower. A dinner-bell is not usually kept in
the drawing-room, and it was quite an afterthought of mine to ask for it to be brought
in, as also the flowers. The white chrysanthemums were ordinary flowers, just plucked
—not spirit flowers. The seeple may say it
was all hallucination, but the flowers and
dinner-bell prove the contrary. Miss Marryat did not bring them is, and my wife and I
had no idea of holding a seance that evening. I simply relate what happeaed.

My wife in waking up from the trance
sleep was as much surprised as Miss Martyat and myself.

I care not whether my readers believe or
disbelieve, I know! I have stated facts. Miss
Marryat has passed away, so cannot corroborate my statements, but her book. "The
Spirit World," contains many similar experiences. She was an adept at faction, and so
I always took her books and statements cum
as Spiritualist, and prond to declare myself
as uch, I seek but the truth, and an always
open to be convinced that my own experiences she was an adept at faction, and so
I always took her books and statements cum
as Spiritualist, and prond to declare myself
such it is not bring the plane softly. Let there
be no frivolling, controversy, or impatience.
There is no nice for any professional medium, as I beli

I am, Sirs, yours, etc.,
H. Russell Davies.
Arundel House, Balham Park-road, April
16, 1901. -The Harbinger of Light.

# A Forthcoming Book by W. J. Colville.

With the kind permission of the Banner of Light, I desire to inform my numerous triends in America that during my residence in Australia I have been at work upon a novel founded upon actual fact, now nearly ready for publication, entitled "The Garden" of Eden," so named because I have founded the good doctor in the story upon Dr. George Dutton of Chicago, from whose splendid standard educational treatise "Etiopathy, or the Way of Life," I have freely quoted. Dr. Dutton very kindly furnished me with advance sheets of his work, several of which I used in reviewing the book subsequent to its appearance; others I have embodied in my own new literary venture.

This story deals with various matters directly pertaining to spiritual philosophy, and I have carefully collected a number of authentic telepathic and kindred incidents and also introduced some remarkable spirit-communications. The scene is laid in Australia and New Zealand, and also introduces experience gained in Egypt, Ceylon, and other interesting lands of mystery and romance. The problem of universal religion is presented for solution, and I have introduced as often as possible exact quotations from scholars of ripe experience who have been for many years investigating the mysteries of the unseen universe.

When published, the price of the volume

investigating the mysteries of the unseen universe.

When published, the price of the volume of some 500 pares in handsome cloth binding, will be \$1.00\$, but in advance of publication, \$75\$ cents paid immediately to Banner of Light Publishing Company will entitle the sender of that amount to a copy before the book is launched upon the general trade.

I confidently expect that every friend of mine in America will desire a copy of this new work, which will be published directly one thousand advanced subscriptions are received.

W. J. Colville.

#### Commendable Spirit.

To the Editor of the Danner of Light:
The Boston Traveler shows a very commendable spirit in its column of "letters from the people," the subjelated makes the third reply to The Challenge of "Common Sense" that hav appeared.

Sense" that hav appeared.

THE CHALLENGE.

To the Editor.

In a recent Traveler your correspondent, "Common Sense," says: "Now, Mr. Armstrong, or anybody else, is hereby challenged before the Christian Evidence Association, in Berkeley Hall, Boston, to produce a single phenomenon of Spiritualism, except through trickery and sleight-of-hand fraud." Well, now, if Common Sense will use a little of it, he would have seen the absurdity of this challenge before he made it. If there is any spirit phenomenon, it must be produced by a force, power or spirit beyond the control of Mr. Armstrong or any other mortal. That is, a real spirit manifestation is demanded, and a mortal is challenged to produce it. The very nature of the demand is proof positive that no mortal could do it. What I stared in the Philadelphia Bulletin was a personal experience, and the exact truth that is the facts just as they occurred in my house the control of the control of the control of the stated and my and under the cling the saws to show how I obtained what seems to me to be real evidence of the existence of a disembodied intelligence that could control and direct the movement of a mortal's hand and so Yar as I was able to observe at the time, and since, we only combiled with the laws of nature governing psychical phenomena.

laws of nature will do for one man, condi-tions being compiled with, they will do for all men." That is true for the laws, but it does not follow that a spirit will with cer-tainty control the hand of every one who sits at a stand and furites them to do so; there is a condition of adaptability to be reckozed with, and, most important of all, the willingness of some spirit to make the effort. Yet, my experience, as well as that of others, leads use to think that where a half score of persons meet as described in Acts ii., 1. "With one accord in one place," there is no reason why the promise of verses 17 and 18 of the same chapter should not come to pass.

A. C. Armstrong. . A. C. Armstrong.

## The Dead Weight of Selfishness that is Crushing Humanity Must be Lifted.

BY MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE.

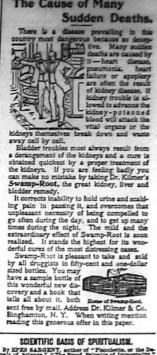
The sense of self-preservation and self-protection being inherent qualities of human nature, it is the inalienable right of man to legitimately contribute to those qualities. And to the extent we knowingly restrict him in this right, to such extent do we commit

That is a miserably poor religious or governmental system which falls much abort of taking into due consideration all that pertains to the preservation active its people. Point out to me if you please the religious or sovernmental system that does not fall short. Let us not spend so much time in congratulating ourselves upon the good, grand and noble things that some of us enjoy that we cannot look those facts and conditions squarely in the face which are constantly bringing to a large portion of mankind distress, destitution and effect and conditions squarely in the face which are constantly bringing to a large portion of mankind distress, destitution and effect of the statesman who in his calling does not take the inalienable right of mankind to self-preservation and self-protection into due consideration is but a poor worker indeed, unfit for the position ho present of the self-preservation and self-protection into due consideration is but a poor worker indeed, unfit for the position was an own of the self-preservation and self-protection into due consideration is but a poor worker indeed, unfit for the position of the self-preservation and self-protection into due consideration is but a poor worker indeed, unfit for the position of the self-preservation and self-protection into due consideration is but a poor worker indeed, unfit for the position of the self-preservation and self-protection into due consideration is but a self-protection into due consideration is but a self-protection into due to defects and wrongs in our present systems, and devise ways and means to remedy them.

Put there is a greater force than man-made propositions being applied to bring about these changes. The power of natural law is carrying on in operation of the self-preservation in the

WAn excellent cabinet photo, of "The oughleepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at als office. Price 35 cents.

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RELIGION OF MAN AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TOTTLE.

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## The Camps.

bly this season, the few exceptions being these that were not in close proximity to other camps. "In union there is strength," and we believe that this axiom applies to our engage as still he to our local societies. If we had twelve or fifteen well equipped camps, backed by finances and business methods, the results of their work would be of much greater value than is now received from the many weak centres to which we are now obliged to look. Consolidation would be a good thing for the people and for our believed Cause. The fifteen strong camps could have abundance of choice phenomena, under the direction of competent teachers, and could make their platform work of the nature of a summer school, in which the principles of science, philosophy and religion could be presented along the latest and most advanced lines of thought. We believe our summer assemblies would be greater powers for good were they thus consolidated and operated. They have done splendid work in the past, but can be made to do a greater and better work in the future.

#### The Great Strike

The Great Strike
is now in full operation, with no apparent
signs of weakening on either side. The laboring men, conscious of the fact that they
have right on their side, are holding out for
what they believe to be their just dues. The
Steel Trust officials declare that they are in
the right, and assert that they are acting in
defense of their sacred rights. When asked
to arbitrate, they asserted that there was
nothing to submit to arbitration, and have
steadfastly refused to place their arguments
before any board of arbitrament. The strikers have thus far conducted themselves with
dignity and have won many points in public
esteem. Some violence has cropped out in a
few places, but good order, respect for property, and protection for life, have been the
rule. In several instances, evidence is at
hand to show that the manufacturers have
employed certain desperadoes to destroy
property, in order that blame might be
thrown upon the strikers. Some of these despicable plans have succeeded, while others
have been promptly exposed. It is a curious
spectacle to see men of capital resorting to
anarchy in order to defeat their employees.
The truth of the assertion made by a reformer of a quarter of a century ago, that
the really daugerous anarchists of the world
were the conscienceless capitalists, and not
Hert Most and O'Donovan Rossa, is now apparent.

The outcome of the strike is almost a fore-The outcome of the strike is almost a fore-

The outcome of the strike is almost a roregone conclusion. The lack of co-operation
among the workingmen employed by the
Trust is the most effective weapon that could
have been placed in the hands of the men
who control that gigantic corporation. The
fact that the Trust is backed by hundreds of
millions of dollars is also a strong point
against the workingmen. Money is the most
effective argument that can be used in a coatest of this kind, and there are those who are
willing to step into the strikers' places, even
at less wages, just for the sake of getting
work that will buy bread. If the laborers
would stick together, they could win a victory that would give them the prestige they
deserve. They could then provide a fund for
the support of those of their brethren who
were in need, supply their own wants, and
bring the Trust to terms, through their ability to control the labor market. Now that
they are divided among themselves, there is
little hope that the few who are following
President Shaffer can gain sufficient power
to win a substantial victory. It must also be
remembered that the courts are against them,
and that their aid has already been sought in
several States to make the cause of the
strikers yet more hopeless.

