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## WHY ART THOU SAD?

BY MARY HELL SHERMAN.

Rise ye souls on wings triumphant;  
Let the sombre shadows flee;  
For in lands of radiant beauty,  
Waves the banner of the free.

Not bright stars and stripes portraying  
Frisco of country, glory, fame,  
But a pure white banner—  
Bearing on its crest a glorious name.

'Tis the name of Christ, our brother!  
'Tis the name we love so well:  
Following His footsteps ever,  
Heaven in each heart doth dwell.

Courage, then, ye doubting mortals!  
Faint not, on earth's battle plain;  
Tho' the thunder crash around thee,  
And the shot doth fall like rain.

Many another's fought like battle!  
Many another's met defeat!  
Many a victim yet lies bleeding  
Crushed beneath earth's giant feet.

And the world moves calmly onward;  
See the life of fashion flow!  
Lo! it heedeth not the heartache,  
Lo! it heedeth not the woe.

See a star shines over yonder;  
Brighter grow its beams each day.  
'Tis the star that rose in splendor,  
O'er Calvary's lonely way.

See the light of Truth's progression!  
See the gleam in Love's clear eye!  
See the flaming torch of reason;  
Behold the victory! Aye, 'tis nigh!

Glory to the God of Nature!  
Justice reigns for all mankind!  
'Eternal Progress, 'tis the watchword;  
And not endless rest we find.

Boundless sea of Love and Wisdom!  
Countless hosts of beings blest!  
Onward, ever onward pressing;  
All things working for the best.

## An Experience.

BY "OWEN."

I was talking with my student friend one night. He was a good friend of mine and we used to talk to each other plainly and without pretense. Suddenly I was aware of a personality speaking to me across great chasms of space. There was no vibration in the air and the voice had no place in the phenomena of the earth plane, but clear and distinct, carrying all the human qualities and individuality that belongs to the normal, thoughtful soul, it entered into my consciousness and to me was real. We had just concluded in our conversation that the soul of the dead who have passed away from here centuries ago, who have found a larger life and a wider field of experience, have lost interest in this world and its affairs. The even voice from out the silence made denial of this and seemed to wish to give assurance of the everlasting continuity of the spirit's interest in its former home.

Thinking that perhaps I was being deceived by some newly freed spirit not yet refined to the point of truthfulness, I questioned the intelligence closely, for apprehension of spiritual realities has never, in my case, crowded the intellectual faculties or produced an abnormal condition, and I could question freely and with my usual power to sift and weigh. This is the story he told to me there in the quiet of the evening as I repeated the sentences that came to me to my friend. In accordance with the psychic law which I have not yet learned to understand, I feel constrained to omit the name he gave and substitute a nom de plume for him.

They called me a name which in your language would mean "He of the Dark Turban," and I lived near the site of ancient Babylon, 791 years after the completion of the first great Egyptian Pyramid. You wonder now, I perceive, that I, who claim to have been of the Babylonians, date my life from an Egyptian event, but so it is. At the time of the completion of the great Egyptian Pyramid, our people were beaten in battle by the Egyptians, and the belief grew among us that some of our gods had gone over to the Egyptians because of their mighty works. Following this we made some changes in the form of our religious ceremonies from which we reckoned time and it was 791 years after this change that I was born.

You have often been interested in the story of the olden time in the oriental lands. I will tell you somewhat of the early people of the land, but first I will solve for you the mystery of the story of Enoch, whom your Scripture represents as having been translated in the body to the life which men enter through the gates of death.

Long years before the beginning of written language there lived in a hilly country to the north-east of the ancient city of Babylon a people devoted to pastoral and agricultural pursuits. They were more intelligent than the men of the surrounding tribes and worshipped a god who loved flocks and herds and the increase of the earth, and hospitality and kindness to women was a part of their religion.

These people thrived for many, many

years, so long that no tradition remained among them of a time when they were not one people, united and fairly prosperous. But there came a time when the people of Enoch began to have reverses. Destructive floods in some of the valleys of their country deprived them not only of cattle and sheep, but caused widespread destruction and demoralization. Following this came attacks from their enemies whom they were unable to successfully resist and the nation began to decline. At this time the leader of their armies, a man of unusual literary ability and depth of feeling, composed a weird chant lamenting the departing greatness of his country and singing in appealing cadences of the sorrows of his land. The opening words were:

"Thou O Enoch, hast walked with thy God as many years as there are days in the year, but now thou art not, for God taketh away his people."

This song became common throughout the nation and as the glory of the people departed they sang it more frequently until it became woven into the very heart and life of the inhabitants of Enoch. When they were beaten in battle by the people who lived near the site of the ancient city of Babylon before the ancient Babylonians came, the captives carried with them this song into their servitude.

The conquerors hearing the song from their captives, were attracted by the beauty of its music and remembered the opening stanzas as children remember the first letters of the alphabet and they kept alive, without written language, the song they learned to love. Later came the ancient Babylonians who also learned to sing the opening fragments of the song. After them came the Babylonians mentioned in your Scriptures, and to them came the Hebrew people, carried away captive from the land of the Jordan.

Finally came a Hebrew historian, strong in that characteristic belief of childish peoples that all great deeds and great men of former times should be credited to his nation, who wrote down what he supposed to be the history of the world from the very beginning. In the course of his labors he came to the task of setting down the story which he thought was told in this fragment of primitive song that still survived the changes of time and the passing of a great people. Now this Hebrew historian had nothing of the poet in his nature; he was a literalist and decided to set down only literal statements of fact. With painstaking care he turned the poetic cry of the ancient chief into foolish narrative.

"Thou O Enoch hast walked with thy God as many years as there are days in the year," came to him like a gem from the dust of the tombs of time, but Enoch was understood by him to be a man of the olden time, a Hebrew man. The expression, "as many years as there are days in the year," he transformed into a matter-of-fact statement and wrote down for the misguiding of the ages to come "And Enoch walked with God three hundred and sixty and five years and was not, for God took him."

Later writers of your sacred book added statements as to the marriage and children in order to complete a proper genealogy of some of the Hebrew families. I cannot tell you where the word Enoch was changed so as to be pronounced Enoch, whether in the translation from the ancient Hebrew into your language or at some earlier date.

Those who wrote your Scriptures after the time of the Hebrew historian found the story of Enoch an accepted belief of the people and they who taught centuries after were more set upon the helping of the world through the giving of spiritual truth than upon the investigation of passages of sacred writings already accepted.

Much beside did this intelligence whose words fell upon my spiritual ears teach me of other ages, but this only I set down at this time. To those who see the world only with the natural eye and hear the messages waiting for them only with material ears, this will seem as a clever fiction and a story for an afternoon of a summer's day. To such there is no need of argument or the giving of authority, for if they have not received the spirit of the prophets and the messages that the spirit life whispers to every heart, neither would they understand were one to arise from the dead.

"Spiritual things are spiritually discerned," and to those who understand the divinity within themselves what is here set down will have its message of trust and hope, and faith and love. Over the story hangs of ancient literature trail the green vines and bright blossoms of the life that is. Over the broken altars and ruined shrines of ancient days, pictured to us in what so many call their Holy Book, grows day by day the white and green and gold of living beauty that helps and cheers and exalts the spirit.

"Knowledge is proud that she knows so much. Wisdom is humble that she knows no more."

## Christian Science Churches as Irreligious Corporations.

There was practically no other course open to Surrogate Fitzgerald than the one he took when he decided that the late Miss Helen C. Brush was not insane. She believed in Christian Science and bequeathed \$30,000 to the First Church of that religion in Manhattan. The validity of the will was disputed by the woman's relatives who held both that her mind had been affected by the new religious faith and that she had been unduly influenced by the leaders in the church. The Surrogate does not sustain either point. He says that the evidence did not prove the existence of a conspiracy to persuade the woman to leave her property to the church, and that her belief in Christian Science did not justify the conclusion that she was insane. He further declared that the truth or falsity of a religious belief was beyond the scope of a judicial inquiry. It is this declaration which the Surrogate was practically forced to make. All religion rests on the unprovable. Religious faith accepts as true many things which do not commend themselves to the calm and unprejudiced intellect. Indeed, the hypothesis of God, on which all religion rests, is philosophically but a hypothesis, and scientifically it takes its place along with the nebular theory of creation and the theory of the origin of the species by natural selection. It explains many phenomena and we accept it as a working theory. But we do not think that there is any theologian of good repute who will say that he has proved beyond a shadow of an intellectual doubt that the God of religion has an actual existence. The courts cannot step in and say what is true in religion and what is false. Some other evidence of insanity must be offered than an individual's belief in religious teachings which differ from those commonly held.

If this will is set aside by the higher courts, as most people will hope it may be, it will be on other grounds than Miss Brush's belief in Christian Science. There is law which makes all bequests to religious corporations invalid if made within two months of the death of the testator. Miss Brush's will was made within that prohibited period. Surrogate Fitzgerald, however, holds that, as the First Church of Christ was incorporated under another than the religious corporations act, the law does not apply to it. It is possible that the Court of Appeals may sustain him. But in that event there will be a general demand that the law should be amended.

