

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 3

## THE DEVIL AND THE RESURRECTION

BY AUGUSTA ADAMS

The Devil bided long to see  
The last of man by death made free,  
The earth was his to roam through  
Without one heart to beat him true.  
Quoth he, "I linger by this gate  
For all my friends I stand await,  
Wishing the friendship of their kind  
That I may win grim Death's aid  
And draw the curtain o'er his view."  
So, out he sped to find the old,  
To make the worshiped Gail of Gold,  
To rise no sun but blink along  
Where fingers knew no heavenly song.  
"Now, I am known as power of strength,  
I'll grow me beings here of length  
To reach no star but daily self,  
To make no riches but my wealth."  
The stillness of the earth around  
Did strike him strange, for, without sound  
He never yet could speech his soul,  
Could never have the world control.  
He waited long for human breath  
To stir the presence meant by death,  
He stretched the continents aside  
To see, for sure, that all had died.  
No hand was held to greet him true,  
No heart did beat but to the new.  
Quoth he, "My bible—Golden Calf—  
Was printed long, but 'twas no staff  
To lean on in this silent land  
For here without one friend I stand.  
I wish 'twere best to weep the tears  
That soaked through the twist of years,  
I know the silver and the gold  
Were mine's strength with me abold,  
But I have come to no-place-aid  
And of the stillness I'm afraid."  
He quivered through his mimic laugh  
And tried a sunshine ray to quaff,  
No use, the death of Death was round,  
The very air was stilled sound.  
"Now it was best," at last he cried,  
"It might live again had died,  
The resurrection mirth I find  
Is birth to life beyond my mind.  
Alas! I wrinkle not the brow  
Of any heart, but where or how  
The souls I knew did ever go  
Is question I must quickly know."  
The faintest breath of all his heart  
Did tremble make his lips apart,  
To Death he called at last aloud,  
"Make chariot of silent cloud,  
Till I may rise to lands unknown,  
And be the king that Time hath grown.  
I weary of this little power  
I fain would be a heavenly flower."  
Rockland, Me.

## "My Skeleton."

(A West Indian Story)

BY DR. CHARLES EDWIN TAYLOR.

A few years ago I became interested in the phenomena of hypnosis. In those days it was more generally known as animal magnetism, and as such, not so acceptable to the medical profession.

Deeply imbued with the materialistic philosophy of the day, it may be readily conceived how sceptical I was when I entered upon a study, which then, was considered as belonging solely to the domain of the quack or the charlatan.

But I have always been of a serious turn of mind, and having satisfied myself that there was more in it than I had ever dreamt of, I sought out one of its best professors and becoming as proficient as my master, it was not very long before I began to utilize it in the cure of certain diseases, which up to that time, were the opprobrium of medical science. The further I pursued these researches, the more convinced I became that in matter alone did not reside the potency of life, at least matter was generally understood by the ordinary scientist, and, some startling results accruing from my experiments, I was led to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism then, as now, looked upon with horror by the orthodox.

It is certainly not here that I care to recount all the extraordinary things that I saw, sometimes for a consideration at the hands of professional mediums, and sometimes for nothing, through the kindness of ardent believers, or at seances, given by unscrupulous persons, who knew not even the alphabet of the phenomena they simulated. It is sufficient to state that I became a believer in the occult side of it, with a mental reservation as to its source and the cause of it. It will be perceived that I was a genuine sceptic, a sort of unbelieving Thomas, not ready to accept open mouthed, everything that came to me.

This makes the following story so remarkable, for it came under my own observation, occurred in my own house and under the simplest conditions imaginable.

I was living at the time in the West Indies, on one of those "islands of the sea" so famous for their mild climate, beautiful scenery and for the romance of their history. My practice was a good one and I think I might say, without vanity, that I was highly respected by most of the members of our little community.

I was not much of a "society man," though my services were always in requisition for any public function that happened.

My home was rendered a very happy one by the presence of my dear wife, and with her within call, ensconced in a comfortable arm chair in my study of an evening, I must confess that I scarcely ever cared to go out unless called upon professionally.

I do not think she took any interest in my researches into "Psychism" and I am not quite sure if she did not secretly wish that I would abandon them and settle down into the regular run of thought and opinions which had formerly distinguished me and which, materialistic as they were, she considered more becoming to me as a physician, than seances and communications with a world of spirits, who, if they really had the power, as she said, to manifest themselves, would do so in much better form than through hysterical mediums, in dark cabinets and between school-boy slates.

I merely hint at her sentiments in this direction, to further show that not even on her could I count as an assistant, mediumistic or otherwise, in what happened a few months after I had commenced investigating that which I am convinced gave rise to the following occurrence.

Among the many accessories which I had purchased from my predecessor in the practice which I now pursued so successfully, was a skeleton; one of the best preserved it has ever been my good fortune to encounter. There was not a bone wanting, and every articulation was perfect, each of them being kept together by fine wires and the whole standing upright in a mahogany case with a glass door, through which it could be seen in all its perfection.

My predecessor assured me it was the skeleton of a West Indian of one of the best families. He was under a promise not to reveal his name nor the manner in which he became its owner. He would say, however, that, as the skull indicated, its former tenant was a man of science, of rare genius, a great thinker, and that many of his written works were text books in the universities.

I was not sure at the time, whether all this that he told me, was not for the purpose of getting a good price for it, but after I had examined it thoroughly and noted how complete it was, I think I would have given double the money for it, had he asked me.

As I have said before, it occupied a conspicuous place in my study, though in the day time I drew a curtain over it as much to conceal it from the gaze of my numerous patients who might have been frightened to look at it, as to keep it from the action of the light.

On the other hand, at night, when busy writing, I would draw back the curtain, look upon it lingeringly, my mind running back to my student's days when I could name every bone or ligament, every point of attachment with the greatest ease, a feat for which advancing age had almost disqualified me.

It was on one of these evenings, after I had written several pages of a work on West Indian Hygiene, upon which I had been for some months engaged, that casting my eyes upon the mahogany case, I thought I saw the hand of the skeleton make a movement to open the door. Then I looked at the lamp to assure myself that it was not its flicker casting a shadow in that direction. Again I looked at the relic of poor mortality standing upright in the case, and for the first time in my experience I felt a sense of terror stealing over me. In fact, I was not quite sure whether I was not the victim of hallucination, and the bare thought that I, a physician, thoroughly versed in the occult, should be so, now completely unnerved me.

At that moment it occurred to me to get up and go to it, and acting upon this impulse, I endeavored to do so, but only to find myself rooted to the chair. At this the skeleton smiled, its fleshless jaws became convulsed with laughter, and its white teeth, whose perfection I had so often pointed out with pride to my professional friends, gleamed in their sockets to such a degree that I was perfectly horrorstruck. Then, once again, its hands moved towards the door of the glass case and as if gaining strength from my now fast approaching nerveless condition, it pushed it open.

Then there flashed across my mind the idea that some force, perhaps its former tenant or some daemon of the other world was using my vitality to animate the skeleton before me. I had been made to understand that the phenomena of materialization was effected by borrowed material from the medium, and such might be my own case. Whether or no, I felt singularly weak and helpless, with scarcely the power to raise my hand, though perfectly conscious of what was going on. By this time the skeleton had stepped out bodily from the case and stood before me at the end of the table, balancing itself just like a half drunken man and placing one hand upon its edge to steady itself. All the while, it kept its sightless orbs directed towards me, and had I the least power of imagination left in me, I might have thought it was seeking to address me.

Then of a sudden a shiver ran through it, and, for the moment, it occurred to me that

it might drop on the floor and smash to pieces, but straightening itself up and as if possessed by something stronger than anything that had hitherto animated it, it stretched out its hand towards my ink-stand and seizing hold of it, drew it across the table near to it. Helping itself to a few quires of paper, and, as if amused at my terror stricken countenance, it gave an audible chuckle and catching hold of the pen which I had been using only a short time before, it commenced to write with lightning like rapidity.

Again I attempted to rise, but, this time, as if determined to keep me quiet, it reached one of its long, bony arms across the table and pressing its fingers upon my icy cold forehead, forced me into my seat, into which I sank, as if struck down by a leaden hand, and fainted.

How long I remained thus I do not know, but when I recovered, the lamp was out, and dawn was peeping through the balconies. Before me was the skeleton in its accustomed place in the mahogany case and on the table a number of sheets of MSS. upon which was the following story.

I sincerely suppose that my good friend the Doctor, when he comes to himself, will believe that I have written this story.

I have not the least doubt in the world that he will imagine that he has written it himself, though it will puzzle him to account for the handwriting so different to his own. I wish I could have told it otherwise and not so much at his expense, for, it is only through a heavy drain upon his vitality that it is possible for me to sit here writing these lines. He has always handled my bones carefully and with a sort of respectful tenderness quite touching, considering the reputation for callousness some of the members of his profession are said to have. It is fortunate, too, that his good wife is away on a visit, or I might not be able to get through this, without being interrupted and then, what I think the most cynical episode of my life would be lost to the world to which I have so longed to give it for the last twenty years.

As I look at the Doctor now, huddled in a trance-like slumber, in his armchair opposite to me, I cannot help wondering what anyone else would think if they could see both of us, especially myself, a bony skeleton, writing these lines. And yet there was a time when, like the Doctor, I was clothed with flesh, had the same life and aspirations, pursued with ardor the sciences and sought to make every department of human knowledge my own.

How I came to do so, and to what end, is often a matter of wonder to me now, when I reflect how short is the span of human life on the earth plane of existence. I use this expression as applied to my former life, because in that, whence I dictate these words, we see to its fullest extent how brief a space is allotted to most of us to acquire but a shred of experience.

Nevertheless, I was a hard worker, and had gained quite a reputation among my peers in scientific circles. At the age of forty I was a member of nearly every learned society worth belonging to on the civilized globe, was a professor of the university where I graduated, was honored and respected, beloved by my students and, in spite of my leaning towards certain theories which, then, were first sapping the foundations of theology, was the most spiritually minded of any of my colleagues.

I think that this was the happiest portion of my career and I firmly believe that if it had not been for the death of my uncle, a West Indian planter, that I should have ended my life peacefully among them.

It was a sorrowful day when I took leave of them for the land of my birth, and but for the fact that I had been left heir to an estate and that my presence was required in the West Indies to settle some important business connected with it, nothing would have induced me to leave Europe.

But there was no help for it, and a few weeks afterwards, found me home again and living at the east end of the island where my property was situated.

From the very first, I regretted the change. Not even the balmy atmosphere, the lovely climate and the ever verdant scenery which the tropics afford, compensated me for the tranquil student life I had left behind me on the banks of the Rhine. Perhaps I loved my books better than nature, perhaps they had become a second nature to me, leaving me destitute of appreciation for anything else.

And yet there was enough on the estate to interest anyone less apathetic than myself with regard to the responsibilities attached to its management. But I left all to my uncle's manager, an elderly Irishman of great experience in cane cultivation and noted for his probity. So I made haste to build me a laboratory in which I could pursue my chemical studies and such scientific investigations as would serve to pass away the time which now hung heavily upon my hands. Immersed in these I might have forgotten that I was in the tropics, if I had not been hastily

summoned in the night by the Governor of the island, who was seriously ill and desired me to attend him. I was very loth to go, but I could scarcely refuse. I had given up the practice of my profession, but this unexpected mark of confidence on the part of His Excellency, could not be lightly passed over, so I went, and was fortunate enough to cure him. From that hour we were fast friends. There was much that was similar in our natures. A great student, he was never happier than when among his books and papers. A born diplomat, he was an adept in the ways of men and women. A rigid disciplinarian and of great administrative ability, he ruled with a rod of iron. If his subordinates did not love him they at least respected him. Only two men had ever dared to thwart him and these he ruthlessly turned out of office. He always wore glasses. He said, because he suffered from weak eyes, but I think it was to hide the stony glare he had for every one who did not agree with him. And very few did inwardly, whatever they displayed outwardly, rather than fall under the ban of his displeasure. For my part, I had no cause to complain. To me he was always gentle and yielding. He invariably deferred to me, and on every occasion consulted me. But it was in the field of science that he was at his best, and our happiest hours were spent together in my laboratory. About this time, the chief physician of the place died. The post was offered to me. But I refused it, feeling that I was already rich enough, and that someone else ought to profit by such an opportunity. But the Governor would not listen to my refusal. He wished me in town, in fact, I had become indispensable to him, so he said, and so hard did he plead, that I gave way and accepted the position with the understanding that I could resign it at the end of two years, should I so feel disposed.