Injunctions are now numerous, and many
of them are far-reaching. A recent order forbids any two men meeting on the street or in
a private house, to discuss the strike and to
provide ways and means to carry it on. This
order also prohibits the strikers from arguing
their grievances with men yet at work, under
severe penalties, and makes the laboring men
of that section almost helpless to carry on
their struggle. The tyranny of the rulers of
Syracuse was not more despotic than this
tyranny of injunction. Such rulings naturally
result in hard feelings on the part of the
workingmen. If they are violated, arrests are
certain to follow, and then trouble may be
expected. It is predicted in certain quarters
that bloodshed will be the outcome of this
contest. We trust that this pessimistic The Camps.

The camps are also as drawing to a close and the results of the second of

ought to be sharers in the results of their own labor. By building plants of different kinds out of the funds they themselves have provided, they can be kept constantly at work, and the very fact that their employers know what their power is, will render it very unlikely that the capitalists will treat them unjustly, as they have done in the past. The present strike is a great misfortune, and will prove a calamity in case there is bloodabed. We trust that right will prevail, and we sincerely hope that the outcome will be productive of good to both parties. The grievances of the strikers should have been submitted to arbitration, and the fact that the Trust magnates refused to do this, is prima facle evidence that they realized the weakness of their position. We hope the workingmen will respect law and order, and compel respect by their upright conduct in all ways.

#### One or Two Stray Truths.

One or Two Stray Truths.

The Soul-Self will be ever near its child, prompting its offspring to clean thinking, noble living, upright action, provided that child keeps the chord that binds the twain together in constant use. It can cut that chord and drift far away from its parent, if it so elects. A life of selfashness, of undue regard for the things of the senses, of unhallowed desires for wealth and position, will drive the Soul-Self far away, and prevent it from giving its highest and best unto its own. An aspiring life, filled with noble impulses to do good, to be just and true, sincere and generous, will strengthen the chord of being that unites them, and make the earth child a reflex of an ennobled Soul. All of the children of men have within them the power by which their Soul-Selves can be found. In the majority of mankind, the chord has lain to long unused that it and its attributes have become dormant and are unknown to their possessor. Man should be led to see that the only enduring part of himself is that which causes him to think, to act, and to will. By making his thinking self the dominant force in his life, his physical will become his servant—not life, his master—and the psychic chord that ties him to his Soul-Self will begin to vibrate to the higher force of love, which will soon open his eyes to the realities of the realm of the invisible in which the all-potent Soul-parents ever dwell when selfishness is overcome, when physical appetites are subdued, the pleasures of the senses pushed aside, the Soul-Self can and will inspire its child to be all that it should be in its mortal expression—a revelator of the wisdom and affection of its creator. Let man aspire to live in the spiritual and his victory is more than half won. He can awaken his dormant psychical faculties by exercising all departments of his nature with equal force. Ar his mortal body rounds out under proper physical culture, so will the expression of the Soul-Self grow in power through the proper exercise of his mind in aspiration

#### The Negro Question.

The Negro Question.

The frequent lynchings of negroes in the South for assaults upon white women, for murder and other crimes, do not appear to lessen the criminal practices of the colored people. Even the repeated burning at the stake of these fends do not deter others of their race frem committing the self-same crimes. It would seem as if the negroes were possessed with the spirit of hades itself to destroy the honor of white women. No punishment, howevers swift and terrible, seems to add aught to the protection of the women algainst whom their terrible lust is directed. White girls and women are hardly safe in some sections unless accompanied by father, husband or brother. Some of them are forced to carry weapons in order to protect themselves. This is true of some sections in the North and West as well as at the South. The negro was so long the pet of certain classes who wanted to use him for political purposes that he began to feel that he was immune from all punishment, no matter how serious his offense might be. Of course, race prejudice has had much to do with his condition, yet he is largely to blame for the horror he now inspires.

The old slaves knew their places, and have ever been docile, useful citizens. Their grandsons and great-grandsons are the dangerous clements with which society is now forced to

amputation. All others should be deported. It would be well to give them their choice in the matter, provided they were made to see that there was no escape for them. Absorption by amalgamation is an utter impossibility, even if it were not a moral monstresity. Deportation will hurt none of them, but will rather give them a chance to work out their own destiny under the law of evolution. It may be that the Philippine and Hawalian Islands have been acquired for the very purpose of providing places where the colonization of the negroes can be accomplished. There is no safety for either race under present conditions in America, and it would seem to be far better to return the aegre to this native heath, than to continue him in a land to which he is alien through taste and custom, where he is ever a menace to his white associates, as well as an object of their hatred whenever he has violated the rule of right as interpreted by the superior race. Let the negro go for his own sake, and for the sake of the honor of white women whom he jeopardizes by his presence. ardizes by his presence

#### Unhappy Finland.

Unhappy Finland.

A well-informed writer is throwing a flood of light upon the fate of the inhabitants of Finland, who have unfortunately fallen into the clutches of Russia. For many years this province belonged to Sweden, but was wrested from that nation by Russia about a century ago. At that time, no attempt was made to overthrow the liberties of the people, hence the province flourished. It had its own law-making body, its own militia; excellent public schools, and supported the Lutheran Church. It was virtually an independent duchy, whose chief officer was only nominally a Russian official to them, although he was the appointee of the Czar. Two years ago a ukase was issued making Finland a direct Russian province. Its militia was disbanded, its Legislature made impotent, and a government like that of a satrapy instituted. Its young men were impressed into the Russian Army for a period of five years, and forced to fight for a flag not their own. This edict led to the emigration of thousands of them, and may lead to the complete depopulation of many sections of the country. Now comes an order making the Russian language the official language of the country. The Finnish and Swedish languages are interdicted, and all of the teachers in the schools are Russian. In addition to this, the Greek Church is proclaimed as the State religion, and the Lutherans have been compelled to tax themselves to build Greek churches by the side of their own religious edifices. In fine, civil and religious liberty has been annihilated in Finland. It is now Russia's declared purpose to blot that country from the map of the world, even as Poland was made to disappear by the same trynanical power many years ago. Campbell says that "Freedom shrieked as Kosiusco fell," and we may echo his words, substituting Finland for the great Polish patriot who died to free his country from Russian bondage more than a ceatury ago. The sympathy of all lovers of liberty should go out to the people of unhappy Finland in their terrible affliction. Will i

terrible affliction. Will it last forever?

LEThe Spiritualists of Maine should not forget their State Convention in Skowhegan, Oct. 4, 5, 6. Coburn Hall has been secured for the occasion, and an excellent program will be arranged for all sessions. Good speakers, the best of music, and reliable mediums will be the attractions of the platform, while the convention will afford the visitors a rare opportunity to renew acquaintances with their brethren, cement friendships, and establish a common basis for work throughout the State. We urge all of our Maine readers to attend the Skowhegan Convention. Half rates—one fare for the round trip—on all lines of the Maine Central R. R.

AF Spiritualists of America, don't forget the National Convention of Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18. You can secure one and one-third fare on all railreads throughout the nation for this great occasion, hence can afford to take in the meeting. Hotel rates are to be one-half of the usual price. You will be cared for in a four-dollar-a-day house at a cost of two dollars per day to you. You cannot afford to miss this splendid Convention. Go to Washington and have a good time.

LFAre you reading Prof. Cariyle Petersidea's new story now running in the columns of the Banner of Light? If not, you should do so at once. Order back numbers of the Banner containing this psychie serial and follow it for yourselves. It is well worth reading. By the way, would it not be well for you to subscribe for the Banner for a year in order to make sure of this story? All orders will be thankfully received, and promptly receipted for.

LEFA family in Clinton, Maine, consists of eighteen persons—father, mother and six-teen children. The seventeenth child is ex-pected to make its appearance within a few weeks. The mother is only thirty-six years of age, yet is the mother in fact of all of the children in the household. As soon as the seventeenth child is born, the father will ap-ply to the State for a plantation, as Maine has generously roted such a bounty to all families having seventeen children.

EFIf the daily papers in our large cities would become conservators of public morals in fact as well as in theory, they would devote about one-tenth of the space they now give to sports of all kinds and utilize the portions reclaimed for the good of the people of America. Very few enlightened beings find culture in horse racing, boating, golf, bicycling, baseball and other kinds of so-called sports. All of these games may represent civilization, but we fall to see it in that light. Sports are not, and never can be spirituality, Amusements are perfectly legitimate as well as necessary, and no harm can come from any innocent pastime, but the sin of gambling is so closely associated with the so-called sports

amed, that we hold them to be de tetrimental to the welfare of the peo-ne secular press were to exploit them rould be better for our nation.

scenery by means of hideous signs, has become such a nuisance that several reputable
secular journals are now protesting against
it. Indeed, legislation has been evoked to
suppress the eril in at least one State, and it
is to be hoped that others will follow suit in
the near future. The beauties of nature are
too sacred to be thus marred by the yandal
hands of man for the sake of sordid gain in
dollars and cents. Let all obnoxious signs be
removed under the penalty of the law.

LUFAs the flower gladly turns its face toward the sun, as he jodrneys across the sky each day, so should man, the child of the Soul, turn his face toward his Soul-Self, the sun of truth, as it journeys on from age to age, striving to unfold itself in love, in wis-dom and in purity. and in purity.

ter Love thyself last, O Spiritualist, if thou wouldst become a true friend to thy fellowmen, and a helper of the angels. True love is unselfish in its nature, and ever prefers the good of others to that of its own momentary

LTHappiness is only attained by those whose feet are guided by the light of spirituality as radiated from the love centre of the Soul. Seek it in this way, O reader, and thou wilst make thy Spiritualism man's true redeemer and helper in all relations in life. Think first of the weal of others and thou wilst have taken the first step toward happiness.

ness.

