

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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NO. 13

## YEARNING FOR IMMORTALITY.

I know no language that can quite explain  
How just because I long for—I shall live;  
As if it could be demonstrated plain  
And man could man of life's elixir give.

I am so large a part of all I see—  
Of that infinity that folds me in,  
When I most yearn for immortality  
Ineffably I feel that life within  
That cannot die, but must work on and live  
By all the love and sweetness that I give.  
M. J. Weatherbee-Rice.

## Views of Death, Old and New.

Dean Clarke.

The fear of death seems to be instinctive in all sentient creatures. All will fight to the last extremity to protect their life. The fear of death and love of life have ever actuated man, savage or civilized, to destroy every other creature that menaced his existence. To the ignorant barbarian, death has ever been a mystery and a terror. Says A. J. Davis: "The lower we descend into the depths of mankind's history the more we find that death has been unjustly magnified and exaggerated. It is distorted to be made the central horror around which all other horrors congregate."

Ignorance and superstition have ever painted death as a monster, portrayed it as the "King of Terrors," feared it as a dread destroyer into whose capacious maw all living things must go to be devoured. In its terrible presence the savage rends his hair, and makes the air hideous with walls of despair. The civilized but superstitious man befalls its presence in sackcloth and ashes, and looks through tear-dimmed eyes in consternation at the "dark valley and shadow of death," which false theology has pictured to frighten him into "the ark of safety." The mole-eyed religionist weeps in mute despair, or chants doleful dirges over the remains of his loved, and trembles on the brink of the grave that yawns, as he believes, to swallow both body and soul, to hold them in silent slumber till a far-off "resurrection of the dead." The blind worshiper at the shrines of antiquated theology, looks upon death as an insatiable destroyer that slays with ruthless hand the idols of his affection, and snatches them away to an uncertain fate, regardless of his desolation and sorrow; or worse than that, believing in the nightmare dogmas of the ignorant past, he regards death as the grim usher of Sheol who seizes his victims in their earthly enjoyments, and hurls them into Tartarean realms "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" forever!

Is it any wonder, then, that those who believe that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," or into the more dread clutches of a "roaring devil," to either the one or the other of which, the "fell destroyer" takes his victims, should dread its approach?

Is it any wonder where death has been seen in the lurid light of Jewish mythology, as the final end of existence, when "man goeth to his long home to rise up no more forever," that the believer in any or all of these monstrosities of ignorance and superstition, should tremble in fear at its approach? Is it strange that believers in the dismal religions of antiquity, still in vogue should drape the bier in blackest hue; dress themselves in sackcloth; wear badges of mourning; fill the death-chamber with cries of wailing and lamentation; make the funeral service as dismal and awe-inspiring as doleful requiems, tolling bells, and solemn sermons lurid with sulphurous vapors can make them; is it strange, we say, that those who have been taught the terrible dogmas of Jewish, Christian and Pagan mythology, should dread death as a fiend of darkness, and the grave as the charnel house of all their buried hopes?

Is it strange that the poets, who mentally were beneath the pall of orthodox theology and pagan materialism have sung of death as

"The most horrid elf of all that mortals fear or dread,"

or as follows:

"The funeral goes forth; a silent train  
Moves slowly from the desolate home; our hearts  
Are breaking as we lay the loved away.  
Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest,  
Their little cells within the burial place."

or thus:

"Our lives are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower,  
A fleeting wind sweeps o'er the scene—  
They wither in an hour!"

or as did the tuneful Campbell:

"Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread, an awful thing to die!"

or, worst of all, as did Watts:

"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,  
Mine ears attend the cry;

Ye living men come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie?"

Nay, it is not to be wondered at that orthodox bards have thus lent their solemn numbers to garnish the grave with gloom, and inspire a dread of death, when we reflect that ancient prophets who claimed inspiration from God, had told them that: "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so is he that goeth down to the grave and shall come up no more."

"Man that is born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down, he fleeth as a shadow and continueth not."

"All flesh shall perish together and man shall turn again to dust."

"For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts. Even one thing befalleth them. As the one dieth so dieth the other; yea they have all one breath; so that man hath no pre-eminence above a beast. All go into one place; all are of the dust, and shall turn to dust again!"

If "the most patient man," and "the wisest man that ever lived," (?) thus told the truth concerning the origin and destiny of man, it is strange that a Christian poet wonderingly and regretfully wrote:

"There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,  
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,  
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,  
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,  
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower  
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower,  
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,  
Whose mortal life and momentary fire,  
Lights to the grave his chance-created form;  
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
To night and Silence sink forever more!"

Surely the materialism of the above-described man, and the gloom it gives to death, should give no believer in Job and Solomon any surprise!

But let us turn from the darkness and materialism of the past, to the cheering light of today.

What comfort and cheer does the scientific philosophy of this truth-lighted age afford? Does "star-eyed Science," guided by the living inspiration from the opening heavens, solve the mystery of the Sphinx of death? What says she? Listen to her! She says: Death is a universal phenomenon. Formation and dissolution are eternal counterparts of life's molecular activities. All nature is but a phantasmagoria, a flow of forces and a flux of atoms. Nature is an endless panorama of dissolving views, an everlasting succession of growth and decay. Organization and disorganization are the ceaseless tragedy of life, enacted upon every stage where eternal Energy plays its many parts. Both macrocosm and microcosm are the arena of the struggle between life and Death, and both invincible warriors, in ceaseless succession wear the laurels of victory. Evolution climbs from lowest depths to loftiest heights, and transmutes the granite rock to human brain through death's magic chemistry.

The triumphal march of Life, from protozoan to man, was over the Royal Road, and spiral pathway that Death had paved.

An inspired poetess has beautifully said:

"The coral polyp 'neath the wave  
Wrought in the great progressive plan,  
By which the lesser creatures' grave  
Built up the future home of man."

The rocks decay to feed the vegetable; the vegetable dies to feed the animal, and the animal perishes to keep up the life of man, who, in his turn, yields up his outer form to the great omnivorous Devourer, and thus, as said Pope,

"All forms that perish other forms supply,  
By turns we catch the vital spark and die."

Thus undying life climbs over the ladder of death till it mounts to the heavens through man, and then, on angel wings, reaches the highest spheres of Immortality!

In the light of the scientific spiritual philosophy now revealed to those who "have eyes to see, and ears to hear," the phantoms of doubt and fear flee like owls and bats, death is seen as but a necessary event in human life. The spiritually illumined thinker no longer gropes his way through "the dark valley of the shadow of death," in the gloomy maze of fear and dread which the old theology always inspired,

"... but sustained and soothed  
By an unflinching trust, approaches the grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Though barbarian ignorance and gross superstition have clad death with terror; and though priestcraft has purposely draped it in the sable hues of the gloom to frighten the ignorant and superstitious into the church, it is no longer feared by "the children of light" who have heard "glad tidings of great joy" from "over the river." The sublime revelations of Spiritualism have removed the "sting of death," and "robbed the grave

of its terrors." It has shown it to be a blessing, not a curse; a new birth, not an end of existence. Through it we graduate from the primary school of human experience, and enter a higher class of studies and acquirements. It is the door that opens to grander scenes and higher delights than any mortal knows. It is the grand triumphal arch, through which the emancipated soul marches to be crowned with the laurels of its earthly victories. It is the great Emancipator that sets our spirits free from "the bondage of corruption." It comes as the angel came to Peter, to free us from earthly chains and open a prison door to set us free! It has appropriately been likened to a kindly frost, that cracks the shell and gives the kernel room to germinate; to a kind and gentle servant that opens for us life's flower-encircled door to show us "our loved ones gone before." It is an angel of mercy that comes to mortal assistance, to relieve us of physical frailty and suffering, to appease our heart-hunger with ambrosial food, and waft us to Elysian fields where every spiritual want shall be supplied. It is the true resurrection where "this mortal puts on immortality," a glorious deliverance, a sublime birth, a grand evolution that gives us "the liberty wherewith the children of God are made free," to roam the azure fields and walk the gardens of the gods!

In the glorious light of Spiritualism, the "spectre doubts that roll Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul," do indeed

"Fly like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day."

No longer do the mourners weep without comfort, nor sigh in vain "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," for thousands now grasp the materialized hands of loved ones, and the air of ten thousand seance-rooms is made vocal with voices of the resurrected "dead," who speak in no uncertain tones to outward ear and inward consciousness.

In the splendor of our new revelations, the "grim monster" has been transfigured to an Angel of Light, who leads us away from the thorny pathway of bitter earthly experience, to "walk in green pastures, and by the still waters" of the "Better Land," in company with the dear companions of former years.

We now know, as well as did St. Paul, "that if this earthly house, this tabernacle of the flesh were dissolved, there is a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"—a beautiful spiritual body that is born in the great transition, misnamed "death" into a higher life, where as "a thing of beauty" it is "a joy forever" to the soul that uses it as "a temple of the living God," unpolluted and holy.

Inspired by those whom the Angel of Deliverance has borne in arms of love across the shining river, well may the bards of the New Dispensation sing:

"This world hath felt a quick'ning breath  
From Heaven's eternal shore,  
And souls triumphant over death  
Return to earth once more.  
For this we hold our jubilee,  
For this with joy we sing,  
'O, grave, where is thy victory?  
'O, death, where is thy sting?'"

"Our cypress wreaths we've laid aside  
For amaranthine flowers,  
For death's cold wave does not divide  
The souls we love from ours;  
Across the waveless crystal sea  
Their notes triumphant ring:  
'O, grave, where is thy victory?  
'O, death, where is thy sting?'"

Those who have listened to the glowing words of the dear departed spoken in rhythmic cadence, or prosaic power, through the lips of mortal mediums whom they inspire, know that there is even "more truth than poetry" in the utterance of the immortal Shakespeare, who inspired Eliza Follen to say:

"To be or not to be is not the question,  
There is no choice in life,  
For death is but another name for change.

Man though dead is living still,  
Unclothed, is clothed upon and his mortality  
Is swallowed up of life.  
The stroke of death is but a kindly stroke  
That cracks the tender shell and leaves the kernel.

At once to germinate. What most consummate fools  
This fear of death doth make us!"

This foolish fear no longer disturbs the hearts of philosophical Spiritualists who have communed with their friends "over there" on the Eternal Shore, for they know that as their friends live after the change of worlds, they will live also. And they join in the glad refrain of angels as they sing:

"There's no such thing as death  
To those who think aright;  
'Tis but the racer casting off  
What most impedes his flight;  
'Tis but one little act  
Life's drama must contain  
One struggle keener than the rest,  
And then an end of pain."

"There's no such thing as death;  
'Tis but the blossom spray  
Sinking before the coming fruit  
That seeks the summer's ray;  
'Tis but the bud displaced  
As comes the perfect flower;  
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,  
And weariness for power."

"There's no such thing as death;  
In nature nothing dies;  
From each sad remnant of decay  
Some forms of life arise.  
The faded leaf that falls  
All sere and brown, to earth,  
Ere long will mingle with the shapes  
That give the floweret birth."

"There's no such thing as death;  
'Tis but the blossom spray  
Sinking before the coming fruit  
That seeks the summer's ray;  
'Tis but the bud displaced  
As comes the perfect flower;  
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,  
And weariness for power."

Such, indeed, is Death in the light of reason, philosophy, science, and the glorious revelations of today, and we, who have conquered its fear through knowledge of its beneficent mission, would say to all who mourn:

Oh! then, though you weep when your loved ones sleep,  
When the rose on their cheek grows pale,  
Yet their forms of light just concealed from sight  
Are only behind the veil;  
With their faces fair and their shining hair,  
With blossoms of beauty crowned,  
They will wait standing with a helping hand,  
When you shall be Heavenward bound."

## The Coming Kingdom.

John Coleman Kenworthy.

Spiritualism, among the English-speaking peoples, has attained a position from which it must either advance to a new world conquest, or recede to the low plane of barbaric "spiritism." By force of our own earnestness and culture, we to whom "the heavens are opened" must bring in a new order of life, in the family and the nation, in industry and politics, in science, art and literature; or we must abandon humanity to a new chaos, and our individual selves to bondage and unhappiness.

A multitude of lecturers and writers have by this time so far lifted civilization out of the materialism of fifty years ago, that no serious person ridicules or doubts the possible existence of a world of spirits; and "miracles" of clairvoyance, clairaudience, prophecy, healing, telepathy and spirit-communion are almost commonplace of occurrence and credence. A new movement onward must now arise.

The nature of the needed movement is this. Spiritualism reveals nothing of doctrine or of fact that is new in principle. Religious have flowed over humanity, one after another, like great tides of the enduring sea. They have been (as Spiritualism now is) the product of the effort of the Spirit-world, conjoined with the efforts of men and women in the body, to make the existence of that other world known upon earth, and to make its laws prevail here. The great founders of religions are themselves spirits who have from time to time appeared and reappeared in the body, making it their mission to "mediate" between the spirit-world and those of mankind whose development in knowledge of the life of earth is too small to enable them to have first-hand knowledge of the spirit-world while "the veil of flesh" clouds their senses.

By the work of such "mediators," or "mediums," we have the great religious "revelations," as of Confucius, Buddha, Jesus; the great philosophies as of Aristotle and Kant; the great schemes of jurisprudence, as of Moses and Alfred the Great; the great poetic revelations, as of John the Apostle and Shelley.

Unless a spiritual teacher can draw upon these storehouses of inspiration in the past, he can produce only a local broken message to the present day.

This obvious fact imposes upon all Spiritualists the necessity of all that the world knows as culture. Still "taught of God," and more and more so taught, we must explore history and literature for their treasures, that these may not remain locked up in the world's ignorance of itself, but may be drawn out to full use.

The necessity for this is twofold. First, that we may grow in knowledge of what the life of earth really is, and in power over it; second, that our spirit-circles on earth may be able to attain to communication with the lofty circles in heaven that rule earth destinies.

Order and government of every kind upon earth always and everywhere depend upon this being done. Ages of progress and enlightenment are those in which great religion, philosophy, science, culture, enable men in masses to march through life in happy comradeship. Good order and good government amongst men necessitate authority and rulership. The bloodiest wars and deadliest miseries arise when false authority and rulership usurp the

place of the true. When falsified, authority and rulership, in the hands of the unspiritual, who are always selfish, truthless and undiscerning, poison the hearts, construct the minds, and afflict the bodies of men. But when in the hands of the spiritually fit, authority is loved by men, and the ruler is joyfully obeyed, because then the God who loves all is served in his purpose of making men happy.

Only the power which the nobly-conducted spirit-circle produces, the power of the Holy Spirit can enable men to find the true ruler, the man qualified to rule by spiritual fitness. (This is John Wycliff's doctrine of "the dominion of grace," the doctrine our fathers knew and we have forgotten.) All the rulers whom history marks as great, good, successful, are of this kind.

Whether it be known at large on earth or not, there is always some one spirit living on earth, who is known in heaven as the wisest of mankind; through him the earth is read and its destinies selected. Such was the Apostle John, the Kupid (spiritual chief) of New Testament times. The spiritual status of any age is measured by men's capacity to discover, to know, to relate themselves in effective organization with the spirit-world and the spiritual chief on earth. The Papacy (anti-christ) is an imitation, perverse and usurpative of the organization which should rule the world, the world's happiness, and the existence of papacies great and small everywhere debars men from effecting true order and good government.

Spiritualism has now before it the task of producing spiritual order and government. The family, industry, politics, science, art and literature (I repeat) must be accepted as our fields of labor, and we must, by spirit-guidance find the man and men in whom authority and rulership rest because they are fit for it.

To this end, every Spiritualist must prepare himself, herself, to be a fit member of the spirit-circle which he or she is part of. To do this, we must avoid and escape from the corruptions which are destroying people in our cities and oppressing them in our country places. Co-operative and communal groups in industry of all kinds, can and must restore us to healthy and natural lives, by rightly apportioning our work, so that we can dig, weave, build, write, paint, sing and play, according to the needs and dispositions of our minds and bodies.

I am not here concerned to suggest lines of action in business and politics by which this can be done, but the key to the whole situation is in the hands of any person who can understand that he must give himself to God and the spirit-circle, with a heart moved only by goodwill, and with every thought, word and deed made honorable and voracious.

Many people fear that the Spirit will impose upon them self-denial, deprivations and anguish of soul, such as the various sects of imitation religion impose upon their adherents. Nothing could be farther. The whole work of the Spirit is to destroy hate, fear, and falsehood out of our hearts and minds, and thus set us free to completely achieve our happiness. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Do no unkindness and tell no lies. If all your actions proceed from such a heart and are governed by such a mind, you can do no wrong, whether in your work, your marriage, or your pleasures. The only wrong is, to destroy the true love that rises in your heart, but of fear that love may be wrong, and to hide your real needs and desires underneath lies, concealments, which you imagine the world is right in imposing upon you.

Learn this, and so live, and you will be a fit citizen of that kingdom, which is God's kingdom on earth and in heaven. Beauty, freedom, joy of life, passionate love and the satisfaction of it, these are ours, if we will, in the life which the spirit-circle and our own worship of God can open to us. But we who are spiritual, must through spirit work and organization of our own, find each other out and enter into relations with each other. "No man liveth unto himself alone." Only in each other (whether man or spirits) can we find our own lives and joy.

Mount Lebanon, N. Y., May 11, 1904.

Consumption of earth as food is said to be a common practice in Oriental countries. It is claimed that the people of China, New Caledonia and New Guinea, as well as those of the Malay archipelago, are addicted to the habit. A writer in the New York Tribune says: "In Java and Sumatra the clay used undergoes a preliminary preparation for consumption, being mixed with water, reduced to a paste, and the sand and other hard substances removed. The clay is then formed into small cakes or tablets about as thick as a lead pencil and baked in an iron saucepan. When the tablet emerges from this process it resembles a piece of dried pork. The Japanese frequently eat small figures, roughly modeled from clay, which resemble the animals turned out in pastry shops."



## THE WAY IT SEEMED.

Everywhere the flowers their fragrant blossoms flung,  
Every day the sun shone,  
Nighly skies were star-sown,  
Every rippling river had a silver tongue,  
O, that's the way it seemed when we were young:

In willows by the brookside  
For fairies we would look wide,  
In every shady nook side  
We heard their reveries;  
No thought that friends would leave us  
Or love could e'er deceive us  
No yesterdays to grieve us  
With haunting melodies.

But everywhere the flowers their fragrant blossoms flung,  
Every day the sun shone,  
Nighly skies were star-sown,  
Every rippling river had a silver tongue;  
O, that's the way it seemed when we were young.

Every little daisy tossing in the grass  
To a windy measure,  
Dancing just for pleasure,  
Seemed to our bright fancy but a smiling lass;  
And every hope was sure to come to pass,  
For no one ever said things  
That made us fear or dread things,  
There was no past or fled things  
In that charmed long ago.

But good times kept a-coming  
Lae bees o'er roses humming,  
Our happy hearts were drumming,  
"It will be always so."

