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NO. 22

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

About thirty years ago Dr. Joseph Beals and a few others were holding circles in Greenfield, Mass. A medium told them about Lake Pleasant and advised them to go to the grounds and consider the advisability of holding a Spiritualist camp-meeting there.

A party went over to the lake the next summer and had a basket picnic. The camp-meeting plan seemed feasible and it was agreed that one should be held the following summer. Dr. Beals was chosen president, a position which he held for many years.

Twenty-nine years ago the first camp-meeting was held. The streets on the old grounds were laid out as they are now, with the possible exception of the avenues. Turner, Denton, Massasoit and Adams streets on the Highlands were also constructed.

The lectures were given in the Old Grove which was much the same as today. The speaker's stand has been enlarged since then and new seats have been put in. It has not been possible to secure a list of the speakers for that first year, but we have obtained a comparatively complete one of those who were there the first four or five years: Wm. Denton, Edward Wheeler, E. V. Wilson, A. B. French, Samuel Wheeler, J. Frank Baxter, Cora Richmond, C. Fannie Allyn, Rosa Shepard Little, Fannie Davis Smith, Sarah Byrnes, Lizzie Doten, Jennie Leys, Rev. B. F. Underwood, Dr. H. B. Storer, Giles B. Stebbins, J. Wm. Fletcher, Hon. A. B. Richmond, Elder Emmons, Dr. Peebles, Chas. Dawburn, Jennie Hagan, Nellie Brigham, Sussie Willis Fletcher, Clara Conant, Amelia H. Colby, Juliette Severance, Lyman Howe, F. L. H. Willis and John Collier.

Few are left of the first mediums among whom were: J. Frank Baxter, Wm. Fletcher,

at its head, furnished the instrumental music.

It is hard now for the young people to understand the affection which the older ones have for the old grove. They cannot see the eager listeners as they filled the seats. They cannot feel the hush as kindly, old Dr. Beals rose from his seat; they cannot thrill with the voices of those sweet singers so many of whom have wandered to the other shore. There were Father Locke, Charlie Sullivan, C. P. Longley, Hattie Mason, W. F. Peck, J. Frank Baxter, Jack Little and James G. Clarke.

Even the changes in buildings have been many. The old Association Hall is no longer used and neither is the depot and depot restaurant. Of the many weary stretches of steps, but one stair-way remains. When the speaker grew a bit prosy and all the children hunched wearily in their seats or assailed their mothers in stage whispers with, "Isn't



THE TEMPLE



LOVERS' LANE

shell. There are flowers to be had for the picking, sand banks to slide down, big swings—safe even for the little ones—and band concerts on Sunday—blessings enough to make any toddler believe that Lake Pleasant is a bit of Heaven left on earth for the children.

The dances held every evening and Saturday afternoons in the pavilion are ample proof that the young people are not forgotten. It goes without saying that they will be a greater success than ever this year with Charles M. Bickford as leader of the orchestra and Mr. Stratton as manager of the pavilion. Entertainments of the vaudeville order, varied by light opera are given every afternoon and evening in the rustic theatre. These entertainments are under the direct supervision of the officers of the association, a fact which promises well for both the present and future excellence of the plays given.

To quote from a circular issued by the Scalpers: "The Independent Order of Scalpers, or as we term it, 'The Tribe,' was organized in August, 1893, at Lake Pleasant, by several young men who spend their vacations there. It started with ten charter members whose aim was to establish a club for mutual fun and enjoyment, but as each year passed the organization assumed a more dignified standing and worthy objects."

In 1895 it was voted to admit young women to the Tribe. The order is partially a secret one and adds much to the fun of the camp. The Scalper's Hall is given in August

and is counted one of the great events of the year. This season the Scalper's Band will help to make life pass more pleasantly during the last two weeks in August.

The older people seem to have quite as good a time as their juniors. To tell the truth, in the free and easy life at the Lake the dividing line between old and young is very hard to find. Many a gray-head pauses before saying: "When I was a boy," not half sure himself but he is a boy still.

The Ladies' Improvement Society holds an annual fair; this year it is to be Aug. 11th and 12th. Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds and Miss Mary M. Sheldon will be very grateful for any articles sent them which will help to make the fair this year a greater success than the fairs of previous years. The receipts from the fair are given to the association of which the society is an active auxiliary.

The program for the coming convocation promises many good things. Two of the youngest lecturers on the Spiritualist platform are to speak—Mr. Albert P. Blinn and Miss Blanche Brainard. Mr. Blinn is well and favorably known both in Boston and at Lake Pleasant, while Miss Brainard has made many friends in the short time she has been lecturing.

Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, president of the Ladies' Improvement Society; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, who has been to Lake Pleasant from the first; Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, who was also one of the earlier workers, and Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving of "Ichabod" and "Eliza-

Old Grove, which faces the Lake from Broadway. Later, on account of the noise from passing trains, a new auditorium was built just across the bridge on the Highlands. This was used for but a short time before it seemed advisable to have a building to hold meetings in. The auditorium has been fitted up for a rustic theatre, and is used by the vaudeville company.

The Temple fills its purpose admirably. It is light and cool, its acoustic properties are excellent. A large picture of Dr. Beals is hung over the platform and the likenesses of many of the workers for the Cause are scattered about on the walls. A good-sized room underneath the main hall is used by the Ladies' Improvement Society for its fair. A wide piazza extends across two sides of the Temple, which is entered by folding doors in the rear of the hall and also on both sides. A large stage gives ample room for amateur plays. Besides the lectures, various entertainments are given here, many of them being for the benefit of the Association; the Scalpers' Ball is also held in the Temple. This year a concert by the Ladies' Schubert Quartet on the evening of Aug. 20th or 21st will be one of the numerous attractions. The admission to the lectures is ten cents; season tickets are sold at much cheaper rates.

During the past year Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham and Miss Jennie Mullin have passed away. This makes a sad break in the ranks of our mediums. Several mediums are to be on the grounds, however. Among the test mediums are: Mrs. Jane Ford, Mrs. B. W. Belcher, Miss Jennie Rind, Dr. C. L. Willis, Mme. Powers, Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Mme. Seaman, Mrs. Shirley, Miss Blanche Brainard and Mrs. Moore Courtes. Carrie M. Sawyer and Mrs. Mary Eddy Huntington will demonstrate the phenomena of materialization.

The steam launch and rowboats offer excellent facilities for boating and fishing. A row by moonlight on the lake is a long-remembered delight.

The curative properties of Jacob's Well have been praised for many years. It is not so well known, however, that walks on Montague Plain, just across the bridge from the headquarters of the Association have benefited several cases of throat and lung troubles.

There is a telegraph and express office on the grounds. The postoffice—a money order



LAKE PLEASANT HOTEL

Dr. Towne, — Matthews, Henry Merrill, Mrs. Snyder, Mande Lord and Arthur Hodges.

At first there were no cottages; everyone lived in tents. Some of the tents had floors; in others straw was strewn over the ground. The cook stoves were invariably out of doors. History doesn't tell what happened when it rained, whether those early campers lived on faith or salted peanuts. Everyone did his own washing and blue Monday must have been white Monday then, with clean clothes hanging on every bush. Several wells were driven but they were not a success—in fact, Lake Pleasant has had troublesome times on the water question ever since. There were bath houses on the lake shore for both men and women, but these were not allowed to stand very long.

In a few years cottages were built. Father Lyman's was one of the first and best. Since then more and more cottages have been erected, until now there are barely a dozen tents left.

While the Fitchburg Railroad ran by the grounds, there was no station and no trains stopped. People came in teams and hitched their horses in the woods. There was no enclosure about the grounds. In the course of a few seasons the barn was built and this was for many years owned and managed by Wm. Dudley, better known as Uncle Bill Dudley.

Among the early campers were: Clara Conant, Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. Dillingham, H. A. Budington, Norris Henry, Annie Cunningham, Sue B. Fales, Noble Hopkins, S. F. Dudley, Phineas Field, Eben Ripley, Aunt Mary Stearns, Grandma Bacon, J. F. Arnold, Aden Caswell, A. S. Pierce, David Jones and William Gilmore. Of these, only the first five are living and they all visit the lake still. Three of S. F. Dudley's children are at the lake now. Angie Clapp has a boarding house on Zenith street. George Dudley has a cottage on the Highlands at which his brother Arthur also stays. Aden Caswell's wife and two daughters live on Broadway. Wm. Gilmore's tent stood where Mrs. King's cottage does now on Broadway. He was one of the promoters of Lake Pleasant camp-meeting and a co-worker with Dr. Beals.

The amusements were practically the same as now. There were see-saws and swings for the children and the pavilion was soon built.

The famous Fitchburg band, with Russell

he most through, mama?" a waiter in white cap and apron wandered uneasily about the door of the Lake Shore Dining Room, waiting to give his welcome "clang, clang," for dinner, the instant benediction should be said. The white-capped waiter is gone and even the dining-room is deserted.

These are incomplete memories of Lake Pleasant as it was told by one of the old campers.

Small wonder those men thought it a beautiful spot, a place fit for the wonderful truths to be taught; surrounded by mountains, tenderly guarding their secret—a lake perfect in its loveliness—favorite home of the child of the forest, trees overhanging the water as though fearful that such beauty might vanish from their sight. Frightened wood-creatures silently fled through the tangled vines while over all brooded the Spirit of Peace. This, then, was God's goodly heritage to his children.

Year after year for twenty-nine years men have met in this—God's temple. And as the years pass by, let us not prove unworthy this trust which has been handed down to us.

It is hard to tell who has the best time at Lake Pleasant now, for from grandmother down to baby everyone enjoys life. Every year the children ruin their best shoes while daring each other to be the last to retreat before the waves of the steam-boat. And for all time to come they will sell their dresses making sand pies by the lake, or trying to find the most beautiful fresh-water clam



LAKE COVE



LAKE PLEASANT HOTEL

beth" fame, recall the good old times when Lake Pleasant was young.