##A young woman in Connecticut, having a fortune of sixty thousand dollars in her own right, was recently married to a young man who was earning only two dollars per day. So long as she was under age, she could not wed the man of her choice, but having attained her majority, she was free to act as her conscience prompted her. Her parents were in spirit-life, but her nearest relatives sought to dissuade her from taking the step, solely on the ground of the poverty of the man she loved. He bore an excellent reputation, and was esteemed by all as an honest man. This young woman deserves a medal. She is one of a thousand, and has shown more common sense in her action than is possessed by her American sisters who have sold themselves to European and American profligates for meaningless titles, or worthless ancestral names.

ATSurrogate Fitzgerald of New York City has rendered a decision, upholding the will of Miss Helen C. Brush, who took leave of earth July 7, 1900, and bequeathed twenty thousand dollars to the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of that city. Her relatives contested it on the ground of undue influence on the part of the Church, but the Court holds that the will is valid, hence the Christian Scientists will great their money. This on the part of the Church, but the Court holds that the will is valid, hence the Christian Scientists will get their money. This decision of the Court appeals to us as fair and just in every respect, and we congratulate the Scientists upon their good fortune. Had Miss Brush been a Spiritinalist, and given the same amount to the N. S. A., we wonder if the decision would have been the same? We doubt it, for the Christian Scientists recognize the force of numbers, and act together in all matters, while the Spiritualists recognize the force of numbers, and act together in all matters, while the Spiritualists recognize the force of numbers, and act together in all matters, while the Spiritualists recognize the force of numbers, and act together in all matters, while the Spiritualists persist in refusing to do so. They are largely to blame for the failure of the courts to uphold the wills of Spiritualists who have given something to the Cause. If they will but support the N. S. A. with heart, soul and pocket-book in the contest to sustain the wills of arisen Spiritualists who have remembered the Cause in a substantial manner, a verdict for the right may be secured, and Spiritualist wills refidered safe thereby for many years to come.

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

LET"Know thyself," is the command of the Soul-self whose child thou art. When thou dost truly know thyself, thy soul will possess thee, and wilt become thine only prompter. He who is prompted by his Soul-self needs no other guide, and has no other control. Such canst thou be, O Spiritualist, if thou wilst but link thy life with that of thy Soul-self. Oacness between parent and child in the soul realms, purity and righteousness in all things.

LET"The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts." Axiom.—Mem. The Soul is only equal to the sum of all its manifold expressions, plus the experiences gained during its manifestations in the body.

EFOne of the minor events in life is the exchange of worlds that all men are forced to make when they have completed their mis-sions on earth. It is pleasant to pass to-spir-it life, but it is far greater to dwell in body, to work for the good of others.

AFWould you possess health, O Spiritualists of the world? If you would then think health from within, and live health in all your habits. By so doing all physical lils will be conquered, and the spirit given an opportunity to express itself in its normal state. There will come a time when it will be as much of a disgrace to acknowledge sickness as it now is to commit a crime.

who strive to obey the mandates of the soul. In the soul-world there are no drones, neither do some take their ease while many toil. God's angels are not idders. He who would become an angel of light must first learn to serve his fellowmen. No egoist can ever attain the full fruition of the powers of the soul. Self must be discarded and only the good of others sought. The inhabitants of the soul world are all sitruists.

#### Notes of Travel.

From Colorado Springs, continuing my journey to the Pacific coast over the Sante Fe. R. R., the first important stop made was to visit the quaint old city of Sante Fe. While giving the name to such an extensive and important transportation line, it is not on the main line at all, but is situated fifty-three miles to the north, and is reached by a side trip from the station of Lamy.

Sante Fe, the capital of Yew Mexico, is said to be the oldest city in the United States, there being evidence to abow that it was inhabited as early as 1235, or nearly three hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Pilymouth Rock—a fact that makes it of great historical interest. Though, situated at the far South, its elevation of 6437 feet above the level of the sea, and its dry atmosphere, render its climate deligiful the most part of the year. The present population of about 7000 is largely made up of listless Mexicans, but here, as everywhere, is to be found the hustling Yankee, who gives life and zest to the business enterprises.

Its one-story adobe buildings, narrow streets, and various types of Mexican life, make Sante Fe a most interesting place for the tourist. The city is filled with antiquities, the most remarkable of which is the old church of San Miguel, built in 1523, and the old Palace, built in 1631. The history of this ancient adobe church, as detailed to visitors by the old sexton who now has charge of it, is exceedingly interesting. It was the secue of horrible massacres perpetrated by the Indians in the early days, and it stands as a monument to the devotion and self-eacrifice of the one-story adobe Palace is accurately less interesting, having been for centuries the sovernmental centre. A portion of it is now used for a museum, where Spanish and Indian relics of past centuries are to be found in profusion. It was in one of the rooms of this Palace that Gen. Wallace wrote the first chapters of his great book. Ben Hur.

Even this antiquated city has not escaped the ingress of modern progress, for among

beneath us, till the steward reminded us supper had been waiting an hour. It was then
that we realized we were dusty, tired, and
hungry.

Bright Angel Hotel! What a significant
name, situated as it is on the very rim of the
Canyon, whose grewsome depths of 6000 feet
might well be imagined an entrance to the
infernal regions. We found this haven of rest
an unpretentious log cabin, picturesque
enough to suit the most romantic taste. Its
inner wails were profusely ornamented with
skins of animals that once inhabited this region. The bright light from the great open
fire-place, intensified the gay colors of the
handsome Indian rugs which covered the
floor. Among our party were several G. A. R.
men, and the evening was spent in social converse, interspersed with war songs, as we sat
around the blazing fire-place.

The next morning we were all up early to
see the rising sun reveal the varied panorama
of the immediate vicinity. From various positions along the rim or shore of this "great
deept' we could see the Colorado River as it
winds its way more than a mile in vertical
depth below. As the flood of sunlight pours
into it, through the dry, clear air of Arizona,
the canyon opens before you in all its splendor. All the colors of the rainbow combine
to make a panoramic picture fifty miles in
length. All the known styles of human architecture are here reproduced in the various formations presented to our view.
Temples, pagodas, towers, monuments pyramiles, and fantastle forms that are indescribable, greet your astonished vision. Who wender
that here the Indiable, the worder
of its vast here the Indiable wells.

Only by descending into the canyon may
one arrive at anything like a comprehension
of its vast proportions. At an early hour the
ourageous ones of our party were ready to

and worshiped the Great Spirit, whose skill seemed to be displayed in these marvelous formations?
Only by descending into the canyon may one arrive at anything like a comprehension of its vast proportions. At an early hour the courageous ones of our party were ready to explore its mysterious depths. The descent is made by riding astride horses or mules, over a five-mile trail, that winds downward with more or less easy (7) gradient. After a thrilling ride of three hours, around sharp, sig-sag angles, overhauging tremendous preclpies, where our steeds had scarcely room enough to turn themselves, our party reached a level plateau. Here we rested under the shade of a grove of willow trees, and quenched our thirst by draughts from a cooling spring, while our faithrid guides took from the packmule the rations provided for our lunch. Leaving our warry animals to rest under the reses we climbed down another mile over the rough grantite to the water's edge, when we looked with fear and trendling on the rashing torrent of the Colorade River. From

this awful depth of 6000 feet, the immensity of the canyon is most clearly realized, for here the senses are utterly bewildered and the soul is filled with amazement at the wondrous power that produced this great rent two hundred and seventeen miles in length and thirteen miles in width.

Heturning to the willows where the animals were abandoned we resumed our saddles and began the tedious climb up the steep decivities that form the canyon's side, reaching the hotel just as the shadows of night were deepening.

Were we tired? Well—unless my readers have ridden, in a scorehing sun, astride a mule's back for ten miles up and down a steep mountain trail, they cannet imagine how tired and lame we dismounted, and tried the experiment of walking again. Thus ended the most marvelous day's experience of a life-time.

What impressed me most while there? I can hardly, answer that. The coloring was so interblended and the tints from brown to red were so sort, that I must say I was rather disappointed not to find the gorgeous colors seen in photographs and paintings of this indescribable scenery. Details do not hold the attention long, the panorama as a whole is the real charm. It is never the same twice. A short distance either way along the rim changes the whole scene, only to mystify us over and over again, and we wonder what force after all has fashioned these great granite and sandstone cliffs into such weird shapes. Can it be that water alone was the mighty architect?

Ada L. Pratt.

Ada L. Pratt. San Francisco, Cal.

#### How to Visit Buffalo in Two Days.

In these days of rapid transit and quick travel, it is possible to travel a considerable distance in a very short time, and to the people who would like to visit the Pan-American Exposition, but cannot afford the leisure, the Boston & Maine Haliroad offers a route whereby a person may visit Buffalo and enjoy the Pan-American Exposition at a loss of only two days.

By leaving Boston on the 6.19 at night, arriving in Buffalo early the next morning, two days may be spent in visiting the fair; leaving Buffalo on the evening of the second day, arriving in Boston early the next morning. The trains via this route are equipped with the latest and most up-to-date sleeping cars. The rates are very low, and the scenery-through Western Massachusetts and Eastern New York is unsurpassed.

Send to the Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, for Pan-American book entitled "Picturesque Routes to the Pan-American."

#### Queen City Park.

Queen City Park.