And everywhere the flowers their fragrant blossoms flung,  
Every day the sun shone,  
Nighly skies were star-sown,  
Every rippling river had a silver tongue,  
O, that's the way it seemed when we were young.

Canaan, Conn.

—B. A. Hitchcock.

## The Reviewer.

## A Modern Version of the Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite and other Psychic Phenomena. By Isaac K. Funk. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York and London. Large octavo. 538 pages. Cloth. Price \$2.00. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

Reviewed by Hudson Tuttle, Editor-at-large, N. S. A.

This long expected book has made its appearance. It is a book that marks an era in Spiritualism.

It has been the somewhat disagreeable task of the Editor-at-large to stand on the defensive and meet the attacks of our enemies. To receive hard blows, and often to descend to giving hard blows in return. Hence it is with a feeling of delight that he has the opportunity to herald from the watchtower the coming of a champion who bravely takes up the gauge of battle. Of those who have come to the front as opposers of Spiritualism, not one is for a moment to be compared with Dr. Isaac Funk for erudition, ability, training or general intelligence. He was a leading minister of the gospel for many years. He founded the Homiletic Review, a strictly orthodox journal, The Voice, The Missionary Review, The Literary Digest, was editor-in-chief of the magnificent Standard Dictionary, and as head of the great publishing firm of Funk and Wagnalls has a world wide reputation as a man of affairs. His standing with the church, and identification with its work, cannot be called in question. When such a man takes up Spiritualism, not for a passing moment, but as a life's work, observes its facts in all their changes, studies the philosophy they suggest, gathers all available material on the subject, and after twenty-five years sits down to tell the story, he has something to say worth the hearing.

Yet his busy life would not have probably allowed him to compose the book had he not as it were, been forced to do so in self-defense. Some reporter prepared a garbled report of the story of Henry Ward Beecher coming to Dr. Funk through a medium and asking for the return of a coin loaned years before. He came to Dr. Funk asking if he had corrections to make. Dr. Funk replied that the version was so erroneous he requested the story not to be published then, but to wait until he had concluded his investigations when he would give the whole and complete narrative. No heed was given to this request, and the crude and bizarre report was published and went the rounds of the press as anything like it had probably never done, and received more editorial attention.

In preparing his answer to the crude report referred to, the book crystallized around this fact. He says in the preface: "This book is the fulfillment of that promise. In a sense it has not been hastily prepared, for it is the growth of a quarter of a century or so. Every book should in a way be a biography of the author, who progresses to a thought or point, and then gives a record of his travels hither. During the past twenty-five years I have devoted such time as could be spared from multifarious duties, to the investigation of psychic phenomena, this has been a recreation, keeping record of the most important things seen and heard. Finding myself tied up to give the public this 'widow's mite' incident, it seems that it might serve a good purpose to describe as nearly as may be what has become to my mind the real psychic problem, a problem which is looming to such proportions as certainly to justify much attention from many of the best trained of our scientists. It has been my purpose in this book to persuade a larger number of trained scientists to serious, persistent and intelligent efforts to help in the solution of this problem."

The reporters seem to have taken for granted that Dr. Funk had been drawn into a circle and dazed by an incident new to his experience. He undeceives them by a record of more than twenty-five years of investigation and study of psychic phenomena. He had the privilege of seances with Margaret Fox Kane and listened to rappings given through this earliest of mediums.

The spirit with which he approaches the subject is tersely expressed in the following quotation: "The first step in progress is to be willing to say, 'I don't know'; and the second step is like unto it, to be willing to be led, empty of theories, empty of preconception, by a fact." Again, "the only credit I claim for myself is the courage to say, 'I do not know.'"

His first effort is to induce others, especially scientists, to follow in his footsteps. He appeals to and placates the church and warns it of danger in its repudiation of the spiritual phenomena.

He gives timely warning to church members who sneer at Spiritualism. He says: "The church must have a care. There is real danger lest in its zeal to get rid of spirit communications it gets rid of the Bible itself."

The First Part is introductory, a sort of

clearing the way. The first chapter is devoted to showing how some Spiritualists predispose investigators unfavorably. His criticisms are direct and just. From his standpoint the attack of Spiritualists on the Bible is harmful and uncalculated. He says: "If Jesus was chiefest of mediums hear him. If this be so (if Jesus was a medium) why should not Spiritualists harken to the utterances of this prince of mediums concerning the inner life of the spirit world?"

If I quoted all that I feel inclined to quote, my review would reach the size of the book, but here is a passage which is commendable to all who are oppressed with the incubus of the Great Psychological Crime, and the power of evil spirits:

"We are asked to establish relations with foreign powers, with a foreign world. What are the bearings of those powers toward us: what are their intentions? But is this a correct statement of the case? Is it not the purpose of Spiritualism simply to make known to our consciousness a relationship that already exists, not to create a relationship? Is it true that these spirits are not amenable to law, to the higher, the real law that governs, a law far more effective than ours, neither coarse nor clumsy, a law that never fails in its execution? The higher intelligences control absolutely and prevent the lower from working harm except to themselves; and even the self-inflicted harm, in a broad way, they overrule. The potent part of this foreign power is friendly."

"I repeat that the visible participation in earthly affairs of outside intelligences is not new. The two men who visited Lot had power to pull Lot inside the door and close the door and strike with blindness the citizens outside, and yet these two men were not amenable to the laws of Sodom. So Jesus was taken in the spirit and carried to the mountain top and the temple. The spirit world does participate, so this argument proves so much, that if true, it would compel us to let go many things that we already religiously believe."

"I cannot reconcile myself to the spirit hypothesis except through thinking that we are entering a psychic field of investigation that is marvelously complex, and what we are getting now is but the babble of babes, not because of the lack of intellectual ability on both the earth side and the spirit side to handle the forces that make communication possible."

"It is worthy of note that at these various circles, I never heard an immoral, obscene, or profane word." In other words, he went to the circle with earnest desire for the truth and was met by spirits on the same plane.

"My experience in these investigations has left upon the whole a pleasant taste in my memory. I have had given me much nonsense, much that was disappointing, much repugnant; but I say upon the whole: what a delightful world is the spirit world if there are spirits!"

Dr. Funk early learned that spirits held on to their characteristics while in earth life and appreciates the recoil of those who first meet this fact, having always entertained exalted ideas of what spirits must be. He found that priests at the circle appeared as rigidly catholic as when on earth and protestant preachers as rigidly protestant. "A negro of the extreme southern plantation type came frequently through a New York medium whose circle I attended. She talked a broad negro dialect and was full of earthly negro humor."

He concludes: "If there are genuine spirit talks, we must recast our notions of much of the spirit world, for that world is very different from what some of us were led to expect when we were taught to sing:

"I want to be an angel and with the angels stand."

"We are shocked to find that spirits are folks just as we are, the same as they were when they lived on earth. These spirits seem to be altogether too natural and human; but what should we expect? Are we quite sure that we are right in believing that at death we are instantly changed into angels; that there is some magical virtue in death which transforms our character?"

The objections and theories put forth to explain Spiritualism are exhaustively considered and one by one found faulty and inadequate. This is interwoven with "communications" received from spirits at various seances, and especially are these notable in the chapter on "Special Talks to Clergymen." Those who think that spirit talk is verbiage will find that at least the spirits that talk with Dr. Funk are well up with the times and of profound insight.

Part Second is devoted to the consideration of "The Widow's Mite," around which the contents of the book aggregate, and which gives it its title. The incident when reported by the press called out a variety of editorial expression and awakened a great deal of interest. The story is minutely told and with corroborative evidence which would compel its truthfulness to be acknowledged by the judge of any court or impartial convention of scientists.

He heard of a medium in Brooklyn who gave sittings to her family and a few friends and arranged to form a part of her circle. She was a plain woman, intelligent, a widow with her son of thirty-five and unmarried brother living with her. The sittings were a kind of prayer meeting, a weekly reunion of the family, living and dead, and have been held for four years. No charge of any sort whatever is made, nor is there any collection taken. The communications are believed to be direct or independent speech, and by raps, with lights occasionally appearing on the curtains.

He studied the condition of the medium and after several seances became strongly impressed with the belief that it was not spirit control but the "secondary self."

"On my third visit I was quite tired, and sat rather quiet during the entire evening listening to the talk between the cabinet and the sitters. Of the sitters there were fewer than a dozen. About eleven o'clock the control named George in his usual strong masculine voice, abruptly asked: 'Has any one here got anything that belongs to Mr. Beecher?' There was no reply. On his emphatic repetition of the question, I replied, being the only one present, as I felt sure, who had ever had any immediate acquaintance with Mr. Beecher, 'I have in my pocket a letter from Rev. Dr. Hillis, Mr. Beecher's successor. Is that what you mean?'"

"The answer was: 'No; I am told by a spirit present, John Rabestraw that Mr. Beecher wishes it returned and he looks to you, doctor, to return it.'"

"I was considerably surprised, and asked: 'What do you mean by saying that he looks to me to return it? I have no coin of Mr. Beecher's.'"

"I don't know anything about it except that I am told that this coin is out of place, and has been for a number of years, and that Mr. Beecher says you can find and return it."

"I remembered that when we were making 'The Standard Dictionary,' some years before, I had borrowed from a gentleman in Brooklyn, a close friend of Mr. Beecher's who died several years ago, a valuable ancient coin known as 'The Widow's Mite.' He told me that this coin was worth several hundred dollars, and, under promise that I would see it returned to his collection where it belonged, he would loan it to me."

"I said to the control, 'the only widow's mite that has ever been in my charge was one that I borrowed some years ago from a gentleman in Brooklyn: this I promptly returned.' To which the control replied:

"This one has not been returned," and then after a moment's silence, he said: "Do you know whether there is a large iron safe in Plymouth Church?"

"I answered, 'I do not.'"

"He said: 'I inferred that this coin is in a large iron safe, that it has been lost sight of; it is in a drawer in the safe, under a lot of papers, and that you can find it, and Mr. Beecher wishes you to find it.'"

"I said: 'Do you mean that this safe is in Plymouth Church?'"

"He said: 'I don't know where it is. I am simply impressed that it is in an iron safe, in a drawer under a lot of papers, and has been lost sight of for years, and that you can find it. That is all I can tell you.'"

"The next day when I went to New York, I thought over this curious communication about the 'Widow's Mite.' It was certain that the coin had been returned, but the insistence that such an unusual piece of money should have been so positively mentioned, all impressed me very strongly."

In a conference which followed, Dr. Funk's brother insisted that the coin had been returned. Mr. Wagnalls said that he did not know that the coin had been borrowed, and Mr. Wheeler, editor of the Literary Digest, suggested that search be made for it. His brother was sent on this mission, and in about twenty minutes returned with an envelope which had been found, in a little drawer, in the large iron safe under a lot of papers, where it had lain forgotten for a number of years.

In examining the two coins, and also the plate of illustrations in the Dictionary, it was found that we had used for reproduction the smaller and lighter colored one. The other was much darker. I concluded that the lighter was the genuine widow's mite, for I remembered we had sent both to the curator of the Philadelphia mint who was an expert on ancient coin and had asked him kindly to let us know which was genuine. I instructed Mr. B. F. Funk the business manager of the Dictionary Department to follow the information of this expert in making the coin plates, and up to the time of this interview with the control, I had thought this instruction had been carried out."

"On the following Wednesday evening I attended the same circle. Toward the close of the seance 'George' began talking. I said to him: 'George, you remember the request you made of me last Wednesday evening?'"

"He replied at once: 'Yes, about the coin, the widow's mite.'"

"There are two of them; now, George, can you tell me which of the two is the right one?"

"Without an instant's hesitation he answered: 'The black one.'"

"I was certain that the lighter one was the correct coin, as that was the one we had used in the Dictionary. I asked him if he was sure that it was the black one. His reply was instant: 'Certainly.' Then I asked if he could tell me to whom it was to be returned. He said he could not, but thought it was to be returned to some place in Connecticut, but he did not know for sure. I asked him if he could tell me from whom I had received it. He said it belonged to some friend of Mr. Beecher's. I wished to know what friend, if he could not give me the name. He said he could not, but that he was shown the picture of a college, that he did not know what this meant, unless this man had been connected with a large school."

"I said: 'Where located?'"

"In Brooklyn."

"What part of Brooklyn?"

"On the Heights?"

"A gentleman's school or a ladies' school?"

"A ladies' school."

"As information about the owner of the 'Widow's Mite' was all correct, as far as it went. But the curious thing was that so much could be told of detail, and yet the name of the owner of the coin could not be given, nor could I be told with any certainty where Mr. Beecher wanted it to be sent."

This limitation of the control has always been a source of doubt, a stumbling block in the path of investigators, which disappears with fuller knowledge. This narrative is followed by affidavits of all parties concerned.

Perhaps there is not a Spiritualist who has not met with facts in his own experience equally, or more, startling than this of "The Widow's Mite." Such evidences come every day. The greater value of this depends on the distinguished characters who vouch for it.

After discussing the various theories by which the facts may be explained, as fraud, coincidence, telepathy or clairvoyance, and showing how impotent they are, Dr. Funk arrives at spirit communion, in which he finds difficulties, yet he is evidently partial to its acceptance.

The author supports his story with similar psychic phenomena. Among these are, finding of a lost receipt by Swedenborg, a spirit indicating the whereabouts of a lost will, finding of a note by spirits, as reported by the Society for Psychical Research, Dr. M. J. Savage directed by his son to papers of which the Doctor knew nothing, finding of a bank book by Mrs. Piper, etc. There are many pages of conversations with the "controls," on various subjects, and it may be observed that the thoughts of these "controls," through uncultured mediums is of a high intellectual and literary standard. They are able to attract and hold the attention of a man of the ability of Dr. Funk and of themselves refute the charges so often made that all communications are inane and commonplace.

Part Third is devoted to the results of the author's experiments in telepathy, clairaudience, physical effects without contact, materialization, spirit photography, and spirit identity. Not only his own investigations but he gives a resume of those of Professor James, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Frederic W. H. Myers, Prof. Zollner, Judge A. H. Dalley, Alfred Russel Wallace, and others. The researches of Sir William Crookes are lengthily given. After four years of careful experimentation, Prof. Crookes wrote: "Be it remembered that an explanation to be of any value must satisfy all conditions of the problem. It is not enough for a person who perhaps has seen only a few of the inferior phenomena, to say 'I suspect it is all cheating,' or 'I saw how some of the tricks could be done.'"

It is an exhaustive presentation of the methods and results of the great scientists who have investigated the subject.

Dr. Funk does not claim to be a Spiritualist. He does not wish to be identified with the movement. He stands on the bank of the mighty stream and while he describes its course and the fotsam and jetsam, the froth and spume, which swirl on its surface, he remains steadfast and thinks he forms no part of it! He desires this to be distinctly understood, that his position may be known and not misrepresented.

Yet he is an example of all those who have honestly investigated the phenomena. His hesitancy, his doubts, are arguments. His attempt to explain the manifestations by other theories than the spiritual, fall of their own weakness, and with all his protestations, he has launched a book which is a life's work; which will become a mighty force in clarifying the turbid waters and directing their course.

As Dr. Funk does not desire to be called a Spiritualist, claiming that "he does not know," we will obey his wishes. We cannot see, however, wherein there is difference between him in the acceptance of psychic phenomena and the most ultra Spiritualist. Every Spiritualist says, "he does not know," all that is to be known, and is ever ready to retreat or retract, when he finds himself in error. Not one claims to have reached infallible conclusions.

Every thinking Spiritualist holds his belief as tentative. Dr. Funk has cast his lot with Myers, Wallace, Zollner, Robert Hare, Prof. James, Varley, and Hyslop, and if they are Spiritualists he is the peer of them. Like them he stands aloof from it as an organic movement, more attracted to its phenomena and demonstrations of life's continuance after death, than to its magnificent philosophy and its science of life here and hereafter, unimpaired that it supplants old ideas with new interpretations almost to revolution.

His book will be as "standard" with Spiritualists, as his Dictionary is "standard" with the English speaking world.

A valuable feature, especially to students, is the list of books on the subject, which has evidently been prepared with care and impartial criticism.

## A Sensible New Thinker.

First Lessons in New Thought. J. W. Winkley, M. D. James H. West Co., 79 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. Cloth. Price 60 cents. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

This is another contribution to New Thoughtism, and one of the few which has recently fallen into our hands that is helpful and pleasing. The book is divided into eight chapters, severally dealing with the "Power of Man," "Health Natural—Disease Unnatural," "Health Pleasurable—Disease Painful," "Health Harmonious—Disease Inharmonious," "Man's Many Sidedness," "The New Thought and God," "The New Thought and Man," "The Fact of Healing."

Speaking of mental healing the author very truly says, "The theories of it and the philosophy put forth about it have been very crude and imperfect. Some of its theories indeed, are manifestly as absurd as they are untenable. The public has become familiar with them, that there is no disease, that the 'body, matter, and the material world are illusions of the senses.' That 'Sickness, pain, sin, and even death are the reality only of false beliefs and no real existence,' and it is because of these absurdities that so much ridicule has been drawn down upon the Mental Methodists in their dealing with physiological disorders."

We agree with the writer, that the fact of mental healing is quite beyond dispute, and if the advocates thereof would simply cling to the central facts without largely wasting their time in abstract speculations about God and matter and spirit and re-embodiment and reincarnation, they would appeal far more successfully to the general thinker than they have hitherto done. We can recommend this book to our readers for its pleasant, clear, and reasonable manner of presentation, and can hold it up as a model for more pretentious writers to mold their lucubrations upon.—U. T. P.

## Minor Mention.

"The Relation Science Holds to Natural Philosophy, and Its Conflict with Every Phase of Religion," by Prof. W. M. Lockwood, of Chicago, Ill., is a bright little pamphlet of 33 pages, which will excite the thinking faculties of the reader and call out, doubtless, some criticism. The Prof. writes clearly, and whether agreeing or disagreeing with his statements and conclusions, a pleasant half hour can be spent with his latest production. He also sends us another pamphlet entitled, "Plato and the Great Psychological Crime." It is written in verse.

## A Letter to the Church in London, Eng., from the Apostle-Pilgrim of Spiritualism.

James M. Peckles, M. D.

Beloved in the Cause of Spiritual Truth, Health, Peace, and Good Will:

Having both through your Secretary, Brother William J. Pitt, and our mutual friend and co-worker, A. J. Cash (in whom are combined both knowledge and zeal), been informed that the Union meeting of London Spiritualists convenes in annual conference the third week in May, I stretch a warm hand across the Atlantic waste of waters, and clasp yours in the spirit of friendship, good cheer, and fatherly love, that love which is pure, peaceable and altruistic.

I returned only two weeks since from San Diego, California, the perpetual summer-land of the lemon, the olive and the orange, where I spent the winter, lecturing the Sundays of two months, after my recovery from pneumonia.

