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## A CHILLING WIND.



Down through a sheltered pathway,  
One morn at break of day,  
A chilling wind from the southward  
Swept o'er the rocks of grey.

Rise, thou free-born plowman!  
Shoulder firm your gun;  
A shell has burst o'er Sumner's fort,  
A Civil War must run.

Come forth and stand for country,  
Put on your blue and fight;  
A great voice calls—through bugle—drum,  
For victory—for right.

The brave wife kissed the plowman,  
And bade her son—God speed;  
"With lifted soul—I'll constant plead,  
To guard you both in hour of need."

Along each front bright sabers shone,  
Loved brothers stood apace—  
One banner bore a single star,  
Emblem of an enslaved race.

The battle cry resounded,  
Mid all the world's alarms;

Life-blood flowed red in rivers wide,  
As heroes fell in glory's arms.

For those God's brilliant wild-bloomed turf  
Marks sweet the lonely grave;  
Till winter drifts its snow-white surf,  
Then spring its green dyed waves.

Triumph! not—the cry—surrender—  
Rang out from victory's throat,  
Hearts broken the grey coats lowered  
Their standard—no longer to fight.

High flashed our starry banner,  
Unfurled—to fly—for right—  
Long after its gallant bearers  
Have passed to realms of light.

The lone one crossed her careworn hands,  
The home light ceased to burn;  
The grass grew high before the door,  
For the plowmen did not return.

Nature still smiles heavenward,  
From that sheltered rock-strewn way,  
But a stranger's hand is on the plow,  
And a child's sweet laugh is heard at play.

## The Red and White Roses of Patriotism.

William Brunton.

When Memorial Day, with its tender memories and high hopes comes round to close the beautiful Maytide, we like to think of it in the language of flowers, and those the dearest and sweetest of all, the roses red and white, for one may speak of war and the other of the purity and perfume of peace.

In the opening of the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah there is a phrase that pleases me for its music and beauty, "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." The singer is telling his people of good that shall come to them. It was the one word they needed to uphold and bless them. Their sorrow was great, the difficulties in their way of return from captivity seemed unsurmountable, but here is the assurance of a brave heart that everything shall be done for them—the wilderness shall be glad, the desert shall blossom as the rose. This had its fulfillment; in the world's history it is continually being fulfilled. And individually we may receive confirmation of its truth—that barrenness, to determination, changes to beauty.

My subject is for its application to this festival of remembrance, the strewing of our heroes' graves with flowers. I wish to recall how the red roses blossomed from the fierce conflict of freedom and slavery, and I wish us to see how in the near June of the world's history, the white roses of the patriotism of peace may bloom and fill the land with perfume of blessedness.

What is it that makes the rose the most beautiful of flowers? It is association with beautiful things, as Burns perceived after reading *Allegory* on taste. It is the memories that cluster round it of Eastern lands, and gardens of perennial beauty, and the winsome words of poets for centuries. And if we can add one more beauty to it by thinking of the patriotism of peace and the desire of the human heart for summer glory, we shall have also enriched our own minds. It is said the proper thing at weddings now, is to take a vase of rose-leaves as a remembrance to shower on the happy pair, rather than rice or old shoes. It certainly is more poetic, and might strew their way with the flowers of loving thoughts.

In one of the historical plays of Shakespeare we find a story of how on a day a number of fighting nobles of England met in a garden. Richard, Duke of York, who was among them, declared he had a better right than Henry to the crown, and plucking a white rose from a bush, called on all who sided with him to follow his example.

The Duke of Somerset, a friend of the house of Lancaster, chose a red rose as the symbol of his cause. Thus the white rose became the badge of the House of York, and the red rose of the House of Lancaster, and hence the long thirty-years' war which they waged against each other was called the War

of the Roses. It was a war of education in liberty and the rights of man, the divided houses had to appeal to the people, had to grant them privileges to obtain their support, and then in the fifteenth century religion and literature were at work—Wyclif had given the Bible to the people, and Chaucer had sung his sweet humanness, persecutions were rife, but light was dawning—the mind was taking on the beauty of the rose.

Our fathers who came in the Mayflower, were the white roses of English life, with thorns perhaps, but beautiful at heart, God-fearing men, and they came here for manhood and religion. They gave a spirit of earnestness and sincerity of high hope and royal purpose that makes the desert break forth in bloom. We may well be proud of their intent. They carried with them the dream of a true commonwealth where piety and education should obtain. And when in 1661 the antagonistic forces of this land met in conflict, it was the Pilgrim spirit that kept us true to Union and liberty. With an infinite tenderness of respect I look on that time and admire the patriotism that brought from fields of blood the white rose of peace and the promise of its growth in our land, until as rich as the plains of Sharon shall it bloom and make the desert to rejoice.

We need to have imagination to recall the blessing of the past. There is a story of a Palestinian Jew in exile, asking a friend who was going to his home, where the roses of Sharon grew, to bring him one as a remembrance of his youth. When the friend returned he was loth to give it because it was all faded and seemed to have no value, but the other was urgent, and when he received it, he wept tears of joy over it, for there came back the associations of the early home, and lo! this miracle, the rose awoke out of its sleep and was as fair as when the dew rested in its heart and the sunlight kissed its open beauty. We can do this for the past with a real love and true. And so we need to be in touch with history, for all of it is our own, the centuries are working out what we would like to accomplish, and when we see the memories of these struggles the barren places take on the beauty of the rose.

Patriotism, according to its Greek meaning, is the love of fatherland—the home where we knew a father's and mother's love. It is a love of the fathers, of their thoughts and hopes, of their deeds and aspirations; it is the purpose of the soul to bring to pass whatever they aimed to do, and we are thus put into spiritual possession of the past and the present with a view to the glory and greatness of the future. And so we love our land for its possibilities of higher excellence—it becomes the symbol of all that is most dear upon the face of the earth—liberty, light, loyalty and love. The stars and stripes are charged with the poetry of all devotion and aspiration, the dream of all things free and holy.

I never weary in praising those who took part in that grand struggle and brought the

Rebellion to a triumphant close, that we might work as one. We have now the country that is the finest under the golden light of the sun—and the boys in blue are to be blest for their part in its purity and strength. Do not underrate the importance of their place in time—their work was well worth all it has cost in blood and tears. And I am aware that a similar trial would bring out like heroism today,—but what I wish to do is to speak a word for peace and the white roses of peace and the good things that may be accomplished under this genial atmosphere that they have brought to us. You know the coal-beds represent the drawing of the nitrogen out of the air,—its purification that better things might grow,—so these were purified social life that we might win greater blessings yet. In England and America alone at the present time have we anything like the true beginning of the rights of man. See how all countries are under the dominion of tyranny—you hear the story of the Turk, you see the fear of the Czar—you see the countries of Europe under the slave-burdens of war—taxes and the draining of the manhood of its people—and then we turn to ourselves, and we have the chance of self-rule, and may determine an upward course of enlightenment and blessedness.

Here is a country where man as man is supreme. Do you know this is a truth so grand that there is hardly any language competent to do it justice. I am sure we do not fully realize its glory. In reading Robert Burns you see how his soul burned with volcanic fire against rank and titles being set as more precious than the man. We have amended that—now we have to carry it forward to its full growing. We are to be free in all the broad ways the spirit demands, free to think and speak and act according to the law of love and life. It will doubtless be disturbing to the old order, but the Mayflower pushes its way out of the dead leaves and shows new beauty. We shall have a finer morality and religion when we allow the spirit to express itself according to its new needs. This is patriotism, to try to carry out the purpose of our fatherland, holding its memories dear, and seeking to realize its spirit.

We have now a farther purpose of patriotism—to love

"The thought of an endless peace  
And to sweat, in grand unanimity,  
That war shall forever cease."

Here are white roses indeed to grow; but how shall they grow where race hatreds prevail, where avarice cares not for the good of others, where nations suppose the poverty of their neighbors is their own gain. Well, it will come just as the spring comes upon winter and changes it all.

For in spite of dark clouds, we are living in the dawn of the grand things of eternity—all the creation is reaching out for the happiness and hope of the ages. This is the best part of history life has known, and our land the best of all. It is grand to be born where Lincoln and Grant came to the foremost place in the nation's life. It is grand to be in a land where education is free, and the finest courses open to the aspiring mind of scholarship. It is fine to be able to choose at what we will work, whether it shall be with the hands or brains or both. Here are white roses that blossom on the hills and in the vales of our land.

We are to further this spirit of peace. It should grow, it is the only safety of the world, and if it is cultivated, it can win untold victories. The moral force of righteousness is great; it is the power that destroys monsters. There is a legend of the Nile which tells how the first settlers there rejoiced at the broad river, but soon lamented their situation because of the cruel crocodiles that destroyed them. They appealed to Osiris to aid them, and they were told to use their strength and reason, and so they made an attack on the monsters, and built walls against them, and discovered their own hidden strength; by the combat their powers were developed.

But they left the work half done, and the brutes increased. They made weak efforts to subdue them, but failed. At last they were told help would be sent them; it was in the small creature, the ichneumon, which destroyed the eggs of the monsters, and so enabled the people to overcome their foes.

This is the new reform, the killing of the sources of crime and contention, and it is the grandest work the world has known. It is a noble appeal to the soldier spirit.

I like to be in a new cause, and I like the living present to have the heroism of the past. Here, then, in this purpose of pure peace to all nations, the binding of the world in a wide brotherhood, is the dream that should nestle in every heart as the perfume hides in the rose.

It will be hastened on its course by education of the moral faculties, by the sense of economic waste of standing armies and the navies of the nations; it will come when the English speaking people take arbitration as the only proper course of deciding disputes; when further there shall be a parliament of

man to rule the world in right and equity.

But time fails; we are walking in the garden of the king. We would pass around the varied borders of beauty, and look into the bowers of the white roses that shall grace the future. Then let us resolve to do something noble to aid their upspringing, for in the opening of the judgment it is good that counts not ill.

"The book was opened; men in wonder stood!  
No record kept of wrong! It told of good—  
Each deed of love! A soul crept up in  
fright  
Then passed into the dark, his page was  
white!"

But loving thoughts and deeds have everlasting beauty and are white roses in the garden of God.

## OUR DEAR MEMORIAL DAY.

What a beautiful world it is of ours,  
Clad in the glory and green of the May!  
Happy are we with the blossom and flowers,  
Happy to keep our Memorial Day!

Behold the apple boughs bending in bloom;  
Look at the lilacs, the red and the white.  
Then banish the shadows of sorrow and gloom,  
And clothe the spirit in garments of light!

Let us be glad as the earth in its pride,  
It is so strangely from slumber called death;  
Now here are the flowers that long ago died,  
Breathing upon us their new life's breath!

True, they but symbol in language of dust,  
What the good God for His children must do;  
But they bequeath us the spirit of trust,  
Telling with grace that the Father is true!

Lo! in the silence seem our dear ones to sleep,  
Yet have they awakened in regions above;  
And ever and always while we may weep,  
They are serving our God with praises of love!  
"Death is not death!"—is the word that we hear,  
Out of the earth and out of the sky;  
Death is but life in springtime more dear,  
Bringing the beauty far which we sigh!

Now on the boughs May blossoms are sweet,  
Lilacs expand in their glory so gay,  
Love and its loveliness ever we meet,  
Helping us keep bright Memorial Day!

William Brunton.

## Elegance in the Home.

Wilson Fritch.

There is a feeling that elegance has been a hard and ruthless master to whom comfort has been sacrificed beyond endurance. It calls up visions of men and women toiling in the office and in the sewing room and conjuring in the stock exchange and in the department store, screwing up ingenuity beyond the point of honesty to satisfy the demands of this haughty tyrant.

If by elegance you mean "barbaric pearl and gold," as many costly things as possible, with pride in the cost of them and now and then an overstatement as to their enormous price, you do well to avoid this subject as far as any sympathetic treatment of it is concerned. Milton made no mistake in the location of such extravagance. Hell is the only suitable place for it.

But extravagance is not elegance. Elegance is beauty resulting from perfect propriety or from exact fitness and symmetry; refinement of quality, manner or appearance. Elegant means well selected, pleasing to the mind, calculated to effect its purpose with exceeding accuracy, delicacy and neatness. An elegant home is one that answers fully the purpose of a home. There is no conflict between comfort and elegance; elegance is comfort brought to perfection.

The style of the home should depend upon the persons who live there. Soul is the starting point. Every material thing should be an expression of soul. If there is no soul, it were well to have no expression. The soul builds itself a body, clothes it, builds itself a home and chooses those who frequent that home. What is elegant for one person may be deformity for another. I do not say it may seem to be deformity but it may be deformity. "Slab Sides" is an elegant home for John Burroughs; the old, square house in Roxbury, devoid of paint, with its spacious, plain study, large work tables and comparatively few books, is an elegant home for Edward Everett Hale. On the other hand, some of the Fifth Avenue mansions are elegant homes for those who inhabit them. Shift the inhabitants of these diverse homes and the elegance is destroyed.

The point is that body, clothes, houses and furnishings are all expressions of personality. If these things express accurately the soul of him who uses them, they are elegant; if not, they are ugly. It matters not how many dollars they cost or whether they cost any dollars.

Art is one of the most potent forces of human development. Emerson said, "We are saved by the reception of beautiful sentiments." Plato demands in his ideal "Republic" honest and pure artists. "Let our artists rather be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of the beautiful and the graceful; then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amidst fair sights and sounds, and

receive the good in everything; and beauty, the effulgence of fair works, shall flow into the eye and ear, like a health giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason." With this accords Paul's "Finally, whatsoever things are true, just, pure, lovely—think on these things."

It is obvious that the home, where we spend the greater part of our lives and where our children are born and nurtured, should be as strong as possible in the aesthetic appeal. Everything should tend to strength, nobleness and refinement. In the home we should be intimate without being commonplace and vulgar. In the home, above all other places, life must be artistic—not artificial, but artistic. The wand of beauty must transform every common thing.

No more than a few general suggestions of home building, or home growing, can here be made.

The home should combine solidity and airiness. The site is as important as the building. A visit to Mt. Vernon and to Arlington impresses one with the good taste of those who in the pioneer days of Virginia selected those hills overlooking the Potomac as the location of two of the most notable American homes. Little work was necessary to build elegant homes there. The plain, substantial houses with large verandas, grew out of the hills.

We have not the range of choice the pioneers had. The location of our homes is settled approximately by our employments. However, it is strange that so important a matter as the site of the home is little regarded. With the facilities of travel in our day there is no need of crowding except in the great cities. Many home builders prize perspective, but others build houses not only without perspective but in line with neither heaven nor earth.

In the construction and furnishing of a house there are two rules to be strictly followed. The first is, have nothing that is not useful. The second is, make every useful thing beautiful.

A few large rooms are better than many dens. Kitchen and living room will, of course, receive first attention. But I am supposed to enter by the front door. I would like to see at once a spacious, cheerful hall, instead of a dark, cold hole, merging into a reception room, or, if the means do not admit of a reception room, into the living room, or, if means do not admit of such a hall and living room, let the hall be the living room.

The first impression upon entering the house should be, "How exquisitely comfortable! How reposeful!" So shall the home add to privacy the grace of hospitality.

If possible, let there be as many rooms as the life of the family demands, but no more. Superfluity is always deformity.

Hard wood floors with rugs sufficient to soften the effect, portieres instead of doors between rooms, windows through which the light comes in and the eye may see much of God's great world, are things to be desired for both comfort and elegance.

Not the least elegant thing in a New England home during the winter months is an open fire. I do not mean a fireplace in a room seldom used but a real fire in the living room, set, not back in the chimney, but out in full sight. Civilization will determine what fuel to use, but we are all fire worshippers and must see the flames in their glory. Cornelius Agrippa said: "As the spirits of darkness be stronger in the dark, so good spirits, which be angels of light, are augmented not only by the divine light of the sun, but also by our common wood fire; and as the celestial fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our fire of wood does the same."

The walls should be plain but not bare. If possible, let the wood work have its natural grain and color. Do not hide the pillars and beams; let them stand out in their strength. To seek to hide strength is to apologize for it and to apologize for strength is immoral. Wall paper is a good thing to leave in the stores; but, if you must have it, let it be simple and quiet.

One or two pictures painted on the walls of the different rooms are better than a car-load of meaningless canvases. The most elegant piece of mural decoration I have seen is the wall opposite the head of the stairway in the Boston Public Library. Upon that plain surface about forty feet in length and twenty feet in height Chavanner painted in quiet colors "The Muses Welcoming the Spirit of Enlightenment." In that large space there are only twelve figures of normal size. You would eliminate nothing and add nothing as you pass through the visible painting into the infinite ideal world suggested.

