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THE SPIRIT ENCORE.

BY W. B. COOK.

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A gaming den was in full blast
In a north-west mining place,
When the door an old man passed
With a pale, set, haggard face;
Then from a battered coat drew out
A violin and bow,
And asking glancing round about
He played this melody so:
VIOLIN SOLO—“Old oaken bucket”—
“Old Kentucky home”—
“There’s no place like home.”

Then as he paused a muttered roll
Of plaudits rang in “Home”
Some tender chord had touched each soul,
Those old tunes brought back “home.”
“Encore!” a tear-stained gambler cried,
Who hailed from distant Maine.
“Play up, old man, and open wide
Those memories’ doors again.”
VIOLIN SOLO—Melody.

But, as he finished the last bar,
“I’m going home,” he cried;
“My boys, I see the ‘gates ajar,’
He then sank down and died.
But his melody rang out, sweetly played,
By the fiddle on the floor,
Some “had it” that death’s angel stayed
And played his last encore.
VIOLIN SOLO—Melody.

Next day the miners buried him
Back in the old church yard,
And tears they shed for Piddler Jim,
He’d been a good old pard.
And by a few who did remain,
The way the story goes,
The melody sweet was heard again—
On air his melody rose.
VIOLIN SOLO—Melody.
(Music of this song in possession of author.)

That Other World.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

So far, yet so near! So talked about, yet so little known! And we are all traveling towards it; willing or not, reach it we must. Some unreasoning people, while marching on with all the rest, still deny stubbornly the existence of such a place. Well, Christopher Columbus was adjudged insane for seeking another world which, however great, is of far less importance to humanity than that “other world” which is made the subject-matter of this article.

Other people there be, very good men as the world goes, who do not deny in toto, but allege that they are too busy with their mundane affairs to think of another life or world. This is even more illogical. True, life is a tempestuous sea, and few cross it without encountering storms; but the mariner, careful as he may be of the safety of his bark, never loses sight of the fact that he must make port somewhere and he is the more anxious to know to what sort of a shore he is driven.

The giddy votaries of fashion, who flitter where the wind listeth with no thought of the morrow, we will let severely alone. They are not worth the trouble of discussing.

Many books have been written about the unknown country, but it is only in late years travelers have returned who can give an account of it. Unfortunately, the account is imperfect, the travelers, dazzled by the grandeur and beauty of what they have seen, being unable to find words in our language to describe it.

Some of the old books, however, claimed to tell us all about it. Judging from their descriptions, it is not a world, but a circumscribed place, a city. On a throne of dazzling brilliancy, a majestic being, in the form of a man—namely God—is seated. He is King, and Powers and Principalities, Angels and Archangels, form his court. Seated on clouds, all around, the elect, the saints, are engaged in playing on the harp and singing the praise of the Lord God. No other occupation being mentioned, this goes on throughout eternity.

From a pit in a dismal suburb, outside, rise the cries and curses of the sinners, who, though fleshless, are being pitchforked into boiling cauldrons, or toasted on red-hot griddles by demons ornamented with two horns and a tail. As these fearful cries might drown the dulcet tones of the celestial music, the harpists sing the louder and twang the strings of their instruments with redoubled energy. Some may recognize amidst these lamentations the voice of some erstwhile beloved one, a father or mother, a wife or husband, but it only enhances their happiness and they praise more earnestly the Judge who in his justice and mercy separated them from the black sheep. Then, what have the ties of earth to do with Heaven?

To our limited understanding, the seal of sanctity seems to consecrate selfishness, for do we not praise self when we praise the Lord for making us better than others. Then the sentiment is scarcely human, but then we are in a very exclusive heaven.

A little boy, listening to this description of paradisaical joys, asked, thoughtfully: “Mama, when we go to Heaven, will you not let me go and play, sometimes, with the little devils in the pit?” “Why, my child,

what an idea! What put it into your busy little head?” “Mama, I think I’d get tired, after a time, sitting on a cloud, listening to the music. The little devils would be glad, no doubt, to have me come, and they would teach me some new games.”

It is well these lines will be read only by Spiritualists. Our Christian friends would be scandalized by the freedom with which I speak of devils; they have a wholesome fear of his Satanic Majesty and mention his name with as much awe as if he were God himself. Well, Satan is a very powerful rival of God and one does not know what may happen. True, these same friends do not insist any longer on the endless monotony of harp-playing; they have a dim notion that even saints must have some occupation with which to while away time in eternity.

Eternity! The human mind cannot conceive it any more than it can conceive space or define Infinite Intelligence.

But, this much we may safely accept as proven: in that other world, the world of spirit, ceaseless activity reigns. We do not need the testimony of our spirit visitors in order to know this; we have but to look around us, we have but to study the visible universe of which this little planet on which we play so important a role, to our thinking, is but an insignificant part, to discover that eternal motion is the law all obey.

We find the proof in ourselves. Rest does not imply a cessation of all activity; if the body rests in sleep, the mind is still active, the spirit sleepeth not; and though we succeeded in lethargizing the mind, heart and brain would still throb and the thought substance accumulate, ready against the awakening of the mind.

No fear of idleness dulling the spirit senses; the busiest street in one of our great commercial cities is as nothing compared with the activity that prevails in the invisible thoroughfares of space. Think of the thousands ever seeking to help the loved ones they left on earth; of those whose mission it is to prove by phenomena both the existence of that other world and the possibility of holding communication with its inhabitants; of the teachers, inspirers and missionaries working so zealously for the enlightenment and consequent betterment of the race! Reflect, also, that if we enlist the sympathies of the spirit world, both as individuals and as a race, the earth on which we are such a precious freight, requires attention. Everything moves according to fixed laws, it is true, but must not some one see to it that the law is carried out without a hitch, especially as the planet must be spiritualized as well as its inhabitants? Do not we, men, who live under, often contending, human law and law divine, need watching and guarding?

Now, let us not imagine that we of the earth engross the interest of the spirit-world to the exclusion of all other planets and humanities. There are many, a great many, other worlds inhabited by beings sometimes inferior, often superior in form and intelligence, to the terrene race. What the spirits do for us they also do for others. There are worlds, not yet inhabited, nor yet finished, which require constant attention, embryo worlds the world-builders are preparing for future utility.

Then, in the spirit-world proper there are teachers and healers of souls, whose time is taken up by the ever-increasing crowds of unfortunate spirits (earth-bound you call them; error-bound would be more appropriate) which disembark daily from this and other planets. Then, can they be called idle, those ancient sages, those constant students of every art and science, of every philosophy, thanks to whose generous labors we know something, though infatuated with our own success, we so seldom give them credit for it? But for these noble humanitarians we should be groping in the sloth and darkness of ignorance.

So much for the active life that awaits us in that other world. But all this activity, all this incessant endeavor is governed by motives our spirit friends are anxious to inculcate. Perfect harmony prevails, inspired by unselfish love. Every act of an advanced spirit has for its object the good of some one, or the general good. Their influence over us is ever beneficial, uplifting.

Of course, this refers to spirits of light. The unfortunate who, after misusing the gift of life, come to the spirit world still wedded to their evil passions are occupied only with deeds of darkness, until, under the assiduous care of the missionaries, they learn better and begin to progress. In the meantime beware of them. The spirit who boasts of his knowledge, the adviser who flatters our vanity, he who sows discord and he who encourages us in our frailties, are false teachers, to be dreaded and shunned, when they are not creations of our diseased mind. “Try the spirits,” is good advice; “by their fruits ye shall know them,” is no less true.

Having formed some idea of the occupations of the spirits, we should find no difficulty in making a reasonable guess at their pleasures. All work and no play would make even a spirit dull. Their pleasures are the natural outcome of their labors. The satisfaction of

doing right; the charms of friendship and of a love that never wanes, for it is of the soul; the moving amidst ever changing and ever admirable scenery; the power of enjoying, at will, all that the skill of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo might produce on canvas or in marble; music such as mortal’s ear never heard—are sources of joys too exquisite to be appreciated by one accustomed to grosser pleasures.

The topography of that other world is, naturally, a matter that exercises our curiosity. It has been said that the spirit world is a replica of the earth. The converse is nearer to the truth: the earth is an imperfect replica of the spirit zone that surrounds it. It could not be otherwise, however great the skill of the world-builders. This material world had to be adapted to our needs, to our temperament; physical man could not live amidst purely spiritual surroundings. As the race becomes spiritualized, so will the earth become a fitter abode for spiritual beings.

As the spirit entities are intangible to our senses, so is everything around them. They do not need stone and mortar to erect a building of transcendent beauty, any more than they require silk, wool or cotton to manufacture the loveliest garments. We have had proofs of this latter in the materializing senses. What the spirit wishes, he has; what he wills, is. Have not many of us thought out things of beauty, in our day-dreams? For the time being these creations of our fancy were real to us. This may give an idea of the spirit’s environments; only the creations of spirit fancy are serviceable, durable; they last as long as he wishes. The spirit scientist who, after centuries, perhaps, of research, has, by the force of his will, produced some marvelous instrument, puts it away in invisibility until needed again. He who has seen a spirit form dematerialize and materialize again a moment later, will understand this.

“Karma.”

BY MATTIE M. ASLIN.

In the third story of an apartment house not many squares from the heart of this city is a narrow hallway with doors opening into small suites of rooms upon either side. On one of these doors may be seen a modest looking sign framed in narrow gilt molding, only three words—“KARMA, Psychic Healer.”

Upon entering the room this morning our correspondent was greeted by a very old man with a plucked, hungry looking face half covered with a long gray beard. A pair of large, pathetic brown eyes peered out from beneath a black velvet skull cap. Psychic (soul) healer he might be, but one was not impressed with his ability to do much for the body judging from his own physique. Indeed the black velvet dressing gown he wore might have enveloped a shadow; but he wiped off a few cracker crumbs while stroking his snowy beard, indicating mundane nourishment, therefore he was not all soul.

During an interview, he claimed to have the gift of clairvoyance and the ability to diagnose disease by actually seeing through the physical structure, discerning and locating disease in the body as though it were penetrated by an X-ray. He also claimed the power of traversing space as a spirit.

“I am from London,” said he, with a strong English accent. “I came to America and to Cleveland only two weeks ago because my guide instructed me so to do. These are from some of my English patients,” said he, producing a number of letters bearing testimony to what he had said, the writers claiming to have been healed by his peculiar power.

In answer to the question, “How can you tell when an organ is diseased by looking at it through its covering of flesh?” he replied, “Every organ has its aura or color. The better its condition, the higher and purer its color. This applies to phrenological development. For instance, amiableness, located in the lower back part of the skull emanates a red color. If the man is licentious the color will be dark; if his life is pure it will be clear and bright.

“The gift of healing has been mine since early childhood. At the tender age of three years my parents noticed that pain or a flow of blood could be stopped by passing my little hand over it. From my earliest recollection I seem to have been accompanied by a physician who gave me the name of Karma and urged me to go into the work of public healing, but I always shrank from the thought of making it a profession. At last this spiritual being said:

“I am going to leave you entirely for one year. When I come again you will have decided whether or not you will comply with my request.”

“It was ten a. m. upon a certain date when the matter was thus placed before me. One year from that day at five minutes before ten I never felt better in my life, but at the stroke of ten, as those present will testify, I fell over writhing in convulsions. A physician was called who administered remedies but I grew rapidly worse and finally to all appear-

ance died. After applying all of the known tests, it was decided life had died and an autopsy was suggested. Imagine my horror upon coming to consciousness to find myself entirely nude and physicians in the very act of cutting into my living body. Then I realized what power had possession of me. In fact, as I gradually returned to health, seemed to be another individual, the “Healer” who had walked beside me for life and given me the name of Karma. As you perhaps know, is the Hindu word for Justice. Disease is only the just result of broken natural laws and the healer heals the disease, re-establishes in the system a condition of justice, or equal balance while the patient or law-breaker has paid the penalty in suffering. Ever since this change came over me, I have had the power of leaving my body at will and have been seen by two or more persons at once as an actual, visible presence. I have visited patients and given treatments in this so-called astral form.

“I am quite conscious during these projections through space. I simply will to make the journey; then a tingling sensation, followed by a feeling of numbness, creeps over me, beginning with the feet until it gradually closes over my head, then I am conscious of passing through the air over the tops of houses, until I reach my destination.”

“That is not the manner in which you came to America?” was asked a little doubtfully.

“Oh, no,” with a reassuring smile. “When I came to America I brought all my belongings, including my body, with me. I am eighty years old and intend to live and work in America twenty years longer, for it is only the centenarians who complete the round of life.”

“Considering your present proportions, physically, I mean, do you think you will last?”

“No doubt of it. I need little physical nourishment; crackers and milk being my principal diet. I draw my chief nourishment from the invisible forces around me.”

“Have you made any aerial journeys here?”

“Only one, and it was rather unfortunate, though somewhat amusing. An old lady from the suburb of Glenview, engaged my services for a chronic complaint. I explained my method of treatment, took her address and promised to visit her that night after bedtime; because during sleep is the best time to receive treatment.

