

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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JUN 17 1903  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

VOL. 93.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,  
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 17

## THE FRIENDSHIP OF A FRIEND.

Why insist on rash personal relations with your friends? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit.—Emerson.

So friend we needs must think of thee,  
A spirit with fine friendly face;  
A man in thought we love to see,  
Because of gentleness and grace!

A noble soul, with words so wise—  
They captivate the soul and sense;  
They bid our hearts in love arise—  
With dream of faith's omnipotence!

By simply knowing thee, we know  
The best of friendship known to man,  
The better living thou dost show  
Drawn from creation's whispered plan!

All this in sooth we well allow,  
Nor need we ask a closer tie,  
Companion, friend, and teacher now,  
Thou' art unseen to mortal eye!

We've no demand of further claim,  
However dear such good might be;  
We're satisfied to share thy name,  
And give the flowers of praise to thee!

But some we seek to nearer stand,  
And be of us the better part,  
We'd walk with them as hand in hand,  
And be to them as heart to heart!

Let not all friendship fall of this,  
However bright the spirit dream,  
Its flower from root and stem finds bliss,  
And from the sun proceeds the beam!

Reality of friendship asks,  
The real shall companion move;  
Love in such presence joyous basks,  
And knowledge has that love is Love!

William Bruntton.

## Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Andrew Jackson Davis.

This mind is a crystal palace. The poetry and principles of all great thinkers are a living presence within it. Channing's thoughts and inspirations, although they awakened profoundest interest in hidden truths and social problems, could not stay the tide of this interesting gulf-stream. Unitarian establishments could not enlarge commensurately with the inward expansion of this one spiritual intellect. His inspiration was immeasurably beyond their institutional orbit; and when historical Unitarianism shall have sunk below the horizon of memory, the light of this bravest of Protestants will shine like the sun.

He is a self-consecrated child of the Infinite. His thoughts present a new type of conception and teaching. The angel of his presence is visible in nearly all the late literature of the English tongue. Hundreds of thousands who knew nothing of the man, and who cannot comprehensively read the condensations of thoughts in his style, are nevertheless fed by lesser teachers with manna from his firmament. There is a freedom in his sentiments, a gracious presence of purity in his positive thoughts, a deep wit and natural manliness in his character, a strength of purpose in his talents, and an undefinable impersonality of individualism in his genius, which no life nature can fail to love and praise. "The brilliant genius of Emerson," says Parker, "rose in the winter nights, and hung over Boston, drawing the eyes of ingenious young people to look up to the great, new star, a beauty and a mystery, which charmed for the moment, while it gave also a perennial inspiration, as it led them forward along new paths and toward new hopes."

This man is a master. I do not over-color by affirming Emerson to be the Plato of intuition, while Parker is the Emerson of intellectual intuition; both minds made holy and lovely by virtue of a boundless education, diffused through all their working faculties. In the case of these minds no one will deny the validity of education, broad and brave, harmoniously blended with personal needs and unselfish necessities. Parker's mind is inductive first, then it works reverently inward and terminates in intuition—while, with equal culture, is Emerson's point of departure; so that, starting from opposite sides of the spiritual laws, both minds sweep through this world and eternity. I think there must be attraction in each for the other, and in both there is light from heaven for humanity. . . . We get the starshine of spiritual laws, the sun-flashes of infinite principles, the heart-codes of deeper friendships and life, Ideas of Truth, Justice and of a God in Nature, whereby the whole humanity is reinforced with an ennobling ability to achieve and progress. We hear the words of wisdom and love, of trust and devotion, of pure and undeffiled religion, saying, "Love man, love God;" and thus the whole moral landscape is enriched, and caused to blossom like the rose.

I said that Emerson is a Master, and this is true. His high rank and divine power come of cultured intuitions. For his own powers he has a mighty esteem, but only as attributes possible with all men. When his mind performs well he applauds it, and cheers it, and says: "Come, take courage from this,

go beyond your ring, and redress the world's wrongs with new testimonials and hopes." A cheerful intelligence sits upon his brow; and when the stars of the intuitions stand still, he goes into town and finds amusement; but the spiritual laws soon return their charge to its centre. The evidence of a master is his power to overlook and bring all other minds to his "thoughts." In this sense, Emerson is no master at all. The selfisms of his kind prohibit this conquest, even if he had the victor's ambition, which he has not. And it is certain that the world will neither think his thoughts, illustrate with his pictures of rhetoric, nor read the book of life through his unsystematic methods. At this point, then, issues forth Emerson's central idea—with which all men will harmonize instinctively, soon or later; and herein, too, consists the divine mastery of the unassuming man. His impersonal inspiration or principle is, "Eternal Self-Reliance." Almost all spiritual teachers in ages past, including the gentle Jesus, insisted upon the humiliation and extinguishment of the individual. Down with self; up with your Master. Emerson refuses to dictate, disdains all mastership, repels the admiring student, centrifugates the world, walks in the magic circle of self-development, flashes the sunbeams of eternal truth and friendship from the zenith of his private orbit, and says to all men, "Go thou and do likewise."

—From the Thinker.

## Emerson the Prophet.

William Bruntton.

"A prophet is not without honor."

—Mark 6:4.

The story of years has been the speakers of a new word must bear the reproach or neglect of their own people, afterwards they receive praise and recognition, and thus the world moves on. Emerson is no exception to the rule that the prophet must be scorned and scorned and left to grow up as a root in a dry ground, but on this centennial observance of his name and fame, we pass over the history of struggle and rejoice that honor is accorded him in his own country, and all round the world. The twenty-fifth of May is a great day for us to commemorate a man who is a great thinker, a real poet, and a true leader of men to nobler life and conduct.

It is worth our while to study him and have fellowship with him to get the contagion of his calm, gentle, and spiritual impress. His friends in Concord found themselves formed after his likeness, Thoreau so much so that he had all the tricks and tones of speech belonging to Emerson. And we cannot read him with interest and love without taking on the quality of thought that was so sweet in him. Herein lies the benefit of books which earn the brightness of a life and give it to us again as golden sunshine. He came of noble New England stock, eight generations of ministers constitute a good pedigree. Gibbons claims Confucius to be the noblest of all the nobles of the world for his literary power and the influence it has had on his people. Surely the ministers of New England have been formative powers for the making of our commonwealth and in giving it the touch of godly seriousness and strength. He had this in his blood, and it is out of this birth-gift that his wisdom grew and his leadership.

He renounced the ministry after a little trial of it in Boston, because he could not make-believe in religion. He was in a denomination that seemed very lax to some, and which gave the utmost liberty, but it wanted the keeping of the Lord's supper with interpretations he could not accept, and so he left that field to find the larger pulpit of the lecture platform, and a congregation reaching to the ends of the earth.

Sincerity is one of the words he makes large. He does not berate men like his friend Carlyle, and cry out against shams in a shrieking voice; but the quiet penetrating of nature herself, he shows the difference between the wax-flower and the product of the garden. That he had a method of his own in doing this, is welcome to us, because part of his mission was to lift us out of the ruts and to give us the freedom of the fields and the world's highways.

He made many note-books of the thoughts of his mind. They were the sense of the things immediate and real, and he recorded what he observed and felt. The uniting of these pieces was not the fluency and finish of common composition, but to receive a basketful of jewels, is to give us the privilege of choosing what we like and setting them any way we will as ornament for the life. They are for the souls though not unpleasing to the ear, and have inspiration and uplift by the quickening of the mind to do something in its own way of brave and true thinking. There is the fire of a gem as well as the blaze on the hearth; here is a power in the quiet of twilight as well as in the noise and bluster of the day. He is rich in reserve and self-control and the influence that is finding us when

we had least expected it—and this surely proclaims his helpfulness to us.

He was a poet in his mode of looking on life, and in the golden way he loved to express himself. He wished to be a poet after the order of the great singers. It is honor to him that this love was in his heart, for no man can do better service to his fellows than to put music into their lives, so that it is easier for them to fight the battle of life and overcome care. He has indeed done this for us, and some of his lyrical work is the finest and best.

And he was a prophet of the rights of the soul. He preached a grand doctrine concerning nature and God. He had a soul white as a lily, it was in communion with all the loveliness of life, with the liberty that belongs to manhood, and the worship of a pure spirit. His place now in our literature is an assured thing, and it seems very pleasant to join with the great multitude in all nations who now are speaking his praise and giving honor to our New England prophet.

Like his rhodora of the woods,  
His life in quiet beauty grew;  
A friend of man and solitude,  
He loved the rose again with dew;

He loved the themes that stir the soul,  
And help it in the stress of strife;  
He loved the thoughts that mind control,  
He loved the sweet and simple life!

## THE DEPARTED DAYS.

The little cot clings close beside the hill,  
The apple orchard is all bloom and bright,  
The glowing morn the great blue sky doth fill.

And make a picture of supreme delight;  
The shepherd dog is basking by the door,  
The noisy hens are near the barn below;  
The horses neigh and stamp upon the floor,  
And cattle in the pasture's distance show!

All this I see as vision of the days,  
My mind as beautiful doth careful keep,  
And I desire in song to tell its praise,  
Because its forms of love are hushed in sleep;

The happy lives which made this life so gay,  
Have passed beyond to know the brighter spring,  
And in beatitude of God's glad May—  
To wonder why I weep the while I sing!

But oh! it seems so sad a wistful stand,  
By memory's slope and see the days of yore,  
And while sweet beauty takes us by the hand,  
To walk and find our friends are here no more.

And is this all, do we assume the end  
Has come in silence such as this of pain?  
Nay, nay, for Hope doth all the past extend,  
And whisper, "It shall be your own again!"

William Bruntton.

## Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peebles.

NO. 3.

It should be definitely remembered that editors are not to be held responsible for pen-and-ink flashes, lucubrations and the contributions of those who contribute articles for their journals.

"The new Spiritualism!" This is a newly concocted, newly invented phrase. Who fathered it? When was it begotten? When was it discovered? Who discovered it? The facts, dates, figures and witnesses, and a full definition, are called for.

True, we have a monthly new moon, or rather different aspects of the same old-time-mooned moon. And we have at astronomical intervals, newly appearing spots upon the sun's surface, but the sun that illumined the streets of ancient Troy, that brightened the pyramids five thousand years ago, and shed its shimmering beams upon Babylonian Nippur, eight and ten thousand years ago, appears historically to be the self-same sun. While admiring, seizing upon the new that is new, I have a moral abhorrence for that deception, which for selfish, ambitious ends gravely dubs the old the new. To denominate, to call a last-year's robin's nest "a new eagle's nest," would be a stretch of what some people are not over-gifted with—conscience.

While not a Parsee sun-worshiper, I worship at the shrine of nature! How beautiful these new out-putting spring blossoms, these new, many-tinged vestures that clothe fields and forests! Who does not like new things, that are absolutely new? New things and theories that are true? Who does not feel better (after taking a bath) attired in a new, nicely fitting suit? Not a suit of old clothes dyed and rebrushed. What lady does not like a new spring hat, delicately, tastefully trimmed—not the old hat, mark you, retrimmed, and re-bespangled with dead birds' wings? And who does not like new thoughts—if they are really new, and also true? Aye, here is the critical rub!

This leads up to the "new thought"—the "new-thought teachings."—"thoughts are things," etc. These have become stock-in-trade phrases; and yet, candidly, I cannot, anxious as I am, make out just what the "new thought teachings" are. Analyzed,

they seem to me to be phases of Spiritualism.

Diligently have I inquired, sought and waited for specifications—and am still waiting. We can quite easily localize and define new inventions, and new discoveries in art, science, mechanics and literature, such as the literature of ancient Nippur, now being unearthed near old long-fallen Babylon; but what is this "new-thought," and those "new thought teachings"? What is there essentially new in them, and who discovered them?

Kindly spare me from telling me that "thoughts are things." The phrase is too coarse and gross, reminding me of shape and avoidupois. Lumps of sugar and lumps of salt are very properly called "things." These one can weigh, and bite, and taste, and smell—being subjects of the sense-perceptions. Again I ask, what is this "new thought," and these "new thought teachings"? Are they anything more than old thoughts thought out long ago by inspired thinker, seer and sage, but newly conceived, re-clothed, and given a new name? A "Light of Truth" writer says:

"For the New Thought is essentially a system of self-culture. It aims to unfold the powers within; to build up the spiritual man; to bring down and incorporate into daily life the highest ideals which the imagination can form."

This paragraph, revised and amended as follows, would be just about the full truth: "Spiritualism, rooted and grounded in God, who is Spirit (the Absolute One), embodying consciousness, life, evolution, purpose, phenomena, philosophy, and religion, is essentially a system of self-culture. It aims to unfold the powers within; to bring down and incorporate into daily life the highest ideals which the imagination can form."

Spiritualism as expounded by its ablest exponents, is all-embracing and all-inclusive. Deific Spirit being infinite. Is there a truth in Christian Science, Spiritualism includes it; is there a truth in metaphysical science, Spiritualism includes it; is there a truth in "new thought teachings," Spiritualism includes it; is there a truth in mental healing, divine healing and divine science, Spiritualism includes it. Is there a truth in Theosophy—every demonstrated fact in Theosophy and Theosophical writings is included in the all-embracing realm of Spiritualism. The ignorant may not know this. And further, there are those sufficiently wary, and I fear, unprincipled to write about the "new thought," and the "higher thought," and speak of these "mental sciences," and never mention the word Spiritualism, the divine principles of which made them possible. Why is this? Is it cringing cowardice or hypocrisy? What should we think of an illustrious naturalist like Alfred R. Wallace who should write voluminously about acorns, acorn shells, acorn cups, acorn meats and their nourishing properties, but never mention the word oak—the tall, stalwart oak that bore them? Down with this respectable quackery, this tricky policy! It is contemptible enough in party politics, but when revealing its slimy, serpentine fangs in matters spiritual, it is absolutely beneath contempt. My soul honors independence and moral bravery—such bravery as characterized the martyrs of old and dignifies the regal-souled of today. These live in history immortal, while the very names of catering cowards rot into eternal oblivion.