Saturday, August 24, The Ladies' Aid Society held its annual fair. It was quite as successful as in former years; large donations of useful and fancy articles were sent in and everything on the tables was sold. Several large articles, afghans, bed quilts, sofa pillows and other things were drawn by ticket. Ice cream and cake were served. The attendance was quite large and a general good time was enjoyed.

Sunday morning Dr. White of Chicago again favored us with an address which gave much pleasure to all present. He has been much pleasure to all present the house of Dr. Hale and has made many friends during his stay in camp.

The platform in the afternoon was occupied by Mrs. Russegne who gave one of the finest lectures of the season. The attendance was very large and followed her with the closest attention. She read a portion of Scripture from Acts 10. The beautiful vision of Peter in the house of Simon the Tanner and thentook for her subject: "The religion of the past, the religion of the present and the religion of the future."

In materialistic views of laws, in the hopes and fears of human kind, there is a high wall built that has enslaved man for ages. Faith thas given glimpses of light through all timeagerm of divine truth. Wise men do not sneer at any truth. Paracelsus declared 'that truth like a flowing river carried new thoughts of the ages along." Democrates declared that there was eternal truth and conscions life. Death has been the inspirer of worship—a power to incite humanity to strive for good. The god we place beyond our reach is the god of our imagination. The religion of the present is more practical than that of the past. It is a broader religion than that of even one hundred years ago. The most religious man is one who accomplished he most good for suffering humanity. There is plenty to do, much to accomplish, help for the needy, the sorrowing and s

Local Briefs.

The advanced spiritual conference, 1101 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., August 21, medium's night, hall crowded; meeting opened with singing, addresses by Mr. Whitney and Mr. Delerve; communications with the spiritual street of th

andlence room of the Home. We were greatly pleased to greet Bro. J. B. Scarlett, who spoke on "Immortality" in a highly in-teresting manner. Mr. Webster feavored to with a poemi. Mr. Ott, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Clark gave proofs of spirit communion. Next Sunday, Sept. 8, memorial services will be held for Moses T. Dole, late director and historian of the V. S. U. Society. Sarah A. Byrnes will give the oration at 220 p. m. Let all the friends be present. J. H. L.

The Gospel of Spiri Return Society, Min-nie M. Soule, pastor, resumes its Sunday ser-vices at 200 Huntington Avenue next Sunday (Sept. 8) at 7.43 p. m., the pastor present for service in address and messages. The Society will continue its practice of receiving at the door a silver offering toward defraying the expenses of the services.

#### Animals in the Spirit World.

Animals in the Spirit World.

If the writer of the query in the Banner of Angust the tenth, headed "Do animals exist in the spirit world," would study the animal race to greater purpose, and the workings of Natural Law, he would be able to answer his questions himself. In the first place, animals are hot unthinking; they give proof of thought and reason. In the second place, they are not dumb, they have a language each of its kind, As for being selfs the conservation of the Lind, as for being selfs the conservation, man. More is in evolution. Soul, stable, If soul were in evolution, Soul stable, If soul were in evolution, your distinctive types would be lost, order gone. Soul is the stability, Law, Order, of the Universe—the Complex Deity, that rules and vitalizes matter—the great Power, in which man is the highest expression, not the master, but the servant of the least, insamuch as the Divinity within him is called into action by the necessities of those weaker than himself. He is father, protector, guide,—or should be,—living in harmony in the brotherhood of all souls, all life, the agregation of which is the Complex Diety.

Respectfully, from the "Band of Ammon." Dictated through the mediumship of Jessle 8, Pettit Flint.

#### Forced to Cut off His Badges.

A Spiritualist was forced to take off some hadges which he had on a few nights ago. He had been attending a protracted meeting at Pleasant Grove Church, near this place, and it seems that he had grown tires of being called an old hard-hearted, stiff-necked shows the control of the control o

# Special Service at Veteran Spirit-ualists' Home, Waverley, Sun-day, September 8, 2 P. M.

Service memorial of Moses T. Dole, first Treasurer of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, Director and Historian at his death, will be held at the V. S. U. Home, Waverley, Sunday, September 8 at 2 p. m. Mrs. Sarah Byrnes will give the main address and will be supported in the service by Mrs. N. J. Willis, pastor of the Spiritual Temple, Newbury Street, Boston; Mrs. Alexander Caird of The Lyan Society and Mrs. Minnie M. Sonle, Pastor of The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Boston. Music will be in charge of Mrs. Mary Lovering of Boston. We believe nothing would give more satisfaction to the spirit of Brother Dole, who undoubtedly will be present, than a substantial contribution to the working fund of the Union. A silver collection will be taken and it is hoped no one will feel to let the occasion pass without placing as large a piece as possible in the contribution basket.

Mrs. A. Murray.

Q. Frank Rich,

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AB

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By J. M. PEEBLES, a. a.,

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FPES SARRENT

"I'M A BRICK!" A NEW BOOK

## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

MES. MINNIE M. SOULE.

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

These Circles are not public.

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These Circles are not public.

We entrastly 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 flading those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualist, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality.

ort of Seance held Aug. 8, 1901, S. E. 54.

#### DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Read at Banner of Light Circle, Aug. 29, 1901.

There is a Hand of blessing
That rings each evening chim
Good will and peace expressing
Like that of Olden Time;
A hand that gently guides us
Across the appointed years;
In tenderness that obldes us
To gain our contrite tears;
That points to where the winds
Of Life's rough ways shall est
in speechless joy, at finding
The charm of lasting peace,
There is a Hand that leads

The charm of lasting peace.
There is a Hand that leads
To where pain's threes are stilled;
With daily bread that feeds us
When our faint hearts are chilled;
That held Paith's bright lamp o'er us
When every path we trod
Seemed dark with mist before utThus gleams the Hand of God!
Therefore in stormy weather
Or calm, with fearless breath,
Come! let us work together
Singing, and true till death.

Sydney, Australia, 1901.

#### MESSAGES.

Interested in the hardware. That was my business. I thank you."

To Elien Aldersey, San Francisco, Cal.

There is a spirit of a woman comes here to me, about the medium height and rather stout. She has gray hair parted in the middle and combed smoothly down. She has a very sweet face and she walks up to me and says: "I long so much to go to Elien and tell her that I am not alone, but that I bring not only him but all others who have been so long anxious to come to her. She is mediumistic, and her clairvoyant side is unfolding. It only a little time can be given, she can soon see for herself." This woman comes with a motherly influence, as though she were anxious to take a mother's care and bring a mother's love into the home. Now I see a man and he is about the medium height. He has a strong face, but comes very weak, as though before he went away he was sick a good deal, and he puts his hand out so weakly to me and says: "If you will give me a little more strength I will try and come better. I have been in the home and have seen the changes, and for some have been sorry, but on the whole think that things have been as well as could be expected."

I'd like to know if this is her husband. If not I would like to try again sometime and get a direct message from him.

Our least the strength of the strength and get a direct message from him.

Now I see a woman about twenty-five years aid. Bhe has brown hair and brown eyes, and is about the medium height, and her face is jous as far and white as a lily. Her hands are small and pretty and she looks as dainty and sweet as a flower as she comes. She stands before me and eays. "Won't you help me? I want to get to my husband, oh.

so much, and I know he will be so glad to get some word from me. My name is Carrie Allen, and I used to live in Fitchburg, Mass. I haven't been gone very long. Anyway, it deem't seem very long to me. I want Willie to know that I still live and I appreciate everything he has done for me. It seems as though his whole life is filled with a desire to de something in my memory, but I don't care so much about that if he will just let me try to ceme to him and won't try to forget me or put me out of his life as though I were dead. I have the baby with me; she is growing big and strong, and I take her every day to see her papa and have her understand that it is her papa. I want him to know, too, that I am glad of what he did with the things. There were so many things that he didn't know just what to do with them, but I feel satisfied with the disposition of everything. Oh, but I do what that I could speak to him face to face. It would mean so much to me and I am sure it would mean so much to me and I am sure it would to him. Please tell him that no matter how long I wait on this side. I shall always love him and shall always try to serve him. Thank you."

this side. I shall always love him and shall always try to serve him. Thank you."

Herbert Cross.

I see the spirit of a man who is a black-smith. He is quite fat, with strong-looking arms. Of course they would come from his business. He has blue eyes and a round, full face, and a hearty kind of a laugh. He says: "My name is Herbert Cross, and I used to live in St. Joseph, Mo. I could shoe a horse in the twinkling of an eye, and I think if I could get back I could do the same thing to-day. There is no music half so sweet to me as the ring of the anvil, and no breeze that means half so much as the cooling wind as I stand in the door after a hard day's work. I loved the work, I loved to see the people coming and going, and I thought it meant just as much to be an honest blacksmith in the sight of God as it did to preach or talk of things for His glory. I used to tell people when they came round if they would preach less and work more it would be better for them, but they thought I was a hardened old sinner. I said to them, 'Hold on till we get over into the other life and we will see who takes a seat next the throne.' I haven't got yet where I have found a throne, and it doesn't make much difference to me whether there is one or not. I find lots of chances to be of use and to do good right where I am, and I am not going to worry about what's in the years to come. There is an old parson over here with me, Parson Hobbs we used to call him, and he is a good one I can tell you. He still keeps right on preaching, don't seem to have any idea that it is time to let up on that kind of business and send some word back across the line to his friends that he is in a new life with new conditions. I still argue it out with him and tell him that he will come to it before long, but he don't seem a whit nearer. Susan is the one I want to send my message to. The days are coming for you and for us all and it won't be long before you will be with us."