“I made my aerial flight, reached the house and bedroom, as I thought, without difficulty. But as I turned down the covers and began to manipulate the brain of my patient, I noticed she wore no night-cap, that her hair was thick and beautiful and her face seemed so much younger than I had noticed it at her room in the afternoon. Suddenly her eyes opened and she gave utterance to a piercing shriek and sprang up in the bed. I hastily retreated and subsequently learned that it was a daughter’s room I had visited adjoining that of the mother who had engaged me. The daughter testifies to having awakened suddenly in the night time and found a man by her bed side. And when she called for help, he disappeared in a cloud of mist. Her description of my personal appearance was exact. There is no doubt but what she beheld my astral form.

“You doubt the truth of the story I am telling you? Well, my young American friend, the TRUTH is that we all doubt would make an exceedingly large book.”

What’s in a Book.

Chapters, sections, letters, characters, words, phrases, sentences, paragraphs. These all evolve from men. A man was never found in a book. Neither was there any other living thing. Not a spear of living grass was ever found there; the rose does not bloom there; no tree or shrub derives nourishment from anything contained in a book.

There is nothing in a book one can eat, drink or wear. A kernel of corn will do more towards growing a true man than many volumes. Soul is not found in books, thought is not there. The word anywhere is not the thing. Things lived, breathed, formed, before letters were, and words were used. It is supposed that there was no spoken or written language before the existence of men. Men have grown; so have books.

Books are helps. They not only aid growth, but are marks of growth. The good of books can no more be measured than the good of an arm or foot. Like money they expedite business, aid in developing human kind. Still, as valuable as are books, one man is worth more than all the books in every land. Books are to be used—they are sacred according as they connect with the better, purer, higher and holier.

Marion (N. Y.) Enterprise.

I see not any road of perfect peace, which a man can walk but to take counsel of his own bosom.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

To the Spiritualists of the World.

Feeling it is due the friends of the Veteran Spiritualists’ Union and other loyal Spiritualists to acquaint them with the conditions of the organization existing today, through the courtesy of the management of this esteemed paper, I respectfully submit the following as an exact account, as I see it:

As is pretty generally known, the purpose of the Union is practical service on the lines of philanthropic effort in behalf of servants in the Cause of Spiritualism. Excepting addresses by capable speakers and evidences through reliable mediums on Anniversary occasions and Special Camp Days; Sunday services at the Waverley Home, during the open season; distribution of carefully selected literature pertaining to vital issues in our religion, the energy of the Union is devoted to the relief of carefully investigated cases of need among our own. For purposes of consultation the working Board of Directors is composed of people within reach of Boston, but the ministrations of the organization are by no means limited to New England even, as is evidenced by the assistance that has been rendered all over the United States and, with our Canadian friends now joining us, the arbitrary line of State government will not be recognized in our errand of mercy.

Some years ago, the Union instructed its officers to purchase the Waverley property now owned by the Union. It consists of a house with modern equipments, as at present constituted capable of entertaining about twenty-five persons, and upwards of two acres of land in grove and tillage, well situated for building purposes. It was hoped the Spiritualistic World, out of its gratitude for the service of Spiritualism in bringing us freedom, would so generously respond to the call for funds that it would be possible to open here a Home to care for workers disabled and needy from service in the Cause, or for those temporarily in need of retirement for recuperation. There have never been sufficient funds furnished to make this possible. For the past few years the officers of the Union have devoted their energies to caring for interests vested in the property, and with no sinking fund by which the work of carrying on a Home was possible their efforts have resulted in little more than guarding the equity. There are two mortgages on the property, one to the amount of five thousand (\$5000) dollars and another for about twenty-three hundred (\$2300) dollars, with no interest due. The property is probably worth from \$15,000 to \$18,000 in a bright real estate market. Today there is no demand for it. While the expense of carrying the place is now a burden on the Union, if we had funds to use it as a Home, this expense would not be excessive rent for such purposes.

Whatever my successors may think about the advisability of having a place as available at a less cost elsewhere, the present conditions demand we carry the property until our equity can be released through sale at a proper price. As the property is available for uses of a Home, the only practical solution to the problem, that appears, is to raise funds of sufficient strength to enable us to utilize the property for this purpose, transferring from this to a less expensive property as we are able, if this seems best. There has been pledged by a friend of the Union, \$2500 for the cancellation of the \$2300 mortgage, when the Home is in practical operation. It is for us, dear readers, to determine when I shall call on the gentleman for the money with which to cancel the mortgage.

Let it be clearly understood, there is no salaried office in connection with the Union and all handling the funds of the organization (in excess of one hundred dollars) provide suitable bonds. There are no debts against the Union other than the mortgages against the real estate as referred to above. I make this frank statement of the situation, dear friends, as I see it, feeling it is your due. Now go apart and sit face to face with your blessings under the ministration of Spiritualism and ask what you can give for this work in recognition of our indebtedness to the servants of this truth.

Since preparing this paper for the press, The Banner of Light Publishing Company has made what seems to me a most practical proposition which I heartily endorse as President of the Union. There must be a Sinking Fund before any Board of Directors can undertake the responsibility of permanent obligations. This fund must be kept intact, so its income can be depended upon by the Trustees in making their estimates for the year. This, as I understood by the editorial proposition of the Banner (August 21, 1901), is what “The Banner of Light Fund” is. With this Working Fund before you, there would seem to be no excuse behind which you can hide your contribution—as

(Continued on page 8).

NOW.

MR. A. N. NICH.

If you have a kind word for me
 Say it just please say it now;
 Wait not till Death's icy fingers
 Press my aching, throbbing brow.
 Aged hearts grow faint with hunger
 For the old-time fond caresses—
 Aged arms drop nerveless, weary
 With their weight of emptiness!

If you have a sweet-faced palsy
 Smiling 'neath its purple hood;
 A narcissus, or carnation
 Or a rose of royal blood;
 Let me wear it on my bosom
 And inhale its fragrance now!
 Little care I when I'm sleeping
 For the wreath about my brow.

If you have a tender message
 From the loved ones gone before;
 If you see the flag of welcome
 Waving on the other shore;
 Tell me quickly, I am ready;
 Waiting for the signal gun;
 This weird life of shadows ended,
 The real glad life begun.

Speak the words of cheer and comfort.
 Give Love's warm caresses now,
 It will draw the sting from sorrow,
 Smooth the wrinkles from my brow.
 O for baby arms to clasp me
 Closely folded to my breast!
 O for childhood's artless prattle
 Lulling heart and brain to rest!

We may find a sad, sweet solace
 In the Past's best treasure-trove,
 We may wrench from out the future
 With the psychic key of love
 Glams of gladness, rays of beauty,
 Weaving garlands for our brow,
 Feel that only good awaits us;
 Yet there's no time like the now!

St. Paul, Minn.

Man's Aural Self.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

There is a faint general realization that suggestion is, and has always been "the soul of things." It is Nature's pet force. The suggestion of fear will paralyze the coming victim. The suggestion of a feast is the bait by which fertilization is accomplished, and a coming form evolved. The one motive in human life is suggestive pleasure or happiness, or the accumulation of experience for the same end, against some hour of need. Every man suggests to himself that there is something better than he is now experiencing or enjoying. The suggestion is itself a creative thought of intelligence, and outreaching from centre to circumference. We think of it as activity of the units that have blended into brain; and that are, so to speak, at the centre of form. But the spectroscopic and the sensitive will trace those vibrations right out into aura, as we have already seen. Just for the moment let us watch its effect upon the "core" which we call form, because it is all that our mortal sense limitation can feel and see and handle.

MARK CHESTER.

BY CHARLIE PETERSILEA.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Mrs. Erie paled frightfully. "Jane! Jane! She expostulated. You are no better than a murderer!" Then, covering her face, she burst into tears.

"Tears—tears! The weakest of all impotence! Mother, before I would shed a tear of weakness, I would strike myself dead at your feet—dead? No, I would not be dead, but alive—doubly alive. Still, these eyes of mine shall never shed a tear of weakness. But I am not ready to throw my body away yet. It shall serve me as long as I choose to make use of it. No; I have considerable affection for it. Mother, is it beautiful?"

The mother raised her tear-stained face and looked at her child lovingly—lovingly. "To my eyes," she answered, "you are the most beautiful girl that ever lived. You are not like Isabel, to be sure. Your type of beauty is entirely different from hers. You are tall, slight, graceful, and carry yourself like a queen; your hair and eyes are black as night; your complexion white and clear—perhaps a little pale, but if you were rich and happy, you would have more color. But, daughter, there is something peculiar and strange about your eyes."

"Yes; my eyes are the windows of my soul. I look out through my eyes, mother. My soul flashes and burns within me like forked lightning, and my will responds like the powerful crash of the thunder's roar. Nothing can or shall withstand me."

And Jane arose to her feet looking like a panther at bay, ready to spring upon her victims at a moment when they thought her crouching in fear.

CHAPTER X.

A PARTNERSHIP IS CEMENTED.

Mark Chester sprang from his bed. It was eight o'clock. The breakfast gong was sounding loudly through the hotel. For a moment the young man did not know whether he was at Hong Kong or Calcutta, for he had slept the sleep of youth and robust health.

After a cold bath he dressed himself carefully and descended to the breakfast room. His eyes were bright, his face somewhat bronzed by travel.

The waiter, who gave him a seat, eyed him with astonishment, but said nothing. Every eye at the table rested upon him curiously.

"What is the matter with everybody?" thought Mark. "But perhaps the matter is with me. Ah, I remember! The matter must be that other young man who looks like me, or, it may be that I look like him. Well, I am sure it is not my fault—hope he will not take it amiss. Some more maul, if you please, waiter. I am blessed with an excellent appetite."

"Yes, sir! All right, sir!" and the waiter hastened to fill the order.

Mark finished his breakfast, plunked his dollar and a half upon the counter in the clerk's office and leisurely descended the steps of the hotel, not pausing on the veranda to smoke a cigar or cigarette, for he did not smoke and had not a cent to buy a cigar with even if he had been addicted to the vile habit.

He looked about him.

"This world is very beautiful," he murmured; "but, just now, I am a stranger in a strange land. I really do not know what course to take. I don't care to tramp to Los Angeles, so I will make up my mind to remain here for awhile. I think I will go down and pay my respects

Thought, however induced, is a vibration of blended units, and produce a direct effect upon every form that can echo the movement. Taking hearty, good natured laughter as a text, we trace it from normal cheerfulness, up through every degree of mirth, to the evolution of a movement which presently affects every unit in the form. Laughter is intelligence in general harmonious activity that is usual. Carried to excess it becomes hysterical and destructive. But the tendency of every manifestation is to ripple itself to the dead level of universal cosmos, from which it has emerged. The movement of the heart, the circulation of the blood, the inflation of the lungs, and every other process of physical activity is not merely a manifestation of energy, but of an impulse of that energy that would soon die out. Impulse after impulse must follow, or form would soon fall to pieces. We call it "pulsation." Pulsation is always expressing the arrival of a fresh supply of cosmic energy. And pulsations are always associated with intelligence and substance, manifesting as units, every pulsation records the coming and going of units. The child plays and sleeps. The man works and rests, or calls on other energies in another channel. We are told that the heart takes a brief period of repose before its heart. Exhausted energy goes. Unexhausted energy comes. Every organ must perpetually renew its perpetually used up force, or faculty would cease. The physician counts the pulsations of his patient, and records them as temperature. As a scientist he is feeling the pulsations of nature, which pulsations consist necessarily, of the outgoing of tired units, and the arrival of others ready to go to work. The coal in the furnace is each moment giving up its units as energy, and must be constantly renewed or activity will cease. The metallic form of the furnace and engine is more lasting, but it too, sooner or later, becomes the victim of its own unceasing unitary energy. The form of man has its furnace where energy is more active than in its bony skeleton, but as a whole, its existence is far more limited than that of its own aura.

We have now to note an exhibition of the action of intelligence which is deeply interesting. We have always been accustomed to count human form as existing to the extreme limit of its nervous system. In that form we find various centres of intelligence called ganglia. The brain is but a recording and directing office for the various ganglia, which, under normal conditions, do their work without guidance, instruction or assistance from the brain. For instance, the brain is not even conscious of the action of the units which have blended into the all important solar plexus. Neither is the brain normally aware of anything going on in the aura. The ignorant man does not even realize he has an aura; much less does he attempt to produce or occasion a mental effect at a distance from his own body by causing a suggestive vibration within such an aura. Nevertheless, as we have seen and know, intelligent units are at work in that aura. The aura is itself composed of such units blending into this form which outstretches beyond mortal limit. Since these units thus embody and express both intelligence and energy, and are also in active vibration, we may be assured there are methods of communication between its parts analogous to the nervous system in the body of Homo. This is reasonable assumption, for since the aural form is invisible to mortal sense it must remain unknown save by its effects.