I had scarcely taken office when an epidemic of smallpox broke out. The town had never been very healthy and the sanitary arrangements were far from being perfect. These I had already set about to rectify, but with the epidemic facing me, I felt there was no other resource but vaccination and re-vaccination. I cannot say that this found favor with the townsfolk. True, they were badly scared at having smallpox in their midst, but many of them doubted the efficacy of vaccination. They had seen the vaccinated and the re-vaccinated and even those who had the smallpox get it again, and some of their children had died from the vile diseases contracted under the vaccinator's lancet. For these reasons, many of them entered an earnest protest against the arbitrary law which compelled them, as they said, to put filth into their bodies in order to prevent a disease the result of filth and which experience had shown could be stamped out only by sanitary measures. But the Governor was inexorable. He believed in vaccination. It was science against ignorance. The anti-vaccinators were ignorant, awfully ignorant, he said, and he was not going to expose a whole community to the ghastly risk of smallpox through their obstinacy. He paid no heed to a deputation that waited on him, pointing out the ghastlier risk they ran from the transmission of syphilis or leprosy which had been known to have occurred in several instances already. When driven to the wall by some argument more crushing than another, he said, it was the law and as such would be enforced. And I, as chief physician, and an instrument of the law, enforced it. We, that is myself and colleagues, vaccinated them by scores amidst the execrations of those who did not believe in the foul rite, for so they termed it, in their gross ignorance, as we termed it, of what was good for them. And so things went on merrily for a time, though there was no abatement of the disease. On the contrary, it seemed to spread the faster. What struck me was the repugnance of the women to vaccination. They brought their children obediently enough, but there was a wistful, pleading look about them, which showed the dread they had of other diseases besides the cowpox. In vain I assured them of the care we took in performing the operation, and of the purity of the lymph. They shook their heads, and asked, simply enough, how could anything be pure that gave disease. A difficult question to answer; and when, days afterwards, some brought their children suffering from corroding ulcers at the site of vaccination, and others with the best part of the upper arm sloughing away, I too, began to think that vaccination was not the unmitigated blessing bestowed upon mankind by Jenner. But I did not dare to say so, and though rich enough in this world's goods to have spoken out my mind freely, vanity triumphed over conscience. My colleagues said nothing. They were every day practitioners. Made their living by their profession. Of course they believed in vaccination. Who would not with its emoluments? What cared they for a death or two now and again, or a disfigured arm, or a leprous contamination.

It was not so sure, they said, that vacci-

nation was the cause. Besides were they not supported by the majority of the profession? So true is it that Error always has the support of a majority. With me it was different. I was a thinker and suffered immensely when I thought that after all we might be wrong, and I was only too glad when the smallpox left us, died out as it were, as all epidemics do, under the influence of sanitation, a careful house to house inspection, the prompt removal of all filth accumulations and, as the Governor and as I and my colleagues said, from careful vaccination.

A few months after I received a visit from a colored man and his wife. He was a fisherman, and rather intelligent. They were on a visit to the island during the epidemic and had been forced to have themselves as well as their child vaccinated. There was a frightened look about the mother; and I must confess, after I had carefully examined the child, I felt very uneasy, for it betrayed unmistakable signs of leprosy. The man watched me narrowly and the woman's eyes seemed to read my very soul. And well they might, for if they had been vaccinated with the same lymph, and that lymph had transmitted the disease, they were in the same awful plight as their offspring. I looked at the child's arm. There was a deeply scarred furrow where the operation had been performed and much of the surrounding skin and tissue had sloughed away. But the place had healed up. The mother told me that small abscesses had shown themselves at the back of the head and over the buttocks of the child, but nothing, so far, had manifested itself upon themselves. I examined the arms of the woman and her husband. They displayed the usual scars. But upon the child's face was the stamp of leprosy. There was the thick, rough, swollen, disorganized skin with light colored spots and, already, the body was covered with crusts, scales and corrosive ulcers. For a moment I stared blankly at the poor little child, as the mother uncovered its back to show me. Then it occurred to me that the disease might be in the family. But no amount of cross examination could elicit the fact from the parents. Nothing like it had been known in any of their relations as far back as they could remember. Well, what could I do? I wrote a prescription, knowing that the child was doomed. Perhaps the man divined it, as he rose to take his leave, and if ever there was revenge written upon a human face, it was upon his, when he passed out of my consulting room into the street, followed by the mother and her babe. But he never said a word—never uttered so much as a complaint.

A thrill of fear ran through me. Do what I would, I could not shake off the feeling that I was no longer safe, and, unless I could prove to these simple minded people that it was no fault of mine, I was in danger of my life. I made every inquiry, but in vain; the child from whom I had taken the lymph was dead. It was to all intents and purposes a healthy infant when I did so. Not one of its family would acknowledge that any leprosy taint had ever existed in it, so with that I was forced to be content. My colleagues scouted the idea of the transmission of any disease through vaccination. But I had gone further than they, and was far from being sure. Several months passed and the circumstance gradually faded from my mind.

In the meantime I was high in favor. I became the trusted friend of the Governor and the affianced husband of his only daughter, a beautiful young girl of eighteen years of age. I shall not detail the course of this, the only love passage in my life. It is sufficient to say, that I looked forward with keenest anticipation to the day which would make her mine. And I am sure she loved me in return.

Thus with so much happiness to look forward to, I was indeed most fortunate. But the clouds were gathering over me and the end was not far off.

It was my custom, when my day's work was done, to take long rides in the country. Sometimes I would go out to my estate and spend the evening there. It was at a considerable distance from the town and some portions of the way were very lone and drear. On most occasions, I used to be accompanied by a man servant, mounted like myself, but one night I omitted this precaution; I had never seen the need of it. Ours was a peaceful community where one might live year in and year out with his doors and windows open, without fear of being molested by an unwelcome intruder.

I had bidden farewell to my betrothed. How well I remember the hour and circumstance. She was standing on the veranda, which ran round the Government House. I can see her now as she waved her handkerchief to me when I cantered up the road and turned and looked at her street door. It was the last I ever cast upon her though I little thought it at the time. Darkness set in shortly after I left the town. There was no moonlight that night, but my horse, a splendid pacer, knew every inch of the way. An hour's riding brought me to the worst and, as I was not so sure, they said, that vacci-

(Continued on page 5.)

## THE FAIREST JEWEL.

BY MARY EDVING BAYLIES.

The dream of mounting obstacles is like a phantom  
fog.  
But reaching victory requires brave deeds and strong  
nerves to cease the glamour of a shining orb so  
bright.  
With shadows only, walking 'mid the waves of Day  
and Light.  
Earth's atmosphere of varied hues most prompt the  
soul to rise.  
To penetrate the depths of space, and there new  
treasures find.  
Far richer than the jewels fair, encased in deep abyss.  
That men will seek with greater heart than for the  
realms of bliss;  
Where treasures such as Love and Peace can adorn  
each human breast  
Of him who seeks with earnest zeal in search of  
Power and Rest.  
For there it is, and only there, the true of Life abides,  
Where Good prevails as free as air, where clouds  
each one can ride,  
And dwell forever in the Light of Life's transcendent  
power.  
Arrayed in all her precious gems from Beauty's  
rarest bower.

## To the Liberals of the United States.

Call for the Twenty-fifth Annual Congress of  
the American Secular Union and Free-  
thought Federation.

The twenty-fifth annual Congress of the  
American Secular Union and Free-thought  
Federation has been appointed by the Board  
of Directors to be held in Buffalo, N. Y., on  
Friday morning, Oct. 4th, 1901, and continue  
over Sunday, the 6th, three days. The place  
of meeting is Concert Hall, Teck's Theatre  
Building, Main St., corner of Edward.  
As this meeting occurs during the continuance  
of the Exposition, reduced railroad  
fares can be had to Buffalo from all points.  
Persons desiring to secure quarters in ad-  
vance can write to the Business Men's Association,  
215-217 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and  
secure an understanding on rates, which  
range from 75 cents per night for each person  
to \$2.50. Owing to the crowded condition  
of the many hotels it is unlikely that any  
arrangement for a hotel headquarters can be  
made, but the officers of the Union will do  
whatever they can to assist members of and  
visitors to the Congress. The hall will be  
the headquarters.

The object of the American Secular Union  
and Free-thought Federation, as is well  
known, is to secure the total separation of  
church and state, to the end that equal right  
in religion, genuine morality in politics, and  
freedom may be established, protected, and  
perpetuated. To discuss the best manner of  
accomplishing this separation, let us come  
together at this Congress as American citizens  
on the broad platform of no union of  
church and state, and the complete adminis-  
tration of our secular government on purely  
secular principles.

The National Reform Association, having  
for its object the establishment of Christian-  
ity as the religion of the state by constitu-  
tional amendment; the American Sabbath  
Union, working for the enforcement, by legisla-  
tion, of the Puritanic Sabbath on our citi-  
zens; the Women's Christian Temperance  
Union, endorsing the platform and policy of  
both these organizations; the churches, both

Catholic and Protestant, insisting through  
their ecclesiastical bodies upon the complete  
exemption of church property from just tax-  
ation, as well as upon the appropriation of  
public money for religious institutions and  
schools; all these and many others which  
might be mentioned, are imperiling our con-  
stitutional liberties. Every Liberal and free-  
thoughter should feel called upon to aid in  
organizing an effective opposition to these  
schemes.

The following amendments to the Constitu-  
tion of the American Secular Union and  
Free-thought Federation have been proposed,  
and are hereby adopted as part of this Call  
as provided by Article XI of the Constitu-  
tion now in force:

## MEMBERS.

In addition to those now entitled to vote,  
those who heretofore were members of the  
American Secular Union or Free-thought  
Federation or any auxiliary thereof, or of  
any society that has become an auxiliary of  
this organization, shall be members and en-  
titled to vote, upon signing the roll and pay-  
ing \$1.00 annual dues. And any Liberal who  
is vouched for by a good and sincere Liberal,  
by two or more members not from his county,  
may be elected a member and then have the  
right to vote, upon the payment of \$1.00 an-  
nual dues.

## AUXILIARIES.

Any organized Society desiring to further  
the objects of this Union may become an  
auxiliary of the same, upon filing a certifi-  
cate of its officers so certifying and showing  
that it has seven or more active members  
and workers in the Liberal and Secular  
cause.

These will be brought up for action.  
As to the necessity for vigorous action by  
the American Secular Union and Free-  
thought Federation, if our liberties are to be  
preserved, attention is called to the words of  
a former president: "The quarter of a cen-  
tury since its inception has proved its abso-  
lute necessity. The increased tax-exemption  
of church property, the reading of the Bible  
and prayers in schools, and this test on the  
word Christian in Virginia, are but a few of  
the precedents which mean the passage of  
the republic into a Christian theocracy. Whether  
this transition can now be arrested is  
doubtful. That it can be by leaving every-  
thing to the church is foolishly absurd. The  
next congress, therefore, more than any  
event in our generation, will determine the  
fate of our country, and largely of the  
world."

Let all Liberals stand up for the cause of  
true Liberalism at this momentous time. Let  
us close our ranks and meet the common  
enemy, the bigots of the Christian church. We  
work for the future; we work for humanity;  
we work for the best interests of civilization,  
for the liberty and progress of all. Let us  
stand bravely by our colors and unite in the  
common cause. There are vast and profound  
principles which should harmonize superficial  
differences. We have no creed to support,  
but always and everywhere the rights of  
man. This is the mighty battleground. Let  
us rally now as never before, with earnest  
convictions, courage, and enthusiasm. We  
cannot evade the issue neither can the  
church itself. It is liberty or it is slavery.  
This is the conflict of the ages, and in the  
American Republic all that is most precious  
and ennobling is at stake.

Contributions for the expenses of the Con-  
gress are solicited from all Friends of Free-

thought, and may be sent to E. C. Reich-  
wald, Secretary, 141 South Water St., Chi-  
cago, Ill.; to S. Toomey, Treasurer, Canal  
Dover, Ohio, or to E. M. Macdonald, Presi-  
dent, at the Truth Seeker office, 23 Lafay-  
ette Place, New York.

E. M. Macdonald, Pres.  
E. C. Reichwald, Sec'y.

## A Spiritual Message.

The following message was received in  
writing, at a mixed public seance, number-  
ing about one hundred persons; several me-  
diums working in different parts of the hall.  
"While the meeting was in progress the fol-  
lowing was given:

We are impressed that there are some  
present tonight, to whom the thought of  
Spiritualism is vague and almost mean-  
ingless. They having never given much thought  
to the subject and its grand truths. As we  
view the subject from our home in the realm  
of spirit, we fail to understand why so many  
people have the thought that when a person  
announces himself a Spiritualist, he turns  
against the good and the true. Many are  
shocked at the name, failing to recognize  
in Spiritualism, pure and undefiled, a coun-  
terpart of the religion of two thousand years  
ago, as taught by the Nazarene, and prac-  
ticed in his life as we have it recorded.

Sadly, indeed, has the religion which he  
taught been perverted, taken from and add-  
ed to, until, at the present day, it differs  
widely from the lessons he gave. We are un-  
able to refer you to any word of his, or any  
act, which holds one creed-bound, fettered by  
prejudice, that he taught that those who  
not opposing might be counted as for a  
cause. He said, "Forbid them not, they who  
are not against us are for us." We would  
impress upon you, each one, the need of sin-  
cerity in life's experiences. Whether you  
profess one form of religious faith or an-  
other, or if you are convinced of the grand  
truths of Spiritualism, be sincere. Make your  
lives accord with your words.

The great medium of so long ago, practiced  
in his life the precepts of the Golden Rule.  
He gave freely to a suffering humanity of  
his magnetic powers, healing all manner of  
diseases. He showed his power in controlling  
the elements, the waves, the waves, "Peace,  
be still." He showed the clairvoyant sight in  
reciting the past, for the woman at the well,  
until she exclaimed, "Come and see this man,  
who has told me all the things which I ever  
did." In various ways he showed his strong  
mediumistic powers, and last of all, his  
predecessors, and before his friends,  
which he did several times.

Can you not see that if any are prejudiced  
against Spiritualism, looking at it in con-  
tradiction of the best thought of religious teach-  
ing, that such are making a great mistake,  
and that it really is but a literal following of  
the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, and that  
whatever your belief may be, if you sincerely  
practice in your lives the "Golden Rule," if  
you love the cause of humanity, if you prac-  
tice what you preach, and do all the good  
you can, what matters it whether you are of  
one form of religious worship or another?