Mr. Moses Hull, the leading Bibliist of America, will be with us again this summer and will again receive the warm welcome which was accorded him last year. His gifted wife is also to be with us. If the advance reports be true, the many admirers of the Rev. Frank E. Mason have a treat in store. His wife will accompany him this year, and those who have heard her lecture speak very kind words of her. Seekers of phenomena will be glad to learn that Mrs. May S. Pepper is to be on the grounds from Aug. 18th to Sept. 1st. She is to lecture twice—Aug. 28th and Aug. 31st.

The Ladies' Schubert Quartet will furnish music, good surely that that part of the program will be a success.

Band concerts are to be given every Sunday during camp meeting. Local bands also furnish music during the Sundays of July. Originally the meetings were held in the

one—is a permanent institution. Teams visit the grounds every day with vegetables, eggs, butter, groceries and meat. For people who wish to board themselves this simplifies matters greatly. Joseph Ripley again has the grocery store, which is open every afternoon and evening. Leon Henry has a news-stand and ice cream saloon. Food may also be obtained at the Hotel Annex. Glickland, as usual, has the boats. The ice cream saloon at the pavilion is run by Harry Savage. The management count themselves fortunate in securing Mr. Philip Yeaton, former owner and proprietor of the Ocean House at Hampton Beach, and Great Head at Winthrop. His guarantee to guests is almost unique—that those guests occupying cheap rooms shall receive the same courtesy and prompt attention as those hiring the best rooms in the house. His rates are moderate, although his service is of the best.

Mrs. Angie Clapp runs an excellent boarding house and Dowd's Tavern is noted for its cuisine. For twenty-five cents a thoroughly good dinner may be had at either place.

No place would be complete without its local characters, and Lake Pleasant is no exception to the rule.

Cephas Burnham, with his garbage wagon, and Ben Tilden, with his little vegetable cart, are known to all.

Any information in regard to trains or cottages may be had by writing to Mr. A. P. Blinn, clerk, Lake Pleasant, Mass. Circulars may also be secured of him.

There are many interesting trips which can be taken from Lake Pleasant: Old Deerfield, with its shady streets and fine old mansions, and Memorial Hall, with its relics of the Indians and early settlers—full of interest for the lover of history; the Green River road and Poet's Seat, in Greenfield; the Gorge, at Miller's River; Mt. Tobey; Paradise and the Cave in Sunderland; Sugar Loaf Mountain, in

(Continued on page 1000)

INVOCATION.

MARY DAVID FINCH

Grand Overlook, Oh! let me swing to life's sweet harmonies,
For my weary feet have wandered straying from the line;
Let me lay hold upon the skirts of Truth's white vestments
And no trumpet of the past away this little harp of mine.

If any wave of thought may fall in tenderness to me,
I must weep in very gladness, I, so often lost and lone;
An echo from the prairie-land swell as a summer
Or a voice from drooping flower-bell upon the mountain gown.

Oh! may I find a vial fair coming from an island shore
With a melody and a melody from out some dear one's hand,
My spirit bow in thankfulness, and reaching there an ear
Bring in the treasure filled with song-soul of the singing sand.

Vast planets be my neighbors, drop down your buckets, pray!
That I may dip my empty cup for these, my fellow men;
How many suffering travelers along my desert way
I fain would lend your gift of wine to their every sorrowing when.

Pueblo, Colo.

Arcana Caelestia—Heavenly Secrets.

WALTER SCOTT HASKELL.

CHAPTER V.

The Azyer glided like a noble bird through the astral medium in space, and finally came within the light radius of the celestial planet Horago. Beautiful purple and gold clouds floated in mystic grandeur, through whose transparent depths could be discerned the outlines of the equatorial continent and polar seas of the celestial sphere.

Nearer and nearer drew the voyagers until sweet strains of celestial music awoke their hearts to the glad tidings of a home welcome in the land where no shadows fall.

The astral ship was guided into a flower bedecked port, and fair young angels sang welcoming odes.

As we stepped foot upon the substantial soil of Horago, many of the dear welcoming faces looked familiar to me. I tried to recall where and when I had seen them, but in vain, until one came and laid her shapely hand in mine and looked into my eyes with the fond look of remembrance. "Can it be possible?" I cried. "Lottie, my sister in a former incarnation!"

"Yes, brother!" she murmured and clasped me to her bosom. And when she had released me, there were others to renew their claim of relative or friend.

This unexpected joy had never occurred to me, and I know that my face must have fairly beamed with expressing the heart's satisfaction. After going the rounds of my friends and loved ones of long ago, I began to wonder if there were really any strangers in heaven. Of course, I was the only person to be greeted by those dear ones, and not a disappointed face was seen among the Azyer's passengers.

For the moment I had forgotten Zora Donner; but was recalled to a consciousness of her presence and nearness to me, by observing her in the company of a man who might have been a Roman soldier, if features are an index of character and nationality. At that moment she introduced me to her brother Lem, and asked if I remembered him.

"Lem, Lem," I cogitated, "why, yes, the name seems familiar, only I can't place it." Suddenly it all came to me in a flash. Lem was my brother gladiator in the games of Ancient Rome, and had lost his life while exhibiting his prowess in the Arena. And that was not all. I had helped carry his body away, when his proud Roman sister chided me, springing to his aid, and she was Zora. Yes, we had met and loved in Rome; and after all the years, two hearts so happily congenial, had come to dwell together in the home everlasting. Love was no secret between us now. Hearts spoke through the eyes, and love was in the very atmosphere. I took her little hand and pressed it reverently to my lips. She seemed less proud than then, but a thousand times more charming to me.

Presently, above the hum of glad voices, sounded the clear tones of the doctor. He stood upon the starry deck of the Azyer, that commanded a view of the happy throng.

"My dear converts to the higher wisdom," he said, "your young souls are about to expand into spirit consciousness, as the bud of the lily expands to the fullness of bloom. Nature is your teacher. She will guide you in the choosing of the path most congenial. But ere your desires have taken shape and the creative energies locked up in your bosoms become a conscious factor; you are in a measure dependent as the suckling babe upon its mother for sustenance. With a view to this, I have prepared a temporary refuge for the accommodation of my flock. Yonder mansion is built for you. Go and occupy until you are ready to build a habitation of your own, or, to ascend into the third heaven."

Our attention called to our surroundings, we observed that we were within the spacious grounds of a beautiful country villa.

The dear ones accompanied us to the mansion and agreed to remain as our guests until we had become accustomed to our new mode of life; after which we were to return the visit, and dwell with them in their city abodes. The imagination can scarcely do justice to the grandeur and beauty of the habitation we were privileged to occupy. Suites of elegantly furnished rooms made ample provision for the comfort and convenience of all. There were beds and many other things common to earth life, but their uses were entirely changed or greatly modified. We often desired to rest in a reclining position, and would thus seem to engender new electric forces, and preserve the harmonious conditions of spirit mind and body. Some of the more prominent pleasures of the distant past were repeated ideally; but for the most part, we lived an entire new life with new modes of enjoyment. Even human relations were changed. Father ceased to appeal to me in the light of a parent, but was more as a boon companion, and mother, as a dear friend of the family. Blood relationship seemed to count but little in the feelings of one toward another. Lottie was dear to me. So were Lem and Harry, and my younger sister; but Zora occupied the most sacred place in my heart. I loved her as I loved my life, and it thrilled me to know that she regarded me with similar feelings. We would never tire of each other's company. She was ever an inspiration to me. As we were walking arm in arm in the beautiful grounds of the Villa, and came to a lovely fountain redolent with varicolored spray and gold fish swimming in the tanks; we felt constrained to talk of the subject nearest our hearts. An inviting rustic seat, lined up to its rose embowered nook and amid the singing of wild birds, our hearts sought together. "Darling," I murmured, while gazing into her eyes, "I always feel to

draw you into my heart; as though you were an inseparable part of my own being.

"Suppose you should draw me in and lose sight of me?" she returned, assuming a bewitching attitude.

"Oh!" I said, "I would not like to lose you, but then, if I had you in my heart you wouldn't be lost. And—and—perhaps I could manifest your form at will."

"Why, Charlie! that is just what you can do!" she cried in the rapture of a new and bright discovery.

It had never appealed to me that way before, and in serious thought I began to consider the matter over. I thought of Prof. Mark's lecture on "World Builders," of father's lessons in the creation of oil paintings, and of the doctor's broad hints in that direction. Surely, every manifestation came originally from the invisible principle of spirit. Spirit is everywhere, and by whomsoever the world is spoken it shall be made manifest.

Wished to make a few experiments along the line of creative art work. Zora was the most vivid picture in my mind, and I drew upon my imagination to try and project her likeness upon the handy surface of the marble column supporting the fountain cap.

With the first concentration of mind, visible effects were produced; and, engrossed in my subject, I soon had the satisfaction of beholding my thought image in indelible life colors adorning the pure marble column over which the miniature cascade fell in enchanting beauty.

"How wonderful!" she cried in admiration.

"Why, Charlie! you surely have me in your heart, or you could not manifest my likeness so readily."

"I believe I have, darling," I answered, "and I will try another form of manifesting my ideal." I laid in mind the face of clothing the perfect idea, in the astral substance of marble, and to perpetuate her memory in a life-like statue to ornament the rose embowered nook where, through her suggestions, I had discovered the key of life.

My first attempt was rather crude, but I persisted, and gradually, slowly, molded the astral substance at my command, into a life-size statue so like my own Zora, that the love nature was satisfied, and I was pleased with my work from an artistic standpoint. Zora was delighted, and expressed a desire to attempt something in the creative line.

I sat back in silence while she concentrated her energies into the effort. In a few moments she called my attention to her work. I looked, and there, upon the side of the statue I had just molded, was painted in glowing colors, a likeness of myself in gladiator costume as I had appeared when she first saw me in the Arena of Ancient Rome. It was very plain to us now that all powers lay within, and that we possessed the divine option of calling forth anything we desired, of modifying and shaping our environment according to the heart's choice.