Augusta Thomas.

The next spirit is that of a woman about for years old. She is

MESSAGES.

Daniel Harrington to Andrew Backett.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is an eld, old man. He says. "Try hard as you can to get my message plain, for I think I will get ahead him. He says. "Try hard as you can to get my message plain, for I think I will get ahead heter in spirit life after I make an effort to say what I want to in this way. My name ib Daniel Harrington and I lived in Binghamton, N. Y. I lived there a great many years. I was not a believer in this or in anything particularly. In had an idea that when I died that would be the ead of me and it took me a long time to come to any understanding of myself or my condition. I did more to keep people away from investigating this phenomena than I care to remember, because I thought it was so utterly absurd, and now I desire to make this statement concerning myself and my condition, that perchance some of those who were kept from the light may find it through my word. I have he in and that whe may be much that I have had hard work to keep condition, that perchance some of those who were kept from the light may find it through the paper, because I would be so happy to get a word from me, because It would be not a message. He has moved about so much that I have had hard work to kee you his path, but I think he will get this through the paper, because I would men to be the medium height and rather stort. She has gray hair parted in the most of my people. Many of them are gathered with me here today to see how I will get along with this message. I have not say that I was interested in the hardware. That was my business. I thank you."

To Ellea Aldersey, San Francisce, There is a spirit of a woman comes here to me, about the medium height and rather stort. She has gray hair parted in the midded and combed smoothly down. She has a very sweet face and she walks up to me and says: "I long so much to go to Ellen and tell better that I am not alone, but that I bring not only him but all others who have been so long anvisous to come to her. S

#### William Johnson.

William Johnson.

The next spirit is that of a man about forty-five years old. He is tall, strong, and very dark. His hair is black, his eyes are jet black, he has a black mustache and a strong, heavy voice. He says: "Come, come, come, don't spend too much time telling what I look like, but just say that William Johnson is here and that I came from Scranton, Pa. This thought is not new to me. I knew more or less about it, but I did not think it was of much value. Everything I saw done by the use of it, I thought was a misapplication of power and I decided that when I came over here I would let the thing alone, but it isn't so easy when you know you can get to a place and you see a need of getting there. Somehow, whatever you believe, you just throw aside and jump in and do what you can, and that is what I have done. I want to go to my brother, whose name is Albert. I want that to know that I am surprised at the steps he has taken. It is a pity he thought be had to do it. I don't believe that there was any more need of it than there is need of my doing the same thing over here, and I want him, if it is possible, to retrace his way and undo what he has already done. It will be better for

him in the days to come than if he lets the thing stand as it is. I would not be so insistent in this if I did not see how important it is for himself. Don't try to leave Spiritualism, stand by the guns. It is better to fight it out there than it is to run away and try to make a new condition. This is not anything disgraceful. You might think by the way I have given the message that it is, but it is important only to him and to me and to those closest to him. Thank you."

#### Jennie Bhodes.

Jennie Bbodes.

I see a woman about forty-five years old. She is tall and slim and her hair is quite gray. Her eyes are deep blue and she has a nervous kind of a way as though she was upset over the gffort of getting here. She says: "I want to come because there is great need of me. There is suffering and sorrow in the place where I would go, and so I make a special effort at this time to reach them. I lived in Canton, Mass., and my name is Jennie Rhodes: I want to get to Frank. I believe if I could only convince him that I am near him I would be so much happier. I don't know whether he would or not, but I think he would; anyway, I want him to try and let me come. There is so much need for me, so much pain, so much sorrow, that it seems as though I could not keep away. I am not able to give any more of a message, but if you will send this much it will help me and perhaps next time I will be stronger."

#### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The golden rod is late this year. This is probably due to the intense heat of July, preceded and followed by the too abundant

probably due to the intense heat of July, preceded and followed by the too abundant rain. This feathery tutf of gold is often seen early in the month, admonishing us that summer is waning, and that the swift and noiseless foot of winter is hastening this way. But I found my first golden rod in the early morning of this twenty-fifth day of August, and even now it was not possible to find a fully opened tutt of bloom.

This is Sunday, and the family was wrapped in slumber when I stole noiselessly down stairs to take a morning walk. The dogs joined me with their usual effervescence of spirits at the prospect of a stroll, and we were soon far from home. The farm-houses here are far apart, and one can walk half a mile without getting a glimpse of one. But all the land is under some form of cultivation, and one is often surprised by a cloud of young turkeys who fly into the trees at our approach, while the grunts issuing from a field of corn lead one to fancy that the indulgent masters of a drove of pigs are allowing them a Sunday morning feast. My fourfooted companions leap all barriers and I hear wild grunts and barks amid the high corn. But no damage is done, and they return to the road with panting sides.

"Look out, Prince Leo, don't chase those bossies."

But the calves know how to take care of themselves, and it is funny to see them kick

But the calves know how to take care of

"Look out, Prince Leo, don't chase those bossies."

But the calves know how to take care of themselves, and it is funny to see them kick up their hind legs at the intruders, who deem it a better policy to run back to the safety of the road, which they attain by squeezing under the lower rails of the fences. The largest cannot get through, but springs to the top, turning a complete somersault as he vaults to the ground. An admonitory word, and a whack of my umbrella on his sturdy aide makes him walk very sedately behind me, while a pleading wag of his tail shows that he wants to be forgiven for his misdeeds.

The long country road is becoming hot, and the trees are few and far between. I begin to think of breakfast, and here is what seems to me the largest pear-tree I ever saw, with fruit lying on the wayside. Then we turn homewards, and gather the golden-rod and the graceful ferns. The bouquet is all yellow and green, but the old woman: who is feeding her hens by her little house gives me generous sprays of the gallant prince's feather, and their crimson blossoms give the very touch that is needed.

On reaching the house, I look for the old-fashioned little pitcher, shaped like a barrel, with its staves of white and its hoops of blue. Now my bouquet has its appropriate setting, and we are all pleased to see the reunion of the prismatic rays of yellow, red, and blue, and as the morning sun shines through the graceful sprays in their robe of green, all agree that the wildwood bouquet is indeed a pretty one.

I am still in Alloway in southern New Jersey, and the third week of my vacation has ended. Playtime cannot last for always. By and by I return to Arlington, to take up the labors that always accumulate on one in the sport that we call home. But it is better to wear out than to rust out, and it is impossible for a real Spiritualist to be discontented. In our times of labor, we take comfort that by and by we can do all that we want without weariness of the brain or limbs, and in our periods of rest we can feel

"The groves of God that never Fade or fall, but green forever, Are mirrored in the glassy tide There along the fragrant waters Unprofaned by tears or slaughter Wander earth's immortal daughte Each a pure immortal's bride."

Each a pure immortal's bride."

Which is better: to experience the very greatest joys that this earth can afford, knowing that the other world will renew them in intensified form, or to spend one's life on earth without experiencing these highest joys, and to realize them first on the ocean of eternity? It is not for us to choose. Our paths are marked out differently. I am quite content with my own, and would not change it with that of another. It seems to me sweeter to know that the rapture that has never been mine on the earth plane, will come to me gradually and with absolute newness in the bright apheres beyond. It will come. Of that there is no doubt.

It will come, for two reasons. One is that all joy, from the lowest to the very highest, is sure to come to every son and daughter of him "in whose presence is foliness of joy," The joy of God is an infinite one, and we may not fear to hold up our little cups, till they brim over from that never-falling foun-tain.

they brim over from that in some wonderful tain.

The other reason is that in some wonderful moments I have been carried a little way in spirit life, and have received in anticipation fore-gleams of a joy that I had not dreamed could ever be mine. In such rare visions, Mrs. Browning's line becomes a truth:

"To dream of a sweetness is sweet as to know,"

"To dream of a sweetness is sweet as to know,"

Oh! how much better it is to receive our knowledge of the spirit-land at first' hand, than to receive it from a medium, though a genuine one! How I wish that all could be induced to enter upon the process of soul development into which I was led in 1883! Many write to me that they tried these methods for a little while, and then gave them up because they experienced no results. What a pity! That is not the way to do.

I have just received a letter from a lady in Kansas, who writes:

"I have read your book, 'A Bridge between Two Worlds,' and I found much good in it. In fact, it is the only book advocating Spiritualism which I have found to have any interest for me. I have practised your methods several times, but as I see or feel no results, I find it hard to continue."

That expression, "several times," is discouraging. For myself, I practised many times a day for several months before seeing or feeling any results. At the end of a year, the advance was distinctly perceptible, and became ever more decided as the years went on. The process acts, like those of nature, slowly and gradually; and if the proper conditions be afforded, the results are certain. But impatience in regard to psychical results makes one think of the child who planted seeds, and pulled them up after a day or two, to see if they had begun to sprout. The same following of Nature by respecting her laws should prevail in seeking soul growth as in seeking the growth of beans and of mignonette. We plant the seed and do all we know how to do to further the growth, and perhaps the yield is not equal to that of our neighbor.

Is that a valid reason for not trying again next year? By no means: we plant and water and anytical way in the process and and and the way the condition and and the way the condition

haps the yield is not equal to that of our neighbor.

Is that a valid reason for not trying again next year? By no means: we plant and water and enrich the soil and patiently wait for the results, knowing well that if they do not equal our expectations, there is some reason for it. The part of wisdom is to try again, profiting as far as possible by past experiences, and trusting the unswerving law of cause and effect.