Learn to know that you can never recall a  
word or an act; once sent out, it is never-  
ending in its course, for good or evil. Learn  
to recognize the fact that every day is a  
judgment day. Learn to know you will not,  
in the great eternities, be judged for the  
good you have done, but for all that you  
have tried to do. Learn to accept the truth,  
under whatever name it comes. We see the

thought of immortality is broadening; it now  
has a deeper, grander meaning, than a con-  
stant sitting on a throne, a constant singing  
of psalms, a constant playing on golden  
harps; many are learning its truer, deeper  
meaning.

What is immortality? Why? Just a contin-  
uation of the life you are now living, not a  
new, or a different life from this, but an ad-  
vanced condition, a broader, freer experience.  
Do not, as you think of these things, regard  
them as supernatural; learn to look at them  
as natural, and bring your thought of them  
to that which is practical and helpful. Learn  
to look at death, so called, not as the grim  
messenger, but an advanced condition of life,  
only a step across to the unseen shore, where  
physical sufferings are laid down, and the  
spirit freed, and privileged to rise to any  
height desired. Set your standard high, high  
as your thought can conceive of, and then  
raise your life, yourself, up to that standard,  
never lowering the standard to earth condi-  
tions.  
Edwina Francis.

## It Is Our Duty to Doubt.

We recommend again to public attention  
H. N. Casson's book, "The Crime of Cre-  
dulity," published by Peter Eckler, of No.  
35 Fulton street, New York City.

It failed to give full credit to Mr. Casson  
for the importance of his suggestion, and the  
useful novelty of the idea that underlies his  
work.

We wish that Mr. Casson might have  
omitted from his work a spirit of antagonism  
to religious faith. Such antagonism is  
against public policy, and it damages an  
otherwise sincere and admirable effort to be  
of use to thinking men.

Mr. Casson's central idea, as defined by  
himself, is this:  
"Credulity in all its mystical phases is a  
crime against social progress. It is impos-  
sible to perpetuate a civilization based on  
superstition and the endeavors of human rea-  
son. If the credulity and devout faith of the  
Middle Ages can be revived."

Unquestionably the tendency to doubt is the  
foundation of progress.

For ages the monkeys believed that they  
must always run on all fours.

But one doubted. He tried to stand erect.  
And while he tottered feebly, as men totter  
mentally who try to think independently, that  
doubting monkey was the forerunner of those  
who now walk firmly erect and look up to the  
stars for inspiration.

We attach little importance to that form  
of doubt which questions accepted religious  
beliefs.

If you teach men insufficiently developed  
mentally to question their ancient faith, you  
get stupid atheists instead of thinkers, and  
you encourage the half developed mind to  
reject first of all moral truths essential to  
moral government of mankind.

Doubt is of greatest value as a moving  
force in the practical world.  
The man satisfied with conditions, with  
himself and his achievements, is the man who  
lacks the force that comes from doubt.  
The first man to launch a boat was he who  
doubted the necessity of remaining forever on  
one side of a river or lake.  
The first man to suggest steam for naviga-

tion was he who doubted that sails and wind  
solved the problem of shipping forever.

H. N. Casson's work attaches greatest im-  
portance to doubt in the realms of abstract  
speculation, and we are bound to say, al-  
though we disagree with him, that the ab-  
stract misleads him. We suggest to his  
publisher the use of the following quotations  
in announcing Mr. Casson's book:

IMPORTANCE OF INDEPENDENT THOUGHT AS  
EXPRESSED BY ABLE MINDS

A wide range of human thought is covered  
by the following intellects: Buckle, Lecky,  
Haeckel, Gibbon, Huxley, Winwood Reade,  
Schopenhauer.

We shall submit to you a quotation from  
each, apropos of the book which we recom-  
mend to your attention.

"Never were the problems presented to the  
human mind so numerous, or so complicated.  
Every fresh idea opens up new difficulties,  
and gives birth to new combinations. Under  
this accumulated pressure we shall be assuredly  
sink, if we imitate the credulity of our fore-  
fathers, who allowed their energies to be  
cramped and weakened by pernicious super-  
stitions."—Buckle.

"The credulity of the medieval mystics de-  
based and vitiated the faculties of the mind;  
they corrupted the evidence of history; and  
superstition gradually extinguished the hostile  
light of philosophy and science."—Gibbon.

"Scepticism is the highest duty, and blind  
faith is the one unpardonable sin."—Huxley.

"Instead of trusting what their own minds  
tell them, men have a weakness for trusting  
others who pretend to have supernatural  
sources of knowledge."—Schopenhauer.

"Irrational superstition has done incalcu-  
lable injury to credulous humanity. . . . It is  
a great mistake to suppose that the religious  
notions of modern civilized peoples are on a  
much higher level than the crude spirit-faith  
of primitive savages."—Haeckel.

"In the Middle Ages the ambition of every  
scholar was to form around his mind an at-  
mosphere of thought that bore no relation to  
the world that was about him; knowledge  
was made the bondsman of credulity; and  
those whose intellects were most shackled by  
prejudice were regarded as the wisest of  
mankind."—Lecky.

"The Supreme Power is not a Mind, but  
something higher than a Mind; not a Force,  
but something higher than a Force; not a Being,  
but something higher than a Being;  
something for which we have no words or  
ideas. Man can no more understand his  
Maker than the beetles and the worms can."

—Winwood Reade.

You will not waste time if you read H. N.  
Casson's "The Crime of Credulity." You will  
disagree with some of his views, thus devel-  
oping your doubting faculties.

You will find suggestion for good useful  
thought in the work of a man who has writ-  
ten with a real desire to be of use to his  
fellows.—New York Journal.

"Success is in the silence,  
Though fame is in the song."  
"If you find a man who's satisfied,  
You find a man that's dead."

As they were palace doors, the king within;  
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all worlds  
Which from that presence win.  
Edwina Arnold.

No man can be made good by hiring and  
bribing him, any more than he can be made  
good by punishing and torturing him.—The  
New Dispensation.

## MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSHIRE.

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

And she scornfully switched the cloth upon the table.  
The gentle mother sighed as she turned the fish.

"I think you are right, Jannie, dear," she said. "I  
never had much spirit and what little I may once have  
had, has been considerably broken."

"Broken, indeed?" snapped Jane. "Why have you al-  
lowed your spirit to be broken? Mother, the human will  
is everything. Your spirit need not be broken if you will  
it otherwise," and Jane placed the plates upon the table  
very decisively.

"Well, perhaps not," replied Mrs. Erie, tears of regret  
dimming the mild blue eyes. "I am well aware, dear,  
that I am greatly lacking in force of character; but you,  
Jannie, are like your father. He had purpose and will  
enough for two."

"Where is my father?" asked Jane, rattling the cups  
and saucers together irritably.

"Heaven alone can tell. I know not."

"Why did you not find out?" asked Jane, cutting the  
remaining half of the stale loaf, otherwise called a crust.

"As he saw fit to desert me, I did not think it best to  
trouble myself about him."

"More likely it was because you were so weak spirited.  
If I had been in your place, I would have followed him  
to the ends of the earth. I would have compelled him to  
do as he ought—or as I thought he ought—it would be  
one and the same thing."

"Your father was not one to be compelled in any way,  
or by any one, no matter who; much less by his wife,  
whom he thought must obey him in all things."

"No man living shall ever compel my obedience," said  
Jane, taking the steaming coffee from the stove. "But  
my husband shall obey me in all things, even to the  
smallest detail."

"But, Jannie, you may never be so fortunate as to get  
a husband," and Mrs. Erie took the richly browned fish  
from the pan, laying the slices daintily upon the platter  
which she carefully placed upon the table.

"Never get a husband, mother? You ought to know  
me better. Can you possibly think me so devoid of will,  
that I shall never get a husband? I will not only get  
a husband, but I will get one as rich as was the king of  
Lydia, Croesus, and instead of being the wretched,  
poverty stricken creature that your weak will has made  
me, I will move through the world a very queen. I will  
grasp millions with this small hand. Men and women  
shall bow down to me, and I will place this little foot  
upon their necks and crush the life out of them if they  
do not obey my will," and as she grasped her mother's  
wrist with that small hand, it seemed like a vise of  
steel. As she stamped with that little, slender foot, the  
room trembled and the dishes rattled.

"O Jannie!" gasped the mother, "you frighten me."

"Frighten you? It doesn't take much to frighten such  
weak creatures as yourself. Fear and weakness are no  
part of my nature, mother, and if they were, I would  
wing the neck of fear and chase weakness back to her  
lair. Fear and weakness are abominable to me."

The mother's pale, delicate features grew paler still as  
she listened to her daughter.

"But, Jannie," objected Mrs. Erie, "in order to get a  
rich husband, it would be necessary for us to move in  
good society—to keep up the appearance of being com-  
paratively wealthy, even if we were not, and for you to  
dress with becoming elegance. We are not able to do

any of these things. This house is but a mean cottag-  
e of three rooms—scarcely more than a shed. At the end  
of this month we may not have even this shelter, for I  
have no more money to pay the rent; the best dress you  
have is of the cheapest material and not at all becoming."

"Say no more, mother, or I shall rave at you—weak  
willed creature that you are! Why have you not pro-  
vided your child with better things? Why did you bring  
me into this world to suffer such torture and thus to  
fling my poverty in my face? Am I to blame that I am  
forced into this world? Am I to blame that I am  
what I am? But now that I am here against my wish—  
not being consulted at all in the matter—I will show you,  
and the rest of the world, what one woman can do—what  
one woman will do against all odds."

"But Jannie, love, there are very few rich young men  
here at Redondo, and I think not any. We cannot leave  
this small town, for we have no means wherewith to pay  
our fare to any other place, and nothing to live upon  
even if we were to leave here. Surely, daughter, it is  
better for us to remain here than it would be to go to a  
large city."

"Mother, you are right. I said that I would conquer  
against all odds. I will stay just here—right where we  
are, mother. I do not ask you to go hither or thither. If  
I cannot conquer and bring to pass my will here in this  
small town of Redondo, how could I hope to conquer and  
bring about my desires in a larger place? It is not the  
place, mother, but the person—the human will—the soul  
—the spirit of the person."

"But, my child, if there is no exceedingly rich man  
who is marriageable here, how can you marry him?"

"If there were not such a person here, I would sum-  
mon one to come here—will one to come here—compel  
one, even against his own will, if need be." Mrs. Erie  
stared at her daughter as though she feared she was be-  
coming insane.

"O, you need not look at me like that. I am perfectly  
sane, and in my right mind, know just what I am talking  
about. Mother, I am possessed of a power that you  
know nothing of. You, with your weak will, could not  
hope to understand me. My spirit transcends my body.  
My will, or soul power, compels my spirit to obey its be-  
hests; consequently, I can will my spirit to leave my  
body and go wherever I wish it to go. The I, Myself,  
the Ego, I suppose learned men would call it, rises su-  
perior to my spirit or my body, compelling them both to  
obedience, and whenever I cannot make use of my  
earthly body to advantage, I leave it and make use of  
my spiritual form. This enhances my power ten fold."

"O gracious Jannie, what are you talking of?"

"Did you not hear me, mama? I mean what I say."

"Janel Jane, my daughter! I hope you have not  
made a compact with Satan?"

"Not at all, mother. I am merely beginning to under-  
stand myself and the power belonging to me, and how to  
make use of it to my own advantage. I know I am very  
young yet, else I should have accomplished wonders be-  
fore this."

"You are scarcely eighteen, Jannie, little more than a  
child."

"Child I am no longer. Child I do not wish to be. You  
may be my child, mother, if it will please you, and you  
shall see how I will make you obey me, something which  
you could never make me do."

"I have always tried to rule you through love, Jannie.  
You have never been a bad child; a little willful and  
headstrong, perhaps, but not bad in any sense."

"I will not rule by love," cried Jane, "but by the  
power of my will."

"I hope, dear, that you will always try to do right. I  
have endeavored from your earliest childhood to instill  
right principles within your mind."

"Right or wrong, mother, I will conquer. Right or

wrong, I will do what I please. I will not live in pov-  
erty. I will not go hungry. I will not dress in rags or  
mean apparel. The world is before me and I will con-  
quer it. It shall yield to me that which I desire. Noth-  
ing shall stand in my way. Nothing shall hinder me.  
You saw for the grand ladies at the hotel, when you can  
get the work to do, and I have, thus far, helped you as  
much as I could, besides carrying the work to and fro;  
by so doing, I have come in close contact with these  
ladies, mother. They are no better than I am, many of  
them are not even as good. They snub me—they dare  
to look down on me. To them, I am nothing but the  
daughter of their seamstress. How many insults I have  
borne, you can never know; but I will spurn them yet—  
wring out their heart's blood!"

"O stop, Jannie! Where will this lead you?"

"It shall lead me to put the world under my feet."

"Mother, there is a young man staying at the hotel—he  
is rich. I have heard that he will be worth many millions  
of dollars. He is very wealthy, even now, his father  
having left him a million or more, besides that exceed-  
ingly rich mine you have heard people talk of. All the  
ladies at the hotel, who have marriageable daughters,  
are trying to entrap him. They don't ask whether it is  
right or wrong. Why should I be expected to? Now,  
mother, I will marry that young man."

"But you may not be his choice. He may not fall in  
love with you."

"I will be his choice. I will compel his choice. Love  
I know little about and care nothing for; but, mark it  
well, mother, I will be his choice."

"But suppose he were really to love another?"

"He loves himself better than he ever can any other;  
and one who can minister to his self love will, most as-  
suredly, be his choice; and I shall see to it that he con-  
tinues to love himself better than anyone else."