With a daring attempt at further elucidating the idea, I projected, with an impulsive thought effort, her astral fleshly form and endowed it with a momentary life and speaking power. With a thought, the living, breathing likeness vanished, and I clasped the original in my arms with a rapture of delight.

"Zora!" I cried, "we are one and indivisible in spirit, and our sex differentiation is but the manifestation of the dual attributes, Love and Wisdom!"

We immediately sought our friends and communicated our discovery. Lem said he was glad, because it was the point in the spiritual awakening where it would be practical for us to enter the Celestial City and come in relation with the central currents of spiritual thought. Father explained that the difference between my attempt at creative art work in his Art Garden of the Inner Temple, and the present display of spiritual forces resident in man, was, that the former partook of the nature of imitation, while the latter was purely original and involved deeper spiritual discernment. He said that we must still further elucidate our powers, by learning thought leading, and the use of the will.

I was all interest to this last suggestion, and father instructed me in the art of elevating and moving my body by the effort of the will. It was very simple, and required only that the mind be held steady, and the confidence unimpaired. I could move my body as my boy efforts at learning to swim in the old pond down in Maine. Only here, the medium was astral substance and the power of locomotion, thought. In a few attempts, I was able to rise from the lawn where we stood, and glide myself in any direction. The sensation of floating through the astral elixir above the Villa grounds, was a new and deeper joy than I had before experienced. Zora was even more apt than myself, and in a comparatively short time, we were skimming over the neighboring valleys and hills, accompanied by our spirit friends, and were already acquiring the art. Such exhilarating chases as we had with each other! Such games of hide-and-seek, through tangled copse and rocky glen! I began to realize that heaven, indeed, was all before me, and that joys as yet inconceivable would be mine to realize.

CHAPTER VI.

The gates were opened wide at our approach, and distinctly castled and ramparted by bright spirits, we trod the pavements of pure gold, and viewed upon either side the exquisite dreams of architecture, in the city not made with hands. No words can portray, or pen describe, the sensations of unutterable delight that stole over us in that first glimpse of the spirit abodes of the blessed. Pure white lilies, divine symbols of love, were showered at our feet. Angel faces smiled their joyous welcome, and angel lips stooped to touch our own. Every desire was anticipated, every hope realized. Heaven, at last!

Yet we soon learned that the heart was expansive, and that new sensations were constantly demanded, new visions of heaven constantly supplied. The city was eternal in its spirit, but transient as the petals of a delicate flower, in its earthly aspects of transient beauty. God reigned in the City of Peace, and peace was in every heart, unity in every soul.

"This is the hall of welcome," said the spirit who guided us; and we entered "neath arched doorways," vast and all resplendent in design and decoration. We took seats in the auditorium. A radiant being around whose head shone a halo of light, occupied the seat of honor in the centre of the rostrum. He arose without introduction and spoke as follows:

"Greeting to the young spirits who have entered our midst. Greeting and blessings. We thank them for the joy their presence gives; for the master efforts they have made to overcome the lower, and to rise to the higher. All glory to the power of Love. We would say to our dear friends, that here, upon the threshold of heavenly bliss, is presented an opportunity whereby the soul may profit to an incalculable extent. By electing to forego the pleasures of heaven justly due, and employing the time in still further perfecting the soul through a self-sacrifice in outer spheres; the spirit of the self-sacrifice will not only cast a benign influence in the lower spheres, but so elevate the soul's intelligence as to fit the ego for a rapid ascent into the third heaven."

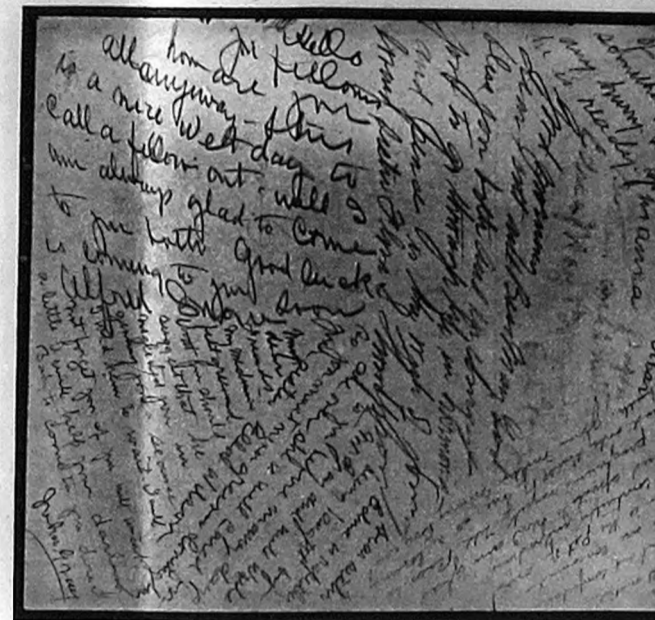
With these decisive words, the speaker retired, and after a chorus and music, a request was made by one acting as chairman, for all aspirants for the third heaven through self-sacrifice, to come forward and receive instructions from the gods of that exalted plane.

When Zora understood the import of the

idea suggested, her eyes shone with a strange brilliancy, and she expressed her desire to take advantage of the exceptional opportunity to do the Lord's higher will. Some subtle intuition told her it was best.

I could not regard her decision, as virtually my own soul proclaiming its wisdom, a voice from on high calling me to share in the sacrifice. Therefore, when others responded to the call of the gods, Zora and I walked side by side to the rostrum, and, mounting the three golden steps, stood before those divine beings whose very touch is a benediction. We received our instructions and assurances of future reward in the third heaven. With the blessings of the gods, heaven faded from my vision, and I awoke to the pains and sorrows of earth. To a land of the dead, a broken limb from my fall over the cliff, a pale, worrying nurse, and—the family physician.

(The End.)



Theosophy vs. Spiritualism.

To the Editor:

Sir—Not many of my fourth journey around the world and being connected with the International Press; a correspondent for several American newspapers; and, further, being for many years a student at the shrine of the occult, I beg for a little space in your ably conducted journal, referring mostly to the report of a lecture by Mr. Maurais appearing in one of your late issues, and dealing quite freely with Spiritualists and Spiritualism.

Permit me to premise by stating that I had for several years a sanatorium in San Diego, California, and in which I could look across the bay to Point Loma, where the American Theosophists have been putting up large buildings in the interests of the theosophic cult, one of which is to be devoted to the revival of the ancient mysteries as taught by the Indian sages, otherwise the Mahatmas. I was present at the lecture of the corner-stone of this structure.

These Wm. Q. Judge-Tingley Theosophists profess to be the real true Theosophists, regarding the Occult-Besant Theosophists as secessionists; Colonel Olcott "running away from New York," they say, where "Theosophy was making little or no progress," and settling in Bombay, and later, with Madame Blavatsky, moving on to Adyar, India, making this place the head-centre of Theosophy. Since Wm. Q. Judge's death Mrs. Catherine Tingley has been at the head of the majority of the American Theosophists. Each party claims to be the genuine. There has also been a seceding from the secessionists, in which Hargreaves and Dr. Buck were conspicuous; so that there are three distinct kinds of Theosophists, each claiming to be the genuine, and extending eastward to Sydney, and to talk of "brotherhood" among these Theosophists in the best sense of that word is to talk in the keenest irony. The charges of fraudulent mahatma communications, the criminality and recriminations among certain of the schools of Theosophists in America are so pitiable that the puzzled student is continually asking, "What is Theosophy, and are these its legitimate fruits?" Twice did I come to the defence of Colonel Olcott (a personal friend of mine) in the San Diego press. These several kinds of Theosophists vary vastly more in their doctrines and methods, including the "inner circle," than the better class of Theosophists differ from our cultured Spiritualists.

Spiritualism and Spiritism are not synonyms; they should not be so used interchangeably. No scholar would confound office and official; then why spirit and spiritual, or spiritism and Spiritualism? Suffices are modifiers. There is much under the name of Spiritism that I do not endorse. Its large promiscuous seances, for fun, for curiosity, for business transactions, are deplorable. All such promiscuity for self-gratification pertains to the Tartarean regions. There is also at times downright fraud; but fraud is no more Spiritualism than noise is music, or counterfeit coin pure gold.

Spiritualism, in its absolute spirit, not only demonstrates a future conscious life, not only teaches the certainty of just punishment in the line of cause and effect, the necessity of a pure, righteous, Christlike life, the hearty and uplifting power of prayer and holiness of heart, but it encourages "peace on earth and good-will towards men." It teaches universal brotherhood, comforts the sick and brushes away the tears from the mourner's eyes.

I met the Tingley crusading Theosophists in Sydney a few years ago, and had a sharp controversy with their leaders. In the past I lectured more or less for these different schools of Theosophy, as I did for the metaphysicians, the vegetarians, and the Unitarians; yet, with me, Spiritualism rooted in God, who, as Jesus said, "is Spirit." In the old religions of the Orient were built up spiritual phenomena adapted to the spiritual consciousness and constitution of man, during the era of those remote dispensations.

Mr. Maurais, referring to the "chasm" between Theosophists and Spiritualists, says: "The former (the Indians) struck by you, all those things that the latter (Spiritualists) cherish; the continuing personality, the eternal heaven, and . . . even the thing that men called love had to go."

If this be true, that the conscious "per-

sonality" has to be stricken out, and that the "thing that men called love has to go" (then good-bye to such Theosophy for thinkers), for, strike out a man's personality, which implies consciousness, intelligence, and purpose, and strike out his "love," which is a divine soul-emotion, and he is little more than a stick or a stone, ultimatum into the non-consciousness of unconditioned impersonality, which would be the rankest old-time Buddhism.