Spiritualism being cosmopolitan, and thinking you might like to hear of its progress in that far-away California city, almost bordering upon Mexico, I beg to say that last year the Spiritualists of that city erected a commodious and beautiful Temple, with a seating capacity of five or six hundred, I was honored with delivering the dedicatory address. In connection with this society there is a Children's Laymen, a Young People's Association, and a Sunday Morning Conference. It owns two pianos, one for the young people and the conference room below, and the other for the fine auditorium, which is carpeted and has chair sittings.

On my way from San Diego to Battle Creek, Michigan, some three thousand miles, nearly across the continent, I lectured—as well as my traveling (trance) companion, Dr. W. G. Thurber—a dozen times or more. Besides the halls, two Unitarian churches were secured for us.

The receptions along the way were literally ovations, afire with glowing enthusiasm, relating to Spiritualism and the moral bravery of its old pioneers—pioneers who fifty years ago were often mobbed and pronounced heretics and infidels—pioneers who could say with Paul, "In peril often by land and by sea and among false brethren."

Such enthusiasm is ever encouraging and uplifting. Richly do I enjoy, at times, the outspoken hallojahs of the Wesleyans. I would be a Methodist if it were not for their unreasonable, irrational, and abominable church doctrines. Do you remember that the Wesleyans had Spiritual manifestation in their Epworth home?

Some unwise, pessimistic Spiritualist of my country reported to the English press a few months ago that Spiritualism was "on the decline in America." Nothing could be farther from the truth. The decline, if there was any in a certain locality, was but a reflection of his own indifference and inefficient moral status. The truth never declines. It is immortal. Once born and rooted into human nature as a conscious reality, and it abides there forever. I never knew a genuine Spiritualist to recant. Spiritualism is a fact, and more, it is a grand, a mighty truth, centering primarily in God, who is Spirit, secondly in

the moral and religious constitution of man, and thirdly in messages and test-communications, which, coming from the world invisible demonstrate the continuity of life, and the conscious cognition of those over there whom we knew, living in this mortal state of existence. Therefore it is priceless. No poet can fully sing its moral beauties, no artist can put its glories upon canvas, nor can angel tones, however tender, or thrilling, tell of or number its measureless blessings.

Beloved friends, do we fully appreciate it? Do we fully realize that it plants an opening rosebud upon the cold cheek of death, unlocks the tomb's dark door-way and o'er earth's million cemeteries chants the undying song of victory?

Spiritualism in its broadest and divinest sense is not only cosmopolitan, but is all-embracing, including all that is good and true in Christian Science, Metaphysical Science, Divine Science, Divine Healing and Theosophy, and why? Why all this? Because its foundation, its topmost keystone, is Spirit, and take the Spirit from any of these pretentious "New Thought" Sciences, and they are but empty shells and tinkling cymbals.

He who is ashamed of his Spiritualism is virtually ashamed of Almighty God, for God, said Jesus, is Spirit, and Spirit is inclusive, energizing, all-permeating and Spiritually uplifting. In brief, Spirit is the crowning glory of Spiritualism, and far more Christian than is our present creed-encumbered Christianity. It is the underlying force that inspires all forms of progress, and encourages and appropriates all such Spiritual sustenance as kindness, benevolence, faith, prayer, brotherhood, heavenly impressions, visions, inspirations, and all-loving angel ministrations.

"It is the Spirit that giveth life," wrote an apostle of old, "and to be Spiritually minded is life and peace." "Let us also," he added, "walk in the Spirit, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the Bonds of Peace."

Fifty-five years and more Spiritualism has been my joy by day and my comfort by night. And being now an octogenarian, and more, with hairs whitened in life's varied struggles, with many moral scores won on theological battlefields, and conscious this very hour of Spirit presences around me, whispering words of love, I never so prized, never so loved Spiritualism as I do this very moment.

Oh! brave comrades! Oh! young comrades, strip for the final battle. The fight is still on. Be your feet swift and your head clear to defend the truth. The scales may turn against you today in certain localities, but tomorrow you will ride in chariots, conquerors. Have faith. Be proud to stand upon the plane of rebellion against the wrong. Temporary misfortune often proves to be a fortune a little later. It is useless to burden the air with laments, bury the past and push on. Storms purify the air. It is the burnished steel that shines. Many of the most painful phases of life lead up to the richest Spiritual blessings. The corn dies in darkness before it sprouts up into the sunshine of an hundred-fold. God is good. Angels are guarding us. The world moves. Progress is in the air. Truth is imperishable. The ripening harvest is within reach, and both appreciation and the redemption, if not the canonization of the true and the faithful, draweth nigh; here I am reminded of the cheery words of Edgerton:

The world will be a better place  
In a hundred years!  
We'll have a brighter, happier race,  
In a hundred years!  
The isms of old, the worn-out lies,  
The ancient wrongs, like mist that flies,  
Will melt in the rays of a new sunrise,  
In a hundred years!

Waiting a hundred years is too long. We want all these poet-pictured good things now. We want Heaven right here and now in our hearts and our homes. "What wilt thou have?" asked our Emerson, of Concord. "Find it, pay for it, and take it," was his pithy reply.

Considering the indifferent and materialistic status of the world, Spirit phenomena are necessities. Test messages are indispensable, God and the holy angels bless all mediumistic message-bearers, who bring us good tidings from the Summerland zones that encircle our planet.

The principles of Spiritualism are as wide as all races and nations. Its philosophy is divine. One of its clearest expressions is evolution, and its destiny is the synonym of the world's universal religion, the world's redemption, the resurrection of the beast into the Christ.

Liberal Christians, Christian Scientists, New Thoughtists, Theosophists, and other "New Cults" are doing good work in their way. We hold out to them the olive branch of peace, and bid them and all other reform branches of thought and purpose, God speed, just so far as they "abide in the Vine," which Vine is Spirit, the spirit of truth. "Other sheep have I," said the martyr of Nazareth, "which are out of this fold, them must I bring also, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Greatly do I admire the phraseology that distinguishes your organization, "The Union of London Spiritualists," for in union there is strength. Let there be union among you then, O beloved Souls! in all essentials, and liberty and charity touching all non-essentials. Well do you know that in all finely balanced minds the widest diversity may exist in perfect union.

In closing you kindly permit me to enlarge your well-chosen name as follows: The Union of all racial, National and International Spiritualists whether occidental or oriental, the wide world over into one sympathizing brotherhood, one mighty veried host of inspired reformers, battling for that Spiritual truth, which demonstrates immortality, encourages all good works, sweetens the bitterest cup of life, illumines the darkest day, cheers the sick, lifts up the fallen, educates the orphan, comforts the mourner, brushes the tears from weeping eyes and wreathes the white foreheads of the faithful with the coronets of fadeless splendor, remembering the meantime, the stirring words of Napoleon when amid Russia's drifting snows, "Officers, Soldiers, the eyes of all Europe are upon you, do your duty." Spiritualism is the eyes of all the thinking, reading world are upon you, do your whole duty.

Battle Creek, Mich.

## Made in France.

Two distinguished Paris specialists in the study of hysteria says the genial Chatterer in the Boston Herald, state they have discovered the existence of a new and remarkable sort of power of second sight in certain patients. Instances of the form of vision in which the seer perceives at dusk under certain conditions his own double are well known to the scientific investigator, as well as to the romance writer. This kind of vision has been named "external autopsy," and is supposed to be due to a peculiar development of the physical sense of the ego, or the physical consciousness of self. The new phenomenon just discovered is "internal autopsy." When in a hypnotic trance certain female patients were found to possess the extraordinary power of seeing into their own bodies.



## Letters from Our Readers.

The editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

### "A Curious Point."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Under the above caption one of your correspondents in this week's Banner has asked several questions which seem to demand answers from those who think they may be able to throw a little light upon the subject. It is to be hoped that such answers may be forthcoming from various points of view that our friends may be enabled to select from among them such fragments of truth as may best commend themselves to his mind. With this hope I will endeavor to state, as plainly as possible how the matter has been presented to me in hours of silent thought.

The intelligence of an animal is the same intelligence as that in man. It is Infinite Intelligence, Universal Spirit showing itself through a finite organism, limited by the capacity of that organism to be human, canine or any other. After it has developed that organism to its utmost possibility in any direction, and not before, it will seek another, a trifle less limited and continue its work. After it has reached the point of humanity it will pursue the same course until all is possible in human form has been developed. Among the developments to be attained is the memory of former incarnations. There are many on earth who have reached this at least to a partial extent. Of course the testimony of these is not acceptable to people generally and is not, therefore, frequently offered. Most of the human race, up till now, think only with the physical brain and on subjects cognizable by the physical senses. Therefore their memories do not go back of that brain's active exercise. In by far the larger number of cases communicating spirits are concerned only with the experiences of their last incarnations and of those with whom they were then associated. Hence their memories, at least at the time of communicating, do not extend to pre-existent states. To this, however, we have exceptions which are of equal authority to any other. E. J. Bowtell.

New London, Conn.

### A Word of Commendation.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

After such a surfeit of "Psychological Crime" as we have been treated to during the past year, it is certainly refreshing and inspiring to be served with such an array of rebuttal testimony as has been of late served to us in "The Banner of Light."

The "Banner's" anniversary symposium speaks with no uncertain sound of the attitude of the best minds in this and other countries toward Spiritualism, as it is—and was in the past—untrammeled by the superior (!) claims of "Theosophy," "Higher Spiritualism," "Advance Thought," etc., etc.

The world was awakened from a long sleep—spiritually—by the sound of a tiny rap; through that sound mediumship was established; as thought advanced different phases of mediumship developed, opening up avenues of investigation into the realm of spirit until the consciousness of man stands amazed at the limitless possibilities of the soul in its search after the knowable, sometimes mislabeled the "un-knowable."

To sneer at mediumship, or to call it degenerating, by those whose feet even now are standing upon the foundation built by the work done through out mediums, is like burning the bridge which has carried us safely over the stream—lest others may follow after out of the valley of doubt and ignorance into the broad light of spiritual truth and knowledge.

There are many avenues leading to the temple of knowledge, all of which are worthy the attention of the careful student delving in the laboratory of nature, seeking for the key which reveals to the consciousness of man the secret of being—and solves the problem of whence and whither.

Mary Webb Baker.

Spartansburg, Pa.

### "Let Us Consider."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

How true it is that "History repeats itself." Some years ago the early apostles of Unitarianism, having thought themselves out of old theological ruts, established a broad and liberal Christianity, which gained the allegiance and membership of some of the grandest souls the world has ever known. Unitarianism and Universalism have done noble service to the cause of human advancement, and its emancipation from unworthy fetters of thought.

But do these purer systems of faith stand in the vanguard of progress today? Although "come-outers" themselves from creed and dogma, were they found ready to join the still more advanced thought, the new revelation which dawned upon the world in 1848?

Is it not a strange fact that some of the strongest skepticism, the firmest inhospitality to Spiritualism is found in the ranks of so-called liberal thinkers?

The founders of these exclusive cults, theosophy and Christian Science, who drove down their advanced stakes of infallibility, firm in the conviction apparently, that no one could step beyond their impregnable position are more unprogressive in the true sense, than these first worthy liberal (?) "come-outers," who were once indeed advanced, but whose mission seems to be no longer alive. We must not forget that every movement has a relative significance. Now, shall Spiritualism repeat this mistake? Shall their advanced position be left behind by other "come-outers" in the eternal evolution, because they are not wise, and progressive enough to grasp all of the Truth, and constantly reach upward and onward? Of what use for Spiritualists to "proclaim the marvels of mind" when such proclamation is so restricted in all the wonderful phases of thought's reflection in form building? Of what use is the affirmation that "man is a spirit, a god in course of evolution" when he fails to evolve into the image and likeness of Divinity, fails to fathom "the laws of his being" sufficiently to exhibit that perfect health, which is a spirit's birthright. Until Spiritualists have awakened to the possibilities of living, and demonstrating their own philosophy, it is still true as the undersigned, (who is also a Spiritualist) affirmed that they are in sore need of more advanced teaching.

Well would it be if the leaders took more active interest in educating those already in the ranks, instead of talking so much about extending "our Cause." The fact of immortality, Spiritualism has abundantly proven. "The actuality of the next state of being," "the personal and individual nature of man on the next plane of life," but as a teacher recently affirmed, "Oh! that people would stop singing of the sweet by and by, and think more of the sweet now and now." This attitude would make the truth more

practical, vital and illumined. Spiritualists need to vitalize their beautiful faith and prove that they are "spirits in this world" now. They should not be handicapped by neuritis, rheumatism or grippe, which other students have outgrown. The statement in the article I refer to does not include the slightest mention of the possession of a perfectly healthy body as a fitting temple for the indwelling spirit, which other come-outers in our midst are demonstrating, a fact even unknown to uninspiring Spiritualists. Perhaps the spirit world, in its constant endeavor to emancipate humanity from every bondage, the slavery of creed, the fear of death, the terror of hopeless separation from loved ones, desire also to release man from his greatest fetter, the bondage of the flesh, and bring succor from illness and pain, and failing to induce Spiritualists to advance thus far, were forced to turn to other minds with their grand message of freedom to the world, a possibility that Spiritualists seem too dull to grasp.

Faiths that crystallize soon retrograde. Progress is the eternal watchword of the soul, and every department of the mind.—"Good Sister."

### USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and damp, and get tired easily. If you have aching feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Cures aching, swollen, sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves chilblains, corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### Concerning T. J. Hudson's Exposition of Spiritualism.

E. J. Schellhaus, M. D.

To one who reflects, it is evident that the most important problems of life are yet unsolved. We accept only what to us is a sense of reality, whether that sense has truth for its basis or not. No one has the least confidence in what to him seems unreal. Truth is the only reality, and what is accepted and acted upon, is what we feel to be real. The law expressing this great fact may thus be stated: Feeling gives rise to the sense of reality in what is felt.

The old proverb is, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." It is often quoted with the phrase "in his heart" left out: thus: "As a man thinketh, so is he." This gives rise to the idea that the thinking makes a man what he is. The phrase "in his heart" expresses the true meaning of the proverb. The word "heart," in scripture means feeling, and the proverb really is, "As a man feels, so is he."

Dr. Hudson's attempted exposition of Spiritualism ignores this law; but it applies here as well as elsewhere. He did not know that the sense of reality that one feels is no proof of its being reality; and he failed to consider the other great fact that others arrive at opposite conclusions on the same subject, since opposite states of feeling give rise to an opposite sense of reality.

The purpose of this article is to present a friendly criticism on Dr. Hudson's theory of the "subjective mind" upon which his exposition is founded.

When a difficult problem arises, it is easy to coin words for its solution. A schoolboy in his effort to solve an arithmetical problem makes his figures as he wishes, finds no difficulty in getting the answer he desires. So Dr. Hudson uses the term "subjective mind" to fit his so-called explanation of spirit manifestations. He employs it as a factor that gives rise to the phenomena of Spiritualism. Everything must conform to his conceptions. His theory is that man has two minds—a subjective and an objective mind. It is evident that he, observing the rapid advance of Spiritualism, and realizing a growing disbelief in the dogmas of the church, sees that something must be done to destroy this enemy.

The doctrine of evolution being accepted as a scientific fact, he abandoned the Mosaic conception of the creation, and undertook to show conformity of the evolution of creation, with the biblical account, so as to give scientific prestige to Christianity and save the church from the tender mercies of Spiritualism.

In his last work, "The Evolution of the Soul," he has this to say: "Science has at last succeeded in unraveling the whole mystery, removing every phenomenon from the domain of superstition, and demonstrating that all manifestations of whatever name or nature, proceed from the subjective minds of living persons. I cannot now enter into details, but must content myself with saying in the most emphatic manner that all that is mysterious, all that is uncanny and diabolical, all that is insane and idiotic, all that is false and infamous, all that transcends reason and common sense in psychic phenomena, is due alone to ignorance of the fundamental laws that govern the relationship between the body and the soul."

It is the opinion of many Spiritualists that Dr. Hudson's works will aid the cause of Spiritualism by arousing a spirit of inquiry; and that no truth suffers when it is free to combat error. This opinion would be correct if the people were disposed to investigate; but the fact is, that most people are satisfied with their opinions; or if anything is derived in regard to them, it is corroboration instead of changing them. Public sentiment among all classes favors the institution of the church, at least, in exerting a moral influence in the community, if nothing else, and thus gives it moral support.

In the case of Dr. Hudson's theory the opinion is that if it is false, truth is free to combat it; but everybody is waiting for somebody else to do the combating, and so the theory prevails. The people know little about Spiritualism, and care less about it. Spiritualism is, in Dr. Hudson's opinion, all that is expressed in the last sentence of the above quotation, beginning with the words, "I cannot enter into details," etc., and it must be throttled; so he goes about it by the assumption of a "subjective mind," that in his opinion explains the whole phenomena.

It is impossible to conceive the action of mind without its being conscious, and his "subjective mind" is unconscious. If conscious, it can in no wise differ from the "objective mind," as by implication there must be one if there is a subjective mind.

A phenomenon is the manifestation of a force acting on, or through matter. Human conduct has its rise in mental or psychic force, and differs in one important particular from all other forces; namely, in the fact that it has a purpose to accomplish and this necessitates consciousness which, in so far as we know, does not belong to the physical forces; for there is nothing between these forces and their phenomena. In the psychic force, having a purpose, there must be consciousness in order to devise means for the accomplishment of the purposes of life. Mind is employed in the realization of desire which is the purpose of life. Were there no desire,

there would be no use of mind; and were there no desire mind would be useless. The two primal elements of man psychically considered, are sensation and consciousness—desire and intellect; the one, the source of all voluntary activities; the other is that state of mind in which we are aware of our being, feeling and acting.

There is no force in mind, but it is inseparable from force. Consciousness enables us to realize sensations, and that realization is the purpose we are to accomplish in life, whether we succeed or fail in it.

The body is the organism of the psychic force, and its action is cognized in consciousness. That force is ignored, and the entire attention is given to the phenomena to which it has given rise; namely, human conduct. Every voluntary act in life is an effort to realize pleasant sensations, or to avoid unpleasant ones. These are realized or avoided through the instrumentality of means made conscious to the mind. The structure of the body results from the action of mechanical, chemical and vital, or organic forces. — psychic force—sensations, feelings—determines the action of the feelings when they are aroused by the stimulus of environment.

So we say, Mind acts upon the body. Thought takes form in action, because it appears so just as the people a few hundred years ago said, "The sun rises." Thus we are constantly deceived by appearances.