We have not Boston libraries for our dwellings, nor can we all employ Chavanner to paint pictures for us. Still, his work is a suggestion. If you depend upon what you can buy at the art store (and most of us do), select a few simple pictures that have a great meaning and give them the most fitting space you can. Above all, be sure to let the sun paint his morning and evening glories upon the walls and you need not mourn that

(Continued on page 4.)



## FOUND DROWNED.

Borne softly on the wings of night,  
Hushed in a tranquil sleep,  
A soul has burst its bonds of clay  
Within the boundless deep.  
Within the boundless deep,  
That turns again home,  
And bears upon its bosom broad  
The lifeless form, alone.

Nothing to break or mar,  
The waves their orisons say,  
The sable night a pall o'er spreads,  
Enshrouding the form of clay—  
Enshrouding the form of clay,  
Shining so still and white;  
A beautiful, clear-cut cameo,  
Set on the brow of night.

Lovingly gathered at home,  
With peace and pardon there,  
A soul has reached its haven now,  
Freed from guilt and care.  
Freed from all earthly care—  
What arm had failed her here?  
There was strength and helpfulness  
In loving service dear.

O, refuge for storm tossed souls—  
O, haven of peace and love!  
The union of nature and God—  
The promise of old to prove!  
The promise of old to prove—  
Immortal love has crowned  
The sinless, suffering hearts  
In the waters of life found drowned.

—Ida Ballou.

## Peace Through Chemistry.

THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH.

Dr. Geo. W. Cary.

Ever since the walls of Karnak were reared above the yellow waters of the Nile; ever since the awful sphinx sat down in Egypt's sands to gaze into eternity, the human race as a unit has placed gold and silver and vested rights of property above man, above intellect, above brains, above childhood and womanhood and manhood and motherhood. Magical Egypt believed the lie, and then hid her shame in the sands of her desert. Greece turned her back to the shining mountain peaks of human brotherhood, and faded from the world. Rome, hypnotized by the materialistic concept, ran after the crown of Mammon, and as it touched her haughty brow she "withered to a name."

The poet, Benj. F. Taylor, well says:

"I found a Rome of common clay,  
Imperial Caesar cried,  
I left a Rome of marble  
No other Rome beside.

"The ages wrote their autographs  
Along the sculptured stone—  
The golden eagles flew abroad,  
Augustan splendors shone.

"They made a Roman of the world,  
They trailed the classic robe—  
And threw a Latin toga  
Around the naked globe."

But the ancient traitor, competition, hid in her concept of things, and even Rome died. If America, the marvel of the nations, is to touch the shores of immortality, she must lift her eyes up to greet the beckoning finger of the co-operative commonwealth.

One of the definitions of the word "capital" given by Webster is "means of increas-

ing one's power or influence." It is argued by some that, as money increases one's power and influence, it should properly be classed as capital.

Some things have a transient existence or power, being based on human laws, which are subject to change; other things are eternal, being based on natural law. Money has only the power given to it by man-made laws—class legislation. Labor can and does exercise power and influence, in spite of human laws. Money without labor is powerless, while labor can perform great deeds without a cent.

Beavers cut down trees, dam up streams and build habitations in the lakes thus formed, without a thought of an "honest dollar," the "parity between gold and silver," or "the consent of other nations." Some people say that labor can do nothing without capital, i. e., without money to offer an incentive to work. If that were true, the Pilgrim Fathers could never have founded this Republic, nor our revolutionary fathers have established their freedom. Money is powerless in the absence of labor, and when this mighty truth dawns on the children of earth, now asleep under the hypnotic influence of this Pharaoh-Capital—they will smite the idol with feet of clay and destroy it.

It is becoming evident to the toilers—they who do the world's work—that to hire out to another is slavery, misnamed "free labor." The laborer is a slave to his employer, with the blessed privilege of quitting work whenever he chooses to starve. The chattel slave, the negro, labored for a living, but it was guaranteed. The wage slave works whenever so-called capital (the capitalist) can profit by his labor, but he is subject to discharge at any time. This condition will prevail until the laborers own the machines or implements of production. They make them, why not keep them for their own benefit?

Since chattel slavery was abolished a system of private ownership of the means of production and distribution has worked its sovereign will until there are a dozen applicants for every job, wages are reduced to the minimum, and we see millions begging for work, as well as for bread. The system of wage slavery is doomed; but both laborer and capitalist must learn that no one can injure another without having the injury react upon himself before the bright day of brotherhood will light the new earth.

If a spoke in a wheel is injured the wheel is injured. We are all spokes in the great wheel of humanity, the motive power of which is God. Every person, good or bad, rich or poor, may be likened to a bolt or nail or piece of wood in the great human machine. When the truth of the declaration of Jesus, "Ye are temples of the living God," appears in all its beauty to the minds of those who struggle in the darkness of war and trade competition which is simply war to the death between man and man and nation against nation, the desire to injure any one or have more than another will fade from human minds like a nightmare. A great light will shine about the sons of God as about Saul of Tarsus, when he was changed to the Apostle Paul.

Trades unions are trusts, or combines, organized to fight greater trusts, or combines. The sugar trust expects to make a greater profit from sugar, which the consumers, among whom are laboring men and women, must pay. The Shoemakers' Union expects to raise the price on shoes, which increased price must be paid by the carpenter, the blacksmith, the farmer—fellow-worker—as well as by the lawyers, bankers and members of the sugar trust. The carpenters, seeing that they are not only compelled to pay more for sugar, on account of the sugar trust, but are also required to pay more for shoes, because of the Shoemakers' Union, proceed to organize a Carpenters' Union. The ironwork-

ers, turners, brick masons, etc., do likewise. Then the farmers, seeing that their fellow-workmen have formed trusts and combines, with the intention to raise the price of all the manufactured goods they need, as well as the labor of the artisans—the carpenters who build their houses and barns, or the blacksmiths who repair their wagons or farm machinery—are forced by the stern logic of events to organize a trust of their own; hence the Farmers' Alliance. By this trust they hope to receive an increased price for their own products. If they succeed, the burden must fall on all consumers—capitalists and producer, or workman.

Evil always destroys itself. The great and growing infamy of the ages, competition, has almost destroyed itself. Universal co-operation will blind up the fair temple of the Brotherhood of Man—

"Where no throne shall cast a shadow,  
And no slave shall wear a chain."

One of the obstacles in the way of all reforms is the inability of those who push them to the front to make the masses understand the basic principles underlying the object sought. This difficulty arises frequently from a misuse or misunderstanding of words. When we, Nationalists, use the word government, we mean ourselves—the people—for it is understood that ours is a government by the people.

Of course such is not the case in practice, or we would not find it necessary to petition the legislatures or Congress to enact certain laws; they would be instructed what to do, and that would be sufficient. The merchant does not petition his clerks to do this or that; they work under instructions. Under the government outlined by Nationalists or Socialists there will be no rulers with power to do this or that, but only bookkeepers and clerks.

The chief objections to Nationalism or Socialism are, first, "Men are too selfish." Not so when they fully understand what is meant by such a form of government. Man seeks happiness, and falls because of his ignorance. When we can prove to the seemingly utterly selfish man that to work for the benefit of all (all others doing the same) will secure for him the competency, the security, the contentment and happiness he has so signally failed to secure under the competitive system, he will not only be willing to work for the common good, for the great corporation of seventy millions of people, of which he will be an equal number, but the dark, smoky glass of understanding through which he looked and obtained a false view of life will be broken; he will then see out into the universe of Spiritual Truth and realize the oneness, the solidarity of the race. He will see as did Saul when a great light shone about him causing him to cry out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?"

Thus the divine side of man will be turned to the light and all will see that to injure another is to injure themselves.

No one can help but see that competition is intended to injure another, to get the business away from your neighbor if possible. What has been the result? Universal war and ruin. Second, "Nationalism would destroy individualism and all incentive to labor also." The members of corporations do not seem to lose their individuality, and because of the incredibly short space of time in which fortunes are made, we naturally infer they have some incentive to labor.

Along with an incentive to work must go an opportunity to work, and competition, instead of furnishing such opportunity, has with a savage hand turned three millions of men out on the highways and hired cartoonists to label them "tramp" and "Weary Waggles." Under Nationalism the people will own all property, all land, all natural re-

sources. Their money will not be locked up in broken banks, and the money question, with its "one dollar as good as any dollar," and "honest money," and "parities," and "international agreements" and "tariffs," will be forgotten horrors.

The postoffice employees do not suffer because of panics or hard times, and the postoffice system belongs to all the people alike. Banks may break, but postoffice money orders are always safe and secure.

Again, we are asked if "we intend to make the rich divide." No; we want no more dividing in which the shrewd or unprincipled exploit the portion and earnings of the dull or honest.

Nationalism will make every rich man, as well as every poor man, a stockholder in the United States of America. Under the Socialistic theory the land will be divided no more, but remain a heritage for unborn millions who shall people the earth. All have a natural right to the use of the land as undoubtedly as they have to the use of air and water. Unless God Almighty signs a deed, it is worthless.

Another question often asked by those who oppose any change is, "What about the industrious supporting the idle under your co-operative commonwealth?" Well, what about it now? Do you see any idle persons supported by the industrious under the present cut-throat system of competition? Under the new order there will be work for all and an incentive to work never before offered man since the pendulum of God began to mark the hours of time.

Another question is, "What position will women and children occupy in this Arcadia you propose?" Children, being the future currency (men and women being the circulating medium instead of some metal difficult to obtain) will be welcomed and cared for as they never have been before in the history of the race. The nation always guards and protects its treasury. Womanhood and motherhood will be exalted; the mothers of men will take their true place, and thus will man be lifted out of the mire in which he has so long floundered on account of woman's degradation. It is vain for man to hope to rise an inch in moral or spiritual development without first elevating the mothers of the race. Under the coming benign conditions, where labor and intellect will be supreme, instead of gold and silver, women who raise children will have no work to perform except the care and training of their offspring.

The power of money represented by Wall Street, the trusts, corporations and millions of slaves subsidizes the press, the courts, legislatures and cabinets.

We fully realize its strength. It controls the avenues of trade, the arsenals, the army, the navy, the money, the breadstuffs and the fuel and water of the world. It is more ambitious than Alexander the Great, more haughty and domineering than Imperial Caesar, more unrelenting than the Pharaohs. It lays its hands on Congresses and courts and they do its bidding. Political parties become corrupt by the touch of its wand and hasten to "fall before it that thrift may follow fawning."

But the Samsons of labor are feeling for the pillars of authority usurped by corporations, trusts, coin kings and the gods of gold. The people are about to take charge of their own. Heretofore they have allowed others to do their thinking and practically their voting, and the present condition of affairs is the result. It requires courage; it requires bravery, and a faith in the eternal right bordering on the sublime to enable one to step out into the arena of truth and strike for the liberty of man, "when all the arching skies are in eclipse and God himself seems dumb."

Those who have dared to pass the dread "Tweller on the Threshold" and withstand

the fears and misrepresentations of those still in ignorance of the real conditions that confront us, are called the discontented. But every step taken along the highway to better conditions has been taken by the discontented. The ancient Britons were discontented when they threw off the yoke of feudal bondage and started humanity on its long march toward the Delectable Mountains of Brotherhood.

Columbus was discontented when he set his face west and west. The Pilgrim Fathers were discontented when they launched the Mayflower. The heroes of the Revolution were discontented when they signed the Declaration of Independence and sent their ultimatum across the Atlantic, careering like a thunderstorm against the gale, to tell a gormandizing, drunken King, sitting on a throne of purple and gold, that they would not submit to his tyranny, his taxes and his standing armies among them in time of peace. Phillips and Garrison and Stowe and Greeley and John Brown were discontented when they struck the dagger of freedom into the heart of slavery. Abraham Lincoln was discontented when his stalwart arm was raised to strike the shackles from the slave.

Charity begins at home, and reform must begin at home. The individual must reform himself. This can only be done by understanding and directing the chemistry of life operating in his own organism.

In an ancient book we read, "And I saw a mighty angel descending out of Heaven and the earth was lighted with his glory."

Here Heaven means understanding or harmony, i. e., the Heaven within. The knowledge of the chemistry of the human organism, of the mysteries of electricity and the oneness of Being now filtering through the wondrous brain coils of men and women, is the angel that is descending. The body is represented in all ancient alchemical symbols as earth. So then the human body, the temple of the living God, is to be lighted by understanding.

And the temple will not need the sun by day nor the moon by night, for the glory of the Lord (truth or understanding) will lighten it.

But man must work out his own salvation. He must acquire the practical knowledge necessary to make the kind of blood, nerve fluid and brain cells necessary to harmoniously respond to the higher vibrations of Spirit thought, or I may say, to a rate of vibration that will produce peace and not war; co-operation instead of competition; a concept of the unity of Being instead of the practical non idea of separateness. Socialists, Nationalists, Trades Unionists, you must stop unraveling and unite. Fail not on your failure freedom dies. Build up brains that will fraternize and not antagonize.

This is not a Utopian dream, it is a practical chemical possibility.

Man lays his scepter on the stars, talks across the oceans, foretells the coming of the storm, creates sea urchins by chemical combinations, and then dies from acids in his system or is killed by a street car.

Acid, or an excess of acid fluids operating through the nerve system of men causes irritability, anger, criticism and ultimately hatred, selfishness, competition, war or murder. This acid or negative condition is caused by a deficiency of the alkaline cell-salts of the human organism.

But man has awoken, aye, is now awakening to his divine possibilities. He will learn to furnish the waters of the river of life—the circulatory system—with a proper combination of the principles that compose the universal body of God to materialize an organism through which he will be enabled to say with Job, "In my flesh I shall see God." He will then be enabled to properly place the poles of being and create a "New Heaven and New Earth." Yes, man must

## THROUGH THE LAW OF DESIRE.

LOUISE VESCELIUS SHERLDON.

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(CHAPTER VII.—Continued.)

Amina's face expressed the joy she felt in his presence. The voice was low and scarcely audible, but she knew it of old. Joseph ceased speaking, and with a visible effort tried to gain strength to proceed. She waited patiently, and in a few moments was rewarded by hearing him say:

"I wanted to tell you how I left earth life. The day that I went to the Cathedral in Ulm, I played as I never played before, and the great soul of the organ seemed to open and breathe out all the pent up feelings of my entire existence until I became conscious that I was playing the anthem of my life. By inspiration one theme followed another until the joy of a perfect melody was too great for me, and there came a crash, and I fell forward on the keyboard. After a moment of pain, a feeling of ease and quiet and peace stole over me; I realized and heard everything that was taking place around me. This peace lasted quite awhile when again I was conscious of moving away from my body, and slowly rose hovering in space, and looked down through a bluish light upon it. No sadness filled me, only a great calm, and I had no desire to return. Then someone came whom I knew, but could not look upon, and said:

"You must return to earth life; they want you over there awhile longer."

"An awful sensation came over me, as if I were putting my feet into the old shell (my body) and trying to squeeze myself into it. It was an ordeal and seemed an eternity. I knew that I had outgrown my frame, and could endure it no longer and cried out:

"I will not go back!"

"Then came one moment of oblivion. There was a short interval when I again felt that I was being suspended above my body by an invisible hand, and gentle voices were uttering words of encouragement, as if to one just awakening and cautioning those around not to speak too loudly.

"The butterfly is come out of the chrysalis," they said.

Their words were so gentle and rhythmical that they seemed like music to my soul, and fearing nothing, I awakened to find myself slipping away, and on a little raft was borne down a swiftly running stream whose sides and bottom were of white marble. It seemed but a flash and I had reached an island where I stopped, and seating myself on what appeared to be a throne enveloped in white light, was carried rapidly away, so that only a few moments elapsed before I came into a beautiful valley where the air was balmy and exquisitely perfumed. I came here tonight because you desired it, and nothing hindered my coming, but I am still very weak."

Joseph here began to fade away, and his voice grew fainter.

"Watch for me," he concluded, "I will return," and with a sigh he passed to the open window and dissolved in the moonlight.

The canvas portrait was there, intact, hanging in its old place on the wall; the vision had disappeared, and Amina looked up with a seraphic smile, and lifting her arms as if Joseph were still in sight, she stood for a moment in an attitude of serene delight.

Joseph then was not dead, for had she, Amina, not seen and talked with him?