Allow me, not for controversy, but for instruction, to make the following inquiries of the New Zealand Theosophists, hoping for answers, not in words of the dead Sanskrit, but in some of the 115,000 English-dictionary words, used by Shakespeare, Carlyle, Emerson, and others of the acknowledged literati. Further, as I regularly attend the theosophical meetings, Sunday evenings, I shall expect the following questions answered from the platform Sunday evening next:

1. Wherein do you consider the physical mediumship of Madame Blavatsky unlike the mediumship of thousands of spiritual seances called makings, and do you consider the precipitations and communications received by William Q. Judge, of New York, coming professedly from the mahatmas, to have been genuine or fraudulent?

2. What positive proofs have you that any mahatmas were ever seen except the bare assertions of two or three persons, one an American and another a Hindoo; and wherein does a mahatma differ from a pure and exalted spirit, such as Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, W. Stinton Moses, M. A. (Oxon), the distinguished Judge Edmonds of New York, and others conversed with for years?

3. Are there any woman mahatmas, and, if so, have they been seen and described as clairvoyant Spiritualists see, cognize, and describe their mothers, and other loved ones residing in the higher heavenly spheres of existence?

4. If original man evolved from the animal, were it ape or orang, did he have to be reincarnated or repotted into a fleshly body to work out some of his brutal Karma?

5. Where were the mahatmas when this planet, according to scientists, was wrapped in a rolling liquid mass of fiery fluid?

6. If kings and sages are reincarnated in accordance with Hindu transmigration, may not—must not—direct and murderers be also, and may they not grow worse and worse during each reincarnation into the flesh?

7. I have been told by clairvoyant Theosophists and two or three Spiritists that I lived on the banks of the Ganges 16,000 years ago and was the earthly father of Mrs. Abby Gaudet, a writer and poet in Illinois, U. S. A.; that later I was the Greek Herodotus, the traveler and father of history; and again, that I was a priest in a temple of Osiris when the Great Pyramid was being built; and later still, I have been informed that I was, in my previous reincarnation, Peter the Hermit. Now, then, admitting all these reincarnations to have been true, what benefit are they to me or anyone else, providing I have not the slightest recollection of any past life in the human body?

8. If India has been blessed with the mahatmas, with the sacred books of the East, and the teachings of the masters for long, weary centuries, how do you account for the degeneration of India until it is today the stupidest, poorest, and most superstitious country of the world, or was such till Western science and enterprise began to arouse it from its deadly torpor?

9. Are Theosophists, saying nothing of the "planetary chains," the "seven soul-sheaths," the "shells," the "elementals," the "fairies," and other theories and speculations, engaged in any of the great practical reforms of the times, such as a moral crusade against smoking, intemperance, gluttony, Indian castes, child-marriages, and other demoralizing habits and blighting institutions? It is character, so it seems to me, that saves, and not undemonstrable theories and wild, extravagant speculations. "By his life"—the Christ life—said Paul, "are we saved."

The above fraternal words of mine, inspired by brotherly kindness, must not be construed as in any way antagonizing Theosophy or Theosophists. Furthest from it possible! We are brothers all, working, like different religious denominations, by seemingly diverse means, and under different names, to educate and uplift all tribes and races. My heart is yearning for my hand open to every nationality, to every creed and cult that seeks to expand the mind, purify the affections, cultivate brotherhood, and better the condition of our common humanity, leading it step by step up the rugged steps of heaven into the golden temple of unselfish love and a divine altruism.

I am, etc., J. M. Peebles, M. D.
Dunedin, New Zealand.
—Otago Daily Times.

If there enters your soul a sense of peace which makes you forget all that is behind you, all that is mournful and confused in your past, that is God.—D. Ravignan.

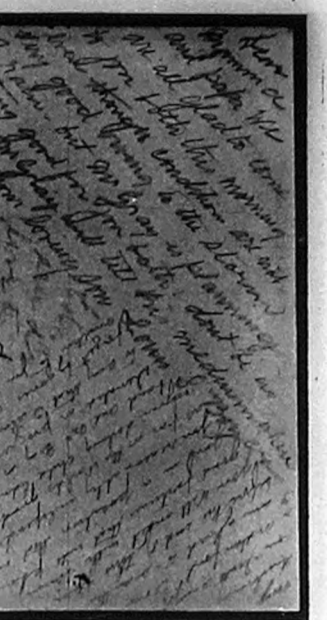
"Is only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you.
Who care not for their presence,—muse or sleep,—
And all at once they leave you and you
know them!"
—Robert Browning.

Psychography.

EXPERIMENTAL BRANCH NO. 1 WITH PROF. FRED P. EVANS.

We are privileged to have as our guests at the present time, Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Evans of New York City, to whom an introduction through the Banner is hardly necessary. During their stay with us, we are to hold some experimental seances in slate-writing, which we feel your readers will be interested in. We shall conduct them on scientific lines and shall be ready to testify to their genuineness at any time.

We find Mr. Evans a genial, whole-souled man, hating deceit and avoiding ostentation. In fact, he avoids all notoriety, and yet his work shows always the imprint of truth—



to which the world turns and which attracts investigators and makes friends.

Prof. and Mrs. Evans, Prof. Pauline and Mrs. S. G. Boyce recently made a trip to Ragged Lake, where Mr. B. has a cottage; there to enjoy fishing for the gray trout. We got the trout and various other bites. We also held a seance in the cottage on Tuesday at 11 a. m., June 10, 1902, seated at our camp table.

The day was rainy and yet the results were fine. We used a piece of common pad-paper (6 by 8 inches), which was filled with writing, there being seven different messages. At the request of Prof. Evans—he holding a blue salt-cellar above the paper—one message came tinted with the exact color—blue—of the bottle. The paper was first held by Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, the Professor only touching it lightly with his finger-tips, and at no time was the paper out of sight of the sitters, except during a few seconds while it was placed between two closed slates, to help magnetize it—the slates being held by Mr. and Mrs. Boyce—it was again removed, and was held in the air, and the results were as follows:

It was then folded through the centre and placed upon the table, Mr. and Mrs. B. still having their hands upon the paper. After a very few moments the guides reported that they were through. The paper was found filled with writing (as per copy). The messages are all personal, yet we give you the result, as we know this to be a genuine manifestation of Psychography, and are ready at any time to testify to its genuineness.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Boyce.
Malone, N. Y.

Mediumship: Its Relation to Spiritualism.

Sunday, July 13, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller gave one of his best lectures before a full audience at Onset. He took for his subject, "Mediumship: Its Relation to Spiritualism," and said in part as follows:

"Mediumship lies at the base of all new thoughts. Some are trying to introduce, as new, thoughts that they have just discovered. I discovered the same thoughts years ago. Some people are too proud to call it Spiritualism. You might as well be ashamed of your father and mother as to be ashamed of Spiritualism. It is my father and mother."

"I do not mean fortune telling when I say mediumship. I do not believe in mediumship for riches. I believe in that mediumship that comes in closer touch with mankind; that kind of mediumship should be encouraged today. This is the kind of mediumship that is a value to the world. All that the expounders of the new thoughts have been stolen from Spiritualism."

"Give out your money to Christian Science and Mental Science and you will be ushered into their folds. God is reverence to humanity without money. The people can worship these new religions if they wish to. I am only finding fault with the Spiritualists who are ashamed of their religion. They are the ones that are to blame; they go about the country with a new tag upon their shoulders. I want to have people honest and when they speak of mediumship, call it so, and use the right name. I hope the power will be taken from you until you are willing to claim it is the right power and not the power of God."

"We have no doubt but what the time will come when that which we accomplish by spirit will be able to accomplish ourselves. Mediumship is always of a progressive character. Spirit has much to do with our present and past. So many have gone from our household. It is no wonder we feel their power drawing toward us. Let us remember that we are here for a purpose, and that we can serve the angels as well by serving the humanity here. In serving humanity here we are fulfilling what is expected of us by our spirit friends."

"Men and women are beginning to think for themselves. No man can lay down rules that will govern the whole world; no one can say that all is false or true, but when man begins to investigate he will find a particle of truth and when he finds that truth it will be a benefit to him. Spiritualism takes the good from all religions of the world. Spiritualism does not have all the good men after all. What right have we to find fault with humanity? They were sent into this world for a purpose."

"The time will come when we shall look upon criminals as diseased men and women; then we will have fewer prisons and more hospitals. Spiritualism has a great work to do along this line, one that has not been touched upon by the other religions. I find that the hardest criminal has a tender spot

somewhere. All we have to do is to call out the best there is in man and this is the duty of every Spiritualist.

"Spiritualism stands for the better nature that is in humanity. Spiritualism stands out in a bright light of its own. It comes to appeal to the highest nature in man. When Spiritualism comes, despair and doubt are creeping over all denominations in the world. Spiritualism does not need the help of the scientist. Scientists do need the help of Spiritualism. For thirty years I have never had a doubt. Spiritualism has to reach that great body of people that has not been reached.

"Mediumship is needed more now than ever before. Let us cherish our mediums and make their lives better and sweeter; then there will be a revival in Spiritualism. Don't be jealous of one another; that has been the bane of Spiritualism. Let us come closer together this year than ever before, and we will do a work that has never been done before. Onset. I am not only a believer in mediumship, but a knower—I may use this term. I believe in every phase of mediumship. I do not believe everything that has been given as such.

"We invite the investigation of all honest skeptics. Come closer together and work to do good to each other. Do good while we are here. This is the Higher Thought of Spiritualism—to live the life of our Spiritualism daily and then the world will be made better by our living in it."

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; any one will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars a month in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19) two cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

Unity Camp.

The largest audience that was ever at this popular camp gathered on July 13 to greet Mrs. May S. Pepper. All the available space was packed, and many could not get within hearing distance of the speakers.

Although Mrs. Pepper has not yet recovered the full use of her arm, she excelled herself in her work on the platform, both in her address and the large number of communications which were acknowledged by every one to be wonderfully correct. Many other good speakers and mediums participated in the exercises, among them being Mrs. Sarah Byrnes, Dr. Hale, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Sears, Mrs. Nutter, all of Boston, and Mrs. Albert Lewis and Madame Helyett of Lynn. After President Caird had stated that Mrs. Pepper had given her services for the benefit of the building fund of the Association, and Mrs. Pepper had made a most eloquent plea for the name, a collection was taken which resulted in the sum of forty-one dollars and fifty-four cents to be added to the building fund. Good mediums are present every Sunday. Visitors from Boston can come by the way of Melrose Highlands, transferring to Saugus Centre.