Let us always remember that trust is better than discouragement, that patience is better than discouragement, that patience is better than indignation, and that it is wiser to wait and receive than to reach out and seek to grasp.

These lessons are hard to learn, especially for those who are not sure whether there be a world beyond; or, if there be such a place for souls freed from earth conditions, whether it be possible for them to communicate intelligently with us. We desire to be made sure now, and if the friends of others can come to them, it is hard to see why ours may not come to us.

Some spirits do not believe in the possibility of inter-world communications, and those who are aware that it can take place

them, it is hard to see why ours may not come to us.

Some spirits do not believe in the possibility of inter-world communications, and those who are aware that it can take place find a thousand difficulties in reaching us and in making us aware of their presence which we cannot understand until we enfer their conditions of existence.

First and foremost is the fact that we now have a fleshly body, and that we have not yet learned to use independently the spiritual body which we already possess; and in close connection with this is the fact that if they are freed from earth conditions, they use only their spiritual body, and with that alone it is impossible for them to make any physical impression on us directly. They may do it through some medium, or they may make up a form of emanations of earth, or may learn to use certain forces of nature. But all this is difficult for them, and requires great effort and self-denial on their part.

Many instances are on record where those who have lately died have been able to show themselves to the material eyes of those they love, and to talk with them through their material senses. This is because these newly dead are still in some connection with the old earth body, and have not yet advanced into purely spiritual conditions. Some of them remain earth-bound for long periods of time, linger near those they care for, or haunt the houses, the woods and the places where they used to dwell. To such spirits it is comparatively easy to manifest in some way to mortals, and it they be mischievous they make certain spots uninhabitable.

But the further they progress beyond the conditions of earth, the more difficult does it becomes for them to reach mortals by physical means.

Such being the natural facts of the case, it

conditions of earth, the more difficult does it become for them to reach mortals by physical means.

Such being the natural facts of the case, it becomes apparent that if we want our dear ones in spirit life to advance, and if we desire to progress psychically ourselves, it is much better to try to receive communications from them by psychical rather than by physical means. So if we go to mediums, it is better to go to trained than to go to materializing or rapping or table-tipping ones. State-writing is occasionally satisfactory, but for true and easy communication between mortal and spirit, I prefer the trance of a pure, sincere medium, or a true, independent clairroyant, to any other.

But better than going to any medium whatever, is it to seek to develop our own spiritual body to the point of acting and seasing independently of the fleshly body. When we have done this, our spirit friends can occasionally communicate with us directly. It may be in sleep, when the spiritual body is temporarily free from the physical, and it may more rarely take place when we are awake to sights and sounds of earth.

This I have attained to some degree through the processes that are detailed in "The Bridge between Two Worlda." But I

did not try them "several times" and then find it hard to continue. I began them in 1888, and I have kept them up to the present time. My advancement has on the whole been stendy. But with that progress, I have paid less and less attention to the physical steps, and more and more to the spiritual ones.

Bo I can sincerely recommend these methods to those who want steady psychical development, and are willing to continue them with all the dogged perseverance and pertinacity of my missionary father, who tolled seven years in arid Burma before he gained his first convert.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality, Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Aug. 25, 1991.

#### Letter from Mrs. Morrell.

Through the columns of the Banner I wish to thank the friends who have responded to the call for help in my great time of need. Sickness has brought me to where I am dependent upon the kindness of others to lend the helping hand until I can rally sumiciently to again assume the responsibilities of life—by working in harmony with spirit bands, who have helped many people in the past and hope to be able to help many others by and by.

The angels in the spirit spheres, that bright summerland, can do but little for poor suffering humanity without an instrument in the body and the co-operation of angels on this terrestrial plane. There are angels about us every day still encased in a physical body. I meet them often. From many long, weary years of overwork, overtaxing my whole system, I finally was compelled to give up and lary aside the harness, which I very reluctantly did, and take to my bed, little thinking that long, weary, dreary weeks dragged out into months of sickness were in store for me, but such has been the case.

It was only when deep, dire necessity compelled me to do so that I let my friends know my financial condition, and, oh, how nobly they responded to the call! I write this article for the purpose of, in my very feeble way, thanking friends far and near who have so kindly responded to the call sent forth through the Ranner for help. There is another class also to whom my soul goes out in thankfulness. I well know that there are many who would most gladly respond to the call for help who have not the wherewith to do so. And to all such I send forth a prayer to the angels, asking them to bless all who have the desire to do but cannot, as well as asking the blessings of the angels for all who have responded to the call. I have no words in my vocabulary which can come anywhere near expressing the deep, heartfelt gratitude I feel for the kindness exhibited by the kind brothers and sisters who have so nobly reached out to me the helping hand and saved a place for me to stay. There comes welling up fro

Mary C. Morrell.

## Passed to the Spirit Life

rasseu to the Spirit Life from her home in Attleboro, Mass., Mrs. L. F. Handy, Aug. 22, 1901. Mrs. Handy was a woman who was highly respected, and very much beloved by all who knew her; a Spiritualist for many years, a subscriber to the Banner of Light, and only the day she passed away, looked over its pages. A husband, son, and mother were waiting to receive her on the other side. She leaves in the form twin son and daughter, Louis and Louise, sixteen years of age, who are fully conscious of the ministrations of angels.

Out from her home she glided one night, Into the realms of heavenly light. The loved ones came and bore her away. She now is rejoicing in perfect day,

Services were held at Murray Universalist church, Sunday, Aug. 25. Mrs. E. P. Boomer.

From Montague, Aug. 28, 1901, Florence Josephine Le Nois (Dowd), daughter of John Dowd, of Lake Pleasant; age 19 years and 5

"My brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows
wees,
The bygone right breeds bliss....
This is the doctrine of Karma."

"He is crowned with all achieving who per-ceives and then performs."

What in me is dark
I may assert eternal Providence
Illume: what is low raise and support,
That to the height of this great argue
And vindicate the ways of God to men.
—Milte

#### A Few Random Thoughts.

While a perusal of an able exposition of the spiritualistic philosophy is always ediffiging, and I feel immesurably besefted by verery lecture and casay I read in the columns of the Banner upon the subject nearest my beart I am never more interested than their lavesting them in the seld of its phenomena. Such accounts are extremely gratifying, especially when the manifestati as are attested to by calm, dispassionate, reliable observers, as instanced in the recent article on materializations by the Edwin Wilder, for upon the firm foundation of the phenomena rests the grand superstructure of the philosophy. I think more such accounts, not alone relating to that portant, would give pleasure to the Byntialist, however experienced, and do a vastamount of good in the education of new investigators and in the work of convincing the outside world, for however skeptical we may be, we are all more or less influenced by the truth, whether revealed to us personally or to those upon whose veracity and impartial judgment we can revere altered consumers of the constant presence and guardianship of the angel-world, there really was no special time of glad rejoicing in the acceptance of the tidings of great joy that Spiritualism has brought to so many sorrowing, doubting, and ofttimes despairing hearts; there was no instant awakening to the beaution of the reality and glory of the spiritualism has brought to so many sorrowing, doubting, and ofttimes despairing hearts; there was no sudden illumination of a fearful spirit. The knowledge of Spiritualism came to me so naturally that I ever looked upon skeptics as those born in the full possession of every physical sense may regard the bilind, and the deaf and dumb. Taught, however, at an early age to be discriminating, I received the messages and advice profiered methods and the very sense of the medium, and in the very few instances when I have been given unbouldent communications, while shocked at the duplicity of mortals, I never lost faith in my spirit friends or doubted the fa

mortal even can accept only the few meagre facts now obtainable that convinced a past age of the continuity of life in a great beyond.

However much, through the effect of false teachings, man may seek to ignore it, the fact femalis that the soul demands that the trends and the soul demands that the trends and the source of all the control of the fall of the fall

Therefore the importance of cle, that in the early days of the the movement was so universall should be impressed upon the Spiritualists, not simply that it the comitort and joy of an al-runted intercourse with those cle, that is the early also of the princate ite movement was so universally encouraged, should be impressed upon the misds of all Spiritualists, not simply that they may have the comfort and joy of an almost uninterrupted intercourse with those gone before, but that they may thus receive aid in the development of spirituality in the individual, which should always be the chief object in seeking communication with a better state of being, for surely we should never strive to attract, either by our acts or desires, those on a lower moral, intellectual or spiritual plane than ourselves from the world immortal. Contrary to the opinion of many, 1 do not believe it is wise or well in mortals to endeavor to beneft a low or earth-bound class of spirits. There is imminent danger to the mortal in every such effort. They the mortal in every such effort. They alide mortally, and even on having cast may prove an inadequate protection against the machinations of designing, deceiving and mischlevous spirits when we have once opened the door to them. Their nearness to the earth earthy renders them positive, while in our atmosphere, to more advanced spirits who would save us from the consequences of our own indiscretion. I believe that there are spirits who are better fitted, by reason of their experience and growth in the spirit life, to elevate those on a low plane than are mortals, and these are those who come to sid and instruct us. Let us not mar their perfect work by our futile attempts in a field we know so little and wherein we should move cautionaly, but confine our efforts at reformation to our brothers and alsters still on the mortal plane.