The prohibition against bequests to religious corporations made within a short period of death rests on sound public policy. In some countries it is forbidden that a man shall leave more than one-half of his estate to the church. This rule was fixed because priests, working on the fears of the sick, persuaded them that their future state would be more peaceful if they would atone for their misdeeds by enriching the church. It was to prevent what might be called, but not incorrectly, be called religious cupidity that the law was passed. The rule in this state was made for a similar reason. In general we permit a man to dispose of his property as he sees fit; provided, however, that he may not tie it up for more than two lives in being. But to protect the legal heirs from the machinations of the agents of religious bodies we have made provisions that bequests to them must be made so long before death that the testator may be supposed to be free from the dread of what may follow later. In other words, we have insisted that the testator must be of a "sound and disposing mind." The Christian Science churches ought not to be permitted to escape the provisions of this beneficent rule by incorporating themselves under any law which classifies them as other than religious corporations. If the Court of Appeals should hold that Surrogate Fitzgerald's decision on this point was not warranted by the facts there would be general satisfaction. Indeed, we do not think that the Christian Scientists themselves want to be known as members of an irreligious body.—The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

## A Divine and Glorious Truth.

Our beloved President is laid low, and a nation is mourning for its dead!

A shadow has fallen over our land, and our hearts are wrung with anguish!

Unspeakingly sad it is, that history repeats itself in that which is so lamentably base and ignoble—as to render our fellowmen almost unworthy of our recognition, and unfit and unsafe to longer become members of civilized society.

Pitiable would it seem indeed, if death were the end of all; but we, as Spiritualists, are conscious of this divine and glorious truth; that the dissolution of the body is but the birth of the spirit into a realm of being, where Justice reigns supreme and all that goes toward the making of a noble, manly and honorable life, will be jewels in the

crown that adorns the martyr's brow. And while we deplore the fact that humanity can fall so low in the scale of being, we remember that all are children of the great Eternal Father, and that there is a spark of divinity within the breast of every human being. So do not, ye thoughtless ones, harbor any unjust or revengeful feelings against anyone.

Though "our hearts like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave" of him we honor and respect, we weep for poor, oppressed, down-trodden humanity.

Let us work with renewed vigor to instill those principles into the minds of the rising generation, that may bear rich fruitage in generations yet to come, and bring blessings innumerable to millions yet unborn.

M. B. S.

## Predictions or Guesses—Which?

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

Political predictions, especially at quadrennial elections, are as numerous as are the voters. Properly speaking, however, these are not predictions, but are rather of the nature of guesses—the "wish being father to the thought."

Political predictions may be grouped under three heads: (1) Those that are surface-made, as generally expressed by the common observer. (2) Those made by studious observers, political leaders, and experienced wire-pullers. (3) Those who through their psychic nature sense the foreshadowings from spiritual causes.

The latter alone are of the character of real prediction.

Since the phenomenal unfolding of man's spiritual faculties during these recent years, traceable to the discovery of an open channel of communication between the physical and the spiritual world, there probably has been no event of great moment such as to largely affect the condition of the masses, to change the current of a nation's thought, or a reversal of the political action of the people—but what became outlined, foreshadowed and clearly predicted by a goodly number of illuminated minds.

Our own knowledge of this fact includes the foretelling of the Civil War and its results, the death of President Lincoln, the political defeat of Mr. Blaine, the election of Mr. Cleveland, his defeat and the election of Mr. Harrison, the subsequent re-election of Mr. Cleveland, the repeated election of President McKinley, the selection of Mr. Roosevelt as Vice-President, the death of President McKinley before his term expired, and the elevation of Mr. Roosevelt to the position of President.

These facts are in our possession, most of these predictions being made to us personally in this city, through various media. The details of the last prophecies respecting President McKinley and Roosevelt may be of interest to the general reader.

A lady of unexceptionable character, thoroughly reliable in her mediumship and well-known in this vicinity, was visited by a prominent politician from the West, on the eve before the National Republican Convention met at Philadelphia in June, 1900, to learn from this particular Sibyl, whose political predictions in the past this gentleman was conversant with, as to who would be the candidate for Vice-President. When after a while he was informed that it would be Mr. Roosevelt, this seeker after political (or) knowledge, expressed in emphatic language his regret that he had come so far out of his way to be told of so improbable an event, for Mr. Roosevelt had insistently and persistently refused to allow his name to be used in this connection, and the leaders of his party had accepted the situation, and in thought had set him aside. The lady further whispered to this gentleman that Mr. Roosevelt would be President before Mr. McKinley's term expired.

This same information was given to us later in the same evening.

Two other lady psychics, each independent of the other, and both famous for their forecasting abilities, told the writer months ago, on occasions when they were in the prophetic state, that President McKinley would not live out his second term. These facts were related at the time to a dozen friends, who now verify these statements.

While at Onset (Mass.) camp on the 3d and 4th of this month (Sept.), I was seated at a table, socially, with three others, when one of the ladies present said, "I feel that either Mrs. McKinley or Mr. McKinley is going to die very soon." This was only two days before the President was shot. A few days after, being in Boston, when the physicians were reporting the President to be safely on the road to recovery, I wrote to the lady, asking as to what would be the final result to the President. To this she replied that her intuitions said, "The President will linger, but die, and Roosevelt will be President before Congress opens."

The lady psychic who uttered these predic-

tions is Mrs. Wheeler Brown, formerly the wife of the gifted and famous Edw. S. Wheeler.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 20, 1901.

## What is the Soul of Man?

BY VICTOR ILLUMINER.

"What is the soul of man? Everywhere we hear the term reverberating, and when you question where is and what is the soul, one receives such ambiguous, incomplete and dissatisfying definitions and answers that it is thoroughly discouraging to an investigator, for the reason he has no more distinct idea in the end than when he commenced."

The accumulations of atoms which compose man's physical body are irresponsible factors in themselves; the body being merely an instrument for the spirit of man to act and manifest through.

The brain of man, that seat of reason and logic, as taught by the majority of persons, never generated a thought or desire. These are factors outside of the physical body and because of their strong influence cause it to vibrate and act.

Now, what is thought? That motive power by which the physical body of man is quickened and made to perform its many functions?

Thought is the universal language or expression of the life-principle of all life, and is the sole creative power of all types and forms of life. Never can there be a motion, action, or in other words, a vibration which means a disturbance, without some underlying thought as motive power, and that motive power you will note is the expression of the innate or underlying life-principle.

Every thought, selfish and unselfish, crude and refined, wise or ignorant, is the expression of this immortal life-principle.

Every thought of love and affection, of dislike and hatred, every virtue and every weakness, have their birth in this soul of man and in exact correspondence to the unfolding or development of this life-principle will these thoughts be pure, or selfish and crude. The life-principle or spirit of man is the attractive magnet to draw to itself, as does every magnet, just those negatives similar to itself in chemical nature, but weaker in vibratory rate.

There can be no kind of chemicals manifesting in man's physical body unlike those found in his soul or life-force, for the reason that there is but one Infinite Creator, thus one Infinite Law, underlying all creation, and what can be proven true to be the unchanging law upon our plane of life, is found equally true upon any plane of action that you care to examine.

A material magnet which defined means a centre of irresistible attraction, will not draw to itself any and all kinds of negatives which you may place within the radius of its magnetic influence, but only such negatives as are similar in chemical nature to its own, yet weaker in vibratory rate. So the soul of man which is the magnet of attraction to him draws to it only those kinds of chemicals which exist in itself and because the shape and form differ, proves the vital force must itself differ in this respect.

All there is of man which reasons, suffers, enjoys or sins is his soul, and its influence animates and infuses the whole body, having similar shape, even otherwise it could not hold in forcible subjection so many kinds of chemicals in this particular form.

Were the soul of man circular in form, his body would assume the same appearance. Were it a triangle or square it perforce must attract similarly to its own formation, but by vibrating the whole organism, which is permeated by that force commonly called magnetism, that holds this myriad of "minute forms or atoms in forcible subjection, and this compelling influence, when traced back, is found to be the product of the thought waves of the soul or life-force of man.

He will find conditions to yield him in spirit-life either happiness or sorrow, according to the nature of his mind prevailing in the nature of his mind, but not change our thought, or cause one bluish, as it requires all the peculiarities of each man's thought to comprise his personality, and his personality is his soul, which may be weak and negative, or strong and positive. It may be vicious or virtuous, or a complex mixture of these, but just as he thinks, so his soul is, and being the life-principle itself, cannot but live eternally even though it may long for and seek oblivion. Therefore man cannot escape the consequences of the crude thoughts generated by his spirit. They will color his life so long as the soul generates such and those qualities ordain the change called death, which is but the leaving of a new vehicle instrument. The instrument was not responsible for the thoughts, but the soul is, and can only enjoy peace when it has eliminated all dross from itself.



## ANSWER.

BY SARAH E. MOORE.

There is for us a sweeter song,  
A heavenly refrain  
As sung to us, by loved ones gone,  
"We can come back again."  
We know that deep within your breast  
You cherish—as of yore  
The love, which was to you so bliss,  
Is yours forever more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,  
When they from us pass on,  
'Tis hard to drink the bitter cup,  
When all of hope is gone,  
But joy it is for all to know  
Who this great truth will own,  
That they to us can draw the veil  
That hides their heavenly home.