The physical phenomena of exterior sensibility prove the existence of external nerves similar to those by

which we see, and hear and feel in our mortal bodies. The mental phenomena, to which we have alluded as psychometric, demand exterior nerves to the extremity of aura, as much as they require interior nerves for communication with the brain. Therefore it becomes certain that ganglionic centres of intelligence must exist, according to the necessities of aura, just as they are necessary to the mental centre in his mortal body. We are in the habit of thinking of our lives as a mere expression of brain. That is to say, if we have ever thought of Ego as distinct from brain, we have yet considered brain as his home, his one dwelling place in earth life. Most assuredly it is his headquarters for mental activity, and his headquarters for his fellows in mortal life. But it by no means follows that brain is the centre of his highest activity which we call spiritual. Every experience pertaining to the spiritual side of manhood is so entirely interior and beyond sense touch with Homo that logically and necessarily it must have its headquarters out in the aura. A physical brain centre is necessary for physical activities, and undoubtedly includes departments for mental energies. But such brain cells, although palaces for lords of mere matter, are but hovel compared with the chief demands of intelligence when working inside and beyond petty mortal limits. Once let it be granted that intelligence is entitled to a centre for those higher activities called spiritual, we see that such a brain will necessarily be located amid the finer vibrations appertaining to the aura.

CHAPTER VIII.

Suggestive Therapeutics.

The physiologist discovers various centres of intelligence in the physical organism, with one as chief director, which he calls brain. These ganglia are far more than mere stations to which are echoed commands and instructions from the brain. Each is a small brain, and sovereign to the extent of its functions. The large brain is, as it were, foreign minister to the nation, with power to plan and pursue all necessary relations with outside forces. It must both receive and interpret the vibrations it receives. It will also inspire the active energies needed for reply, and can command, if necessary, the entire force wielded by the nation, to any limit short of self destruction. It may be thousands of vibrations to the second as in sound, or billions as in light, but its limit is fixed. We thus mark the limit of the brain power of man the mortal, as yielded by Ego in chief control. But this physiological form, which we call Homo, is, as we have seen, only the core of a larger manhood, whose circumference has no limit that mortal sense can grasp or define. This larger manhood has both experiences and necessities, amid vibrations abnormal and often impossible to the mortal brain. We are calling this outer manhood "aura," for we want to say, as we have demonstrated its existence, and being necessarily composed of blended units, its activities are guided by their blended intelligence. This inner intelligence manifested in this outer manhood must have organs through which to express itself to other auras, as well as to provide for its own needs. The brain and form ganglia of Homo are useless

for its purposes, therefore it must possess brain and ganglia of its own, with powers sufficient for its life.

Surely the student will now see that (a) the proved fact of the existence of an aura to mortal man; (b) the further fact that such aura is infused with intelligence; (c) that it has necessities and yields powers over which brain has no control, amid vibrations impossible to mortal life; combine to render it reasonably certain that there is a centre of intelligence for that aura which is absolutely distinct from the physical centre called brain.

We are claiming two distinct centres of intelligence for manhood, one of which has its headquarters in the mortal brain, and the other out in as yet some undiscovered location in the human aura. In the one we find the influence of Homo predominating. When that centre disintegrates, Homo also disappears, and is recalled only as a memory. In the other centre Ego is supreme, or at least has vastly greater powers. He watches over Homo during its life so long as it lasts, and is certainly affected for good or ill by its actions. But when mortal form has disappeared, Ego remains active as ever in his own sphere, and capable of certain demonstrations through other organisms in earth life. So much seems to be scientifically attested by the efforts of S. P. R.

We must here note that Ego, like Homo, is but the temporary head of a nation of blended units. There are, of course, myriads of blended units constituting that aural form, gathering their own experiences in their own way, but with a municipal or national head connecting the aural relationships with other aural forms.

It would be useless to follow further our investigations into this higher or inner life of humanity in its aural form, and dominated by its own localized brain centre, for both its work and its experiences are amid vibrations that man the mortal cannot sense. The fact of its existence, and the consequences of its influence upon mortal life will, however, demand our careful consideration, since manhood as a whole is incomplete and very imperfect, if but one of its sections be observed and studied. We now return to our study of the influence of aura upon mortal life.

We know the body is influenced by energies, producing results which we count as thought created from within. We also know it is influenced by vibratory energies received from without, and more or less correctly interpreted by brain. Aura will not only have its share of these experiences vibrating from centre to circumference, and from circumference to centre, but will have experiences that cannot be imparted to Homo because he has no sense organs capable of interpreting them. Thus Ego in Aura is gaining experiences that cannot be expressed by Ego through mortal brain. It is the lack of these experiences that causes the soul hunger of every scientist and explorer of the occult. Such mortals infinitely feel there are grandly important truths just outside their ken in mortal life. Sometimes a lightning flash of such truth is caught and analyzed before it vanishes; but, of course, it can only be sensed as an entity by a mortal brain becoming a little more sensitive than that of its fellows in earth life.

Naturally the aim and object of every student who is seeking truth from the inner life should be to qualify himself to hold intercourse with his own Ego; and to receive and interpret vibrations from that inner centre of intelligence which are impossible to normal mortal sense. This can only be possible if the normal brain can be rendered sensitive to such vibrations. This is a most serious

matter, and such sensitiveness must be evolved slowly and with great care, as the physical brain is to suffer, and mortal man become an invalid. In future chapters this will be discussed at length. It is here mentioned because necessarily included in our present study of suggestiveness; to which study it was essential we should bring some knowledge of the existence of a second intelligent centre as another home of Ego wherein he is an actual ruler at the present time.

It should now be apparent that Homo suggests parts of his physical experiences to Ego in his mortal brain at demand attention at that headquarters. Even such apparent trifles as the length of hair or nail is under this general supervision if their growth should become abnormal, and therefore prejudicial to the general welfare. And every portion of the entire physical form suggests its condition as soon as anything is wrong. Such suggestion can only be by vibration, which is always intelligence in activity. For the moment we will now confine our attention to the physical form, and its more immediate surroundings.

If stomach, heart, liver, lungs, are vibrating in normal activity, their very existence is unnoticed at headquarters. They are active and prosperous citizens, contributing to the well-being of the community by successfully conducting their several businesses; and they are not demanding any aid from the national authority. In some evil hour brain becomes conscious of, say, heart, rhythm, and become out of tune, its vibration inharmonious, and, by so much, the existence of the whole form is imperilled. What the doctor calls "symptoms" appear. Sometimes faintness, sometimes pain. Apparently there may be at any time what is called "heart failure," and the whole form proceed to disintegrate. We see the heart has become out of tune, and come out of tune, its vibration inharmonious, and, by so much, the existence of the whole form is imperilled. What the doctor calls "symptoms" appear. Sometimes faintness, sometimes pain. Apparently there may be at any time what is called "heart failure," and the whole form proceed to disintegrate.

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Suppose the learned doctor to fail in his efforts. Drugs and hygiene prove less powerful than whatever may be the cause of the disease. Disharmony increases; no organ in the form can, under such conditions, do its full duty. The nation is in a tumult. Business ceases. At last no one keeps the record. That is delirium. The only suggestion that reaches brain is of pain, disharmony and coming dissolution. At this point a physician is called in who is studying and practicing "suggestive therapeutics." He declares that the previous treatment has suggested sickness, and proposes to try the effect

on 't, yung feller! Mark's yer name, ain't it? An' we'll ratify this ere bargain right here an' now."

Mark gave his hand to the old man with a beaming face, and the partnership was cemented.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WITCH WHO SHOULD BE BURNED.

It was very late, on New Year's day, when Mrs. Morton arose from troubled sleep. Oh, what had occurred to her during the night? Had she really seen an apparition, or had she but fallen asleep in her chair and dreamed the strangest of dreams? It really must have been a horrible nightmare! Strange, how much the aerial being resembled Jane Erie, her seamstress's daughter. Oh, yes; of course, it was nothing but a dream; still, how strange, how real! Jane Erie, a rival to Isabel? How preposterous the thought! But dreams always went by contraries. Why, Mrs. Erie was in the depths of poverty, and Jane had scarcely a second dress to her back. Mother and daughter both, looked half starved. The idea of that uncouth, poverty stricken girl raising her eyes to a millionaire! "How could my mind take on such grotesque thoughts, even in sleep? No; Mr. Chesterfield said he would like to have a private interview with me, today; so I invited him to dine with us and spend the evening here. I know, very well, that he intends to ask me for the hand of Isabel, and, probably, he will propose to her during the evening."

"Jane Erie, indeed! Why, I would kill the jade first! But I need not trouble myself: it is altogether too ridiculous to think about."

"Ah, Isabel! Is that you, daughter?"

"Yes, Am I late, mama, dear? Ten o'clock, already? Is it possible?"

"Never mind, Isabel. Ring the bell. We will take breakfast here in my room."

Isabel did as her mother desired. The air was chill, so a little breakfast table was drawn up before the glowing grate, and mother and daughter were soon seated, in comfortable morning gowns, sipping coffee and eating toast and eggs.

"I have invited Mr. Chesterfield to dine with us, Isabel. He also requested a private interview with me, and there can be but one meaning to that. He will ask me for the hand of my only daughter—my Isabel—and I shall give my unqualified consent to your union with him. Isabel, this is a proud and happy day for me. He will certainly propose to you this evening. I want to know beforehand, whether you intend to accept him, or not."

Isabel sat, pale and trembling. Her mother's will had always been law to her. How could she now resist for the first time in her life? At last she raised her sweet blue eyes, filled with tears, to her mother's face.

"Mama," she said, "I do not love Mr. Chesterfield. If I were to marry him, I should certainly be most unhappy. I cannot marry without love. I wish to obey you in all things; but, mama, I love no one as yet. Let me enjoy my happy girlhood a few years longer. So few people are happy after marriage, I dread to think about it. Let me be happy a little longer, mama, dear, and then if I must marry, I will try to love some one if I can."

"And let the chance of a lifetime slip through your fingers, thereby. Do you know, Isabel, that not one girl in ten thousand, of your station in life, would have the opportunity of marrying a millionaire!"

(To be continued.)

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the midst of poverty, but not a whole nation.—Isaac Iselin.

to Mr. Kester—say good morning and thank him, at least. Good old man! How kind he was to me an utter stranger. He has a noble heart beneath a rough exterior. Untutored, he may be, but a real gentleman, nevertheless."

He walked on briskly in the crisp, morning air. The beach was not now deserted as it had been the previous night. Many people were already out; some walking, some fishing from the wharf; while the fishermen were getting their boats ready for the day's work.

The slight figure of a girl brushed past the young man—a girl with great, flashing, scornful eyes, haughty head, and the step of a queen. Her eyes rested upon his for a moment with a startled glance, changing suddenly to a look of blank dismay.

Mark lifted his hat politely. The girl paused, extended her hand, saying:

"Good morning, Mr. Chesterfield. I wish you a happy New Year."

"I wish you many; however, my name is not Chesterfield but Chester—Mark Chester, at your service."

"Miss Erie—Miss Jane Erie," said that young lady. "I beg your pardon, sir. I mistook you for a young gentleman with whom I am acquainted; still, now that I observe you more closely, there is a slight difference in your appearance more than in your features or form. The young gentleman of whom I speak is staying at the hotel yonder; and, as you were coming directly from there, my mistake was but natural."

"The mistake has certainly been a pleasant one to me. I hope we may meet again."

Miss Erie smiled dazlingly. Mark bowed and passed on.

"Ah! There are Molly and Kester." He hurried forward.

Mr. Kester looked up from his coffee as Mark approached.

"Hallo, young man, an' happy New Year! Wall, yer found it all right up thar at the hotel, didn't yer?"

"All right, Mr. Kester. Many thanks to you. Having your breakfast all by yourself, I see. Are you going out today?" pointing toward the bright waters.

"No. Think Molly an' me 'll take a rest this New Year day an' enjy ourselves. As yer kin see, I hev got on my bettermost rig, in honor o' the day."

Mark looked about him. "Where are your fish, Mr. Kester?"

"Sold 'em all out. Yer yer hear thet?" and he chinked the golden coins in his pocket.

"Twenty good dollars! Best day's work I hev done fur morn'n a year. Think I kin afford ter lay by fur a day. Yer look purty cheery this mornin', young man, an' as neat as a pin. Hev yer cum ter any conclusion as ter what yer air a gold ter dew?"

"Not yet, Mr. Kester. I thought I should like to talk with you a little first. I know nothing of the country, as yet. Can work be had in plenty about here?"

"Der yer see thet thar collect o' shanties over thar?" "Yes, to be sure. Do those huts and tents belong to the fishermen?"

"Nary a one. Thar's twenty-five or thirty good, able bodied men there, as can't git a stich o' work hereabouts; an' some o' them an' the'r fam'lies air about starved."

"An' 'tain't no better'n Los Angeles, no'ther. Ef yer go thar, young man, an' yer hev no friends nor money, an' yer ware ter happen ter ask a man fer loan yer—or gin yer a little—ter keep yer from starvin', the'd put yer in the chals gang sure, an' yer'd here ter carry thet thar heavy load through thick an' thin, chained ter yer ankle. The'd make yer work then fer sartin. It's not quite so bad here, yer see; an', as yer look so respectable like, they 'll never think yer halnt got a cent, nor home, nor nothin'."

"Do the people here consider it criminal not to have a home, or money?"

"Don't know 'bout thet, but as long as they treat yer like a criminal, it don't inspire a man ter be 'onest, does it?"

"Well, no. I should say not. But, Mr. Kester, I will not beg though I starve."

"The't's ther right sperrit, young man."

"In all seriousness, Mr. Kester, do you think there is any chance for me about here?"

"No, I don't think ther is."

"Nor in the city of Los Angeles?"