## CHAPTER VIII.

The days which followed were full of expectancy, although attending to her duties in her orderly way, Amina was not entirely awake to her surroundings. She lived through the day for the night to come, for the hour when she could retire to her room and in the dim light play soft strains of music, Joseph's favorite themes, hoping, for she knew not what, trusting, however, that the desire of her heart would be granted. The longing to hear her brother's voice, and again to speak to him almost overpowered her. She felt that she must be reassured that Joseph's visit was not a dream. She must believe her senses, or they could no longer guide her and she knew that it would be a boon too great for words if she could once more see his face, glorified, as it were, with that expression of rapture when he referred to his having found freedom.

There would be something after all for Amina to live for, if she could see Joseph again and talk with him. He could return. His desire to visit this world had not ceased forever. It was so glorious in that other country beyond mortal sight, and yet he would come back to her, if only for a moment, if she wished it! She was playing an old melody in the twilight, when as she turned from the instrument she became conscious of that same subtle influence pervading the room that had thrilled her on his previous visit. Then a great peace filled her entire being; she, too, felt freed from the weight which had chained her to earth; she heard a slight sigh, just a breath, and knew that when she looked again she would see Joseph. There he stood by the piano.

"Amina," he said, pointing to the instrument, "when you touch the chords there is an answering echo in my heart that draws me to you. There is a silvery thread that forms a bridge between our two worlds of existence, and the intense desire of your heart touches a responsive chord in mine, and I am impelled to see you once more to talk with you, to reassure you of my continued existence and love, and to give you strength and protection when needed. The silver cord is formed from the commingling of the ethers of your thoughts with mine, and distant though we are, I have the power to return from the celestial sphere, to take form and convey my presence to you, clothing myself through the laws of natural attraction. Unalloyed affection, unselfish devotion, can bridge chasms, Amina, and that is how I come to you."

"Brother, I am so glad to hear that you are not so far removed from me but that you can come and give me a crumb of comfort from time to time by your presence."

"I love to come to you, and I also visit the old home in Ulm; if it had been a log cabin or a mountain hut containing loving hearts, I would still wish to return. Memories are so sweet."

Amina listened and realized that her brother still lived and loved her, still longed for her presence and sympathy. "I can never express to you the beauty of the music I now hear," he said as he answered Amina's thoughts. "Like a thousand stringed instruments, but so distant, that at first the ear is strained to catch the sound until it grows nearer and nearer, and one becomes accustomed to its harmonies. The wind blows through the waving palms and trees, and mingles with the murmur of the waters in making music indescribable; and as it grows in intensity, the vibrations of the atmospheric ethers take form in changing colors, and so give outward expression to the music, until one is in a state of ecstasy listening to it, and seeing the themes interpreted in symphonies of color."

Amina sat listening in rapt attention to Joseph's description; this wonderful country with its light, its rainbows, its fountains and music; why could she not go with him and learn the anthems celestial? She must speak and ask him or he would be gone.

"You are about to ask me to take you with me to the celestial realms," he said. "Do not think of leaving earth-life yet, sister; while there is anything to be finished you must remain here. You are necessary to Helena, and must live for her."

Tears stood in Amina's eyes, for her heart was full at the thought of the continued separation.

"I will come again," Joseph continued, "my thoughts will reach you and bring you comfort. Hold more fearless views of the future; do not think too much of me or you will be unfitted for your duties, and above all, be patient. There is a mansion building for you on the other side, and while you think loving thoughts and scatter sunshine here, you are helping to build it. Use the opportunities offered you here and as the hearts of our loved ones respond to your own thoughts, you will build your house more perfectly for occupation."

## CHAPTER IX.

Joseph ceased speaking, and looked into space with a gaze which gathered rapture as he slowly turned to Amina's questioning face.

"You wished to know if I had seen father and mother?" he said. "Yes, I have seen them; they are living in the midst of a bower of roses where myriads of birds are singing. Each flower has its keynote, and as it vibrates, it radiates colors which belong to itself. Mother walks among the flowers hours at a time; father is happy to be with her, for as the light touches her hair and glances on her blue azure-like garments, she is far beyond any picture in loveliness that you have ever seen. Her smile, always so charming, is seraphic now, and all the lines which were formerly in her face, left there by care and responsibility, have become softened and are added lines of beauty. Youths and maidens come with flying steeds and low chariots, laden with the choicest fruits and flowers, and leave them each day at mother's feet. These are they who listened to her words of guidance while on earth. But they each have their work to do and finish, before they make their daily visit to her. She has about her what she most loved: young hearts, and fresh flowers."

Amina's face shone with complete satisfaction. The other side of the veil was an extension of earth-life perfected, and she was assured that she would again see her loved ones.

"There is another side to the picture," resumed Joseph. "I have seen a region in which a channel of white chiseled marble was being cut, and on the other side of it was a bleak, desolate tract of land. I asked a companion standing by my side, who these people were. 'They are earth-born souls,' he said, 'who have squandered their lease of life in an existence devoted to their own selfish desires, and have passed on before they had made ready a mansion, or even a garment. They shun their neighbors, and the groanings and whisperings created by their thoughts produce a cold wind which blows through the trees and over the waters, and fills again their hearts with misery as they creep away to hide themselves, and think over their lost opportunities. That woman! pointing through the gloom to a female form that was trying to hold a few brown rags together over her shivering body, 'had immense wealth at her command in earth-life, but lived for herself alone, so that hardly one loving sympathetic thought followed her, and there was no one here to greet her. Her garments are what her thoughts have woven—poverty and rags—and you see that even they do not completely cover her. Beings like herself are there on their uncompleted mission, and in their misery they are still blind to the possibilities of a continued existence, and instead of going in search of sunshine, they remain to talk over the malarial regions of the past, al-

ways an unprofitable subject. Over there,'—pointing to a low sterile valley on the horizon,—'are a number of beings who have passed through earth-life with eyes fast closed, not caring if any remedies existed for the ills of their times, not caring to know if there was anything that they could do to make the rest of mankind happier, or even more hopeful. They have left it for others to labor and solve the problems of humanity. Men and women are there who in their greed have deprived other mortals of their share in the things which go to make up life, and through lack of harmonious vibrations they became disintegrated, losing thereby their tenement of clay, and now clothed in rusty ragged garments, are forced to remain isolated and alone until restitution in earth-life has been fully made."

The wind had been blowing in a minor key, and Joseph's voice gradually grew fainter, a slight sigh was wafted through the room, and then all was still. A cloud gathered before Amina's eyes through which she had tried to distinguish him; when she looked again only a few seconds had elapsed, but she was alone.

Amina sat motionless looking at the portrait before her. The room had grown dull and empty; she rose from her chair and opened the door leading into the large hall running lengthwise of the house; there, with hands clasped above her head, she paced up and down.

She had seen and talked with Joseph! These interviews were sacred to her now, so she hid the secret in her heart and no one suspected it. From this time on, the hours and days flew quickly by; Amina's step grew lighter and the uplifted expression which stamped itself upon her face, made Helena question silently what had wrought the change in her sister? Amina's eyes were glorified; she looked as if she truly had been talking with the gods. Her manner, always calm, assumed an added dignity and tenderness; she devoted her evenings to music. The gift of improvisation was hers now, as it had been with Joseph. During the past years of his life it had seemed as if he had listened with the celestial ear, and then reproduced a few of the grand chorals of the skies, and now she, too, listened and heard. The old restlessness ceased to creep back, and Amina continued to maintain her faith in the Supreme Power present. Supreme, for nothing that man could conceive would approach the wondrous creations described by her brother. Gardens of flowers that gave sweet music! Loving thoughts which built celestial homes! Her life in comparison seemed small; so pent up in narrow confines, and she realized what her brother had borne in attending to the petty, distasteful things of life that had been forced upon him in the world of finance. And so she waited day after day, night after night, hoping to know more of the new world to which he had gone.

Weeks elapsed, but Joseph did not come; months passed by and she sat with a hungry heart and wailing courage waiting for a word or a sign from him. She felt that her powers had limitations as a surging longing began slowly to creep into her heart, until finally the desire to see him took entire possession of her. Helena had grown very tender and expressive in her affection for her sister, and did all that she could to fill the void in the heart of Amina. She saw, however, that her sister was drifting into a sea of lethargy and tried to draw her back.

(To be continued.)

"When we begin the day with praise we will not be so apt to end it with worry and fret."—Ex.

"Do not be discouraged because your tanks are but the little things of life. God never despises the day of small things. Those who do the most for him, understand how best to serve him even in trifling ways."—Ex.



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You do not need to be wealthy to share in the doctor's company; the small investor is just as welcome as the large. The man investing \$50 or \$100 will use his influence for the company just as will the one investing many thousands, and it is the good wishes and support that are desired more than the money.

A small amount properly invested where it will draw good dividends and continually increase in value is worth many times the same amount if allowed to lie idle, or put away in a bank where it will draw only 3 or 4 per cent. at best.

Money invested in Dr. Peebles Company today under his present offer will draw handsome dividends from the first, and, in addition thereto, the stock will increase in value so that at the end of two years at most it will be worth two or three times what you paid for it.

If you have any amount above \$10 you can spare for investment, write for full particulars at once. Seven per cent. dividends are guaranteed from the first, and much larger ones can be expected after the first year.

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claim his divine heritage. He must seize the opportunity—the material at hand—properly adjust the poles of Being and create whatsoever seemeth good to him.

Thus will he realize that "All power in heaven (mind, and earth substance) is given unto him."

The brotherhood of man—the co-operative commonwealth—is more than a dream. Even now amid the clash of the competitive forces, in the midst of wars and rumors of wars—even while the elemental forces seem to prepare for the Armageddon battle, we can see the outlines of the glorious temple of Brotherhood forming in the chemicalizing mass of God's creative compounds. And out of the seeming chaos of dead and dying isms, out of the babel of tongues, out of the strange shapes and ghostly shadows that are creeping over the land, out of the slowly crystallizing carbon of materialism, will come forth the diamond of a pure faith sparkling with spiritual truth.

All hail to the noble defenders of the truth—to the seers and prophets of old, and to Mazzini and Shelley, and Ruskin and Carlyle, and Goethe, and Hugo, and Marx, and Henry George and Bellamy, the immortal; and Andrew Jackson Davis, the Seer, and Ingersoll, the fearless, and Lincoln, the mighty, and Emerson and Whitman—the sweet-souled. Hail and thrice hail to the band of spirits of brotherhood whose assistance we crave.

Across the seeming gulf of time and space, even to the spheres of nightless glory where they dwell, we send the message of gratitude and love, that shall not cease to vibrate with the music of the spheres while the stars endure.

I will close with words of A. P. Miller, one of California's gifted poets:

"Roll on, oh slow-wheeled years,  
And bring about the day  
When men shall gather wealth to give away,  
And spring to help when tempted nature fails,  
As when a builder drops from city walls.  
When to be good alone men shall be bold,  
And seek out suffering as men seek for gold;  
When Christian women shall not wipe their feet  
Upon their fallen sisters in the street,  
And calumny shall be a crime unknown,  
And each shall make his neighbor's wrong his own!"

"Begone, oh hate and war, begone!  
Roll on this way, oh Golden Age, roll on!  
When men and angels face to face shall talk!  
And earth and heaven arm in arm shall walk;  
When love shall reign,  
And over sea and shore  
The peace of God shall rest forever more."

Don't neglect a Cough. Take Piso's Cure for Consumption in time. By druggists. 25c.

### Boston Spiritual Temple.

On Sunday, May 31st, the meetings of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society will close for this season, free from all indebtedness, and, we trust, with much good spiritual work to its credit. The expense for conducting the meetings for the past season has been between four and five thousand dollars. Notwithstanding the high price of coal, sickness in the families of many of the members, as well as many other features which would naturally militate against financial success, every expense has been met without any difficulty, due to the generosity of the members and their friends.

With the closing Sunday, Rev. F. A. Wiggins concludes his fourth year with the society, and as per engagement, will enter upon the fifth season with this society with its opening meeting in the Fall.

Certain features have obtained to contribute to the well-deserved success of this society ever since Mr. Wiggins has been its speaker. In view of the many desirable openings for increasing the power of this organization as a factor in Spiritualism, none have come to it of so great importance as that of late, which has led to a change in its place of meeting, which will take place with the beginning of next season.

On the same avenue and only a few doors from its present beautiful and commodious quarters, is the New Century Building. For

next season, the society has leased the large Potter Hall in this building, which is on the ground floor, for its Sunday meetings, together with Sewall Hall for its Tuesday evening services, while the Ladies' Auxiliary has arranged for the use of the Julia Ward Howe Hall, with parlors connected, for its receptions and monthly suppers and entertainments, thus bringing all the work of the society under one roof. It is believed that this change will greatly enhance the opportunity to reach the general public.

The Ladies' Schubert Quartet which has most faithfully and acceptably served this society in the years past, every member of which has at all times manifested a great interest in the welfare of the growth and prosperity of the organization, has been engaged for another year.

The Boston Spiritual Temple never had a brighter outlook for the future than now. A large number of seats for next season have already been rented.

Last Sunday, May 24th, Mr. Wiggins delivered a very helpful address upon the subject "Cause and Cure of Physical and Mental Maladies." In the evening he devoted the time to a seance.

Next Sunday, May 31st, the address will be along lines appropriate to the closing of the season.

### 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.

### New York Annual Convention.

Sixth Annual Convention of New York State Association Spiritualists will be held in Empire Hall, North Salina and West Genesee Sts., Syracuse, N. Y., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 29, 30 and 31, 1903.

Convention opens at 10:30 a. m. on the 29th. The following is a list of some of the speakers and mediums who will take part: Prof. Harrison D. Barrett, Boston, Mass.; Harvey W. Richardson, East Aurora, N. Y.; Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Westfield, N. Y.; Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y.; Dr. Victor Wyldes, Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles S. Hulbert, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Milton Rathbun, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, Syracuse, N. Y.

The music is under the direction of Prof. Marsh of Syracuse, N. Y.

Miss Victoria C. Moore of Dryden, N. Y., the talented elocutionist, will favor us with eloquent readings.

All are cordially and earnestly invited to be present.

Individual membership, \$1.00 per year. For further information apply to the secretary, Herbert L. Whitney, 65 Howard Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

### Letter from Mary C. Von Kanzler.

The Banner of Light is freighted with the sunshine of thoughts; if old, as some are prone to tell us when announced as the "New Thought," we are especially pleased to have them displacing the former or later teachings of "tit for tat," and applying the golden rule of returning good for evil.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," proves his affiliation with the working process of his fellowmen. If his heart is filled with hatred he has conflicts within and without, and he comes into relation with a class of associates like himself; then he utters his complaints, and he still finds his companions unhappy, wretched, sick, miserable and in poverty, all in keeping with his thinking.

If a man's face is sunny and bright, glowing with a heart love that beats from within, health, happiness, prosperity, friends all on his own plane greet him. He has found the elixir of being. He steps upon the stage of life with no haunting shadows of having made any person unhappy by any slip of his tongue that had saddened the life of a fellowman. He has acquainted himself with the

power of the unchangeable inner I/We. Having found the within to be the fixed anchorage of his joys, he meets all his companions on the soul plane of control and consequently as masters they read from cause to effect. The first conquest is over our outward manifestation—to be calm and cheerful and true to all. This certainly is a new realism to many of today if Greek philosophers did advocate in by-gone centuries the same.

I have been engaged for another season as speaker and medium for the First Spiritualist Unity Society of Elmira, N. Y., having served this people one year as their speaker. This is a young society and it requires considerable energy to organize and hold intact the forces to round out and harmonize people who have been schooled in all the different church faiths of today; but our success has been marvelous; we meet as brothers and sisters as though we had been reared under the one teaching. Why? Because we each are seeking for the Master over ourselves, not over each other. Only so far as we meet on the inner life, do we help one another to realize that potent divine life that brings each into happier and better conditions.

We are to have a vacation during the months of July and August. Some of our members will visit different camp associations. I shall go to Lily Dale and hope to visit Eastern Spiritualist camp-associations. I would be glad to speak at the different Eastern camps if they have any place for me on their program. I invite correspondence. Address, 804 W. 1st St., Elmira, N. Y.