"O Jannie—Jannie! This seems all wrong and wicked  
to me."

"Then all the world is wicked," persisted Jane. "I  
have studied people far more than you think, mother,  
and I find those who care only for themselves, and their  
own advantages, are invariably the ones who prosper;  
they are always rich, while we are in poverty. Those  
who have weak wills, invariably go to the wall. Most of  
those wealthy ladies at the hotel, are very arrogant and  
self-willed, and they override those who are not as  
wealthy as themselves."

"But, Jannie, dear, wealth is not everything."

"Is not it? Well, then, my observation is at fault. Do  
you think there is a person in this town who would not  
bow down before Marcus Chesterfield in abject  
humility?"

"Child, I would not, for one; and I am sure that Mr.  
Nathaniel Kester would not."

"Am I never to hear the last of that old fisherman?  
That scoundrel in the world? A man, or thing, rather,  
who cannot speak a word of the English language  
properly? Who looks more like a wild beast, or a bird  
of prey, than a human being? And you—oh, mother—the  
very weakest of women—so weak, indeed, that you are  
on the verge of starvation!"

"But there may be other very good people indeed, those  
who are not in poverty, who would not bow down to this  
young millionaire."

"If there are, I have not seen them, and do not believe  
they exist."

Mrs. Erie sighed deeply. Surely, she thought, her  
teaching had come to naught with this girl, the being in  
all the world who lay nearest her heart.

"Mother, they gave a grand ball at the hotel last night  
—a New Year's Eve ball. Did they invite me—Jane  
Erie? Did they invite you—Mrs. Erie—to chaperon your  
daughter Jane?"

"Well, certainly not."

"Why did they not?"

"We do not move in what is called good society."

"Good society? Are we considered bad, then?"

"No—no! Of course not."

"Why don't you say what you mean, mother? Why  
don't you say, because we are in poverty."

Another sigh from Mrs. Erie.

"Good? There was scarcely a lady at the ball really  
as good as we are. Wealth, mother! That is the real  
thing, and your daughter Jane will yet be the queen of  
the grandest ball that was ever given—and be sure, those  
who have slighted me now shall bite the dust."

"Was the young man you speak of there?"

"Was Marcus Chesterfield there? I should say he was  
—and you ought to have seen the acrobats hover  
around him and smile, and smile, and smile, and fawn  
upon him. Oh, it was sickening!"

"How can you possibly know about it, Jannie? You  
were not there."

"Was I not? Indeed, but I was there."

"Was there? What do you mean? You certainly  
went to bed at nine o'clock, and I looked in upon you  
a number of times as you slept, thinking you could not be  
well, as you were so unusually pale."

"O, my body was not there—not this heavy, earthly  
one, at least, but my spirit and soul were there and I  
knew and saw everything that was going on; besides, I  
knew what all those grand ladies and gentlemen were  
thinking about. Pah! It makes me sick! Your  
daughter Jane, madam, is an angel compared to some  
of them."

Mrs. Erie could do nothing but stare in astonishment  
at her strange child.

"Mother, there was one poor little fool there, I sup-  
pose you would call good. She ought to have been your  
daughter instead of me, while I should have been the  
daughter of that insolent, haughty woman, her mother."

"Of whom do you speak, Jannie?"

"I speak of Isabel Morton and her mother."

"Isabel Morton? Yes; Isabel is one of the loveliest and  
sweetest girls I ever knew—the dear little angel!  
How kind she has often been to me."

"

[illegible]

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### President McKinley.

The attempt upon the life of our distinguished Chief Magistrate is now the one absorbing theme of popular discussion. The horror of it appeals with equal force to every true American citizen, without regard to party ties or religious beliefs. Although it was the deed of a fanatic—an anarchist of the extreme type—it is yet a crime that is felt by every citizen of the United States as a direct blow at the very foundation of liberty and justice. Free America is no safer with her larger liberties to her people, for her rulers, than are the imperial governments of Europe. Where liberty is not, anarchy and treason always appear. A Republican form of government is now seen to be no exception to the diabolical plots of the Anarchists. Garfield fell at the hands of the poisoner, but McKinley has been struck down by the enemy of all kinds of government.

The crime has plunged our nation into the deepest grief, and given our people the greatest shock they have received since the terrible martyrdom of Abraham Lincoln. It is true that the distinguished sufferer may recover, and every man, woman and child of years of understanding are praying with all their hearts that such may be the case. Even if he recovers, the assault upon him is none the less a blow at everything a true American holds sacred. There is absolutely no just cause for the attempt upon our President's life. He was the nation's ruler, following certain policies with which many of the people were not in sympathy, yet he was acting as the nation's representative, and as such was entitled to the sincere respect of every loyal citizen and of the citizens of other nations as well.

Had President McKinley been an absolute monarch, serving only his own selfish ends, without any regard to the rights of the people, there might have been an excuse for plots against his life. But none of these conditions appear in the case, hence the crime in every respect is a most wanton one, the highest of treason, and the most revolting to liberty-loving people. It is an index to students of political economy that should lead them to search for the means by which a trained national conscience can be quickened into life to give protection in full to every citizen of whatever degree or station he may occupy. It is a hint to psychologists that they should seek to devise some means by which the thought atmosphere may be freed from the noxious gases of treason and murder. It is a problem for all of our people to consider, with the end in view of establishing a civilization of the soul, in which no crime can take place, because of the highly evolved consciences of the people.

At this time all differences of opinion should be set aside—all partisan bias put away—all unkindness of speech blotted out. This is a crime against humanity, and therefore is no time for partisan recrimination and bitterness. President McKinley had his faults, hence was prone to errors of judgment in common with other men, yet he was and is our ruler, and is therefore the nation's care at the present crisis in his life. He deserves and should receive the fullest sympathy of every American, and only thought of as a sufferer in need of aid. McKinley the man, the considerate husband and genial friend, is now and should be ever, the object of our tenderest solicitude. In common with all loyal citizens, we deplore the wicked assault upon him, and ask our friends throughout the nation to unite with us in sending him the tender thought of healing and of strength. He has fallen at the post of duty, in the service of his country. We trust that he will be held in mind by every lover of his country, and hope that his wounds may be healed by the loving, helpful thoughts of all America's millions of people. Let us, one and all, bend our energies in the direction of recovery. This is the one consideration of the hour, and to that end may men and angels labor in common without ceasing.

### Toleration.

The assault upon President McKinley has called forth some very singular remarks from certain persons who presume to call themselves Spiritualists, as well as from those who are strictly Orthodox in their views. We have heard Spiritualists vigorously arguing that the would-be assassin should be burned at the stake in order that he might expiate his crime in the most complete manner. Others advocate lynching by hanging and all sorts of methods equally reprehensible. It is rather strange to hear Spiritualists using such peculiar terms, much less advocating such barbarities in dealing with the conscienceless villain who has struck the President down. Some of these Spiritualists have gone so far as to declare that the Anti-Imperialists and other followers of William J. Bryan are directly responsible for the attack upon the President. With great vehemence some of them urged the arrest and imprisonment of every person who has opposed President McKinley's views upon the important questions now agitating the public mind.

The foregoing remarks indicate that the spirit of toleration is as yet far removed from the lives of not a few Spiritualists. Any man who can advocate burning at the stake for any crime is far from being illumined in spirit with the light of true Spiritualism. The attack upon the President was despicable in the extreme, and the crime most horrible in every respect. President McKinley possesses many virtues, yet he is only a man, despite his high office, hence is heir in common with his fellows to the fate of all mankind. Death so-called is no more to him than it is to the humblest laborer in the land, nor is his soul any more precious in its intrinsic value than is that of the citizen who is unknown to fame. The assault upon President McKinley is an attack upon his office, and that office is sacred to every American patriot. The unwarranted deed has met with universal condemnation throughout the world. No one in the United States has breathed a word in palliation of the crime. Every American has been outraged by it, and is today suffering because of it.

The Anti-Imperialists are as one man in their vigorous denunciation of the crime, and so are the Populists, Democrats, Prohibitionists and Republicans. It is a stain upon the honor of our nation and is resented accordingly. To give expression to such wild and intolerant utterances as are named in this article, is certainly reprehensible, unspiritual and unjust. If even a few citizens were to declare the assassination warranted there might be a semblance of excuse for the extreme utterances above mentioned. Every true Spiritualist is tolerant in his views of all opinions that are grounded in the consciences of his opponents. Lynch law of all kinds is murder, and legal hanging is even worse. It becomes any Spiritualist to advocate either one. It behooves all citizens to restrain their fiery tempers, and to use reason in all things in this great crisis. Should the President fall to recover, his assailant will end his days in the electric chair, yet his execution will not restore the amiable and true-hearted President to life, but it will add another crime to the world's great category of crimes. The transition of the President will make Theodore Roosevelt President of the United States. In our judgment, no man is less fitted for the post than he is, nor is there any man who can fit him for it. This result alone should induce every patriot to earnestly desire for the recovery of President McKinley.

### An International Congress in 1903.

An article upon the above subject appeared in our last number from the pen of a citizen of St. Louis, Mo. It proposes that the N. S. A. shall set about to secure an International Congress of Spiritualists at the St. Louis Exposition in 1903. The writer labors long and earnestly to prove that such a movement would be desirable, and assumes that he and his immediate friends were the proprietors of the idea. He and they are greatly mistaken, for the idea has been under discussion among the officials of the N. S. A. for nearly a year. Mrs. Addie L. Ballou of California, a delegate from the N. S. A. to the International Congress of Spiritualists in France in 1900, suggested a Congress of like nature in St. Louis in 1903, in her letters to the N. S. A., in accounting for her work as its delegate. The officers of the N. S. A. have had it under advisement for some time, and some of them talked it over with some of the Spiritualists of St. Louis in February last. We are of the opinion that some of the parties back of the

writer of the article in our last issue, overheard that conversation.

Be that as it may, the thought of an International Congress did not originate with those who have sought public notice, through the article in question. The N. S. A. is the proper party to advance that thought and we are glad to know that it has been doing so for the past year. We know that the matter will be presented to the Convention at Washington through the report of the President of the N. S. A. There is at present no working State Association of Spiritualists in Missouri to cooperate with the National Society in this praiseworthy movement. The original State Association perished for the want of proper support, and the attempt that has been made to revive it, is not the concerted plan of the leading Spiritualists of Missouri. Only one man who is interested in the attempt in question, is known as a truly representative man, outside of two or three gentlemen in St. Louis, whose names were used by the parties behind the movement, without their consent. This gentleman is Mr. F. J. Underwood of Springfield, Mo., a noble man and a true Spiritualist.

It is probable that he has not considered this subject at any length, nor entered into the legal aspects of the case with any degree of thoroughness. That Missouri needs a State Association, we willingly admit, but that Association should represent all of the Spiritualists—not a few, who have not looked beyond their own desires to see what the effect of their sporadic efforts would be upon our Cause as a whole in Missouri, and upon our opponents, who are ever on the alert to wound us in the most vulnerable points. We therefore sincerely hope that there will speedily be a concert of action on the part of representative Spiritualists throughout the State of Missouri to organize a strong, working State Association that shall be thoroughly alive in its every part. We see no way by which the attempt to resurrect the old organization can be made effective much less legal. We feel that those represented by the writer of the article published in our last number, have moved in this matter unthinkingly, and have thereby caused confusion in the ranks of the brethren in Missouri. In order to obviate any difficulty, legal or otherwise, the old State Association should be considered defunct, and a new one formed in harmony with the laws of the State, and the progressive principles of true Spiritualism. We have no desire to impugn the motives of those who are behind this movement, nor to cast any opprobrium upon them. We only desire to advance our Cause in that State, hence we respectfully suggest that these self-appointed officers gracefully surrender their assumed portfolios, and join in a general call for a grand State Spiritualist Convention in St. Louis in the late autumn or early winter for the purpose of organizing an association that shall be thoroughly alive as well as representative in character. Such an organization could and would be the N. S. A.'s chief helper in the work of arranging for an International Congress in 1903.

### A Word to Officers of State Associations.

In another column a valued contributor calls attention to the importance of the suggestion made by Bro. Moses Hall in regard to a meeting of the presidents and secretaries of all State Spiritualist Associations now actively at work. We feel that such a meeting of the officers named would be productive of a great deal of good, and we commend Bro. Hall's suggestion, as well as the thoughtful words of "Divine" to the earnest consideration of all of the readers of the Banner of Light. Steps should be taken at once to make such a gathering possible, and there is no time to lose, if it is to be held at all. Arrangements can be made for these officers to assemble during the National Convention in October in Washington, D. C. The State Presidents and Secretaries are representative men and women. They have been selected because of their signal ability to fill their important offices in a business-like way, and of their general fitness for their posts. Such persons cannot fail to have valuable ideas with respect to carrying on the work to the best advantage throughout the nation. Their advice will be of the greatest value to all delegates and visitors, hence it is highly essential that these officers should attend the Washington convention.

Of course the cost of transportation and board is the one objection that must be met in the majority of instances. As each State Association is entitled to at least two delegates, the expense of sending that number is by no means insurmountable. The five states where the expenses would be items of any especial moment are Texas, California, Washington, Kansas and Nebraska. Even in these states the cost of the ticket to Washington is lessened by the concession of one and one-third fare for the round trip. The Texas delegates would require not more than one hundred dollars each, while those from California and Washington would require about one hundred fifty dollars each. Kansas and Nebraska would not need more than seventy-five dollars each for their delegates. The states of the Central West and New England would need much less. In all cases there should be no doubt of the result. It ought to be a very easy matter for the Spiritualists of the eighteen states having State Associations, to raise money enough to defray all expenses of their delegates, assuming, of course, that they are the president and secretary of the State body. Two hundred dollars to the Spiritualists of Texas, three hundred dollars to those of California and Washington, one hundred fifty dollars to those of Kansas and Nebraska, are mere bagatelles to the thousands of Spiritualists residing within their borders.