"No, I don't think ther is. Ef yer hed plenty o' money, some o' them shysters up thar would be sure ter git it away from yer. Most o' them thar folks up thar live by the'r wits; an' it's as hard to find an 'onest man as ter find needles in a hay-mow or a fish as hes swallowed a dimon'."

"Well, how about the mines?"

"The best o' them is all gobbled up by rich syndicates, or millionaires. Ef yer jest want ter go an' dig in them thar mines fur little or nothin', an' find yerself—the't is ter say—find yer own grub stake—why, they'll let yer, I gess; but yer'll have ter hev a good bit o' money ter git thar, an' buy yer grub too."

Mark looked downcast.

"No man oughten ter cum ter Californy unless he's got plenty o' chink, an' plenty o' cheek as well."

"Do you earn much at fishing, Mr. Kester?"

"Wall, sometimes a good bit; an' then agin, luck 's aginst me. Howsmevver, I parserever, an' I hev laid by quite a goodly sum, takin' it year in an' year out. But sum o' them fishermen here don't arn the'r salt. They say, 'ole Kister's lucky,' but I tell yer, yung man, luck don't hev much ter do with it. I usually takes Molly, alrly in ther mornin', an' we start out 'fore sunrise, an' we don't carry any black bottle with us. Molly says ter me, 'Nathaniel, let liker alone. We don't need it, Nathan.' An' I think Molly's right. Don't tetch it. An' then ef I don't ketch fish in ther mornin', I stay out 'till I does ketch um; an' sumtimes it's midnight afore Molly an' I gits in. Then I hes um ter clean, ready fer ther cart in ther mornin', which is very alrly in comin'. But, then, I hes my pleasures an' my palns, yung man, an' so does most other people."

"Would you like to take me as partner? I will go with you early and late. I will help you in every way that I can."

"Wall, now, yung man; perhaps yer couldn't do eny better. I hev thought as how I shud like a partner, ef he was of ther right sort. Most o' them fellers as wants ter go out with me must take thet black bottle with um, an' they's good fur nothin' shortly after they hes emptied it. They jist lay down in ther bottom o' ther boat, while ole Kister does ther work. An' then, when they gits ashore, they wants half ther chink fur bein' partner. I gits tired o' thet purty soon. They never takes Molly inter consideration; an' she cost me a good bit o' money."

"Well, now, Mr. Kester, I will go with you, if you will take me. It shall be man for man between us; and you may give me one-third of the profits, if you please. That will leave one-third for Molly, and one-third for yourself."

"How about them thar clogs? Yer can't war them, no how."

"Have not you a few old duds you can loan me for a week or so?"

"Wall, yis, I hev; an' now I think ont, yer a lad after my own heart. I jist needs yer, an' the't's a fact. Purty hard fur me ter git Molly ashore, all by myself. She kicks like a young colt, yer see; but when one takes her by the head, an' another pushes her astern, then she's nudder an' not so full o' her cranks. Give us yer fist

of suggesting health. That is to say, he has learned that brain, by its thought power, can change vibration. He knows that certain vibrations express health, and that others mean sickness and suffering. So he drops the drug, and sets the mind to work by suggestive harmony. He proceeds to "think" the patient's heart all right, that its rhythm is harmonious. In other words, he first suggests it to himself, and then, by sympathy, induces the patient to think it for himself. Just as any tone is echoed by another instrument capable of producing it. The power of thought is tremendous. It is the creative power of the universe, but, all the same, it is not omnipotent. The patient is spared the drug, the gloom of the invalid's chamber disappears, what we call nature is encouraged, and in a great many cases harmony is restored. The vibration of the organ becomes harmonious, and the nation for itself once more in its accustomed health.

So far we mark a great advance, a step forward. The nation has rebelled against the old treatment by drugs. It has even found hygiene somewhat defective because it is perpetually suggesting sickness rather than health. Homo has ignorantly blundered into a truth by demonstrating the power of thought, and, as usual with ignorance, the new-found truth is carried to an extreme for which it is not adapted. The world has, however, taken a great step. The regular physician must catch up or be left behind. Every time he smiles at his patient, but with a hidden thought of disease, suffering and death, he does little to help nature. He has certain drugs which will smother symptoms, and he uses them to such effect that pain often disappears. His roses then become what is called chronic. Brain makes feeble attempts to go on in the old way, but every now and then the case ends, and is reported as "heart failure." The layman outside, or more usually the laywoman, uneducated, untrained, thoroughly illogical, and ignorant of the facts gathered since long ago, experience, takes a step of immense importance to the whole race. She tries thinking health instead of disease. The world looks on, and makes comparison. It has no other way than by judging of effects. Under every and no system the majority of sick folks get well. If they do not it is called an epidemic. So the world is startled when so-called incurable cases recover, as they sometimes do. It also notes many failures on both sides, but on the whole is coming to a conclusion that unless the learned physician will also think health instead of disease he belongs to an old school, rather out of date.

The injustice to the old physician and all that science is doing for the world are left unsuggested by the inspired laymen and laywomen who have risen in active rebellion against drugs, and are crying "great is the power of thought." The physician will, we presume, presently take the hint and, under some new name, adopt the treatment. In fact, as "suggestive therapeutics" he is already classifying it as one of his branches. Whilst we have thus admitted and claimed that thought power, when wisely wielded, can produce effects impossible to drugs, we now turn to the equally important fact that thought power can work positive injury as readily as it can sometimes restore health. And that, when ignorantly wielded, its results may prove to be more of ill than of good.

San Leandro, Cal.

(To be continued.)

Pan-American Visitors

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

Spiritualism in Lowell.

The First Spiritualist Society of this city held the second picnic of the season in Earnscliffe Grove, Chelmsford, on Saturday, the 7th inst., nearly 250 being present. Among the other prominent visitors were about seventy-five of the Methuen Society, who came on a special electric car. There were also a number from Hudson and Nahua, N. H. The principal sport of the day was the base ball game, this being the third game in a series of three between the two societies, and after a brilliant display of amateur work the umpire gave his decision in favor of the Methuen Society by a score of twenty-five to two, thus declaring them winners of the series. Other games and sports followed this in quick succession. Suitable prizes were given in each case, after which all partook of a substantial supply of sandwiches, cake and coffee; ice cream was also served. During the evening a circle was held in which Mrs. C. Cunningham of Cambridge, who came up to spend the day with us took part. The Methuen people returned home about 10 o'clock, but not until they had indulged in a hearty hand shake and expressed themselves highly pleased with the entertainment they had received from their Lowell friends. The Society has had a most enjoyable season at Earnscliffe this summer and when we return to our hall in October it seems to be the general feeling that it will be with a renewed energy and determination to expand our Cause till it reaches the four corners of the city. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn occupied our platform on the 7th and Mr. J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea intends to do with us on the 22d. Our Ladies' Aid is in a flourishing condition and is making extensive arrangements for the winter's work.—F. H. Coggeshall, Pres.

Camp Progress.

Camp Progress Spiritualists' Association had one of the most successful days of the season on Sunday last, the 7th. The beautiful weather brought many to the grove to enjoy its pure air. Fully fifteen hundred people were present during the day. Three sessions were held as usual, the morning conference, the 2 o'clock meetings. Addresses, remarks, and readings, were given by the following: C. Fannie Allen, Mrs. Clara Field Conant, Mrs. Nellie E. Noyes, Mrs. Hattie E. Webber, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, Mr. J. R. Scarlett, L. D. Millikin, Dr. Brown, A. D. Graham, Rev. J. Smith, W. A. Estes, G. Baker. Songs were sung by Mrs. Hattie C. LeGrand, W. F. Taylor, and the Moverland Park Quartet sang several times. Mrs. Merrill also rendered musical selections on the organ. The last Sunday of this month ends this season; the day will be devoted to interests of the National Spiritualists' Association. I trust the work will be so profitable so all can come that wish to and make it one grand day to be remembered.

Mrs. N. H. Gardiner, Sec'y.

12 Fowler St., Salem, Mass.

For Over Fifty Years

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

Minnesota.

The fourth annual convention of the State Spiritualists' Association of Minnesota was held in the Unitarian Church, Minneapolis, September 6, 7 and 8. It was a grand meeting and a successful convention. The State Association is in a prosperous condition, and premises to grow in usefulness. Mrs. G. W. Kates, who have been serving as missionaries in the State for two years past. The efficient Board of Officers has also much to its credit for active and sensible care of the public cause.

The associations cannot be too careful in selecting their officials. Moral and intellectual worth must be considered. Financial ability is important—but becomes a detriment when associated with immorality. The purification of our official cause cannot be enforced by making demands of the speakers and mediums only—but members and officers of every society should feel the exemplification of character depends upon them. Then we can justly demand a clean platform and will thus do much to develop a clean public record. We are being judged by the personal effect of Spiritualism upon our lives. This is the consensus of opinion expressed at this convention and is typified by the officers-elect.

Minnesota has proclaimed for the "higher Spiritualism," and is opposed to sensational display of wonders and irresponsibility. Three meetings each day were held, for business, conference, lectures and spirit messages. The engaged talent were George W. Kates, Mrs. Zaida B. Kates, W. F. Peck and Geo. P. Colby. Local mediums assisting were Mrs. Tilden, Mrs. Tyeon, Mrs. Lowell, Mrs. Shaft and Mrs. Sauer. A classical, logical and eloquent lecture on "How to Escape Poverty," was given by Mr. Kates. "What is Religion?" was forcibly discussed by Mrs. Kates. "Spirit Life" and "Religion of Law in the Spirit World" were ably handled by Mr. Peck. A fine discourse was given by Mr. Colby, and Seneca gave some wise "talks." Spirit descriptions and messages given by Mrs. Kates were accurate and comforting. She is always direct and clear. Her psychic powers are strong, not only as a discernment of spirits, but as a lecturer entranced. A great compliment was paid this medium Sunday night, after the large audience entirely filling the church, had listened two and one-half hours to music, songs, recitations and two lengthy discourses. When she was announced, perfect quiet ensued and not a person left the church until she had concluded—and her "tests" were such truly and of a character to convey comfort and conviction.

After the two days of the convention Mr. and Mrs. Kates are yet great favorites, and the resolutions and addresses told how the association and people reluctantly part with them. Their missionary report tells of active effort—the heart-side can never be told, but lives in the fond memory of our people in this State. They have lectured here in the past eleven months, 278 public meetings to an aggregate attendance of 26,429 persons; and traveled 12,628 miles. Their receipts were \$1770.46, and exceeded their salary and expenses.

Mr. Kates has developed a willing Workers' effort to form a nucleus toward the erection of a Temple in Minneapolis, and has met with much earnest effort and liberal response. Liberal contributions were made at this convention for the coming year, and the association is feeling its position secure and prospects highly promising.

An able set of resolutions were adopted, a copy of which will doubtless be given to the Banquet.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: J. S. Maxwell, Minneapolis, president; C. D. Pruden, St. Paul, vice-president; Mrs. M. K. Calmus, Minneapolis, secretary; Dr. L. Griffith, Minneapolis, treasurer; L. K. Johnson, Princeton, J. P. Whitwell, St. Paul, John P. Tilden, Minneapolis, W. P. McCormack, Minneapolis, L. O. Brown, Wheaton, trustees.

A strong delegation will be sent to the N. S. A. Convention, and we hope to see the associated work in every State developed until we shall have a united co-operation, and secure thereby the growth and public good that Spiritualism will bring to the people.

A Wholesome Tonic

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. S. L. Williams, Clarence, Iowa, says: "I have used it to grand effect in cases where a general tonic was needed. For a nerve tonic I think it the best I have ever used."

Newport, Kentucky.

The First Temple Society of Spiritualists of Newport, Kentucky, will dedicate the Temple, Sept. 22, 1901, with services afternoon and evening. The society was incorporated April 13, 1899, with sixteen members; June 3, 1901, there were twelve in number.

Mr. Edwin Cawley, Sr., made the following proposition to the society: I will build the temple; it will be modern frame building, costing \$5000. I will donate the lot and \$2000 on the building, will give you five years without interest, after that five per cent., all to be paid at the expiration of fifteen years.

The society accepted Mr. Cawley's offer and the temple will be dedicated on Mr. Cawley's seventy-fifth birthday. Music will be furnished by the Kentucky Academy of Music Choral Society, violinist, Miss Lillie Woodard. Our society meets the first Monday in the month at 8 p. m. The Aid Society the second and fourth Wednesdays in the month at 8 p. m. We have a test circle every Thursday evening at 8 p. m. The temple will seat five hundred.—Sarah Charles, Sec'y, F. T. S. S.

Lake Sunapee, N. H.

Lake Sunapee Spiritualist Camp Association closed meetings Aug. 25. Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., being the speaker. It was her first appearance at this Camp, and her work was highly satisfactory. At the annual meeting for election of officers, the following were duly elected: President, Mrs. Adelle M. Stevens, Claremont, N. H.; vice-president, John Gage, Henniker, N. H.; secretary, Mrs. Edie I. Webster, Lynn, Mass.; treasurer, Mrs. Harriet C. Comstock, Newport, N. H.; business committee, Thomas Burpee, Sutton, N. H.; Edie I. Webster, Lynn, Mass.; Charles E. Gove, Haverdale, N. H. The season just closed was one of the most pleasant and successful for a number of terms, and the outlook for the next season is very promising.