Aspiring for the hollest and thus attracting to ourselves the highest influences that can possibly reach us from the world immortal, is the best method, in my estimation, of reaching those spirits that hover near the earth pecasuse that has he strongest affiliations for them; for refinement and spirituality must make themselves felt, and all unconsciously to themselves felt, and

### An Astonishing Offer.

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when is fruit. The husband is a doubler and inventiga-tion in religious matters, while his writ is an orthodor is lever in Episcopalization; and this difference of omines leads him to investigate in order to find out for himself. A chance meeting with a distinguished Theosophist on-forms Reginald Spears's determination to answer Plazars' query for himself, instead of being content with the ap-thesis doubts that he had formerly beld on all religious que-der death of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of the con-tent of the content of the content of the content of ure.
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nelated from the French by IRACI GOULD, LL. B., Counseller at Law, Member of the New York Bur

CONTENTS.

#### Onset, Mass.

Saturday, Aug. 24. a conference was held in the audiocities and the following people took part. Dr. Geo. Dutton, Dr. Blackdeu, Mr. Nickerson, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnex, Mr. P. A. Wiggla, Mrs. King.

At Mrs. King.

At Mrs. Ryrnes' suggestion thoughts of love were sent to Mrs. Carrie F. Loring who expected to be present but was detained to account of illness.

Aug. 25.—The last Sunday of the regular season saw a large number of people upon the grounds. At 19.30 the band gave a concert before a large audience. At 19.30 Mr. Maham opened the meeting with song after which Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, the morning speaker, read a poem entitled "War is Hell."

The audience gave the following subjects for her lecture: "Is it Reasonable to Believe that an Unedneated Spirit Coatrol Would Give Good Business Advice?" This subjects was at one time a lesson for the Boston Spiritual Lyceam. "Is Clairvoyance As It Is Used At the Present Day a Proof of a Previous Embodiment of Those so Using It?" "Will the Door of the Camp be Shut in the Near Future?" "You say you call everything the lible that has the truth in it, and your Bible is the rewspapers. How much truth do you find in them? and which is the most instructive, the old Bible or Nature's Bible."

Mrs. Allyn said in part: We will answer these questions from our own standpoint, We are going to speak to you for awhile on Spirtualism as Nature's Bible. We believe that every man and woman has a duty to perform. Some of us are wedded to past customs. We have said for a long time, "Our Father which art in Heaven." We have said for a long time, "Our Father which art in Heaven." We have said for a long time, "Our Father which art in Heaven." We have said for a long time, "Our Father which art in Heaven." We have said for a long time, "Our Father which art in Heaven." We have said for a long time, "Our Father which art in Heaven." The Bible was traditional to beer in with. It has been translated and re-translated again and again. Every scholar will admit that the question comes to us today, How

to carry the teachings of yesterday into to-day?
Yon have done away with the mule and substituted the steam for travel. You have done away with long letters and use the telephone and telegraph in sending messages. It is the autograph of man's brain. If we have done away with all the old time appliances, why do we cling to the old Bible? You do not know whether Shakespeare wrote his sown plays or not, even if his house is still standing. How can you prove who wrote the Bible? How can we possibly tell what Jesus said?
The Spiritualists say we have a right to interpret the Bible as we like. If we have that right others have the same right. Solomon was wise, but we did not like his domestic ideas. Brigham, Young did and you did not like it. Roberts did and he lost his seat in Congress.

ideas. Brigham, Young did and you did not like it. Roberts did and he lost his seat in Congress.

We decrease accidents when we increase knowledge. Who did the most good for humanity when the cry came for food? It was the newspapers and not prayers. Jerusalem was not civilized until the railroad went there. The churches did not do it. If the Orient needs help or the poor of Boston, a call is made in the newspapers and help comes at once. If you could see the results you would say "Amen" to the newspapers. If prayers can do this, why not let newspapers alone? If a carriage can go on three wheels why do you put on the fourth?

When President Angel went to the church to talk about the crucity to animals they said, "Oh, you must not talk about that ou Sunday." Today there is not a church which will not allow it. It is the newspaper that says, "Oh, man, come up to your glory we have today capital punishment." We have a chairmañ (Dr. Puller) whose pen has said so much about capital punishment. "You will find the highest checked horses in front of every church in the country. We kill man. Why? Because he has killed others. Grand logic, is it not?

Nature's Bible is grander than the old Rible.

Spirit controls may give business advice.

Nature's Bible: Spirit controls may give business advice. Have any of you got a boy or girl on the other side of life? What would you think if all they had to do was to answer such questions as: Shall I pay \$ cents or \$ cents a pound for sugar? We believe that you belong to this side of life and if you want your spirit friends to live on and on don't ask them such questions. Your spiritud welfare.

We believe that the spiritual camp will grow broader. We are indebted to our old workers. If we are spiritual we will not forget our ploneers.

Mrs. Allyn closed her lecture by giving a very beautiful poem, the subject received from the audience. The meeting was closed by Mr. Maxham with song and a benediction by Mrs. Allyn.

At one o'clock band concert. At 2 p. m. Mr. F. A. Wiggin spoke before a large nudlence. After a poem and an invocation, Mr. Wiggin took his subject from the thapter of James. 7th verse: "To visit the sick and keep yourself unspotted from the world." This is a good definition of a practical religion—to visit the fatherless and the widows. We have gathered here today to help make profitable the last day of the camp meeting season. A creat many just now are wending their way in thought toward home. There is no place in all this universe to which we are so attached wherever we may roam, whatever may attract us, there is nothing that holds the mind as the attraction that clusters around the fireside of a home. A home may become a means to the end a home. That home may not be a place. A home hay become a means to the end a home. That home may not be a place. The home of the hereafter. No home exists where there is no love. God is love. What maketh a man lives of the hereafter. The home is the not the man that visits the fatherless and t

of the soul. The home of the soul is different from that which we have. I reamot understand how a man can place his foot upon a wern. What a thought this is for some to comprehead that have no idea of what home means? Heaven is supposed to be the place of the home of the soul. It is the condition of the home of the soul. It is the condition of the home of the soul. It want to say that no one person can live absolutely in the home of the soul. It want to say that no one person can live absolutely in the home of the soul until he lives in absolute love of every other thing In the universe. Visit the fatheriess and widowred when they need you have the president that would not be seen entering the house of poverty. If Spiritualism cannot accomplish this then it is a fallur. He healed the sick; He lived a manly life. You can furnish no better manhood than Jesus Christ. He lived among men; He went about doing good. I would that some of us could walk among people and raise the dead. I try to be spiritual, so I am a Spiritualist. Are you finding places where you are trying to do good? Let a woman fall and seldom is a woman's hand extended to her except a mother's. I pity the woman that has fallen. I am glad that Angels do not turn from you. I am glad that Spiritualism as a religion will take you to its Beart. It must take the downtrodden in order to be spiritual. We must seek spiritual unfoldment. How welcome will be the voice when you go home from the child, the father or mother! How beautiful the meeting will be! I well remember my mother's voice when I left home. She said, "John, be a good boy," These words lived because they were burned into my being. When I went home I heard John spoken by my dear mother, who said, "You have come home to rest." You must all come home. There are friends waiting for you. But remember the fatherless and the widowed to be visited here on earth.

Mr. Wiggin closed his meeting by holding a very successful seance. At four o'clock there was another band concert and then the regular season

## Thildren's Spiritualism.

CHESTNUT BURRS.

BY MATTIE M'CABLIN.

"What funny little things," she cried, "all covered o'er with bristles. I wonder what they have inside? Or are they only thistles? I grees I'll rry to open one; oh dear, it pricks my fluers! I'm sure it will not be much fun to see them full of stingers.

sungers.

"But there's a hatchet it will do, the jaggy things to mesever;
There, there, I've cut tright in two, and inside, well I never!
If there are not two chestnuts brown, each jolly little fellow,
Is amugly tucked in coat of trown, so ripe, so sweet, and mellow,
And there's a lesson in it too, which I may well con over
A beart all terder, good and true, the roughest coat may cover."

### Magie Bishop's Children.

Dear Mrs. Barrett.

Magie Bishop's Children.

I have a long letter from a lady in Montreal asking for my help and comfort for two little children whose mama is in spirit life. I have not seen the spirit mana for she has do not yet found her way to me, but I do want to say a word to the lady who is caring for the children. I am sure that the spirit mama sees all that this lady has suffered, and for myself I want to say this to her:

"Whatever a spirit can do will be done by the for her own will be done."

Spirit mothers don't forget their children awhen they come over here, but watch and guard and help them and many times I have seen them crying for joy when some motherly attention has been shown them.

If the man was as naughty as you say he was, you are certainly better off now that he is away than you were before and so are the children. It is better sometimes for children to be hungry than for them to live with bad people who think bad thoughts and do bad deeds.

I send great love. It isn't much to take are of the babies with but I have found that people work better and really can more money when they are happy, and they are most always happiest when some one truly loves them; so I am going to try and see if my love won't help to make better conditions.

Never mind, dear lady, whether people are, fealous and bad and unkind or not, just, put your hand in the hand of the Indian who comes to you and have trust, and your trust will help him to do perfect work.

My dear Mrs. Barrett will send love too, I know, and so will all the Banner children, and if you feel a strom breze of something refershing some day when you are tired, you may know that we are all sending our love to Maggie Bishop's bables and the dear lady who is caring for them.

Sunbeam, through her medium.

Sunbeam, through her medium.

Minnie M. Soule.

#### The Lily Dale Lyceum.

Dear Mrs. Barrett.

Our Lyceum received your kind invitation to write to the Banner of Light and I thought I would answer it. I am a member of the Lyceum and I am going to write and tell you about our exercises.