A brief analysis of the words "subjective" and "objective" as applied to mind, will afford some light on this matter. All depends on the meaning of these two words when applied to mind. Says Webster: "Subjective," an epithet applied to those internal states of thought and feeling of which the mind is subject." When these are cognized, they become objective. That is to say, feelings and thoughts having their rise within, are cognized as states of consciousness which we call objective. Those feelings aroused by the stimulus of environment are also states of mind which we call objective. The words, "subjective" and "objective" are used to distinguish the manner of their being aroused by feelings without; or by perception of environment without; that is facts, even information, etc., arousing states of feeling, we call objective. Reflection, imagination, conception, etc., we call subjective. Webster continues: "That which is subjective in one relation may be objective in another. Thus subjective states of mind when recalled and dwelt on for the purpose of inspection or analysis, become 'objective.'" So we see that Dr. Hudson's assumption of a subjective mind, clothed with independent power to act, has no ground to rest upon, neither upon reason nor authority.

But in his attempt to explain the phenomena of spirit manifestations, he ignores the most important and demonstrative of them—materialization, now so common. He admits the fact of telepathy, and attempts to explain the higher psychic manifestations as follows: "When a medium tells you of a circumstance in your own life of a departed friend which you never confided to any living person, you say, that is telepathy; she reads it in your own mind; but if the medium should give a message from your departed friend to the effect that before his death he had hidden in a particular spot, a certain sum of money which he intended for you, but which he was unable to give because at the time of his death you were absent, and if afterwards you should find the exact sum in the spot indicated, you might find it difficult to account for the medium's knowledge; yet it is easily accounted for by the fact that intimate friends are often in telepathic communion with each other unconsciously. In this case we may suppose that your friend had in his lifetime unconsciously communicated the knowledge to your subjective mind, and there it lay hidden from your objective consciousness until the medium by virtue of her psychic power read it in your soul."

This is the loose and illogical manner of reasoning based on the assumption of a subjective mind, and founded on a "We may suppose." It seems strange indeed, that men should resort to such measures to explain the phenomena of spirit manifestations when the true explanation is so easy.

There are innumerable facts recorded in the literature of Spiritualism on the best authority that Dr. Hudson's theory does not include even in his method by telepathy; and he must have had very limited knowledge of the phenomena he attempted to explain. Now, since his transition, he understands.

Especially is this the case in the materialization of spirits that involves no question of a "subjective mind." The writer of this article has witnessed thousands of instances of materialized spirits in the presence of hundreds of visitors who saw and realized the same, and in the same manner. These are indubitable evidences of the fact of materialization. He has attended more than 300 of Mr. Aber's seances in which the most wonderful phenomena were produced. Materialized forms of children and of men of gigantic size appeared and conversed with the visitors whom they claimed as relatives and friends.

Among those who visited these seances were judges, lawyers, physicians and editors who came, some of them, over a thousand miles to investigate these phenomena. Some remained weeks, demanding the most crucial tests, all of which were cheerfully granted, and not a single one ever left without being fully convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations and well satisfied with the results of the investigation.

Writing with pencil at the rate of 500 words and more, and on the typewriter as many as 225 words, all in the time of a single minute.

Eloquent orations and conversations in languages known only to the spirit and the one with whom he conversed: portraits of spirits whose bodies have long since molded into dust, drawn in the time of one minute in crayon, life size, and others executed in oil on canvas, of spirits from the higher spheres in from five to seven minutes without brush or pencil which would require several days by a mortal artist.

When we consider these facts, we see how absurd is the attempt of Dr. Hudson to explain them on the theory of a subjective explanation! In the light of reason and common sense, again, how absurd!

### A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in 10 minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19) 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

Pino's Cure for Consumption is a pleasant and effectual remedy for coughs and colds. 25c.

### "The Clock of Gold."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I send you with this a booklet containing a poem entitled "The Clock of Gold." It has a history which may interest you, and your many readers since it came to the writer as the result of an experience which happened to an older writer, now in spirit life, and myself and was as follows:

While in New York for a few days sister heard of a reliable medium for spiritual communication on whom she called and without giving her name or address asked for an interview. The medium was soon controlled and gave her many details describing her home, its location, use and surroundings, all of which were correct. In conclusion, she said, "You have a sister who is a writer, and I think she will some time write a poem having reference to one of the crowned heads of Europe." Returning home, sister told me of her interview with the medium and her prediction about myself which I laughing said was absurd and it was afterward mentioned only to ridicule until the death of Leopold, Duke of Albany which occurred March 28th, 1884.

The paper containing this news I took from the post-office and without opening it, passed to an easy chair. As if disturbed by my entrance, she instantly started up, exclaiming, "How strange! What does it mean?" and on my asking, what is strange? she proceeded to tell a vision she had just had. "I saw," she said, "a clock that looked as if made of gold. It was tall, and curiously carved. Presently its door came open when a beautiful bird flew out and went soaring away, singing 'Liberty! Liberty!' Then the clock fell with a crash and my vision ended." We talked for a few moments about the strange vision when I took up the morning paper and almost the first item I saw announced the death of Leopold, Duke of Albany and youngest son of her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

Reading it aloud I said to sister, that reveals to me the meaning of your vision, and the Clock of Gold was then and there suggested to me, with a pathos and poetic imagery I keenly sensed but felt I could never fitly express.

Going at once to my desk in another room, I began writing what came to me in the guise of a dream, but when the line "Of my little ones have care," was thrice repeated, I was much puzzled, saying to myself, I do not know what they mean for in the notice given of the Duke's death no mention was made of any children, and no after notice I saw explained the emphatic repetition of that one line. Finally I concluded it must refer to the condition of his royal mother's subjects who were, at that time, in a state of unrest, and calling earnestly for Liberty, more Liberty!

But having recently had the pleasure of reading the biography of England's noblest sovereign, I learned that at the death of the Duke at Cannes, March 28th, 1884, he left his widow with one daughter, and on the 19th of July after, a son was born to him, which last event, he doubtless anticipated, with feelings of tenderness he desired to express to mortals, even in his discarnate state hoping his touching appeal would, in some way reach his loved ones. Hence the thrice repeated verse, "Of my little ones have care." As to the fourth time it is repeated in the stanza before the last, the reader will readily see that it explains itself and is expressive of an abiding trust in the divine wisdom and power which guards and guides the destiny of individuals and nations. The coming of the bird into the room where I was writing the Clock of Gold is literally true and I feel I was rightly impressed when I wrote the stanza which reads as follows:

"A messenger bird, is he," I said  
From some dear soul in heaven,  
And this the lesson he came to teach,  
"Love's chain is never given."

And now, dear readers, after twenty years of silence as to the real origin and history of the poem, I think, I may justly claim that the medium's prediction was fulfilled, sister's vision fully interpreted and my dream-child restored at last "to its own," may well claim the kindly recognition of all who love and strive to honor the cause of Spiritualism hence its republication in connection with its peculiar history is now solicited.—Belle Bush, Shirley, Mass.

### Magnetic or Will Power.

Arthur F. Milton.

Whether birds fly by magnetic or will power is perhaps of no consequence. It is certain, however, that they must, in some way, overcome the attraction of gravitation, to course through the atmosphere. But whether this power is quartered in the wings or whether the wings are but guiding agencies is another question.

It is certain that if one of the human species endeavored to lift himself by sheer power of will, he would find the exertion for this effort beginning at the solar plexus, passing into his shoulders, and, then down his arms into his hands, as though arms and hands were needed in the process.

Well, these limbs (especially the hands) are next to brain or head consciousness; for when seeking sympathy or imparting magnetism, it is the hands that come into play, often involuntarily, as though they were the agents of this interior consciousness, just what wings are to birds.

It may be then that the secret of flying does not exist in the wings at all, and flying machines depending on wings solely may always end in failure; while the real power needed for soaring in the air is still undiscovered, also depending on man knowing more about himself before he may even hope for success. Not in the effect, therefore, but in the cause, not in the mechanism but in the principle perfection must be sought.

We know that magnetism to overcome earth's attraction is needed in spiritual manifestations, the medium furnishing it for the inert object to be acted upon, moved or elevated.

But as all persons do not possess this magnetism beyond a certain limit, it implies that those who do furnish it, must have a surplus or some to spare. And if some have a sufficient surplus to permit of small objects, like tables, to be elevated, and others a larger surplus to permit of planes to be moved, why may not this surplus increase in the course of time to elevate the medium himself?

One case proves the possibility of it. Ancient records tell of instances. Modern records prove it. Mediums have variously been elevated at seances, and notably D. D. Home.

With such the principle or power exists, only the wings or steers are wanting, but which perhaps would unfold themselves were all humanity likewise gifted. It is not the wings that enable birds to fly, but the principle of flying in the bird which evolves wings for its usage or expression.

Now, whether this principle be turned will or magnetic power is perhaps indifferent. It is well-known, however, that persons who can readily control others, an audience, an army or a whole people, are said to possess "magnetism."

Well, what is the difference?—Perhaps only in the term. It may be the will (the principle)

and utilizing its agent or medium, magnetism, to express the first-named, do its bidding. Now, birds may possess this principle or will power in sufficient quantity to overcome the gravity of their own bodies, their wings being the kind of agent needed to permit this power to act.

Why birds should possess comparatively more than man is a question for Nature to answer. But it is certain that man wastes more than necessary; and that, as well as waste, he can also save or store it up by a more moderate existence than that to which he has accustomed himself, or into which modern civilization is driving him.

The method is self-evident. But it requires exercise of the will to overcome bad habits, and this exercise is, in large measure, the secret of generating a surplus magnetism. If not for flying, it is always utilisable for healing and aiding spiritual phenomena, besides giving health and strength to the experimenter, and motive power to the spirit in a future existence.

### A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (the Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Diseases will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He has nothing whatever to sell you.

## The Wisdom of Passion.

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The extraordinary merits of "The Wisdom of Passion" are the responsiveness of human insight and content in the way of fact and reference with which the book is crisscrossed. Its main thesis agrees with—Prof. William James, Harvard University.

I have found "The Wisdom of Passion" to be a book of powerful erudition and fine intuition. I would be happy if in a certain sense I had inspired it.—Prof. Cesare Lombroso.

Professors of literature in the University of Chicago, counting up the ten great books that recently gave them so much profit, placed "The Wisdom of Passion" among the first on the list.

Salvarona gives more satisfactory reasons for his conclusion than most of us new thinkers are able to give.—Elizabeth Towne, the Nautilus.

For personal immortality the argument is conclusive.—Mind, N. Y.

The argument for personal immortality is so clearly stated with such logical force as to be irresistible.—Medical Times, N. Y.

A profound book, suggestive and original.—Horatio Dresser.

Teaches the formal creative power of the Soul.—Public Opinion, N. Y.

Many passages show a marvellous insight. An intuition that is really wonderful. It seems with wise sayings and shrewd observations in the motive of men. I expect to go over it again in order to mark and margin the epigrams, the terse sentences, the gems of poetic beauty, and shall do everything in my power to bring its profound truths to the attention of others.—Prof. Edward A. Ross, University of Nebraska.

Here is a man who sees and says things for himself. He is not retelling conventionalities. The book fairly bristles with wise sayings. I believe the thesis is sustainable and that the author has gone a long way toward fortifying it. After I took up the book, I did not quit, except for meals and sleep till I had read it carefully from cover to cover.—Albion W. Small, Head of Dept. of Sociology and Director of Affiliated Work of the University of Chicago.

The fundamental thought of the author is sound... all men are ruled by feeling. The worth of the man is what his heart is feeling is.—The Outlook, N. Y.

I am somewhat familiar with the tendency in modern thought to give primary place to feeling—with James' "Will to Believe," with Ward's social philosophy, with Shaw's and Browning's philosophy. "The Wisdom of Passion" fits in with their contribution. The main thesis of the book—that the Soul forms its own forms by its choice can subscribe to.—Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs, University of Chicago.

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### CONTENTS.

I'm thinking dear Mother of you	Mother, take me in your arms
We miss our Boys at Home	Mother's beautiful hands
The Land of the by and bye	There's a day of triumph coming
The good times yet to be	Oh, on wide the golden Portal One by one the old Friends I know that they miss me at Home
When the Dear ones Gather at Home	The soul goes marching on
Resting under the Daisies The Grand Jubilee	A thousand years in Spirit
Dear Heart come Home	Life
Come in some Beautiful Dream	Mother dear, oh! meet me there
Where the Roses never Fade In Heaven we'll know our Own	Our darling Nannie
My Mother's tender eyes I sing my sweetest Song	The poor Man's glad release I'm never glowing here
All hail the dawning Light	Only a glimpse of the face I am seeking
The Home that's waiting you If you love me, tell me so	We are journeying home to life
Beautiful Home of the Angels	Sweet voices at twilight
Home of my Childhood days If you should die to-night	Kiss me good-night
Only a sweet and faded Flower	She's waiting there for me
The songs I sang for you	Aspiration
Just as the Sun went down When there's love at home	Rest is coming by and bye
When the sweetest to sing Faithful unto death	Oh when shall we ever get there
Freedom's grand triumph Across the Stream	Hopes of the long ago
Dear wandering Boy come home	Just a little further on
Home I fold my hands	My baby waits for me
The ring my Mother wore	Was I only dreaming, dear
Dear beautiful Flower	Well, being near the golden stair
Stare to me Darling, tonight Oh, let me rest	Beams of love light
The Stars and Stripes unfurl	The Golden Gates are left ajar
Bright land of the Blest O'er those Pearls gates of light	Love that never dies
We shall know our own	Looking beyond
	Will come back to me
	The Angel Kissed me
	Investment
	These happy golden days I love
	She's waiting there for me
	Feasting flowers in Heaven
	Bright Star of Hope

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1904.

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The following represents the principles  
adopted by the 1899 national convention of  
the Spiritualists of America, and reaffirmed  
at the national convention held at Wash-  
ington, D. C., October, 1903.

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of na-  
ture, physical and spiritual, are the expres-  
sion of Infinite Intelligence.
3. We affirm that a correct understanding  
of such expressions, and living in accordance  
therewith, constitutes the true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and per-  
sonal identity of the individual continues  
after the change called death.
5. We affirm that communication with the  
so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven  
by the phenomena of Spiritualism.
6. We believe that the highest morality is  
contained in the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever  
ye would that others should do unto you, do  
ye even so unto them."

### Brevities.

Andrew Jackson Davis.

Hudson Tuttle.

Dr. Deane Clarke.

Dr. J. M. Peebles.

E. J. Schellhaus.

Arthur F. Milton.

John Coleman Kenworthy.

Each of the above has something interest-  
ing to say to you this week.

The editorial on the quotation from the  
work of Mr. Davis treats upon a subject of  
live importance just now, and though the ma-  
terial taken from Mr. Davis' Book was writ-  
ten before some of our present readers were  
born it is of live interest today.

Mr. Tuttle presents to you the Review of  
Isaac Funk's new and useful book, "The  
Widow's Mite and other Psychological Prob-  
lems."

Dr. Clarke has a fine contribution upon our  
front page which shows that though his phys-  
ical may be frail, his mind is as clear as ever.

Dr. Peebles says good things weightily and  
well to our British brethren, and incidentally  
to his American co-workers and believers, also.

Dr. Schellhaus touches upon a topic on  
which we need to hear more from minds as  
capable as his of dealing with the questions  
he so lucidly writes upon.

Arthur F. Milton always writes well and  
pleasingly. He is filled with a kindly spirit,  
does not label himself with any new fangled  
title, but gives of the best and sanest of what  
is called new thought. He has lately re-  
sumed his personal name, A. F. Melchers,  
and is now associate editor with W. H. Bach  
on the Sunflower, of Lily Dale, N. Y.

Last, but not least, upon the list is a new  
name to most of our readers, that of John  
Coleman Kenworthy, writer and lecturer upon  
the higher ethical aspects of social commu-  
nism. We welcome him to our pages, and our  
readers will be pleased to read his excellent  
contribution this week. We hope our visitor  
will be afforded an opportunity to express  
himself at some of our gatherings. The vari-  
ous camps with open dates could not do  
better than to assign one of them to Mr. Ken-

worthy. He can be addressed at this office.  
He is able, cultured, endowed with fine spir-  
itual powers and thoroughly up in the sub-  
jects to which he devotes his life.

We have received "Now" and "It," New  
Thought magazines for May, and have quoted  
from them on page seven. The first named  
has lately been enlarged and greatly improved  
in appearance. Judged by appearances it is  
the most prosperous magazine of its class.  
Its aims are good, so to that extent it claims  
our sympathy. The second remains about as  
usual. Another journal reaches us from  
Traverse City, Mich., which bears the title  
of "The Searchlight," which will probably  
bring the rays of the (Waco, Tex.) Search-  
light about it. While a circular printed in  
typewritten characters reaches us from Pres-  
ton, Eng., announcing the publication on the  
second Sunday in June of another monthly  
to be called "The Medium," to be edited by  
Ernest Marklew, the price to be one cent per  
copy.

We extend our fraternal sympathies to  
Rev. F. A. Wiggin in the trials he has recently  
passed through, but heartily congratulate  
him upon the recovery of his good wife.

Next week we shall print a letter received  
from the widely known medium, Miss Marg-  
aret Gaule, of New York City, who puts some  
very pertinent questions before our readers.  
The favor reached us too late for use in this  
issue of the "Banner," so we are compelled  
to hold it over as stated above.

The editor of the Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader  
reprinted in his paper lately the whole of our  
editorial "Tragic and Farical" which ap-  
peared in the "Banner" of the 7th inst. The  
reproduction was accompanied with a kindly  
reference to the position this journal occupies.  
Our thanks are tendered our Pennsylvania  
contemporary.

This week we pay our respects to the Rev.  
A. C. Dixon, of this city. Next week we shall  
have something to say concerning the Rev. J.  
B. Lemon, of Manchester, N. H., who urges  
that our spirits are evil spirits! If these  
good brothers would read their bibles a little  
more carefully and study a trifle more closely  
to discover just what this Spiritualism which  
troubles them so much really is they would  
save themselves from being ridiculous. Truly  
the title of "reverend" covers at times a mul-  
titude of—well, foolishness.

The annual circular of Onset Camp  
arrangements has been sent us by Dr. Geo. A.  
Fuller, chairman of the meetings. The list  
of speakers is up to the average and includes  
the Rev. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and  
W. J. Colville who is described as "Dr." The  
editor of the "Banner" is down for a morn-  
ing lecture but the afternoon speaker of that  
date "is to be announced." The circular has  
the usual cuts of the Temple, Wicket's is-  
land, and the auditorium. It is sixteen  
years or more since the writer of these lines  
received a warm and enthusiastic greeting at  
Onset camp. Most of his old friends of that  
time are either removed to other places, or  
have departed to Onset-in-Summerland.