The money can be raised easily and in a very simple way. Let each Spiritualist in the states having State Associations at once send one dollar each to the secretary of that organization, with the statement that it is for the expense fund to send the president and secretary to the Washington Convention.

Every layman in the land is surely desirous of aiding the progress of Spiritualism. Uniform methods of work will add much to the advancement of the Cause. These methods can be devised by the state presidents in a special meeting of their own, then laid before the National Convention for adoption. Massachusetts will surely send her president and secretary, and we can see no reason why all other states cannot do likewise. It is a movement that should appeal to the understandings of all Spiritualists as one eminently designed to forward the progress of Spiritualism. Every Spiritualist who truly loves his religion can afford at least one dollar for this noble purpose. We trust that there will be a hearty and enthusiastic response to this proposition and hope that all of the eighteen states will promptly raise the necessary funds to carry it into execution.

### Maine Spiritualists, Read This!!!

Your State Convention will be held in Auburn Hall, Skowhegan, Oct. 4, 5, 6. The use of that splendid hall is the freewill offering of a noble hearted woman, who is not a Spiritualist. The late General Russell B. Shepherd, her husband, himself an orthodox churchman with liberal tendencies, invited the State Association to Skowhegan through a very cordial letter that was read at the last annual meeting of that organization. Gen. Shepherd offered to donate the use of Auburn Hall free of all cost to the Spiritualists, if they would hold the Convention of 1901 in Skowhegan. His most generous offer was accepted with thanks, and it was voted unanimously to hold the next Convention in that place. During the past winter, Gen. Shepherd suddenly passed away from earth. His widow determined to carry out her noble husband's wishes in full, and the result is that the Spiritualists of Maine are to assemble in a fine hall for their fifth annual gathering, without one cent of expense to their treasury. Our Maine brethren are most fortunate, and we congratulate them heartily upon being the recipients of such generous favors. This gift to them is all the more noteworthy from the fact that it comes from one who is not an avowed Spiritualist, and so far as we are informed, only slightly interested in it. When church members can bestow such signal favors upon Spiritualists and Spiritualism, it is about time for the Spiritualists themselves to follow their example. The art of giving is yet to be learned by many of those of our faith who are blessed with abundant means. There are many noble hearted philanthropists in our ranks, whose purse strings are always open, hence our words do not apply to them. We refer this noble act of Mrs. Shepherd to those Spiritualists who have much, yet do nothing for Spiritualism, as an example they would do well to follow.

### Slander.

This subject has been so often discussed, and the evils thereof so frequently exposed, that it would seem almost superfluous to even refer to it in a Spiritualist paper. But as many Spiritualists, including some mediums and speakers, are constantly scandalizing their brethren behind their backs, and saying all sorts of evil of them, it may not be out of place to utter a word of protest in relation thereto at this time. It is more than strange that mediums who are in constant touch with the denizens of the spirit world, can stoop so low as to vilify their fellow workers in our Cause. Intelligent men and women of all denominations now hold the scandal monger as guilty of the very sins he charges against his fellowmen. An Oriental legend has it that God has no place on earth, or in hell, sufficiently severe for the slanderer. The Spiritualists of all people should be so far removed from the realm of slander as to make it impossible for its influence to be felt. Those speakers and mediums who are daily slandering their co-workers, the laity and even their own relatives, will find themselves forced to face some very hideous objects when they gaze upon their own selves in the soul-world. The slanderer's hand is ever turned against all mankind and he has only evil to speak of the noblest of earth. The angels weep whenever they gaze upon him, and the vilest imps in regions infernal always laugh in glee as they approach him. Those speakers who are making it a point to traduce their co-workers are making some terrible conditions that they will sooner or later be called upon to face in the world of spirit. They are harming themselves in soul for the sake of injuring their victims in a material and social sense on earth. Can they afford to do this? Every sensible man and woman, if the truth be spoken, must answer no. Let those who are making it a point to pry into the history of their co-workers' lives for the sake of discovering some flaws therein, take heed lest by their own actions they turn the electric light of discovery upon themselves. Slander is a terrible weapon, and no person who dwells in a glass house can afford to use it. Let him or her beware!

### N. S. A. Day at Camp Progress.

The management of Camp Progress has generously granted a day to be devoted to the interests of the N. S. A. Originally Sept. 23 was fixed upon as the most available date, but owing to circumstances beyond the control of the representatives of the N. S. A., and of the management of the camp, it has been found necessary to fix the date one week later. Accordingly, Sunday, Sept. 29, will be N. S. A. Day at Camp Progress. An interesting program will be presented to the people on that occasion, and every possible step taken to make the day one of pleasure and profit to all visitors. We trust that our readers will make a note of the change of date, and advise their friends of the same. The object is an excellent one and we most sincerely hope that the attendance will be large throughout the day.

### The Royal Blue Line

will be the official route of the great New England excursion to the Ninth Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists Association in Washington, D. C., in October. Excursion tickets, all expenses of board included, will only be \$27.50 for the round trip from Boston. Proportional rates will be charged from all points en route. Applications should at once be made to J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney St., for full particulars with regard to this splendid excursion.

### Mrs. Minnie M. Soule

the popular circle medium for the Banner of Light, will be one of the attractions at the coming State Spiritualist Convention in Skowhegan, Oct. 4, 5, 6. Mrs. Soule has many friends in the Pine Tree State who will give her a royal welcome when they greet her in Skowhegan.

### The Boston Spiritualist Temple

will open services Sunday, Oct. 6, in Chickering Hall at the corner of Huntington and Massachusetts avenues, under the leadership of its well known pastor, Mr. F. A. Wiggin. The society has held its meetings for many years in Berkeley Hall, where it did a grand work for our Cause. Increased attendance and a change of conditions in Berkeley Hall rendered the removal to Chickering Hall necessary. We trust that this organization will flourish exceedingly abundantly in its new abode. Chickering Hall is nicely located, and is a most attractive place for Spiritualist meetings.

### Have You

read "Lisbeth" by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, and "I'm a Brick," Corilla Banister? If not, now is the time to order a copy of each of them.

We learn that Prof. Edward Whipple of Lakeside, Cal., has recently written a biography of Dr. J. M. Peebles. It is now in the printers' hands and is nearly ready for distribution. The volume contains 600 pages, is printed on heavy cream-colored paper and is elegantly bound. The doctor has been in the Spiritualist field as a writer, author and lecturer for over fifty years, and this book will contain quite a history of Spiritualism as well as Dr. Peebles' eventful life. This book can be obtained at the Banner of Light office, price \$1.25.

State Spiritualist Conventions were held in Minnesota and California Sept. 6, 7, 8. No doubt they were well attended, and much good wrought for Spiritualism. If all States were blessed with similar organizations, Spiritualism would soon become a mighty power for good throughout our land.

Reports from Maine indicate that the coming State Spiritualist Convention will be largely attended by our brethren in the Pine Tree State. The rates at the hotels and on the railroad will be materially reduced, which will make it an object to all who are interested to move upon Skowhegan in a solid body on Oct. 4, 5, 6. It will be the best convention ever held in the State of Maine.

Love is the healing power that will cure a sin-sick world. Let us then make Spiritualism stand for the highest and purest love from whose light comfort will be radiated to all who are now groping in sorrow's night. Spiritualists should be the rays of that light to carry consolation to the sorrowing everywhere.

When the power of thought is once recognized, the will placed in command of man's being and his soul quickened into life, sickness, sorrow, suffering and crime of all sorts will speedily disappear from earth. It is the mission of Spiritualism to inspire man to arise in his might and be all that his Soul-Self would have him be.

The dedication of the Mayer Home in Washington, D. C., will be one of the attractions of the coming National Spiritualists Convention in that city Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18. All Spiritualists who possibly can do so should attend this great Convention. It will repay the expense thereof many times over, and will ever be a precious memory to those who attend it.

There are but two kinds of thought—free thought and fear thought.—F. A. Wiggin. Which of these twins are you welcoming in your lives, O Spiritualists? The former gives you freedom from all ills—the latter makes you the veriest of slaves. Choose ye then that which ye desire to keep with ye, and abide by the choice.

Life is the only explanation of life, hence the sum total of all forms of life must make up infinitude. Infinitude involves intelligence, hence Life, as Infinity, must also be intelligent. Infinite intelligence, therefore, is but a rational expression of man's concept of the over-ruling power and the inner-ruling principle that controls all things.

We have reason to believe that Milton H. Berry's advertisement on the fifth page of this issue is well worthy the attention of our readers.

"He who hesitates falls into confusion." Do not hesitate about buying "I'm a Brick," by Corilla Banister. It sets forth in terse, epigrammatic sentences, the difference between liberalized and fossilized thought as applied to the ethics of life here and hereafter.

He who would win the victory in the great battle of life must first be master of himself. When man lives first for others and then for himself, he will ever be victor in the trials of life.

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



## SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

These circles are not public.

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

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

Report of Seances held Aug. 15, 1901, S. E. 54.

### Invocation.

Oh infinite spirit, love and wisdom, in our desire and aspiration we would lean upon thee; in our effort toward righteousness and goodness, we would lean upon thee, for we feel so fully the feebleness of our effort, the lack of strength, the lack of wisdom; leaning on thy love and thy wisdom for support, we are able to go forward and lift wherever possible the burden of the world. Help all the burdened ones this day—those who weep beneath the cross of death, those who suffer because of aspiration, those whose eyes are blinded to the blessed light of the reality of life that is now and always. Open their eyes and may they see the light and love of those they love streaming into their life, making it one whole sweet experience. Bless those who would return; help them in their effort to reach their own; wherever they seek, wherever they would lift a hand to help the dear ones return to express their continued love, there may they assist and make strong. Help this little band, these who would come at this time sending out their message to the loved ones, may they come as never before,—so clearly, so distinctly, and so perfectly shall be their message. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Laura Biddle.

I see the spirit of a woman about forty years old. She is quite dark, dark skin and big black eyes, and black hair, and she really looks as though she had some Indian blood in her. I think she has quite a lot, because she is strong and she comes up to me and says: "My name is Laura Biddle and I came from Bangor, Me. I want the folks there to know that I come strong and well; I have Lizzie with me and Lizzie says 'Let's take a trip back to earth life and see what we can do in the old conditions,' and instantly when we got there we found our garden all planted just as we used to have it, flowers all growing just as we would like to have them, and we said, 'That is because Frank has done it for us; and so we send this message to Frank, that we appreciate his effort and thank him for it.'"

#### To Edward Grant.

I see a little girl. She doesn't seem to be over eight years old. She is dark with dark hair and eyes and looks as if she played out-of-doors a great deal. She runs up to me and says: "Here I am, and I want to get to my father, whose name is Edward Grant, and he lives in Lebanon, Me. I wish I could talk all I want to, but I feel so sick when I try. I wasn't sick very long, but it took all my strength away. I want to get to Mamie, too, for I know she will be glad to know that I can come. I want my Auntie Alice to know that I have arrived, and although I have grown quite a little in the spirit, I have to come like this so that they may know me as I am. Grandma is with me and she says, 'God bless them all at home. When they sing the old songs it draws us very close to them and makes us very happy and so we say God bless them over and over again.' I send so many kisses and so much love to them all. Thank you."

#### Warren Bickford.

The next spirit who comes to me this morning is a young man about twenty-five years old. He is quite dark. His hair is black and crisp-looking, and he is thin and very active. He comes up to me and says: "Bless me, I am so glad to come! I have been trying the longest while; it seemed as though I would never be able to pass the examination and get in and give my message clearly and definitely. My name is Warren Bickford and I used to live in North Berwick, Me. I have been gone a long time, in fact, a great many years, but I have always had the greatest desire to return in some way where there would be some recognition of me, and now I come, and such a strange sensation, such a strange wonder comes over me, after all this time, to be able to speak once more to people of earth. I had no thought of religion, no special thought of spiritual things, and when I came over to the spirit it was so sudden that I could hardly realize that my life had been cut short; for a long time I did not know what to do; I couldn't seem to find anything to interest myself in except battles, and those had a peculiar fascination for me. I am growing now and have so many of my people with me; they all, as fast as they can, try to express themselves and send greetings back to their loved ones. I have with me Willie, and he says, 'Tell Etta that it is all right. We are getting along as well as we can and are conscious of what is being done.' The little graveyard where I was buried doesn't look much as though the people cared for those gone on, and really I am glad, for it gives me a certain sense of freedom and a certain sense of joy and I feel that I am

more in the home and the surroundings than I would be if the thought were constantly sent out to me where my body was put. I thank you. Perhaps I will be able to come again some time and say more of the things I would like to say."