You Certainly Need Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It strengthens the weak, revives the tired, calms the nervous, and increases capacity for endurance. Of all tonics none equal to this.

Gypsy Camp.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association will hold a gypsy camp at Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Wednesday, July 24th, afternoon and evening. Tents will be put up in the grove and private readings will be given by the following mediums: Mrs. Ackerman-Johnson, Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. Dr. Chase, Mrs. Pye, Mrs. Carrie Hare, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Albert Lewis, Mrs. Mand Litch, Madame Helyett, and others to be announced later. There will be a free tea service in the auditorium at 3 o'clock as usual. Private readings, 25 cents. If the day should be stormy it will be postponed to the first pleasant Wednesday.

For Over Sixty Years

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

Lowell Camp.

The interest in our camp meetings, which opened July 6, continues unabated. July 13 Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler was our speaker and gave an interesting and instructive lecture, followed by many convincing evidences of spirit communion. Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall and Mrs. J. B. Butler also in part in the services. A circle was held in the afternoon in which many mediums from out of town took part, most noticeable among them being Miss Nellie Putney of Lowell and Mr. Thompson of Hoston. The Cause of Spiritualism is surely growing in our city. Fred H. Coggeshall, president.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

After Enthusiasm is Gone.

There are times in every life when the soul stands on the clear heights, and no task seems to be too difficult to the boundless enthusiasm of the moment. But what is to be done when the soul has descended into the plains, and the enthusiasm is gone, and the task remains? Only to go on bravely, trusting to the clearer vision on the mountain-top, and making faithful performance all the place of enthusiasm. The mountain and the plain has each its place in life—the mountain for the clear vision ahead, the lowly road along the plain for the actual performance of the journey.—Ex.

Mrs. Soule's Photographs.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company has secured the exclusive right to sell the photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, and offers them to its patrons at the exceptionally low price of twenty-five cents each. Every Spiritualist should have one of these photographs. All orders will be promptly filled. Send us twenty-five cents and secure an excellent likeness of this gifted medium.

Exercise for Women.

FREDERICK W. STONE.

Athletic Instructor of the Chicago Athletic Association, formerly Athletic Instructor of Columbia College, and the Amateur Athletic Association.

Great as are the benefits to be gained from physical exercise when taken up by men, the results are even more marked with women. Their daily pursuits are in part responsible for this, for very few women take anything like the proper amount of exercise. Work about the house calls for activity of a certain sort, to be sure, but it is very likely to be of the kind that taxes a few muscles at the expense of the rest. The busy housewife is apt to become stooped, round-shouldered or flat-chested, unless she pays careful attention to the carriage of her body all through the day. Becoming weary over her tasks, she is all too prone to take on an easy attitude of relaxation, leans to one side, or takes to the comfortable rocking-chair when she can find the opportunity. In this same rocking-chair she will rest the whole weight on the end of the spine, and then commence the twisting and turning that seems to her so soothing—or possibly she keeps up the endless swinging through mere force of habit. However that may be, she is laying up trouble for herself. Sitting incorrectly as she does is bad enough, but to add to it this constant twisting and turning, a combination that is responsible for more aches and pains and discomforts than you have dreamed. Sit erect in your chair, placing the weight of your body where Nature intended. Keep your chest well forward, and the abdomen will be naturally repressed. Sit, walk, well, sit well; hold your head erect; and you, as well as your friends, will soon be conscious of an improvement in figure and carriage that is most gratifying.

We must not overlook the importance of the position that the mother of today occupies. Upon her strength and endurance, as well as upon her intellectual force, depends the future. If she will fortify herself by a physical upbuilding, a sturdy generation of coming men and women will be her reward. To the business woman physical culture is a blessing indeed. Often when a woman is weary to a point of exhaustion, and only those who have tried it can appreciate the wonderful value in such a case of ten minutes' vigorous exercise, followed by the refreshing bath. Not only are the muscles made firm and full of strength again, but the nerves are steady and the eyes bright. That headache has disappeared as if by magic—and the erstwhile tired woman is alert and ready for a social evening or one spent in study.

Those who sit a great deal (and this includes students and one of our hundred women, regardless of station in life) are heir to a train of ills that result from the torpid condition induced thereby. The blood circulates but slowly, digestion and elimination are sluggish, and the lungs fail to expand as they should. The muscles become flabby, allowing organs to crowd and press. The eyes are dull and the skin sallow, if not actually disfigured by eruptions. But this condition is easily prevented and overcome when proper activity is provided.

The habit of daily exercise will work a transformation in the body, and to the eye as well as a gratification to one's sense of well-being. A few minutes each day given to exercise will induce a pair of strong, healthy, well-filled lungs—and plenty of oxygen means pure blood, rosy cheeks and bright eyes; it also will bring about steady nerves, firm and symmetrical muscles, and a feeling of conscious health and vigor, and a happy disposition to look on the bright side of all things. A torpid liver has been responsible for many a tragedy; unstrung nerves have broken up happy homes.

Avoid from the combination of health and consequent happiness, is that of an erect, well-formed, well-poised figure. Exercise will cover bones with comely flesh, and replace angles with delightful curves. Exercise will also restore that shapeless mass of flesh to its old-time girlish beauty of outline. It will reduce the abdomen and develop the chest, giving a figure both shapely and graceful. Make for yourself a "corset" of firm muscles, interlacing to form a support that will far surpass any invention of man. The natural waist is round and slender. It may measure more in actual inches than the one for which tight lacing is responsible, but it will have the appearance of a more slender beauty because of its natural roundness—and there will be in addition an attractive suppleness that cannot be gained in any other way. This is not intended as a plea for the corset. But it is one in favor of exercise for the muscles of the waist, that they may be made firm and strong, adding to beauty as well as health.

Make your exercise a habit. It will take only a few minutes each day. The privacy of your own room, and in short time your work will become a pleasure—as much a part of your routine as eating and sleeping. But do not make the mistake of overdoing in your enthusiasm. Exercise wisely and well, and you will be amply repaid by a rich store of health and strength, by increased beauty and animation; by added years of useful living.

Inspirational Address.

MRS. C. FANNIE ALLYN.

"If whatever is right, is not Christianity, it is a benefit to mankind. For what does Spiritualism stand?" were the subjects taken from the audience upon which was based the following discourse by Mrs. Allyn: He that presents to you the electric light proves to you that it is better than the old light of the gas, oil or candle. The Scientists tell us "The truth of God is all that is necessary," but we notice that when there is a bone to be set a doctor is called. All things are not right. They are necessary according to condition, but it is necessary to do away with conditions. You say the first step is to do away with the criminal; the first step is to stop making criminals. Is not the world better? The woman is better because she now has a right to think. Whatever is right is not right. Those Paley's picture was taken from Independence Hall by Christians and it was put back by the Christians. For us it was nearer right when they put the picture back than when they took it away.

If we would use one-half our time teaching our children how to be better men and women and fathers and mothers it would be better. We would not fill our prisons and our divorce courts. The law by which we have grown is the nearest right. We cannot stop the rain, but we can make something that will protect us from the rain. Spiritualism stands for knowledge, the sweetest you can ask for from the spirit world.

The best condition that enables spirits to come to us is to be gentlemanly and womanly and to do by others as we would have others do by us.

It is just as necessary to breathe right as to play right.

You can't build a house if you don't have the right material.

Spiritualism is competent to lead the way to reform.

About two weeks ago down on your coast

there was a signal from a ship in distress. Those on board had prayed and God had answered not, but we have constituted a coast guard of men that would not be allowed to sit in the front row of our best churches—men with brave hearts but not of good clothes. They saw the signal, but did not stop to pray; they shot a life-line out and the sinking man grasped the material life-line. He was drawn to shore and he said there were others to save and the brave men started out and saved them also.

Talk about prayer! There was never a prayer that did the work these brave men did. This is what Spiritualism stands for. Science stands for the unseen. You do not see electricity, it is the unseen power. Spiritualism stands for the unseen. Just as long as you cling to a thought outside of truth so long will wrong exist.

If everything was right you and I would have a right to do as we liked.

To face your own soul is the hardest thing you have to do. Let Spiritualism stand for the inner spirit, then we will treat children according to their inner soul.

Mrs. Allyn preceded her lecture with an improvised poem from subjects taken from the audience.

Onset, Mass., July 13.

ÆSUS.

PABE L.

(Translated from the French.)

Æsus is a cosmogony with this peculiarity of being conformed to the druidical doctrines upon the etherical functions of the great universal Anas.

It treats of the primitive matter, fruitful and fertilizing, which all cosmogonies place at the origin of life. It is the Æsus (from which comes the name Æsus); the primordial point which distinguishes itself in active, passive and neuter functions, and reproduces itself in the development suited to each particular series. It deals with the eminently druidical problem of the immortality of the soul; of the Gallic phonetic where euphony rules; of the etymology of the names of the Gallic cities, vestiges fastened upon the soil; of writing, which preceded language and of the signification of letters.

Æsus, invoked as the father of the Gauls, is the universal fluid employed in the hypnotic practice of the Druids, partially preserved in the cours d'amour of the middle ages; and at length particularized, at the epoch of the Revolution, by the affirmation of the rights of the individual.

The role of hypnotism in history is thus unfolded.

How is the division of the unique and fertilizing matter operated? The primordial point, the universe, this great planet which contains all others, was able to disjoin itself in rings, these to contract in circulating globes, then upon each globe in its liquid state the primitive series establishes itself.

Setting aside the Latin and formalist theory of the atom, and making no account of spontaneous generation, we claim the druidical conception of the cellule which explains everything.