Edie I. Webster, Secretary.

A Forthcoming Book by W. J. Colville.

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

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

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

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

W. J. Colville.

Unity Camp.

Very interesting services were held at this camp on Sept. 8th. Large audiences were present all day. Exercises consisted of short addresses from Mrs. Elizabeth Ever, Mrs. Sadie Hand, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen; tests by Mrs. Ever, Mrs. Hand and George Baker; invocation by Mrs. Albert Lewis; singing by Unity Quartet; Laura Metzger, organist; W. H. Thomas, cornetist. These meetings will continue through the month of September.

LIST OF SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS

If there are any errors in this list, we wish to be most interested to inform us.

- CHARLES L. ADAMS, Talbot Block, Indianapolis, Ind.
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OUR PRESIDENT, WILLIAM M'KINLEY.
EXALTED BY DEATH SEPT. 14, 1901.

Our nation mourns! All hearts are sad!
Danger.

This word should be spoken in calm, deliberate, but not uncertain tones, by every lover of liberty in the United States today. A crisis such as was never dreamed of has suddenly come upon our nation, and it can only be met by the exercise of the wisest possible statesmanship. Unless due care is exercised, liberty may be jeopardized, even overthrown. The assassination of President McKinley has called forth the severest possible denunciations of the crime, and has inspired many men—some of them members of Congress and preachers of the so-called gospel—to advocate lynch law, and the enactment of measures restricting the right of free speech. Now that President McKinley's wound has proved fatal, the public mind is liable to become so inflamed as to cause the enactment of laws that will destroy every vestige of liberty in the United States.

In making this statement, we must not be understood as having any sympathy with that kind of anarchy that resorts to murder to accomplish its ends. We speak now because of the danger that has arisen through the terrible crime against the nation and its ruler. In order to suppress violence of this kind, it is now proposed to deal summarily with all Anarchists. It is urged that their papers be suppressed, and their public meetings interdicted. Some persons even go so far as to advocate the arrest of every person known to be in sympathy with anarchistic principles. They want a law that will imprison them for a term of years for even believing in anarchy, and when it is proclaimed in public, the penalty of death is to be evoked. These are dangerous principles and deserve the thoughtful consideration of every loyal citizen. Should such measures be adopted, it will be necessary to have some one endowed with authority declare what anarchy is.

This authority might consider that the man who thinks anarchistic thoughts is an offender, and presume to send him to prison upon suspicion. Should public meetings be prohibited, this same mentor might consider that the Socialists, Spiritualists, Unitarians, et al., as anarchistic gatherings, and order them dispersed by the police power of the

State. If carried out in full, this nation would become as autocratic as Russia, and as cruel in its punishments. If the right of free speech is to be bridged, it must be done in the interest of liberty—not in opposition to it. This remark will also apply to the abridgment of the rights of the press. Injunction has of late been carried so far that it is now merely judicial tyranny. The suppression of anarchy must not be made the means of increasing the tyranny already in existence. Should it be done, a host of evils will follow in its wake, from which our beloved country cannot escape even in a century's time. Our nation is dedicated to liberty, and should be sacredly held to the purpose of that dedication. But liberty is not license, hence should not be held as such by those who have caused the present discussion.

That kind of anarchy which urges murder and the destruction of property as a righteous means to a desired end, is the only kind with which the law should deal. When a man publicly or privately declares that men should be killed because of their official positions, he should at once be apprehended and imprisoned. Only those newspapers that advocate the same doctrines should be suppressed. When the editors and others who accept these extreme views, are brought to justice, their punishment should be imprisonment at hard labor for a long term of years, for the benefit of the State they tried so hard to overthrow. To lynch them, or to have them hanged by the State, would not deter their fellows from the commissions of the self-same crimes. Martyrdom often becomes so attractive to some men as to cause them to resort to the extreme of measures to secure it. An executed Anarchist would be looked upon as a martyr, and many of his associates would try to avenge his death in order to obtain the same glory. With hard labor for life before them as a penalty for their crimes, with the proceeds going to the State they had hoped to destroy, there would be an influence that would hold them in restraint. This matter, however, is an after consideration, for the present need is the protection of the people's liberties from legislation that is now being urged against the Anarchists.

The preachers who declared themselves in favor of lynch law for the President's assassin are the loudest in their demands for severe laws against the Anarchists. Surely this is consistency! What is lynch law but the worst form of anarchy? It is a combination of thousands of persons for the purpose of committing a crime against the law both of God and man. Is not each participant in a mob of this kind an Anarchist in one sense of the word? Yet these preachers advocate lynch law with complacency, and ask for legislation against Anarchists! Under a strictly moral interpretation of the law, they themselves could be considered Anarchists and held to meet the penalty of the law they invoke against others. Those members of Congress who have condoned lynch law because of their horror at the assassination of President McKinley, are said to be considering legislative measures designed to suppress Anarchy. Their own words were anarchistic when they cried out for the assassination of Czolgosz, and morally reprehensible in consequence.

The preachers help to create and mold public sentiment. Popular frenzy can easily be aroused in such crises as the present. Members of Congress and of State Legislatures are afraid of the people. They can be moved to enact dangerous measures under a mistaken public demand. Their own inconsistency would also warrant them in dealing lightly with the gravest of questions that involve the sacred rights of liberty. There is but one way to guard against these deceptions, and that is by creating a healthy public sentiment against them. Deal with murderous Anarchy with just severity; if need be, deport all Anarchists of that character, and keep them out of the country, but hold firmly to the idea that liberty is as precious as ever before. A false step now may make this nation a despotism. We cannot afford to take that step. We ask our readers to be constantly on their guard to prevent this calamity from overtaking this nation.

The act of Czolgosz has thrilled the world with horror. We hold his crime to be one of the most wanton ever struck at this Republic. It has struck the very heart of our national life by jeopardizing the principle of liberty. President McKinley was the honored Chief Magistrate of our Republic, and his great office is sacred to every patriot. Every man, woman and child in the United States longed for his recovery. We were among that number, and earnestly requested all Spiritualists to unite with us in sending him healing thoughts, until such time as he might be able to resume his public duties. Our contention is that, while sorrowing for our President, we must not be led into the error of assisting in the destruction of free thought and free speech in America. Let us place watchful sentinels at the guardposts of our liberties, and see to it that they are properly sustained there. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and Americans must not be unmindful of the fact.

It is President Roosevelt.

Despite the assurances of the attending physicians, President McKinley took leave of earth Saturday morning, Sept. 14. His transition throws a heavy cloud of gloom over the American people and plunges them into the deepest possible grief. The assassin made sure of his aim, and what he failed to do with his terrible bullet, has been finished by the doctors. It is now President Roosevelt, and all that is mortal of President McKinley will soon be removed from sight. A new ruler is at the helm, and it is yet to be seen what he will do. President Roosevelt takes the chair under very distressing as well as embarrassing circumstances. We

wish the new ruler well. We sincerely hope he will give our nation a splendid administration, and trust that he will be given the light that will enable him to avoid the snares of political bosses, the wiles of religious bigots. Our Government still lives, and can yet be made the government of, for, and by the people. Let us therefore renew our pledge of loyalty to the grand old flag, and make our fealty to the Republic known to the world by our devotion to the work of making our nation truly free and progressive in the best sense of those terms.

State Presidents and Secretaries.

Since the publication of our articles in reference to the assembling at Washington of the Presidents and Secretaries of all State Associations, for consultation, we have received numerous verbal and written suggestions with regard to the matter. All who have thus far reported agree that such a convocation would do our Cause a great deal of good. There is no doubt of that fact, hence the main question now is, how can those officials be brought to Washington for the occasion? In many instances—at least, we hope so—they can either defray their own expenses or raise the same without any difficulty. In cases where they are not able to do so, steps should at once be taken to raise funds from which their expenses can be met. A meeting of all the eighteen State Presidents and Secretaries will give the Spiritualists a splendid opportunity to learn the exact standing of our Cause in the several States, and acquaint them with its pressing needs for successful work. There should be no hesitancy with regard to this matter. A few dollars will take all of these officials to the Washington Convention. It will be the best investment ever made in the name of Spiritualism, because of the good that will come out of it.

If the Spiritualists of the different States have sufficient confidence in the parties they elect as their Presidents and Secretaries, to honor them with the positions of leaders, surely they can afford to trust them as their delegates to the National Convention. More than this even, they owe it to their officers to see to it that they reach the Convention in question as their official delegates. If the State Presidents and Secretaries give their time, frequently sacrificing good salaries to serve the Cause, then their constituents, by every rule of right, should make up their traveling expenses to them. It will take but little from each one to make up the required sum, and there is no reason why the amount needed should not be at once forthcoming. We call upon all Spiritualists in the States where live State Associations exist, to send in their contributions to this fund. The Trustees of these organizations should act in the matter, for a meeting of our leaders is of vital importance to the Cause of truth. We ask our friends to consider this matter at once. Our columns are open to them, yet, as the financial question seems to be the only difficulty, it would seem as if all energies should be directed toward its solution. Contributions could be sent directly to the State Secretaries, marked "Delegates Expense Fund," with the injunction to use the money only to send the two officers named to the Washington Convention.

Funerals.

In a recent address before the National Convention of Undertakers in Boston, Rev. Geo. W. Bicknell, pastor of the First Universalist Church of Cambridge, Mass., took occasion to speak some very plain yet wholesome truths with regard to funerals, and the present-day methods of conducting the same. He advocated some radical reforms, all of which appeal to us as being directly in the line of progress. The ostentatious funeral received a well deserved castigation at the hands of the fearless speaker. He did not spare the clergymen who officiate on funeral occasions in his excellent criticisms. He said that the long addresses were the sources of much discomfort and suffering, alike to the mourners, to their friends and to the coachmen waiting outside. The latter, he said, frequently swore more religion out of them than they could gain in a year, by being obliged to sit for a long time with the mercury either at boiling point or down to zero. Dr. Bicknell also rebuked in scathing terms those who sought to harrow up the feelings of the mourners, by their gloomy references to so-called death and the after-life.

He advocated the abolition of funeral processions, and the removal of everything that bore the insignia of mourning. Carriages for even the relatives of the departed he did not consider necessary, for as soon as the spirit left the body, it did not matter what became of the latter. It should be disposed of decently, without any display, and with the least possible expense. The poor are prone to imitate their wealthier neighbors in hiring carriages and purchasing flowers. Dr. Bicknell was much too lenient in his references to this portion of his subject. We have known working people to spend over fifty dollars in flowers alone for a funeral, and pay for the same out of the weekly wages of the husband and father, mother and daughter, sometimes taking more than a year to pay the bill in full. This is a crime against the living, and a gross insult to the departed. In the matter of carriages, all the way from ten to twenty are engaged at five dollars each for a single service, and another large bill made for the heart-broken tollers to meet on the last lament plan. This also is gross injustice to all parties concerned, and the same can be said of the costly caskets that are frequently purchased. Display for an hour counts for more with many people than does the welfare of the surviving members of their families.

The Banner has ever been an earnest and consistent advocate of radical reforms in the conduct of funerals, hence applauds Dr. Bicknell's remarks most vigorously. Of course, the lively men, florists, preachers and

undertakers, as distinctive classes, prefer the methods now in vogue, because by them they can fill their pockets out of the heart agonies of their stricken customers. Expensive caskets, flowers, carriages, etc., should be prohibited by the moral force of well-directed examples on the part of the rich, and, if need be, by legislation on the part of the State. If religious services are desired, let them be brief, simple, tender and consoling. The preacher who attempts to lacerate anew the grief-stricken hearts of the mourners, deserves to be blacklisted, while he who goes for the money he will receive for his address should be tabooed by all self-respecting men and women. The custom of making the mourners the objects of public curiosity is simply barbarous, and should be abolished. The mourners should take leave of the remains in private, and not be compelled to do so before a multitude, neither should they be obliged to witness the leave-taking of the curious crowd.

Dr. Bicknell's suggestions in reference to these points are most timely. He also advocates the abolition of the hearse, and argues that the body should be taken to the cemetery in any conveyance that would not attract attention by its unusual character. The hearse is really a ghastly object, and its removal from public sight would be a blessing in many ways. It would serve the interests of economy, besides removing the cloud of fear and depression that the sight of a hearse always creates. Dr. Bicknell could also have spoken forcefully with regard to the effect custom of wearing mourning, and to the barbarous practice of interments in the earth, as the one means for the disposition of the body. Cremation is cleanly, healthful and economical, therefore should be the rule, not the exception. The wearing of mourning needs no further discussion at this time. It belongs to an age when the sun of spiritual enlightenment did not shine, hence those who prefer to dwell therein will have to do so until their spiritual selves are quickened into life.