Probably the name of Mrs. Piper is as  
widely known in connection with psychical  
research as any one medium of recent years.  
All students will be glad to know that at last  
there has been published a work which will  
authoritatively put the reader in possession  
of the facts connected with Mrs. Piper's  
mediumship as investigated by the Society  
for Psychical Research in this country, the  
American Branch, in the form of a trans-  
lation of a resume originally issued by M.  
Sage. We learn that the publication of this  
work has been desired and encouraged by  
many members of the Society for Psychical  
Research; it has been revised throughout by  
a member of its Council, and introduced by  
a preface from the pen of its President. The  
wide interest and curiosity by experiments  
made with Mrs. Piper lead the publishers to  
believe that M. Sage's resume will also meet  
a want of the general public. Materials  
hitherto accessible only in technical publica-  
tions are here presented for the first time in  
a lucid yet authoritative form. Both expert  
and general readers will find in this volume a  
same and readable interpretation of signifi-  
cant facts. The President of the Society for  
Psychical Research, Sir Oliver Lodge, states,  
in the Preface to this book, the objects for  
which the Society was established. It was to  
study and record facts in connection with  
psychological science, and especially in that  
department of that science which is yet in its  
earliest infancy, namely, the nature of that  
perception of such experiences which seems  
to arrive through channels other than the  
usual organ of sense. A body of facts have  
been collected which are of such importance  
that they have appealed to some of the  
greatest scientific men of the age. Mr. Sage's  
book deals with them all and lays before the  
reader a clear and simple statement which  
should enable him to appreciate fully the  
state of our present position on this most in-  
teresting of subjects. The book is now on  
sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Com-  
pany who can supply it at the really moderate  
price of one dollar per copy.

### The Combatants Spiritually Diagnosed.

It seems incredible that while sitting here  
in the glow of the lovely New England  
springtime, with flowers blooming on all sides,  
and the country so fair and peaceful, that  
away out in the far East men are bent on  
savage warfare, and are actively engaged in  
physically slaying each other. Yet such is  
the fact, and sorrowful indeed it seems. Pos-  
sibly it is part of the necessary processes in  
the evolution of the race, not to say in the  
elimination of some sections of the race, but  
it seems brutal, nevertheless.

The thoughtful student cannot avoid the  
conclusions that races of men are inevitably  
removed from the stage of human life when

they no longer have a purpose to fulfill. Na-  
ture relentlessly eliminates the unfit in all  
departments, the human not excepted. Some-  
times the process is modified by the inter-  
mingling of alien peoples and their differing  
qualities whereby a new type is evolved em-  
bodying the best of the commingling elements,  
as is the case in this country today. This  
result is brought about by several causes,  
emigration and immigration, war and con-  
quest, for instance, playing most important  
parts in the matter. A nation outlives its  
first state, therefore it must either succumb  
to the inevitable, or absorb newer elements  
to revive its energies and life. What the  
outcome of the war now raging between the  
Russ and the Jap may be cannot be defined  
at present beyond guess or prophecy. But we  
present our readers with something that may  
help them to understand the character of  
the two nations as discerned by spirits in  
the Summerland.

If our readers will turn to their libraries  
and take down a volume entitled "The Inner  
Life and Spirit Mysteries Explained," writ-  
ten by our noble seer Andrew Jackson Davis,  
published in 1868, they will find therein an  
account of a Spiritual Congress of which Mr.  
Davis was a witness. Various delegations  
assembled in that gathering which occurred  
in the month of March, 1853. The Delegations  
represented various Nationalities and they  
each presented an Exordium to the nation in-  
dicated. We present the addresses made by  
the Russian and Japanese delegations to their  
countries, giving the names of those compris-  
ing the delegations, the whole just as nar-  
rated by Mr. Davis in the volume referred  
to and the statements cannot fail to be read  
with interest at this time. First we quote the  
address of

#### THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION.

"Joshua, the leader; Falleri, the warrior;  
Clertay, the commander; Ochenschloder,  
the dramatist; Derzhavin, the officer;  
Luther, the reformer; Walvensteiner, the  
informer; Bennowsky, the magnate; Beir-  
baur, the seer; August Hardenberg, the plen-  
ipotentiary; Fezzan Heirbstein, the com-  
poser; Michaelovitch, the czar and frater-  
nizer among neighboring kingdoms."

**THE EXORDIUM.**—"We listen Russia! we  
listen for one note of Harmony from thy pa-  
laces, but we hear the loud roaring of practis-  
ing warriors. The rugged earth echoes back  
these sounds of death. Thy imperial strength  
is contrasted with plebeian weakness. The  
former has wealth and artillery; the latter  
poverty and love of liberty. To the former  
we may add a torrent of power. Thy soldiers  
from the latter we can diminish nothing, but  
we may add a torrent of power. Thy soldiers  
will fall thee in battle; thy hearts shall beat  
for the down-trodden. Thy officers shall fall  
in death before thine eyes; and thy cunning  
shall depart. Russia! noblemen of the north!  
spurn your glittering swords, and commence  
the education of your youth. Ignorance low-  
ers heavily o'er your habitations. Crime hath  
sealed your despotisms; hath consigned them  
to decay."

It must be admitted that the characteristics  
of the Russ are well expressed and if we are  
to judge by the progress of the war down to  
recent days the predictive portions of the ad-  
dress appear to be receiving fulfillment, and  
ultimately, the decay of the despotisms will  
be certain.

Now read what was said by

#### THE JAPANESE DELEGATION.

"Firouz-g, the boatman; Dinargah, the  
architect; Kingling-hi, the conqueror; Mon-  
tucci, the encyclopedist; Royer Collard, the  
French statesman; Nour Balsori-ti, the  
teacher and musician; Gia-sheki-fai, the  
avenger; Abrahim-Manson-effendi, the  
adventurer; Lycurgus, the law-maker; Xerxes,  
the warrior; Camarala Amigad, the con-  
structor of the gods and cabalistic symbols of  
the dynasties; Zoroaster, the fourth King of  
Persia; and two score and six from neigh-  
boring tribes."

**THE EXORDIUM.**—"Japan! From the  
elder nation, the Queen thou wert born. Her  
sympathies are thine. Wealth and intelli-  
gence, and a love of Peace are thine. And  
we are thine! The western nations think thee  
abandoned to the night of Ignorance—buried  
in the depths of Idolatry—nay, Japan, we be-  
hold thee as thou art—the Admirer of the  
beauties of the Mind; the Patron of elegant  
manners; the Friend of education; hence  
come we to thee. Let the western nations  
enter thy gates! Let the stranger enter the  
Mosque; for the day of sudden destruction is  
entombed amid the piles of bedarkened eras.  
In thy Temples are records of thy science and  
art. The symbols of thy religion unroll from  
lamps of purest brilliancy. Suspended from  
the shining walls in the Jedd, on silk with  
golden embroidery, is written a song of God.  
No nation can super-conceive it. Unite, O  
Japan! in the cry of the world—'Love Uni-  
versal and Justice, O our country! Let this  
be proclaimed, O Emperor! from thy lofty  
places!'"

Look at the rapid progress the Japanese  
have made in late years, their political, civil  
and industrial advancements. Really the un-  
foldment of the qualities that were hampered  
by the old system of national life, but which  
now have a freer range of opportunity for de-  
velopment, as exemplified in the ability with  
which up to now they have conducted their  
campaign. The exhortation with which the  
address closes certainly seems as if in course  
of realization. Altogether these two addresses  
are more than remarkable, and serve again  
to show what a remarkable seer and teacher  
our noble friend has always been. In the  
multitudes of new apostles and teachers where  
is one to equal this man, the marvel of spiri-  
tual philosophy? Where, indeed!

### The Gentle Art of Slander.

In all well regulated conditions of society,  
the slanderer is looked upon as a pest. Hon-  
est men and women condemn him as a crea-  
ture unfit for recognition and treat him as an  
outcast and a leper. Slander is twin brother  
to lying, each are mendacious and when unit-  
ing their forces they are able to work almost  
irremediable mischief. That persons of low in-  
tellect, coarse character, and who are unspir-  
itual and lacking in moral force, should in-  
dulge in slander is not a matter of special  
wonder. But when slander is resorted to by  
those who pretend to culture, intelligence and  
moral principle we are justly amazed. While  
when the slanderer is found among the ranks

of the world's teachers and religious advisers  
we are not only astounded but become justly  
and righteously indignant. Ministers of the  
gospel above all men should refrain from evil  
speaking. That they do not always so do will  
presently appear.

There is slander and slander. Many peo-  
ple essay to draw a fine distinction between  
the ill spoken of the individual and the evil  
spoken of the beliefs entertained by the in-  
dividual. The first the slanderer is usually  
chary of uttering for he has a wholesome  
dread of an action for libel, the fear of the  
law rather than the love of truth restrains  
in many cases. Not so in regard to the sec-  
ond class of slanderers who, without restraint,  
literally let themselves loose over the opinions  
of those with whom they differ. Honest criti-  
cism is flung to the winds, logic, reason and  
honorable feeling are recklessly thrown away  
and sacrificed to invective, misrepresentation  
and the vilest abuse. When confronted with  
the wickedness of such inflammatory attacks  
the slanderer replies, Oh! I was not attack-  
ing the believer, only his belief! But if the  
belief is described incorrectly and is not what  
the believer believes, he, the believer, is slan-  
dered just the same, and the more so if the  
allegation that he believes thus and so is not  
true and the critic knows that it is not true.  
Fair, legitimate criticism no candid man ob-  
jects to, all subjects are the better for open  
and critical examination, but the criticism  
which is false assertion, innuendo, misrepres-  
entation and lying abuse ceases to be criti-  
cism and becomes slander pure and simple.  
It is just as evil to lie about a man's opinions  
as it is to lie about the man, one is as much  
slander as the other.

The latest specimen of the Slanderer-at-  
Large brought to our notice is from the city  
of churches, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Hanson  
Place Baptist Church has just celebrated its  
jubilee and on Sunday, 8th inst., closed its  
eight day celebration with an afternoon meet-  
ing in the Orpheum variety theatre of the  
above named city. The bright particular star  
of the Baptist firmament was no less a  
worthy than our local brother the Rev. A. C.  
Dixon, of the Ruggles street Baptist Church,  
in this city, and he has finely exemplified  
what can be accomplished by the gentle art  
of slander. The topic of his address was  
"Types of Unbelief, Ancient and Modern,"  
and he used as his text the words of I. Tim-  
othy, 4:1 and 2: "Now the spirit speaketh ex-  
pressly, that in the latter times some shall de-  
part from the faith, giving heed to seducing  
spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies  
in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared  
with a hot iron."

As showing the reverend gentleman's mental  
attitude he quotes the verse previous to the  
last verse of the third chapter, which reads,  
"God made manifest in the flesh," and then  
proceeds to say, "And whether you translate  
it according to the revised version of  
King James, it has the same meaning,  
"God was manifest in the flesh, justified  
in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto  
Gentiles, believed on in the world, received  
up into glory."

He then asserts that "every Apostasy" he  
has come in contact with denies "the Deity of  
Christ," "the fall of man," and "salvation  
through the suffering of the Savior," and  
that the departure from "the Faith," has  
"further shown itself in occult ways, and that  
is the first brand of unbelief that I want to  
speak about, 'giving heed to seducing spirits  
and doctrines of devils.' You will find all  
these under that head: Spiritualism, Theos-  
ophy and Christian Science."

He next reaches the low water mark of  
veracity in the following statements in the re-  
port of his address before us as printed in the  
Brooklyn (N. Y.), Citizen of 9th inst., for he  
remarks: "Spiritualism teaches communica-  
tion with the world of spirits. It is made up  
of nine-tenths fraud and one-tenth reality. In  
1848 two bright and rollicking daughters,  
aged 9 and 12 years, respectively, of a man  
named Fox, of Hydesville, N. Y., originated  
this false belief. Noises were heard in the  
home and peculiar sights were seen at night.  
Apples fell and benches, without human aid,  
changed positions."

"From these supposed mysterious occur-  
rences, Spiritualism developed. In 1858 one  
of these girls who had married Dr. Kane, the  
famous Arctic explorer, made a confession  
which was signed by her sister that they were  
the originators of Spiritualism, and that the  
whole movement was fraudulent from begin-  
ning to end. They made the noises that were  
heard and labeled as 'spirit rappings,' by the  
movement of the bones of their feet, which  
they practiced for hours at a time."

The fact that Catherine Fox was 11 years  
of age and Margaretta was 14 years of age on  
March 31st, 1848, is, to our reverend brother,  
evidently an unimportant detail which need  
not affect the accuracy of his investigations.  
While he is also evidently quite at sea as to  
the facts of the alleged "confession" and  
subsequent so-called "recantation," for seem-  
ingly he has not fatigued himself with making  
diligent inquiry before slandering the de-  
parted, abusing the living, and misrepresent-  
ing the facts and teachings of a cause he is  
evidently incompetent to criticize intelligently  
or represent honestly.

This "Daniel come to Judgment" finally  
delivers himself at the expense of his decency  
and veracity in the following Chesterfieldian  
fashion: "A wealthy Philadelphian left \$50,-  
000 to be devoted to the investigation of this  
subject. Dr. Furness was at the head of the  
commission and reported after having tested  
all the mediums in the world, that they had  
done nothing which could not be better done,  
even by a sleight-of-hand performer, and that  
Spiritualism was an imposition."

"And yet, even after all this, I am inclined  
to think there is very much in Spiritualism—I  
am as certain that the Devil is in it as that  
I am alive; and I am just as certain that  
Jesus Christ is not in it as I am that I be-  
lieve in the Bible. Keep as far from it as  
you would from contamination of contagious  
disease."

If the display of ignorance and malice were  
not pitiable the following choice morsels would  
excite to laughter, as it is they simply call  
forth the wonder that any man could so dis-

fort and misrepresent the facts of the case.  
Such trash as this disgraces those who utter  
it and wins sympathy for those subjected to  
it, for our Reverend Brother says "The next  
thing to come along was Theosophy, another  
occult science. Madame Blavatsky, another  
woman, by the way, was at the head of that.  
She claimed to have gained access to Thibet  
and found in a cave mysterious beings called  
Mahatmas, beings who could fly through the  
air and travel over oceans of their own vol-  
ition. Theosophy teaches reincarnation and  
transmigration of souls. That is, a woman  
in this age could live as a man in the next  
age, as a dog in the next, an elephant in the  
next, and a politician in the next."

He then pays his respects to Christian  
Science, evidently he is behind the age for  
he does not mention New Thoughtism, and  
regarding the Eddyan philosophy he remarks:  
"Then came Christian Science. It was but  
a revival of Buddhism. The Buddhist says  
Buddha is God and everything else is nothing.  
Christian Science teaches that there is no  
pain or disease, unless you think so; that a  
man is not guilty of wrong unless he confesses  
it. It is the most dangerous imposture that  
has come into this age. It makes a person  
believe that what is true is not true." That  
Christian Science is a revival of Buddhism is  
really too funny, and our friends of that  
school must heartily chuckle to so read.

In a purely Pickwickian sense, of course,  
we could retaliate on this professor of the  
gentle art of slander, but what would be the  
use? He knows his public, and doubtless  
provides them with the pabulum they desire.  
Otherwise they would seek another shepherd.  
But instead of reviling the reviler let us ask  
him a few questions: What proof can you  
give that God called you to the ministry?  
Can you lay hands on the sick and they re-  
cover? Can you discern spirits, cast out  
devils, speak by the spirit? What evidence  
can you produce of the existence of the  
Devil, of Hell or of Heaven? What proof  
have you that man lives after death—im-  
mediately or ultimately—or that he is more than  
a physical being?

We venture to say he has no answer save  
abuse to any of the questions formulated,  
nor to many others which could be presented.  
He is a poor follower of his Master, lacks  
His gentleness and love, is a wanderer in  
darkness in a world of light. Our one satis-  
faction lies in the fact that after he has died  
and reached the Summerland he will see how  
foolish he made himself on Sunday, May  
8th, 1904, and if not yet, he will then find that  
he was unjust and unmanly, or densely ig-  
norant and perversely prejudiced against  
Spiritualists et al., whose facts and faiths  
he did not understand and hence was incom-  
petent to criticize.

Come up higher, brother, come up higher,  
get some light at the lamp of Spiritualism,  
do not linger in the valleys of the creed you  
are associated with. Up here the grass is  
green, the flowers are blooming and fragrant,  
the birds are singing and the sun is shining.  
Come up to us where we are free from the  
errors you still cling to so lovingly and you  
will be a better man in all things.

### The Book and the Publishers.

The publishing trade has many an unknown  
comedy associated with it, and, sad to say, not  
a few tragedies also. Once in a while, as all  
know, the publisher, through the perversity  
of his "reader" misses a good thing, which  
accepted by a rival house costs money for the  
fortunate purchasers of the previously re-  
jected manuscript. True the poor author does  
not always share in this good fortune, but then  
do not authors exist for publishers? But in  
spite of the fact that many authors have suf-  
fered at the hands of unscrupulous pub-  
lishers, it must be candidly admitted that no  
reputable firm has done wilful injustice to the  
authors whose works they publish. Hard bar-  
gains are driven in all trades, and authorship  
is a trade, for the writer expects to sell and is  
not backward in saying so, as many a letter  
to this office eloquently bears witness.

Once in a while a "reader" passes a book  
and the publisher issues and the public pur-  
chase, it in great numbers, and read it with  
avidity, and surely all concerned should, un-  
der such circumstances, feel satisfied. The  
"reader's" judgment is justified, the publisher's  
investment pays him, the author gets money  
and fame, and the public is satisfied. Yet  
such is the irony of fate that in a case in  
point, meeting all the issues stated above, the  
publisher was quite dissatisfied, and possibly  
held his "reader" to some account for ad-  
vertising the publication of the successful  
work? If so it would be a veritable comedy of  
the publisher's trade, would it not?

Well the work in question was accepted,  
sent to press and issued, and then the pub-  
lishers found it contained some matter which  
they demanded should be excised. The author  
now makes his bow. He flatly refused to  
eliminate the matter objected to. Stood upon  
his rights, and insisted that the book must  
stand as printed. The firm protested, so to  
settle the matter and carry his point the au-  
thor purchased the entire edition.

The author followed this action up by sub-  
mitting the book to the chief of a big theologi-  
cal book concern, who read some of it,  
saw the author the next day and told him  
it was a "splendid book," "full of humor,  
pathos, brilliant descriptions," and so on. A  
few days later, after completing the reading  
of the book, he again met the author, but a  
change had come over the spirit of the dream.  
It was still "a fine book, capital all through,"  
except the same matter as objected to by the  
original publisher. So here was the author in  
a fix again, for he resolutely refused to  
change a line. Then comes a third publishing  
house on the scene and it having no scruples  
against the matter objected to by the firms  
previously referred to take care of the book  
and so ends the comedy for the author.

Does the reader ask what is the name of  
the book and who is the author? Patience  
and you shall learn.

First let it be explained why the objection  
was raised to which notice has been called?







## Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE MESERVE SOULE.

## "They Say."

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Youth's Companion.)

Have you heard of the terrible family "They,"  
And the dreadful, venomous things they say?  
Why, half the gossip under the sun,  
If you trace it back, you will find begun  
In that wretched House of "They."

A numerous family, so I am told,  
And its genealogical tree is old;  
For ever since Adam and Eve began  
To build up the curious race of man,  
Has existed the House of "They."