Spiritualism teaches, and persists in teaching that the physical is not the person—that the real abiding man is spirit. The body is not a self-healer. The conscious spirit within is the healer. The oyster, it is said, mends its shell with pearl. The animal when ill, fasts and sleeps.

Belief in self, faith in self, trust in self, that is, in the higher self, the essential inmost spirit,—these are the great invalid healers. These, aided, vivified by invisible intelligences, arouse the atoms, molecules, cells, vital forces, and restore normal activities, making the lame to walk and the despondent, sad-hearted to sing for joy. All these teachings of Spiritualists demonstrate the mastery of mind over matter. They are the guiding stars to personal development.

He or she who is ashamed of his or her Spiritualism, is virtually ashamed of Almighty God, for God is Spirit, and Spirit is the foundation and the crowning top-stone of Spiritualism, Methodism, Lutheranism, Presbyterianism, and kindred isms are but passing driftwood on the sea of time. Reduced to the last analysis, there are but two isms worthy of profound consideration. These are atheistic Materialism and Spiritualism. Thinker, where do you stand? Conscientiously, I stand upon the broad free-thought platform of Spiritualism. This is the Gibraltar rock that defies the tooth of time.

Being fairly well acquainted with the writings of Spencer and Mill, Hyslop and Prof. James, Davis and Tuttle, Denton and Kiddie, Rabbitt and Brittan's "Man and his Relations," and the inspired message-teachings of the invisibles, I anxiously, candidly ask,—I. What is the "new thought?"

II. What really are these "new thought teachings?"

III. What relation do these "thoughts" bear to ideas?

IV. Are either of them creative, and if so, what have they absolutely created?

In answering the above inquiries, it is not necessary to tell us that the ideal precedes the objective real. Everybody knows that. Neither is it necessary to tell us that when you speak of "thought as creative," you mean to imply purpose, skill, mechanical energy, and diligent labor. If you meant all these things, why in reason's name did you not say so, instead of blurring out "thoughts are things,"—"thoughts are creative," and then "crowing thrice," depart? Personally, I am an enthusiastic, out-reaching investigator—student at a thousand shrines of research,—an earnest radical,—but any radicalism, without the radix—without being rooted in truth—is little better than floating froth. But tell us, oh tell us just what the "new thought" actually is?

Though the English language contains something like 115,000 words, the uncultured, in an effort to appear "smart," often insert, or wriggle into foreign words,—Latin, Greek, Pali, Sanskrit,—among which is Maya. What is its meaning? Let that Hindu monthly, "The Prabuddha Bharata" answer: "Maya is an eternal endeavor to attain the end, and eternal readiness to frustrate it, when attained! This is Maya." (Issue of January 1903). Could anything be more clear or comprehensive?

The devil believed in by orthodox Christians for centuries, has never been so minutely described by any sectarian religionist as by Mrs. E. G. White, the founder and cornerstone visionist of the Seventh-day Adventists. In her volume entitled "Early Writings," page 24, she says:

Satan still bears a kingly form. His features are still noble. . . . That brow which was once so noble I particularly noticed. I saw that he had demeaned himself; that every good quality was defaced, and every evil trait was developed. His eyes were cunning, sly, and showed great penetration. His frame was large, but the flesh hung loosely about his hands and face. As I beheld him, his chin was resting upon his left hand. He appeared to be in deep thought. A smile was upon his countenance which made me tremble.

At this time was seeking a dispute with Jesus concerning his being the Son of God, and Satan, to manifest his power (set 27), carried Jesus to Jerusalem and set him upon the pinnacle of the temple and there tempted him," etc. Now mark! This devil of the Seventh-day Adventist Christians has, according to their oracle, Mrs. White, a kingly form, a noble brow, a receding forehead, cunning eyes, and a "large frame with the flesh hanging loosely about his hands;" and yet, strange, strange to tell, "seven" of "him" were "cast out of Mary Magdalene." (Mark 16:9.) Luke's account reads, "Out of whom (Mary) went seven devils."

What a relief this must have been to poor, poor Mary!

Notwithstanding the merciless theory that "might makes right," and the voluble talk that the Indians are "a spent force," statistics state that of late they have been numerically on the increase. Further—the Superintendent of Indian Schools reports a marked advance during the past years. The course of study has been of great assistance in teaching agriculture as a means of self-support. The importance of teaching the native industries is emphasized. The necessity for more and better equipped day schools is urged, and the recommendation is made that these be eventually supplanted by district schools, attended by both races. The enrollment has increased from 3,578 pupils in 1877, to 28,610 in 1902. So the good work of Indian education goes on! Still the pessimistic refrain is "kill them off—they are a spent force." Heaven pity these paragraphic Indian murderers.

## The Ubiquitous Newspaper.

R. W. Emerson.

Regarding the place which the ubiquitous newspaper should occupy in the student's regard, it is interesting to recall an opinion expressed by Emerson, in a private conversation with a friend, twenty-five years ago, before the huge blanket editions of the present day were born, but which he perhaps, with prophetic eye, discerned. These were his words:

"Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention. And the most studious and engaged men can only neglect them at their cost. But learn how to get their best, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born. The (Continued on page 8.)



## Dionysius the Areopagite.

THE LEGEND OF ST. DIONYSIUS OF FRANCE—  
A TALE OF THE SECOND PERSECUTION.

Leo.

(All rights reserved.)

"Oh Love! O Life! Our faith and slight  
Thy presence maketh one,  
As through transfigured clouds of white  
We trace the noon-day sun."

"So to our mortal eyes subdued,  
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,  
We see in Thee the Fatherhood,  
The Love of God revealed."

"Alone, O Love ineffable!  
Thy saving name is given,  
To turn aside from Thee is hell,  
To walk with Thee is heaven."

"Who hates, hates Thee; who loves becomes  
Nearer to Love Divine,  
He serves Thee best who loves the best  
His brothers—who are Thine."

"Immortal Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shored, forever whole,  
A never ebbing sea."

"Our outward lips confess Thy name,—  
All other names above,—  
Love only knoweth whence Thou came,  
And comprehendeth Love." —Whittier.

## DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE.

Two men were standing by a woman's grave, in the place where the Ephesian Christians laid their dead. Behind them the planting rays of the setting sun shone between the stems of the cypress trees, and flamed out upon a great bank of tall lilies, making their stately flowers seem as if petaled with white fire. Their mass of blossoming splendor almost hid the entrance to that rock-hewn tomb which bloomed beside the grave of one who had perhaps more nearly touched God than any of His creatures since Adam sprang from His molding hand, Mary, mother of the Lord.

Neither of the two who had just met by that lily-guarded grave spoke for a few minutes. They were Greeks, the race whose brilliant intellects and beauty-ruled imaginations virtually controlled the Church in those latter years of the first century, for of those great Jews who most certainly "turned the world upside down," only the aged John was left. The mad hate of Nero had well nigh extirpated the early Church, while the destruction of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the Jews, had made it impossible to replace the strong Jewish element that had been her backbone. So for better or worse the control of Christianity had passed into the hands of the men of Europe, and the Church of St. A. D. was practically the result of the labors of St. Paul among the Greek and Roman colonies in the Asian cities, as well as Europe.

The elder of the two was an old man, white haired, and dressed with the studied plainness which distinguished the professing Christians of his day, though in dress and manner there was that indescribable refinement which marked him as that Greek of the Greeks, an Athenian.

His companion was a young man, dressed in the extreme of fashion and extravagance, though the rich fabrics still bore the stains of the previous night's revel, and his face bore the marks of many a debauch, yet, in spite of those evident traces of dissipation, he was beautiful—the dark, defiant beauty of a fallen angel.

The young man was the first to speak. "Greeting," he said, with a respect which might have been deferential or mocking, he probably could not have told which himself. "I am here according to thy wish, though what reason Dionysius the Areopagite can have to desire my company, I do not know. I hardly thought I was one of those whom our great student of the stars would delight to honor with his conversation."

"It is Dionysius, the Christian, rather than Dionysius, the Areopagite, who desires to talk with thee, my son," was the old man's answer.

"And what can Dionysius, the Christian, have in common with Antipas, the apostate?" was the quick retort. "Nay," as the other would have spoken, "hear me first, and then he convinced that thy interest in me is wasted. I have denied the faith into which I was once baptized, and were I to live my life over again, I would do the same. Thou hast heard much of my story already; I was baptized into the church here in Ephesus, by him whom ye called John the Beloved. Myria, my sister, was already a member, and though I loved her; she was parents, and brother and sister to me, yet I became a Christian not only to be with her, but also because I then really believed that I knew and loved thy Christ. I hear that ye still talk sometimes of the wisdom of that young boy who would stand up and speak in your meetings, as if your fabled Holy Spirit was indeed poured out upon him. Then came the Emperor's edict, and we were taken, Myria and I, and brought before that Claudius whom Nero had sent to destroy the Christians in our city. I say Myria die under their tortures, and when they made me recant and save myself from a like fate, I, alone of all the prisoners they had taken, accepted my life at their hands and went out from their prison, unharmed, and an apostate."

"I remember there was a man that afterward I met in Rome, he had been a Christian and after suffering many things at the hand of our enemies had denied his faith and his remorse for that hour when he allowed the anguish of his body to overcome his soul's strength drove him mad. But I who had cast my faith away as lightly as I might have done a robe I wearied of, never repented for a moment of what I had done. I had thrown away Heaven forever, but I had the hope of something sweeter to me than thy eternal bliss, O Dionysius, could ever be."

"I turned all I had to gold, and went to Rome. No one suspected me. I was one of the wildest and most reckless of the pleasure-seekers in that city of Nero's, and no one dreamed that we who seemingly only lived for revelry, used our profligacy as a mask for treason against Caesar. And so we staked our lives and won, though he escaped us by taking his own coward life; I was one of the people that rode after him when he fled from the city, and when we found him, lying there in the grounds of Pharon's villa, I struck his dead face with my hand."

"They were wild years that followed and while Rome put her emperors up and knocked them down, I found it easy to do what I had sold my soul to buy the chance of doing. One by one I tracked every man down who had taken even the smallest part in my Myria's martyrdom and they all died not easy deaths. I had gold and something that made it all ways easy for me to find men who would follow me. Claudius himself we carried off to the mountains. That was when I first learned myself with robbers of the hills and old man, I tell thee no saint in glory could ever know greater bliss than that I felt as I watched him dying."

"From thy knowledge of thy sister," remarked Dionysius dryly, as the other paused, "I have no doubt that thou wert sure these

sets of thine would give her watching spirit pleasure."

Antipas looked at him with a certain dignity as he answered: "Dionysius, I do not believe thy faith, nevertheless, I know that some Power would give pure a spirit as my Myria, all that she wished for to satisfy her, and as for me, I know that there is something above all our jangle of creeds and gods, the Law of Eternal Right, the Law that to obey I renounced my faith in thy religion, for it was right that justice should be done, and only as an apostate could I have the liberty to obey that which is higher than God—His justice."

"Antipas also among the prophets?" said Dionysius, with a slight sneer. "Pardon me, my friend, but dost thou know that I find it hard to believe that a man would be trusted by the God to fulfill His will, when he cannot keep his hands off his neighbor's goods?"

The young man flushed angrily, then laughed. "What wouldst thou have me do?" he asked lightly. "I had sucked the pleasures of life dry, there was no more in them to satisfy me, moreover I had lost all my substance, and I craved for excitement. So six months ago, as thou knowest, I joined the robbers of the hills, and became their captain. Well, I was mad and therefore content, until last night, when my men brought an old man they had found climbing up the pass alone. I knew him instantly, though it was many years since I had seen him, John whom we called the Beloved, and I would have fled into the hills, but he was too quick for me; ere I reached the doorway he was there before me. 'Little child,' he said, looking at me with his deep, wonderful eyes, 'alone I have come through the darkness to seek thee. Where hast thou hidden thyself for so many years, while we sought thee sorrowing? and I go not back to Ephesus unless thou goest with me.'"

"He touched my hand with his very gently, and I followed him meekly down to the city as if I had been indeed the child he called me. Nought said he to me of questions of faith, only he bade me come here to meet thee, why, I do not know, neither do I greatly care. Seeing that there is double the usual price upon my head, it is probable that I will soon be discovered by the authorities and, as I have no fancy to die as a thief, die, I must needs open the gates of Hades for myself, and then I shall be able to surely settle this question, as all important to you Christians, as to whether I am right, and what god is on the top after all."

"Antipas, why art thou not a Christian?" "My friend, have I not given thee reasons enough? I do not believe thy Christ was God-made flesh."

"Why not? Once thou wert one of us." "What is a child's faith, my friend? When I think of my so-called conversion, I only remember the soft light in a woman's eyes, and the touch of her lips and hands; I loved and believed in her, and now I know that whatever faith she had asked me to accept, I should have done so, and, inspired by contact with her, become its prophet. I would not willingly deride the faith she loved, but to believe it is an impossibility."

"I know there is a God certainly, but I believe in Him, because I feel that the great universe with its perfect order and beauty must have a soul, and this Over-Soul is God. He is everywhere, yet at the same time nowhere, for it is impossible for Him to be personified and present in one place. He is all shapes, and all colors, all nature is His body, and He is her soul. I cannot conceive how any one who has stopped to think, can imagine that this Great One could be any possibility touch a woman as a man might and cause her to bear something, something that was God also, equal to Himself, yet could suffer and even die as men die—this ye say being an 'atonement' for our sins. O Dionysius, the God I know hath but two laws, order and beauty, and no man hath ever broken them, like Him they are one, perfect and eternal."