Dr. Bicknell's address ought to be put into pamphlet form, and given general circulation throughout the world. His views with respect to the cast-off body are decidedly spiritualistic in their bearings, and indicate the breadth of this eminent minister's mind. He holds that a broken eggshell requires no attention whatever, but that the live egg should be the object of solicitude. The worn-out body should be treated with due respect, but disposed of summarily without any display of real or pretended grief. Such advice as Dr. Bicknell has given is most timely, and we sincerely hope that it will bear fruit. Agitation along this line is greatly needed. No class of people can speak with greater power on this subject than can the Spiritualists. They should welcome Dr. Bicknell's words as a new Declaration of Independence from the tyranny of Pride and Custom, and earnestly unite in the work of placing the truths he has enunciated before the public. Reform in the matter of funerals is a necessity. Today the man of small means is too poor to die; the potter's field or the dissecting room is the repository of his body, simply because of the waste occasioned by expensive funerals. Let them be abolished forever!

Prof. Lewis G. Jones.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the sudden and therefore wholly unexpected transition of this eminent scholar and fearless friend of progressive thought. Prof. Jones is known throughout our State as the opponent of capital punishment, medical monopoly, restrictive Sunday legislation, and all other measures designed to abridge the liberties of the people. He has written extensively upon the subject of education, and has ever stood forth as a champion of reform methods in instruction. He was broad and liberal in his religious views, and sought to find the good in all denominations. His writings were received with great favor in metaphysical circles, and his contributions to the magazines of that order will be sadly missed. He was one of the speakers at Onset this past season where he delivered a scholarly essay of rare beauty. He was not a Spiritualist through affiliation with our organic work, but he was a Spiritualist in his thought and purpose. Psychic science had a warm friend in him, and his aid will be missed in all of the councils of those who worked in that field. He was an ardent lover of liberty, and was intensely American in all of his sympathies. He was a zealous Anti-Imperialist, and was one of the Vice-Presidents of that League at the time of his transition. He has lived a good, useful and helpful life, and has left the world much richer because of what he has done for his fellowmen. Peace to his memory.

A Dog Dinner.

The wife of a multi-millionaire at Newport, R. I., recently gave a unique dinner party. Her millionaire friends were invited to bring their pet dogs to a dinner party, ostensibly given by her own beloved "pup." They came by the score and found a table loaded with the daintiest and costliest of viands, all of which were devoured by the favored canines of this most exclusive set to which the woman belonged. No expense was spared to make this dinner a swell affair, and an occasion royal for all who were present. It was voted a perfect success, and the charming hostess was the recipient of many compliments for her splendid taste in arranging the affair, as well as for her knowledge of the foods that would best suit the appetites of the favored canines. This dinner may meet with the approval of the fashionable world, and may, as it has been, be widely exploited by the reporters of a syco-phantic press. To every sensible man and woman, it appears to be a travesty upon human nature—a wanton and direct insult to the worthy poor of our land. The hostess who gave the feast and those who abetted

her in it have far less sense than the dogs who ate the costly viands. There is absolutely no excuse for this unwarranted ostentatious display of wealth. It arouses feelings of resentment in the minds of the hungry poor, and gives rise to bitterness and envy on the part of the restless and uncertain members of the human family. Such reckless exhibitions as this dinner, and such flagrant disregard of human needs as it reveals, will do more to generate the Brevities and the Czolgoszes, than all the utterances of Herr Most, Emma Goldman and O'Donovan Rossa. It is time that the American nation awoke to the real meaning of such affairs, and put the seal of popular disapproval upon them.

Hon. W. P. Bosworth.

This well known friend of the "Good Cause" in Brockton, Mass., has been nominated by the Socialists of this State for the important position of State Treasurer. Mr. Bosworth is in every respect well qualified for the post, and will fill it to the acceptance of every citizen in case of his election. A vote cast for Mr. Bosworth is a vote for an honest man, and nothing would please us more than his success at the polls in the coming election. He has been a faithful friend to and supporter of Spiritualism in Brockton for many years, hence has the breadth of mind, religiously, that will make him the friend of the members of all denominations. No one who votes for him can ever feel that his ballot has been thrown away, for Mr. Bosworth stands for right and justice in all things, hence is worthy of the office for which he is named.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Much interest is felt and expressed on all sides concerning the work of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society and its progressive methods. As is generally known, the admittance fee has been abolished and seats sold for the season at the moderate price of five dollars, which would seem to be within the reach of all. Enough seats have already been sold in the beautiful New Chicksen Hall, where the meetings are to be held, to ensure financial support the coming season.

This society seems to have clearly demonstrated the good result of having as settled speaker one who combines intelligence, broadness and energy. Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor, has all these qualifications and it is through his two years' work that such unusual success has been obtained in uniting a scattered element into a harmonious working body.

Prof. William James,

the eminent student of psychism, and instructor in psychology in Harvard College, has recently returned from Europe where he has been sojourning for nearly two years in search of health. We are glad to welcome this friend of progressive thought to his home and position in America. He is a teacher of teachers as well as one of Spiritualism's most kindly critics. He is in search of truth, and does not fear to follow where truth may lead. Such men are few, and Prof. James is unquestionably the leader among the few.

The Spiritualists of America must not forget that the Ninth Annual Convention of the National Association is close at hand. This convention will be the most important body that ever has convened in America in the interest of Spiritualism. The dedication of the Mayer House, the selection of missionaries, the improvement of our local societies, the children's lyceum, and many other vital issues, are to be met and considered there. Reader, your counsel is needed, and we urge you to attend that Convention without fail. Remember to ask for a certificate ticket to the National Spiritualist Convention as you start for Washington. Such a ticket will entitle you to one-third fare as you return home.

Those parties who were clamoring for the arrest and imprisonment of every opponent of President McKinley's views, urging that they were the cause of the attempt upon his life, must feel thoroughly ashamed of their spleen, in view of the universal condemnation of the fearful crime. Democrats, Populists, Socialists, and Republicans are vying with one another in their expressions of regret and of heartfelt sympathy. Such a crime could not do otherwise than to bring out the noblest impulses in man's nature, and send them on errands of mercy over the earth.

Maine Spiritualists should not forget their State Convention in Skowhegan, Oct. 4, 5, 6. A splendid hall furnished them gratis through the generous kindness of one who is not a Spiritualist, should induce every friend of Spiritualism in the Pine Tree State to make an extra effort to attend that Convention. Special rates on the railroads, and reduced prices at two of the best hotels will also be attractions that no Spiritualist can afford to overlook. We hope that at least two thousand Spiritualists will be in Skowhegan at the Convention in question.

That man or woman who asks the dear spirits what he or she shall eat, or wear, or do, is a candidate for the position of custodian of the back numbered souls of all ages in the realms of Pluto. He or she is too lazy to think, much less to work. This type is far more numerous than is supposed. It would be well to avoid all who are afflicted with that propensity.

Don't forget that the "Royal Blue Line" is the official route for the Eastern Excursion to the National Spiritualists Convention in Washington, D. C., Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Now is the time to order your tickets. Write J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney St., Boston, Mass., for full particulars of the trip.

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.

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

Report of Seance held Aug. 22, 1901, S. E. 24.

Invocation.

In confidence, in trust, we come again into this circle of influences and bring with us those whose hearts are beating with love and hope. How they hope to reach their loved ones! How they hope to bring into the lives of those dear to them the message of peace, of truth, and of life and how we who would assist, who are bound together in this work, yearn to give them the perfect understanding of the law! May those who come be so blessed and strengthened by the influence of love that they may become powerful and strong in the homes to which they desire to go. May they be led through the ministrations of the spirit, through the companionship of loved ones, into a better understanding of life and its opportunities. May we all, hand in hand, travel on toward the heights where God is and where his glory lightens the whole world. Bless us all and keep us, oh spirit of light, of love, and of truth. Amen.

MESSAGES.

William Thompson.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a man about fifty years old. He is short and stout, but very quick and active; he doesn't seem to take particular care of himself. He says, "My name is William Thompson and I came from Saugus, Mass. I haven't been gone very long and I thought if it were possible to send a word back to the people who are still grieving over me that I would do so. I want to send this to Fred. I hope he will open his eyes and his ears when he is by himself and see me and hear what I have to say to him. I know that I can reach him personally. I know it because I have been able to stand so plainly by him that he has already seen me. I did not realize that he was so mediumistic, but I am sure that if he will only sit for me he will get into direct communication and that will mean more to him and to me than anything else in the world. I would like also to send word to Emma, that I don't think she needs the kind of treatment that she is now having. Better care, less worry, and going out of doors will do more for her than all the medicines that she is pouring into her stomach. Please give her my love and blessing and tell them I can't forget them. No matter how long. I am sure that my heart will go out to them as it does today. It seemed a pity to break up the life, but there was nothing that could be done except to submit to this law which no one has learned to control, but over and beyond the condition of death is the law of love which brings me back to them."

Daniel Magee to John Lane.

The spirit of a man about sixty years old comes now. He is quite stout with a bald head, blue eyes, and a gray mustache. He walks up to me and he says, "My name is Daniel Magee and I lived in Boston. Some of these people who have just been coming come a good bit away and I have concluded that it is about time that I walked myself in if I was going to come at all, for somehow one feels a certain sense of pride in allowing the visitors to speak first. I was interested in horses and in animals of every kind when I was here. I particularly liked dogs and when I came over to this life the first things I looked to see were dogs and horses and things that could interest me. I had quite a curiosity what this life over here was like before I came and when I got over here I spent the first years in looking about. Not that I forgot my people; the most of them were with me. There were more over here when I came than I had left, but I have a few friends that I'd like to send a word to and I am told that I may, that one does not have to be heartbroken in order to report through this paper and so I have come. I want to get to John Lane. I want him to know that his old friend is looking for him and wants him to come and somehow would be glad to take his hand and take a walk down through the streets of the New Jerusalem."

Frank Adams.

There is a spirit rushes right in now of a boy of twenty years. He has very dark hair and his eyes are almost black. He is pale almost to sallowness and coughs a great deal. Seems as though when he passed away, he had consumption and he says, "Oh don't close the circle until I have given my message. My name is Frank Adams and I came from Plymouth, Mass., and it seems as though I must get back. I have been trying so long and so hard and I don't come particularly for myself but because I am needed in the place where I would go. I want to go to Hattie and to James; I want them to know that I know when they sit about in the circle and I want to communicate, but I can't do it. Tell them not to be discouraged. I will get to them, I am sure. And yet I am too weak and it is only through the kindness of these people who

are here that I am able to communicate at all. I have Fannie with me and I'd like to have her communicate with them too. She says, 'When the Indian gets strong and steady we will be able to give a message that will help them all.' Thank you for this opportunity."

Erna Hollis.

The next spirit that comes to me is a man about sixty years old. He is tall, with broad shoulders and a heavy gray beard. His eyes are blue and his hair is quite heavy and pushed back from a forehead that recedes. Just comes down big over his eyes and seems cut right off as it goes back to the hair. He comes in a firm, strong way and seems so anxious to help the people to whom he would go. He says, "My name is Erna Hollis and I lived in Attleboro, Mass. I desire to come because I have been convinced of this truth since I came over into this life. If anyone had told me that it was possible for spirits to return, I would have laughed and thought it was the most stupid assertion I had ever heard, but after coming into the knowledge on this side of life, it makes me anxious to return and give my word, if my evidence can be of value to another to help that other to a better understanding of how near our friends are. I particularly want to go to Mary. She needs me. It isn't that she needs me so much to take care of her affairs, but that she needs my companionship, my sympathy; I want her to know that she has that. Whatever else death robs us of, it doesn't take away the love or sympathy or the sweet soul companionship which in most instances far outruns any other condition of care that we might give. Tell her her father is with me and he is quite lame, but he says it is only to prove to her that he is the same father that she knew and whom she used to wait upon with so much tenderness and love. I also want to send a word to Brother Charles; I want him to know that I often see him and feel sorry I was called away so suddenly leaving so many things in his care that if I had known I was going could have been attended to before I went. I thank you friends more than I can tell you for this opportunity to speak."

Fanny Gardner.

Now I see a little woman about thirty-five years old who is quite short and delicate looking. Her face is pale her eyes are very dark and her hair is black. She comes shaking and trembling as though it took all the strength that she had to get here. She puts her hands in mine and when she does she begins to cough, oh so violently, and I am sure that what took her to spirit was a long season of coughing which used up all her vitality. She says, "Oh I do feel so glad to come. I have wanted to, but I was afraid, afraid I couldn't say what I ought, but I do desire to get to my own people at this time. My name is Fanny Gardner and I used to live in Toledo, Ohio. I have many people there because I haven't been gone long and they all remember me and are wondering if I will return. I most of all want to get to Willie. I want him to understand that I know he did everything he could. That it wasn't his fault that it happened just as it did, and that I do answer his prayer that he sends out to me continually to forgive him. It seemed to me that if I could only find an avenue to say this that I would be so much relieved, for his distress troubles me and makes me feel that I must do something. I have with me Uncle Joe and Amy; Amy has grown so much that those in earth life would hardly realize who she is, but she has been such a comfort to me. She has done everything that she could to make me feel at home in this new life and has brought everybody to see me in such a sweet way that I feel greatly indebted to her. I am sure we will be able to make some manifestation at the home if they will only keep on sitting as they began, because we are gaining strength and our desire will help us to do the thing that is asked of us."

Gertrude Chamberlain and Brown Bear.