Gossip mongers and spreaders of lies,  
Horrid people whom all despise!  
And yet the best of us, now and then,  
Repeat queer tales about women and men,  
And quote the House of "They."

They live like lords and never labor,  
A "They's" one task is to watch his neighbor,  
And tell his business and private affairs,  
To the world at large they are sowers of tares  
These folks in the House of "They."

It is wholly useless to follow a "They,"  
With a whip or a gun, for he slips away  
And into his house, where you cannot go,  
It is locked and bolted and guarded so—  
This horrible House of "They."

Though you cannot get in, yet they get out,  
And spread their villainous tales about.  
Of all the rascals under the sun  
Who have come to punishment, never one  
Belonged to the House of "They."

## A Link in Our Golden Chain.

LET EVIL WORDS DIE AS SOON AS THEY ARE SPOKEN.—George Eliot.

The children have a game called Rumor, which is played by forming a circle and having "Dame Rumor" whisper something in the ear of one of the players. He in turn whispers it to his neighbor and the neighbor repeats it, and so on from one to the other until each member of the circle has had the secret whispered to him. Then the last one to receive the news tells what he heard and it is quite amusing for it is very seldom that the slightest resemblance to the original text can be traced in the statement of what the last one in the circle heard.

The author of this little game must have been a keen observer of the ways of mankind and the consequent evil of talking too much.

Everyone is a part of some circle of influence and when the temptation comes to listen to what "Dame Rumor" says about any other member of it, it takes strength and determination to resist.

Sitting quietly at home with no thought of ill toward anyone, a song on our lips and joy in our hearts we receive Dame Rumor with a smile.

So softly she enters and such sweet disguises she assumes, that we admire her beauty and her grace and never for one moment dream that we are entertaining an enemy and a spy.

She has been calling on a mutual acquaintance and could not possibly go by our home without a glimpse of the interior.

She is as bright and chatty as a bird in the treep and she chirps out compliments for us until we are quite charmed to have been honored by this bird of passage.

Incidentally she tells us that "our friend Mrs. T— has had much trouble of late through the almost unpardonable sins of her son who has been a very bad boy all his life, only his mother would never believe it until now she has been forced to because he has brought disgrace to the family name until it seems hardly credible that any one of the family will ever appear in society again."

That is all. A passing remark. Of no consequence at all. And she fits down the street like a breath of summer wind, her jauntily shod feet hardly touching the walk and her perfectly gowned figure looking too fairylike to have any ogre-like thoughts concealed within.

But she has poisoned the air about us. We cannot breathe. We know the young man in question and have believed in him and are much shocked that any wrong could be done by him.

Between our anxiety over the dear old mother and our grief over the wayward boy we lose our poise and self-control and have an intense desire to talk with some one. We do talk. We talk to our intimate friend. Our friend tells her husband, and her husband merely mentions it to a business associate who in turn passes the news along. "Ah, when will that bit of scandal find a resting place? Who would know it now that it has assumed shape and proportions and stalks about with an air of absolute truth?"

The weeks pass. One day the dear old mother, comes into our presence, with tears in her eyes and sobs in her voice. "Why did you circulate the story that my son was a bad boy and unworthy of trust?" she asks.

Indignantly we deny the charge but through various channels it is traced to our door and we learn to our sorrow that what we did in ignorance has cost that boy a position of trust with opportunities for growth.

And Dame Rumor! Well, she laughed like a siren and only said, "Why, I told you it was hearsay."

Oh, if we could only know how often our interested listening to the hearsay of others, works unspeakable damage in the lives of men! Hearts are broken, homes disrupted and men and women driven to degradation and shame by a hint, a sneer, a suggestion or a word.

Why do we listen? Not always because we are interested but because we are too polite to request our caller to let the names of our friends alone. It seems easier to listen than to protest and when we have listened we have fanned the statement into stronger life.

A lovely young matron, who is as bright as she can be, and who has no hypocritical manners of goodness, has begun her married life on strong lines.

When her young friends begin to discuss their callers, their patrons, their teachers, and the spiritualistic workers, winding up their arguments with, "they are real nice, but—" she says, "Now, no buts, please; leave it there. You won't do them any good talking about their imperfections, we all have them, I guess." Bless her heart! She is an educator.

What a world it would be if we all did that way!

We sometimes think we can let evil words die but we find they have to be strangled if they get into society a few times.

Let them die as soon as spoken through lack of encouragement but do all you can to smother their birth by closing your ears when you feel their approach and remember, dear Home Circle friends, that it is as bad to let your ears hear gossip as it is to let your tongue repeat it.

## Apple Blossoms.

Apple blossoms, petaled snow,  
Showering on the grass below,  
All your dainty wealth of bloom.

Drifting o'er the emerald green,  
Lighting up its glossy sheen,  
With your pearly pink and white.

Flinging on the scented air  
Fragrant breaths of perfume rare,  
Summer snowflakes sweet.

Sad we see the blossoms fall,  
Kindly nature wears a pall,  
Mourning for her children lost.

Dressed in somber green the trees,  
Whisper softly to the breeze,  
In sorrowful notes of woe.

Ah, well we know should blossoms stay,  
No fruit will glad the harvest day,  
When autumn's chill winds blow!

So the blossoms of hope, fall one by one,  
From the tree of life, ere its Spring be done,  
And we sadly dream them lost.

But when our lives are sere and brown,  
If golden fruit our harvest crown,  
Shall we mourn the blossoms then!

Helen D. Newcomb.

## Dear Enol:

The mayflowers came to me as sweet and fragrant as when your dear mother put them in the box with such care. The anniversary Edric wrote about is the fifth of May. Just a day before your mamma's birthday and a while before your own. Doesn't it seem wonderful, when you stop to think about it, that you can pick flowers away down in the woods of Maine and send them to me, and I can have them on my table looking as if they had just been gathered? I wonder if you hang May baskets for your little friends. I saw a counter piled high with all sorts and descriptions of them, a day or two before May day. They were made of pasteboard and covered with colored paper and they looked so pretty and fluffy that I felt like buying an armful to hang for some old people whom I love. I just felt as if it would make life seem gay and cheerful for them, especially if they used to have them when they were young. Edric tells me that you are going to graduate and I am quite sure you will be glad. School life is hard work for a little man who likes to be out in the sunshine but hard work is good for us. We don't always think so when we are doing it but when we are sick and can't do anything we would be glad to work just to prove to ourselves that we have power.

I thank you so much for the flowers. I wish I could have been with you when you got them for I am sure we would have heard a robin or a frog and we would have been cheered by their music.

I know a little spirit-guide, who calls herself Mayflower.

Do you remember the picture of little Alfred Owen Hewett? With it is a little guide who comes to his mother and she is as sweet as a real Mayflower and gives joy to the family just as real flowers do. My love to you all. I hope to see you before long.—M. M. S.

## Each Day.

As we meet and touch, each day,  
The many travelers on my way,  
Let every brief contact be  
A glorious, helpful ministry;  
The contact of the soil and seed,  
Each giving to the other's need,  
Each helping on the other's best,  
And blessing each as well as blest.

—Susan Coolidge.

## Our Baby.

The dearest, sweetest baby that ever lived is ours;  
Her laugh is like the zephyr that plays amid the flowers;  
Her face is like a cherub's from heaven peeping through,  
Her eyes are two radiant specks of ethereal blue.

We would not give our baby for this world,  
Big and round,  
Or all the gold and all the gems that in it can be found.

She's just a little angel dropped down from heaven above,  
A personification of God's eternal love.

—Young Folks Catholic Weekly.

Minister: "Have you ever cast your bread upon the waters?" Mrs. R. (proudly): "Never since my first batch."—Baltimore American.

A rural citizen in Ohio has cows that laugh. Of course, they are the laughing stock of the neighborhood.—Standard.

## May Time.

Robins in the treetops,  
Blossoms in the grass,  
Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass;  
Snatches of silver dew,  
Black hough and bent twig  
Budding on anew;  
Pine tree and willow tree,  
Fringed elm and larch;  
Don't you think May time's  
Pleasanter than March?

—T. B. Aldrich.

## The Kitten.

Sadie M. Best.  
I know a little kitten  
Whose eyes are green and bright,  
Her coat is warm and glossy,  
It's spotted black and white.

I love to see her lapping  
The milk I give to her,  
I know it makes her happy  
Because I hear her purr.

She tips the sewing basket  
And spills the balls and spools  
And then she rolls them under  
The tables, chairs and stools.

Her paws are soft and silent,  
But she knows how to scratch  
And some day when she's older  
A mouse she may catch.

## A Dead Letter and a Lively One.

The world is never tired of anecdotes which bring out the play of fancy and humor in the mind of Henry Ward Beecher. The great preacher had the faculty of extracting amusement for himself and others from the most commonplace occurrences. The postmaster of Brooklyn informed him that one of his letters had been returned from the dead-letter office and this is the way the affair struck Beecher:

Colonel McLeer: October 23, 1880.  
Dear Sir: Your notice that a letter of mine was dead and subject to my order is before me.

We must all die. And though the premature decease of my poor letter should excite

a proper sympathy (and I hope it does), yet I am greatly sustained under the affliction.

What was the date of its death? Of what did it die? Had it in its last hours proper attention and such consolation as befits the melancholy occasion? Did it have any effects?

Will you kindly see to its funeral? I am strongly inclined to cremation.

May I ask if any other letters of mine are sick—dangerously sick? If any depart this life hereafter don't notify me till after the funeral.

Affectionately yours,  
Henry Ward Beecher.

—Selected.

## The Artist and the Monkey.

The friendship between them came about in this way: A book was to be published in which a small gray monkey played a very important part. The publishers wished to illustrate the book with many pictures, and because this artist was known to be so fond of animals that he drew them much better than most others, he was asked to make these illustrations. If I were to mention his name you would know it at once.

He read the manuscripts and then set about finding his models. Men, women and children were at hand to answer his purpose, but where was the monkey to be found?

He went up to Central Park and looked among the swinging, chattering, wrinkled-faced creatures. Finally, he found one answering to the description in the manuscript. In order to make his drawings before the crowd of visitors flocked to the menageries, he used to get up very early in the bright spring mornings, and go and sit before the great monkey cage and make sketches of the little creature in the various queer positions that it seemed fond of taking.

After a time the monkey noticed him, and came to the wires of the cage at once upon his arrival every morning.

He reached for pencil, smelled of it, turned it over many times, bit the lead off at the sharpened end, and gravely gave it back with an air that said, "I am surprised that you do not know how to prepare your pencil."

But all the time it seemed to the artist that the monkey was sad or ill. Now the artist was a tall man and broad shouldered. His head reached far higher than the heads of most men we meet. Perhaps that was why every small, weak thing seemed to know and like him, for, you know, large natures protect the weak.

So he set himself to find out what it was that troubled his little friend. The keeper was called and questioned.

"Oh, the little gray monkey is all right," said the keeper. "You're payin' him a good deal of attention, an' he thinks he's got to make out a case. Monkeys are awful fakers; an' them little gray ones are sharper'n most."

So the artist went on with his work, and the monkey sat by the wires and chattered his sad little tale, all about the home he had left in a tall coconut tree, and the friends that were like himself.

And the artist answered: "Yes, yes, old fellow, it's a big shame!" And his heart was very tender toward his little gray friend. Then the monkey began to rub its little hand across its stomach, as if it were in pain. The keeper was called again.

"I tell you, I'm afraid there's something the matter with the little fellow, after all." The keeper watched the small creature a minute or two, but it sat perfectly still.

"He all right," said the keeper again. "He's young and he's growin' fast. Growin' pains, maybe."

When the keeper had gone, the little monkey came very close to the side of the cage and chattered, very softly, and reached out one little gray arm. The artist went up to the cage. The monkey took one of his fingers, and with a great deal of looking over his shoulder and chattering and twisting about, rubbed the finger up and down over the front of his little gray waistcoat.

And what do you think?

The artist found a strong string tied tightly about the monkey's stomach. The end had been broken off and the fur had covered it from sight. It had been tied on when the monkey was little, and, while the poor thing had grown larger, the string had remained the same and was cutting into the flesh.

The artist at once took out his knife and opened a shining blade. This frightened the monkey, but, after a little, faith in his big friend helped him to be brave.

The cord was cut and found to have made a sore all about the waist of the little one. The artist went at once to the attendant, who brought some ointment, and together they took the little sufferer from his cage. But the monkey would let no hand but that of his artist friend touch the wound, so the big man turned surgeon and dressed it carefully.

Afterwards, when the pictures for the book had all been made and the sore was healed, whenever the artist chanced to stop before the monkey cage—even if many people were there—he was sure to hear a joyous chattering and to see a little figure come flying to the bars and beckon with all its might. Then the small hands were rubbed across the small stomach, while merry thanks were whispered for the old time service of gentleness and pity.—New York Herald.

## No Smoking Car There.

It wasn't a smoking compartment, but they were using it for that purpose all the same, and she was too modest to object. By and by the two men got into a discussion over the woman question and at last one of them, an unregenerate bachelor, appealed to the lady thus:

"Do you think there will be men in heaven, miss?"

She blushed.

"No!" she said. "They will want to go somewhere where they can smoke."

The discussion stopped; so did the smoking.—Selected.

## A Problem in Threes.

If three little houses stood in a row,  
With never a fence to divide;  
And if each little house had three little maids  
At play in the garden wide;

And if each little maid had three little cats  
(Three times three times three);  
And if each little cat had three little kits,  
How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little friends  
With whom she loved to play;  
And if each little friend had three little dolls  
In dresses and ribbons gay;

And if friends and dolls and cats and kits  
Were all invited to tea,  
And none of them should send regrets,  
How many guests would there be?

—The United Presbyterian.

"How did I look when you proposed to me?"

"You looked as though you were taking your first ride in an automobile."—Equitable Life.

Careful and willing attention to the simple and small things of life not only fits us for great and successful works, but by Psychic and Occult Law places us in the Path of Great Works.—Frank Harrison.

## Message Department.

Report of Seances held May 9, 1904 E. E. W.

MEDIUM, MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

## IN EXPLANATION.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides for the good of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a 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 in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the "Banner of Light" as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth and will bear its own burdens wherever it is made known to the world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist us to find those whom you believe may verify them. Many of them are not Spiritualists or subscribers to the "Banner of Light," so may we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality?

## Invocations.

With earnest purpose, with strong desire to bring the light to those who are walking in the darkness, we come together this afternoon. We would that these dear ones, who are seeking to express their love to those they have left behind, may be very strong to do and be tender in their expression. So often we feel the need ourselves of a hand that is stronger, of a spirit that is purer, of a light that is clearer, that we are glad to do what we can to help these to give that clearer light, that purer expression of spirit, to those who walk in need. We feel that we are one with every soul that is aspiring to better things. We feel that from many centres the truth is going forth with a bright light into the world. And still we feel that no word or effort of ours can be spared in this great time of need and struggle. Our effort is to lift up the burdens of the world; to dry the tears from the eyes of the sorrowing; to bring joy to the heart of the mourner; to strengthen the weak and to do whatever is possible to make God manifest in his word and to his own people. Bless us, O Spirit of Truth, in our undertaking. Keep us, make us pure in heart and strong ever to speak the right word. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

## Ellen Lombard.

A spirit stands before me who says her name is Ellen Lombard. She says, "If you please, I want to say that I used to live in Syracuse, N. Y. I never knew the least thing about spirit return until I came over here, and since then my eyes have been opened to the need and the value of an understanding of this truth. I am not particularly unhappy and do not feel that I am so much needed by my own people as some who come back from the spirit with much distress and eagerness to reach those they love, but I felt it might be good for us all (I mean my family and myself) if I came at this time to make a little demonstration to them of some of the power that is mine in this new life. Father is with me and he said that we could reach Frank and tell him he must keep along in the same line that he is working on now; that nothing else will bring him a release from the conditions that he is anxious to be released from. We send our earnest and faithful influence to him every single day, and are bringing as often as we can new forces into his life, because we feel it will be better for those about him to have more power from the spirit. I am only too glad to tell him that things look very much brighter and it is only a little time when he will see as I do that these past conditions of doubt and distress have been after all growing times for his soul."

## Guy Adams.

A spirit comes now of a man about thirty years old. He is medium height, very dark, his eyes are black as coals, and he seems to be very impatient and quick, as though everything he did, he did as quick as he could and got it behind him. He did not like to have duties staring him in the face. He says his name is Guy Adams and he used to live in Berkeley, California. "I am sure if I had known anything about this belief of yours I would have said it was all nonsense; that there was no need of spirits coming; they had done their work and that was enough. When I found myself here I saw that it is not altogether what we want when we are in the body that we desire to do after we are out of the body. Very many times I have felt that if there had been an open door through which I might strive to send a message to those I had left, it would give me more comfort than all the glory and beauty that is round about me. O, it is a lovely country here, and I find so much to do; so many things to see, and so many people that I become interested in, that I sometimes wonder just everybody doesn't strive to understand what kind of a country they are going to. One cannot forget all their past in a moment, and while it is beautiful and gives me opportunity for growth and study, I find my heart turning to the friends I have left behind. I have a brother Walter, and I am anxious to have him know that it is all right with me. There were some circumstances connected with my passing out that he would feel if I were conscious I would be troubled about, but I am not. There is only one thing I feel a desire to do different from what I am doing, and that is to talk to those I left; to him, to Mina and to her mother who needs this spiritual philosophy very much to support her and help her. I am very grateful that there is such a paper as this and such a column, that I may be able to send by word, and if they are too proud to speak of it or have doubts about the authenticity, at least they will have had their attention called to the subject and that will help some. Thank you for being patient with me."

## Nellie Merriam.

A little girl comes I should think about sixteen. She is very fair, with blue eyes and light hair, and looks just as fragile as a flower as she stands here before me. "My name is Nellie Merriam and I am anxious to go to my mother. It has been a long time since I spoke to her, but I have often in the past been able to go where she was and give her some spirit message. Will you tell her that Papa and I are often with her helping her, and that we are interested in the new plans she is making for herself and her work, and that we hope very soon to be able to settle the things as she wants them? I wish I could speak to her personally and I hope I shall before long. I lived in Norwich, Conn."

## Charlie Gould.

A spirit comes now who says his name is Charlie Gould. He is very delicate and I

should think he passed away with consumption. He looks to me as though he went away fifteen or sixteen years ago and that he had never been able to speak before. He says, "I am a Cambridge man. I was about twenty-two when I came over. I have often felt I would like to get to my own people, but I did not quite know how. I think I must have lacked force, for I see many people who get to their friends much quicker than I have to mine. I wanted to send a word to Annie and Mabel, which will help them to know that I have not forgotten them, and, although the years are passing away, I grow stronger and nearer to them than ever before. Father and Mother are both with me."