"No man can make 'atonement' unto Nature, for none have sinned against her. In order and beauty she is everywhere, only noticing the thousands of lives broken daily against her law's eternal majesty, by the way she gathereth her fragments, and useth them anew. Thou dost sneer, O thou philosopher, at that man whom thou reckonest a criminal speaking as I have done, but at least I am ready to answer for my sins to God and man, I ask for no substitute to the punishment I have earned. Even if such a thing was possible, I would feel that I was a coward to let another be broken in my place by the Law of Nature."

"Many things evil have been said of us," remarked Dionysius, meditatively, "but I do not remember that we are generally thought cowards."

"Pardon me, my friend," returned the other with a little laugh, "but ye Christians are so altogether impossible that ye are above all ordinary standards of judging."

"Thy reasoning is confused, my son. And now as thou hast told me why thou art not a Christian, let me tell thee why I am one."

Antipas bowed, and the old Athenian went on: "It was fifty years ago. I was a young man, about thirty, and already my study of the stars had brought me a certain amount of fame, when there came one of those 'dark days' which set all known natural laws at defiance. At the time of full moon when an eclipse was impossible, Syria and Asia Minor were darkened for three hours at noon. The darkness was total over the city of Jerusalem, but though I knew that there I could find any explanation of the phenomenon, myself, I failed utterly, and it troubled me much."

"Then four and twenty years later I sat in the Areopagus, the highest court in our Athens, of which I was one of the judges, and they brought before us a little Jewish tent-maker (whom we now call Paul the holy), and charmed him with preaching some new faith in the market place. It was a new faith he told us of that day, yet not altogether new to us Athenians who looked upon beauty as the All-God, and believed that all good must be beautiful, and lived our faith so far that in all the world Athens was the only city undefiled by the Roman circus with its awful games, where men found pleasure in seeing their fellows devoured by lions."

"Paul did not mention the name of Christ when he spoke to us that day. He looked at our temples rising in their almost divine beauty before his eyes, as we sat there on the hill top in the open air, and told us that God was too holy and beautiful to be worshipped even in them; nothing of earth could satisfy the God of whom we were a part. But as he went on to speak of the certainty of an after life, we stopped him, for none of us had any real belief in any god or hereafter. Then we dismissed him, courteously, for he had not a right to his beliefs, however mad they were."

"But in the markets he had given a date when this revelation of a future life was given to men, and it was the date of my 'dark day.' For two years I sought for him in vain; a poor tentmaker is easily lost in our careless cities. Then I heard that he was one of the sect called Christians, and that they had a church in Ephesus. So to Ephesus I came, and called at the house of John the Beloved. He was away from the city that day, but she whom he called his mother made me welcome, and from her I learned the truths which make me a Christian. Since then I have lived here. She was taken away from the evil to come, just before Nero published his edict, and she lay here among the lilies, and I know that Jesus was indeed the Christ, the God."

"My friend," said Antipas, his keen eyes on the other's face, "thou art neither a child nor a fool, and thou hast studied nature. How then it is possible for this lady of the wild grave to be both the things a Christian said she was, and I know what I know of natural laws, she either was not really a mother, or else she could not be a maid."

Antipas expected an angry answer, but the Athenian only smiled as one might smile at a child's folly.

"I will give thee my reasons for believing the unreasonable," he said, "but if there is not that within thee which can receive the Light, thou wilt not understand my words. Thou hast acknowledged thy belief in a power behind and above the forces of nature, in other words, thou dost believe in God, but thou canst not accept as true the fact of His incarnation as the Christ. Now, my son, there are two words in our Greek tongue for love, 'Philos' and 'Agape,' the first is that warm, strong affection that we should have for each other, the love that is more than friendship, and which inspires loyalty and trust. The other is that mad passion which will possess men and women all law or reason. It was 'agape' when Marc Antony threw away the world for a woman's smile, and died content in her arms. And when the Lord Christ was with us He taught that we should love (philos) each other, and all good. But when he told us how 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son,' the word He used was 'agape.'"

"And this to me reveals the mystery of the incarnation. I know what 'agape' hath made men do, and when I think of the Love which is part of the All-Life turned toward this world in a whirlwind of passion, how can I think of little laws and reasons? Why should not this thing have been? and through the mediumship of this woman, the purest and strongest Psyche, I think, that ever lived, Love Divine actually materialized, and became flesh that could be seen and handled. Antipas, if thou wouldst understand the things of God, who is Love, thou must love until love lieth thyself, for only love can tell whence Love came and comprehend His mystery."

There was a short silence, then Antipas said gravely: "This thought of thine is a new one to me, O Dionysius, and I am drawn to it, yet I doubt that I have the power in me to be able to love enough to ever understand thy mystery of Love."

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the incarnate Love of God, the All-Life, and by believing I mean that thou shouldst love all life always, for only by so doing can thy soul be saved."

"If I had the time, I might become a Christian again after all, but as it is I cannot return to the hills, so I must either wait here to be taken, or give myself up to the Prefect. I think I will do the last."

"Why canst thou not return to thy robber band?" "Because you Christians have bewitched me. I do not believe in thy Christ, yet I am even now wondering if there is not some insane—I mean Christian—action I can perform before I go to my death."

It was impossible to tell from Antipas's manner whether he was in jest or earnest. And then he clasped his hands joyfully.

"Ah, I have it," he cried. "I will marry Myrtene."

"Myrtene the dancer?" queried Dionysius.

"Ay, I bought the child—she was little more—and because she pleased me I set her free, then when my money was spent and I joined the robbers, the little fool instead of seeking another lover, must needs leave the city with its luxury and palaces, to live in a cave with me. So I will make her my wife, and my widow, this very night."

Dionysius said nothing, and his erratic young protégé actually kept his word, and married his bewitched mistress in the Christian church, then leaving her with Timothy, the Bishop of Ephesus, he went to the Prefect, only to find that Dionysius had been there before him, and by his gold and influence procured his pardon.

Antipas was more disgusted than grateful for this instead of the theatrical suicide he had planned, he found he must face the idea of living with a woman whom he could not bear to think of as his wife, though she was more "fallen" than he, it was hard to say.

(To be continued.)

## New York State Association.

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

H. W. Richardson.

In accepting the presidency of the New York State Association of Spiritualists, to which I was chosen at the last annual convention, I did so with much reluctance, knowing that with the multitudinous duties devolving upon me in other directions, which I could neither shake off nor lay aside, I should be handicapped for time to do the things which seemed to me so essential to be done by one in this position. But I promised to do the best I could with the limited time at my disposal, and the results are such as they are.

I am glad to be able to say that the year has been one of progress, and that we have grown as an organized body. We have increased the number of local auxiliary societies, as well as the number of members. We have no outstanding debts, and sufficient funds in the treasury for immediate current needs. And furthermore, I believe our Cause has a little firmer hold upon the minds of the people of the Empire State, and that the prejudices against Spiritualism and Spiritualists are not quite as pronounced as they were one year ago.

While this is gratifying, I realize that the progress in each of these directions should have been much greater, and would have been had all Spiritualists in the State given the organized effort that co-operation and liberal support which the importance of the movement should command for it.

I sincerely hope and trust that the incoming Board of Trustees will receive such liberal support and co-operation as will enable them to increase the scope and efficiency of organized State work.

## MID-YEAR BOARD MEETING.

At the time of the last convention provision was made for holding a mid-year board meeting in the autumn of 1902, but as that time approached, a careful canvass through correspondence revealed a general feeling among the trustees that such a meeting was not especially necessary, hence no call was issued. However, since a sufficient number of the trustees for a quorum of the board were in attendance at the National Spiritualist Convention held in Boston in October, at New York, at the time of the Brooklyn mass meeting last March, we met on each of those occasions and acted on certain matters which were since confirmed at a regularly called board meeting. Another year matters may be very different, but as things were this year, we believe our action, which was in the interest of economy, was the wisest course. I would recommend that this matter of board meetings be left with the officers, who have ample powers under the By-Laws, and the State Statutes.

## MEDICAL LEGISLATION.

In so far as has come to my knowledge, no serious attempt has been made by the Legis-

lature of the State of New York, during the last year, to pass laws aimed especially at mediumship, in any of its phases, and we have reason to conclude that the rigorous defense of the rights of Spiritualists and Spiritualists, made by the officers of the State Association, before the lawmakers of the State during the session of 1901, was productive of healthy results, the influence of which still continues.

In that battle for religious and medical liberty the power of organization as a weapon of defense was so clearly apparent that it was seen that all Spiritualists all over the State, would support and become a part of the organized movement, for this reason alone if for no other.

The recent attempt to pass a drastic vaccination law and more firmly entrench the medical monopoly of the State, was an outrage upon every citizen of this Commonwealth. While it was not aimed at our special religion, all Spiritualists over the State were deeply interested in the defeat of the bill, and were quick to sign the petition and protest that poured in upon the Senators and Assemblymen, urging that they oppose the measure.

The stronger we make our organized Spiritualist movement the more secure will we be in the enjoyment of those God-given rights. Let us remember that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and that if we are to leave to coming generations that degree of medical and religious freedom which we desire for ourselves, we must meet the monopolistic tendencies of the medical societies with a strong organization.

We must not suppose these matters are permanently settled. They are likely to come up at any time, and much more likely to succeed if we fail to maintain a strong, healthy organization.

## REGISTRATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

I made something of an attempt to secure a registry of the avowed Spiritualists of the State, but was only partially successful in the attempt; partly owing to lack of time to follow up the work, and partly for lack of co-operation by many to whom I wrote and requested to assist me. Those who did so nobly respond to my sincere thanks.

I hope the incoming officers will take this matter up, and try to secure the name and full address of all pronounced Spiritualists over the State. Such a registry will be useful in many ways in connection with a thorough system of State work, and would be especially useful should it become necessary to again cross swords in defense of medical liberty. I trust the convention will take some action concerning this matter.

## DELEGATES TO NATIONAL CONVENTION.

At the last Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association, its constitution was amended by adding to Article 6, Section 1, the following: "State Associations having exclusive jurisdiction shall be entitled to representation in the N. S. A. Convention, of one delegate for its own charter, and one delegate for each charter granted by its subordinate societies, in good standing at its last convention; provided that such societies as belong to both the State Association, and to the National Spiritualists' Association shall be entitled to representation on one basis only, that society to elect upon which basis they will send delegates."

This provision for an increase of representation in the N. S. A. conventions by subordinate State Associations was essential as a matter of fairness, and your delegates to that convention joined hands with others and worked zealously to secure its enactment.

This increased representation gives us an increased influence in molding the organized movement over the nation, and brings us in closer touch with the other States, and the work they are doing. And if each society be empowered to name its delegates, as I assume provision will be made by this convention, then each individual society will have practically the same advantages of direct representation in both State and National Conventions, as they have heretofore had by keeping up their membership in both.

The National Constitution was further amended in Art. 7, Section 1, relating to "Means of raising revenue," by adding the following: "By collecting at least once each year from all subordinate societies chartered by State Associations." "By collecting annual dues of \$2.00 for each society in good standing when such State Associations are chartered by the National Spiritualists' Association."

From this it will be seen that each society belonging to this State Association will be expected to take one collection annually for the N. S. A. besides, I assume that provision will be made at this convention that each society pay its \$2.00 dues required by the N. S. A.

I recommend that our By-Laws be amended by providing for the naming of delegates, and the paying of dues to the N. S. A., by each subordinate society, or in such other equitable manner as may be just to such societies.

## MASS MEETINGS.

At the last convention a resolution was passed directing the trustees to arrange for holding mass meetings in several of the cities of the State, and in accord therewith, three such meetings have been held; one at Buffalo, one at Rochester, and one in the city of Brooklyn.

Owing to adverse conditions the Rochester meeting was not as successful as we had hoped. We encountered there the small-pox scare, which was then at its zenith, and which of itself was a wet blanket on our meeting. But besides this, we were confronted with the worst blizzard of the winter; so severe that the street car service was practically tied up for one whole day, and seriously interfered with during the remainder of the time. The results were—small attendance, and a financial deficit. The thanks of the State Association, however, are due to the kindly assistance and co-operation of Mrs. Joslyn and Mr. Sleson, in making arrangements and in carrying out much of the detail work relating to this meeting.

The Buffalo mass meeting was held under the joint auspices of the First Spiritualist Church of Buffalo, and the State Association, and was successful both in the attendance and financially, resulting in a neat balance for the credit of the State treasury. Thanks to the First Spiritualist Society and its efficient workers for their loyal co-operation.

The Brooklyn meeting was most successful of all. The attendance was good, and after defraying all expenses, upwards of \$100 was netted for the State treasury. And best of all, charters were issued to two new societies in Brooklyn during that week.

We, as an association, are largely indebted to the local pastors of Brooklyn and New York societies, who very generously contributed their services, and worked faithfully in every way to make the meeting successful. Our State Officers are also entitled to much credit for the sacrifices they have made and the efforts they have put forth in connection with the mass meeting work.

I believe the holding of State Association mass meetings in the larger towns and cities is a legitimate and important feature of State work. They tend to reawaken the interest of the Spiritualists and bring to the attention of would-be investigators our movement and its work. They leave behind an influence which carries a greater respect for our Cause, and increased interest in our work.

Invariably the State officers are met by the representatives of the press and extended notices of our work reach the general public, and arouse a spirit of inquiry and investigation among many whom we do not reach in any other way.

I would recommend to the incoming board that in future this branch of State work be extended, and more mass meetings be held.

## MISSIONARY WORK.

This work is in my opinion of vital importance to the successful promotion of our Cause, and too much stress cannot be placed upon this branch of organized effort. Our State Missionary, Mrs. Reynolds, has done most excellent work during such part of the year as she has devoted to it, and I have received some very flattering commendations thereof from localities where she has held meetings.