### Transitions.

Passed to the higher life Thursday, April 20, 1903, Mrs. Martha Ireland, fifty-four years of age. This esteemed lady was the treasurer of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum, and had been an earnest worker for the Lyceum Cause for many years. She was a Spiritualist in the true sense of the word, and her children were brought up with the knowledge of the continuity of life. The services were conducted at her late home, 356 Salem St., Medford, by Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, pastor of the Gospel Spirit Return Society, assisted by Mr. Alonzo Danforth, assistant conductor of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum. The floral tributes were many and beautiful—a large pillow from the children, large wreath of white roses from Boston Spiritual Lyceum, large bouquet Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, also pieces from Woman's Relief Corps, Mr. Harry Ireland, Mr. James Brown, Mrs. Alice Root and others. The sympathy of her many friends is extended to her three daughters and other members of her immediate family. May they feel her presence to guide and strengthen them in spirit as was her privilege while in the mortal.

C. L. H.  
Passed away April 23, Mrs. Helen Tinkham of Reno, Nev. She was born in Ohio in 1829; was a strong Spiritualist all her life and had taken the Banner for years.

Passed to spirit life from South Deerfield, Mass., May 4, Lilla M. Lincoln, wife of Geo. W. Hollister. She was born in Mexico, Mo., and had been a resident of South Deerfield fifteen years. She was an earnest Spiritualist and her life, overflowing with kindness to every one—spotless and beautiful—has illustrated her faith better than sermon or poem. She leaves beside her husband and little boy, her father and mother and one sister. May they be comforted with the thought that love like hers lives on and that she will receive them when they leave the mortal for the immortal. Her funeral was attended by the writer at her request.

Helen Temple Brigham.  
The First Spiritual Church and Lyceum, Fall River, Mass., feel the loss of one of their dearest friends in the transition of Mrs. Adeline Streeter, aged seventy-two years, on May 13, the aunt of our esteemed president, Mrs. Hattie Wood. She passed from this life fully believing that she was only passing to a brighter world where she would meet her loved ones gone before. The services were very ably conducted by Mrs. Bessie D. Butler, of Lynn, Mass. There was a large audience at the house and at the grave and many went home comforted by the words that came from spirit life. Such work as this has helped to bring success to our church and Lyceum during the past season and relieved the minds of many of the fear of death by implanting the knowledge of life everlasting. James Lucas, conductor.

Mrs. Mary J. Parker, who has for many years been a devoted Spiritualist and a faithful, valuable member of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, passed to her immortality on May 13 from the residence of her brother, Mr. J. W. Crocker, 74 Rock Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Parker had been a faithful servant of humanity for many years and at the age of seventy-three went to join her dear-daughter and many other loved in their spirit home. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet and Rev. F. A. Wiggins of the Boston Spiritual Temple attended the funeral. Mrs. Parker was a most excellent woman and will be greatly missed by her many friends. The loss to us of her loving companionship is a gain to the many loved ones who preceded her to that land toward which we all are making our way.

### Cures Nervous Headache—

Horsford's Acid Phosphate removes the cause by quieting the nerves, promoting digestion and inducing restful sleep.

### Briefs.

On Wednesday evening, May 13, Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham visited our friends of the "Sun Flower Circle," at Freeport, Long Island, New York, and gave to them and their friends a most instructive discourse in response to the many subjects presented by the students. The conclusion was with a most beautiful poem, improvised, on the subjects given. We feel that a few courageous friends of the Great Truth have been greatly helped in their struggle for the right, in a most "orthodox" and opposing district. So the work goes on. J. A. Robinson, 1233 Union Ave., N. Y. City.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. May 17 the spiritual conference at 11 was very interesting; the subject was "Heaven on Earth." The speakers were Mr. A. F. Hill, Prof. John Moore, Mr. Frazier, Dr. Frank Brown, Mr. Graham, Miss Sears, Mrs. Ginn Mosia. Mediums taking part during the day were Mrs. Annie Horton, Mrs. Kneeland, Mrs. Maggie Cutter, Mrs. May Moody, Mr. Clough (of Lynn), Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Milen, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Clifford Billings. The Aeolian Quartet furnished music. Miss Tucker gave readings. Mrs. Nellie Grover, organist. Circle for spirit messages every Thursday at 2:30, and the healing circle every Tuesday, Reporter.

Fitchburg, Mass., May 17, 1903. The First Spiritualist Society had the usual large attendance at both services Sunday, May 17. The subjects of the speaker, Charles H. Dane of Lowell, "The Unfoldment of Mediumship" and "Stepping Over the Threshold," were most ably presented, holding the closest attention, and the many spirit messages were fully recognized. Miss Howe, pianist, pleasingly rendered several selections. Dr. C. L. Fox, president.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, 214 Tremont St., Wednesday, May 13. Business meeting called to order at 8 o'clock by the president, Mrs. M. J. Butler. Sup-

# DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Uric Acid, Rheumatism  
or Bladder Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow; Bright's disease which is the worst form of kidney trouble may steal upon you.

The mild and the extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle free, by mail.

### Backache, Uric Acid and Urinary Trouble.

Among the many famous cures of Swamp Root investigated by the Banner of Light, the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers, speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.

DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—When I wrote you last March for a sample bottle of Swamp Root, my wife was a great sufferer from backache, rheumatism and urinary trouble, also excess of uric acid. After trying the sample bottle, she bought a large bottle here at the drug store. That did her so much good she bought more. The effect of Swamp Root was wonderful and almost immediate. She has felt no return of the old trouble since.

F. THOMAS,  
427 Best St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lame back is only one symptom of kidney trouble, one of many. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp Root are, obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times at night, inability to hold your urine, smarting or irritation in passing, brick dust or sediment in the urine, catarrh of the bladder, uric acid, constant headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, irregular heart-beating, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, shallow complexion.

If your water when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty four hours forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

In taking Swamp Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp Root is the most perfect

Swamp Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

To Prove What SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU, Every Reader of the Banner of Light may have a sample bottle Absolutely Free by mail.

If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you free by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp Root, and a book of wonderful Swamp Root testimonials. Be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the Banner of Light.

If you are already convinced that Swamp Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

per was served at 6.30. The evening meeting was opened at 8 by Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mr. Paris and Mrs. Crowell spoke briefly. Mrs. Berry gave messages. Mrs. Butler closed by giving some of her wonderful communications. Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec. pro tem.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, met Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St. Dr. Hale gave a short talk. After the march the following took part: Bertha Superior, Mamie Phillips, Sophia Bernstein, Alice Eva Scott, Readings, Eva Lea; Rebecca Goolitz, piano solos. Mr. H. Leslie spoke briefly and Mrs. W. S. Butler closed the session. Mrs. M. E. Stillings, secretary.

Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion held services in the Aurora Grana Cathedral, cor. Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday eve, May 17. An organ recital by Prof. Decker opened the service. After a selection most ably rendered by the Verdi quartet, the invocation was offered by Rev. Ira M. Courlis, pastor of the church. The lesson of the evening, which was taken from different passages of Scripture, was delivered by the pastor and imparted to the listeners much knowledge along spiritual lines. Services concluded with a seance by Mr. Courlis. Many beautiful messages were given showing how close the unseen world comes in touch with this. Each given by the Ladies' Auxiliary connected with the church on Tuesday eve, May 19, was well attended and a success in every way. Emma C. Resch, correspondent.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met at Appleton Hall, Boston, Friday, May 22. The business meeting was called to order in the afternoon by the president, Mrs. Mattie A. E. Allie. During the official year, this society has assisted one hundred and sixty-seven worthy persons, with gifts of either clothing or money, and each Friday it has given suppers to from seven to ten people. It has expended about two hundred and thirty dollars since May 1, 1902, and has in the bank on deposit, and in the treasury seven hundred and forty-one dollars. The meetings have been well attended and we deeply appreciate the courtesy shown us by the publishers of the Banner of Light and extend to them our thanks, and also to the speakers and mediums who have assisted so greatly in making our meeting each week a success. The suppers have been bountiful, and the one given tonight was no exception. The evening service was very interesting, although we were disappointed in not having with us our good friend and helper, Mrs. Edie L. Webster, she being confined at home through illness. The messages given through the mediumship of Mr. Osmond Stiles, Mrs. Lizzie Shackley and Mrs. Stiles were definite and conclusive evidence of the presence of unseen friends. Vice president, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, spoke interestingly and the instrumental selections by Miss Gertrude Sloan and several songs by Mr. Peake were enjoyable. Next Friday, May 29, we hold Memorial Services at 2:30 and 7:30, this being the last meeting of the season. Supper will be served at 6 o'clock. Esther H. Blinn, sec.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield has held regular weekly socials in McKinney Block, 535 1/2 Main St., during the month of May, with large attendance. Sunday services have also been well attended and much interest is taken in the development of home mediums. Tuesday, June 2, is the appointed day for the annual basket picnic at Riverside Grove, reached by Steamer Sylvia. An interesting program is promised—games, races, etc.—and a dance in the pavilion in the evening, music furnished by Mr. Russell, the blind musician, who plays several instruments. He is wonderfully gifted, as he has been blind since birth. A cordial invitation is extended to our friends to join with us. The electric run from Springfield to the grove every half hour. This will accommodate the friends from out of town at any time until 11 p. m. M. E. Proctor, cor. sec.

Many folk of decidedly less ability than you, get along much better than you. Perhaps it is because they try, while you cry!—Elbert Hubbard.



### Books on Sale at N. S. A. Office.

The following valuable works are on sale at the N. S. A. office. These books—a number of each—have been gratuitously contributed by their respective authors to the National Association, to aid it in its good work, with permission to sell them at the reduced prices quoted. Each book has peculiar merits of its own, and all should be in every home.

Occult Physician, Medical, Mrs. Matherson, \$1.00; 'Tisbeth, Fiction, Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, 90c.; God's Smiles, Fiction, Maggie Olive Jordan, \$1.00; Wedding Chimes, for Wedding Ceremonies, D. P. Hughes, 50c.; Leaflets of Truth, Karl, 30c.; Whither the Wind Blows, Verner, 30c.; Violets, Poems, Straub, 10c.; Three Jubilee Lectures, Peebles, 25c.; Longley's Religious Songs, words and music, two volumes in one cover, 15c.; a fine picture-card of N. S. A. Headquarters, 10c.

Any of the above is a rare bargain in price; will be sent postpaid.

M. T. Longley, Sec.,  
600 Pa. Ave., S. E., Wash., D. C.

### A Constipation Cure That Actually Cures

is Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It is not merely a relief. It permanently cures any kind of a case of constipation, no matter of how long standing. It is not a purgative nor an irritant cathartic. These simply lash and hurt the bowels, and bring but temporary relief. The condition left behind is worse than the first. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine does just the opposite. It is a tonic laxative of the highest order. It tones, strengthens and gives new life and vigor to the bowels. Only one small dose a day removes all the causes of the trouble, and leaves the bowels well and able to move themselves without the aid of medicines. It cures dyspepsia, kidney and liver troubles, indigestion, headaches, catarrh of the stomach, and all other diseases and conditions growing out of a clogged condition of the system. Try it free. A sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all leading druggists.

### Rheumatism Cured.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having seen an ad in your paper and having read articles in your and other spiritual papers regarding restoration through the spiritual healing of Dr. G. Lester Lane, 872 Huntington Ave., Boston, I desire to state to the public what this spiritual healer has accomplished in my case.

After ten years of rheumatism, sleepless nights of pain and nervousness, inflammation of the eyes, so that recognition of friends and walking alone were a thing of the past, medical doctors of no avail, I received personal reference from a lady who had been restored by Dr. Lane, and saw his ad in the Banner, which encouraged my forlorn hope. My first week's treatment freed my eyes from inflammation, and I was soon able to walk with ease, and my desire to smoke had vanished. Months have elapsed and there is no return of pain. I feel warranted in stating it is a permanent cure.

Then as loyal Spiritualists, let us not forget our healers from the beautiful realms of spirit and their worthy mediums.

Frank I. Gould,  
20 Grove St., Chelsea, Mass.

To think, to see, to feel, to know, to deal justly; to bear all patiently; to act quietly; to speak cheerfully; to moderate one's voice; these things will bring you the highest good. They will bring you the love of the best and the esteem of that Sacred Few whose good opinion alone is worth cultivating. And further than this, it is the best way you can serve society—live your life. The wise way to benefit humanity is to attend to your own affairs, and thus give other people an opportunity to look after theirs.—The Philanthropist.



## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

**THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY**, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., have for sale a complete assortment of the *Banner of Light* and all the books and pamphlets published by the company.

**TERMS CASH.**—Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by full or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid by C. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be received in postage stamps.

Notations are paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited articles. Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1903.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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**PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE**  
No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce Building, Copley Sq.

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,**  
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**THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,**  
and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

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Issued by  
**BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.**

**Marion D. Barrett**,.....President.  
**Frederic C. Tuttle**,.....Treasurer and Bus. Man.  
**Marion D. Barrett**,.....Editor-in-Chief.  
**Marguerite C. Barrett**,.....Assistant Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Agate Line.  
DISCOUNTS.  
5 months.....10 per cent.  
6 ".....15 " "  
12 ".....40 " "

200 lines to be used in one year, 10 per cent.  
500 lines to be used in one year, 25 per cent.  
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50 per cent. extra for special position.  
Special Notices forty cents per line, Minimum, one insertion.  
Notice in the editorial columns, large type, headed matter, fifty cents per line.  
No extra charge for cuts or double columns. Width of columns 7-16 inches.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 9 A. M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fairly and honestly upon their face are accepted, and when it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interrupted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

## Elegance in the Home.

(Continued from page 1.)

Chavannes is not at your command, nor that Angelo and Raphael are dead.

The furniture should be genuine, that is, no imitation. If it is pine, let it appear as pine. Plain pine is better than imitation of anything more costly. Let it be made to serve its purpose and to fit in its place.

There is no more reason for delighting in antique furniture because it is old than for introducing Egyptian mummies in your parlor because they lived five thousand years ago. If a piece of furniture is an heirloom, it may be treasured in spite of its inconvenience; but why should you put the chair in which Nebuchadnezzar's grandfather sat into your best room and enthrone over its "elegance"? Such a relic is just the thing for the museum but unless it fits into the home it adds no elegance.

In the selection of books for the family library the rules of usefulness and beauty also hold. To the literature of knowledge, which may be summed up in a few dictionaries and encyclopaedias, add the literature of power, the few books of mighty thought and passion, bound substantially, if possible, but in paper if need be. Here again the form is the servant of the substance. The house with the things in it but the habitation of the family. We must not forget that elegance comes to its culmination in the persons of the home. Persons are not to be sacrificed to things. Cobwebs on the walls are bad but cobwebs in the brain are worse.

The neglect of the truth that the most exquisite elegance is of person and not of things is the rock upon which many a home is wrecked. Refinements are dispensed with, courtesies neglected, everything becomes common, insipid and unclean. Friends are greeted with graciousness, members of its family with a nod, then with a grunt, then not at all. Before strangers husband, wife and children are at their best, before each other they are at their worst, physically and mentally. By and by love, ever following admiration, goes to another man or woman and society is shocked. Why should the husband and wife not retain the personal elegance of the sweetest days and add to grace wisdom and nobleness so that physical beauty may linger far into the evening of life and when, at last, it begins to fade, a sweeter, more wonderful mind shall more than compensate?

The great thing is to maintain our self-respect and the admiration of each other. This can be done only by being respectable in our own eyes and admirable in the eyes of each

other. Heaven demands this price for home felicity. Men and women must both forget their "rights" and live in the highest sphere of all. The spontaneously rich life is always and everywhere elegant.

Art is not trimming added to life. Art is life in utmost simplicity. The body best adapted to its functions is most graceful, the garments that best reveal the personality are most beautiful, the home that best serves the family is most elegant. Everything is for expression. Nothing should be for mere ornamentation. Thoreau had one ornament in his hut, a fossil. As he was dusting it one day, he thought came, "What is this for?" and he flung the fossil out of the door. Many a home could increase its elegance by following Thoreau's example.

The Japanese understand true elegance. Their houses are simple, with little furniture. Their tools and dishes are their ornaments. Sketches suggest pictures. One naturally poised flower is a sufficient bouquet. The house is the background for the family—especially for the women, who, in bright attire, are the life of the home.

In thinking of this subject, it occurred to me that the home I had not noticed as elegant or inelegant, which is growing about the persons who live in it, and is so subordinate to those persons as to call no attention to itself, is the most elegant home I have seen.