I see now a girl not over eight or ten years old. She is brown as a nut. Her hair is brown and her face also. She comes with a great big Indian. She comes over to me and says, "Gertrude Chamberlain, Franklin, Mass." She comes to a medium, I know by the Indian. He lifts her up and says, "She has been asked for and I bring her." Then she claps her hands and smiles, she is so pleased, but she was so weak in her legs before she went away that that is why he brings her. She was hurt in some way. He says, "I am Brown Bear."

Jennie Hartley.

The next spirit that comes to me is a very sweet lady. She is tall and fair and her hair must have been very light when she was young because the gray hardly shows. Her eyes are blue and her skin is fair and soft as a baby's. She is just as steady and quiet as she sweeps in here to me as can be and she says, "This is entirely new to me. I never had the least idea that it was possible for anyone who had passed through death to even know what was going on. I gave my thought to God and somehow I felt that he would make it right. I never dreamed that there was any investigation for me to make, anything for me to do, and I say it with a heart that is sick and sore. I could have saved myself so much trouble and so much of sorrow had I known what I know now. Often I yearned from some word from my mother. Often I prayed that I might go to her, and never did I realize that at the very times my heart was uttering its petition that she was by my side. Today she stands with me and says that she was always near me, always knew whenever I reached for her, always tried to soothe my suffering and to wipe away my tears, and it was such a comfort to see her when I first came. I had suffered so long and I was so worn out that when death came and I opened my eyes and saw her there, oh, I felt

as though I was at last in heaven and now as I am with her and the new life and its opportunities open up to me and I find work to do, heart wounds to soothe, I feel that God is better than I ever dreamed he could be. My name is Jennie Hartley and I came from Old Orchard, Me. My mother's name was Maria and she says, 'Tell all our friends that we still believe in the orthodox religion. We haven't quite gotten over that yet, but we have gone many a step ahead of them and perhaps by and by we shall drop off more of the earth life, but whatever comes to us of knowledge, we will return and tell if we are allowed to do so.' I would like to send this word to Fred Hartley and I want him to think that it is I who come and not to toss it aside as if it meant nothing to him. God bless him and God help me to make plain myself unto him and to give him the strength which he needs."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY TWO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We have been requested by correspondents to give our views on the subject of soul-mates, and on the relation between the sexes in spirit life, provided that such a distinction between souls be inherent, and not temporarily conditioned by the characteristic fleshly bodies while on the mortal plane.

The subject was slightly touched on, quite unexpectedly to the writer, in Number 190, and we feel impelled to speak of it more at length in the present letter. The only way in which it can be rightly treated, is by reverting in thought to the over-soul, or as we may better call it, the all-permeating soul, out of which we originally sprang. The fountains we sometimes see in cultivated grounds add much to the effect, though they are quite artificial and not suited to a green-sward shaded here and there by large trees. The trees and grass are natural, while the fountain, with its geometrically shaped basin, and its pyramid of sparkling drops is not so. There must be tubes and leaders, and the only thing that is natural about it is the water itself, and the fact that it rises to its height in accordance with the hydrostatic principle that water must seek its own level. The fountain is very beautiful, but a moment's thought shows us that the movements we see are not caused by life, either in the central water, or in the myriad tiny drops that sparkle in the sun. The water rises to its height, not through any volition of its own, but because it is forced to do so by the law that water must seek its highest level, and the sparkling drops separate from each other in accordance with the formation of the mouths of the many tubes, and drop into the surrounding basin through the principle of gravitation, and not because of any life or any exertion of will in themselves. The fountain is beautiful, but it is artificial.

But let us conceive of the fountain as a living being. The water is itself alive as a whole, it arises by its own volition, and it gives out from itself myriad drops, each one of which is as truly alive as the water from which it sprang. Though the drops are distinguished one from another, each one has volition to a greater or less degree, and in springing as living entities from the central source each has its individuality, and being really alive, it goes on in its career as a living being.

This fountain illustration gives our conception of how our life is derived from God. We live because God lives, and because we are a part of God.

The illustration gives a conception of how we derive our life from God, but no human conception can give any notion of the size of the fountain. In fact, no finite conception is adequate to the occasion, for not only is the fountain an infinite one, but the tiny drops of individual life that spring from it are infinite in number, have sprung unceasingly through a past eternity, and will continue to spring forevermore. Such a living and eternal fountain is God, call this wonderful source by whatever name you will. We may be aided in our conception of its infinity by the saying of an old writer:

"God is a being whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere."

In like manner, the fountain of which we speak has its centre everywhere, and its termination nowhere. It may illustrate Infinite Life.

This fountain of life expresses itself through a material universe that is as infinite as itself. Corns Richmond has coined a word and calls it the Infinite.

In like manner every little drop of life takes a form of its own, a form that must correspond in nature with that part of the infinite source which inheres in itself, as it is separated. Some of these tiny drops of life express themselves by trees, or plants, or flowers; some by the lowest forms of animal, and, in the process of physical evolution by higher and higher forms, until we see the most complex expression of life yet known upon this planet—the human.

The infinite source has in itself every form of life, and so the various expressions are infinitely diversified. And as limitless intelligence and boundless will inheres in this infinite source of life, we see the development of the different parts of the universe proceeding in an orderly way.

On our planet both animals and vegetables develop and propagate their kind by a union of those that differ from each other. In most plants, the two differing forms of life co-exist on the same stock, and the fertilization of the passive ovary by the active pollen dust shows us the most delicate and beautiful method by which the union of two forms of life results in a similar expression of life. But they do not produce it. At their union, another drop of life comes from the great fountain, and expresses itself in the embryonic seed. By and by, the two forms of life grow out of this seed, forming by their union another seed which receives its individual life from the infinite source. And

thus the generations of plant life go on.

It seems then that each seed has in itself the two kinds of life, the union of which is used to evolve the new generation of the plant. How is this? The answer to this question contains the gist of the whole matter.

The passive contents of the ovarian capsule, and the eager, active pollen dust were placed in embryo in the seed, and each form of life evidently came out of the infinite source into the one seed. And as the seed did not make its life, it is evident that the two kinds of life, the active and the passive, inhere in the infinite source.

Allied to this notion that life itself is both active and passive is the notion that boundless intelligence sees and knows in two mighty ways, that absolute volition acts both creatively and receptively, that infinite love, God's "crown-name," acts in mighty power and also in blissful repose, and in short, that all the qualities that we find in all the lower creations of life co-exist in boundless degree in harmony and content in what we call God.

Different religions have presented a similar thought in different ways. The Mosaic scheme represents God as saying,

"Let us make man in our image."

The Christian, as well as other religions, have conceived of God as a Trinity. All are free to formulate what is, however, unthinkable by a finite intellect. To our notion, we think of the Infinite Source as dual, and in so doing we think we follow the present and continual working of a divine power. We do not, however, employ this term as do some of our thinkers, who apply it to the fact that infinite soul co-exists with infinite matter, the material universe itself being the body of God. This is of course true, but this is unity, and not duality.

The duality we mean applies to Infinite Soul itself, though its expressions of life may be operated on the material plane. The Infinite Soul may be conceived by us to be dual, in that in its boundless bosom co-exist to a limitless degree, activity and passivity, the positive and the negative, mightily will force in action with its correlative, a measureless and joyful content, lightning intelligence and its soft reflection in a deep sea of receptivity, in short, wisdom and love commingled in boundless proportions.

Such being our feeble conception, most inadequately expressed, it follows that when individual souls, be they to inhabit vegetable or animal (including the human expression), become detached from the parent source, they each possess within themselves the dual nature of the infinite parent.

Many plants express the two forms of life on the same stem. Others express them on different stems, and sometimes the desiring pollen must be blynn many miles through the air, or drift equally far over the foam, before it can reach the beloved and passive ovary with which it longs to unite. The seed resting in its capsule, longs, too, for this union, but must sit and wait.

In some lower animals the two forms of life co-exist, but in most, and in all the more complex ones, so far as we know, including man himself, the two sexes exist in separate forms, and coming together by the principle of attraction, the result of their union is fertilization of the seed. As this takes place, an individualized portion of the infinite soul takes up its residence in the new embryo.

In all those forms of life where the sexes inhabit separate bodies, the new expression is occupied by a life of one or the other sex, thus carrying out the law of being of that particular species.

Several years ago, I read a small pamphlet by Rev. George Chaney, advocating, if my memory serves me correctly, the thought that man in his original expression contained in the one physical form both of the sexes, being as pure and as destitute of gross passion as the flowers themselves; and that the "fall of man" consisted in the separation of the two sexes into different forms, the one male and the other female, the coming together of which, for purposes of propagation, was characterized by gross animal passion.

This theory, if correctly stated, did not seem to me to accord with the usual order of nature, which is that that comes first "which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual," and it may not be now advocated by Mr. Chaney, whom we all admire.

According to this theory, man was first made "a little lower than the angels," and fell later into the depths of sensual lust. We believe, on the contrary, that the physical evolution of the animal world at last formed a cranium large enough to contain the most undeveloped kind of a soul that could be characterized as a human one, and so that man instead of being at first "a little lower than the angels," was really in his original expression only a little higher than the brutes. And so in him, as well as in the brutes, from whom his physical form was evolved, the two sexes existed in separate forms, and came together by an exertion of will for purposes of propagation.

We see, Mr. Editor, that we have already reached the ordinary limits of our weekly letter, and yet we have as yet but barely entered on our subject, which is the doctrine of soul-mates. This doctrine, as we understand it, is that human souls came dual, both male and female, out of the infinite soul, into separate forms on the earth plane, but will eventually, by their inherent constitution, come together, either here or in the spheres beyond, and tread together their glorious and eternal pathway God-ward.

This theme will therefore be continued in the next letter, and we suggest that those of our readers who are interested in our treatment of it, preserve this article, so that they may read it in connection with the subsequent one, which will doubtless appear in your next issue.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., Sept. 7, 1901.

Questions and Answers.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By T. H. Wolfe, Adelaide, Aus.] Does not the mind (say when receiving proper balance) weary with the constant strain of self watching, and is it not a fact that at the time of weariness one generally falls from the high plane of higher motives? What general principle would avoid this state?

Ans.—The mind does indeed often weary with constant self watching and that is why we recommend another and higher course of action. Constant devotion to ideals, unremitting attention to all the work which comes to us to do is healthful and promotive of the most excellent ethical results, but the wise counsel "Whatsoever things are excellent and of good report, think on these things" has never been surpassed.

If we are constantly paying attention to our lower selves, seeking continually to curb our carnal appetites, we soon grow weary of the struggle and are apt to be in an inharmonious condition of chronic oscillation between asceticism and sensualism. If, however, we resolutely fix our thoughts upon high ideals and devote our energies to worthy occupations we counteract sensual temptations by employing time, thought and the sum of our energy in a far higher way than does the sensualist.

Negative and prohibitive teachings, no matter how well intentioned, often do far more harm than good because they debauch our meditations instead of lifting our thoughts into profitable and truly inspiring channels.

It is not wearisome to be usefully and beautifully employed, but it is fatiguing to be idle or to be occupied with ugly work. Too much can never be said concerning the value of holding noble mental pictures before the mind's eye and growing in consequence more and more into the likeness of the wisely selected spiritual image. Such is Divine Science.

Ques.—[By Florence Mountford Fox, Melbourne, Aus.] I wish to hold communion with a friend who has passed over. How can I do so without the intervention of a medium, and would there be any possibility of my being imposed upon by any other spirit personating my friend?

Ans.—The best method for developing your own mediumistic ability is to select a quiet place and time either alone or (preferably) with one congenial friend who wishes to communicate with the unseen friend with whom you specially desire to enter into converse. If you are a very busy person, with scarcely any leisure during the daytime, make it a rule to think quietly but firmly and exclusively of the friend with whom you are specially desirous of communicating after you have retired for the night.

A very strong thought of one who is a true and near friend, no matter whether still on earth or in the realm of spirit, is a magnet to draw you closely into the psychic sphere or aura of that friend, thereby rendering inter-communion easier than it otherwise would be.

Intense anxiety is always a drawback to intelligible communion because it perturbs the astral mirror in which, when you are quite passive, you are likely to see the image of your friend or witness a reflection of some message intended for you. It often occurs that you get messages at first in dreams only because you have to be sound asleep before you are sufficiently concentrated to receive an impression clearly from one who approaches you spiritually.

The experiences of dream life are practically ignored by most people as though they were utterly fantastic, when they are often far more real (in the higher sense) than many of the experiences common to working consciousness. William Stead has said on more than one occasion that he sincerely believes if he had to undergo another term of imprisonment for conscience sake he would develop his mediumistic power to an extent which seems impossible while he is perpetually engaged in pressing material undertakings.

A quiet period of daily meditation on spiritual themes is very helpful and a consecrated room is highly advantageous, but on no account carry with you into your retreat any fear of being deceived, for if you encourage the expectation of deception you are very likely to find yourself long swimming in a current of deception. Persons are mostly very slow to learn the much needed lesson that fear of deception invites deception.

We must learn to gauge spiritual influences by the atmosphere which accompanies them. In crude narratives of mediumistic experiences recounted in the Middle Ages we find it often said that deceiving influences, though they might appear in glorious apparel and make great claims for themselves, invariably left a nauseating stench behind them which is the exact contradictory of the "odor of sanctity."