Early in the year the executive committee of the State board decided that the true spirit in which to carry on missionary work was the spirit of helpfulness and upbuilding of the Cause in the localities visited, and that stress should be laid upon this rather than upon gathering funds from weak, struggling societies and groups of workers, and while we expected these societies and groups of workers to contribute toward defraying the expenses incident to the meetings being held, we did not deem it wise to over-extract in this direction, hoping to leave the society or group of workers stronger financially as well as otherwise for our coming among them. We believe this has proven the wiser policy, and would recommend its continuance.

We were handicapped in this branch of our work by lack of funds, and would recommend that a special missionary fund be established so that those who desire to make donations, to be used only in this direction, will have the opportunity of doing so. And I hope that liberal donations may then flow into the treasury, so that the incoming board may not be handicapped in missionary work for lack of funds.

There are hundreds of small towns and hamlets over the State wherein Spiritualist meetings have been unknown for years, and there are thousands of men and women who know practically nothing of Spiritualism, and other thousands who have only the most perverted conception of what Spiritualism really stands for, and instead of only one missionary for only a portion of the year, I wish it might be several of them during the entire year.

I have refrained from giving details of this branch of the work, assuming that our missionary will, in her report, give full information in relation thereto.

## CAMPMEETINGS.

One feature of missionary effort is that of campmeeting work. Last camp season we were assigned a State day at Freeville, at which Mrs. Reynolds and myself represented the State Association. We received a cordial welcome from the audiences as well as from the management.

We have several individual members in that part of the State who renewed their memberships, and several new members united under the State banner. As a result of State day, we feel that the organized movement is better understood and appreciated, and financially there were a few dollars added to the State treasury.

At Lily Dale we were assigned one session, at which I was asked to preside, and was assisted by Mrs. Tving and Mrs. Reynolds, and we presented the claims of the State Association as well as the organized movement generally, to a large and appreciative audience. And we hope in the near future to issue a State charter to this flourishing camp, and to Freeville Camp, as we have already done to North Collins Camp.

The North Collins Camp Association is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest Spiritualist society in this country, and has held meetings for nearly half a century, each June and autumn, under the name, "The Friends of Human Progress." In taking a charter from the State Association this veteran society is recognizing in this work those principles of co-operation and organization which are so potent in all other lines of human activity.

We have been assigned for the coming season, State days on the program at Freeville and Lily Dale (hereafter to be known as the City of Light Assembly), and it becomes the duty of the incoming board to see that the State Association is properly represented on those days.

## ORDINATION.

The subject of ordination is one that should have most careful consideration. The New York State Association has always been conservative in this matter, and has exercised great care in the selection of ministers to go forth under its authority to preach the gospel of Spiritualism.

The rule that applications for ordination lie the table for one year was adopted as a conservative measure, and while it may best serve the interests of our Cause to suspend this rule in certain special cases, the rule is undoubtedly a wise one, and will, I trust, continue as the general guide of the board of trustees on this all important subject.

## CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS.

This is one of the most sadly neglected features of our movement. If we wish our Spiritualism to become the leading religious and philosophical cult of the present age, we must look out for the children. Parents should be urged to send them to the lyceums, or better still, go with them in person. The children should be shown that we are in earnest in what we profess, and that Spiritualism and Spiritualists are as much respected as are other religious movements.

We are now being judged by our lives rather than by the complexion of our belief, hence it is for us to place our religion upon that pedestal which shall command the respect of our fellow citizens.

If we believe Spiritualism to be the best religion, then let us prove it to the world by establishing and supporting our Sunday schools and lyceums. The National Association has established a lyceum bureau under the management of Bro. John Ring. Let us get in touch with Brother Ring, and build up our lyceum.

I hope the delegates to this convention may be so inspired that they may devise ways and means to awaken our people to the crying need in this direction, and that in this feature of our work, progress may be made during the coming year.

## OTHER REFORMS.

Spiritualists are as a rule reformers, hence it is not a surprising thing that most of our people believe in equal rights, and can join hands with any and every reform movement that is founded upon justice, and tends to the uplifting of the people. Hence we can opinion that the committee on resolutions should deal with the question of woman's suffrage and express to the people of this State our sympathy with their workers.

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

As a rule Spiritualists sympathize with the oppressed whenever and wherever they are found, and with that late veteran temperance worker, Frances Willard, I feel that the spirit of universal brotherhood, which like the Juggernaut Car, crushes and bruises human hearts, and drives so many of our young women to despair and worse, and so



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BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1903.

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Harrison D. Barrett.....President.  
Frederic G. Tuttle.....Treas. and Bus. Man.  
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## Greetings.

With the next issue of the Banner of Light, the editor-in-chief will resume his post of duty, laid aside, because of illness, early last winter. He extends greetings to all of his friends, in all quarters of the globe, whose words of sympathy and good will have done so much to sustain him in his exile from home. Especially are we commissioned to thank the Spiritualists of the world, who, on the 29th of January, 1903, at the suggestion of the Secretary of the N. S. A., Mrs. Mary T. Longley, centered their thoughts of healing and good cheer upon him and the other members of the family circle who were ill at that time. Their kindly wishes and sympathy were greatly appreciated, and will ever be retained in memory as friendship's sacred offerings. To all who have sought to aid the Banner during the editor's absence, particularly Rev. William Brunton, Miss Susie C. Clark, Miss Lillian Whiting, Paul F. DeGournay, W. J. Colville, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Charles Dawbarn, and all others who have contributed to these columns, the Editor and the Management of the Banner return their hearty thanks. After this issue, our Editor will speak regularly to our readers, and will endeavor to sustain the high standard of excellence which has been attained during the past six months.

## Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The life and character of this great mystic constitute an important study for the truly thoughtful ones of earth. Every reflection upon his work brings forth something new and of great value to him who dwells upon it in kindly spirit and good will. Such being the case, no apology is needed for frequent references to this great man in the columns of any journal in the land, let alone one with the scope and purpose of the Banner of Light. No sketch of Emerson would be complete without having placed before our readers the views of the greatest of all earth's seers, sages, scholars and prophets, Andrew Jackson Davis, concerning him. We therefore present what the great "Poughkeepsie Seer" wrote of Emerson some years ago. It is worth reading and re-reading many times, and we hope the patrons of the Banner will weigh well the ringing words of Dr. Davis.

Of Emerson much has already been said in the recent celebrations of the centenary of his birth. His influence will increase in geometrical progression as the years roll on. "If all of the books in the world, save Emerson's, were to be destroyed," said a great scholar, "the libraries of the world could all be re-

written from his texts." This is high praise, but it is deserved. He stands forth in the realm of transcendental philosophy and rationalistic religion as the foremost mind. Next to Andrew Jackson Davis, he is the greatest prophet of the era of the Soul. He is still laboring for humanity in the higher life of the spirit. He raised man's ideal to the mountain tops of being, and advanced the colors of the army of progress and civilization one thousand years by means of his revelations of the power of the Soul and its innate possibilities.

## Spiritualistic Jubilee.

Our brethren in Keighley, England, are making elaborate preparations to celebrate the Jubilee of their society in July of this year. They hope soon to raise sufficient funds to purchase the temple in which their services are now held and desire most earnestly to make the formal dedication of their temple one of the features of their Jubilee. Their friends in America will earnestly unite with us in wishing them every success, and if "thoughts are things potent for the accomplishment of good," then their temple will be an assured fact, for they will have the best thought of their friends all over the globe in carrying forward their laudable enterprise. They have the active support of their Member of Parliament, John Briggs, Esq., and of their worthy ex-Mayor, H. C. Loughdown, Esq. Success to our good friends in Keighley, Eng.!

## J. J. Morse.

From a private letter, we learn that our valued co-worker, and able transcontinental contributor, Mr. J. J. Morse, will arrive in San Francisco, Cal., July 7, 1903. He will be warmly welcomed by his many friends in San Francisco, among whom he has labored zealously in former years for our beloved Cause. But his welcome will not be confined to San Francisco alone, nor to California, but it will spring spontaneously from the heart of every Spiritualist in America. The name of J. J. Morse is a household word in the home of every Spiritualist in the world, and no one worker can muster more personal friends than can he. The Banner bids him welcome to America for the fifth time, and extends to him and his family the right hand of fellowship as they land at the "Golden Gate" of the Pacific. Mr. Morse is one of the ablest speakers on our platform, and should be kept busy during the entire year he purposes remaining in America. All applications for his services should be sent to 1429 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., for the present. His daughter, Miss Florence Morse, is not only an eloquent and able speaker, but is also a most excellent psychic. Societies would do well to secure her services, as they will be greatly benefited by so doing. Write her at once, and keep her busy while with us.

## Dr. Emily J. Stowe.

In another column we reproduce in full the obituary notice published by the Toronto Ontario News, in honor of the gifted woman whose name heads this article. An appreciative editorial from the same paper is also appended. All that the News says of Dr. Stowe is most heartily endorsed by the Banner of Light. She was a fearless leader among women, a reformer of reformers, and one who dared to do with heart, brain and soul, that which she felt to be right. Canada is conservative in political, social, and industrial reforms. Her people do not take kindly to radical innovations of any kind, hence were slow to welcome women into the arena with male practitioners of medicine. In this field Dr. Stowe was a pioneer, and, despite the bitter opposition, the scorn and contumely of her neighbors, she persevered in her work until she won an honored place in the realm of medicine. She can, with truth, be called the emancipator of the women of Canada. In religion she was equally independent and fearless in her search for truth. She investigated Spiritualism with the skill of a trained mind, and boldly proclaimed her acceptance of its truth. She was a friend to the friendless, and the advocate of every movement for the betterment of the masses. She has lived a noble, useful life, and, full of years and of honors, she has passed to her reward. For fifteen years she has been the writer's friend, and he esteems it a special privilege to pay this tribute to the good and great woman who has gone from earth.

## Prof. Carlyle Petersilea.

This gifted, devoted friend of our Cause, has taken leave of earth, at the early age of fifty-nine years. From the Boston Herald of June 12, we give to our readers an appreciative account of his career and ability as a musician. His literary work, and his connections with Spiritualism are not mentioned. Prof. Petersilea has been a voluminous writer and his works have been deservedly popular with all Spiritualists who read literature with understanding. His books sell as well today as they did when first issued from the press, and it is no small mark of merit when the popularity of works of fiction holds good through many decades of years. His "Philip Carlisle," "Oceanides," "The Discovered Country," "Mark Chester," and other works will ever be remembered with affectionate interest and gratitude by his Spiritualist friends.

Carlyle Petersilea was a spiritual Spiritualist. A man who caught heaven's harmonies with his spiritual ear, and translated them into the music of earth for the soul unfoldment of his fellowmen. He lived in the spirit, and to him the world of souls was as much a daily reality and more so, than was his physical life. He heard the voices of the angels as they spoke to him every passing day, and became their faithful amanuensis as he transcribed their inspiring thoughts. He dwelt in the two spheres of existence at one and the same time, and no mortal ever tried harder than did he to have his daily life reflect with truth the religion of his soul.

He has fallen at his post of duty at an early age, the victim of paralysis. He will be missed in the realm of music, where he took rank among the finished artists of the day, and will leave an aching void in spiritualistic circles where his name has long been a household word. His works will live after him, and his many kindly deeds are tenderly enshrined as precious memories in the minds of all his friends. The Banner of Light grieves the loss of a devoted friend and generous helper. Its editor feels as if a personal bereavement had fallen upon him and his household. All Spiritualists mourn the departure from their midst of one who has been their inspirer and helper for many years. Let us all greet him in loving sympathy and kindness of thought in his new home, and aid him to take up the work he has laid down here. To his faithful wife, left alone in this physical world, let us send our tenderest sympathy, and good will with a prayer to God and the angels, to sustain her in her bitter sorrow. He is not dead, this great and good man, but has only gone home to enjoy the reward of his well-spent life.

## Editorial Notes.

## ANTI VACCINATION PROPAGANDA.

In England at present there is much agitation against compulsory vaccination, which in many places has been totally abolished, but all over Great Britain, cases are continually coming up going far to prove that there is a deep-seated struggle now in progress between two equally determined parties. Those faithful, life-long anti-vaccinationists and fervent Spiritualists, Mr. and Mrs. William Tebb, are still to the front and working tirelessly, and the whole Anti-Vaccination Society is very industriously circulating important and convincing literature. Great call is now being made for the opinions of eminent physicians, and it is good news to relate that a large and ever-increasing number of doctors of recognized standing in the profession are testifying against compulsory vaccination.

Among illustrious names cited as opposed to the practice the following stand particularly high in rank or popular estimation: Immanuel Kant, Philosopher and Man of Letters; Alexander von Humboldt, Naturalist and Traveler; George Canning, Statesman; Sir Robert Peel, Statesman; William Ewart Gladstone, Statesman; John Bright, Orator and Statesman; Lord Salisbury, Statesman; Herbert Spencer, Philosopher and Man of Letters; Alfred Russel Wallace, Naturalist and Man of Letters; Francis W. Newman, Scholar and Man of Letters; William Cobbett, Essayist, Politician and Agriculturist; Lord Shaftesbury, Philanthropist; Miss Florence Nightingale, Organizer of Nursing in the Crimean War; Samuel Whitbread, J. A. Bright, Dr. W. J. Collins, J. Allanson Picton, Royal Vaccination Commissioners; Dr. James Copeland, Physician and Author of Works on Medicine; Dr. George Gregory, Physician and Author of Works on Medicine; Dr. William Farr, Compiler of Statistics to the Registrar-General; Dr. Southwood-Smith, Sanitary Reformer; Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, Physician, Author and Sanitary Reformer; Sir Edwin Chadwick, Sanitary Reformer; Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Authoress; Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Wesleyan Preacher, Editor of the Methodist Times; Professor Charles Ruatt, Professor of Hygiene at the University of Perugia; Professor Crookshank, Emeritus Professor of Bacteriology, King's College; Dr. J. H. Bridges, late Medical Inspector of the Local Government Board; Dr. Charles Creighton, author of History of Epidemics in Britain and Lawson Tait, Surgeon.