The intuitive ether, after having produced the thinking being from the better part of itself, remains in cosmic function. By incessant friction against the air, it accumulates at the terrestrial pole, where it manifests itself in aurora borealis. The light and the heat emanate from the solar fire. But the subject of MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

There is only a single language diversified by pronunciation. Its identity can be demonstrated by limiting our researches to three idioms: Greek, Latin and Gallic. These are contemporaneous and sister tongues which exclude all idea of filiation and derivation. For this is a hypothesis to be demonstrated, for the basis of the reasoning, that is to say, the knowledge of the Gallic tongue, is wanting to the participants of this system as well as to its adversaries.

So far as we know the Gallic has most affinity with the Greek. The two peoples used the same alphabet.

The names of ancient localities are fixed to the soil of Gaul like vestiges of its civilization. The names of the towns, for example, the 267 words contained in Latin and Greek, these are the only authentic remains of the ancient Gallic language. The question is, then, to collect them, to reconstitute the form and explain the sense by the aid of the analogous idioms: Greek, Latin and Breton, and especially the French, which reduced to manuscript since the twelfth century has best preserved the old Gallic foundation.

Traces in druidical teachings, the public teaching as distinguished from that given to the initiated, compares it with the same distinction of modern religion. Justification, last, the Pharisees, and then says: "Christ was not an obscurantist, since he addressed himself to the people, but set himself in opposition to the Pharisees, that is, to those who had, or pretended to have, a secret to guard."

After the druids, the courts of lore of the middle ages preserved all the ancient practices of magic, the usage of talismans and enchanted arms.

"Paris, however, was always a scoffer and in the good city, overlooking his time, Rabelais, while using the same ridicule, magicians and chivalry, to whom Cervantes gave the last blows."

This was then the epoch of the Renaissance, and the veritable druidic thought covering and lurking in Greek and Roman manuscripts, was spread abroad anew by the science of printing.

REFLECTION UPON THE ETHER.

The ether is that which changes and the world is its doing. The primordial point, endowed with fertilizing and fruitful qualities, expands and contracts.

The vital principle mass, in contracting itself, has created empty space and past time, as the poly has formed its spirit in constructing its polyplus and its time in generating.

Time and space are the dried branches of the tree giving the sap; the old stock which sustains the flowers.

The spirit is that which moves in two senses of the word.

The first act of the spirit (opinion, notion, idea) comes from a comparison. That is why the intelligence is called mens in Latin, from mensura, mensurer, and pensee in French from pensesse, penser. The radical is the same and the label.

Reasoning is a straight line employed to measure curves; it applies with exactness only to small parts. The diameter establishes the relation between the two parts of the circle as the verb between the two parts of the phrase. These two properties are expressed by the same word: regime or reason.

The nerves possess the sensitive and motive faculty which can be isolated.

This is the cause of maya or deceitful illusion, dreams and apparitions.

The thoughts, the intentions, the will directed upon the individual, produce fluidic phenomena, interior or exterior.

Primarily, magnetism could be employed for the culture of plants, the domestication of animals, and the formation of the human race.

The charming of the sea of milk much resembles the white page of which the magnet-

seers speak. They efface from the brain all the ancient stigmata to render it clean to receive new impressions.

Inspiration is of two kinds: physical and spiritual. In like manner, of all our senses, each can develop a second faculty; as ordinary sight and second sight.

The ether was named Hyperion (rising above) on account of the elevated place which it occupied in the universe.

Three things have been attributed to the ether for this same cause. Saturn, as the highest of the planets; the sensible element as enveloping the four senses as the ether in cosmic function surrounds the four elements; the thought, the sacred fire, superior principle of man.

The ether in Sanskrit is named Akasha. Ash, in Irish, signifies fire, a quality of the ether. One might say: Some one separated the subtle from the dense; or the subtle separated itself from the dense; or the subtle and the dense separated themselves.

Three formulas, three systems: unitarian, dualistic, or trinitarian. Speech, which copes reality, reproduced it. In grammar, in the three kinds of verbs active, passive and neuter, and the three kinds of substantives.

The stars are the interior organs of the universe, the planets centres of special activity. At the periphery are found ether and energy. Saturn, the first point which turns. The obliquity of the ecliptic is due to the magnetic pole.

I think, then I am, said Descartes. Then he who does not think does not exist. He is an ephemera. And he who exists persists. For time and space are emptiness.

ETHIQUE.

When one remembers that the god of idealists is the unknown and the god of materialists is that which the theoretists labored to reveal, if one draws the conclusion, one has emptied the sack of human wisdom, and when one thinks, with Titius Lilius, that religious ceremonies have been instituted to occupy the people whose intelligent tendencies were feared, one is at the root of all policy. All the same Titius Lilius judged the external fact. For the avens snubbed, as far as possible against snares of the one and the violence of the other, ought to have its own courage and its own policy.

Book Review.

The book "Body and Soul," by J. Clegg Wright, is well worth the study of all who are interested in Spiritualism, and shall I say for the pleasure of those who do not consider that word all-inclusive?—In Mental Science, Occultism, Psychism, Mesmerism, call it what you like.

The subject, The Brain and the Trance State, is handled in a most unique way. Almost does the author lead the surgeon with his knife to the very door of the soul, although his idea of the soul would not be accepted by many.

Trance consciousness and the influence of spiritual power are minutely explained, as being in perfect harmony with physiological and anatomical science, and from making the sweeping statement that phase has been handled very lightly heretofore by our own speakers and writers, and unbelievers have just as sweepingly and with the same lack of explanation, pronounced the thing impossible.

The other subjects are equally attractive: Mind, The Spirit Man in Relation to the Psychic Man, The Soul, The Influence of Inspiration on Man, Power—Master Workman, Progress of Liberty.

The introduction is written by J. M. Peebles and is in his familiar, enthusiastic style. If he cannot praise he hesitates not to say so, therefore his praise is pleasant to have.

The price of Mr. Wright's book is \$1.00.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

"Richly viewed, no meanest object is insignificant. All objects are as windows through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinite itself."—Sartor Resartus, Thomas Carlyle.

Man is the one substance with God, and when he realizes this oneness, or his God-nature, he begins to wield God-like powers; he overcomes disease, worry, sorrow and grief; he becomes blissful.—Frank Harrison.

Marriage is a sacrament or it is nothing, and it is only a sacrament when mutual love, that asks nothing that this world could give or take away, consecrates it and makes it holy.—The World Beautiful in Books.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE. Two Discourses, delivered by Mr. SAMUEL H. TERRY, at the Spiritualist Convention, held at Lowell, Mass., Nov. 17 and 18, 1901. Pamphlet, pp. 16. Price 5 cents.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

HUMANITY'S TRUE JUDGES. An Inspirational Lecture delivered by W. J. COLVILLE. Published by request.

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MAN.

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Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit.—Margaret Fuller.

We know better than we do. We do not yet possess ourselves, and we know at the same time we are much more.—Emerson.

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 social representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of the Banner Staff.

To Our Readers.

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

As 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 June 23, 1902, S. E. 12.

Invocation.

We lift our voices this morning to thee, oh, Spirit of Life and Light. We send our prayer to thee, oh, spirit of infinite tenderness, whose messengers are everywhere doing their bidding and striving to bring peace to the broken heart, balm to the wounded, and sweetness of content to the unhappy soul. We would that these messengers might come very close to us at this time and kindle the love in our midst, the desire in our hearts to be of service, to co-operate with them and to do their bidding even as they do thine. Out of the infinite love of thy kingdom, may some blessing fall upon those who need it most. Sin-sick and weary souls, may they feel the influence of the mighty power of love; may they be strengthened by the sympathy and understanding of the wise ones. We would help to move the load, we would help to lighten the burden, we would help to bring joy into every household and in our especial work this morning may we be able to tear away the veil of trouble and let in the sunshine of this truth, let in the knowledge of spirit return and forever cast away the doubt of separation by death. Thus may the great mystery which surrounds every life, may the great horror which haunts every thought that do not know, be removed and may all go forward rejoicing in this blessing of continued life and love and the communion of those in the two spheres of existence. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Grace Cobb.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a woman about forty-five years old. She is not very stout or very tall. She has a fair skin, brown eyes, brown hair that is combed in a pretty way up off her face and coiled quite high in the back. She seems to come with an air of familiarity. She says, "Oh, I am so glad to be able to send any message, no matter how weak it may be, to my people. My name is Grace Cobb. I want to go to Thomas Cobb. Tell him I am not unhappy, but am pleased that I have found life just as it is over here. I found my little sister Nellie and she is quite a help to me, and I also found my brother Jack and together we make a merry company. Dear Tom, don't feel that I could ever forget you, and please don't try to put me out of your life; just think of me as only being away from you for a little while, and that soon you will come to me and we will renew our love and go forward as happily as we had planned when we were together in the body."

To S. M. Barnett, Mills, Texas.

When I come into the atmosphere of this person I feel a strong meditative power. There is such a desire on the part of this person to get ahead, an ambition, a purpose, and a clear, quick, intuitive brain, that I find that it is only a little while when some of the powers that have been made manifest in the last year become predominant and well defined. Close to this person is a woman in the spirit, who is very fair in complexion. Her eyes are blue, her hair is gray, but she has a soft, fair skin. She is about medium height, rather plump, and she has a very kind, expressive way. As she comes to me she speaks of her mother, and her tenderness, as though she desired to come very close to him in the earth life. I find, too, a man who is quick and nervous, rather irritable. He is a little below the medium height, with dark hair, dark blue eyes and a thin, not exactly sharp face, a little worn, as though before he went to the spirit he was very much exhausted and nervous. I find him making an effort to direct and to guide the forces of this person to whom I am speaking. He says, "Tell him not to be afraid but to come out boldly. I am speaking of his material affairs. A strong, steady sweep will do very much for his conditions." There is a little girl in the midst, too; connected with her is a big letter A, and that seems to belong to some one who is in earth life and who is closely connected with them. The strongest thing that I have found about the person himself is the meditative power, which will be properly and fully unfolded in time. I get these words, "Father will guide and direct. Only wait."