Swedenborg has revealed much of similar import and though we are not prepared to apply the smelling test in strict literalness, we declare that it is truly applied when we employ such a phrase as psychometric perception, which is an all-including discernment of atmosphere or aura.

Do we not feel the honesty of certain people and the untrustworthiness of others entirely without reference to anything they may say or do? Unseen visitors cannot disguise their spheres from one who can "discern spirits," because each one's immediate sphere is an encircling emanation continually proceeding from his own interior.

The best possible means for facilitating direct spiritual communion with a treasured friend is to think strongly of that friend and hold yourself mentally open to whatever impressions may then come to you, using your own judgment in consonance with your innermost feelings as to the source whence impressions are derived.

(Continued from page 1).

only the income is to be used, and that for actual care of the needy. As an officer of the Union, I should not expect, under the terms of the Trust, to use the income to defray the expenses of the Waverley property. Your contributions then to this fund will be devoted to the immediate purpose for which the Union was established—caring for the needy workers of the world, in the Cause of Spiritualism, our indebtedness to whom no man can estimate.

Irving F. Symonds,
Pres. of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston.

September Amusements at the Pan-American.

With the main object of presenting an exhibition which would broaden and educate the American people along different lines, the Exposition managers at Buffalo have left nothing undone. As an exhibition which would also amuse and entertain the people, the Pan-American has indeed proved a novel and noted success.

After visiting the elaborate structures, the expansive court yards and viewing the beautiful works of art and the many improved mechanical devices, the visitor may have left nothing undone. As an exhibition which would also amuse and entertain the people, the Pan-American has indeed proved a novel and noted success.

The month of September will undoubtedly prove a very busy month at the Exposition, as this is the best season of the year for traveling, and the program as arranged for September is excellent.

The week beginning September 24th will be set aside for a monster Cattle Fair, and as the fairs at the Pan-American Exposition are on a corresponding scale with the magnitude of the position, the exhibits ought surely to be large.

September 15th to 21st is Automobile Week, and the display of the horseless vehicles will be well worth witnessing.

On Saturday, September 28th, Columbia College will meet the University of Buffalo in foot ball, and the many lovers of college foot ball will have an opportunity to enjoy themselves.

The Boston & Maine Railroad, on account of its direct route via the West Shore, which is the shortest way out of New England, together with the many other different routes, is the popular road for Eastern people visiting Buffalo, and for those people at Buffalo wishing to visit New England.

For a complete description of the Pan-American Exposition, write to the Boston & Maine Passenger Department, Boston, for their descriptive book, entitled "Picturesque Routes to the Pan-American Exposition."

California State Association.

The sixth annual convention of the Association opened at Macabees Temple, Oakland, at 10 a. m. on Sept. 6, 1901, all the officers and about fifty delegates being present. The minutes of the previous meeting, as published in the official organ, were approved and the Standing Committees appointed as required by the Constitution.

A telegram from Mrs. Montague from London, sending fraternal greetings, was read amidst hearty applause. Visitors were introduced and made brief speeches.

The reports of president, secretary and treasurer were read and referred to committees, who reported their approval and were then endorsed by the Convention.

Reports from societies throughout the State showed growth and general prosperity. Mrs. R. S. Lillie made an earnest appeal to societies to sustain the Board of Directors in their unselfish endeavors to place the Cause on a strong foundation and to maintain the headquarters recently established in San Francisco by the retiring Board of Directors.

Mrs. Seal, in a stirring speech, plead with individual members to take greater interest in the Cause, and said that societies should exert all their energies to promote the Cause generally.

Mrs. S. Cowell was present, after her recent severe illness, and said she was glad to again greet her many friends.

The Committee on Proportional Preferential Ballot received a "trial ballot" was taken on Saturday at 10 a. m. On motion to adopt it by the Convention, it was not approved.

It was voted to hold the Convention next year in San Francisco.

On motion, the Convention expressed its detestation of the attempt on the life of President McKinley and a "trial ballot" was taken on Saturday at 10 a. m. On motion to adopt it by the Convention, it was not approved.

A telegram of greeting was read from the President of the N. S. A., which was received with applause.

The following Board of Directors were elected for the ensuing year: M. S. Norton, C. H. Wadsworth, W. T. Jones, B. F. Small, Mrs. Ella York, Dr. H. M. Barker, J. W. Preston, F. H. Parker and H. H. Nichols. Delegates to the N. S. A. were W. T. Jones and M. S. Norton.

The new Board of Directors then retired and elected the following officers: President, M. S. Norton, vice-president, C. H. Wadsworth, secretary, W. T. Jones; treasurer, B. F. Small, who were reported to the Convention with applause.

On motion, the thanks of the Convention were offered to the societies of Oakland for their kind attention and generous hospitality to the delegates and visitors in attendance, which were carried with a rising vote.

On Friday evening a reception was given to the delegates by the united societies of Oakland, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, etc., at the conclusion of which a fine banquet was provided, and all concluded with a social dance.

Saturday evening was devoted to vocal and instrumental music and spirit messages through the mediums who were present.

Miss Fannie Raymond, Miss Marian Tracie, Miss Maud E. Campbell, Miss Jeanette Crawford and Mrs. Sadie E. Cooke rendered valuable service in vocal and instrumental music during the Convention, to the enjoyment of those present.

Sunday, Sept. 9.—The morning session opened with a conference meeting. The first speaker was Mr. Walter Hyde of Alameda, who referred to his early experiences in healing through the power of hypnosis and psychology.

Mrs. Olivia P. Sheppard spoke eloquently of woman's influence in the affairs of life. Mrs. C. T. Gunn's subject was, "Our Children and the Lyceum." Mrs. Thorndyke spoke on missionary work. Mrs. Doran gave a short talk on spirit communion and the influence of the spirit-world as a factor in all things. Prof. Geo. F. Perkins by request sang "Hallelujah." Mrs. Armstrong's subject was, "Ye are the Light of the World," and closed with a poem.

Dr. H. C. Johnson spoke of the great sorrow the nation had been plunged into through the attempt on the life of President McKinley.

The afternoon session opened with congre-

national singing, after which Mrs. Adelle L. Balthus gave a very interesting address, in which she related some of her experiences whilst in Paris as a delegate to the International Congress of Psychics.

An original poem was composed and recited by Mr. George H. Hawes of San Francisco, entitled "Oakland."

Other speakers were: Mrs. F. A. Logan, giving "Words of Greeting," and Thos. G. Newman on "Spiritualist Prospects of the Twentieth Century." Prof. Perkins sang a patriotic song; Mrs. Cora Hillel recited an original poem; Mrs. H. E. Bigelow spoke on "The Progressive Lyceum," Mr. Alfred Cridgely's subject was, "One World at a Time," and Dr. A. L. Astor spoke on "Love, the Strongest Factor in the Unfoldment of the Race."

During the afternoon session the following resolution was voted upon and carried unanimously:

"Resolved, That we, the Spiritualists of California in convention assembled, second the request of the Missouri State Association of Spiritualists, that the National Association at its next annual convention, to be held in Washington, D. C., in October, 1901, be asked to issue a call to the different nations of the world for an International Congress of Spiritualists to be held in the city of St. Louis in 1903, incident to the time of holding the World's Fair."

In the evening there was a piano recital and address on "The Music of the Spheres," by Mme. Jeanette Crawford, vocal selections and recitations by Miss Marian Tracie and songs by Miss Maud Campbell.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie then gave an inspirational address for over an hour on the philosophy of Spiritualism, which was exceedingly interesting and filled the audience with delight, causing many outbursts of applause.

This closed one of the best annual conventions ever held in California, and its influence will be felt in the renewed vigor and work of those in attendance, after returning to their homes.

W. T. Jones, Sec'y.

The Maine State Spiritualists' Association.

will hold its fifth annual convention in Skowhegan, Me., Oct. 4, 5, 6, for the purpose of electing its officers and the transaction of business.

Delegates will please come with proper credentials from societies which they represent. All are cordially invited to attend.

Executive Committee—Robert Hayden, Athens; Mrs. A. E. Burgess, Norridgewock; Miss Olive Hayden, Madison; Mrs. Mary Bates, Mrs. Helen Nell Howard and Mr. C. A. Fairbrother, Skowhegan. Members of this committee please respond to your chairmen's call.

Rates on railroad and at two hotels, the Heselton and the Skowhegan House, have been secured.

We extend to all State Associations greetings and a cordial invitation to our convention.

Talent will be of the best. Notice of such will be given later. Mrs. Violet A. B. Rand, Sec'y; A. H. Blackington, Pres.

Dr. C. E. Watkins.

This famous psychic and physician will soon return to the city for the winter. Perhaps no one man has done more to convert the public to the truths in Spiritualism than the doctor, and his success as a physician borders on the marvelous, his quick and wonderful psychic gifts enabling him to read disease as readily as one reads the newspaper. For over twenty years Dr. Watkins has been before the public as a psychic and in all that time no Spiritualist paper has ever had to defend his wonderful mediumship. There are a great many so-called psychic physicians, but few, however, have given the public the positive proof of their psychic gifts as has Dr. Watkins.

Owing to the strict medical laws, he does not advertise his medical gifts. The doctor believes in living strictly up to the laws governing medical practice while believing they are wrong. His diagnoses are always perfect, and he believes that this is what a patient wishes, but how he diagnoses his cases is of little importance. That he does diagnose diseased conditions correctly, all who employ him are willing to testify.

His advertisement may be found on Page 7 under Boston advertisements. We would call attention to the fact that if you desire to consult the doctor it certainly is a good plan to write him at Ayer, Mass., making your engagement ahead as you are very apt if you neglect to do this to have to wait your turn. He will not be in Boston until October 15th. Dr. Watkins wishes to be understood that he gives no seances to the general public, but he frequently gives a seance to his patients. He only takes 20 new patients a month and if you desire to become one of his patients it is well to write to him in time. C. Bath, Gen. Mgr.

In Re the N. S. A.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It seems to me that there might be a more explicit statement in the Constitution and By-Laws of the N. S. A. relative to healing, and perhaps other spiritual gifts (referring to the commands of Jesus and Paul's statement) to emphasize the fact that Spiritualism is a religion and as such all laws passed by legislative bodies barring healing by the laying on of hands and the practice of other gifts of the spirit will not stand in the higher courts of State or Nation, being plainly unconstitutional.

I have talked with several of our friends who have said that they considered it would be the thing to do.

I hope that we, as Spiritualists, shall move on in greater unison and in a more compact body than heretofore.

E. S. Bishop.

N. S. A. Day at Camp Progress.

Our readers in the vicinity of Boston should not forget that Sunday, Sept. 23, is the N. S. A. Day at Camp Progress. An attractive program is being prepared, and the day will be made a profitable one to all who make an effort to be present. All New England Spiritualists are earnestly invited to be present. Let us unite to make our last rally for the season the greatest gathering of the year. Don't forget the date—Sunday, Sept. 23, at Camp Progress.

Special Notice.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum will open its session for the season of 1901 and 1902 in Palace Hall, 9 Appleton St., Sunday, Oct. 6, 1901. You are invited to attend and bring your friends. The Lyceum will open at 1 o'clock.

J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor.
A. C. Armstrong, Clerk.

MILWAUKEE PEOPLE

Could Hardly Believe It. A Prominent Woman Saved From Death by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I suppose a large number of people who read of my remarkable cure will hardly believe it; I had not experienced it myself, I know that I should not."



MRS. RADIE E. KOCH.

"I suffered for months with troubles peculiar to women which gradually broke down my health and my very life. I was nearly insane with pain at times, and no human skill I consulted in Milwaukee could bring me relief."

"My attention was called to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; the first bottle brought relief, and the second bottle an absolute cure. I could not believe it myself, and felt sure it was only temporary, but blessed fact, I have now been well for a year, enjoy the best of health, and cannot in words express my gratitude. Sincerely yours, RADIE E. KOCH, 124 10th St., Milwaukee, Wis."—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Such unquestionable testimony proves the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over diseases of women.

Women should remember that they are privileged to consult Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., about their illness, entirely free.

Children's Spiritualism.

SEPTEMBER.

"I am September. How do you do? Dear children, with me the school year began. And don't you remember how slow the days ran? The bright out of doors seemed to call you away, And how far from your lessons your thoughts seemed to stray!"

"But I didn't blame you! Oh, deary me, no! Just after vacation. But I made a beginning, and put you in trim For tasks you did later with vigor and vim."

"With my sweet, sunny days I have failed yet to see The school boy or girl who doesn't like me! And though I must call you from playtime to work, Nobody objects who isn't a shirker!"

—Jane A. Stewart, in Modern Methods.

Willy's Dream.

BY HERBERT STAIR.

In the children's ward of one of the Manchester hospitals lay little Willy, pale and suffering from the effects of a broken arm. He had been caused by a horse running over him, and had been playing in the street with some of his little comrades, enjoying themselves as only boys of their age can do; and so interested were they in their play that they had not noticed a horse and trap being driven down the street. The driver did his best to warn them by shouting, but his efforts were in vain. He had been playing in the street with some of his little comrades, enjoying themselves as only boys of their age can do; and so interested were they in their play that they had not noticed a horse and trap being driven down the street. The driver did his best to warn them by shouting, but his efforts were in vain. 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