#### Luella Hussey.

I see a woman about forty-five years old. She is quite stout with blue eyes and brown hair and her face is very pretty and sweet, with a kind expression. She says: "I want to get my name and residence off my mind, so I give it to you first. I am Luella Hussey, and I came from Fairfield, Vt. I have been over here long enough to understand that it is possible for me to exert an influence over those I love. I have never communicated, haven't even felt that it would be possible for me to, but have often found that my thought has swayed and helped those who were left behind. I have a little girl; to her I frequently go, and when I desire that some special thing be done, I give a prayerful thought and always find her responding to my effort, so that I feel that if those in the spirit made an effort to get to those they love and used the effort wisely, very much good could be done. I have with me Oscar; I am so anxious that he shall come into the realization that he can get back, because his wife is anxious to hear from him, and yet he doesn't feel that he is equal to the undertaking, so I speak for him and ask her to give him an opportunity to return. It will mean very much to him as well as to her if she helps him to do it. Please say, too, that we are sorry that the place had to be sold. It seemed that there was nothing else that could be done, but we would be so glad if it had not been so, and now that the new condition is here, we will do what we can to make it better and brighter than ever before. Thank you."

#### Charles Westinghouse to Andrew Wheeler.

Now I see a spirit of a man quite tall, strong, and very intellectual looking. He has blue eyes, dark hair, side-whiskers, strong prominent nose and a clear voice. He comes right up to me and says: "My name is Charles Westinghouse and I lived in Atlanta, Ga. I was well-known in that place, and have a desire to say to my friends that I am as much alive today as ever, and that I still retain my interest in the people of the place familiar to me. I know so many people and had so many who turned to me for advice and for help because of my profession that it seemed as if I ought to have stayed; I have felt that my duty was only half done, but after all there was nothing that could have been done to save me. I have been assured of that, in fact, I myself felt that the end was very near for some time before I came. I do so want to send a message to Andrew Wheeler; I want him to understand that I am helping him and will do whatever it is possible in this fear that is troubling him today. Tell him, too, that the little plan that I was working on before I came away has not left my mind or my consciousness, and that if I had an opportunity I would carry it out even today, through some other organization. I would like to say a word to Annie. I don't want her to cry, I don't want her to feel that she is alone. I don't want her to think that it is time for her to go simply because I am away, but rather I would have her understand that I am still with her and that my love fingers over her and I would be glad to give her any help if she will but let me come to her. Thank you."

#### Georgia Henderson.

Now I see a woman about sixty years old. She is short and quite stout, has blue eyes and soft gray hair, and her face is smiling and cunning and she has a cunning little way. She comes up to me and with a voice almost like a child's, says: "Good morning, my friends. It is good to be here. This is not new to me. Sometimes my friends wonder why I have never come and I want to say that I have often had the opportunity, even felt that I would come,—and yet when the time came there were so many who did not understand this that I felt like standing back and giving them my chance. I wish that those who are looking for messages from their loved ones would understand that they can help so much by confidence and faith and by an effort to draw them close into their life. My name is Georgia Henderson and I lived in Salem, Ore. I'd like to send this particular message to Frank, who has the same name as mine, and tell him to be careful. That he is apt to be careless and perhaps might get into some trouble that it would not be so easy to get out of, and my desire is at this time to send a message which will keep him from trouble which I sometimes fear must be his before he can learn the lesson of carefulness. Thank you."

#### Letter from Paris, France.

LE BOIS.

In this beautiful park, surrounded by leafy trees and green lawns, on which groups of little children are playing, their gay, childish laughter coming to me distantly as echoes from the spirit world, where in immortal parks somewhat akin to this the little ones that leave earth daily are to be found, playing and growing in health and strength for the larger life they are to live in the spirit world; here at last has banished the feeling of loneliness which has beset me since I left the gay steamer "City of Rome," to seek amid scenes familiar to my younger days the uplifting spirit influence I felt in days ago,—alone, indeed, I have been, excepting the kind sympathy of friends, since the departure for a higher sphere of existence of my husband, Henry J. Horn.

Slowly but surely the months pass, and it is now nearly a year since he left me. Why, I ask myself wonderingly, do we feel the loss of beloved ones so keenly, when we know and realize that their invisible presence is close beside us? How graciously does the

dark wing of Aziel hide the faults and reveal only the nobler and most spiritual traits of character of our departed friends!

On my arrival at London, I looked for Mr. J. J. Morse, the spiritual lecturer, for my dear friend, Mrs. M. E. Wallace, who came to see me off on the steamer, bringing to me a bouquet of flowers nearly as beautiful as herself, had told me that he had opened a hotel for Spiritualists, and I hoped to stop with him, but alas! I found that the address I had with me was an old one, and upon hunting it up was informed that he had been gone from that address nearly two years! and no one could tell me whither he had gone.

I wonder if it will be as difficult to trace our friends in the spirit world as I find it here in Paris and in London.

When I visited Paris some years ago, I was introduced to the "Societe Spiritiste," but I forgot the location, and suppose that Hypnotism has taken the place of Spiritism. At that time we formed a circle in the pretty villa Murat, where I was staying, and had wonderful manifestations, but the villa has been torn down and a handsome "Eglise" built in its place, and its pretty grounds where the spirits used to walk and converse with me, now form the enclosure of the church!

Paris is indeed changed since twelve years, but the people are the same gay, industrious beings that they were then, and I hope will continue to be in time to come. How dull would even the spirit world seem if it were only inhabited by us enterprising Americans.

Spiritualism has ceased to be the great sensation of the day that it was, partly because it has drifted into materialism—and, shall I say sensualism?—and the consequent degeneration of mediocrity has had a deplorably bad effect upon the Cause.

How impossible it seems for humanity to dwell upon the spiritual side of soul-life! Alas! like children we tear our idols to pieces to see what they are made of, and then throw them aside in disgust. We have searched the stars, those emblems of eternity, and patented our tramways in glorious Mars!

How spiritual nature is here, in these quiet woods. As I feel her presence she seems peopled with beneficent spirits. She proclaims the eternity of life. Life sensuous as music and charming scenery full of vibrations, uplifting, not depressing.

From Paris I will go to Lucerne, Switzerland, where I will join my cousin, Miss Hoyt, and thence go to Dresden, the "Florence of the North," from whence I hope to send some pleasant messages to the readers of the noble "Banner of Light."

Susan G. Horn.

#### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-ONE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some of our friends may remember the two mothers, each with one daughter, spoken of in Number 188. We spent the second half of August, two and a half miles further in the country with the other of these two friends. All these dear persons are Spiritualists of the soulful type. Far from desiring the departed to reach them by accommodating themselves to the physical conditions of the earth plane, their wish is to raise themselves to angelhood while still dwelling in the clay, so that those who live in the beautiful beyond need not descend so far, but may commune with them on the psychical plane.

To attain this end, they keep the body in its true place, which is to be the servant of the soul, eschewing a meat diet, animal fats and fermented bread, and living on vegetables, nuts, fruits, eggs, and simple uncleaned bread of entire wheat flour. Everything they eat tastes good, for they cook it well, using plenty of Ko-nut where oil is needed, with paprika instead of black or cayenne pepper, plenty of sugar, milk and cream, as well as butter.

They all live much in the open air, use no corset or anything else that binds the form, and yet with their pretty empress gowns, and robes that veil and yet hint the graceful contours of the form, they satisfy one's sense of the womanly and the beautiful.

The daughter of the second lady is one of the noblest specimens of young girlhood that I have ever seen. Tall, straight as an arrow, with a form that is the admiration of athletes, she has a mind that has been cultivated by association with her mother, and by reading the best magazines and books. She is not a mate, but an affection of the auric nerve which came on several years ago prevents her hearing a word unless a person speaks in a low distinct voice at her very ear. To speak to her thus is a pleasure, for her ready sympathy and comprehension and her interest in all matters about her put her in close rapport with the outside world.

She hears no bird songs, nor the lowing of her cow, the whinny of her pony, the peep of her chickens and the other sounds of the poultry-yard, the quack of her large army of ducks, nor the joyful bark of Prince Leo, who attends her faithfully in all her labors, and protects her from all harm.

Her "den" is an interesting spot. There she has her books and magazines, her writing table where she pens her letters and makes up her poultry accounts, and the swinging bed of springs and mattress that is suspended from the ceiling. In the corner stands her incubator with its apparatus to keep the eggs at an even temperature, and its layers of frames where two hundred and twenty embryo chickens rest in seclusion until the time comes for them to break the shell and enter upon the active duties of life. The "brooders" are in a shed near the poultry-yard and it is fascinating to watch the progressive little chicks. They are brought up to be tame and their mistress has no trouble in taking any hen up into her arms.

You can imagine, Mr. Editor, what delight and rest it was for me to spend a fortnight at this country farm. There were walks to take, drives to enjoy, fresh vegetables to

gather, animals to be visited and caressed, flowers to be loved, the society of congenial friends, and in the evening the seance-hour and the sense that heavenly visitors were near.

But the life of these friends is not an idle one. They keep no hired help to break in on the privacy of their home. All they eat is prepared by the mother's own hands, and I joyfully aided them in the general work of caring for the house. The washing is carried to a friendly colored woman a mile away, and I learned while there that all clothes are sweeter if they be dried in the fresh air and sunlight without being smoothed by a hot iron.

The daughter milks the cow and cares for the pony, whom she can harness in a trice when she wishes to go to the village for the mail and on other business. She also takes the entire charge of her ducks, her hens, and her beloved little chickens. A young neighbor is the devoted friend of the family, and brings the watermelons from their vegetable garden, and mows the grass. Besides all the common vegetables, they raise sweet potatoes and peanuts. But they have no use for carrots, turnips and parsnips, thinking them unpleasant to the taste.

Alloway makes me think of New England farm life fifty years ago, though the village itself is already invaded by city notions and by a sprinkling of tourists. But at the neighboring farms one can still live the ideal life, and cling close to the heart of Mother Nature untrammelled by clothes that bind and deform, and eat the sweet fruits without being spoiled in sugar, and the fresh vegetables without having them all reduced to the same taste by being fried in butter, deviled in spices, or deluged in cream. But one can drink an abundance of fresh milk, and I never had all the ice cream I wanted and as often as I wanted, and of pure, unadulterated quality, till I went to Alloway.

August has already slipped away, and as its last day, my little dog and I bade all these dear ones good-bye, and took to the baggage-cars again on our homeward route. But this time we crossed the wide Delaware at Camden, for we had one more visit to pay in Bristol, Pa., some thirty miles north of Philadelphia.

The country here is under fine and close cultivation, and has been so for many years. These wise Pennsylvanians did not cut down trees without caution, and they planted many more in rows and clumps, which have had time to grow, and add a majestic beauty to the landscape. I have not found any tree as yet quite so large as the great white oak which shades the gateway of my friend's near the Long Bridge in Alloway. That is a grand specimen of untrammelled growth and on the hottest day keeps many cubic feet of air cool in its vicinage.

My friends here have a delightful home—three miles from the town. Their letters to me had betokened such serious simplicity that I expected just a small cottage with a barn and a vegetable garden. So when my host drove us from the main road by a fine curve up a private roadway through acres of ground shaded by trees so large and old that I did not get a glimpse of the house, I said to myself,

"Can this beautiful place be theirs?"

It was even so, and the house is in keeping with the grounds with its large piazza fragrant with clematis and the rooms of the size and number that best an old colonial mansion.

A part of it was built more than a hundred years ago, and the remainder is nearly fifty years old. When they bought it, six years since, it had fallen somewhat into decay, but they have restored it to more than its pristine beauty, for flowers are always fresh and new, while trees are ever becoming more noble with the passage of years.

As we sit on the piazza the trees hide the main road from sight. And yet they are so far apart that each has room to spread its ample boughs in the sun and breeze, while the grass makes the whole space green. The house faces the south. So in the early morning the long shadows stretch away to the right on the vivid green. These shorten as the day advances so that at noon each tree casts its shadow at its own feet. As I now look from my window upstairs, the sun is near its setting, and the cool, green shadows stretch away to the east. Their lines look almost black against the broad spaces of sunlight green. The trunks stand cool and upright and the shadows of their massive tops lie beyond my range. A settee invites me to sit with my back to the sinking sun. An immense mass of white clematis hangs over an old stump in the foreground. By leaning forward I see the bright flowers close to the house. Birds in the tree-tops are twittering to their mates. After thus talking over the events of the day, they will sing their evening song, and then betake themselves to some aerial place of rest. A large white hen steps in solitary dignity in the foreground, but as the darkness gathers she will betake herself to the comfortable quarters in the rear.

The kind gentleman and lady who possess this home live an almost ideal life! They are Spiritualists in deed and in truth. Some wonder how they can live here so far from society, but they do not feel alone.

"There are angels hovering near."

They often receive visitors and relatives who do not sympathize with Spiritualistic thought, and many a weary one of earth has been sheltered here for a time.

I have been thinking of some who write to me who have ample means, and who yet live lonely lives. They either live in the house of relatives who are unsympathetic, or they are alone because their dear ones have gone to spirit life. Some of them go to California or to Washington for the winter months. This would be a delightful winter sojourn for them.

My friends would receive no one who is not a Spiritualist, for they wish to be able to talk and act freely in their own home. One who is able to pay what ought to be paid to those who will receive them into such a home, can learn the address by writing to

me. If he or she is in the habit of having a valet, or lady's maid, or nurse to attend them, they could also be received.

I feel it would be well to mention this opening, for some in our ranks can afford to live as they desire, and yet live lonely and almost heart-broken lives, because they cannot find congenial companionship in the surroundings to which they have been accustomed.

For me, I shall soon return to Arlington, to take up the even tenor of home life. The summer has slipped away, and camp life has about ended. May the lessons of wisdom that have been there imbibed bring forth abundant fruit, and enrich the lives of those who have been kept at home!

While enjoying so much, my heart has gone out in loving sympathy to those who have been kept at home by narrow means, by the care of suffering relatives, or by the unkindness of those who have the power to rule them. Dear souls who read these lines, does your burden seem greater than you can bear? How I would like to help you, and pour the oil of comfort into your bleeding heart!