And they to us in love still come,  
They beckon us away,  
They know that where our treasure is,  
Our hearts will find a way,  
And things they go, they come again  
Each longing soul to cheer  
Oh! do not say—"They answer not!"  
For loved ones, still are near.

Waverly, N. Y.

## The Modern Inquisition.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

Read before the Eclectic Medical Society of  
New-York, May 23, 1901; also before the  
Eclectic Medical Society of Ver-  
mont, June 1, 1901.

At the recent session of the legislative body of a religious denomination, one of the ministers offered the resignation of his credentials. There had been so much imputation upon his character personal or official, but he had become a believer in what is denominated "Christian Science," and was acting from his convictions. A resolution was immediately adopted expressing fraternal regard and unabated confidence in his integrity; but in a few moments was rescinded after several had made remarks of a derogatory character. Since this occurrence, a prelate of the Church claiming precedence over all the others has made an attack in a similar vein, describing the new doctrine as inimical to the religious system which he represents. Editorial articles have appeared in various public journals, religious and secular, belaboring the whole scheme of Christian Science, and describing it as being neither "Christian" nor "Science." A beneficiary organization following in the same line, has voted to pay no benefit in cases where the member had been attended by a practitioner belonging to the proscribed class and not by some regular licensed physician.

It is not improbable that if the power was actually possessed, and a consensus of opinion approved, dissent in religious belief would be punished by extreme penalties. A priest recently declared that his people, if they were strong enough, would hinder even by death, if necessary, the spread of heresy. Fortunately it is not in the power of a religious body in this country to punish recusants, either by the inflicting of violent penalties or civil disabilities. The stake, the rack, and the thumbscrew, are not in fashion,

and their application is no longer regarded by enlightened men as within the province of Christianity. The Federal constitution explicitly provides that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The two millions and more in this country who may be reckoned as believers in Christian Science, are therefore so far secure in their belief, and in their endeavors for its dissemination. Thus far they may go without impediment, but where hostile purposes cannot be accomplished directly, there may be subterfuges devised to effect them indirectly. There can be a hierarchy of all intents, which does not have a priesthood bearing sacerdotal titles, and examination will show that there exists something of this kind among us already. There has come up a parallel sacerdotalism outside of the Church which after a fashion claims and seeks to exercise hierarchical powers.

Doctorcraft is the priestcraft of our time. Penal laws of like tenor and inspiration with those once demanded and enforced in behalf of a dominant religion are now enacted in behalf of privileged schools of medicine. There are many pretexts and subterfuges employed to disguise this fact, but when these are stripped away, everybody can see that the one and sole purpose is to assure to favored practitioners of medicine, power and emolument. As a member of the Legislature of New York recently declared, the aim is to throw a drag-net about the entire field. Give such men their way and hardly a dog may bark from one end of the Federal Union to the other, without the license of some officious Board.

There exists an organization in the United States which has claimed for its members in so many words, to be "the only Governing Body in Medicine," as prelates are in the Church. It seeks to effect its purposes and gain power by lofty assumptions of scientific superiority, by creating special alarms in the community, and by other subterfuges. It seldom meets an argument in the open, but stealthily elaborates in secret council a so-called "consensus of opinion," and seeks to enforce its behests by arbitrary measures, "Ecclesia Romana semper habuit primum."

Yet by the confession of its advocates, "regular medicine" itself is only empiric—a practice of experimenting blindly with the sick. This empiricism, thus universally acknowledged, the various medical statutes in the several states of the American Union have been devised to impose upon the people by exemplary penalties. It subsists upon credulity and the emoluments which are obtained from political patronage and fashionable circles.

The purpose of medical legislation was avowed at the outset to be to drive from employment all practitioners who were denominated "irregular." In several states this was successful. In others, however, the resistance was too strong to be overcome thus directly and so resort was had to artifice. Rival schools of physicians, like the Homeopathic and the Eclectic, were accepted as allies, and the declaration put forth that the issue was made only against clairvoyant practitioners, mesmerists, Christian Scientists, and others that profess to cure without drugs. This artifice was successful in several states. The warfare which has been carried on for three-fourths of a century against the Eclectic, appears in such cases to have been postponed to a more convenient season, when a large part of those who have been

thus classified shall be no longer known as Eclectics or Homeopaths.

The modern Inquisition is in operation. There seems at the present time to be a general turning of bounds in the hunt for heretics. We have seen nothing like it since the prosecutions under the Fugitive Slave Act of 1851. Then the game consisted of negroes who had escaped from slavery. Now the game is composed of persons generally of sincere and generous impulses who believe in the curing of the sick without drugs. Enactments, hardly worthy to be called laws, have been procured from the Legislatures of several of the states forbidding such individuals to employ the powers which they possess, except they have first submitted to examination by a Medical Examining Board. In most of the Legislatures, however, the plot extended defeat. The hollowness of the pretext for the proposed requirements is manifest. These Examining Boards are often packed with medical politicians of no special professional merit, who have not the intelligence to perceive the qualifications of these persons. In fact, the proposed legislation has no other purpose than to prohibit absolutely by indirection what cannot be prohibited directly. As though there was not sufficient actual crime to employ courts and officers, there are artificial offenses devised to give them employment.

Indeed, it is actually safer to commit a crime of real turpitude than to be implicated in one of these manufactured offenses. For illustration, a man named Pierson, living at Kensico, N. Y., recently endeavored to cure his adopted daughter of pneumonia by the prayer of faith. The child died, and he was prosecuted and convicted of a violation of the Penal Code. In fact, the proposed legislation has no other purpose than to prohibit absolutely by indirection what cannot be prohibited directly. As though there was not sufficient actual crime to employ courts and officers, there are artificial offenses devised to give them employment.

As a fitting corollary to this affair, not long after Mr. Pierson was sent to jail, his infant son was taken ill. The mother is a believer in the Faith-cure; nevertheless she took the child to a physician. Her chief reason for so doing was that she might not occasion her husband to suffer from persecution. This child also died. Its disorder was described as catarrhal bronchitis. By parity of reasoning, it would appear that the physician in this case ought likewise to have been called to account. It would certainly be fair to require him likewise to show that the child did not die as a result of his treatment. The license of a Board of Medical Examiners is by no means a sufficient safeguard and screen for medical treatment which does not result satisfactorily. Indeed, it is even now the "consensus of opinion" among physicians of superior ability and erudition, that as a general rule patients are in danger from medical procedures more than from their diseases.

Nevertheless, if I had been in the place of Mr. Pierson, I would have sought profes-

sional advice if I knew of any in which I might have confidence. I would not, however, attach to the holding of a license or diploma the importance of a feather's weight. The actual skill and apperception of the individual would be what I would consider. My ideal is described by an eminent writer, that he be "keen, quick, modern, well-balanced and bold—a healer by intention and a physician by conscientious acquisition." By this rule he always acted. Yet I have no disposition to blame or criticize the man in jail at White Plains. As his own master he must stand or fall. I respect his conscientiousness, I honor his sincerity, and I sympathize with him in his bereavement.

It is pleaded that by permitting these non-drugging practitioners to treat the sick, the latter are liable to perish from wrong treatment or from neglect. This, it is by no means improbable may sometimes be the case. Yet it is notorious that very many of the drugs which are employed, are detrimental to health, even when not directly dangerous. We would not take them when we are well, nor administer them to a person in health, because we are apprehensive that they will do harm. Yet there is no virtue in sickness by which this unwholesome action can be changed to wholesome. It is the same individual with all the same peculiarities. Our expectation of effecting any benefit is based upon some accidental effect. If we have judged correctly, this may be likely; but if we blunder, the patient will suffer from our ministrations. We are by no means certain that more are liable to die or be seriously injured by medical officiousness, than by actual neglect. It certainly comes with a very ill grace for any of us with our empiric proclivities in the new treatment, to play a game which is sure to do less harm, even though it seems to us to be of less probable benefit.

When I was living at the home of my boyhood many years ago, before going out to shift for myself, a Homeopathic practitioner opened his office in the next town. One of our neighbors spoke of this to the Allport physician. This doctor at once declared with great positiveness of language, that there was no merit or virtue in the new practice. "The medicines are of no use," said he, "ninety persons out of a hundred will get well without any medicine."

Such a remark conveys the imputation that the Homeopathic practice owes its reputation for cures to being chiefly confined to patients that were sure to recover, who did not really need any medical treatment at all. This imputation may also with equal force, be extended to the various practitioners who do not use drugs. Let us admit it for the sake of the argument. It accounts for much of the bitter spite that is manifested toward them, and for the concerted attempt to make the non-drugging practice unlawful. Few doctors are eager for the patients that are sure to die, or care much whether they are treated by a licensed physician or anybody else. But the ailing ones who will get well without the aid of drugs, are the ones desired, and from whom physicians derive their principal income. Hence their zeal is accounted for, to turn the religious and secular press loose upon the clairvoyants and scientists, who, by their own avowal are taking away their sources of profit.