## A New Departure!!!

Ever in touch with the progressive thought of the age, the venerable "Spiritual Pilgrim," the young man of eighty-two summers, is constantly sending out to the world speaking germs of truth, whose combined rays are filling all minds with wisdom. The Banner of Light, recognizing the inestimable value of these thought flashes from this world renowned author, traveler, lecturer, has made

## SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

with the distinguished and exceptionally gifted friend of our Cause, to take charge of a Department in its columns. Under the attractive caption

## "PEN FLASHES FROM THE PILGRIM"

Dr. Peebles will greet our readers from week to week, discussing such subjects as he feels impressed to present, touching upon social and all reformatory matters. Wit, wisdom, pungent satire, logic, fact, will all flow from his pen, and we know that our readers will be signally helped by what this gifted youth of over eighty years will have to say. Every reader of the Banner of Light should make a

## SPECIAL EFFORT

to secure one new subscriber at least, in order that the truths given by Dr. Peebles may find their way into a million homes. Subscribe for the Banner at once and induce your friends to do likewise. Watch its columns for the initial paper from the earnest, traveled and learned "Spiritual Pilgrim."

## Editorial Notes.

J. J. MORSE.

As our readers are aware, from contributions from his pen lately printed in the Banner of Light, Bro. J. J. Morse, the eminent English inspirational lecturer, is, with his wife and daughter, making a tour around the world. Bro. Morse has lectured with brilliant success during the past ten months in Australia and New Zealand, and is now en route for our shores, which he will reach during July of this year. He informs us that Miss Morse and himself are desirous of doing work while crossing from California to the East, and they can take engagements for the winter season in the Eastern States from October this year to June next year, as they will leave for England in July, 1904. Miss Morse will visit the friends independently of her father, and will make moderate arrangements for her services. She is reported as a good speaker, and an excellent clairvoyant for platform work. All Spiritualists know Mr. Morse as an able exponent of our principles, whose thirty-three years' work in the Cause is ample testimony of his ability. He bears with him the credentials of the English Spiritualists' National Union, and the endorsement of the Reading Spiritualist societies of Great Britain. Our friends should keep him busy during his brief stay, and those who wish his services can address him care "The Philosophical Journal," 1429 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

## LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

There are few more beautiful sentiments than that expressed in the time-honored words "Behold how good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The London Spiritualist Alliance which has just completed twenty years of active and useful existence, and is now in a far more flourishing condition than at any previous period in its eventful history, celebrated its twentieth anniversary in St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, where nearly all its large gatherings have been held on Thursday evening, April 30. The first arrivals reached the hall at 7 p. m. and at 7:30 the musical portion of the program commenced.

The alliance is certainly to be congratulated upon its personnel, for it would be indeed difficult even in cosmopolitan London to find a finer or more representative collection of dignified men and women, than assembled on that occasion. All the articles were very good; both instrumentalists and vocalists rendered charming selections in faultless style, and they received at least some measure of the applause, which was their due. All sorts of people, but all in good condition, filled St. James' Banqueting Hall on this memorable occasion. Members of English and Continental nobility, some of them intimate friends of royalty, met on terms of perfect equality, with non-titled fellow students of spiritual philosophy.

The greatest diversity of thought expression as well as of rank in the social scale of members and associates is one of the features of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and it is

one of its most beautiful and useful features. "Agree to differ, but do not disagree" seems to be the unwritten creed of this most excellent organization, which is in a sense so lightly organized, that because there are no oppressive chains or binding fetters, honest, free-minded people of many diverse shades of thought and feeling can enlist under the same broad banner, and the outspoken name of Spiritualist Alliance seems to only give definiteness to the aims and objects of the society without unduly restricting any who belong to it.

At 110 St. Martin's Lane, close to Charing Cross Railway station, is to be found the headquarters of the Alliance, consisting of editorial and business offices of "Light," a large, well-selected and ever-increasing circulating library, a fine book-room where all sorts of advanced literature can be purchased, and a good lecture-room in which many functions are held from time to time, inclusive of courses of lectures on psychic topics, exercises of clairvoyance and meetings for inquirers at which questions are answered and much useful information given to the many who seek that spot as a centre where Light in reality as well as in name does truly emanate.

## SUCCESS AND NON SUCCESS, BUT NEVER FAILURE.

There is a vast difference between being unsuccessful and failing. Of ultimate failure we know nothing, though of temporary non-success we all experience a good deal. The importance of distinguishing clearly between actual non-success and positive failure can scarcely be over-estimated, as the two conceptions of life involved in these opposite terms are literally as the poles asunder.

We are unsuccessful even as we are uneducated, and in the same sense are un-healthy and unrighteous, undeveloped and un-ripened, before we have passed through certain stages of evolutionary development during which is accomplished, by a necessarily gradual progress, the unrolling of what is involved in our constitution. "I have not yet succeeded in manifesting my ideal" is a highly reasonable and by no means depressing statement, but "I never can make it manifest" is a most absurd as well as discouraging declaration.

Spiritualists of all people should be the very first to acknowledge to themselves and teach to others the glorious doctrine of certain ultimate success which is in perfect accordance with the much loved and much trumpeted theory of everlasting progress.

Our ideals shine like stars above us and glimmer as lights before us. We are morally certain that we can do something great and good, but we try times without number to actualize this high ideal, and time after time we are disappointed because it does not actualize. We do not, as a rule, stop to consider that every attempt which ends in seeming failure is truly a partial success, that through the endeavors we have already made we are certainly nearer our goal than we could have been had we not made those efforts.

Let us never budge from the logic of facts, never deny the self-evident, but let us always seek to find an encouraging in place of a discouraging rule for interpreting whatever facts we have to meet and whatever experiences we have to encounter. It is misapplied sympathy that wastes energy upon commiseration either of self or others, because we cannot through the agency of such maudlin misdirected sympathy lift a single load or spur a single struggler on to victory. It is a wise adage never to go against anything, but seek to rise superior to all that seems adverse by determinately looking obstacles straight in the face and renouncing each one an opportunity.

We all need help and we all need to be helped. Higher intelligences help us just to the extent that they assist us to help ourselves; further than that their ministrations must prove of little permanent value. If we do not shoulder responsibilities ourselves and grow stronger by so doing, the good counsel and kindly aid we may temporarily receive from those who are beyond us in attainment can only prove an ephemeral advantage and that is the chief point needing to be emphasized in connection with all forms of spiritual treatment.

The serious question every teacher or healer needs to ask is: Am I helping others to grow stronger in their own consciousness, or am I only seeking to palliate existing weakness and at best relieve immediate distress?

The great difference between hypnotism and spiritual science is that the former allows one to depend on another's force of will and strength of character, while the latter helps every individual to grow more righteously independent of extraneous aid because more deeply conscious of the divine force resident, though as yet latent in the lives of every one of us.

## HOW OUR HANDS REVEAL OUR CHARACTERS.

Immense interest is now being taken in Chirology which is indeed a true science when dealt with scientifically. The more we observe our own hands as well as those of others, and note the minor changes constantly occurring in them, though in major outlines they do not vary from the type to which they originally belong, we shall glean much useful information which will guide us safely over many difficult paths in life's eventful journey. In doing business with people it is of great importance to read correctly the sort of people with whom we have to deal and in social life also it is of priceless benefit to know how to get along with people with whom we are thrown, so as to avoid unnecessary misunderstandings.

Whenever you see a straight, inflexible thumb, you may make up your mind that its possessor is strong in self-determination and very unwilling to change his course of action for any new road you may suggest to him unless you can convince him by sheer logic and good reasoning that the changes you propose are indubitably for the best. When, however, you behold a flexible thumb which easily bends backward you are dealing with a far more plastic nature, one whose mobility will make it easy for you to persuade him to

agree with your propositions, provided you make yourself attractive.

Soft hands are always open to flattery, while hard hands will usually scorn it. Prominent veins invariably indicate quickness of perception and much hair upon the hands denotes a secretive tendency. Nails are also great indicators of character; the broader the nail the broader the thought; the narrower the nail the narrower the thought.

The above are but two or three of the outline observations which are very quickly mastered and surely demonstrated. It is then a very interesting study to compare nails with foreheads, thumbs with noses, and generally length and width of hands with height and breadth of head. "The proper study of mankind is man," and in no direction can we study man more profitably than by making comparative observations of the hands, faces and heads of the numerous people we meet. If this great practical study received more of the attention which it richly deserves from parents and guardians there would soon be much more perfect discipline in home life, children and young people would be guided intelligently instead of forced into channels of occupation altogether unsuited to their temperaments and needs. Mental science teaches how to improve conditions, but permanent types, however varied, are all equally desirable and useful.

## REV. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

This singularly active and energetic preacher, lecturer, and writer, who has for several years past officiated as Unitarian minister at Croydon, but has recently resigned his regular pastorate and is giving himself up chiefly to itinerating as a lecturer and to literary activities, was one of the principal speakers at the conversation. All who listen to the words of this eloquent and most uncompromising advocate of Spiritualism—for such he certainly is—and especially all who come in any close degree into conscious relation with his psychic sphere, feel intensely how sincere are his convictions and with what unflinching courage he sets them before the world. It is rumored that the extravagance of some of his pro-Böer utterances during the course of the recent war and also after it had ended, produced some friction in his congregation, but it is not rumored that any exception was taken to his views on Spiritualism, which are so very widely known that everybody calls him a Spiritualist, though by no means an intemperate one.

John Page Hopps is a singularly popular exponent of what may be called the new English Unitarianism, which while it has broken away from nearly every conservative ecclesiastical idea and institution, is nevertheless a strenuous advocate of certain aspects of universal Spiritualism.

Two schools of thought are now to the front in the Unitarian denomination; one of these is very nearly agnostic in its attitude to all spiritual questions; it ignores though it does not deny psychical research, and leaves all thought of our future life in an entirely unsettled condition; the other school is quite as radical as the above-mentioned, and in a certain sense even more so, because it goes nearer to the root of things, but instead of dismissing psychic problems as unworthy of much consideration, it gladly accepts all new evidence which tends to throw any light at all upon our complex or composite make-up, both with reference to our present state of existence and to the life beyond the present.

## DO EVIL SPIRITS REALLY EXIST?

The great bugbear with many people is their belief in evil spirits and kindred fear of something they call obsession. This dark belief casts a frightful shadow over the lives of multitudes and difficult indeed appears the task of those who undertake to dispel this deep dimmer gloom.

Good and evil are simply relative terms, as we commonly employ them. Our state is very good when contrasted with states below it. In this strictly relative sense, even the most progressed among us must appear "evil" to those far more advanced than we are, even as those below us in attainment are evil in our eyes. But we expect kindly consideration and boundless compassion for our infirmities from those above us, not scorn and loathing; why then should not we extend to those beneath us precisely the same good feeling that we hope and expect to receive from those beyond us? This hopeful, reasonable, mutualistic philosophy comes to our certain rescue in every time of doubt and tribulation, assuring us that we are all members of one family and must forever help one another.

## PRAYERS FOR THE DEPARTED.

Great discussions have recently appeared in English newspapers in consequence of a communion service proposed to be held in St. Paul's Cathedral in commemoration of all the soldiers who passed out in the late war. Many ultra-protestants greatly protested against the offering of any prayer for the departed, but as "Merlin," a brilliant writer in the "Referee," a sporting paper, though one given largely to religious and philosophical discussions, said in the issue dated April 26, "We cannot rationally suppose that the fact of physical dissolution cuts us off from all communion and fellowship from friends who are left behind."

More and more is the public mind in England inclining toward Spiritualism or something very closely resembling Spiritualism, and surely if it be admitted that prayers are of any value at all, they are just as efficacious on behalf of those out of us as in the physical body. The whole objection to prayer for the departed is based on the idea couched in the words of an old hymn

"Fixed in an eternal state  
They have done with all below,"

which even if true so far as the second line is concerned is by no means reasonable as to the teaching contained in the first line.

Prayer is a spiritual exercise, an aspiration of the inner nature or it is nothing but the perfunctory muttering of words. If it be true and vital it reaches out into the spiritual universe and does its work psychically;

if it be mere mummery it is useless at any time.

Our friends who have gone on or passed within the veil may be often unaware of our physical conditions and yet easily cognizant of our spiritual conditions, and in any case it is a gracious and ennobling act to express with sincerity in any form which appeals to us most our continued affection for those who have passed on and our continued interest in their welfare.

Prayer is beginning to be understood scientifically, and the more we come to know of telepathy, and the general working of psychic forces, though our standpoint may be altered, our faith in prayer's efficacy will increase, it certainly will not diminish.

Human affection seems deathless, and it will assert itself, if need be on the ruins of long cherished theological surmises, which have never been susceptible of proof, for though some will say "you have never proved the efficacy of prayer for the departed," others can more reasonably retort "but you have never disproved it."

## CAN THERE BE BODILY IMMORTALITY?

This is a question which is now challenging much serious attention in many quarters, owing to a prevalent discussion in England, as well as in America, on the possibility of immortalizing our flesh. There seems to be no positive scientific objection to the idea in its myriad forms, but as theories on this subject are manifold, even among those who are favorable to the essential of the concept, it is by no means easy to know exactly what people mean when they tell us they are seeking to attain to bodily immortality. Out of a mass of literary effusion on the question, we may certainly gather that there are some people now living who hope they will never "taste of death," but it seems that they are striving after bodily regeneration and transmutation rather than for everlasting perpetuation of flesh as we now behold it.

We naturally, so it seems, shrink from the act of dying, though in such books as "The Encyclopedia of Death" issued by Francis, of the Progressive Thinker, Chicago, the ordinary view taken of man's shrinking from physical dissolution is very greatly modified when we search the records without prejudice.

The ultimate nature of matter is yet to be discovered, and as we already know that it can and does change form from one plane of substance to another, being resolvable from solid to fluid and from gaseous to ethereal, it would be the height of presumption, for anyone to arbitrarily fix limits to the possibility of bodily transformation.

No attitude of thought appears so thoroughly wise as one which leaves unsettled questions definitely open, for immediately we seek to close them one way or the other, we sink to the level of dogmatists who employ assertion and substitute that for proof.

We know there are many things we do not know, and if it is our privilege to be continually learning, we should be thankful as well as willing to grant that knowledge comes to us by sure degrees, not all at once, but progressively as we are prepared to receive it. To some minds the transcendent possibilities of the human entity as here and now embodied is a most fascinating subject to contemplate, and we err indeed if we seek to deny wings to the spirit which is seeking to grasp a higher state of control over the grosser modes of matter than it has yet been able to demonstrate.

There are four great essentials of an ideal life—Health, Happiness, Success and Use; if these four ends are achieved and we attain to healthy, happy, successful and useful states of existence, we may well be content to leave subtler problems for solution when we come to them. It must always be a mistake to attempt to compass the more advanced before we have learned earlier lessons in the school of progress. Let us aim for perfectly orderly existence and therewith be content, allowing the future to unroll such added possibilities of human achievement as may follow in the course of continuous development.

The greatest of all lessons which we all need to learn, is to make the best possible use of what lies nearest to our hand. We may gladly welcome the highest conceivable ideals, but an ideal may sometimes be so clothed in the garments of fancy that we do not behold its true outline. Spiritualism, if it is to be of increasing benefit to humanity, must blaze the road for us which we are treading, showing us how to make the highest use of instant opportunities. What may take place when we are further evolved is largely a matter of conjecture and it not seldom happens that attention is diverted from present needs by over-speculation regarding remote possibilities.

Let us learn to live increasingly useful, tranquil and yet active lives, balancing strenuous endeavor with calm repose, and we shall surely then discover that the balance between laboriousness and idleness is the point of equilibrium where abides most perfect health.

W. J. Colville.

## Legal Holiday.

Saturday, May 30, being a legal holiday, the Banner of Light offices and bookstore will be closed. All contributions for the Banner must be in the office not later than Thursday morning to insure publication in the next issue.

The angels always find plenty of work for the calm, sane and dignified man or woman. A sane, well-balanced man or woman is always willing to do all work that is nearest at hand with a cheerful mind. We are all closely watched by these great and blessed unseen intelligences, and when we are found faithful and cheerful and honest in small things we are led to greater works. Men progress and prosper very rapidly when they have open minds and willing hearts.—Maga-zine of Mysteries.



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This is our Offer Extraordinary and Banner Subscribers, it is now YOUR time to speak! Will you accept it? Send in your subscriptions AT ONCE!

### Mr. George A. Porter.

This well known medium and magnetic healer of No. 13 Edgewood St., Roxbury, Mass., has taken an office in the Banner of Light building, No. 204 Dartmouth St., and can be seen there from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week. Commencing Sunday evening, June 7, at 7.30 o'clock, Mr. Porter will hold a meeting devoted to a short lecture followed by tests at Banner Hall, No. 204 Dartmouth St. Admission 10 cents. These meetings will be continued every Sunday evening until otherwise announced.

### Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr.

As we go to press the sad news is made known to us of the transition of that venerable and most faithful Spiritualist, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr., who passed to the Higher Life Sunday, May 24. His fidelity and earnestness were so far reaching that the severance of physical ties will cause every heart to grieve, although in spirit we rejoice at his larger freedom. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to all the relatives and friends. May they be sustained by the knowledge that the angels are hovering near, enveloping both spirit and mortal with Infinite Love and Peace.

The services were conducted by Dr. George A. Fuller Wednesday at 2 p. m.; a full report will be published next week.

### Meeting of the Morris Pratt Institute Association.

The Morris Pratt Institute Association will hold its second annual meeting in the Lower Hall of the Institute, on Wednesday, June 24, at 2 p. m. and will continue in session from day to day at ten a. m. and at 2 p. m. until its business is transacted, and its officers elected for 1903-1904.

We would be glad to see every member of the association and many others who are not members at this meeting.

The Board of Trustees of the school, and the Board of Directors of the association, will meet in the school building Wednesday, June 24, 1903 at 9 a. m. and will continue its session from day to day at hours when the association is not in session until its business is transacted.

Moses Hull, president.

Clara L. Stewart, secretary.

### Announcements.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres. Sunday, May 31, will be closing day at Cadet Hall for this season. Miss Elizabeth Harlow will occupy the platform. Circles will be held by various mediums, followed by supper, song service and concert by Etters' Orchestra. June 7 services will be held at Unity Camp. Sec.

Representatives of the Sunshine Club will go to the Castle Square Theatre Wednesday evening, May 27. A. M. Strong, sec.

George A. Porter is holding free parlor meetings at his home, 13 Edgewood St., Roxbury, Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock. Short inspirational spiritual lessons, followed by clairvoyant seance. All welcome.

The Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, pres., holds its public circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 30 Huntington Ave., Room 202. A. M. Strong, sec.

Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn, test medium, will serve the First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, May 31.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society will give its regular monthly dance May 28; officers for the ensuing year will also be elected. This will close the season. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

### First Association of Spiritualists, N. Y.

On Sunday, May 31, we shall hold our final meetings of the present season, and have arranged an especially fine musical program to commemorate the occasion. Our valued member and that gifted musician, Mrs. Edmund Severn, will direct ours, which vouches for its excellence, and the warmest thanks of this association are tendered her in unstinted measure for the generous donation of her rare musical talents throughout the entire year.

During the coming month of June Miss Gault intends continuing these meetings as usual at 3 and 8 o'clock each Sunday, and this association extends to her its best wishes for success. I am glad to state that Miss Gault is greatly improved in health and her psychic force shone forth with unusual power at both sessions May 24 holding her audiences in apparently breathless interest from commencement to close.

We shall resume our meetings on the first Sunday in October of which due notice with full particulars will be given through the courtesy of these columns. I send best wishes to each and every one and cordial thanks for liberal patronage during the past eight months. Marie J. Fitzmaurice, sec.

688 E. 138th St.

### The Clear Lake Spiritualist Society.

The Clear Lake Spiritualists' Society has been having some glorious meetings quite recently.

Rev. Moses Hull came to Clear Lake Saturday, May 9, and gave his last lecture Sunday, May 17, giving two lectures each Sunday, and one each evening.

Mr. Hull was called to Clear Lake more especially to debate with a certain clergyman, who had said a great deal against Spiritualism, and said something that sounded very much as though he would be pleased to debate with one of our lecturers. But when Mr. Hull arrived, and our Methodist friend learned who his opponent was, he could give a great many reasons why it was impossible for him to bother with such nonsense.

The reverend gentleman did a very wise thing when he refused to meet Mr. Hull in debate, as people could not help but see who was the best informed, and who could interpret the Bible in the most reasonable light.

We owe this worthy adversary our heartfelt gratitude, for if he had not opposed us, we might not have secured Mr. Hull, and that would have been a great loss to our society.

We secured Mr. Hull for only four days, at first, but when the four days were over, we prevailed on him to stay over the next Sunday. We had in all eleven as good lectures as you ever listened to.

Mr. Hull is representing a school (the Morris Pratt Institute), that will prove to be one of Spiritualism's best benefactors, and every Spiritualist in the United States, who can, should contribute liberally to its support until it gets on a paying basis. How can a school help but be a success with such a man as Moses Hull at its head!

The Clear Lake Spiritualists' Society has Bible study every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and finds it very interesting and beneficial.

We have a lively little society here, and have invited the State Spiritualists' Association to come to Clear Lake for the third annual convention, January 21-24, 1904.

We should be pleased to have every Spiritualist visit our little city at that time, and I think we can promise all a pleasant time.

The State Association is making calculations on having the best convention ever held, and I think if you come, you will go away feeling that you are a wiser and better Spiritualist than ever before.

E. H. Vandersburg,  
Sec. Clear Lake Spir. Soc.  
Clear Lake, Ia.

### N. S. A. Missionary in Maine.

J. S. Scarlett, the recently appointed missionary, made his first visit to Rockland and has spoken two Sundays, May 17 and 24. Mr. Scarlett was a stranger to the Spiritualists here, with the exception of a very few persons that he had met at Verona Camp, but when he had completed his four lectures many expressed their regrets that he was to leave town. His discourses filled a long felt want; they were profound, practical and convincing, as were the many tests which followed.

Brother Scarlett came with the intention of organizing a new society, but unfortunately it is the wrong season of the year for this place. It has been the custom in the past to hold meetings from September to June, then close for the summer.

A former organization has been dormant the past few years, but not disbanded. Several of the prominent workers in the old society have passed on to the great beyond. Most of the remaining members prefer to reorganize the old society rather than to form a new one, because by so doing they could hold and use the property belonging to that society. They have assured Brother Scarlett that they will gladly meet him later in the season and organize, and try to hold social and public meetings and spread the tenets of our beautiful philosophy to the many who are thirsting for the living waters from pure spiritual fountains. There are many persons here who are enquiring and anxious to learn about spiritual manifestations and principles. When they have become satisfied of this great truth they will join hands with the few old veterans and the result will be a good, strong, progressive society of earnest workers.

F. W. Smith.

### Camp Waukesha, Wis.

Arrangements for the camp meeting at Waukesha, to be given under the auspices of the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, are progressing rapidly. So satisfactory is the progress, that by the time camp opens July 17 everything will be in readiness for visitors, and a first class time will be accorded from the first.

There is no more beautiful place in the country than Waukesha, and many are the attractions for the visitors who wish to make their summer home there. The camp grounds are situated in Griffen's Grove, within the city limits, and within easy reach of all parts of Waukesha.

Talent of the highest order will be in attendance and will combine forces to make this camp a success. Four of the principal railroads run daily trains through Waukesha, giving unsurpassed facilities for reaching the camp. Among those who will take part in the program are the Rev. Moses Hull, Mrs. Mattie Hull, Rev. T. Grafton Owen, Mrs. Catherine McFarlane. Other workers of the same high order will be with us, and aid in making the program a strong one. The names of these will be given in a few days as soon as arrangements are completed.

I would advise all who contemplate visiting the camp, and tenting on the grounds, to write at their earliest convenience and secure tents, etc. Remember, there is no point at which you can spend a more profitable month than at the Waukesha Camp.

If you want programs, send in your names now, that you may have them sent the moment they come from the press. Remember the dates, July 17 to August 16 inclusive. The best time for a good outing. Write for particulars to Clara L. Stewart, president, Whitewater, Wis., or Will J. Erwood, secretary, 1334 Pine St., LaCrosse, Wis.

### Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The Lake Pleasant circulars containing six splendid views of the lake and its surroundings and giving complete information about the convention which will open Sunday, August 2, are now ready for distribution. The debris of the winter has been removed, and the grounds never looked prettier than they do now.

Round trip tickets from Boston for \$3.75, via the Fitchburg Division, Boston & Maine R. R., will be on sale June 1. Cottagers will be glad to know that better water service will be given this year than ever before, as new and larger supply pipes have been laid in place of the old ones.

Mr. John Glickland, who will have charge of the boats and steam launch, has arrived and is repairing and putting them in first class shape.

The dancing pavilion has been rented to

### GEORGE A. PORTER,

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We are compelled to have a few more qualified teachers at once. More calls this year than ever before. Salaries range from three hundred to three thousand. Write at once. Schools supplied with Teachers free of cost. Address with stamp, AMERICAN TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, J. L. Graham, L.L.D., Manager, Memphis, Tenn. A-11

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DR. FELLOWS is one of our distinguished progressive physicians in whom the subject should place their confidence. BANNER OF LIGHT.

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Dr. C. E. WATKINS, 66 Highland Ave., NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

Messrs. Stratton and Bickford, and from July 1 to Labor Day a dance will be held every week day evening, with the Stratton Operatic Orchestra to furnish the music.

Mr. F. A. Baker of Springfield will have the souvenir privilege. Campers are arriving daily.

Among the more recent arrivals are Mrs. J. A. Steele, J. S. Hart and family, Mrs. A. E. Barnes and grandchildren, Mrs. E. M. Shirley, Mr. and Mrs. E. Barron and son, Mrs. M. E. Pease, Mrs. T. E. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fales, Mr. Bixby and family, and Mrs. Johnson and daughter. Mr. Frank B. Woodbury has moved from the Hilliard cottage into his own on Mansfield St.

A pleasant little reunion took place at the cottage of Miss Edice Ball last Tuesday, those present being Miss Ball, Mr. R. F. Churchill, Mr. Edward Gogan, Mr. George Clearland and the writer. Luncheon was served and a general good time was enjoyed.

We have several cottages and one or two tents to rent, fully furnished. The hotel will open June 15. The post-office has been re-established with Herbert S. Streeter as postmaster and is now located in the hotel.

All applications for circulars, cottages or tents should be directed to the writer. Albert P. Blinn, clerk. 61 Dartmouth St., Boston.

When enough people arrive at Truth, and realize that every day is Judgment Day, and the important place is Here, and the time is Now, then we will work for a present good, and educate, not kill; love, not hate; and the men and women who educate most and best shall be honored most. The Day is dawning in the East—Elbert Hubbard.

## THE SIXTEEN PRINCIPAL STARS.

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By J. G. DALTON.

This is a wholly new and fills a great vacancy in the theory and practice of palmistry positions and aspects, for it is the only work of the kind in existence. It contains also the first correct ephemeris of Uranus, and Neptune, for 1903. There is now added the geocentric positions of Neptune from 1795 to 1880, the only ephemeris ever made of the Planet for that period. Price, paper, 75 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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The dancing pavilion has been rented to

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Author of "Studies in Theosophy," "Dashed Against the Rock," "Spiritual Therapeutics," and numerous other works on the Physical Problems of the Ages.

The author says in his introduction: "The writer lays no claim to having written a complete or exhaustive treatise on Psychology, but simply has undertaken to present in as popular a form as possible, some of the salient features of the contemporary movement."

Reports of twenty-four distinct lectures, recently delivered in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and other prominent cities of the United States, have contributed the basis of this volume.

As the author has received numerous inquiries from all parts of the world as to where and how these lectures on Psychology can now be procured, the present volume is the decided and authoritative answer to all these kind and earnest questions.

The chief aim throughout the volume has been, to arouse increased interest in the workable possibilities of a theory of human nature, thoroughly optimistic at the same time, profoundly ethical. This author claims immense utility for improved methods of education, the writer confidently expects that many a young man, woman, and child, who have been the victims of the young, or who are called upon to exercise a pervading over the morally weak and mentally afflicted will derive some help from the doctrines here set forth.

## E. A. BRACKETT

Author of.

## THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

The well known author, E. A. Brackett, who some years ago issued an attractive work entitled "Materialized Apparitions," has recently brought out through Banner of Light Publishing Co. another volume with the above named title. The value of a book is often enhanced if we know something of the writer, and as a good photograph reveals much to all who know something of physiognomy and physiognomy, the frontispiece portrait serves as a good introduction to the volume which it prefaces. We are told that the book was written at the close of the author's 6th year, and that many of his experiments were made in company with Wm. H. Channing, inventor of the first alarm clock, and that the book was written at the close of the author's 6th year, and that many of his experiments were made in company with Wm. H. Channing, inventor of the first alarm clock, and that the book was written at the close of the author's 6th year, and that many of his experiments were made in company with Wm. H. Channing, inventor of the first alarm clock.

By far the most remarkable portion of the volume is entitled "The Unknown World." This chapter contains one of the most thrilling accounts of a strange psychic adventure we have yet read. Levers of the marvellous, as well as all who admire the philosophy of the highly moral, and deeply spiritual type, will be well repaid for a study as well as a simple personal of "The World We Live In," which is substantially bound in cloth, gilt edges, and is a handsome gift book. Price 75 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? An Address delivered by THOMAS GALE FOSTER, in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday afternoon, October 17th, 1897. This address possesses a great merit. It is terse and to the point. Societies should circulate this pamphlet in their respective localities with a lavish hand. Paper 5 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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## SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM.

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## 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.

These circles are not public.

### To Our Readers.

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

In the cause of Truth, 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 May 14, 1903, S. E. 26.

### Invocation.

Oh spirit of life and love, we come into thy presence, desiring to consecrate ourselves anew to the upliftment, upbuilding of the world. However much we may be tempted at times to feel that what little we can do is of no importance and therefore we may step aside, we would not let this thought enter at this time, but would fully understand that the least service is of importance, and no work which can be done by our hand can be left undone or one task left for another; and believing this, with all sincerity of purpose we would take up whatever duty lies before us and with the spirit of concentration to that service, go forward strong, refreshed. Our hearts turn to those who are in distress. The light hearted ones, the joy filled lives, seem not to need our effort, but to those who are suffering, to those who misunderstand, to those who are walking in the shadow, we send our strong thought, our helpful influence, and our complete trust in them. We pray that they may see the light that those who love them, those who are attracted by the same purposes in life, may be strong to steady them in their weaknesses, may be earnest and serious in their purpose to help them to grow and may they draw from the higher fountains of spiritual knowledge that they may be kept clean for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Charles Sprague, Acton, Mass.

The first spirit this morning is a man about forty-five years old. He has side whiskers, rather heavy hair and dark blue eyes. He has a clear-cut, expressive face and a strong way of speaking. He says: "My name is Charles Sprague; I am from Acton, Mass. I wish to ask Arthur to make an effort to understand more about me, and give me better opportunity to come into his life. I have been over here about ten years; I shall never cease to desire to come back into the earth life and express myself and give advice and help as I might be able. Tell Arthur I am gratified with what he did for me and as years go by I understand him better than ever before and it may be a comfort to him to have me say it. I would like to send my love to Louise and Emma. Thank you."

#### Clara Armstrong, Reading, Mass.

The spirit of a woman about thirty-five years old is before me. She is tall, quite stout, has a quiet, earnest manner. Her eyes are blue, her skin is fair; she puts out her hand, which is beautiful, and says: "I am so anxious to speak to my friends. My name is Clara Armstrong. I used to live in Reading. I would like to go to Frank and my mother. They understand a little about Spiritualism, just enough to have an idea of the spirit returning, but they haven't made sufficient effort to be firmly convinced so the knowledge can be of assistance to them in the daily life and that is what I would like. I am not the least bit unhappy but I am anxious. I have, of course, many things to interest me here but I can't forget my old friends and the ties that bound me. I am still interested in the fancy work of which I did so much before I came."

#### Mrs. Mary McGleann, Long Island City.

Again the spirit of a woman comes to me. She is about fifty years of age, short and stout, with a pleasant face; she wears eyeglasses, and her hair is done up high on her head. She laughs a little as though I had told a secret; she did it high because she thought she looked taller. She says: "My name is Mrs. McGleann, Mary. I am from New York; I lived in Long Island City. I desire to communicate with my husband named Thomas. He is being helped by the spirit. If he only knew that in all those transactions he has been having lately, he was getting a good deal of help. I think he would stand still to get stronger impressions and be helped even more than he is now. Bless his heart, he doesn't realize how close we live to him and how often we are putting out our hands to bring the best to him, but his father and I are old friends and we are working together to give him an easier life with better conditions in too; we will work until we accomplish it too; for we don't like what Charlie has done, and we don't think it is at all fair to him and so we work along in this way."