And if I, so ignorant of your true condition, and so powerless to aid, feel thus, how truly the dear departed who loved you in bygone days love you still, and long to tell you of their love! They whisper words of cheer, but you do not hear them. They stroke your weary brow, but you are unconscious of their touch.

Well, the sad years do not last forever. By and by the darkened earth life will draw to a close.

"And Heaven's long day of bliss shall pay For all God's children suffer here."

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

Arlington, N. J., Sept. 2, 1901.

### Here and Now.

It is not in the solitary place,  
Where breezes blow across untrodden  
And shy wild birds frequent the open space  
That best is heard the message of the Lord.  
Nor yet upon the weed-strewn, rocky shore,  
Where waves toss up their flying clouds of spray.

And high above the mighty ocean's roar  
Shrills out the whistling wind unceasingly.  
The dreadful quiet lulls the mind to rest,  
The winds and waves chase other thoughts away.

And Inspiration's voice is heard the best  
When sounding through the duty of the day;  
For well accustomed duties leave the mind  
At leisure, calm, receptive, unconfin'd.

—Anita Stuart.

Many an artist living in pleasant home surroundings, in the midst of those things which alone make fame worth securing, wastes his talents in fretting because he has not just the kind of studio he wants, even wishing that he had a dusty little attic at the very top of some rickety building with only a crust of bread for diet, firmly believing he could then win a name; because others who starved and worked alone have done so!

Many a would-be psychic sighs for separation from the world and for a cave in the mountains, where he fancies the angels, yea even God, would be more likely to accept an invitation to inspire him. And while he mourns his lost opportunities his immediate friends and relatives are very miserable because their existence deprives him of retiring to his earthly heaven.

Many a medium destroys the very "conditions" he desires by bewailing the lack of them. He harps upon the necessity of having a room set apart for his special use when he wishes to communicate with the arisen ones, until the other members of his family willingly agree to live nearer each other and give him whichever room he designates. But he crushes their generous proposal by growling gloomily that the atmosphere of every room is so polluted by earthly conditions that it would take forever to magnetize it sufficiently for his purpose. Besides,—such a room ought to be draped in white and furnished with a globe and an altar, and snakes, and—and skull and cross-bones! By this time his admiring family is so stricken with awe and wonder as to seriously contemplate self-effacement,—and thus give him a chance to bless the world.

Metaphysicians seek divorces from their companions because they are not sufficiently strong mentally. Spiritualists separate because one or the other is not the "right person" to create the "harmonious" conditions, physically and spiritually, necessary to complete development.

Some are too sick to be inspired; some are too well and full of life!

To a casual observer it sometimes seems a mistake that Jesus did not marry and show the world what a man may do surrounded by the ordinary environments of life.

We want instructors who will not show by their lives if not their words that we must tear everything within reach up by the roots before we can make any advance toward perfection.

Emerson says: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Spiritual thought has peculiarities of its own, of which due account must be taken. One would not expect to prove the existence of love by a mathematical statement. Our "scientific" critic probably loves by feeling rather than by rule, and there may be a slight tinge of mysticism in the blending of his heart with another's. Like the enjoyment of music, love is a distinct experience gained in certain relations. To describe those relations is at least to suggest the external conditions of love or music. But to know love or to enjoy music,—well, one must be in love, one must hear a symphony. Likewise with spiritual thought. Such thought is obtainable under certain relations, and the demand is reasonable that one must obey those conditions in order to gain spiritual insight.

—Horatio W. Dresser.



# Eden Ranges

## Wholesome Food

THE GLENWOOD AGENT HAS THEM.

(Continued from page 1).

rougher portion of the road. No thought of evil crossed my mind; not the least idea of treachery in any form. Suddenly my horse stumbled and so violently that I was pitched out of the saddle and, falling upon my head, became unconscious. When I recovered my senses, I was fast bound to a tree. At a distance a fire was burning. Beside it, crouched a woman with a baby in her arms. In front of me was a man whose face, illumined by the firelight, looked so awfully repulsive that I trembled with fear, for, amidst a mass of tuberculosis, scabs and ulcers all over it, I recognized the man whom I had vaccinated and who had visited me with his wife and leprous child at the end of the smallpox epidemic.

"Behold your work," he said, as he ordered his wife to come forward with her child.

"My work, how dare you say so?" I exclaimed, indignant at the outrage, which I saw had been planned beforehand.

"Yes, your work! Doctor, devil, that you are, I am a leper, my wife is a leper and my child is a leper, and you are the man that made us so. You did not ask our consent, but in the name of the law, you implanted in us a vile disease, a disease that makes us outcasts, unfitted for the company of civilized beings. And all in the name of the law, forsooth. Talk about law! What can you think of a law that compels an innocent child to run such a risk. It is worse than murder, and the fiends who execute it are deserving of a punishment worse than hell."

"But why have you waylaid me? Bound me? Do you know you will be severely punished for what you have done?"

"Severely punished for what I have done? And what is to be your punishment; do you know?"

"My punishment!" I cried. "Surely you do not intend to murder me?"

"Murder you?" he laughed hysterically. "I never asked you that when you put your lancet into myself and wife and child."

"Then why have you acted thus towards me?" I asked again.

"To vaccinate you, Doctor," he screamed, his face hideously convulsed with rage and the lust of vengeance.

"Vaccinate me! Good God, man, what do you mean?" I made a tremendous effort to wrench myself free from the bonds, which held me prisoner.

"Yes, vaccinate you," he screamed again. "Come here, wife. Cut away his clothes from his arms. She placed her hands on the ground, then she took a pair of scissors from her pocket, and deliberately cut away all the portion of my coat sleeve and shirt above the elbow."

It was horrible. What I suffered at that moment, no one can tell. If I had ever sinned in my life, surely this was my punishment. The mere contact of this loathsome creature was enough, and yet I had been the cause of it all in the name of the law, and as I thought, innocently so, but still I was the cause and they were certain of it.

Then the man advanced. He pulled out a small knife from his pocket and smeared its blade with the foul matter from—but why detail the operation. It was done in spite of my protestations, cries for mercy, offers of money, pardon, everything. A few minutes made me a leper, and I, helpless as the poor babe about to be vaccinated, was ruined for life, powerless to resist.

Then he mockingly bade me farewell, saying as he did so:

"I know you can have me punished, that is if you can ever find us, but if, in your conscience, you think your punishment undeserved, I am ready to accept anything the law would award me. I do not think that actual death would be worse than the living death to which I have condemned me and mine under the plea of care for the life of myself and family."

In a few moments I was alone. I had long given up the struggle, feeling how useless it was. Despair reigned in my heart. For me there was no future. I knew as well as anyone that I was placed here, and that I was bound to do its work. By and by a violent fever set in. I became delirious, and then I knew no more. Not till next morning was I discovered. I had not arrived at the estate as usual, and search parties were sent out for me. I was taken there, and every attention was bestowed upon me, but all to no avail. A frightful form of blood poisoning set in, so said my learned colleagues, to which I gradually succumbed, and insensible to the last, I passed away to that land of shadows, with which, some day all have to become acquainted, and which is the only blissful reality in the universe.

Here ended the MRS., which showed haste and was but faintly legible at the conclusion. It seemed as if the writer feared that the force which he had borrowed would fall him ere he ended his sad story. This may account for his omitting to tell how his bones came into the hands of my predecessors.

My wife, who, I might remark, is a very superior woman, shook her head when I showed her the manuscript, and she always smiles when I insist that it was written by my skeleton.

(The End.)

Comments on a Book by Hudson Tuttle.

For the benefit of that class of Spiritualists who wish to enlighten themselves and supplement their knowledge in regard to our philosophy, the different phases of mediumship, the better understanding and discrimination between spurious and genuine manifestations, the attention of the reader of the Banner of Light is respectfully solicited to a little book by the eminent writer, Hudson Tuttle, entitled, "Mediumship and Its Laws Its Conditions and Cultivation."

Much has been written on this subject, but few have treated it so fairly and none so exhaustively as does this distinguished author.

thor, Hudson Tuttle. It should be in the hands of every medium as well as every Spiritualist as both will be equally benefited by it, the former to better understand the nature of his or her gifts, the latter thereby enabled to winnow the chaff from the grain when receiving so-called tests.

In our spiritual literature many of the accounts furnished by old and experienced votaries of the Cause, contain, when compared, conflicting facts, sometimes even irrational conceptions of phenomena, ambiguities and immature theories, at times the mundane and spiritual sources from which the manifestations emanate badly mixed. All these incongruities are due to the want of proper information on lines covering the vast field of the spiritual philosophy.

All those wishing to augment their stock of knowledge will be greatly compensated by adding this valuable book to their library, as it gives information and explanation on all important questions. Surely the price has been placed on so low a scale as to be within the reach of everyone, being only 25 cents per copy and I am confident that all who are in possession of it will agree with me when I say that it ought to become the vade mecum of every Spiritualist.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Birds of Passage.

BY MARY WEBB BAKER.

"As a soul follows a dream through the house of sleep, so am I following the dreams of a summer—through the house of memory."

My dreams were pleasant—some of them— and built a world of their own.

Who peopled that world? That fate which carpets our floors with roses, or enters our souls with barbed iron. The roses came first, and in degree as their fragrance fills our souls with delight, and our hearts with love, does the iron pierce deeply when the roses die.

I dream of the sun-kissed lake and hills, I dream of the full fledged hours; Of the music, whose joyful cadence thrills Even now through the house of memory.

I live again in the tender grace That fell from the lips of love; But I stand alone in that sacred place Where only dreams can move.

So we come and go and memory completes the chapter.

Do we all leave as many sunny places in the memory of those who share our "summer hours" as we might?

Have we added to, or taken from that which makes life a blessing or a burthen to others, and made the life brighter, and the burden lighter?

Too soon the days are gone and "It might have been" is a sorrowful retrospect if we have failed to do our best as the days were passing by.

Happy the heart that is singing As memory backward strays; And finds only beauty clinging To the dreams of other days.

In Re State Presidents and Secretaries.

BY RIVERDALE.

I have read with much interest your editorial "A Timely Suggestion," being that of Mr. Moses Hull regarding the meeting of presidents and secretaries of State Associations at Washington during the week of the N. E. A. convention in order to compare notes and discuss ways and means to improve the condition of local societies. In this connection I beg to ask if it would not be productive of a great deal of good if the "Banner" should publish papers on such subjects from the pens of such men as F. A. Wiggins, Moses Hull, L. C. Howe, and others equally competent to write upon such a subject.

"The Ideal Method of Conducting a Society" might be taken for a title. I, for one, shall be unable to attend the convention at Washington, but I would be very glad indeed to know the ideas of the workers upon the subject, and especially your own views in the "Tests" at Sunday service, the door fees, public seances, appropriate music for services, etc. I know some of these subjects have been treated in the "Banner" at various times, but not in such a way as to enable one to get clearly at the important points above named.

Pardon me if my suggestion savors of presumption, and I assure you I shall not feel at all hurt if you do not see fit to adopt it. I offer it simply because I am most anxious for the information, and I presume there are others like me.

[We will gladly publish all communications from the writers named upon the above subject and hope to hear from them at once. Editor.]

### Animals in Spirit Life.

BY NATHANIEL FREEMAN

On the editorial page of The Banner of Aug. 10 the question is asked whether, if animals continue to exist after death, they remain dumb, unthinking beings, subject to the wills of masters forever, or evolve into self-conscious beings.

Now I know of two answers already printed in the Banner going to show progression in animal life in the hereafter. One is the history of "Stall" so recently told by spirit Naunle through the mediumship of Mrs. Longley; the other is an answer to question by spirit John Pierpont, printed some years ago (Sept. 6, 1890) which answers the identical question and gives a clear statement of the whole subject. I think it would pay to reprint that question and answer.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 19, 1901.

### The Garden of Eden.

W. J. Colville's great new book "The Garden of Eden" is now complete in MS. We have just heard from the author who is getting it in order for immediate publication.

It contains a vast fund of valuable information on spiritual topics and a great deal of vivid description of Australian and other scenery. The characters are all declared (in the introduction) to be actual living personages, but names and places have been perforce disguised.

Subscriptions received at 75 cents till October 31st inclusive, but no later, from any part of the world. After that date the price will be \$1.00.

Mrs. Mary C. Morrell.

I want once more to call the attention of charitable Spiritualists to the case of Mrs. Mary C. Morrell of New York City. As before stated, she has been unable to practice her mediumship for many months as the result of acute nervous prostration, and while improving in health, the process is very slow. Her financial resources being entirely exhausted, the vital question now is, how shall she exist until again able to resume work for the spirit world?

A few friends have agreed to give one dollar each month while the present need continues. Will each reader of this be one to subscribe in equal sum. If so, please address M. J. Fitzmaurice, 638 East 128th St.; or Edwin P. Bearse, 52d St. and North River, N. Y. City.

### Children's Spiritualism.

#### "My Cat."

Dear Children:—I would like very much to write you a letter. I think the subject that would interest you the most would be a story about "My Cat."

His name was Tommy. Tommy came to me. He belonged to another lady who lived not far from my home. She was very kind to him, and it seems strange that he should run away from her.

When Tommy was living at her home he had a kitten, which his wife had left to him when she died.

When Tommy wished anything to eat he would stand up on his haunches like a rabbit (with his pretty white breast showing), and beg for it.

The kitten seeing him do this when he wished something to eat, would try and do it also. But when she tried to do it, she would stand up so straight that she would fall over backwards.