Such a man may fairly presume to be the ulterior reason which inspires the effort to procure special enactments to regulate the practice of medicine and surgery, and to subject those practitioners who treat the sick

without drugs to the dictation of their rivals. Medicine is steadily losing its rank as a profession and becoming simply a craft which is prosecuted for the sake of its emoluments. Hence, as in the case of other Trade Unions, and monopolies, its organizations and lobbies are beleaguering the Legislative bodies to enact statutes for the purpose of preventing competition of those outside. True, the pretext is put forth that all is done for the public welfare, but such pretense is grossness. Medicine with these men is like the trade of Demetrius, the silversmith in the New Testament, a craft by which they have their wealth (Acts xix.), and they apprehend like him, that it is in danger to be set at naught. Accordingly the false cry is set up in order to inflame the populace in their behalf, but the motive behind it is cupidity and lust of power.

It is by no means probable that the Art of Healing may not be developed and exercised in directions and after modes which we do not employ or even understand. It is no more than fair to give all novel views a candid hearing. There are now hundreds of thousands who believe sincerely in the efficacy of novel modes of treatment. Persons whom I know and highly esteem, treat their patients by "suggestion," and the little which I understand of animal magnetism appears to support their claims. In regard to clairvoyance, the individual who disputes its possibilities must be willfully determined not to accept any evidence. Healing by faith is already acknowledged by many intelligent physicians. To the confidence of the patient and to his desire and resolve to get well, the success of much of the medical treatment is due. We may go further and refer to a few utterances in the New Testament. The Epistle of James, "then let him call in the Elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save (or heal) the sick." If this was ever true, it can be none the less true now. A similar declaration is made in the Epistle of James, Mark xvi: "In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

Many texts may be quoted of similar purpose, and it may be well to remark further, that at the period when these declarations are supposed to have been made, there were physicians and healers in other countries who treated the sick by agencies similar to those which have been mentioned. The whole art evidently consists in arousing the vital forces of the sufferers and recruiting them; and we may by no means regard it as impossible for this to be effected in ways that are not dreamed of in our philosophy. There are gifts and faculties to which much learning of the schools would be fatal.

The proposition, therefore, to subject the persons who treat the sick without drugs to the supervision of those who use these agencies is analogous to a case described in the Gospels. The disciples of John the Baptist and those of the Pharisees used to fast, and they called Jesus to account because he did not require his disciples to do like them. It was like the complaint of a Board of Medical Examiners, or of their Secretary or Attorney. Jesus replied that he was not patching his new cloth on their old garments, nor putting his new wine into their old, rotten wine-skins. For a parallel reason, none of the proposed

## MARK CHESTER.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

## CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Then I am one of ten thousand who is most unhappy. Ten thousand other girls may marry for love, while I am expected to marry for money. Mama, when I marry, I wish to wed a man, not money."

"But in this case, Isabel, you wed not only a man but his money. Marcus Chesterfield is without reproach, fine looking, and what more can one have? Now, Isabel, I lay my command upon you—that you do not refuse him tonight. I can enforce my command, if necessary. You have been so pliant, heretofore, that you and I have sustained very happy relations toward each other; but, Isabel, I may prove harder than adamant, if you rebel against my authority."

Tears were now rolling down Isabel's fair cheeks.

"Obey me, my daughter, and we shall both be rich and exceedingly happy."

"Jane Erie is here, madam, and would like to speak with you," announced Mrs. Morton's maid, putting her head in at the door.

"What does she want?"

"She has brought home the sewing madam gave her to do."

"Well, you can show her in here: I do not care to go down just at present."

Jane Erie entered the room.

"Your work is finished, Mrs. Morton," said Jane, placing the bundle upon a table, not far away, at the same time casting a burning, flashing glance upon that lady's face.

"Well, Jane, you and your mother have been long enough about it, I hope. Bring it here to me. I wish to see if it be well done. Isabel, you had better go to your own room. You are looking quite ill. Late hours do not agree with you, I think. No doubt you danced more than you ought to have done."

Isabel obeyed, but not before the quick eyes of Jane had noted the tear-stained face and drooping figure of that young lady.

Jane Erie gave her a scornful look as she departed, then taking up the bundle, she laid it in the lap of the woman she meant to conquer.

"Why could you not have finished this work sooner?" she asked, a hard look overspreading her face.

"Because, madam, we did it as soon as we could."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton. You are an idle girl, walking the beach a good part of the day, so I hear, when you should be at home helping your mother. You have kept the work over the time specified, so I shall not pay you full price for it. It has put me to great inconvenience."

The girl raised herself haughtily to her full height, flashing defiance from her great black eyes, and if the glance could have laid Mrs. Morton dead at her feet, she would have been well pleased.

"Madam," she said, in low, concentrated tones, her eyes resting in full upon those of the lady's, burning into her very soul, "you will pay us the price agreed upon."

Mrs. Morton quailed visibly. Her soul actually shrank and shivered within itself. The power of that glance shook her like a leaf shaken in the wind. She could not move hand or foot. The strange girl's eyes were riveted upon hers, and held them as a powerful magnet holds steel. She stretched forth her hand.

"Give me the money! Give it to me, or I will

hurl your soul into an abyss of vipers, where it rightly belongs! Give it to me, I say!"

Mrs. Morton grew faint and dizzy. It seemed, for a moment, as though the room were filled with hideous, grinning demons, ready to slay her at the bidding of those great, flashing orbs of darkness. She found herself without the power of will, or, at least, her will was so completely overshadowed by a more powerful one, that, instinctively, her hand went to her pocket and drew forth her purse. The girl allowed her own will to subside, while a look of expectation crossed her features. That one instant was fatal to her purpose. The lady roused herself somewhat.

"I will not pay for the work until I have examined it," she said, which she at once proceeded to do.

Jane Erie said nothing, as such examination was customary.

"This work is not done to my taste," she said, tartly.

"Here, take it back to your mother, and tell her to see that it is done properly."

"The work is done as well as human hands can do it," replied Jane. "You are a falsifier! Pay me the price of the work! Pay me instantly, or I will set the demons of the air upon you—your vile intriguer!"

And again those eyes were fixed immovably upon those of the lady's—again that dreadful, dreadful, dizzy, sickening sensation—and Mrs. Morton could have sworn that another being stood by Jane's side, much larger and more powerful than Jane—a woman wearing a crown of gold and sparkling jewels—a woman bedecked with jewels and precious stones, who waved her hands toward her attendant imps, and Mrs. Morton thought they were about to spring upon her and rend her in pieces.

This time Jane Erie's glance never wavered.

"Pay me immediately!"

And the money was laid in her outstretched palm by the trembling, frightened woman.

"Begone! Begone this moment!" commanded Mrs. Morton in loud tones, "and never let me see your face again."

"I will go when it pleases me," said Jane, "and you shall see my face many, many times again."

"I will not see your face! I will not look upon you! No servant of mine shall ever allow you to pass these doors again."

"I will pass them, though they were guarded by an armed regiment! You shall see me at the very time when you think yourself most secure from my glance."

Jane coolly put the money in her purse.

"This will keep my mother and myself, a few days, at least; and much may take place during that time. Good morning, madam. It pleases me to go now, but be careful what you do. Your thoughts are not unknown to me. Thoughts are things, madam, and are visible to those who would see them—those who know how to use the inner sight."

And Jane Erie passed from the room with a springing step and haughty bearing. Mrs. Morton drew a sigh of relief.

"That girl is a veritable witch! I always have believed in witchcraft. How anyone can read, and believe the Bible, without believing in witchcraft, passes my comprehension. That girl is a witch! She has sold her soul to Satan! She really ought to be burned, and I should like to assist at the burning. I can readily understand, now, why they burned the witches at old Salem. She threatened me, too; and talked just as all witches do. I wish she were riding a broomstick across the Pacific, never to return. India is the place for such a creature as that or the interior of Africa. She ought to be chained and sent to Siberia or the North Pole. I ought to have called the servants and had her ejected from the house. Why did I foolishly pay her? Why

did I not compel her to do the work over again? No one will ever get the better of me again, if I can help it. I am glad that Isabel was not here, in the room, to notice my weakness; and she need know nothing of this. Well, I must go down, now, and give directions about the dinner; and no expense must be spared in getting it up. I would like Mr. Chesterfield to know that his future mother-in-law understands how to manage an establishment, and could easily manage that of a millionaire. Isabel must wear her most becoming dress, and I shall wear my garnet satin, and my diamonds. I should not wish Mr. Chesterfield to think that Isabel and myself would not grace his home."

Whereupon Mrs. Morton descended the stairs to carry out her intentions.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE BETROTHAL.

"What horrible noise is that?" and Mr. Marcus Chesterfield started up in his bed.

"Is there an earthquake, or a terrible thunder storm? Is Southern California sinking beneath the waves of the Pacific? as that fool in New York prophesied, or, what in the name of all reverberating sounds can it be?"

Mr. Chesterfield rubbed his eyes, made a violent effort to collect his senses, scattered by the amount of champagne he had drunk some hours previous.

"By my soul! I believe it is nothing more than the going sounding for breakfast."