A great many more might readily be added to this list, but the names cited are those of particularly well known people whose signatures carry weight in many influential circles, and though it is often quite true that great names do not always really stand for more than smaller ones, yet they have an indisputable greater effect upon the general populace, and it is to the people at large in these days that every question must finally be submitted. People follow precedents, and rightly or wrongly, they attach great importance to the utterances of distinguished personages, and for this feeling there is both an explanation and an excuse, for whether it always happens that men and women of high rank are entitled to the confidence reposed in them or otherwise, it is but reasonable that those who have given themselves up especially to certain lines of study and investigation should know more on their own lines than others can know who have not had similar advantages for special culture.

Every once in a while the public is startled and aroused by a revelation of some terrible results of vaccination, but usually unless some special effort is undertaken to enlighten the rank and file of any population, apathy prevails and the righteousness of a custom is accepted as a matter of course without examination.

## HEALTH AND CUSTOM

How many disorders are due to blind fashion following is beyond our ability to enumerate, but from whatever standpoint the health problem may be investigated it is quite clear that fashion or accepted usage blindly copied and transmitted from one set in society to another has very much to do with the spread of epidemic diseases. Many fashions are in and of themselves opposed to every rule of hygiene, all sorts of unsanitary practices are tacitly adopted because they are in vogue at certain times in certain places.

Few people, if any, pause to inquire whether a fashion is healthful or unhealthful, and the question is scarcely raised whether it is beautiful or hideous. "As well be out of the world as out of the fashion" is a ruinous old saying, which has long brought and is still bringing incalculable misery upon its victims. In the first place it may justly be argued that the policy involved in the adoption of such a maxim is fundamentally opposed to every principle of righteous self-development and lies at the root of the formation and continued indulgence of numerous pernicious habits which are not in themselves attractive, and which would never have gained any hold

at all on multitudes of young people, had not those youths and maidens bound themselves in the gavelclothes of a superstition which ordains that, right or wrong, we must be fashionable.

The cigarette habit is a case in point. Smoking is usually distasteful to the one who endeavors to acquire the habit, a fact which in itself goes far to prove that it is neither a necessary nor a natural practice. Constant sipping of strong drinks without even the excuse of thirst or any natural desire to partake of a beverage is another case of grave importance, and here again do we discover that there is no special pleasure derived from drinking, and certainly in many cases a wholesome youth detests at first the taste and smell of alcohol.

True manliness is evidenced whenever one determines to shake off the galling chains of adverse fashion and resolutely refuses to be entangled in its galling fetters. There can be no right degree of self-respect where one has no individual convictions or where one lacks the necessary courage to uphold conviction. An aggressive deportment is never to be commended, and it is anything but wise or appropriate for any young man or woman to assume an attitude of vaunting superiority in the presence of equals or elders; but entirely without any ungracious assumption of superiority it is clearly the duty and also the high privilege of every more enlightened man or woman to set a bright example to less enlightened neighbors.

Only strong characters and fearless ones become leaders of movements or pioneers in any successful enterprises. It can never be by following the wake of custom that higher views of life and nobler practices can be established, and surely it is pitiable to witness the cowering, cringing attitude of many professedly liberal minded people who only succeed in getting themselves looked down upon on account of their truckling habits.

It is, we repeat, quite needless to arouse unnecessary antagonism by persisting in the maintenance of queer peculiarities, which add nothing to health or comfort, and which are sometimes held on to from sheer love of peculiarity; such eccentricities may not be actually harmful but, in the eyes of sober critics, they appear altogether needless and it is a mistake to waste one's artillery over such unnecessary trifles. True singularity which must in the long run do good and impress the public favorably consists in standing up for a conviction which can bear the closest scrutiny and will never break down under the strain of any searching examination.

There is, also, a power related closely to the practice of beneficent auto-suggestion, closely allied to independence, not only of thought but of action, for it stands to necessity that the very fact of adopting and adhering to an original procedure suggests a certain degree of liberty, from conventional thralldom which in and of itself goes far to suggest superiority to the inroads of popular distemper.

## SATISFYING LOVE.

A charming little book bearing this attractive title has recently been brought out by Lady Louis Stacey, who was in Boston last October, before that time in Australia and New Zealand, engaged in promulgating her decidedly advanced views on many subjects. Our esteemed contemporary "Light" has been pleased to speak editorially in eulogistic terms of "Satisfying Love," and certainly it is but common justice to the gifted author to say that the ideas which the booklet embodies are of a nature calculated to greatly ennoble all who imbibe the graceful happy spirit which pervades the dainty little volume. Lady Stacey is now proving the essential truths of mental and spiritual healing in a very convincing manner, and her views on Self-Treatment are proving very helpful to many. The following is an extract from "Satisfying Love" which bears directly on the question of self-healing.

"Give some time to lovingly encourage your body to do your bidding and your thoughts to go in the direction you desire. Always remember that first the thought and then the act, so that thoughts become things. Take fifteen minutes daily, twice daily if possible, at any convenient time when you are not likely to be disturbed. Put yourself into a comfortable position, lie down flat, with a pillow for comfort. Relax every muscle. When you are relaxed, take the thought of rest, and lovingly encourage your thoughts to keep on REST for five minutes. Think:—I am resting, every bone and muscle is resting. I am absolutely resting. You will find your thoughts wander from time to time, but no matter, practise this over and over until you have trained your thoughts to do your bidding; in this way you are training for thought control, and your body will rest in the true way. Don't fidget your hands or your feet, but relax and keep still and rest. Think only of what you are doing. Next, for five minutes more change your thought to vitality. Vitality is a very strong thought. Think you see yourself getting more and more vital; imagine you feel live blood circulating within your body vitalizing you in every part for five minutes. Do this and enjoy the thing you are doing. The latter part of the time take the thought for the special need you feel at the time. You may feel that you want love, the true love which is satisfying, or faith, or truth, knowledge, joy, prosperity, success or wisdom. Take a new thought always for the third part of the exercise and remember that what you desire and ask for in this way you do receive. So ask that your joy may be full, for the Father knoweth ye have need of these things. As for health, strength or any other good thing. You are working with an unfailing principle, with the one God who is love and unfailing."

Such exercises as these are sure to benefit all who take them faithfully and regularly. It may not at first come easy to all of us to concentrate intensely on any one thought or mental object, even for so short a time as five minutes, but if we earnestly persist in this or some closely similar exercise, we are certain to experience such good results that doubt on the subject of the utility of such exercises will be for us no longer possible.

—W. J. Colville.

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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 Seance held June 4, 1903, S. E. 26.

### Invocation.

Over the sea of silence and separation comes the message sweetly sung by those gone on. Out of the darkness occasioned by the passing of the loved comes the bright light of hope flashed back from that brighter land so loved and the heart so longed for, and because of these signals of joy and hope we sing aloud in our praise this morning. Our hearts overflow with joy and gladness and all the minor things of life, all the little contents and misunderstandings fade away into insignificance. Out of the bigness of God's loving thought is born this expression of continued life and love, and while the perfect word may not always be spoken and the tenderest thought may not always be expressed, still in that life of beauty, the clear word and tender thought are being sent to the one loved and if ear and heart be attuned the expression will assume perfectness and completeness in every way. Oh, bless the dear hearts wherever they may be, unhappy through separation or filled with joy through the knowledge, bless and keep them and may faith so fill them that though discouraged by frequent attempts at unsuccessful effort they may still continue to serve those they love. Our prayer for faith is the only prayer we breathe this morning—faith in those who are living beyond the tumult of this life to be able to project their ideas and their understanding to those left, and a faith that those who are still in the shadow, who are still reaching for consolation may be so strengthened so uplifted and so receptive to influence that they shall know and understand and thus the whole great world of spirit be made into one great sea of love and expression. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Charles Ransdell, Laconia, N. H.

A spirit by the name of Charles Ransdell, from Laconia, N. H., is here. He says: "I don't know as I have much to say about this philosophy. I only know I want to get back as soon as I can and straighten matters up as best I can and tell Mary Susan and I are working as much as we can as we can to bring about the changes that will be good for her. I have been around of course and know something of what spirit life is like but it isn't to be compared with the new joy I might have in coming close to my own and taking care with them even in the humblest way and sharing with them the more common things of earth life. My father is with me; he says, 'Tell them all to be of good cheer; the very expression of good cheer makes it easier for us to come to those we love.'"

#### Joseph Harris, Brockton, Mass.

Another man who is rather stout with full round face, fair blue eyes and brown hair comes. He is about fifty-five or fifty-six years old and good natured; he seems to always have a laugh on his face and a little joy somewhere that makes him always welcome wherever he goes. He says: "My name is Joseph Harris, I am from Brockton. I know something of Spiritualism in a very cursory sort of way. When I first came over after a little illness I concluded to see just what there was about it. I met my friends over here and they were as real and vivid in their expressions to me as any I had ever known, but my mind kept turning back to the friends I had left and finally I asked them if they knew anything about Spiritualism. They laughed and said it was no use to try; the friends in earth life put them away as dead and never made any effort to find out about them. That didn't satisfy me so I started to work. I have found that many of my friends are interested and will be glad indeed to get a message if they can get one that means something. I want Carrie and Will, each of them, to know I haven't lost a bit of my interest in them or anything that comes to them. I often see Carrie crying, not particularly over me, but over the general condition of things and I want her to feel there isn't any sense or need of her being distressed or discouraged, for the whole condition of things is going to change and bring brightness to her. Tell her I have seen Etta and she sends love. I thank you very much."

#### Harriet Brown, Jersey City, N. J.

The spirit of a lady very delicate and slender looking is here. Her eyes are blue, her hair is gray and she is very bright and quick, only she looks like one of those slender people that any moment you might expect to be taken sick and slip away. She says: "But I wasn't, I stayed a long time and I think I was always a good deal stronger than I looked. My name is Harriet Brown. I am from Jersey City, N. J. To my daughter, Lucella, I send this message. Tell her Frankie is all right; she needn't worry about him the least bit. I have tried to give Jennie something like an assurance that she would be all right too. It does seem as though calamities come in groups until they almost break the heart. Pa is with me. He says if they can only wait awhile, the sun will yet shine and better things will come to them. Edgar, whom you may have forgotten, is here; he is quite a prominent factor in our life here and desires me to say he will be strong, perhaps stronger than we in the hour of trial. I send much love and wish I could make it plain how beautiful this life is and how full of opportunity. Thank you."

#### Nellie Thomas, Wyand, Ohio.

Here is the spirit of a girl about twenty years old. She is dark with dark brown hair and eyes, and a pale, fair skin; she looks as though she went to the spirit after quite a sickness. She says: "My name is Nellie

Thomas, I did try to stay in the body. No-body ever wanted to live more than I did. I am sure and I tried every way to get well. It is a terrible thing to just feel yourself slipping away and know that nothing can be done and it was a terrible thing to be because I didn't know anything about the spirit and didn't want to know. I just wanted to live. I used to live in Wyand, Ohio. I thought I could do so much especially with my music if I could only stay, but the first thing I knew I was over here and though I felt all the sadness of going away from my people it was so beautiful, I, all at once, felt a great peace come over me, and now I would not come back for anything. I feel such a joy in living over here and I don't see but what everything that I could do before I can do now and much more with it. I am going on with my music with some of these teachers that you have all read and heard about, gone so long ago, and they only teach through giving out the best that is in them and only those who are able to catch from the inspiration of what they do the method or manner of expression can be correct. I have been able sometimes to catch very definitely the thought and so have learned to think better, and it is beautiful to be taught in this way, but you see even though it is beautiful and I am getting what I wanted, I don't forget any of you. I come back with a desire to tell you I am growing and happy and when you come you will find me not discouraged and unhappy because I had to go, but I hope so much grown that you will be surprised. I feel I have added to an hundred times that I ever felt for you when I was in the body."

#### Addie Gordon, Exeter, N. H.

Stepping up beside me now is the spirit of a woman about forty years of age. She is short, stout, dark and a very energetic woman as though she just made everybody stand around and worked herself with all the vigor she could command. She says her name is Addie Gordon and she lived in Exeter, N. H. "To tell the truth I didn't believe it was possible for me to come. I knew I could come but I didn't believe you could see me. I want to go to Jim Gordon and convince him if possible that I am making a mistake in his opinion for him. Strange things he hears them and knows spirits are about but he doesn't seem to realize who it is. It is I and I want him to know it. Do you suppose I could still and not try to make a manifestation? I guess not, especially not with children. I have seen Emma and Leland and I want them both to know that mama watches over them. Thank you very much."

#### Eugene Bowen, Montgomery, Vt.

Right after her I see the spirit of a man about twenty-eight years old. He is tall, rather light and has a very indifferent sort of a manner as though he did not make any great effort either to communicate or not to, but just thought he would saunter in this morning and see what he could do. He says: "My name is Eugene Bowen. He laughs a little and says: 'You want to know where I lived? Well I lived in Montgomery, Vt. I want this message to go to Lizzie and, I don't give it as a command, but I would like to have her send word back to me. She can write me a letter, I can see it and it will help me. I can read her thought but it is not so helpful as to be able to see it written, for when writing she puts her thought into form. Father Clark is with me and he says by and by we can do better than we do now and he says, tell Lizzie he knew when she went to the grave the other day and was surprised at what she did, but it is all right, she needn't fuss or fret over it. I am not doing carpentering work, I am working with my mind trying to understand a few of the problems and a good many things wishing that I were back I want to pick up some of the things I didn't do when I was there. It is no use to waste myself in idle wishing though so I am going to stop it, and keep to work a little better. Good-bye, Lizzie, and very much love."