Charles Davis, Canton, Mass.

I see a man about thirty years old. I should think. He is tall, slim, very nervous, indeed, seems very much concerned over this effort, as though he hardly knew whether he would be able to say what he wanted to or not, but in a quick, excited fashion he says: "My name is Charles Davis, and I belong in Canton, Mass. Dear me, it is so hard for me to say what I want to. I hardly know where to begin or what to say first. Tell Lizzie that I can see how hard it is working; that it is too hard that it has to be so. I wish to goodness that I could have been able to have kept the insurance, so that she would not have to be doing as she is today. I believe it was a foolish thing for us to do when we dropped it, but it is no use thinking about that now. I wish to say, I hope to be able to help her to make a change where the work will be more agreeable and not so hard. I wish she would try to get into communication with me. It seems to me that if I could keep up communication with her I would feel better and so would she. Thank you."

Guy Lambert, Toledo, Ohio.

There is a man comes now, I think about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. He is short, stout and quite fair, with brown hair, blue eyes and a pleasant manner, as though he is not going to trouble himself very much about anything. I think his chief effort is to bring happiness. It doesn't seem as though he wants to say a word about anything that is past, but rather to bring happiness to those

he would go to. He says: "Well, that is about right. I think that is what I want to do, and first I will say to you that my name is Guy Lambert, I am a Toledo, Ohio, boy. I was born there, and brought up there, and I have a wife there. I would like to have her know that I can see her, because it is quite a grief to her to have me go away and then, too, I came so suddenly that there was very little I could do in the way of preparation. I don't believe there is much to say to her except that I still love her and am still interested in everything she does and everything where she goes, and if that will comfort her, as I know it will, I send it a thousand times to her. Every day I go to her and always I try to have her very content and I wish to not kill one of my like mine for her. Dear Sadie, do try and put away the thought of what I was and think of what I am. That will be better for us both. Thank you."

Jennie Truesdale, Farmington, Maine.

I see a woman perhaps forty years old. She is of medium height, rather plump and more light than dark. Her eyes are blue, her hair quite brown, with a little bit of gray mixed in it, and she is a very cheerful and pleasant one that does everything in such an orderly and punctilious fashion. She says: "I don't see how I can talk. I have been trying to keep calm, but you must know that it is a great effort for a spirit like me to come here and try to send a message in this way to my people. My name is Jennie Truesdale and I belong in Farmington, Me. I hardly know how to tell you how to get to my people, because some of them have moved away. Willie has gone West, and he would hardly receive this message, even if I could give it to him. It is to my father I want to go particularly. His name is James. Tell him what mother is with me; he is just as fond of work and effort as she was before she came away. We are getting ready for him; it won't be many years longer that he will journey along alone; he will come over to us and he will find a home with us so familiar with him, and we will take some of those long walks we used to have and he will see all there is to see and talk about and we want to do or all that has passed since our separation. My love to you, Pa, more than I can express."

Katie Austin, Windom, Ind.

Here is the spirit of a girl about fifteen years old. She is quite dark, her hair is braided in a very heavy braid with a ribbon right on the top where the hair is brought back from the forehead. She is quite pretty, but she seems to have trouble with her head; she was always doing something for her headaches. I think she was very active and studious, and she really has been doing a lot of school work. She comes over to me in a nervous way, as though she could hardly overcome her condition in returning, and felt the same nervous anxiety to have all lessons perfect. She says: "Oh, help me if you can. My name is Katie Austin, and I lived a long way from home. This is the first time I come but I am so anxious to speak to my people that I thought I would take the trip and see what I could send. I am from Windom, Ind. My father, mother, brother and sister are all alive. My mother's name is Abbie; my sister's is Mamie, and oh, if they could know that I am here with them I am sure they would not feel as they do now. I have made some raps and they have wondered about them, but didn't realize that it could be Katie. They have often thought of spirits, but still have put it out of their minds as a thing impossible. I shall keep at it, though, until I am able to attract their attention, and I know that they will get word of this message. I thank you all for helping me."

George Pease, Lynn, Mass.

I see now the spirit of a man of perhaps forty-five years. He is short, stout, wears eyeglasses and has reddish hair. He is a very nervous gentleman, is constantly playing with his watch chain and has a little nervous way like a kind of looking at his watch and then another. He says: "Well, I don't know a thing about this. I have been brought here through the thought of my people. They are so anxious to have some word through this paper that I have come in response to their wish. I don't know what I am to do now and am here, whether I am to just tell who I am and let it go at that, or whether to tell them I am moving along in about the same way in my other life. My name is George Pease, and I lived in Lynn. I want to say right here that if I had known as much about spirits as I do today, I would have done a great deal differently from what I did. Now, don't for one moment think I was always doing something that was bad. That isn't it at all, but I did stick to material conditions and I thought that the only thing a man needed was money, and I just worked for money and believed that a man who was successful when he had gotten money. Now, I see that it doesn't amount to anything to make such a struggle to get money. I didn't make enough to brag about, but I did succeed in using up all my days and all my time until I didn't live a half of my life. I am growing old, and it is rather hard to look back over one's life and think that he has cut it short by an over-anxiety to attain. You know the old saying that two things a man is sure of, death and taxes, comes back to me as I stand here today, and I feel like saying that I don't much use as long as I am here, and these things are sure and that death is bound to come to us, to try to pile up something that will do us no good after death comes. I think perhaps my idea was that I would leave some for somebody else, but I didn't do that. You see I have made quite a talk about this question; that is about all I could talk about when I was in the body, and those who know me best will understand the message better for having this in it."

Mary J. Lincoln, Peabody, Mass.

I see a woman who is about sixty years old. Her hair is white, she wears spectacles and her face is rather strong and sweet. She is very kindly and good, and she says: "Bless you, I was never used to my beauty, but I do feel that I have a great deal of love in my heart; that, perhaps, may shine out, and is what you are calling sweetness. My name is Mary J. Lincoln. I am nothing to the immortal Lincoln, although I know more or less about him, and admired him, as you all do, and even had a little pride in bearing his name. I came from Peabody, Mass. I was an old resident there and was interested in everything that went on in that place as far as a woman could be interested, for you must know that when I was there and I am growing old, they did not let women do as they do today. I want to send this message to Frank Lincoln, who is a bright business man and a relative of mine. I want to get him interested in this subject, for I believe it will do more for his life than anything that could come into it and the reason I am here and sending this message to him is because I have his child Helen with me. Tell him I will take care of Helen and will bring her to him as often as he could wish. Thank you."

George Reed, Skowhegan, Me.

There is a spirit comes to me now and says the first thing before I get a chance to describe him: "Here, speak for me as quickly as you can. I haven't much strength and I am afraid I can't stay long. My name is George Reed and I belong in Skowhegan, Me. I have an intense desire to get back to some of my people. They are none of them Spiritualists.

They would laugh at the idea of spirits returning, but they need my influence. They need this message, and I feel like sending it down there into their midst and telling them to turn their faces to the light and let's see what can be done about giving them this truth. I was a church member, and church members, as a rule, don't believe in spirit return. For the life of me, I can't see why they don't, but it seems as if they feel that the two conditions ought to be kept separate, that somehow the spirit life is a reward for the earth life. From my point of view now, it is all nonsense, and I would give most anything to be able to come back and tell the people just exactly what I found. Oh, so many of the things that I believed to be literally true are put away from me now. I haven't seen any particular Paradise, I haven't been ushered into the presence of God, I haven't even found that the particular church that I belonged to is especially protected by God, and I feel like telling my brothers and sisters to brighten up and let the truth in. That will be better for all of us. Thank you."

Children's Spiritualism.

A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

The winds kiss the tree-tops and murmur "good-night."
Sleep, little one, sleep;
The sun bathes the mountain in warm, mellow light
Sleep, little one, sleep;
The birds hush their songs, the lambs cease their play;
The darkness of night steals the fast-fading day;
And fairy lambs twinkle in skies far away,
Sleep, little one, sleep.
The tired eyes close with their lashes so long,
Sleep, little one, sleep;
While mother sits rocking and crooning her song,
Sleep, little one, sleep.
The little hand loosens its hold from the top,
And now for the land of sweet slumber and joy,
Where angels keep watch o'er my bright, bonny boy,
Sleep, little one, sleep.
—Thomas H. Wilson, in the Woman's Home Companion.

A Supper of Slate Pencils.

JEANNETTE M. DOUGHERTY.