He glanced at the small clock on the mantle. "One o'clock, as I live! No, it's not breakfast; it must be lunch." He rang the bell. His valet appeared.

"Have my breakfast served here in my rooms, at once."

"Yes, sir."

"And when you have given the order, dress me as quickly as possible."

He approached the mirror and earnestly scrutinized his reflection—deathly pale, bloodshot eyes with livid, puffy circles beneath, dank hair, haggard expression, trembling hands, together with a feeling of peevish discontent and unhappy restlessness. He was soon dressed and his breakfast stood before him.

"Mix a glass of brandy and soda for me. My head feels as if it were filled with wheels, all moving in opposite directions, tearing my brain asunder," and he leaned his aching head on his hand.

"Wish I might get along without champagne. Don't believe it's good for my head or my nerves. Dancing in an over-heated ball-room half the night does not have a refreshing effect on one the next morning; besides, ghosts are not exactly to my taste."

"Ghosts!" exclaimed the valet aghast, raising his hands as if to ward off some dreadful thing. "Ghosts, did you say, sir?"

"That's the word I used, Lewis, ghosts; or, at the very least, ghost. I do not remember of seeing but one."

"But, sir—really, sir—you must have fallen asleep."

"Asleep or awake, I was drinking champagne when I first saw the ghost, and drank two glasses afterward. A man does not drink champagne while asleep, does he?"

"No—that is, not usually, sir; but, possibly, you dreamed you were drinking it; but you must have drunk it all beforehand, sir."

"Have it as you will, Lewis; before, or after, is of little consequence; but I know I was broad awake and drinking champagne, when the thing made its appearance."

"Oh, sir! Oh! And what did it look like, if it please you, sir?"

"Well, now, that is the strangest part of all. It looked precisely, in form and feature, like that girl who came here the other day with my shirt. You remember, I ordered some shirts made. Mrs. Erie, the girl's mother, was to make them. If that girl, Jane, they call her, was not living, I should certainly think what I saw was her

ghost. She cannot be dead, Lewis, else we should have known of it in this small sequestered town."

"No, sir; she is not dead, for I saw her but a half hour since, and she was walking briskly enough." Then the valet laughed. "That goes to prove what I said, sir; you were dreaming," and Lewis felt greatly relieved at the thought; for ghosts were not to his taste, more than to the taste of his master.

"Lewis, did you never hear of the doppelganger?"

"Well, now I bethinks me—yes, sir, I have, sir; but I never believed in it, sir—never; but ghosts, ghosts, are very different, very different, sir. The shades of the dead are sometimes troubled, and they walk, restless like, sir, and a walking ghost ought to be laid, sir."

"Laid? I should consider it a difficult task to lay out a ghost. One, certainly, would have to catch it first. As Socrates of old once said: 'You may bury me, after I have left my body, if you can catch me.' Ghosts are very illusive, Lewis. But to return to my doppelganger. I believe it is now called the astral body. Yes, I certainly saw the astral form of that haughty, black-eyed Jane Erie."

"And what should the astral form want of you, sir? She is a grade lower than those who serve you here, sir; beneath even me, sir."

"Well, I don't suppose the astral form steps to consider caste, Lewis; but why she should care to visit me, that is the question which puzzles me."

"May be, sir, as how she has fallen in love with you, sir."

"That is not at all likely, Lewis, but if, possibly, it might be so, it would be a strange sort of love; she is not one to indulge in sickly sentimentality, I should say. Her great, flashing, weird eyes look strangely at me, and she carries herself as haughtily as a duchess. Those weird eyes are strangely fascinating, however. Lewis, do you think that women have the power of hypnotism—mesmerism, you know? Do you think that a woman could mesmerize one?"

"I never heard about women having the power, sir; but they do say there are plenty of men who can hypnotize people. Don't know why women should not be able to do the same—but that has nothing to do with the doppelganger."

"I think it has much to do with it, Lewis. The astral form—or doppelganger—is the real person, as I understand it; consequently, would have the power to hypnotize one—and I believe I was hypnotized last night, by the astral form of that black-eyed beauty, Jane Erie."

Lewis laughed, and, with a significant look, said:

"Then if she hypnotizes you, sir, the blame—if blame comes—must rest with her."

"Just so, Lewis. I shall get better acquainted with that spirit, be sure. Now, Lewis, dress me in my very best, for I dine with the Mortons today."

At this time of year, there were but few guests at the Morton House. Tourists and travelers preferred the city of Los Angeles to the seaside. It was during the summer months that the Morton Hotel was full. There were but one or two old people, who kept close to their rooms, no there would be no one at dinner, but a very deaf old gentleman, besides Mrs. Morton and Isabel and Marcus Chesterfield.

Mr. Chesterfield arrived at the appointed hour. Mrs. Morton welcomed him with great effusiveness. Isabel was cold, but dainty and sweet as a blush rose.

Mrs. Morton took Mr. Chesterfield's arm when dinner was announced, and Isabel smiled sweetly into the deaf old gentleman's face, as she supported his trembling steps down the stairs, all the time making it appear that she was clinging to him for support. This pleased him greatly, for many a year had passed since beautiful ladies sought the support of his arm.

(To be continued.)







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manity make him the helper of all mankind. All of these precious legacies will be treasured by his countrymen, and many there are who will be made better by the priceless gifts he has bestowed upon them. Perfection was not his, nor can it be any man's while dwelling on earth. But our President's errors were of the head, not the heart, and he ever sought to live and do the right. With his public policies many of his countrymen did not agree, but they all unite in testifying to his sincerity of purpose, and to his signal ability to defend that which he believed to be right. His last public utterances were his best, and indicated a statesmanship that even his warmest friends hardly felt that he possessed. His upright life and spotless integrity constitute his truest monument. The American nation was rich in having such a noble son, and is richer still through the priceless gift he has bestowed upon her in the impress of his spirit.

Great in life, our martyr was greater still in seeming death. His fortitude and bravery in his struggle for life stamp him as a being possessed of the lofty courage of the soul that is never afraid to meet even the Angel Azrael at any time or place. The pathos of his last words sends a thrill through every heart:—"Good-bye, all, it is God's way," spoke the sufferer, reminding his countrymen that he, the greatest of all earthly rulers, could take leave of all his earthly honors in a submissive spirit, in the full recognition of a power greater than his own. His apotheosis is now complete. He is not America's any more, but is one of the world's illustrious martyrs. Side by side with Lincoln and Garfield, he takes his place in our nation's history, and with his quiet, peaceful smile looks down upon the land he loved so well, and tried so hard to serve as a soldier and statesman. He has crowned his life with a halo of ineffable glory, and stands transfigured in the light of God's eternal morning, the spiritual helper of all mankind. Peace to the enfranchised soul of William McKinley!

## The Ninth National Convention.

The Annual Convention of the Spiritualists of America is soon to assemble in Washington, D. C. It will be a gathering of men and women with a purpose, and a determination to actualize that purpose in the life of this nation. They will discuss ways and means by which the gospel of Spiritualism may be proclaimed to the world, and will demonstrate the value of that gospel in effects upon their own lives. No religion is worth having unless it proves itself a pure moral force in the social life of man. Spiritualism has come to the children of men with a glad message of immortal love and life, but it also demonstrates that the law of consequences is fixed and eternal in its purposes. As men sow, so must they reap, and as they live so will be their reward. There is no escape from the consequences of wrong-doing, hence there is an absolute necessity of living right and doing right while in mortal form.

The propaganda of such religion will be a portion of the work of the coming Convention. Some perfunctory routine labor will be performed, some repairs made in the constitutional machinery, and some efforts put forth to acquaint the Spiritualists of the nation with the inestimable value of co-operation. The main question for discussion will be the best methods of strengthening local societies, the establishment and maintenance of Children's Lyceums, the use and place of our phenomena, and the advancement of educational work. These are topics in which every true Spiritualist is deeply interested, and no one who loves Spiritualism for its own pure worth can afford to miss that Convention. He should be armed with delegate's credentials, and be equipped to take part in all debates that may arise. The N. S. A. has ever been the friend of mediums, and the earnest advocate of genuine phenomena. It will change front at this time, but will, we hope, give such direction and impetus to those phenomena as will turn them into the true channel of helpfulness to our Cause.

With proper effort, endowments can be secured that will make the N. S. A. as strong as is the national organization of any denomination. This will be a special feature of the Convention's work, and should receive the thoughtful attention of every delegate present. If men and women of means can be induced to contribute large sums to its treasury, its sphere of usefulness will be greatly enlarged. The U. S. A. of our Unitarian brethren is a tower of strength to their Cause, from the fact that it has a plethoric treasury. It employs missionaries, builds temples, distributes printed matter, and engages largely in charitable work. This is the work that is ahead of the N. S. A., and the coming Convention will be asked to devise plans by which it can be accomplished. Schools, sanitoriums, libraries, temples, tracts, missionaries, legislative work, are all needed in Spiritualism. They will all be materialized when the N. S. A. is sufficiently endowed to enable it to do its work. There are Spiritualists who can do for it what many wealthy Unitarians have done for their organization—endow it with means with which to make Spiritualism take its proper place in the world.