## Ida Robinson.

A spirit comes of a woman about forty-five; thin and her hair has a little gray mixed in with the brown. Her eyes are blue, and she seems very quiet and unassuming as if she would not make the least bit of disturbance anywhere, but slip in just like a support into the places where she was called and do her duty, and then make no fuss or fret or fume over it. She says she used to live in Wilmington, Del., and her name was Ida Robinson. Her husband's name was George and he is anxious to get some word from her, but he doesn't quite know how to begin, so he waits and waits and she comes now to tell him that she is often with him, often striving to speak the word dear to him, but has never yet found the exact condition to do so. With this lady is a boy I should think about fifteen. He is rather light, has blue eyes, and she says he is her little Georgie and he wants to go to his father to tell him he is in the home, too, and will help to manifest if there is ever a chance. The father doesn't seem to be very well just now, but the mother says the time will come before long when he will be much stronger and will be able to resume his work as he wants to.

## Theodore Marion.

A spirit comes now of a man I should think about fifty. He is rather stout and he seems one of those cordial, kind-hearted men who would always do good if it were possible and use every effort to make life as pleasant for other people as he could. He says, "Well, well, well, and so this is the way I am coming to my own. First I must tell you that my name is Theodore Marion and I am from Macon, Ga. I want to have my wife, Lizzie, see this word from me. While I am happy because the uncertainty of what is to come after death is settled for me, at the same time I do have a great desire to talk to her and get her into a condition to understand the change before she makes it. I have been over here about twelve years. It does not seem as long as that to me. It is more like a dream, as though but yesterday I came over and left them, and now when I speak of it I feel that I have been one with them through all those weary years. My brother, Thomas, is close beside me, and he is eagerly seeking to find some way to talk to his people just as I am talking to mine, and I am sure if they would only form a little circle of their own and we might have some sort of a battery to draw our strength from, we might communicate as well with them as with any spirit that ever came over to this side of life. It seems a little strange for a hard-headed business man, who always paid for everything he got and always had money to buy everything he wanted, to have to take it as a favor and to come back just because somebody gives him a chance; that there is no way to buy passage; no way to pay postage; no way to send a cablegram or telegram to my own, but I must just be dependent upon the good-will and the open hospitality of some mediumistic centre to send my word to my own. It rather oppresses us sometimes when we look at it in that way, but we finally decided we might as well fall into line if we could not buy it and ask if it might not be possible for us to come to them. If they really believed we could come, they would gladly give opportunity, but that eternal doubt seems to be so big in the minds of most people that it is pretty hard to down it and make an open door. I hope this will be the thing that will start my people to doing what I want done; that is, a circle formed for us. Thank you for your part of the effort."

## Post Check Currency.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Orders promulgated by the leaders of the House of Representatives that no bills (except those carrying necessary appropriations, and a few others such as the Canal bill and the Cuban reciprocity measure), should be passed, prevented our securing action on the Post Check bill at the session just closed.

This notwithstanding the measure was universally endorsed by many hundreds of the most influential newspapers, of every section and of every political faith. Organizations of business men, farmers, and advertisers also united for it.

But ONE bill, other than the appropriation bill, was reported from the House Committee on Post-offices at the session just closed, and that one was unimportant and unnecessary.

Without commenting upon the injustice to the people of such a "do nothing" policy we can only lay before you the facts and say that we do not easily frighten at the rattle of government machinery, nor tire quickly when it falls to run. Next session will find the Bureau at the old stand ready, with your valued help, to push along for more convenient money.

Very truly yours,

Post Check Currency Bureau.

## The May Review of Reviews.

The Review of Reviews for May provides a group of entertaining and instructive articles on the Russo-Japanese war and cognate topics. In addition to the careful editorial treatment of the events of the month in "The Progress of the World," there is a sketch of the great sea-fighter, Admiral Togo, written by a Japanese, followed by "Fifty Years of Japan," from the pen of a Japanese journalist Adachi Kinokuni, who sums up in this paper the striking progress of his people during the half-century that has elapsed since the ships of Commodore Perry opened Japan to the influences of Western civilization. There are also brief summaries of "What the People Read in Japan," "Japanese Opinion of the American Attitude on the War," and "The Effect of the War on the Internal Affairs of Russia."

Win rather than drive. Be always polite. Be frank in word and act. Beware of the flatterer. Be discreet, unselfish, careful and cheerful. Be slow to promise, sure to perform.—Andrew H. Green.

Work hard and save money is the main-spring of success; but don't stint yourself of anything really needed. Every man should keep in mind the parable of the faithful servant in the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke and the reward given to him: "Because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities." How many men pay any heed to this?—Russell Sage.



## From Our Exchanges.

## Make Every Day Count.

The man who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the man who starts out with no plan.

Begin every day, therefore, with a program, and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow this up persistently, day after day, and you will be surprised at the results.

Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something, that you will not allow callers to chip away your time, and that you will not permit the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripple and cramp mediocre lives, and that you will rise above petty annoyances and interruptions and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way.

Make every day of your life count for something; make it tell in the grand results, not merely as an added day, but as an added day with something achieved.—O. S. Marden, in Success.

## "Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make."

When a prisoner in a county jail gets up in the morning, saws open the door of his cell, walks through the corridor that a prison guard is patrolling, passes thence through seven other doors that are supposed to be locked and double locked, and climbs over the wall of the jail yard to freedom, it looks very much as if something were wrong with the inside management of the jail. The Hampshire county institution, where this feat was performed by a notorious crook on a Sabbath morning, evidently needs looking after.—Boston Herald.

## Why the Peace Union Should be Upheld.

As an evidence why we need the means to publish more freely comes under date of March 25th from North Carolina in these words:

"You represent a high type of moral thought and advancement for the people and nation. Please send me one hundred copies of your publications to distribute," signed Rhoden Mitchell, Windsor, N. C. "The Constitution of North Carolina requires that all colored persons shall read and write any part of the constitution of the state, except such persons who were eligible prior to 1867. It becomes at once an impelling duty of the colored people to prepare and fit themselves for citizenship. Hence night and partial day schools are more than ever required. The colored people must make a double resolution for these schools."

It is gratifying that the demand is for literature of this character and we will do what we can.—The Peace-maker.

## Well!

Plants and animals build bodies from themselves as Soul. The Human Body is a manifestation of the Soul; it is a materialization of thought; thought is "dying feeling;" feeling is the primal manifestation of Life in the body. Therefore what we feel causes thought, and thought manifests as body. This will seem error to all who reason from matter. But science has given up the idea of matter. Study carefully the excerpts at the beginning of New editorials for the position of science upon this matter. All is Energy; all is Motion, under varying rates of speed.

The Human Soul contains not the eighty, more or less, of "original elements," but it is that out of which these elements are made manifest. It makes no matter what food the person eats, Soul will develop body through use of it; it will find in any food the chemical elements it needs to develop bone and brain, blood and tissue. Hence will make the shell of eggs out of any food. The feeding to fowls shows that the help that one bit. Feed them on clover and eggshells and they will be fat and plump. They make shells out of the Original Substance, which is called into expression by the food they eat. Life has unconscious power which the Conscious Man has not yet developed. Life can reduce all matter to the Original Substance, and Life can from itself as the Original Substance build its body.—Now, San Francisco, Cal.

## All a Matter of Mind.

It is all mind—all a matter of mind. The muscles really have a secondary place. If you lift a pair of dumb-bells a hundred times a day with your attention fixed on something away over in Cambridge, it will do you very little good. If, however, you concentrate your mind upon a single muscle or set of muscles, for three minutes each day, and say, "Do this and so," there will be immediate development. The more you waste the more you make. A man with strong concentration of mind will develop quicker in quality of his muscle than will he who cannot concentrate upon the matter. The whole secret of the system lies in concentration of mind, which will develop quickly in knowing just where one is weak, and going straight to work bringing that particular part up to the standard of one's best feature, for there is a best feature in every man as there is also a worst. The secret is to "know thyself" as Pope says, and knowing one's weakness, to concentrate the mind and energies upon that weakness with a view to correcting it.—Sawdow in Leslie's Magazine.

## Sanitation Controlling Smallpox.

The fifth annual report of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine now before us contains an extract from a letter from the Cape Coast Chamber of Commerce, dated 16th Sept., 1903. We quote significant passages: I am instructed by this Chamber to call your attention to the marked improvement in the general health of Cape Coast; which improvement, in the opinion of the Chamber, is undoubtedly due to the improved sanitary conditions under which we live. The admissions to the smallpox hospital during the months of June and July averaged one per month, whilst in August there were no admissions. From the 31st May until the 2nd September that hospital was opened for fourteen days only. Those figures are in reference to a tropical town of some 20,000 souls, which town in past years was a hotbed of smallpox. I append copy of a letter bearing on the subject of admission to the Smallpox Hospital from Dr. Kerr. In view of the good work which has already been accomplished the Chamber would desire the co-operation of your Chamber in urging upon the Executive to grant an annual and recurring vote for sanitation, not only in connection with Cape Coast but also for other large centres of population on the West Coast of Africa. The Dr. Kerr here referred to is Medical Officer for Cape Coast, and he says: The oldest inhabitant cannot remember smallpox being absent from Cape Coast before and there cannot be the slightest doubt that this is due to the sanitary work carried out lately in the town.—The Vaccination Inquirer, London, Eng.

## New Thought Opposes Worshipping Anything or Anybody.

The New Thought, or Mental Science, is a sort of New Religion. It is New because it has no form or intention of Worship. Man must and will worship some power—God or something that represents a being or force which man deems superior to himself. This fact has been used by good, but mistaken, men to prove the existence of a personal God. To the individual who reasons fairly it only proves how universally man has been taught to look in the wrong direction and to the unknown for what is not there, but here within.

There can be no question that man was taught to worship because of Fear—fear of some power or force which he did not understand, but felt and saw manifested in various ways. Those who do not worship some god are looked upon by their fellows as worse than Heathens. So firmly has the idea that man should worship a Personal God become fixed in the minds of men, that a majority of them will condemn in unmeasured terms the one who dares suggest that man need not worship at all.

The "New Religion" really teaches that man ought not—indeed, must Not—worship anything or anybody.—It, San Antonio, Tex.

## Adam's Diary.

The only fault to be found with Mark Twain's new book, "Extracts from Adam's Diary," is that there is not more of it, both pictures and print. It is Adam's daily record of his life from the time he found the "new creature with the long hair," which was a good deal in the way and which he wished would stay with the other animals, to the time he finally found that he could not be happy without it, and found that it was better to live outside of the garden with her than inside it without her. By that time Abel and Cain are grown to boyhood. Cain, Adam first took to be a new species of bear, and he concludes that if he had stayed a bear it would have improved him. When Cain was young Adam searched the woods thoroughly to find another animal like it, but without success. While he was away on one of these searches the animal with the long hair found another one. "I never saw such luck," says Adam when she showed it to him. "I might have hunted these woods a hundred years, I never should have run across that thing." Adam's diary record on Sunday is very brief. He just "pulled through." To set it apart as a day of rest he thinks superfluous when he already had six rest days every week. Put he finally came to know what the week was for: to "give time to rest up from the weariness of Saturday." And it seemed a good idea. "Eve, too, bothered him by climbing the apple-tree, and to 'clod her out of it.'" She said there was no harm in climbing it as there was nobody looking.

The story is very briefly told—too briefly—but every line sparkles with wit. The pictures, one to each page of text, are by F. Strothmann. The book is published by the Harpers, price one dollar.—The Truthseeker, New York.

Thou canst not cure calamity by adding worry and anxiety to it.—The Blissful Prophet.

O brother, why fumble and stumble and grumble through life? That is not the way to success.—Amanda.

The tree of Freedom and Success is rooted in Duty, and he who would pluck its sweet fruits must discover joy in duty.—James Allen.

You are not in this world to be happy; you are in this world to do, to serve, to succeed: if you succeed with this feeling, you will be supremely happy: happiness should be only incidental to service and duty joyfully and successfully performed.—A Mystic Adept.

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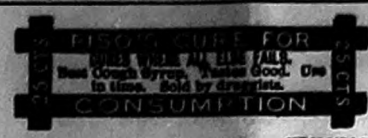
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## Society News.

Correspondence for this department must reach the Editor by the first mail delivery on Monday morning, to insure insertion the same week. We wish to assure all our contributors that we will use ink and write plainly.

## Boston and Vicinity.

Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Friday, May 14th.—The First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Aibe, president, held its business meeting in the afternoon as usual, with a good attendance. Supper was served at 6.30 and the evening meeting opened at 8 o'clock with congregational singing, Mrs. Mary F. Lovering acting as pianist. The first speaker was Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse, followed by Mrs. M. F. Lovering, who spoke interestingly of a spirit communication that was recently verified under peculiar circumstances. Mrs. E. J. Shirley gave a brief address, Mrs. Dick delivered an original poem, and Mrs. Mellus, one of our old-time mediums, gave several excellent communications. On Friday, May 21st, this society will hold Memorial services both afternoon and evening. A splendid list of speakers has been arranged. Among those invited are Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mr. Albert P. Blinn, Mrs. C. F. Loring, Rev. F. A. Virgin, Mrs. C. F. Loring, Mr. J. J. Morse, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. J. A. Whitlock, Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. H. C. Mason, Mrs. Helyett, Mrs. R. Caird, Mrs. Maude Litch, Mrs. L. Shadley, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, and Mrs. H. C. Berry. Supper will be served as usual.—Esther H. Blinn, sec.

Cambridge, Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. Avenue, Friday, May 14th.—The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. M. E. Merritt, president. Afternoon devoted to business meeting. Supper was served at 6.30 o'clock, and in the evening we held our annual Memorial service. In addition to Mrs. N. J. Willis and Mr. Albert P. Blinn whom we had advertised as the speakers of the evening we were so fortunate as to have with us Miss Etta Willis, Mr. J. J. Morse, the editor of the "Banner of Light," Mr. J. S. Scarlett and Miss Susie C. Clark. The service opened with a song by Mrs. Haldea Hall followed with an invocation by Mrs. N. J. Willis. Mr. Blinn was then introduced and after reading "Longfellow's" "Psalm of Life" spoke for forty minutes upon the scientific phases of the spiritual world to a deeply interested audience. Miss Etta Willis read an inspirational poem "Our Memorial Day" written by her for the occasion, and after a song by Mrs. Hall, Mrs. N. J. Willis spoke very interestingly of the arisen workers of the society and of its future prospects. Mr. J. J. Morse referred to some of the utterances and the previous speakers, and gave a splendid discourse upon the law of vibrations, being followed by Mr. J. S. Scarlett, who spoke briefly of the general aspect of the Cause. The meeting closed with congregational singing, Mrs. Willis giving the benediction. On Friday May 27, will be held the last meeting of the season. In the evening we will have an entertainment and dance and hope for a large attendance.—Reporter, Fro. sec.

Cambridge, Sunday, May 15th.—The Gospel of Truth Society held their last services today, until the close of the summer vacation, so as to give people a chance to attend the camps and out of door meetings. We are very pleased with the progress of their society in the short time since it was started. The attendance has steadily increased and we had a full house to greet us on our closing night. We have a surplus in our treasury, and shall start with renewed interest and zeal in the work, in the fall. We had with us today, beside our own corps of workers, Mr. Marston, Mr. Graham, who gave short talks which were well received. In the evening "Apple Blossom" through the mediumship of Mrs. M. A. Bemis gave six flower readings, from tiny bouquets Mrs. Bemis had gathered and brought for that purpose. The readings were all correct, and very pleasing to those who received them. Mrs. George, as usual, did good work; "Snowdrop" through Mrs. Kneeland and "Sunshine" through Mrs. Kneep gave many messages from spirit life, which were gladly received by their friends. Hoping to greet all our old friends, as well as many new ones, when we open in October, we wish them all a bright and happy summer.—N. M. Kneeland, reporter.

First Spiritual church of Boston, Inc., May 15th, Rev. Clara E. Strong, held its usual meeting. Mr. Mason gave Spiritual truth at all these meetings. The morning text was from John 3, "God so loved the world." Following Mr. Mason, Dr. Willis spoke of the great Divine Love. Mr. Graham, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Lewis followed with helpful thoughts. Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Stanton and Mrs. Nutter were communicants. At 3 o'clock after a brief song service the story of the "Fiery Furnace" and the three men. Many lessons were drawn from this story. Mr. Thompson brought out some new thoughts and gave several communications. Madame Carbee and Mrs. Corliss were also heard. Mrs. Reed spoke both afternoon and evening. Miss Hagerstrom spoke and was very much enjoyed by those who heard her. A special program was enjoyed in the evening. The sweet singing of Bertha Van Vleck was only one of the great feasts provided. Mr. Tuttle gave forth with his accustomed power. Mrs. Davis gave several reminiscences of other days. A reading of "Red Jacket" was given by Miss Etta Söderstrom.—A. M. Strong, clerk.

Lynn, Mass., Cadet Hall.—Mrs. Katie M. Ham, of Haverhill, served the Lynn Spiritualists' Association on Sunday, May 1st and 8th. This was Mrs. Ham's first visit to our society, but we are pleased to announce that she will be with us again at Unity Camp on Sunday, June 13th, "Haverhill Day," on which occasion the Helping Hand Association of Haverhill will visit the camp. Special cars will be chartered to convey the large numbers from Haverhill and vicinity. All Spiritualists and their friends are cordially invited to be present and help give our visiting friends a royal welcome. Mrs. Ham will also be the speaker on Sunday, July 31st. Her work is of a very high order, the communications being exceptionally accurate. May 22d, Mr. J. S. Scarlett will be with us, and May 29th, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding. The camp season will open on Sunday, June 6th, with Mrs. Ida Whitlock and other good talent. Meetings will be held at 2, 4 and 7, the coming season. The grove will be thoroughly lighted by electricity, making attendance at the evening services just as pleasant as during the day. Work has begun on the electric railroad from Cliftondale to Saugus Centre, and it is expected that it will be completed by the opening of the season, when passengers can take the car at Scollay Square and ride direct to the camp without change.—Sec.

Malden, Mass., Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall, Pleasant Street, Sunday May 8th.—Our recently organized Lyceum committee, in response to a kind invitation from Mr. Alonzo Danforth, visited the Lyceum at Red Men's Hall, and were much impressed with the services. We hope to open our own Lyceum about June first. Our meetings for the day, good as usual. At 3 p. m. we had with us Mr. Goddu, who spoke on "We hold the key of truth in our hand."

"Golden Hair," "Prairie Flower," "Dinah" and "Twilight" were with us to demonstrate the truth of our work, also Mrs. Borden of Winchester, and Mr. Lamson, of Cambridge. Silent thoughts were sent out for the recovery of our treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Denn, who has been ill for several weeks at her home in Malden. Evening session opened with song service, scripture reading by our president, Harvey Redding. Cyrus gave invocation, also recitation, entitled, "Oh Jerusalem." Messrs. Putnam rendered piano and violin selections, which were well received. Alice M. Whall in her usual pleasing manner gave comfort to many in the audience. Mrs. Mosier, vocal selections, which were sweetly rendered. Mrs. Morton gave a number of excellent tests through her guides. Indian control, "Big Dog" also did fine work in the giving of names. Do not forget our Strawberry supper, Friday, May 27, from 6 to 7.30 p. m. Banner of Light on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

Portland, Me., May 8th.—Mrs. B. W. Belcher, of Marlboro, gave two very helpful addresses for the First Spiritual Society today. There was a large audience present in the evening who listened very appreciatively to the lecture and messages. The afternoon subject was "Home Circles," and for the evening, "Mother, Home and Heaven." This is Mrs. Belcher's first visit to Maine, but she has made many friends by her earnest work and kindly manner.—Mrs. F. E. Allen, clerk.