"I'm going round the corner to buy a slate pencil," cried Teddie.
"You can't go out in the rain, dear," said mama, looking up from her sewing.
"But I've got to have it now," urged the impatient voice, and the pouts and wrinkles pointed to a storm indoors as well as out.
"Teddie," said Aunt May, laying down her embroidery, "how would you like to make some slate pencils?"
"I couldn't make slate pencils," dolefully replied Ted.
However, he followed Aunt May into the kitchen, where she began setting on the table flour, baking-powder, butter, rolling-pin, and everything needed for a peach short cake. But when she smoothed the wrinkles and brought a smile to Ted's lips was that on the other end of the table Aunt May placed smaller dishes and pans, a tiny rolling-pin, a bowl of lump-starch, and a little mallet.
"Oh!" exclaimed Teddie, his eyes dancing, "I'll mix something!"
"Slate-pencil dough," laughed Aunt May.
"Why, slate pencils," said Ted, "are made out of rock—papa told me so."
"Yes," replied Aunt May, "but play those lumps of starch are pieces of slate, and pound them fine while I mix my dough. Ted, real slate would be put into a large vessel shaped like my bowl, and steam would work the hammer to crush it."
"Now it's ready, auntie."
"Yes, ready to be made finer," said Aunt May. "After the slate is pounded, it is taken to a mill and run into a bolting machine."
"Oh! I've seen them bolting flour," interrupted Ted. "They do it with big long rollers, covered with white silk cloth, and these rollers whirl so fast that the flour flies through the cloth!"
"Yes," said Aunt May, "and slate must be fine as flour; but they take soapstone flour and mix with the slate. Then it is put into a big tub, and made into a stiff dough. Now I'll give you some of my dough, and you can put more flour in it, and make it stiff like slate dough. Of course, the slate dough is not ready by hand, but by machinery, with big iron rollers."
"How do they cut it into pencils?" asked Ted.
"After it is kneaded it is laid on a table and cut into pieces, then they take several of these pieces and put them into a great iron wheel."
"Like that big yellow bowl you're using, auntie?" queried Ted.
"Yes, something like it, only the iron bowl has a nozzle or nose in the bottom that they squeeze the dough through, and it comes out like a long cord."
"Oh! I've seen them run over a table that cut it into proper lengths."
"Are the pencils ready to use then?" asked Teddie.
"Oh, no!" laughed Aunt May, as she left the table to put the short-cake in the oven, "they must be baked first."
"Oh!" eagerly cried Ted, "am I going to bake my dough?"
"Of course," replied Aunt May. "Now roll it thin, and cut it into strips like pencils, then we'll bake them nice and brown, and have them for supper."
"That will be fun," laughed Ted, "to eat slate pencils!"
"Real slate pencils," added Aunt May, "are laid on a board, and dried for a few hours before they are baked; then they are placed on sheets of zinc that have little grooves in them for the pencils to lie in so that they can't warp or get twisted. When they come from the oven, they are put under an emery-wheel and sharpened ready for you to use."
"Now my pencils are ready to bake," said Ted.
"While they're baking," said Aunt May, "I'll take a small box in which you can pack ten to take to school tomorrow."
"Won't I have a good time fooling the boys?" cried Ted, "asking them if they want a pencil to eat?"
"This little box," said Aunt May, returning to the table, "will hold only ten, but the real slate-pencil boxes hold ten times that number."
"One hundred!" quickly said Ted.
"Yes, and a hundred of these boxes," continued Aunt May, "are put in a wooden box ready for shipping. A great deal of the work is done by boys."
At supper Teddie's papa and mama found at their plates something crisp and brown, tied with a bit of narrow ribbon.
"Hello!" said papa, "what are these? A new kind of short-cake?"
"No," replied Ted, his eyes twinkling, "they're slate pencils. I made them. Auntie showed me how. I made it rained so I couldn't go out and buy a pencil. It's lots more fun to make them. Ted added, looking across the table to Aunt May with a beaming face.—Sunday School Times.

Letter Twelve from Brack Susie.

Good morning to the dear little boys and girls. Please excuse me for not telling you all that's come to us since our last letter. "Deed, there's too much to tell. We've had a party, the lady's birthday and the Union, all in one, and a Fourth of July, and rides and going home and going there, and seeing things, 'till there's so much there's no beginning."

Did you mama read you Mr. Denton's letters about animals? We'll be just glad if she has. We're interested in animals, 'cause you see, so many folks don't care a thing about them at all—and really they're just as important as folks and have feelings just the same. Folks don't know that when they hurt creatures, they hurt themselves, but they do. Creatures never get to be folks, or folks creatures, but when people hurt anything the hurt comes back to them and they have to suffer all the hurt they have done to others, whether it was to folks or creatures.

We should love everything and when folks learn to love they stop hurting. You're all Spiritualists, aren't you? Now, we heard the big man say, "Spiritualists are ruled by love"—so we know you wouldn't hurt anything.

The big man took Wanita and me to see a horse, the other day. He was pretty and young and knew what his owner said to him just as well as we did. When the man told him to get the cap that he threw away off, the boy came and got it there, and brought it to him. He told the horse to lie down and to pray and lots of things and he just minded as well as you could. That man is a Spiritualist, too, and loves his horses and talks to them just as if they were folks.
The lady has a big black cat named Nig and Nig knows, too, what folks say. He wanted muffins one morning and the lady told him he must eat his mush and milk first,—and he wouldn't, but coaxed a strange cat up on the porch to eat the mush and milk and when it was all gone, he made a fuss so Wanita and I went to know it and give him the muffins. She was watching him all the time through a window, and she said, "Perhaps he did not understand that he was to eat the mush himself," and so she gave him a muffin.

You see creatures know a heap more than you think they do, and talk to each other and understand a lot you say to them in your own way. You will see it better when you get to spirit land, for the earth shakes hides so much from your real self. It hides you and it hides other folks and the creatures, too. But, my, isn't the world beautiful! There's so much to do in it and no time to sit down and be idle! We know we are always busy on spirit land, but we didn't know it would be so on earth, too. It's coarser and rougher in earth matter and earth matter hides worse and people can't understand and earth matter is an outside shock for the spirit matter,—that seems to be the greatest difference we can see.

You know, when people can understand the real, true life, the Soul and spirit matter, why, everybody will be Spiritualists, I guess; anyway, they will be led by love and that means that people will be good to each other, and the creatures, just as they would like to be treated. Now do get Mr. Denton's letters, if you haven't them yet, and you'll surely get to be a Spiritualist if you are not one and then you will love everything.
Now Wanita and I want to know if you are all Banner children, and if the kind paper lady (Mrs. Barrett) is your Banner Mother? And do you let little girls who haven't hard bodies be Banner children?—brack ones and red ones? Or is yours just a "special white family"? Our teacher says all Souls belong to one great family, like a tree, and then come the branches. The Banner is Spiritualist, 'cause the lady says so,—but is it a little branch, or is it tree? If it's tree, then Wanita and I can be in 'cause we're Souls, you know. With love from both of us to everybody.

Spectfully,

Brack Susie.
(Dictated through the mediumship of Jessie S. Pettit-Flint.)

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

When an earthquake and the resulting tidal wave sent 20,000 of the inhabitants of Lisbon to their deaths, Charles Sumner stood against that Divine Providence should allow such wholesale slaughter, and Goethe at the age of five wondered how God could be good and permit so awful an event. An inquirer asks the editor of "The Outlook" to explain why the merciful Providence permits such terrible events as lately occurred on the island of Martinique. The answer given to this question is singularly pertinent, and shows the advance of the human mind in the study of Nature, and in the knowledge that Nature itself is God at work in the material world on which he has placed the human race.

The editor says that the root of the difficulty is that God has given existence to sentient beings on a globe subject to the changes of surface necessitated by its gradual cooling and shrinking.

The old theology taught that God was supernatural and separate from Nature, and I for one can testify that my early teachings led me to feel that all study of a scientific nature was on a low plane, and quite unworthy of attention when compared with Christian doctrine and the salvation of the human soul.

The new theology, of which Lyman Abbott is an excellent exponent, teaches that God is evident in the constitution and course of Nature, as well as in the development of the human soul. With the exception that the word "Spiritualism" is to Dr. Abbott a "bete noir," I have seldom met anything that came from his pen with which I could not agree.

If Spiritualism is not taught constantly by him, then I do not know what Spiritualism is. But, as his readers get the truth all the same, the name matters not, on the principle that the thing signified is more important than the name thereof.

Of course, I cannot speak for all Spiritualists. To some of them the word God is a "bete noir." So much do they dislike the Jewish Jehovah that they prefer to think that the word "God" is a mistake, and that the word "Nature" is an effect of which God is the cause. They thus ignore the fact that causation is the link between the finite and the infinite.

There are two ways in which creation might work. One way was for the material earth to be gradually perished, and after this was done, for sentient beings to be placed on it. The other way was for sentient beings of the lowest possible grade to be placed on the earth at its earliest stages, which have gradually developed with the world itself, man appearing in due time as a dweller thereon. It is not for me to choose. The second method prevailed; and we, as the most developed sentient being that have been so far formed, must take our chances with the world as it is. And probably most of us are, on the whole, glad that we are now alive, instead of waiting untold ages until the earth had cooled, and shrunk into a form of perfect symmetry, as is the case with some of the older planets.

We believe that Nature's method is the better, that the sentient beings develop along with the earth. Thus the world and its beings will attain perfection together, and then will come "the new heaven and the new earth."

Following out the thoughts suggested by The Outlook's reply to the inquirer, we believe that the advancing wave of soul development will make it possible for human beings to leave voluntarily a dangerous proximity to some approaching cataclysm of nature. They would be warned in one of two ways. Their spirit friends would impress them to leave the dangerous place; or, their own psychic powers would make them know that a catastrophe was at hand. For weeks before the explosion from Mt. Pelee, the dogs howled continually, and the cattle were almost unmanageable. Living close to Mother Nature, they felt the coming danger. But man, more artificial, and absorbed in his sugar plantations and his other business labors, did not sense what was approaching. For weeks before the explosion from Mt. Pelee, the dogs howled continually, and the cattle were almost unmanageable. Living close to Mother Nature, they felt the coming danger. 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have driven from the student rank of nurses many a splendid woman who, because she could not bow to the powers above, and call her own hands clean, has been lost to the sad world of the sick and suffering. Such a woman—one that could be trusted to take the place of mother, wife or sister, and add to their devotion to the patient (not the doctor) a trained skill in symptom observation, emergency work and the general care of the sick—is the ideal nurse. But she could not pass

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Wednesday, July 18.—In the forenoon we

Knew'st thou the truth, thou wouldst not
pray—
Lord, to thy child send joy this day.
Thou art deceived; joy is within,
And never pain nor grief nor sin
Can take 't away. God put it there,
Nor comes it nearer thee for prayer.
Joy is of thy true self a part;
Why shouldst thou then pray for what thou art?
—Mary Patnam Gilmore.

The hotels are beginning to fill up, and everything is auspicious for a good season.

Mr. J. Q. A. Whittemore, president, has arrived, and the machinery of the camp will now run smoothly.

Saturday, July 19, was the day set apart for the V. S. U. day at Onset. The weather was bad, so the meeting had to be held in the Arcade. Your correspondent was much surprised to find that the meeting was well attended.

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