#### Homer Lee, Syracuse, N. Y.

The last spirit this morning is a man about thirty-five years old. His name is Homer Lee; he comes from Syracuse, N. Y. He says: "I will tell you plainly, I want this to go to my mother, Mrs. Augusta Lee. About all I want to say is that I reached here all right. I am alive and well and it was not an unpleasant journey. I used to send telegrams back to my people and they were something of this sort: 'I have an idea all the way along that if I could only send some word like that it would be sufficient and would help me. What am I doing? Still looking about, still trying to find out just what the difference is and what people are making all the fuss about. Why I think it is the easiest thing in the world to send communications back and forth if only you would be able to receive them and then send back to us again. We are constantly sending things to you, you are constantly getting them but paying no attention, just as little children take food and raiment from their parents and never stop to think where it comes from or that a loving thought has brought it. I found my little brother George; he was grown but he knew me at once and was so familiar with all the things that had happened in my life that it surprised me a great deal and he also had our old avon some Betty and seemed to have had it from the time that it left us. Funny, isn't it, and uncle Ned says that anything we love with the real love we can have over here and I guess that is about right. I wish I could say more things. I feel them coming to me but I can't seem to be able to express them."

#### Dr. Emily J. Stowe.

In the death of Dr. Emily Howard Jennings Stowe, there has passed away one to whom not only Toronto but the Dominion at large owes much; for it is largely through her efforts that Canadian women enjoy many of the privileges they today accept so calmly as their rights.

The world has many who see its evils, but few with the courage and perseverance to stand adverse criticism and ignorant prejudice until wrongs are righted. As in years past, the sturdy pioneer farmers of Ontario endured hardships, as they toiled to lay the foundations of our country, so Dr. Stowe was a pioneer in the realm of thought, and it was only after much effort and many discouragements that she obtained in the recognition of the rights of her own sex a reward for her self-denial and her endurance.

Dr. Stowe's advanced ideas and her strong literary and artistic ability were in a measure inherited, her father being Solomon Jennings, of Vermont, and her mother, Hannah Howard, a member of an old Rhode Island family, of noted literary ability. On the maternal side she was also connected with the Jennings, one of whom is well known as a writer of American history. Dr. Stowe's parents came to Canada, settling in Norwich, and here Dr. Stowe was born. She received her early education from her mother, who was herself a talented woman, and at the early age of 15 was qualified to teach a small school near Norwich. Thence she steadily advanced until she became principal of a school in Brantford, being the first woman to hold the position of principal. This was the first of her many successes as a pioneer worker. From this position Miss Jennings married Mr. John Stowe, an English gentleman. In 1835, after the birth of her three children, Mrs. Stowe,

realized the need of a physician of her own sex, decided to study medicine, something unheard of in those days. She applied to the university for permission to attend the lectures, and was referred to the Senate, from whom she received the reply that, fearing the admission of women would render the enforcement of discipline very difficult, her request would have to be refused. Mrs. Stowe's reply proved to be prophetic: "Your Senate may refuse me entrance," she said, "but the time will come when you will be compelled to open your doors to women students." Finding the doors of her own country thus barred to her advancement, Mrs. Stowe went to New York, where only four years before the university had been opened to women students. She graduated in 1838, and returned to Canada, to take up her work. The fees were then pitifully small, and the prejudice very bitter, but with courage undaunted and strength truly marvelous, Dr. Stowe cared for her small family, her husband being much of the time an invalid, and attended to her practice. Dr. Stowe was truly a womanly woman, if the word be taken in its broadest sense, name, one who is gentle and desirous of helping others; but she was also a mother in the full depth and breadth of this word. Her children were lovingly and wisely cared for and trained, and one of the sweetest tributes to a life well spent comes from her children, who have always felt that the ideal she set for them must be maintained.

### SERIES OF LECTURES.

In an endeavor to educate the public mind to somewhat broader ideas along all reform lines—for Dr. Stowe's versatility was great—she delivered a series of lectures in Toronto, London, Woodstock and other Canadian towns. In 1877 she organized a society, which, in deference to popular prejudice, was called "the Women's Literary Club" but which in time, as the public mind became educated along the lines of women's rights, appeared under its true title as "the Toronto Women's Enfranchisement Club." In 1882, the ground having been prepared by Dr. Stowe and others, through the instrumentality of this club, the Local Legislature was petitioned that the privileges of the Toronto universities be extended to women, and in the session of 1884 and 1885 this was finally accomplished. Dr. Stowe having the profound satisfaction of seeing her daughter, Dr. Stowe-Gullen, the first woman to take a degree in medicine in Canada.

As the pioneer woman suffragist, Dr. Stowe bore the brunt of much adverse criticism, but in sanitary arrangements in the stores and factories, seats for the shop girls, municipal suffrage, and an alleviation of the evils of the sweat shop, we today are reaping the benefits of reforms this true lover of humanity was chiefly instrumental in bringing about.

Aided by some other reform workers, Dr. Stowe was able to have women appointed to the High School Board, and in 1896, when the city was divided into wards, Dr. Stowe's daughter, Dr. Stowe-Gullen, was one of three ladies who were successful at the polls as candidates for the Public School Board. Dr. Stowe's mental breadth is shown by the fact that in later years she took up the subject of economics, becoming well versed in the money question and the banking system. Dr. Stowe's mental grasp was such that no subject seemed beyond her; her ideas were advanced, yet she combined the theoretical with the practical. Since 1893, when she met with an accident, Dr. Stowe had practically given up general practice, which had grown until at that time she had the gratification of knowing it rivaled those of some of the most prominent physicians of the opposite sex. Most of her time since then had been spent at her island home in Lake St. Joseph, Muskoka, where a practically barren island has been changed under her skilful supervision to a veritable garden, where fruits and flowers are found in abundance. This had of late years been her hobby, and she had last week already made all preparations to spend another summer in the home of her own planning, when almost without warning she was called away.

Not only to a family circle, but to the women of Canada, will the death of Dr. Stowe be felt as an irreparable loss, for she it was who laid the cornerstone, who did the hard, and oftentimes seemingly unappreciated pioneer work for the position Canadian women hold today.

#### Dr. Stowe Cremated.

REMAINS TAKEN TO BUFFALO BY R.F.H. ONE

The remains of the late Dr. Emily Howard Jennings Stowe were cremated at Buffalo. The funeral services were held at her late residence, 433 Spadina Avenue, being conducted by one of her old friends, the Rev. Dr. Parker, and the Rev. Dr. Sunderland of the Unitarian Church. Mr. Howard Stowe, Dr. Frank Stowe and Dr. J. B. Gullen accompanied the remains to Buffalo, that city being nearer than Montreal, where is located the only crematory in Canada, and will bring the ashes of deceased back to this city. Both from sanitary motives and for convenience the late Mrs. Stowe was a firm believer in cremation, and her last wishes have been carried out by her relatives, despite much protest and comment by her acquaintances. She dreaded the burial method now in vogue. "I have never done an act upon earth to pollute it, and I do not wish to do so in dissolution," were her words to her daughter. The most proper manner for her earthly remains to return to the elements was, in her opinion, the process of cremation. The funeral services were a brief and most informal "O Rest in the Lord" was sung by Mrs. Palmer, an intimate friend of the deceased, and made a great impression upon the mourners. The house was filled with floral decorations from relations and colleagues from far and near.

#### A Leader Among Women.

The death of Dr. Emily Stowe brings to recollection the inevitable hardships of the pioneer on any path of human progress. Now that the rights for which she contended are accorded and enjoyed as a matter of course, it is hard to realize the unreasonable prejudice she encountered, the obstacles which were thrown in her way and the opposition she had to face. Women who now choose the medical profession in Canada and find every facility provided for their various courses of study can never know how deeply they are indebted to the pioneer who opened the path they so easily follow. Intellectual courage, clear conviction, steady, unswerving purpose, a composed, philosophic mind, were the qualities that won success in a long struggle against the mental inertia and reaction that would deny to women the right to study and practice medicine.

As there were no means for a woman to obtain a medical education and training in Canada, this courageous pioneer attended the New York College for Women, graduating from that institution in 1868. The subsequent struggle for the right to practice in Toronto, with all its attendant difficulties, left no trace of bitterness or personal animosity. In this Dr. Stowe showed the superior mental qualities that were hers from the beginning, and her reaction against the mental inertia and reaction that would deny to women the right to study and practice medicine.

from the path of progress. Her faith in the final triumph of enlightened views regarding woman's position in society was never shaken. The opening of Toronto University to women and the extension of the franchise in Ontario were the results largely due to her persistent efforts. The women of Canada should revere her memory, for her sacrifices have opened to them many spheres of usefulness.

#### Communication from Abby A. Judson.

With what eager joy do I commence this spirit letter for it is my great desire to send a special message to the dear Banner. Yes, indeed, my many friends upon the earth plane, for some time past I have wished to write again, as of old, a letter to the Banner, to reach in that way, the ears of my good, true, loving friends of the past; those many kind, appreciative friends of earth, whom I reached weekly by my regular Banner letters, and whose loving thoughts always assisted me in the writing of those letters, for I felt the warm, invigorating, loving rays of their true friendship, even in those days of work, and necessary cares and anxieties.

I came here tonight, to the quiet peaceful home of this sensitive, of whom I have long known, accompanied by my noble, spirit father, Adoniram Judson, who was well known on earth. He was the first one to greet my spirit when released from my mortal, suffering form. Weak as a babe from the severe strain and suddenness of my release, I was in his loving arms directed to my spirit home, where awaited me, with outstretched arms of love, her sweet angel face illuminated with joy, my own, dear spirit mother.

Oh! the joyous home-coming I then experienced! I was fully repaid, my dear earth friends, for all I had suffered when on earth. The joy of reunion with my dear loved ones, in this fair, sunny land of peace and love, was so unspeakably beautiful, and soul-stirring, that my whole nature relaxed and rested in the full, sweet enjoyment of that family reunion.

Oh! this birth to the Higher Life, my friends! How can I find words to describe its naturalness, its perfect simplicity, and the joy and comfort a spirit feels after the cumbers covering of the fleshly body has dropped away? Oh! the grand possibilities of life here in the spirit spheres! Words cannot do justice to this theme. Much as I wish to tell you of this glorious change, this new birth, which is the full awakening, and the ripening of my longing spirit, I find it difficult the first time to give you even a faint shadow of this harmonious existence, this true life of the spirit. However, I will promise you here that I will endeavor, to the best of my ability, and as my arisen spirit grows in strength and knowledge of this spirit life, to try many times to voice my thoughts to you, through this sensitive. I was directed to her father, the first, for many reasons, and was brought here a number of times, by her noble spirit father, soon after my release from the body. There was a wise purpose in thus bringing me back to earth, near this sensitive child of nature. She possesses just the right element to give my spirit strength to recover from the suddenness of my release.

Whenever I came near the earth plane, I suffered much from the distressing sensations, the smarting, burning pains of my suffering form, just before I left it forever. So, one day when I came here, with her spirit father, I learned a wonderful lesson. Something happened, so marvelous to me, that I wish to tell it to everyone. I had a dread of returning to earth, on account of the suffering I felt every time I entered the earth atmosphere. Well, it happened this way: As I entered the room of this invalid lady, accompanied by her spirit father, she was earnestly engaged in conversation with an elderly, good friend of mine, one whom I well knew and respected highly for his sterling integrity and noble, generous nature. As it happened, they were speaking of me at the time in words of sympathy for my sudden departure from earth, and the way and manner I passed out of my body. Her father told me to grasp her left arm, and hold it for five minutes. 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I have quoted thus freely to give the reader an accurate understanding of Prof. Trowbridge's attitude towards the subject, and to indicate his mental tendencies. Would the learned scientist select a card table, or a gambling room as the fittest place to test the specific gravity of lead? Would he find suitable conditions at the card table, and Stock Exchange, for making his observations, and comparing water with lead, and making history for specific gravity? The question of time, which he would have observed, and tabulated at remote points, so as to agree to the thousandth part of a second, is a little extravagant, as considered from an unscientific viewpoint. If we were investigating the velocity with which telepathic messages are carried, it might be important to know the time in each place, as accurately as possible. But it is not important to know how fast light travels, in order to determine that the sun shines and gives light and heat to the earth. If the light is eight minutes, or eight hours in transit, it gets here, and that answers for the fact that the sun gives light to the world. That fact was known many ages before the eminent Dane—(Olaf Roemer)—proved that light travels in time. It is interesting to know this fact, and to be able to determine approximately—the time occupied in transit of light from the sun to the earth. But it does not add anything to the evidence that light and heat come from the sun.

If by prearrangement two persons communicate, in an intelligent manner, giving specific sentences, carefully noted, between London and New York, and no visible batteries or wires, or other means are employed, the probability would seem to be that it is telepathy. If this is repeated, and varied, from time to time, and different messages are transmitted, and the two communicants compare notes by letter, and each corroborates the other, it puts coincidence and "subsequent celeration" out of the problem. The question of time is not so important. Whether it was a "thousandth of a second" or a whole hour, in transit, if the message got there, without any other means than telepathy, it is just as really a fact, if it required an hour to pass through the intervening space, as if it were but the one thousandth of a second.

There is one sentence in Prof. Trowbridge's article, as it appears in the Literary Digest, which I do not understand. This may be proof of my incapacity or obtuseness; but I will quote it and see if others can enlighten me. "Do we not judge of a friend's opinion more by the tones of the voice, the lifting of the eyebrows, the gestures of the hands, than even by his words? When he rings us up on the telephone, we gather his meaning by the accumulated memories of the look which habitually accompanies his speech—his smile, whether it be cynical or optimistic."

Do we communicate a look and a smile by telephone? And our memories of his look, and smile, the test of his meaning, when he calls at the phone and says, "Meet me at the depot at 2 p. m. sharp?" Would these memories convey his meaning without his words? If so it looks as if the telephone had gone into the business of telepathy. Would not his words, distinctly heard at the phone, convey his meaning without any reference to his look or smile?