We shall not attempt to dwell upon the other features of the Convention's work. We are assured, by the experience of past years, that the work will be well done, and hope to see every question settled in a statesmanlike manner. The election of officers will be the last work of the Convention. There is no doubt but that capable officials will be selected to carry out the Convention's will. It is probable that the constitution will be amended so as to make each officer's term three years instead of one year, as it is at present. If the change is made, one-third of the officers will be chosen for three years, one-third for two years, and one-third for one year. This will keep two-thirds of the Board constantly in office, and will only subject three members thereof to removal each year. As it is now, the entire Board of Trustees can be removed at any Annual Convention. Such

a step would be fatal to the well-being of the Association. People may be the best of workers, yet fail to adjust themselves aright in organic work. The Convention, then, should by all means adopt the triennial system. It should then elect officials in whom the delegates have perfect confidence, and make them feel that they are expected to work for the good of the Cause by making the N. S. A. a power for good in the land. Now that the N. S. A. has something to its credit besides a name, it should be strengthened by the changes above indicated, and given a Board of Trustees not subject to removal at the end of each year. Taken all in all, this Convention is the most important gathering ever called in the name of Spiritualism. Every society should be represented by efficient delegates, under instructions to do the best they can for our Cause.

## Mrs. Mary T. Longley—Theodore J. Mayer.

This gifted lady has served the N. S. A. as its Secretary for the past three years. Her work has been well done, and has ever been performed with the expedition that has always characterized her. She has been devoted to her duties, and has made true Spiritualism her one consideration. When she was most justly assailed by parties who were not Spiritualists, nor spiritual, she did not falter in her purpose, nor did she hesitate to tell the truth as she saw it. She towers far above the petty jealousies of the times, and stands for the largest and truest fellowship on the part of our work. In her labors, she is neither envious, nor selfish, but, on the contrary, ever sinks her personal preferences in the larger good of the Cause or that of her fellowmen. All attacks upon her have fallen harmless at her feet, because of their innate injustice and malice. She has stood for true Spiritualism, and her record is one of which she may well be proud. She has earned the love and gratitude of all Spiritualists and we rejoice to know that she has them in rich, full measure. She deserves well at the hands of the Spiritualists of this nation, and they will honor themselves by unanimously re-electing her to her present position.

Another member of the present Board of Officers, Mr. Theodore J. Mayer, should also be remembered with loving gratitude by the Spiritualists of America. He was the generous donor of the Mayer Home for the N. S. A., and has ever been a liberal contributor to its treasury. He has worked long and earnestly to make the N. S. A. what it is, and has not been remiss in any duty that has fallen to his lot. He should long be retained as the Treasurer of the N. S. A., and we believe he will be. He is a shining example to the Spiritualists of this country, and we hope that many of them may be induced to follow it. The act of giving must be learned by all Spiritualists; Mr. Mayer has not only learned it, but he puts it into practice. His is a practical Spiritualism, and as such is of untold value in its relation to life. The N. S. A. is now a permanent institution, and a permanent treasurer in the person of Mr. Mayer will not be out of place. Long may he live to serve our beloved Cause and to do good to his fellowmen!

N. B.—The above was written before we learned of the attitude of Mr. Mayer with regard to Mr. Barrett, or that of Mrs. Longley. Whatever their views of our Editor-in-Chief may be, we are yet of the opinion that these two officers should be unanimously re-elected.—Editor.

## Our New Ruler.

Under the most trying circumstances, President Roosevelt has assumed the duties of the most exalted office within the gift of the American people. His first public utterances have done much to sustain public confidence and are indicative of a broad statesmanship on the part of the new ruler. By retaining the entire cabinet of President McKinley, he has further gained the confidence of his countrymen, all of whom without regard to party ties, unite in wishing him a safe and prosperous administration. He has made an excellent beginning, and we are pleased to be able to pay him this deserved compliment. At this time all partisanship should be laid aside, and only the good of our beloved country held in mind by every patriotic citizen. There is a difference between Roosevelt as a man and Roosevelt the President. In the exalted office of Chief Magistrate of this Republic, President Roosevelt deserves and should receive the best wishes of every patriot. His office is an object of solicitude, almost of veneration to every loyal heart.

In a recent issue, when the public had been led to suppose that President McKinley would recover, but at a time when we felt that such would not be the case, we questioned Mr. Roosevelt's fitness for the high office that has come to him under such distressing circumstances. We had no reference whatever to his educational ability, nor to his power to mold men and shape events. We only had in mind his spiritual fitness, thinking that his love for sports, for warfare, and for killing wild game were not the elements to make up the truly spiritual man. At that very moment he was on a hunting expedition, while our illustrious martyr was passing from death unto life eternal. In this sense only did we question our new ruler, and we gladly correct the misconception that has been placed upon our words. We honor our ruler too much, especially the office he holds, to cast any aspersions upon either one or the other.

In this connection we venture to add that the Banner of Light is in no sense a political paper. Its politics, if it has any, is Altruism, through which we seek to do good to all of our fellowmen. It has ever reserved the right to criticize wrong doing in all parties, and in this respect has aimed to speak only in the interests of morality and true reform. It is the duty of Spiritualism to deal fairly and impartially with all reformatory issues.

Spiritualism comes first to the Banner of Light, and as Spiritualism is all-inclusive, it must of necessity involve these very issues. But they apply to all political parties—not to any one in particular—and the management of the Banner has and will ever act in harmony with that idea. Partisan politics has no place in our thought in dealing with public questions. The Banner, therefore, will continue to stand for the high ideals of its founders, upholding Spiritualism, pure and undefiled, regardless of party, sect or creed. We renounce none of our rights to criticize men and measures in making the above statements. A true Spiritualist paper must be free from prejudice, unbiased by personal spite, and loyal to truth. This will be the Banner's position. We greet President Roosevelt in the spirit of kindness and good will. We hope he will be the President of all the people, unbiased by creed or dogma. As such he will have our loyal and undivided support and approval. We trust that he may be so guided by the forces of the spirit as to give our nation one of the best administrations it has ever had. We believe in patriotism, founded on the rock of Right, and in that spirit we are patriots first, last and all of the time under the splendid leadership of the gospel of Altruism.

## A New Life of Dr. J. M. Peebles.

Prof. E. Whipple of San Diego, Calif., has completed a new biography of Dr. J. M. Peebles. It is a work that will interest all Spiritualists, especially those who have known our venerable "Pilgrim" so long and well. It will be reviewed at an early date in our columns in keeping with the merits of the work. It should be in every home, and we trust that orders for the same will be numerous. We shall soon have a goodly number of these works in hand, and can fill all orders promptly. We hope to hear from all Spiritualists, each one ordering a copy of this excellent and instructive work.

## Silver Wedding.

Our good friends, Mr. William and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on Saturday, Oct. 12, 1901. We regret that we cannot be present in person on this pleasant occasion, but we unite



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## 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 wherever it is made known to the world.

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

Report of Seances held Aug. 29, 1901, S. E. 24.

### Invocation.

Oh spirit of infinite love, of life, of power, and of beauty, we lift our hearts and aspirations after the truth. We would forget the past, the darkness, the shadow, the pain and with faces illumined through the desire for truth, would go steadily on and up. May we draw very near to those great souls who are ever reaching and desiring to help us. May we draw strength from their strength, and power from their power, and be united with them in their efforts to redeem, to save, and glorify mankind. May these dear hearts who need the understanding, who need the light, who need the power of the law be strengthened by our co-operation with the great ones. Help those who are seeking admission into the homes where their hearts would lead them. Help them to bring the messages so clearly, so distinctly, that no error can be made. Help them to be so firm, so conscious of their identity that the message may be of use and helpfulness to those to whom it is sent. To the bereaved ones everywhere, the sorrowing ones, we send our message of peace. May they through their tears see the sun that is shining; may their dark lives be illumined by the knowledge of God's truth which is shining everywhere. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Frank Wyatt.

I see the spirit of a man about thirty years old. He is quite tall, thin and very fair. His eyes are blue, his skin and hair are fair. He has a "don't care" air as though he isn't going to be morbid, but wants to take the time to say just what he pleases just the way he wants to. I think that was quite like him in earth life, because he seems to be natural about everything as he comes. He says, "Put me down as Frank Wyatt; I came from Farmington, Maine. I would have no more use for this kind of business than I would have if I were alive, only that I see something I can do that will help those that I am most interested in. They used to say that I would not make any effort to accomplish anything unless it was for myself. That was one way of saying that I was selfish, and I just want the people to know that I have grown out of the selfish way and desire to help some that are near to me. I want this message to go to Cora who has a last name like mine, and who will understand why I come to her. I was fond of the water, particularly fond of boats and of fishing and she will know why I speak of this. It means something to her and to me. I have seen Eddy. He isn't in the spirit. He is already contemplating returning, so you need not worry about him any more. I also have seen over here Emma and Bert and they both send love."