We go to the Lyceum about ten o'clock every morning of the week but Saturday and Sunday mornings and stay one hour. Every Friday morning we march down to the auditorium, headed by the band, where we recite our week's learnings.

We all carry American flags but the boy or girl at the head of each class who carries a banner with the name of his or her class on it. Some of the names on the banners are as follows: Pathence, Hope, Joy, Love. Charity and Peace Groups.

We all sing a song and then we have our exercises. Then we take the front seats which are left unoccupied on purpose for us, and listen to the different ones recite and sing. We are then questioned about the great men and women whom we have studied about during the past week and about the morals we have had. Sometimes a lady or gentleman will say a few words or recite to us upon these occasions, which we enjoy greatly.

Gaste did which all our Lyreeum think is very kind of her. She has bought two beautiful sunfower pins, one of which is to be presented to the boy and girl that stainds highers to the or and girl that stainds highers and the season. Don't you think that is lovely of ber7 I wish all you that read this letter had as kind and good a lady near you always.

We have very nice, good and sensible teachers. The head teacher. Mrs. Peterson, and Miss Green, are very kind and good to all of us. Hoping this will neet with your approval, I am. Yours respectfully.

Yours respectfully, Nellie Jack.

Aug. 9, 1901.

#### Letter from Fond du Lac.

Letter from Fond du Lac.

My dear Banner Friends:

I have not written to you for a long time, because we have leen very busy getting Anna ready to go away to school. Be has gone to Lily Dale. N. Y. to the summer school. We expect she will be gone a year and we miss her very much. I think you will hear from her soon, if you have not already. We have had a big fire in Fon du Lac size I last wrote to you. It was the largest factory in town. There was one life lost, a man by the name of Raymond who was employed about the factory.

A-few days after Mrs. Stewart was holding, a parlor meeting at our home, and after the meeting Mr. Raymond controlled her sum-circly to make himself known. At the time of the meeting they was no certainty of his having lost his life in the fire. There days after the meeting his body was found among the halos.

I have watched all the spring to see the little birds grow. And yesterday they flew away. And it makes me rather louely to go up stairs and not hear the baby birds peeping.

I must draw my letter to a close with lots of love to little Xilia and all the Banner Friends.

Elizabeth E. Cain.

S West Division Street, Fond du Lac, Wis, June 2 1001

69 West Division Street, Fond du Lac, Wis., June 5, 1901.

[There was a delay in the mailing of Elizabeth's letter, and since its arrival in the Banner office the paper has been so crowded with camp reports that we were obliged to leave out the Children's Column and many other things. We will make up for it by giving extra space in the near future. Elizabeth's letter is very interesting, and we hope she will write again soon.]

#### Nelly, Shake Hands.

One day my brother was out driving in he country when a stranger stopped him by xclaiming: "Hallo! that used to be my

orse!"
"Guess not," replied my brother; "I bought
er at a livery stable, and they told me she
ame from Boston."
"H'm!" said the man; "what do you call
"2"

her?"
My brother answered that the horse was sold to him under the name of "Pink."
"Ho!" said the man, "that isn't her

"Ho!" said the man, "that isn't her name."
Suddenly he cried out sharply, "Nelly!"
Quick as a flash the horse pricked up her cars and looked around.
"Nelly," said the man, stepping in front of her, "shake hands!"
Up came the horse's right hoof for the man to take,
"Now give us the other hand, Nelly," and she raised her left forefoot.
"There!" said the smilling man; "d'ye suppose that wasn't my.horse?"
What does my reader think?—O. Fay, in Our Dumb Animals.

## Literary Department.

## I'm a Brick : a Congress of Religions.

Mrs. Banister is an Incisive, forceful writer, a polemical "free-lance," who seeks to impress her readers through the power of satire rather than by didactic argument. In this work she has brought together in one group representatives of some of the principal religious sects with which we are so abundantly supplied, and allowed them to present to the assembled Congress their individual views respecting their doctrical beliefs and practices. Of course the result is a medley of conflicting opinions which decides nothing, tends to be-wilderment, and finally leads the Congress to solemly cruet that,—"The first spiritual teacher who makes a convert is to claim the distinction of being nearest the truth, and then we will adjourn."

Her descriptive writing has the great merit of a simplicity and clearness of presentation which brings its subject vividly before the reader. She thus introduces the Episcopalian: "The Bishop sailed upon the platform like some soft, white sea-sull, adjusting the black-silk velvet holding the lace ruffles in place at his wrists, now and then touching his fleecy sleeves as the sea-bird does its wines when preparing for a long sea voyage. His voice was musical and highly cultivated, and his robes were the latest style that Mother England exported for her children."

"I'm a Brick" is the medium through whose psychical powers the Congress of Religious was held.

She is very frank in her utterances regarding mediums and their use as instruments for the purification and Hispation of earth-bound spirits. She says:— Mrs. Banister is an incisive, forceful writer,

She is very frank in her utterances regarding mediums and their use as instruments for the purification and liberation of earth-bound spirits. Rhe says:—

"Mediums are human filters through whose bodies earth-bound spirits can become purified and lifted to bigher spheres.—
Only through mediums can the moral sewage of both worlds become pure.

This is a sombre and one-sided view of the situation from the spiritualistic standpoint, and its correctness will not generally be conceded. It is true the mentality of a medium may become the playground of undeveloped, possibly malicious discarnate intelligences, but this can be easily guarded against, and Mrs. Banister, in the closing pages of her book, clearly indicates the way and the process by which it is to be accomplished. She says:—

"As a matter of common justice to their mediums, Spiritualists abould establish a School of Psychology in each one of their societies, and compel both mortals and spirits who wish to become teachers to study telepathy, mental therapeutics, and divine selence.

"I positively refuse to allow my soul-house to become descertate day in contract earth-bound

"I positively refuse to allow my soul-house to become descrated by Ignorant earth-bound forces. . I shall never turn my temple into a lifeless harp forced to vibrate with every wind that blows. I have that within which will touch and awaken this harp into sweetest melody, and no lifeless instrument shall my soul-quickened body become." The book is clearly printed from large type,

heavy paper with wide margins, and is in blading suitable for the library or drawing-om table. We heartly commend it to the aders of the Banner.

room table. We heartly commend it to the readers of the Banner.

Hanner of Light Publishing Co., Bosto Price \$1.00.

H. K. Wentworth.

THE BUILDER AND THE PLAN.—A text book of the science of being. Ureula N. Gesterfield. Cloth pp. 232, price \$2.09.

Among the many new things the last half-century has brought to a plodding old world, not the least talked about is that something known by the anomalous name of Christian Science. It has many followers, it has a visible head, it has a part in law-making, a place in medicine, in literature, and in theology.

place in medicine, in literature, and in the control of another, had the temerity to introduce the new lism, cult and practice to the world; and if it be true, as Emprson says, that "all institutions are but the lengthened shadow of one man," them Mary Blaker Eddy is the "one man," the Mary Blaker Eddy is the "one church to which the public were asked to refrain from sending further contributions, the one church to which the public were asked to refrain from sending further contributions, the one church to which the public were asked to refrain from sending further contributions, the one church to which the public were asked to refrain from sending further contributions, the one church to which visitors go with the same reverential feelings, apparent," the same reverential feelings, apparent, along way, for the privilege of looking on the face of their leader. Modern idolatry it seems to me; and we, the worldly, that listen to what is whispered in Lyna, or circulated abroad in the land by the dependent perses of the day, can but thiak of the story of the "Veiled Prophet," or, to come nearer in time and space than the days of Moore and the land of Lalla Rlookh, to Xnakee land and Davad abounding in grace, of old Peol and pious like Hell."

Almong the pupils of this woman is Ursula Gesterfield, infield herself to a part of the founder's teachings, as her writings would prove; in the foreword we find, "While a member of the class instructed by Mrs. Eddy, . . . I felt the lack in her teaching." "Earnest and honest questioning, legitimate to the declarations made, failed to elicit answers that reconciled contradictories." The research of the development of t

healing art for all time,—not that it contains the all of medicine, but that it deals with a powerful therapeutic agent heretofore ignored.

For this reason it has an excuse for being a place for the present in the congress of modern myths. To me this seems its only value, since it seems possible for one to find in the six hundred beliefs of mankind some creed or form adapted to his wants and needs without turning to a new faith based on the same, old teachings of a six-day earth, of a fallen race of immaculate conception and vicarious atonement.

Mrs. Gesterfield says: "The premise of this system is identical with the first chapter of Genesis."

Emerson has said, "Bibles grow out of men as leaves from trees." Since Genesis was written, Darwin has been born; the earth is no longer flat, nor is it the largest of the planets, with the suns and stars for candles; Wallace, Crookes, Denton and Hacckle have toiled for the callghtenment of their kind; the steamship and railway, the telephone and dynamite, the steel-clad cruiser and the cooking range, the telescope and microscope, electricity and liquid air have become goods and chattles of our race, and the majority of the world's thinkers have come to regard as the correct answer to one of the vexed questions of life that system in which Christian Science has a place, namely, Evolution.

A. C. Smith.

THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM; Its Phenomeas and Philosophy, By SAMURI, WATSON author of "The Clock Struct One, Two and Three," thirty the state of the philosophy of the party Phenomena and Politocophy. By AAMURI. VATAON author of "The Click Brock One, Two and Turne, 'hitty at years a Methodist minister.

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