Again: "Two deaf, dumb and blind persons are not conscious of proximity except from the sense of touch."

As I am not deaf or dumb, and at present not even blind, I cannot testify for them, and do not recall any expressions from them that are in evidence. But I know there are persons who are conscious of proximity without any touch of bodily organs. At one time it was a familiar experience with me, as it is with hundreds of others, and I am amazed that any intelligent observer should deny it. At one time in my life I could stand with my back to certain persons, and tell when they were looking at me, and feel a wave of the hand six feet away, and demonstrate it to the onlookers.

Forty and fifty years ago there were numerous experiments in mesmerism, and psychology, in which mind communicated with mind through many miles of space; and these facts were tested and proven certain by many persons who were as doubtful as Prof. Trowbridge. But no science is at once accepted by all classes of men. It requires time, and much discussion, and countless repetitions of facts, to establish any new discovery to the acceptance of all men. I have a little pamphlet entitled: "One hundred proofs that the earth is not a globe." Physicists, and especially astronomers, may laugh at this; and so, too, may those who have studied and experimented in telepathy, and witnessed the evidence of a sensitiveness that realizes proximity without bodily contact, be pardoned if they smile and are doubtful, as negations of Prof. Trowbridge.

Again we are told that "When we express a belief in telepathy we indulge in a hypothesis of an occult radiation of vibration of a mind cell, far off in China, perhaps, which can affect another mind cell at the antipodes; and we profess a belief that this radiation, like that employed in wireless telegraphy, can set a mind cell in motion and communicate the sense of sight, hearing and the tactile sense. Otherwise how can we recognize a friend or penetrate his meaning? This is a large hypothesis; it is not in consonance with scientific thought; it belongs to the realm of demology and witchcraft."

Whatever theory may be thought necessary to explain telepathy does not alter the fact. There are many facts in Nature which have puzzled theorists to explain, and many theories have been advanced, but none as yet are not equal to all the facts. But because a hypothesis "is not in consonance with scientific thought," is the fault with the facts which the hypothesis is intended to explain? The emission, or corporeal theory of light, was at one time thought to be "in consonance with scientific thought," but no reputable physicist today advocates or accepts it. But because the hypothesis was not equal to the demand, was the fact of light emanating from luminous bodies any less real? Was the sight of men and animals any less reliable, because the corporeal theory was inadequate?

Prof. Trowbridge has presented a theory, which he assumes to be necessary to the admission of certain facts, and then he discounts the facts, because his hypothesis "is not in consonance with scientific thought." Is this the scientific way of dealing with unpleasant facts? If facts do not behave according to the demands of a theory, must they be doctored into him with Allopathic doses of assumption and negation? Because Prof. Trowbridge has announced a hypothesis that "is not in consonance with scientific thought," shall we accept his conclusion that facts are not to be trusted until after they have made a history? My ideas of science have been that facts are first, and theories afterwards; and if the theory does not fit the facts let it be changed, and when the correct hypothesis is reached it will be "in consonance with scientific thought."

Lyman C. Howe.

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone  
That gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender words forgotten;  
The letter you did not write;  
The flower you did not send, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts tonight."

Immoral words admit of no defence,  
For want of decency is want of sense.  
—Earl of Roscommon.

## Transitions.

Dr. Nellie C. Mosler, Kent, Ohio, died June 3 from surgical operation for tumor. She leaves a husband and two sons to mourn her loss, and a multitude of friends, as her life work brought her in fellowship with people in nearly every state in the union. She stopped her earnest, heartfelt work in the Cause of Spiritualism April 30 at Buffalo, only to be continued in "that Summer Land," where we are sure a bright crown awaits her coming. Nellie Bandie.

Passed to his spirit home, May 23, from the residence of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips of Clackamas, Oregon, Clyde A. Phillips, aged thirty years and two days. Clyde A. Phillips was born in Oregon, consequently grew up with the West. Possessing an active mind he had qualified himself well for the duties of life as he met them here. The funeral discourse was given by Mrs. Caroline Cornelius of Portland, this state, assisted by a select choir of singers for the occasion. This was the second Spiritualist funeral rites ever observed in this place. The first was observed about four years ago. The departed was our daughter, Annie, and the officiate Mrs. Lillie M. Smith, formerly of Ginteville, Texas. To profess a faith and not exemplify it in my daily life is contrary to my ideas of right and justice, consequently when the necessities come we meet them as we think they should be met by every Spiritualist in the United States when their relatives or friends lay down the mortal, by securing a Spiritualist speaker for the occasion, also songs to be sung in harmony with our belief. The people of this town and vicinity having heard nothing but Orthodox rites on funeral occasions, seemed agreeably surprised at our efforts. "Why, then, that you Spiritualists do not do so?" How beautiful! And it seems to me we are not doing our duty when we fail to make effort to spread, like John the Baptist, our gospel in the "wilderness." It is from the country people, those whose homes are on the farms, that we draw or find the deepest spirituality today. Like the forest child they live close to Nature, and drink more often at her fountains. Every neighborhood should have a public seance and lecture room at some friend's house, and hold meetings once in every two weeks at least. Wm. Phillips, Clackamas, Oregon.

## The Secret of Life.

Men are to learn more and more that they are souls, that they are children of God, and that they are living here in this world as a part of the education, the training, the development of themselves as children of God; they are to learn that everything else is secondary, subordinate; they are to learn that the body is important for the development of the soul; they are to learn that joy is important, that sorrow is important; that gaining things may be important, that losing things may be important; that all the incidents of our career are only subsidiary to this,—that everything is intended to minister to this.

Here, I believe, is the secret of life. Here is the central, essential meaning of existence. This is what we are here for; and when we have learned this, all the difficulties, all the troubles, all the burdens, all the cares, all the incidents and experiences of life, will take their places as experiences by the way; and the principal thing will be the way and the end towards which it leads.—M. J. Savage.

Atins could never have carried the world had he fixed his thoughts on the size of it.—Fra Albertus.

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The Ubiquitous Newspaper.

(Continued from page 1.)  
genuine news is what you want, and practice quick searches for it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will learn to avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think. Reading anything long at one time destroys thought as completely as the infections forced by external causes. Do not permit this. Stop if you find yourself becoming absorbed, at even the first paragraph. Keep yourself out and watch for your own impressions. This is one of the forms of thought. And you will accumulate facts in proportion as you become a fact. Otherwise you will accumulate dreams. You cannot make too much of yourself. It is all there is of you. Follow your own star, and it will lead you to that which none other can attain."

The British Lyceum Union

held its fourteenth annual conference at Blackburn, Eng., May 9-10. The attendance of delegates and visitors was large, and much enthusiasm was manifested in all of the meetings. The affairs of the Union were reported to be in the most satisfactory condition, and the interest taken in the children will put most every Spiritualist in America to shame. There are upwards of 7,000 members of the Union, and every one of them is a worker. One hundred forty Lyceums are in active operation in England, one hundred twenty of which belong to the Union. Greetings were received from J. J. Morse in New Zealand, and from Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, Pa., and from the gifted founder of the Lyceum movement Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, of Boston, Mass. It was a grand conference, and every one who believes in Lyceums and has an interest in the instruction of children in the principles of Spiritualism should read the full account of the proceedings of this convention, published in "The Lyceum Banner" of June, 1903, then set resolutely to work to create an equally powerful and effective Lyceum Union in America. In the Lyceum lies much of the future success of Spiritualism, and its support as a distinctive movement. We congratulate our English brethren upon their splendid success, and wish them a hearty "Godspeed" in their work.

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Waukesha, Wis.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Many questions relative to the Waukesha campmeeting have been coming to me from readers of your paper. I will, with your permission, answer them through the columns of your valuable journal. Inquiries are about talent, tents, date of camp, notwithstanding the fact that dates are given in camp directory, in some of the papers, advantages, etc., etc.  
The talent that will be presented on our platform is second to none in the land, and among the many will be found such workers as Moses and Mattie Hull, Mrs. Catherine McFarlane, Clara L. Stewart, Mrs. S. M. Lowell, Miss Agnes Chaffee, Miss Alfa Bullock. There will be phrenic mediums present; also we are negotiating for a couple of the best tent and massage mediums in the country. Tents can be secured upon the grounds at reasonable rates. A restaurant, where first class meals will be served, will be conducted on the grounds; in short, everything is being done to make this campmeeting a success in every way, and a source of pleasure and instruction to all who attend.  
As for Waukesha, it is so widely known as to hardly need mention, as one of the most renowned resorts of the country. There are many points of interest within short distances of the camp grounds. A feature that is worth consideration is the erection of a new bridge across the Fox river, directly below the camp grounds; this being the famous White Rock Spring, with its beautiful grounds, its pure, sparkling water, as well as the establishment where this water is bottled up to be shipped to all quarters of the country, within a few minutes' walk. This institution in itself is worth visiting, to say nothing of the spring, etc.  
This year, also the gateway is changed, to bring the entrance to the grounds nearly two blocks nearer town, which is an item. The facilities for reaching the camp and Waukesha are unsurpassable. The date of opening is July 17, and closing, August 16. The programs will be out in a few days and will be found most complete. Send in your names for program and if you contemplate coming, send in your application for tent. We will have them in all sizes from 10 by 12 up. Be assured you will make no mistake in visiting this camp.  
Will J. Erwood.  
Sec. W. S. S. A.

New York Convention.

The sixth annual convention of the New York Association of Spiritualists was held on May 29, 30, 31, 1903, in Syracuse, N. Y., and will long be remembered by those who took part in it. The year has been a very successful one and much enthusiasm was manifested by the delegates as the reports of the year were read.  
The convention was called to order at 10.40 a. m. by President Harvey W. Richardson. Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds offered an invocation. Brother E. G. Reilly of Syracuse, delivered the address of welcome and was responded to by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing.  
The following committees were then appointed by the chair: Credentials—E. G. Reilly, Miss K. Woodruff, Colleen, N. Y.; Mrs. B. C. Myers, Hartford Mills, N. Y.; W. W. Kelsey, Cortland, N. Y.; Mrs. M. E. Clark, Syracuse, N. Y.; H. L. Hanson, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. G. Mudge, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y.; Miss Victoria C. Moore of Dryden gave a reading. Brief remarks were made by David Williams, Utica; Mrs. Harriet M. Rathbun, treasurer and Mrs. E. Hurst of Syracuse.  
2.30 p. m.—Miss Victoria C. Moore was appointed assistant secretary and Henry L.

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Hanson, sergeant at arms. Committee on Resolutions: Mrs. H. M. Rathbun, Mrs. S. C. Ellis, Auburn; Mrs. Harriet Duhl, Elmira; Mrs. Little, East Aurora; Mrs. Nellie Birming, Syracuse, N. Y.; President's report: David Williams, Utica; Mrs. M. C. Von Kanzler, Elmira; Miss S. Woodruff, Colleen; Mrs. H. F. Bowker, West Potsdam; Chas. S. Hulbert, Buffalo, N. Y.; Secretary's report: Chas. S. Hulbert, Buffalo; Mrs. D. M. Grant, Auburn; Wm. Williams, Utica; Mrs. Sully, Buffalo; Mrs. Hoadley, West Potsdam; Mrs. Kate Saunders, Watertown. Treasurer's report and auditing: Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Troy; E. G. Reilly, Syracuse; Birch Ellis, Auburn. Delegate's report: Mrs. Grant, Auburn; Mrs. M. E. Clark, Syracuse. Amendments: Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Mrs. Laura A. Holt, H. L. Harrison.

The reports of president, secretary and treasurer were read and referred to their respective committees.  
Finance, yeas and nays: Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, Westfield; Mrs. H. Duhl, Elmira; Mrs. S. C. Ellis, Auburn.  
Reports were received of the various mass meetings that were held during year at Buffalo, Rochester and Brooklyn.

The second vice-president, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, who has been working as a missionary for the greater part of the year reported success and good work accomplished.

The president and Mrs. Reynolds made a report on State day at Lily Dale and Mrs. Twing and president of State day at Freeville. Both camps are in hearty sympathy with the State Association.

Report of work accomplished by Mrs. Reynolds was submitted to convention and approved and the financial part was referred to auditing committee.

Secretary read communications from Miss M. J. Fitzmaurice of New York City, secretary of first society, expressing regret at not being present.

Motion carried that greetings be sent to Ohio State Convention then in convention at Toledo, O. Reading by Miss V. C. Moore.

Saturday morning—The committee on president's report, through its chairman, David Williams, and committee on secretary's report, through chairman reported. Both reports were adopted by the convention. Committee on treasurer's report not being ready, Dr. E. F. Butterfield made a few remarks.

Secretary Whitney spoke of a resolution adopted at an anniversary meeting in Brooklyn requesting the State Association to take steps for securing a suitable and permanent resting place for the bodies of Katie and Maggie Fox, which are at present lying in the plot of Joseph La Funell in Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn. After some discussion the whole matter was referred to the National Association and action be made in accordance with theirs.

Report of committee on amendments through their chairman, Mrs. Reynolds, read and adopted. Auditing committee, finding report of treasurer correct and specific also all accounts of secretary and missionary recommended adoption of treasurer's report—carried.

Secretary moved that president appoint a nominating committee—carried. President appointed Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer, Charles S. Hulbert, David Williams, Mrs. H. F. Bowker and Miss Kate Woodruff.

Saturday afternoon convention was opened by President Richardson, who announced that a short memorial service would be held. Addresses were made by Mrs. Twing, who told of the days of '61. While teaching for \$125 a week and boarding around she placed a 25 cent flag on school house. This was torn down. She wrote President Lincoln and he replied, "The next man who tears down the American flag will be shot." Mrs. Ellis, Dr. Butterfield, Mr. Hanson, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Von Kanzler, Mrs. Kelsey and Birch Ellis spoke briefly.