#### Ben Abbott.

There is a man comes now about forty-five years old. He is strong and looks more like a blacksmith than anything else. He has strong arms and hands and a big brawny chest and a big, round neck and head. He says, "Don't bother much about describing me. There isn't much to me but strength. You might as well let it go at that. My name is Ben Abbott and I lived in Portland, Me. I didn't live right in the city. I lived down at the Cape, Cape Elizabeth. For years and years I was a blacksmith there at work, and I wanted to show the people that I could get back as well as any of the rest of them. I didn't have much use for religion of any kind, didn't care about church going, and couldn't see that Sunday meant more than any other day, and when I saw them get baptized, I thought they made fools of themselves, and I think so now. I'd like to say that instead of driving people to religion, it would be better to let them grow to it themselves. I am not saying anything that I would not say to their faces either. I said it many a time and it gives me a good deal of pleasure to say it over again. I can't see that this has anything to do with the fact that I can come back and that I want to send a message to Charlotte. She will be glad to get something from me. I don't care whether anybody else is or not. I want to tell her that if I was back again I would do the work as well as I did before I went away."

#### Sarah Tolman to Lucy Jones.

The next spirit is a very nice lady. She is quite tall with blue, almost gray eyes and a round, full face, and while she is not very stout, she is quite big. She bustles around as though she was going to take care of everybody and everything and she laughs heartily, seems as though it would not be she unless she laughed. The first thing she says is, "My name is Sarah Tolman, and I came from Haverhill. I have watched the work up there, for I am much interested in it and I thought that if I could just bustle in here

and give a word, perhaps it would give a little help to some of my people up there. It isn't my relatives that I want to get to so much as it is my friends. My friends know that when I believed anything, I just spoke right out, didn't have any back door talk or closet secrets, everything was parlor conversation with me, and so I come back with just a little more parlor conversation. I would say to each of them, 'What do you believe and why do you believe it? and if you don't believe anything, it is time you found out something and investigated. I would ask these questions, first of one and then of another, and stir them up and get them talking and thinking about this more than about people, and see what they can do instead of seeing what other people can do. I have a particular message for Lucy Jones. I want her to know that I have found what she talked about before I came over here. There was something we were interested in and I told her if I found out, I would try to let her know, and this is the nearest that I can come to it. I also want her to know that I found Jaquay. She will know Jaquay. I used to live in a house that many people would have said was haunted, for the raps and the noises and the manifestations were constantly going on, but I enjoyed it. I said, 'Keep right on with your rapping no matter who comes in. If it is the minister rap him out, keep on rapping until he gets his senses and asks, 'What are those raps?'

#### Alexander Hill.

I see the spirit of a man whom I should think was about sixty or sixty-five years old. He is very gentlemanly looking. His hair and beard are white and his eyes are as blue as a baby's, don't seem to have faded a bit with all the years he has been in life. He is dressed with unusual care. Everything about him is as clean and sweet as though he was very particular about himself. He puts his hand out and it is a strong, psychic looking hand, and he says, "My name is Alexander Hill and I lived in Philadelphia. I didn't know about this in particular, but I was much interested in liberal thought and liberal religion, and of course it is but a step from that to accept anything that comes with an evidence of truth. My desire at this time is to send a message to Kate. I want her to realize that I am looking after her interests as much as I can from my side of life. It isn't quite possible for me to direct things as I would like, but I keep in touch and know what is going on. She seems amply able to get along without me, because she made up her mind that when I came over here that was what she must do, and she doesn't understand in the least my desire to gain an approach into her life. I desire, too, to tell her that our boy that we lost when he was a young lad is with me and says, 'Give my love to mother and tell her that I want to be the first to take her into my arms when she comes over here.' She also had a sister, Lucy, who is with me. Lucy says, 'Call it Lou. She will understand better. It will mean more to her.' Aunt Abby comes also with the rest of us. I think this will be enough for this time and I thank you much for giving me this opportunity to speak. I have long thought I would like to, but it seemed I couldn't take the time from someone else until this morning I felt a stronger desire than usual and so I come."

#### Julia Gordon to M. E. Wright, Pasadena, Cal.

I see a woman about fifty years old. She is about the medium height, has gray hair and sharp, black eyes. She is just as nervous as she can be and moves back and forth here in a little impatient way. She sits in a chair and keeps her hands right on the arms of it just as tight as possible, as though she suffered a great deal before she went and had that fashion of sitting there and holding herself together so that the pain could be borne better. She half gasps out to me a name—Julia Gordon—and she says, "I come from a long way, for I lived in the West and it seems like a great undertaking to come here, for we grow in the habit, even in the spirit, of thinking that it is harder to come a long way than it is a short one, but here I am, and I have my husband with me. His name is George. I am sure that our many friends will feel glad to greet us. They don't know about this. They are not Spiritualists, although we had made some investigations along this line after our little daughter came to the spirit. There was not a long time between our deaths and I am glad that it was so. I came first; it was so hard to be here without him, and when he did come it seemed as though life began again. I'd like, if you please, to send this message to Pasadena, Cal. I want it to go to M. E. Wright. I want a line of communication, if it is possible, established between her and myself. I want her to know that she is very mediumistic and that I shall be able to communicate through her and to help her in some of her work. She must not sit so constantly writing, because she uses up all of her forces and there is nothing left for us, but if she will let us have a line first, we will help her afterwards. I see the trouble she has been in, but I don't see anything to be done about it yet. By and by the time may come when we can advise, but not now. Thank you."

#### Edith MacDonald.

I see now a girl about eighteen years old. She is just as pretty and sweet as a flower. Her face is fair and her hair and eyes are dark brown. She is not very tall nor very stout, but has a sweet way and walks round in a gentle fashion looking first at one and then another of those in the circle as though she is trying to find somebody familiar to her. Then she comes over to me and says, "This is all so new to me. Oh, I wish I had known before. If I had come over here knowing that it would not be the end, oh, I could have come so much happier and could have been so much better spared. You can't imagine what it is to a spirit to come over here and know absolutely nothing about this

return, and even the people to whom I came had little knowledge of it, and it was only when I began to go about and make inquiries that I found it might be possible for me to return. My name is Edith MacDonald and I lived in Peoria, Ill., and most of my people are still living there. I'd like this word to be sent to my father, whose name is Henry. I have a little fear about sending it even. I fear he may not try to follow it up and get communication from me. I know too well that what I can say today won't be enough to help him. My only desire is that he may be awakened and go somewhere where I can come; oh, I'd be so much happier. I know how they grieve and they do everything that a girl could ask to have done, except the one thing of giving me an opportunity to return. I appreciate what they have done, where I was put away, and the memorial that they have in the home, but better than all would be an opportunity to just speak my love to them. I often see my father sitting among his books. He isn't reading; he comes there just to be alone and it is then that I am nearest, because when he is quiet I can slip in and look at him. He is quite mediumistic. I can see him better than I can see the others in the home and I know better what he is doing. I am better able to follow him and so it is to him particularly that I send my request that I may have a chance to say more. Tell him I am just as fond of the roses as I was when he brought them home to me. He knows how he always brought one to me and that a red one, and when I come to him, I shall bring one like it to him. I can't half express my love, but he will know."

#### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We will now continue the subject of Soul-Mates, treated of in the preceding Letter, and first mention the points taken up therein. They are as follows:—

That the infinite source of life is like a fountain of living water, out of which eternally spring individualized drops that are themselves alive, and express themselves on the present physical plane in vegetable or animal forms, culminating in man himself;

That as the infinite soul or life is, in its limitless being, positive and negative, active and passive, acts both creatively and receptively, and is both infinite wisdom and infinite love, so do the various forms of life that proceed from it possess the same characteristics;

That the individual souls are produced in dual form, one, the male, being more active and positive, and possessing more wisdom; and the other, the female, being more passive and negative, and possessing more love;

That on the present physical plane of existence, these two seek to unite for purposes of propagation;

That in most plants and in some animals, the two sexes co-exist, while in most animals and in man they exist separately, and come together by an act of the will;

That by the union of the two, an embryo is formed into which a new individualized life enters from the infinite source, this life taking a united or a separate form, according to the way its parents did, and transmitting the same methods to the descendants thereof.

In accordance with this view, the life or soul that enters these successive forms is not produced by the parents themselves. It is their part, by coming together to prepare a receptacle for the new-springing life that came individually from the boundless bosom of what some call God. The way in which this receptacle is prepared, and the effects of what was done by a long series of progenitors determines the character and the life expression of their offspring, but the life principle is itself the direct child of infinite life. And so, whatever may have been our parents or our ancestors, whatever our race or age, we are all the sons and daughters of God, derive our life from God, and can never be disinherited from our son-ship or our daughter-ship.

The same is true of all the lower forms of life, whether animal or vegetable. All are the children of the infinite, and all are individualized as they come into separate existence. If the soul is that of a vegetable, it finds its home in a plant seed or spore; if it is that of an animal, it finds its dwelling-place in the body of a creature of appropriate form; and if it is a human soul, it enters the ovule in the body of a human mother, at the moment that it is fertilized by the active principle of life from the other human parent.