#### Blanche Mason, Petersburg, Ohio.

A girl about fifteen is here now. She is dark with dark brown hair and eyes; she is slender and delicate looking. She seems to me like a girl who must have worn herself all out through nervous energy. She sits about here like a bee as though she never kept still. She says: "My name is Blanche Mason. You would say I had been dead about five years. I don't know how long it is. I only know I was taken sick and wasn't sick very long and then I came over here. My father is over here. I have a stepfather and my mother in earth life. My father told me if I would come here I would probably get a chance to say what I want to and might give some evidence that would help me to get to my mother. I lived in Petersburg, Ohio. Please tell my mother I send my love and there isn't a day goes by that I don't try to tell her about it. I wish she would have a little circle where I could come because it would be better for me and better for her than to come in this public way where I forget half I want to say because I am so nervous knowing it is going to be in print." She has a dog with her and she calls it Zip. It is a little brown shaggy dog and she says, "Tell mama I have Zip with me."

#### Albert Johnson, Charlestown, Mass.

I see a spirit who hurries in here as if he was afraid that he wouldn't get his opportunity to speak. He says, "My name is Albert Johnson; I am a Charlestown man. I have been gone long. It seems to me I couldn't stand it. I see people who have been over here so many years and have never reported to their friends and I thought I could never wait such a long time as that. I came over here so suddenly; it was such a shock to me; it seemed a dreadful thing that I could not at least touch life once more to say something about myself and my conditions. At first when I came it was dark night; I could not trace my way anywhere; I seemed to be passing through an awful dream where everything was dark and there was no hand to help me. At last I found I was coming into the light; I was only a few minutes getting into that condition, but it seemed ages. I found my little brother who had come over here a long time ago; his name was like mine, but they called him Bertie. He was so helpful to me and seemed to understand all about me. It was from him I learned how to return so quickly. I do want to have Annie and George feel I am interested in what they are trying to get through and I believe it will come out a good deal better than they hope for. A change in the conditions on their side will help them to see clearly what steps to take, and I think they will win. I can't close this message without telling them I love them and am not changed the least bit in my desire to do all I can to help them."

#### George Tucker, Montpelier, Vt.

A man about forty-five years of age is here. He is a clean, wholesome looking man, with thin hair and very little of it. He is a philosophical gentleman who makes the best of everything that comes along—makes no fuss about it. He says: "I can't see as there is any use. When I found it was all over I didn't see any sense in making any fuss about it at all, but I just settled down to see what there was to do over here and to tell the truth I have never had the least conception of returning and helping my friends who are alive. I felt that I must find myself work here and forget, but every day or two I would be as conscious of the thought of those I had left as though I were in the room with them, and whenever Alice gave any particular thought to me, I was so near her, almost without will, drawn into the condition of her life through intense thought on me. Now I am stronger, better poised and within a few weeks I have felt a strong desire to return and say I am getting along well; I met many of my old friends and I am pursuing a good many of my studies. My name is George Tucker; I am from Montpelier, Vt. Send this to Alice Tucker. I want it to mean to her that I am not dead nor far away, but I am conscious of her life."

#### John Knight, Lowell, Mass.

There is a spirit here now who says his name is John Knight. He is tall and angular looking, quick and nervous, always on the move, he lived in Lowell. "There wasn't very much that interested me in any sort of religion, I made up my mind to get all possible out of life as it was the only thing I was sure of, and I wasn't very sure of that. I never wanted to be fussed over and pained over on a bed of sickness and asked to repent and have my soul saved, so I was spared that much, but since I came over here I have wished I had thought more about my soul and less about the life I was living. I didn't make much of a success of life and I find that people who make the most talk about the life they are living make the least success of it as a rule. I haven't anything particularly good to say of myself. My life looks pretty much like a failure from this point of view and I am sure if I could come back and live it over again I would find many different uses for my time and energy. I want Nelly and Mary to know I am alive. It is a strange thing to walk around among your people and see them and have them pay not the least bit of attention to you. I have been making raps around the house and I am going to keep right on rapping until I wake somebody up. I wish, this for me, that Johnny Knight will never die. He is going to live on and on forever. At least that is the way it looks now."

#### Charles Field, Boston.

A spirit comes by the name of Field—Charles Field. He is from Boston. He says: "God bless you, my friends. This is the greatest boon that was ever granted me, to be able to speak a word after I thought silence was my doom. I know absolutely nothing of spirit return and you can see what a comfort it is to me to suddenly find out I am able to send a message. You who are so free with your telephones and your telegrams and your cables can well understand what it means to find practically the same thing from spirit to earth life. The old fashioned people who didn't have these things and who had to tramp from place to place to send their message or give it, have some sort of a conception of what it is to the spirit who yearns to express, but I am inclined to think the very expression of spirit to mortal has also made it possible to demonstrate the power of carrying thought over wires in different ways. I want to send word to my friends who are interested in me as a spirit and who may wonder what I am doing. Tell Hattie I am often with her and my effort is to see how much I can send from my thought down into her life without personal contact. I shall be glad if she can receive and as long as she stays I shall keep up my effort to attach myself to her life through thought. Thank you very much."

#### William Wilkins, Providence, R. I.

There is the spirit of a man who says his name is William Wilkins who comes to me now. He continues: "I am a Providence man; I knew something of Spiritualism. It is different from what I had made up of my mind. I don't seem to get along quite as fast as I thought I would, but it does help me a little to know a little. Please send this to Dan. It is important that I talk with him. If I were over in Australia and cabled him that it was important for me to communicate with him, he would see that I had a chance, and so I make this declaration hoping he will pick it up and give me a chance. He will know very well what it is I want to talk about and there is no sense in spelling it out more at this time. I have a clearer head than I had for six months before I went away and it is a help to me to be able to express myself once in a while in a clear fashion. That is all there is to it and all there is to the message."

#### Little People.

What are mortal thoughts? They are thoughts of sin, sickness, death. What are immortal thoughts? They are thoughts of wholeness, happiness, life. In every mortal thought there is the germ of immortal thought, and this germ is trying to grow up. Give it room and a smile, grow up. Remember your divinity. Remember the divinity of your thoughts. Despise not the day of mortal thoughts. Watch your thoughts kindly, and learn from them. It takes real love and consideration and confidence, as well as wisdom, to rule successfully in any kingdom. It takes the same qualities when it comes to ruling "the imaginations of the thoughts."

A real king is ruler simply because his people delight to please him. They work to please him.

Smile at your thoughts and they will smile back and do your bidding. Frown at them or despise them and they will be ugly and unruly. Thoughts are not only "things"; they are little people. They will prove good fairies or bad fairies, according as you treat them well or ill.—Elizabeth Towne in The Nautilus.

### Echoes from Australasia.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

J. J. MORSE.

The feet of the Pilgrim of Spiritualism tread many a path in the accomplishment of the work initiated and directed by the unseen hosts who control the destinies of our workers. Increasing faith and expanding trust in the wisdom of the invisible helpers comes with long experience, and though at times the way be stony and the briars numerous, yet the earnest worker presses onward, certain that the end will be well if loyal service is rendered in return for faithful guidance. To girdle the world and carry our gospel to strange lands has been the lot of many of our distinguished workers, and that honor has come in time to the writer of these lines. As he has hosts of valued friends who are readers of the ever faithful Banner, once again he tells the story of his pilgrimage under the Southern Cross, that those who stay at home in ease may learn something of our work in these lands girt by Southern seas.

#### A WORD OF SYMPATHY.

First, a word of sympathy to my beloved brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison D. Barrett. As the bolt from the blue destroys the placid serenity of the summer skies, causing one to pause in startled amazement, so did the bewildering news of sweet Xilia's distressing passing away break in upon my thought sphere. Childhood is the springtime promise of earthly life, filled with smiles, roses and sunshine. Sweet are the little hands which caress us, angelic the smiles upon the fair face which we love. The sunlight dances in the tresses which adorn our darling, and the dear voice thrills us with its loving cadences. No holier thing is there than parentage, nothing so dear as our firstborn. What dreams fill the mind of a true mother, what hopes rise in a father's soul! Alas! the bolt falls, the sky of love's happiness is riven, and the demon of mischance robs us of our dearest treasure. One stands aghast, and asks, with the immortal Swan of Avon,

"Can such things be and overcome us  
Without our special wonder?"

Our hearts vibrated with all others when the sad news reached us and the tear of loving sympathy bedewed our cheeks, and from wife, daughter, and self, arose the silent prayer that our dearly loved friends would find strength equal to their needs. From far away Australasia we sent our sincerest tributes of sympathy to the saddened hearts so untimely bereft of their darling, and now again echo the wish of thousands who know them that, the gentle hand of Time will heal their wounds, and stay their tears. It is well to advise fortitude at such times, but,

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

And though we know Xilia is not dead, yet the pain of her loss abides with the hearts who loved her so tenderly. But it is in such cases we cry: Thank God for Spiritualism! For it gives courage to face the trial, and strength to endure. Over there, in the bright Summerland, Xilia will grow in beauty and grace, increase in happiness and wisdom, and when, for our friends, "Life's little day is done," they will meet their darling and learn that "that doth us gain." In the deeper, nobler sense that Spiritualism has taught us to understand. Out of our hearts we send the love tipped thoughts of our sympathy, and whisper the words of hope for sunnier days to come.

#### IN THE LAND OF THE MAORI'S.

Twelve hundred miles across the Tasman sea lies the nearest point of New Zealand, easily reached in some five days by the comfortable steamers of the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, the port of Hobart, in the island of Tasmania, being touched en route. On December 31st last the writer sailed thitherward in further accomplishment of his engagement with the Victorian Association of this city. The heat of Melbourne was soon exchanged for cooler airs which, with smooth seas, afforded a pleasant run to the above named port where half a day was spent most agreeably. Tasmania is a charming island, producing lovely fruits, and is rich in luxuriant vegetation.

Hobart is a quiet and cozy town, situated on a very pretty bay, and there are some notable public buildings. In the town and in our household of our faith, but no public work or organized societies. Our next run, some nine hundred miles, brought us to the Bluff, the first port in Maoriland, as some delight to call New Zealand. But of all the sea ports my eyes have seen this was about the most desolate looking! Happily my stay was brief, for immediately the train was boarded and away it sped for Invercargill, sixteen miles away, which enormous distance was accomplished in fifty-five minutes! The following night my first lecture, a stereopticon one, was given to a fair audience, but so strong was the protest that no one would take the chair, so the lecturer introduced himself. Everything passed off satisfactorily and the next morning the stranger took the express train for Dunedin, one hundred and thirty-nine miles up the line, the journey occupying four hours and fifty minutes! Fact: Dunedin is a solidly built town with an energetic and prosperous community, mostly Scotch, it being originally a Scots settlement. Our work is in the hands of the Dunedin Psychological Society, and the ordinary meetings are held in a cosy little hall. The course of meetings arranged for the winter was held in the large and handsome Victoria Hall, which is an annex of His Majesty's Theatre. Large audiences assembled each Sunday at the lectures, and owing to their success my visit was extended two additional weeks. The Cause has been established for some thirty years, and Dr. Peebles, Prof. Denton, Mrs. Britten, Mrs. Fore, Mrs. Brigham, are among those whose names were mentioned as previous visitors. Public opinion, while not exactly tolerant, is fairly neutral, and both the city dailies gave excellent reports of all my meetings.

While at Dunedin a return visit was made to Invercargill, when two very successful meetings were held, and for which chairmen were provided! The visit brought forth a long letter from a materialist which was published in the local paper, and to which the editor courteously allowed me to send a lengthy reply. Our work is not organized, nor are the prospects encouraging towards that end at present. On my departure from Dunedin the society farewelled me, and I was presented with a handsome traveling rug made in the town from wool grown in the district, which is called Otago, and is celebrated for the fine quality of its sheep and wool.

#### CHRISTCHURCH.

The next important city is Christchurch,

some sixteen hours' sail up the East Coast. The city is in the district of Canterbury, and was originally a Church of England (Episcopal) settlement. A busy place it is, but as it is built upon a perfectly flat plain it lacks the picturesque appearance of the previously named city. There are a handsome public park, a well built museum, a fine university, and an excellently built cathedral. A pretty river, the Avon, winds through the centre of the city, and its green banks and well wooded edges make a charming picture. The Catholics are erecting a magnificent structure in the centre of the city, and are spending thousands of dollars over it. To all appearances it will be the equal of any similar building anywhere in Europe, or the States. Our Cause has suffered somewhat from the doings of one A. B. Worthington, now in jail, though when he was active the "Students of Truth," as he dubbed his flock of Spiritualists, met in a large and handsome church, which now knows them no longer. The local work is at present slight in amount, and is difficult to sustain. I spent the day with the prominent friends, was driven to all the sights, and most hospitably entertained during my short stay with them. In the afternoon a short impromptu meeting was held, and a word of cheer spoken to the faithful.

#### THE CAPITAL OF NEW ZEALAND.

The capital city of New Zealand, and the seat of Government, is Wellington, on the North Island, situated on the shores of a truly magnificent bay at the eastern end of the Cook Strait. Maritime and commercial prosperity and business activity are notable features, and many handsome buildings which would do credit to any metropolitan city abound. The Parliament buildings are excellent built and decorated, and possess a really splendid library of books embracing all forms of literature, including works upon Spiritualism, even Podmore's latest contribution to the subject! The numerous Government offices are well built, and replete with all up-to-date conveniences. The various departments: Lands, Railways, Old Age Pensions, Treasury, Customs, Immigration and Navigation, etc., are housed in what is described as the largest wooden building in the world! It certainly is an enormous edifice, and every day it affords office room to nearly three thousand officials. On the north island is to be seen the lingering remains of the remarkable Maori race, their houses, "Whares," their villages, "Pahs," and meeting houses, where their "tangis," or political assemblies are held. The race has many fine specimens of men and women, and they are fairly progressive and civilized. In respect to honesty, sobriety, and virtue, they set most excellent examples to the white men.

#### A PROSPEROUS SOCIETY.

In Wellington was found the most prosperous Spiritualist society so far found in Australasia. It is called "The Wellington Association of Spiritualists (Registered)," which affords it full protection under the laws of the colony. This protection involves the duty of all accounts being kept in legal order, the books being subject to the government auditor's examinations and requirements, under severe penalties. The Association owns the hall in which the meetings are held, which stands upon its own land, and was specially designed for the requirements of the work. The main hall will seat nearly four hundred people, is prettily decorated, the ceiling being covered with silver stars upon a blue ground. There is a large Social Hall as well, with every appliance for suppers, and comfortable retiring rooms, lavatories, etc. The entire building is electrically lighted, and the locale is in a good portion of the city. The plans were drawn by the president, Mr. William McLean, J. P., and a late Member of the New Zealand Parliament, a gentleman of influence in the city, and a most devoted and indefatigable worker and supporter of the movement. He lost no opportunity of doing the honors to the visitor, and in every possible manner made the stranger most welcome. For that matter the entire body, officers and members alike, were more than kind and hospitable to the visitor from Home, as all colonials call England.

Originally the stay was to have been for four weeks, but so well pleased were all that the period was extended to six weeks, during which period some twenty meetings were held. Large audiences were the rule, and the city press contained many favorable notices of the work. The financial results were eminently satisfactory to all concerned. A magnificent reception opened the laborer, and an equally fine farewell terminated them; at the latter the departing visitor was presented with a splendid rug made from Tasmanian opossum skins; and other tokens of esteem, including a solid silver casket presented to Mrs. Morse. The parting was one of mutual regrets, but the pilgrim was compelled to leave the shores of hospitable Maoriland and return here for his final course of lectures for the Victorian Association.

#### AGAIN IN AUSTRALIA.

The return to Australia was by way of Sydney, a trip of twelve hundred miles across the Tasman sea, and then five hundred and fifty-seven miles by rail to Melbourne. Sydney is a fine city, well built, busy and energetic. But the Cause does not at this time flourish there. Internal dissensions, and the lack of useful speakers and good media, have left their marks, and the hard times prevailing have materially lessened the necessary financial support. Doubtless affairs will presently adjust themselves and then a new era of renewed prosperity will set in. When the work is concluded in this city the pilgrim moves on to Brisbane, in Queensland, for a course of twelve lectures for the Brisbane Psychological Research Society, and at their termination a flying visit will be paid to Auckland, N. Z., and to Thames, for a few lectures, which will close this mission to Australasian points. Then comes the long trip across the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco, which will be reached in July, and from there by easy stages to the East, and, ultimately, home to England. All being well we shall all three be at the annual convention of the N. S. A. in October next.