Mrs. Ellis, chairman on resolutions, read resolutions and moved their adoption. The resolutions as read were adopted unanimously, also resolution instructing the secretary to write a copy of that part referring to the expression of sympathy and send it to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett. Resolutions will appear in future issue of Banner.

Secretary Whitney read letter of regrets and greetings from Frank Walker of Hamburg, N. Y. Secretary spoke with great feeling of the long and faithful services of Mrs. Mary C. Morrell as a medium and humanitarian, and of the long great sufferings of this noble woman and moved that she be made an honorary member of our State Association. Motion carried unanimously, also the motion that a collection be taken up for her. It amounted to \$12.25. The secretary also spoke of the great and arduous work done in getting up the Brooklyn Mass Meeting, by Miss M. J. Fitzmaurice, Margaret Gaule, Mrs. Fox and others in connection with the Courtless society and a vote of thanks was extended to her and her helpers.

Mrs. Duhl of Elmira sang a solo, "Only Waiting." Mrs. Twing made motion that a missionary fund be started—carried.

The committee on nominations then reported offering as a ticket the officers and trustees of the preceding year. The motion to make the entire ticket unanimous was carried casting one ballot being lost, they were voted separately and all elected with little opposition. The officers and trustees elected are H. W. Richardson, president; Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, vice-president; Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, second vice-president; Herbert L. Whitney, secretary; Mrs. Harriet M. Rathbun, treasurer; Mrs. Laura A. Holt, E. G. Reilly, Mrs. M. J. Fitzmaurice and Mrs. Harriet Duhl, trustees.

The evening sessions were devoted entirely to literary and musical exercises and spirit communications. Too much praise cannot be given to our charming and talented elocutionist for the delightful entertainment she gave us.

The exercises on Friday evening opened with a solo by John Shafer, Syracuse. "The Journey is Long" invocation, Mrs. Nellie Binning, Syracuse; solo, Miss Willard; address, Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer; reading, "Bobby Shafto" (by request), Miss Victoria C. Moore; address, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; solo, Mr. Shafer; spirit messages, Dr. Victor Wyldes, Toronto, Can.; solo, Miss Muller.

Saturday evening—Solo, Miss Foster, Syracuse; invocation, Dr. Victor Wyldes; address, Herbert L. Whitney, Brooklyn; inspirational poem from subjects given by audience, Rev. Charles S. Hulbert, Buffalo; address, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Troy; solo, Miss Muller; spirit messages, Rev. Dr. Wyldes; C. Moore; Sunday morning—Congregational singing; inspirational poem, Mrs. Little, East Aurora; address, Mrs. M. E. Clark, Syracuse; address, Matthew Stephenson, Albany; address, Mrs. Nellie Binning; address, Miss Kate Woodruff, Colleen; address, Mrs. M. C. Von Kanzler, Elmira; address, David Williams, Utica.

Sunday afternoon—Syracuse quartet; invocation, Mrs. Harriet Duhl, Elmira; solo, Miss Foster; address, H. L. Hanson, Buffalo; address, Mrs. G. Mudge, Syracuse; solo, Mr. Shafer; reading, Miss Victoria C. Moore; address and communications, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; solo, Mr. Shafer; messages, Dr. Victor Wyldes; Syracuse quartet.

Sunday, the closing night of the convention, was one long to be remembered. Exercises were opened by Syracuse quartet; an invocation, followed by a tenor solo very sweetly and effectively rendered. Address by Harvey W. Richardson, East Aurora; reading, "Song of the Mystic," Miss Victoria C. Moore; Syracuse quartet; address, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; Syracuse quartet; spirit messages, Rev. Victor Wyldes; benediction.

The music furnished by Prof. Marsh of Syracuse was exceedingly fine and reflects



Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., tells how she was permanently cured of inflammation of the ovaries, escaped surgeon's knife, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation."

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, and in the end I was cured by it. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health."

—Miss ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The symptoms of inflammation and disease of the ovaries are a dull throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with occasional shooting pains. The region of pain sometimes shows some swelling.

great credit on Prof. Marsh and the local society which provided it. I wish at this time to thank all our many friends and well wishers in Syracuse for their untiring labors in our behalf and the warm welcome they accorded us.

A number of life memberships were taken in our association by the payment of twenty-five dollars. Total receipts from all sources for year ending May 29 \$1,277.66. Total expenditures for same period \$780.56.

Herbert L. Whitney, sec.  
65 Howard Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Children's Book.

Petieboy's Adventure.

Now, boys, I will tell you about one of Petieboy's adventures that I think will interest you more than the girls. If the girls had been there I think they would have screamed and jumped up and down in fear. Perhaps the very telling of it may cause a lot of "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "Whys!" Because it really was one of those accidents that come to boys which their fathers speak of as "a pretty close shave for the little chap."

Petieboy, perhaps you have found it out by this time—when he does anything, does it with his whole heart and soul and mind. While he is doing it there is nothing else on earth for him. He even neglects his food until hunger drives him to eat. Just with this spirit, about a year ago, he got interested in caves. All you boys have your cave age. In the very early stages of men's development, they lived in caves and were called "cave-dwellers;" and in every boy's life there comes a period corresponding to the cave dwellers' time. Then that boy burrows and digs. If he can find a cave made in the rocks by Mother Nature, that is a very happy boy.

Well, Petieboy, when he got to the cave age, had the cave digging sickness and had it "bad." Nothing could cure it, except just to let him dig. If he came home from school at night with no sand in his hair, his mama felt that, for one more night, he had escaped the disease, or she hoped he was recovering. It took a pretty big dose of cave medicine to cure this little cave-dweller; but he got it.

You see, a neighbor of Petieboy's papa had dug a deep pit in his field for the sand which he used in his business of a mason. It was nice, smooth sand, easy to dig and was very attractive to the small boy with the cave disease. Petieboy, when the cave disease got firm hold of him, just haunted this "sand hole," as he called it, and the small caves he and the other cave diggers furnished were as ingenious as they were numerous. They made caves with their bare feet, they made stoves and baked potatoes in them; they made dolls' caves for Dollybugs' dolls, and I don't know what else. The small caves are only the beginning of the disease. It was only a short time before the desire to dig a cave "big enough to get into" seized all hands. No sooner did this second stage of the disease break out than every boy began a big cave of his own. Petieboy was the most persistent and where the others had found the work too hard and given it all up, Petieboy was half way into the bank, burrowing like a mole.

His cave had, by this time, got almost large enough to be called done. He could crawl in and sit down and his feet would not "stick out." He wanted the roof just a little higher and was standing on one knee at work on the roof way inside the cave, when down came the whole roof and poor Petieboy was buried! Only one little foot could just be seen peeking out from the mound which the ruins of the cave had made! It looked pretty bad for Petieboy! He found the sand was too heavy for him to move. He was held tight and could not move nor shout. He could hardly breathe. The leg which was doubled under him left a little air space for him. It did look like a small chance for Petieboy.

It happened that the neighbor who owned the "sand hole" was at work hoeing near by. Petieboy's playmate shouted and the neighbor ran to the rescue. He dug fiercely with his hoe for a few seconds and then took Petieboy by the foot and pulled him out! Petieboy was very pale, very weak and very dirty but he was alive. Oh, how good the air smelled! How bright the sunlight seemed! But how weak and "trembly" he felt. Dollybugs walked with him. She had been there and seen it all but hardly understood the danger. He walked very slowly and was very quiet. I think the danger he had passed through, awed and quieted him. At such times we seem to get closer to the Great Soul over us

all which we call God. Perhaps Petieboy felt this without knowing what it was he felt.

But wasn't he a dirty boy! He seemed to be made of the dust of the earth; for there was sand in his hair, ears, nostrils, eyebrows and mouth, not to mention his clothes.

Petieboy was, that moment, cured of the cave disease and he has not had a relapse.

Dollybugs is getting to be quite a lion tamer, if you can only play that cats are lions. Perhaps I ought to call her a tiger tamer; for "Button," a new cat who has adopted Dollybugs for a mistress, is marked like a tiger. Button follows Dollybugs all over the farm like a dog and her call "Button, Button, Button," is always followed by the tiger's appearance with tail in the air by way of greeting. Tommy, Petieboy's bantam rooster, follows her about, too. His devotion is very gallant. When Dollybugs is at breakfast, Tommy sits on the dining room window sill and looks in; or he sometimes mounts the piazza railing and crows a loud good morning to his little mistress.

Dollybugs is very gentle with her pets. She is getting as brown as a berry and is almost the fastest runner in her school. Petieboy has a new bicycle, a present from his mama. He is a very happy boy. I am writing this on his birthday. He is eleven years old, and says to all you boys, "How are you, fellows?" but with the girls he is a little bashful. Still he smiles and sends you a pleasant "Howdy."

Uncle John.

Pauline's June Walk.

Estate Eusebia Spicer.

Great excitement had reigned in the Newton cottage for a whole week, Saturday, June 1. Pauline had received a dainty little note, which read as follows:

Miss Margaret Ellis requests your presence Saturday afternoon, June 8, for a June walk in Ridgeway Park. The Sunday-school class will leave 15 Peace street promptly at 2.30 o'clock.

A June walk! What was that, any way? Aunt Bethy, who had been to college, and knew "just everything," told Pauline a lovely story, all about a June walk in college, where, every time the girls came to a corner, they "drew cuts" to decide which road they should take.

"I won't have to wait till I go to college to have a June walk, will I, Aunt Bethy?" Pauline had said.

At last the eventful day dawned, but before Pauline opened her eyes she heard the patter of raindrops on the roof. Of course, the June walk would have to be postponed, for, even if it stopped raining, the grass would be wet.

"Poor little Pollykins!" said mama, as she kissed away two big "raindrops" on Pauline's cheek.

After lunch it still rained hard, and Pauline prepared to take her favorite doll, Gladys Genevieve, for a June walk up and down the veranda.

"We'll play that you're me and I'm Miss Margaret." And Gladys Genevieve smiled a beautiful smile.

"Brave old Polly!" said Uncle Max, who looked up from his book just then. He thought for a moment, and then said: "Pollykins, what would you say to going on a June walk with me? It will be a June ride first, then a June walk, and then a June ride home again. I'm going down to the 'Vet.' on an errand, and you have never been there."

Pauline hadn't the faintest idea what a "Vet." might be, but, if Uncle Max took her, it was sure to be something nice. "Many Gladys Genevieve go too, Uncle Max? I do hate to 'spoint the dear child.'"

But mama said that it would be far better for Gladys Genevieve to take a nap quietly at home; so Pauline promised to tell her all about the June walk when she came home.

A few moments later Pauline boarded the car with Uncle Max. They rode such a long time that she wondered when the walk would begin, but at last they got off opposite the "Veterinary Hospital."

Uncle Max talked with the man in the office, and then he said to Pauline, "We'll go upstairs now."

Such funny stairs as they were! On one side there was a narrow flight, ever so much narrower than the back stairs at home, and beside it was what Pauline called "the floor going up-hill." Uncle Max said it was the horses' stairway.

"Is this the June walk, Uncle Max?" At the head of the stairs Pauline saw a great room filled with dogs of all kinds and sizes. She had never seen so many dogs in her life, and they were all sick.

"What's the matter with this fellow?" asked Uncle Max, as he stroked the head of a big St. Bernard.

"Oh, he's sent here every week for a bath," replied the boy who showed them around. "You see, he makes a fuss about it at home."

Pauline suddenly remembered that she did not always like to take her bath. What if mama should send her to a hospital for it some time!

"Don't stroke that little one; he's ugly," said the attendant, as Pauline put her hand on a tiny specimen whose growls sounded like an alarm-clock, so she stroked the big St. Bernard instead.

Over in a corner was a little dog constantly jumping up and down.

"He has St. Vitus' dance, and is incurable, though we had one here a while ago that was not so far along when he came, and got well," the boy said. "There's nothing the matter with most of them except over-eating. You see, they have too much to eat, and too little exercise."

"Fido won't be sick then, will he, Polly?" said Uncle Max. "You usually see to it that he has plenty of exercise."

Then there was a room full of cats—Angoras, Maltese, tiger cats, black cats, white cats, yellow cats, and every kind of cat that one could think of.

"It's just the same with the cats as with the dogs—over-eating, usually," the boy said. They next went to the room where the sick horses were put. Pauline was so sorry for them all that she did not care to stay. When they came out from the hospital the rain had stopped, and the sun was trying to shine a bit before sinking in the west.

"We had just the loveliest June walk, after all!" Pauline told Gladys Genevieve as she rocked her to sleep that night. "But we must give Fido plenty of exercise, so he won't have to go to the hospital; and, Gladys, we must not be cross about taking our baths."—Ex.

Diet and Morality.

Were the belief one day to become general that man could dispense with animal food, there would ensue not only a great economic revolution—for a bullock to produce one pound of meat, consumes more than a hundred of provender—but a moral improvement as well. For we find that the man who abandons the regimen of meat abandons alcohol also; and to do this is to renounce most of the coarser and more degraded pleasures of life. And it is in the passionate craving for these pleasures, in their glamor, and the prejudice they create, that the most formidable obstacle is found to the harmonious development of the race. Detachment therefrom creates noble leisure, a new order of desires, a wish for enjoyment that must of

necessity be loftier than the wretched satisfactions that have their origin in alcohol. But are days such as these in store for us—these happier, purer hours? The crime of alcohol is not alone that it destroys its faithful and poisonous one-half of the race, but also that it excites a profound, although indirect, influence upon those who shrink from it in dread. The idea of pleasure which it maintains in the crowd forces its way through the crowd's irresistible action into the life even of the elect, and lessens, perverts, all that concerns man's peace and repose, his expansiveness, gladness and joy; retarding, too, it may safely be said, the birth of the truer, profounder ideal of happiness; one that shall be simpler, more peaceful and grave, more spiritual and human.—Maeterlinck, in The Temperance Cause.

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