If a human soul in which either sexual characteristics predominate came alone out of the infinite soul, then it would be alone always and ever, in its progress towards God. Such a soul would be inexpressibly lonely, but such a one does not exist. The infinite Soul, bearing in its transcendent bosom all the possibilities of actor and receiver, both in spiritual essence and in the resulting physical expression, pours out these souls, not alone, but hand in hand as it were, they make what we may call their descent into matter, and seek to express themselves in physical form by entering the body of a mother at the exact moment when it is possible for them to do so.

The soul in whom the more active principles predominate naturally succeeds first in his endeavor, while his more passive mate, in accordance with the law of her being, waits awhile. For this reason, in the few happy cases where the souls have met in the marriage relation on the earth-plane, the man has been apparently older than the woman. But he is not really any older. Together they joyously spring out of the bosom of the infinite parent.

"So, a soul is born of God."

In accordance with our view it is natural to suppose that these dual souls that spring together from the bosom of the infinite resemble each other, only differing in that while

the one possesses more of the active or male qualities, the other, the female, is more negative. This resemblance belongs not only to the original souls, but to the minds by which their thoughts are produced, and to the forms by which they manifest their characteristics to other persons.

For instance, a highly intellectual man would not find his true counterpart in a "child-wife," like David Copperfield's Dora. The mate of what we call a highly gifted person will have equal gifts, while the two still maintain the differing mental qualities of sex. The soul-mates of Milton or Joan of Arc are to the full their equal in the mental power and in the soul heroism that marked these extraordinary personages.

This resemblance between the dual counterparts of course extends to the physical and psychical forms through which they manifest. In the present lower state, where physical passion so painfully predominates, it is commonly said that blondes should wed brunettes, and vice versa, that sanguine persons should mate with bilious ones; and that in short one should seek a mate of quite opposite characteristics. This is all a mistake, and the mistake arises out of the fostering of violent physical passions.

The happiest and the most enduring sexual relationships to be found upon the present plane are between persons of similar temperaments and moral and mental tastes. In these fortunate examples, we note that the physical differences, due to inherited tendencies, disappear the longer they live together, and that in old age they not only feel and act alike, but they even look alike.

True soul-mates, who sprang together into individual being, but seldom come together in wedlock on the mortal plane. The reasons are apparent. They may find physical embodiment in different countries and distant latitudes. And even when they do meet personally, the conditions of social life are such that one may have been born in what some disdainfully call the drags of society, and the other with a silver spoon in his mouth. They might meet, and never notice each other.

Shall we then say that owing to the unlikelihood of meeting one's very soul-mate, it were better not to marry at all? We do not say thus, for the reason that the race would cease to propagate itself, and also from the fact that this relation belongs to a very small fraction of our entire existence. Where the relation has been a happy one, resulting in a warm, true friendship, it will undoubtedly continue for a time in the spirit-world. As one's experience enlarges, the old bonds will gradually melt away, giving no pain to either party, owing to the sweet reasonableness of the process. And in the course of development and progress, each one will in due time not only meet, but fully recognize the spiritual counterpart, and realize what has been so beautifully explained and described by Mr. Carlyle Petersleva.

It is very wrong for persons who have married on the earth-plane and have become discontented thereby, to seek to dissolve the tie, and begin to hunt for their "affinity." Families have been broken up, and children left fatherless or motherless by conduct so selfish. We have sometimes noted the bitter disappointment of enquirers when they learned that those whom they were beginning to trust as spiritual guides had been divorced and re-married several times.

A better way would be to develop one's inner spiritual nature by fidelity to the bonds that have been voluntarily assumed, and by patience in rearing up of the children that have been born, so that both father and mother bear their share of the burden.

By cultivating their spiritual nature by such "patient continuance in well-doing," they will even here rise to such a height that their delight by and by will be greatly enhanced when they attain what they longed for here.

Of course the propagation of children should not be continued when there is danger that the drink habit, physical disease, or moral degeneracy be transmitted to the offspring. It is deplorable to know that some persons are not capable of living together and caring together for the children already born, unless they continue the process of propagation, or, what is far worse, of prostituting natural powers, towards self-indulgent pleasure, while at the same time seeking to prevent the propagation of the species. Alas! there are many such on the earth today, but they need not call themselves Spiritualists. The very A B C of Spiritualism is to keep the body absolutely under the soul.

Some persons fancy that propagation is continued in the spirit-world. Some claim that spirits have told them so, or that they have themselves seen such things clairvoyantly. This is all wrong.

The soul makes its descent into matter. While in matter, the coming together of the sexes continues the species. If they come together in that way, trying to prevent the natural result, they have perpetrated a sin against nature. It is right to conceive and bear and rear children here. But when we drop the physical form, we shall not conceive them any more, for that belongs only to the mortal plane. But our paternal and maternal instinct will be fully satisfied by rearing dear little spirit children, cast out of their physical bodies by the selfish and unnatural acts of the parents on earth who conceived them.

Though propagation of the species be confined to the earth-plane, the beautiful and natural relation between the sexes, founded as it is on the complementary forces existing in the infinite soul-parent, will continue. It will continue, but it will constantly become more spiritualized.

It will continue, because God is love, and because of the exquisite pleasure that can only be found in realizing that one is first in the heart of another soul, and that that counterpart is first of all in our own heart. We shall feel and enjoy the companionship of others, as now; but there is a closer tie than that of friend or brother. It is the tie that binds eternally together those two that sprang together into individualized being out of the infinite parent.

But if these two, so happy in each other, forgot in their own exquisite joy the ocean of conscious love out of which they came, the wings of their joy would begin to droop. Together let them rise God-ward, together tread the eternal pathway, casting smiles of help and love upon all other souls, and together become merged in their infinite source at that supreme moment when "God will be all in all."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
Abby A. Judson.  
Arlington, N. J., Sept. 17, 1901.

### Invisible Playmates.

(A True Story.)

BY MATTIE M. CABLIN.

There is a little girl, Annie Williamson by name, living on Oregon St. of this city, who has an odd way of making living companions of her dolls. She personates a scolding mother, a visiting neighbor, an elder sister and other characters, carrying on an animated conversation with each doll in turn, speaking for them as well as for herself. She is scarcely four years old and it is wonderfully interesting to watch the little tot when she thinks she is alone. Being an only child, she has been left much to her own devices for amusement, but is never at a loss for companionship, her dolls belong to her, real individuals. She will spank them when naughty, and then imitate crying and sobbing for them to perfection. Again she will make believe it is a laughing, saucy doll and herself an angry or grieved mama, making the drollest speeches for both.

She becomes so absorbed in this play, she seems to lose her own identity. Her changes of voice from one character to another, are marvelous, seeming to be ventriloquism in their expression.

When called away she appears to arouse as from sleep, and it seems hard for her to shake off the illusion.

When other children are around, she never indulges in these monologues, playing with them naturally, but the moment she is alone, they are resumed. Sometimes she will talk through an imaginary telephone, making a perfect imitation of the one-sided dialogue, or will address an imaginary person without even the medium of a doll.

The other day we watched her playing school. She had a dozen chairs arranged in rows, an imaginary desk for herself, and opened school with admonitions regarding their lessons and behavior, to each class. She also addressed individual pupils by name, encouraging, reproving, sometimes scolding and even going to a chair, striking it with a stick and shaking it as though in punishment of an occupant.

Perhaps this little girl possesses only a vivid imagination, but the complete absorption and naturalness with which she turns to her imaginary companions whom she claims to see, lead some who have seen her to believe that she is surrounded by wraith children or influences of some kind outside of herself, and her parents are beginning to discourage this weird style of self amusement.

### Birds of Passage.

BY MARY WEBB-BAKER.

There are quiet places, quiet, out-of-the-way places, where peace folds her white wings and nestles close to the great heart of nature, undisturbed by the warfare and conflicts of distorted ambition and human greed. There, the soul quickened by the breath of the flowers and song of birds, by the expanse of green fields, and tree crowned hills, may bathe in the glory, and harmony, and peace of nature undeffiled; may listen to a thousand voices silently blending into one; may feel the presence of a power greater than ever king or potentate; sweet, tender, holy, as the sweetness, tenderness, and holiness of mother love.

Here man may learn to live, may learn the secret of true nobility; may learn the greatness of moral obligations, and the littleness of self-aggrandizement.

How truly nature places before us her grand ideals. How blind have we been to see. Mad, intoxicated with the delusions of success, man rushes on in the recklessness of his ambition for pomp and power, ostentatious display and luxury, unmindful of the ever present, humbling voice of Justice, which, sooner or later, will fall like a thunderbolt on the awakening ear of consciousness turning the wine, so sweet to drain from the cup of luxury, into the bitterness of wormwood and gall.

Life holds no fairer thing I ween  
Than love's sweet grace;  
When, in all simple form is seen  
Her gentle face.  
Life holds no greater thing, I ween,  
For man to do  
Than that his acts may all be seen  
Of honest hue.

Life holds no master, great or small,  
When all is said;  
'Tis love will rule us, one and all,  
When greed is dead.  
So life, altho' a fickle jade,  
Will sometime mend;  
Of nothing then to be afraid  
We'll all be friends.

It would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling if we won nothing but our old selves at the end of it—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives, the same feeble sense of that Unknown towards which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as all forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight and our best love.—George Eliot.



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