#### THE ESTEEMED W. J. COLVILLE.

The pilgrim's esteemed co-worker, W. J. Colville, in your columns of January 24th of this year, gently disputes the accuracy of the writer's remarks regarding the state of affairs in Australia, as printed in your London contemporary "Light," from a letter sent to that paper by the present writer. The especial point of his versatile colleague's criticism is this: "If there is any business depression in Melbourne at present, as Mr. Morse's letter appears to indicate, it is the aftermath of the war fever which led numbers of young men to throw up good positions at home and rush off to South Africa." That sad fact may account for some finding their positions occupied on their return from the war, but the number out of the half million of citizens who "rushed off to the war" from Melbourne was only a small percentage of the city's population, and consequently their absence would not cause depression in business circles, while it would afford increased opportunities of employment for those remaining at home. The cost incurred by Australia going to the aid of the Motherland made no special drain on her finances, either in general, or as regards Melbourne specifically, hence the "aftermath" has not meant any serious addition to the bad times now prevailing. The esteemed W. J. Colville overlooks the very serious consequences of the late seven years drought prevailing here, of the enormous de-

struction of live stock and produce, of the shrinkage in values resulting from the collapse of the "boom" times, and the failure of innumerable banks, of the wasteful methods of the public service expenditure, and the ruin of socialist legislation which limits production, raises wages, reduces the liberty of labor, and enhances, as a direct result, the prices of food, rent and clothing. Australian credit in the money markets of the world is unsatisfactory because of these things, and as the country has been built up on borrowed money, entailing enormous interest charges, and has but few productive industries, the result is, in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and other cities, trade is bad, employment hard to obtain, and the out-of-work a continually increasing body. I am not a writer of romances, or perhaps I could tell a yarn about finding Oriental splendors under the St. Kilda Road, here; and, maybe, "The Garden of Eden" below Collins Street, but, trusting to sober fact, the leading daily papers, and official records, I am obliged to affirm that my remarks were not only true, but well within the limits of verifiable accuracy. I admire W. J. Colville's wonderful literary abilities, and his most fluent oratory, but as I have a reputation for veracity to preserve, let me assure my esteemed co-worker that the suggestive Falsi of his unfortunate remark was possibly a thoughtless, rather than an intentionally, unkind slip of his ready pen.

#### ANOTHER VISIT TO THE STATES.

Presently the pilgrim will pay his fifth visit to the United States. Twenty-nine years have passed since he first set foot on American soil, met the warm hearted friends of the Cause, and formed friendships which have lasted down to now. Much that has enlightened, strengthened and encouraged was learned during his four preceding visits. Now he brings matured judgment, sobered experience, deepened sense of responsibility to his labors. So he is able to serve the work while en route homewards with ripened powers and increased abilities. He is ready to go anywhere for the interests he has so long served, and is sure the opportunities for carrying our gospel will be duly provided. A short stay in San Francisco for a brief season of labor, and then anywhere en route where friendly calls demand. Societies can write to me care Bro. Thos. G. Newman, "The Philosophical Journal," 1429 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., and their letters will receive due attention on the arrival of himself and family in that city, early in July. Calls for fall and winter work at any points East, South or North of Chicago are specially solicited, either for the services of Miss Florence Morse, or myself, will be equally acceptable.

This closes my correspondence from Australasia, excepting a possible letter from Brisbane, so, once again with good will to all and malice towards none, my pen is again laid down.

Melbourne, Australia, April 18, 1903.

### Love's Coming of Age.

Edward Carpenter.

This is a treatise on the relation of the sexes. With our old ideas on the subject, the title of the book will suggest to many minds, whether chaste or dissolute, the idea of obscenity. A careful study of the book will, however, dispel the idea, and it is much to be desired that more such books were in circulation, until parents fulfil their duty and teach their children the different uses of their bodies which nature has constructed for the reproduction of the genus homo. It is a lamentable fact that most of this education is obtained from the street.

The subject is difficult to treat, and yet any one can see how important sex is in the scheme of nature, and how deeply it has been associated since the infancy of the race not only with man's impulses, but with his religious sentiments. In our civilized life sex desires are restrained by law and custom, but the stronger the restraint, the more they assert themselves in thought. To find the place of these desires, their utterance, their control, their personal and social import is a tremendous problem to youths and girls, to men and women. It seems that if sex is to be treated rationally, that is, neither superstitiously on the one hand nor licentiously on the other, we must admit that both the satisfaction of nature, and the non-satisfaction of passion are desirable and beautiful. They both have their results, and we must reap the fruits which belong to both experiences. There are times when love may, if its expression is restricted, transform itself into the subtle influence of spiritual love. Sex is the allegory of love in the physical world, and that is what gives it its immense power.

The aim of love is non-differentiation—absolute union of being; but absolute union can only be found at the centre of existence. Therefore he who has truly found another has found with that other himself and has found also a third. He who holds the plastic material of the universe in the palm of his hand, and is a creator of sensible forms. Similarly the aim of sex is union and non-differentiation, but on the physical plane. Taking all together, the author thinks it may fairly be said that the prime object of sex is union, the physical union as the allegory and expression of the real union, and that generation is a secondary object or result of this union. Will the man and woman, or race of men and women, never come, to whom love in its various manifestations shall be from the beginning a perfect whole, pure nature and free-standing sanely as a symbol of the Creator?

Man is a curious animal. While mastering the world with his pluck, skill, enterprise and energy, in matters of love, he is almost a child. In this he differs from the other sex, and the difference can be seen in early years. When the boy is beating his drum, the girl is caressing her doll. To the grown man love remains little more than a plaything. Affairs, politics, fighting, money making, creative art, constructive industry are his serious business, his affections are his relaxation. His affections, his passions are as a rule stronger than woman's, but he never understands them or becomes master of their craft. With woman all this is reversed. All the passions and powers, the intellect, affections, emotions and all are really profounder and vaster, more varied, root deeper and have wider scope in man than in woman, but she has this advantage that her powers are more co-ordinated, are in harmony with each other, where his are disjointed or in conflict. A girl comes of age sooner than a boy. Anyhow, man with his great unco-ordinated nature has, for centuries, dominated the other sex, and made himself the ruler of society, and we have a society made after his pattern, a society advanced in mechanical and intellectual inventions, with great passion and emotional elements, but all involved in whirling confusion and strife, a society ungrounded, which on its material side may approve itself a success, but on its more human and affectional side seems a failure.

A half grown man is of course a grant, and so it has come about that the rule of man in the world has for ages meant the rule of woman. The idea of property has contributed to this, and so the rich man has bought a wife to adorn his home, then he docks her with jewels, gives her servants and she is a lady! What a sad fate for her who was created as helpmate to man! The artisan's wife is somewhat better off, but like the lady she is not free and with the increase of her family she becomes a drudge. How



few are the men who appreciate the toil of the household drudge. They are outside at work, in means wages, but they do not understand the anxieties of the woman who alone has to care for the well being of the husband, the children and the comfort of the home.

If as a result of all this woman has gone down hill, man has done the same, for man and woman are bound together by a vital band and the one cannot move a step in advance of the other. Michelet, speaking of the married life, says truly: To every man the woman whom he loves is as the earth was to her legendary son; he has but to fall down and kiss her breast and he is strong again. After what has been said, it is clear that what woman needs the most, and that she has been and is seeking today, is a basis of independence for her life, and she will soon be able to face man on an equality, to find her natural relation to him, and then she will dispose of herself and her sex freely, and not as a thrall must do.

The author traces the march of the emancipation of woman not only from the bondage of man, but also her progress in art, literature and her entrance in professional life. He believes that co-education is a good means to bring about the equality of the sexes, her obtaining the privilege of voting and not the least of her progress is a better knowledge of her physical condition and her great improvement in health and strength; so that she will be better fitted for her duties as wife and mother.

He dwells briefly on marriage as a retrospect, then on the marriages in the future, and while not favoring polyandry, still woman should have more liberty in the choice of him who shall be the father of her children.

He makes a few remarks on star and sex worship, jealousy in both sexes mostly due to the idea of ownership.

The book will prove very instructive to all who desire to know something about their bodies and the sex relation.

Stockholm Publishing Co., Chicago. Order of the Banner of Light Publishing Co. Price \$1.25. Fred de Bos.

### "Follow Thou Me."

H. A. George.

In a previous communication (see Editorial page, Banner of April 13) under the heading "Whom Shall We Follow?" we had something to say as to the method of treatment adopted by Jesus in restoring the deaf, dumb and blind, and others afflicted with various diseases; namely, through the power of his magnetic touch, by the laying on of hands, etc., and the method taught by Mrs. Eddy through Christian Science treatment.

We referred to the numerous instances recorded in the Gospels, quoting chapter and verse, showing where and how Jesus, consistently as invariably, exercised his healing power through his personal magnetism. And in contrast with these repeated demonstrations of the Master, we gave representative extracts from Science and Health text book by Mrs. Eddy, which showed her explicit and sweeping condemnation of the means employed by Jesus, clearly an irreconcilable conflict in medical methods of restoration to health, as practiced by the Founder of Christianity, and as taught by the compiler of Christian Science.

Between these two opposing systems of method of treatment, neither the Christian believer nor the intelligent reader would hesitate "Whom to Follow."

We now propose to answer the question "Whom Shall We Follow?" by referring to the oft-repeated injunctions of Christ, whom Mrs. Eddy, in common with all orthodox Christians, acknowledges as the supreme authority.

#### SAYINGS OF JESUS.

Jesus curing the man with leprosy, after having put forth his hand and touched him and he was cleansed, charged him to say nothing to any man. Mark 1, 43.

And he strictly charged them that they should not make him known. Mark 3, 12.

On restoring the one brought to him who was deaf and had an impediment in his speech, "Jesus charged them that they should tell no man."

To those who witnessed the raising of the Damsel, as related in Mark 5, 40-43.

"Jesus charged them that no man should know it."

Notwithstanding these positive injunctions of the Master, Mrs. Eddy says: "It is not well to imagine that Jesus demonstrated the power to heal only for a select few."

"No man having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new, for he saith the old is better." Luke 5, 39.

"Voe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation." Luke 6, 24.

"Give and it shall be given unto you . . . withold, and the same measure ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." 6, 38.

Jesus' command to the fisherman of Galilee was: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Matt. 4, 19.

"Jesus seeing Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom, saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed him." Matt. 9, 9.

The young man who though he had kept all the commandments, wanted to know what else he must do that he might have eternal life, Jesus directed to "go and sell that thou hast, give to the poor, and come and follow me." Matt. 19, 21.

"Jesus findeth Philip, saith unto him, Follow me." John 1, 43.

"Jesus saith unto Peter, Follow thou me." John 21, 22.

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps." I Peter, 2, 21.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me." John 12, 26.

It is unnecessary to continue these quotations, to determine as between Mrs. Eddy and Jesus, which one to follow, not only with reference to their methods of treating the sick, but also with reference to the character of their respective teachings, their personal aims and practices, and their brotherly attitude towards the children of men. If there are any greater divergencies to be found in any two systems of religious thought and action than the assumptions and inconsistencies put forth by Mrs. Eddy in the name of Christian Science, and those spiritual realities embodied in the life and character of the Nazarene, it would be difficult to recall them. They are the antipodes of each other. One represents a seamless robe, the other a garment of rents and patches without consistency, shape or comeliness.

Think of Christ exacting from each of his disciples three hundred dollars apiece for a few lessons in how to cure the sick, of charging his followers two or three times the commercial value of a book of his compilations, with not an original thought in it; think of him establishing a Christian Science business trust and accumulating privately what is represented as a million dollars; of living a life of exclusion amid the luxuries of a palatial home; of once a year putting himself on public exhibition before his followers; of issuing edicts to his people after the manner of "Thus saith the Lord," solely on his personal authority; of usurping power in church matters which even the Pope himself would blush to assume.

Think of him exploiting himself by questionable advertisements in yellow journals of the day; of furnishing the press with his own photos requesting that "the bump on nose, which appears in the picture, be removed, as it is not natural." (See N. Y. Sunday Journal, April 21, 1901.)

Is it possible for the world to show greater incongruity, contrast, separateness in the life, teachings and career of any other two religious reformers? They represent two totally dissimilar types. Mother Ann Lee and Madam Blavatsky, in comparison with Mrs. Eddy, rise to the dignity of saints.

While claiming to be a Christian of the first degree and a scientist of the bluest blood, Jesus' command to Mrs. Eddy "Follow thou me." is evidently obeyed, as has been noted, very much after the manner that Peter is reported to have followed him—"afar off"—practically out of sight; or rather she illustrates her following the Master as did certain soldiers, who raising the banner of their country, marched away in an opposite direction from that of their commander.

The thoughtful reader will determine for himself or herself, whether to follow Mrs. Eddy's opinion and her interpretation of God as given in her "Science and Health," or the philosophical interpretation of the Cosmos as revealed through Nature's changeless laws.

May 7, 1903.

### Boston Spiritual Temple.

The annual meeting for the election of officers and for other business that might legally come before this society was held in Sewall Hall, New Century Building, on the evening of May 19, 1903. Meeting was called at eight o'clock by the president, Mr. E. L. Allen, who requested that the first vice-president, Dr. G. Lester Lane, take the chair and conduct the meeting. After the records of previous meetings were read and accepted, the reports of the financial secretary, Miss Minnie L. Towle, and the treasurer, Mr. Samuel Finlay, were read and accepted.

At a meeting of the directors held at the residence of Dr. G. Lester Lane on the evening of February 21, 1903, a unanimous vote was passed to secure the services of our present speaker, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, for the coming season of 1903-04. For the ensuing year the following were elected: President, Mr. E. L. Allen; first vice-president, Dr. G. Lester Lane; second vice-president, Mrs. H. S. Rowe; treasurer, Mr. Samuel Finlay; financial secretary, Miss Minnie L. Towle; secretary, Alonzo Danforth; for trustees of the "Moses Hunt Fund," John Q. A. Whittemore, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, Mr. Warren B. Ellis; for other officers of the society we have fifteen directors, a finance committee of six members.

We thus present to the public a body of ladies and gentlemen who represent the leading Spiritualist Society of New England with one as our speaker who has been our standard bearer four years—Rev. F. A. Wiggin, who is energetic, honest and faithful. He has and will continue to keep the pure, white banner of Spiritualism floating in its glory and truth. We hope to unfold the divine truths whereby man may be free, to banish fear that has kept the world from facing mighty problems, and a correct knowledge and right thinking will unbind the chains that have held a struggling humanity. We exist today a well organized society and shall go on with our work.

We are pleased to state that amid all the temptations that have come to us we have stood firm to those lofty ideals which we embraced in the beginning and it is encouraging that the rays of truth presented from time to time, have guided many from darkness and mystery.

We shall meet the first Sunday in October in our new temple of worship—the Potter Hall, in New Century Building, that the society has leased for a year with other rooms and halls that will be acceptable to all and in which all our pleasant societies will be held.

The business meeting concluded, remarks were in order for the good of the society, and were offered by President Allen, Bro. Wiggin, Dr. Lane, Warren B. Ellis and others.

Let us welcome the dawn of a brighter day when life shall be better understood, when truth will be recognized as a necessity to life's unfoldment.

Alonzo Danforth, secretary.

### The Gentleman from Everywhere.

The experience of a "Free Lance" in literature is not often a happy one, and for this reason many predicted that the "D. D.'s," "Ph. D.'s" and "Revs." would unmercifully "roast" the above named new book on account of its racy, humorous, but emphatic ridicule of the "hard shell" views on religious, medical and labor questions. It is very interesting to observe how the originality, brilliancy and literary excellence of this exceptionally popular book have inspired the warmest commendations even from those whose opinions it has antagonized. Rev. E. A. Horton, D. D., the eminent author, editor and orator writes in "Every Other Sunday": "Humor and earnestness, trial and joy, peace and struggle, pathos and jollity, weave their varied strands in The Gentleman from Everywhere. The whole narrative is very entertaining. Behind all is a genial, hopeful philosophy of life." The "Christian Endeavor World" says, editorially: "Mr. Foss gives us in his new volume, The Gentleman from Everywhere, a delightfully original, racy, realistic book that is well worth a reading." The Cleveland, Ohio, "Daily World" says: "This novel by Mr. Foss is appropriately titled. His power of description, both of nature and of human nature, is great, although his judgments upon social, educational and religious conditions are often extreme and caustic. His experiences as school-boy, emigrant, farmer, book-agent, club founder, town builder, politician and preacher are highly entertaining and instructive." For sale at Banner of Light office, and sent postpaid on receipt of price, \$1.50.

The earth is like a road, a poor place to sleep on, a good thing to travel over.—Hillia.

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