Tommy had a basket to sleep in while he was at my home, but he most always, at night, slept on the foot of my bed or some one's else.

When I moved to another home he would not stay there. So the people that live there now have him.

I hope he will live to be an old cat.

With love,  
Kathlene C. Burnett.

#### Daisy.

"Daisy" is the biography of a cat. It tells how Daisy, the cat, feels when treated kindly, and the misfortunes she meets with.

A story like "Daisy" is worth reading, for so many (not all) people are not kind to cats and our other domestic animals. The story of "Daisy" would soften the hearts of many such people.

The people who think it a waste of time to read such stories had better read it all the time. It is a story that every person ought to read something amusing once in a while, surely.

I recommend this story to be a very nice book for children. I think also that it would be a pleasure for grown people to read it.

Kathlene Corn Burnett.

### Letter to Sunbeam.

Dear Sunbeam:—I read your letters in the Banner and I enjoy them very much. Sometimes I go up to Methuen and sometimes I go to Haverhill to the meetings.

I will be eight years old in August. I go to school and am in the third grade. I enjoy all the letters in the Banner and wish more would write.

I have a kitty and a dog. Every morning the kitty wakes me up crying to get into bed with me. The little girl that talks through my mama says that when she was here there were no kitties, only the kind they shot with bows and arrows.

Your little friend,  
Bernice Abbott.

Lawrence, Mass., Mar. 28, 1901.

### To Bernice Abbott.

My dear little friend:—I cannot tell you how good it seemed to get a letter from you. The book I know how, but it was as if somebody wrote you a nice letter sometime and you had never seen them, but knew when you read the letter that you loved them very much. I know you must be busy if you go to school, for that takes a lot of your time.

When I lived on the earth plane I never went to school, but I learned and listened to what the braves and warriors said, and I remembered it; but since I came over here I have been to school very much and learned so many things, but not the kind of things you learn. Our schools are different from yours, for no one who is here, who doesn't want to, ever goes to school. I suppose a great many boys and girls think they would never go at all if they only went when they wanted to, but that is not true, because everybody wants to know how to do something, and when they really want to know how to do a thing they will go and ask somebody and then they are sent to a school where that thing is taught.

I thought I didn't want to learn to write, and so I never went where writing was taught, and when I saw some children working so hard to learn to write letters, I laughed and said I would never have to do that, for I had no one to write letters to, but when Mrs. Barrett asked my "mamma" to let me write a letter to the children I was ashamed and went away and learned how. I couldn't have read your letter if I had not learned to write and read writing. It is that way about everything when you want to do something you will ask someone to show you and then you learn quickly. You may not want to learn to write like the children, or do examples in arithmetic in school, because you have no use for those things, but by and by you might want to wash dishes for some sick friend or help papa or brother on some account books and then you would ask some one to teach you and you would soon learn. That is the way it is with all our lessons here. We learn the things we want to learn and as we grow and see other people grow we want to learn more and more. Some of the children over here love to learn to take care of kitties and dogs and birds and horses, and of course they have

## THE BEST IN SCIENCE

BROUGHT TO YOUR OWN HOME!



J. A. BURROUGHS

The vital importance of correct diagnosis is admitted by every physician and understood by every sufferer. The treatment based upon a wrong diagnosis is a useless and oftentimes dangerous.

Do you suffer from some chronic disease? If you do it is positive evidence that the causes responsible for your condition have not been definitely located by your physician. These causes are often obscure, but Prof. Burroughs is, admittedly, the greatest living diagnostician; the more than 15,000 cases which he has diagnosed in the last three years with unerring accuracy indubitably stamps him as such. Being a psychic of worldwide reputation he is enabled to penetrate to the hidden causes of disease, thus bringing to light the patient's true condition and the causes thereof. He is the only psychic whose work is endorsed by leading physicians.

The X-ray may reveal a fractured bone, or locate a tumor or other foreign body, but it utterly fails to take into consideration mental conditions which often cause and always modify disease.

Prof. Burroughs's position is unique and stamps him as the foremost of the World's medical psychics, and his diagnoses are a revelation to scientists and physicians. We submit the following as absolute proof of his wonderful powers.

### POSITIVE PROOF OF THE FOREGOING.

IF YOU ARE A SUFFERER you are certainly interested in this subject, and in order to demonstrate to you personally what we can do, we make you the following unparalleled offer:

If you will send your name, age, sex and one leading symptom, in your own handwriting he will send you an absolutely correct statement of your case, with valuable printed matter relative to your condition and advice FREE. These services are supplemented by the advice of the physicians comprising the staff of the Union Sanitarium, who are the equal of any in Education, Experience and Successful Treatment.

This offer is for a limited time only, hence you should write to-day. ADDRESS,

Dear Sir:—Your letter and diagnosis is received, and will say that it is correct. I have been under the treatment of Dr. Miller, of this city a long time and he has advised me to write to you. Yours truly,  
MRS. L. FAIRBIS, Saratoga, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Your favor is received, and in reply will say that my brother is a practicing physician in this city, and he, as well as myself, was well pleased with your diagnosis of my case. Respectfully yours,  
A. E. GRISWOLD, Crestline, Kan.

Dear Sir:—I wrote you for a diagnosis of my case, and received a prompt reply, which my home physician said was correct. Truly your friend,  
MISS NELL PAGE, Ferry, Mich.

My Dear Sir:—If you had turned the X-rays upon each organ of my body, the condition revealed to you by its action would have been more than that that contained in your Psychic Diagnosis of my case. Very respectfully,  
MISS ROSE HOWARD, Campbell, Tex.

Dear Sir:—I wrote you for a diagnosis more out of curiosity than from any other motive. I must say I was happily disappointed as you have given me correct diagnosis. Sincerely yours,  
DR. E. GALLUP, Santa Anna, Cal.

J. A. BURROUGHS, The Union Sanitarium,  
6720 to 2728 Wabash Avenue,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

to demonstrate to you personally what we can do, we make you the following unparalleled offer:

If you will send your name, age, sex and one leading symptom, in your own handwriting he will send you an absolutely correct statement of your case, with valuable printed matter relative to your condition and advice FREE. These services are supplemented by the advice of the physicians comprising the staff of the Union Sanitarium, who are the equal of any in Education, Experience and Successful Treatment.

This offer is for a limited time only, hence you should write to-day. ADDRESS,

Dear Sir:—Your letter and diagnosis is received, and will say that it is correct. I have been under the treatment of Dr. Miller, of this city a long time and he has advised me to write to you. Yours truly,  
MRS. L. FAIRBIS, Saratoga, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Your favor is received, and in reply will say that my brother is a practicing physician in this city, and he, as well as myself, was well pleased with your diagnosis of my case. Respectfully yours,  
A. E. GRISWOLD, Crestline, Kan.

Dear Sir:—I wrote you for a diagnosis of my case, and received a prompt reply, which my home physician said was correct. Truly your friend,  
MISS NELL PAGE, Ferry, Mich.

My Dear Sir:—If you had turned the X-rays upon each organ of my body, the condition revealed to you by its action would have been more than that that contained in your Psychic Diagnosis of my case. Very respectfully,  
MISS ROSE HOWARD, Campbell, Tex.

Dear Sir:—I wrote you for a diagnosis more out of curiosity than from any other motive. I must say I was happily disappointed as you have given me correct diagnosis. Sincerely yours,  
DR. E. GALLUP, Santa Anna, Cal.

J. A. BURROUGHS, The Union Sanitarium,  
6720 to 2728 Wabash Avenue,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A Tribute to Judge Streeter's Book.

A copy of Judge O. W. Streeter's book—"A Dream of Life in Other Worlds, and Miscellaneous Poems," was recently sent to some friends in the Empire State. In acknowledging the receipt of same, the following kind word is said of Judge Streeter and his book:

"A Dream of Life in Other Worlds, and Miscellaneous Poems," is a book surely well worth one's time to read. My unbounded admiration goes out to "The Homeless Boy" who arose to such an honored position in life, and whose untiring efforts for the right have been the making of many western homes happy. The story of Judge Streeter's life from childhood to the present time reads like a romance. What a will and what indomitable courage the boy must have had to overcome all obstacles. All honor to Hon. O. W. Streeter—Superior (Wis.) Way.

CLIMPS OF HEAVEN. By Gilbert Haven, Late Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This little work is the second published by Gilbert Haven since he entered upon his duties as Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1898, and the former work has been so successful that it has earned an honorable and national reputation as a religious, a popular, a practical, and a laborer in the cause of the Christian Union and the cause of Modern Spiritualism. Price, 10c. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Three Journeys Around the World; Travels in the Pacific Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India, Egypt, And Other Oriental Countries. IN ONE VOLUME BY J. M. PEEBLES, A. M., M. D., PH. D.

Author of "Seers of the Ages," "Immortality," "New Life a Century," "Critical Review of Rev. Dr. Kipp," "Jesus, Myth, Man or God?" "The Soul, Its Existence," "Did Jesus Christ Exist?" etc., etc.

During Dr. J. M. Peebles's late and thirty trip across the world, he studied and noted the laws, customs and religions of nations and peoples, giving special attention to Spiritualism, Magic, Theosophy and reform movements. He visited Ceylon, India, Persia, Egypt, Syria, and the coast of Europe, and secured much material, which has been embodied in a large octavo volume. The volume contains thirty-five chapters, and treats of the following subjects:

Home Life in California.  
My Trip to Egypt.  
The Sandwich Islands.  
The Pacific Island Races.  
Oceania Bound Toward Auckland.  
New Zealand.  
Melbourne, Australia.  
Australia.  
From New Zealand Overland.  
A Series of Seances Upon the Ocean.  
The Chinese Orient.  
Chinese Religions and Institutions.  
Cochin, China, to Singapore.  
Malacca to India.  
Spiritual Seances on the Indian Ocean.  
India: Its History and Treasures.  
India's Religions, Myths and Social Characteristics.  
The Rise of Buddhism in India.  
The Brahmo-Knoll and Porence-Spiritualism.  
Iran in India.  
From India to Arabia—A den and the Arab.  
The City of Cairo, Egypt.  
Egypt's Occults and Pyramids—As seen from the Pyramids—Sight of the Great Pyramid.  
Ancient Science in Egypt—Astronomy of the Egyptians.  
From Alexandria to Joppa and Jerusalem.  
The City of Joppa.  
City of Prophets and Apostles—Jesus and Jerusalem.  
Present Gospels.  
The Christianity of the Ages—Facts and Jesus in Context.  
Turkey in Asia—Asia and the Greeks.  
Athens.  
Europe and its Cities.  
Ceylon and its Buddhists.  
The India of To-Day.  
Hindu Doctrines of the Dead.  
The Mediterranean Sea.  
Egypt and Antiquity.  
Large 8vo., cloth, 615 sides and back. Illustrated. Nearly 600 pages. Price, \$1.50. Postage 50c. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

2000 YEARS IN CELESTIAL LIFE. GLYTINA—Compiled and copyrighted by Henry Clay Hodges. Revised and edited by Hamilton G. Howard. Cloth; Illustrated; 200 pp.

This book, published by the Astro Publishing Company of Detroit, Michigan, has brought down upon the head of its compiler a torrent of newspaper small shot, because of some claim made by Mr. Hodges.

Glytina the authoress purports to be an Athenian that has been for 2000 years in celestial life; she claims to have visited the planets of Jupiter and Mars and has much to say of them, but I fail to see any new scientific knowledge concerning them that she has added to the world's store.

A plate bearing a date bearing upon it writing in two languages and some drawings. The test conditions under which the messages were received by aid of a telegraph instrument are explained by Mr. Hodges. Great value is placed upon the work by the compiler and he intends to follow it with one or two other volumes.

Now candidly the forthcoming volumes may contain much of value, newly discovered truths in the realm of science, new propositions or teachings of the consideration of which may add to the philosophy of the world and the happiness of the human family. I trust it may, but I fear the reception and sale of the books have been injuriously affected by the issue of the work under consideration. I regret to state that I am disappointed in the work and quote one example of the class of lessons that caused that disappointment.

The book is in many chapters, each being a communication. To one of these bearing the heading "Origin of the Body" I turned with the hope of finding a dissertation that from one more than 2000 years old might tell of the lavestature of the physical element of man in the garment of materiality and how we came to be here.

I found: "The origin of the body, we want say, is in the chyle, which passing the lacteals, where, mixing with the blood, they proceed to the heart." Now that all may be so, but the author presupposes a body, then I expected matter relating to another phase of life and not finding it was a disappointment, one of the disappointments of the book.

While I fail to find that which warrants the compiler placing so high an estimate on the book, and while I have not ceased to wonder why if the forthcoming work is to be far superior to the present one, he did not have more than one first, then as many as he would, say, look on the merits and the fame of the other; still I fail to see the reason that any up-to-date editor acquainted with the psychic thought of the day should savagely attack "2000 Years in Celestial Life."

State-writing has for a long time been a phase of spiritual manifestation open to investigation, various instruments have been used heretofore to transform the thoughts of the arisen to the language of earth dwellers, and the claim that the author was an Athenian before Jesus was a statement may not be true, certain as it is should much prefer accepting it as fact to seeking 2000-year-old evidence to refute it. So it seems to me that while I should not class the book as a work of great value in the propaganda of Spiritualism neither should I attack it, for while unsatisfying, perhaps faulty, I found no pernicious doctrines, no immoral acts, no immorality, no violence or defended, no revolutions advocated or religions slandered; its faults, if faults there be, are because of weakness, not malice, for it seems imbued with the spirit of love.

A. C. Smith.