Dwight Hall, Thursday, May 12th.—The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society held their annual memorial services. The audience, though not large, was a very appreciative one, and listened attentively to the speakers. These were Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mr. H. A. Kellogg, Mrs. Dix, Dr. Clough, Dr. Marston, Mrs. Wilkinson and others. On May 19th Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock will occupy the platform for the evening with a very interesting lecture. There will also be a novelty in the shape of a "C." supper. If you want to know what it is, come early. May 26th is the last dance of the season, and also the election of officers for the next year. A full attendance that night is expected.—F. H. R., rec. sec.

Waltham, Mass., Sunday, May 1st.—The Spiritual Progressive Union Church had the pleasure of having Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, who addressed a large and appreciative audience. On Wednesday, May 4th, we had the pleasure of hearing for the first time Mrs. Minnie Helyett, of Lynn, who devoted most of her time to tests. We hope to hear her again in the near future. On Sunday, May 8th, Mrs. Pettengill will be with us again and delivered a very interesting lecture, and her tests were all recognized. On Wednesday, May 11th, we had with us for mediums Mrs. Pettengill and Mrs. A. B. Stephens, of Chelsea, Mass., who gave many beautiful tests. We were very much pleased. Sunday, May 22d, we will have Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, of Stoneham. Sunday, May 29th, we will have Mrs. Ella A. Wheeler. That will close our services for the season.—Mrs. Millie Guilford, cor. sec.

## General.

Fitchburg, Mass., May 15th.—Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, of Malden, was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society, Sunday. There was the usual large attendance to greet her at the morning service. Her address held the closest attention of all. The medium's circle was largely attended and many convincing spirit messages were given. There was a large attendance. The subject "Spiritualism, what is it?" was ably presented, supplemented by many tests and messages, fully recognized. Mrs. Ruth Swift of Haverhill, test medium, will address the Society next Sunday.—Dr. C. L. Fox, president.

Hamilton, Ontario, May 9th.—On Sunday, May 1st, Oscar A. Edgerly, began a five Sunday engagement with the First Spiritualist Society of Hamilton, Ontario. On Sunday, May 8th, he gave the fourth lecture of the series of ten. In the four lectures given, we have listened to the expressed thought of three different spirit intelligences, each of whom must have been an orator of eminence when in earth life, the lectures have been philosophical, logical, convincing. I write the above that all the readers of the good old Banner may know what a grand and helpful instrument for the dissemination of spiritual truths the spirit world have in the mediumship of Mr. Edgerly. We all regret the shortness of his present engagement with our Society, and we hope and expect to secure his services for a much longer engagement, as soon as he has the time available.—Edson A. Titus, chairman First Spiritualist Society, Hamilton, Ont.

Lowell.—The annual meeting of the First Spiritualist Society, held in their hall Monday evening, May 3. The attendance was very large considering the weather, and much interest manifested in the work being accomplished. During the evening Mr. Fred H. Coggeshall read a letter from the Ladies' Aid of the Society donating to them the sum of \$803, with interest, which was placed in the hands of the trustees as a nucleus for a building fund. It should be said to the credit of the Ladies' Aid that they have labored earnestly and hard for the accumulation of this fund which swells the amount now in the hands of the trustees to over \$1,000. The society are determined to have a building of their own in the near future and ask the financial support of all interested in the cause of Spiritualism. The building committee are Fred H. Coggeshall, A. E. Jordan and John Banks. The reports of the various officers showed the society to be in a prosperous condition. The following officers were elected: president, Mrs. R. E. Harvey; vice-president, Mr. Willard F. Ireland; clerk, Alfred E. Jordan, 14 Robinson street; treasurer, Mr. P. Trowbridge; collector, Mr. W. F. Ireland; standing committee, Mrs. R. E. Harvey, Mrs. Mabel A. Kennedy, Mrs. Vinnie Arthur, Mr. A. E. Jordan and Mr. W. F. Ireland; finance committee, Mr. Fred H. Coggeshall, Mr. John Banks and Mrs. Minnie Ingalls; trustee for three years, Mrs. R. E. Harvey.

Norwich, Conn., Sunday, May 8th.—G. W. Kates and wife held meetings Sunday for the Spiritualists' Union on Park St. Interesting services of song, music, lectures and spirit messages resulted. At the morning session Mr. Kates spoke upon "The Soul of Things," and claimed that the psychic sense discerns the history of the object or the person by its soul contact. He told how to develop this sense, and spoke of it as being the best incentive to right living ever given to human concept, as it proves that our acts leave an impress upon the soul-nature, and will in the spirit-life reveal the evils or good done in earth-life. Second, it proves that we must work out our salvation and cannot be vicariously saved.

Mrs. Kates spoke at the evening meeting upon "The Beauty of Death." She told of the joyful visions that came to the eyesight of the dying person, and thus shows that a sight of a brighter world is being caught. She thought that death's gloom has been taught to the detriment of human happiness, and that its joys should be understood, for we have heard from those who have passed on, and all proclaim it a beautiful life. But she said, there are consequences. You must not expect to possess or enjoy beyond your deserts. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." She is a fluent speaker. The messages and spirit descriptions followed each lecture, and were very

accurate in the main, according to the testimony of the recipients.—The Bulletin, Norwich, Conn.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Oscar A. Edgerly visited us on the 25th of April, on his way to Hamilton, Canada. A parlor meeting was held, a goodly number present, and he gave us a fine address, after which Mrs. Eliza H. Douglass spoke for a short time, following with tests which were recognized.—Mrs. J. M. Kingman.

Springfield, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, McKinley Block, had for speaker, April 24 and May 1st, Mrs. E. D. Butler of Lynn. She was greeted by good audiences and many were pleased with the messages she gave them. She is an earnest and sincere worker, always ready to give what is given to her in a natural manner. She was followed on the 8th by Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, president of our state association, who gave two fine lectures. He is always ready to demonstrate the beautiful truths of all philosophy with an earnestness that all who are privileged to hear him now courage to live a spiritual life here and not wait until they have passed into the higher life. We have been called to part with the physical presence of three earnest workers in our ranks, all passing to the higher life within a week's time. Mrs. Herrick, who always had a kind word of encouragement to all, Mrs. Carrie Fairfield, who was one of our charter members and has always been one of our leading workers and Mr. Thomas Rodgers, also for many years an active worker, especially among the younger people, holding them all in a close bond of true fellowship and here with we send the following resolutions.

"The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield, Mass., in meeting assembled May 1, 1904.

"We as a body wish to extend to you, the family of Thomas H. Rodgers, our expression of sincere sympathy in your bereavement. Esteemed highly by us as a fellow thinker, one ever ready to assist us in our work as opportunity offered, we shall feel his departure keenly, but realize his presence is but temporarily absent.

"Resolved that a copy of this shall be engraved and presented to his family, as our written expression, also put on the records of our society and printed in the "Banner of Light."

Sarah G. Haskins.  
Clara Kellogg.  
Minerva E. Proctor.  
M. E. Proctor, cor. sec.

## Campmeeting News.

## Camp Chesterfield, Ind.

The Fourteenth Annual Campmeeting of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists (Camp Chesterfield), opens on Thursday July 14th, and closes August the 25th, continuing over seven Sundays.

The best list of speakers that ever appeared at this Camp have been engaged. To enumerate: W. F. Peck, Willard J. Hull, Lizzie Harlow, Marion Carpenter, Annie Gillespie, Harrison D. Barrett, Eugene V. Debs, W. J. Colville, Clara L. Stewart, Dr. G. W. Littlefield, C. C. Smith, Dr. J. H. Mendenhall, Harvey J. Moore, with Maggie Waite as Message Medium on Sundays and Frank Ripley during the week.

A number of specialties are introduced, such as Labor Day, G. A. R. Day, Woman's Day, Old Settlers Day, etc., etc.

Prof. Neel's Boys' Band, 63 in number, will discourse sweet music on Sundays. Dances, concerts, theatricals and stereopticons will constitute the line of evening entertainments. Mediums for every phase of the phenomena will be on the grounds to give demonstrated proof of immortality. I am not in possession of all their names, but I would give them; suffice it to say that the Committee on Mediums feel satisfied of the genuineness of their mediumship or they would not have invited them.

At a recent Board meeting, held on the 28th of April, contracts were let for the putting in of water works; the building of six double cottages, for the entertainment of guests; and other substantial improvements. The lodging house was let to one who will keep it orderly and clean. The dining hall, lunch counter, grocery, and ice cream parlor will be in the hands of one who is competent and experienced; who will conduct them to the satisfaction of the Board.

With all the preliminary work so well in hand; I can promise the general public that Camp Chesterfield, this season, will in point of excellence and efficiency, excel any of the previous years. I only hope and pray that my health may improve so that I may be equal to the occasion. I therefore, extend a cordial invitation to all to attend, knowing that if you once visit this beautiful resort, you will never regret it.

All letters of special inquiry should be sent to our worthy secretary, Mrs. Lydia Jessup, Chesterfield, Ind., who will take great pleasure in responding to all letters of inquiry. Fraternally, G. N. Hillgoss, president.

2400 W. McMicken Ave., Cincinnati, O.

## N. S. A. Missionaries' Monthly Report.

We were in St. Louis, Mo., serving the "Temple of Spiritualism" society, of which Thomas Grimshaw is pastor, when April 1st arrived.

We left for Bloomington, Ill., April 7th after having completed a very successful engagement.

The Bloomington Society, which we recently organized, is doing good work, meetings being held regularly every week. A reading circle and a developing class have been formed for the study of the spiritual philosophy and spiritual unfoldment. The members of this society are earnest and enthusiastic workers and we look for grand developments and the building up of a large society in Bloomington. On Sunday evening the hall was full and chairs had to be brought in to seat the people.

We next visited Danville, Ill., where we found our cause in a deplorable condition. This town had been visited by traveling charlatans who had robbed innocent people in the name of mediumship, palmistry, astrology, etc., when they are but specimens of the vilest type of rascals, preying upon an innocent public and bringing dishonor, discredit and disgrace upon the fair name of Spiritualism. They are not Spiritualists, or mediums at all and know practically nothing of what Spiritualism is, and yet Spiritualism and spiritualists must suffer in consequence of their vile acts. It is a shame and there is only one way to rid the country of them and that is to thoroughly organize and have each society appoint a committee to visit every fairs who enters a town and advise him to leave and report him to the authorities and help them to run him down. In this way we can at least convince the authorities and the public that we do not uphold these "land pirates" and that they are none of ours.

As has been said Spiritualism was in a sad state in Danville. Many Spiritualists had ceased work when three or four good and true Spiritualists decided to make one more effort

to build up the Cause. They instructed brother G. W. F. Church to write and engage us to come and serve them. He did so; they engaged the largest hall in town and advertised the meetings well, and we went there. A good audience was present at the first meeting, though a great indifference was shown by the Spiritualists regarding the organization of a society and carrying on the work; nevertheless, our meetings increased in numbers and enthusiasm, and in one week we completed the organization of a society of 60 members.

Excellent reports of our meetings were published in the daily press and Spiritualism is again at the front in Danville. Hereafter "fakers" had better give this place a wide field, for a resolution has been passed to visit every person coming into town and advertising to "unite lovers," "tell whether the husband or wife is true," "find stolen property," "develop any phase of mediumship desired," etc., for the sum of "50 cts. and up," so hereafter these people will be looked after and the public will be protected so far as possible.

Before leaving Danville we received many words of appreciation with God speeds and blessings which is a great inspiration to us in the good though tiresome work of the missionaries.

We next visited the society at Watseka, Ill. We held two meetings and one seance in this place, with excellent success. This society is composed of true Spiritualists and are loyal to our organization. They have exchanged their N. S. A. charter for one from the Illinois State Association falling in line with the wish and purpose of the National and State Associations. This is the result of our former visit to Watseka. This place is somewhat noted, having been the former home of the medium Lurancy Venum who for months was another personality not her own, but that which purported to be the deceased Mary Hoff. Miss Venum left her home and parents and took up her abode with the Roth family as their daughter, forgetting her own parents, knowing and calling by name the friends and relatives of Mary Hoff. The pamphlet called "The Watseka Wonder" records some of these strange experiences. This strange affair occurred many years ago, and Spiritualism has been known and accepted by a portion of the Watseka people ever since; they growing to understand its great philosophy more and more as the years go by. Dr. Alter and wife entertained us right royally. Mrs. Alter is sister of Mary Hoff.

We visited Galesburg, Ill., where a small society had been recently organized and held one parlor meeting, one seance and two public meetings in a fine hall, all of which were well attended. Great interest in the meetings was shown which gives promise for a good work in the future. This society is composed of the right kind of people, and if they make any mistake in its management it will be of the head and not the heart. Galesburg is a new field. I believe ours were the first public Spiritualist meetings ever held in the place.

We closed the work of the month at Dana, Ill., where we held five meetings in the Opera House and one seance in the Spiritualist Hall. This society we organized last year with fifty-eight charter members. It is located in a town of less than 300 population. It has a number of members living in the country on farms some distance away, so its regular meetings are held once in two weeks.

Mr. Geo. Drummit, a leading business man and farmer is its president. He is an ardent Spiritualist and is supported in the work by leading people in the community who are also happy in the knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism. Our Cause is safe in their hands.

It is a pleasure to visit the societies that we have organized, especially those located in communities where no work had been done previous to the time of their organization, and find them doing such good work as these societies are doing. We held 30 meetings during the month of April, one meeting for each day and are still in good working order. Our hearts beat faster whenever the thought of home comes to us, as we will be in our home the whole month of June for our vacation. The very thought is inspiring after having been so long among strangers, and in so many homes of others. (Though we have been royally treated in every home that we have visited). We can realize the meaning of the dear old song: "Home Sweet Home" more than ever now after the hard work of the past year and a prospect of soon being at home.

It has been a year of great activity, we have been among strangers much of the time, and have traveled continually and held meetings incessantly.

We are conscious of having done a good work for our fellow mortals and the good cause of Spiritualism which is the real compensation for all the deprivations and unpleasant conditions that must be met with in traveling from place to place, even during such a terrible northern winter as we have just passed through.

Spiritualism is the true savior of mankind. Organization is the savior of Spiritualism in its purity. It will save it from the many fads that are appropriating portions of it and attaching them to their hideous creeds. It will keep it pure and creedless as it is presented to us from the spirit world. Let every true Spiritualist lend a hand in pushing the work of organization to a still greater success.

E. W. Sprague and Wife,  
N. S. A. Missionaries.  
Address, Rochester, Indiana.

## PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

HATFIELD PETTIBONE, BOSTON, MASS.

Hatfield Pettibone, "the well-known medium," passed to spirit life on May 9th, from his late residence, 116 Huntington avenue, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Pettibone was born on April 1st, 1853, in Sandusky, O. He was the only surviving son of Caroline and William C. Pettibone. His boyhood days were passed in Green Bay, Wis.

He graduated with high honors from Racine College, where he was sent to prepare for the Episcopal ministry. He was an active worker for 32 years in the cause of Spiritualism. Mr. Pettibone had been around the world twice, and had visited every country but Egypt, in the practice of his profession. For over 16 years he confined his work to independent state writing. His services were always held in a bright light.

He was a man of the most undaunted courage, and was loved and respected by all who knew him. One of his most marked characteristics was his liberality; no appeal was ever made to him in vain. He was never happier than when doing some kind act.

During his long illness of several months' duration, he exhibited great fortitude and cheerfulness, though often suffering from severe bodily pain; his bright and sunny disposition being uppermost to the last. In the fall of 1902 he filled an engagement at the First Spiritualist Temple in Boston, where he endeavored himself to a large circle of friends. Those who knew him best loved him most.

His smiling face will be sadly missed by his many friends at Lily Dale, where he and

Mrs. Pettibone spent their summers for some years past; and one of his last requests was to be remembered to them all. He leaves a widow who is well known as a public test medium.

MRS. JOSIE FULLER, FAIRVIEW, MT. PLEASANT, UTAH.

Mrs. Josie Fuller, aged 38, departed this life on Monday April 19th, 1904, leaving five children and one infant. Her departure was accurately predicted as to its time by her spirit friends and many remarkable events were associated with her transition. She was much respected. Unlike our non-Spiritualist friends we Spiritualists look upon the change not as a dying, but an entrance to a higher life.—Hope.

## Announcements.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.—Spiritualistic meetings conducted by Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor, every Sunday. The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening at Appleton Hall, Appleton Street, at 3 p. m., supper at 6.15, public meeting at 7.45.—Mrs. M. A. Aibe, pres.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, pres., meets in Dwight Hall, Red Men's Hall, Tremont Street, every Thursday. Business meeting at 4 p. m., supper 6.15 and usual meeting at 7.45 p. m.—F. H. Rice, sec.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Incorporated, meets 724 Washington Street, up two flights, America Hall, Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor. Morning circle, 11 a. m.; afternoon and evening service at 3 and 7.30 p. m. Good talent every Sunday.—A. M. Strong, clerk.

The First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge, 527 Mass. Ave.—Services at 3 and 7.30. Mrs. Scott, Mrs. S. E. Hall and Mr. T. A. Scott will speak and give messages. Admission free.—Addie L. Cushing, sec.

Malden, Mass.—Progressive Spiritual Society. We hold meetings every Sunday at 3 p. m. Circle for healing, development and messages at 7.30 p. m. Inspirational speaking and readings. The best of talent always present. May 23rd, "Cyrus the Persian," Mrs. Abbie Burnham, Alice M. Whall, Indian control, "Big Dog" and others will be with us. Song service precedes each session. We shall have a strawberry supper Friday, May 27, from 6 to 7.30 p. m. "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

## Movements of Platform Workers.

J. J. Morse continues his engagement with the Worcester, Mass., Spiritualists' Association on Sunday next, May 22nd, and closes the same on Sunday, May 29th. He lectures at 2 and 7.30 p. m. in G. A. R. Hall, Pearl street.

## The Cause at Titusville, Pa.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
In the Banner of Light of April 30th I find your request for information about societies. I am pleased to report that the Titusville Spiritualists' Association has held a charter from the N. S. A. for a number of years. The charter was renewed and the society reorganized early in 1902. In our report to the N. S. A. last Oct. I find, membership, 60; real estate valued at \$2,500; furniture, piano and organ, \$500 against which there was a mortgage of \$1,000 and floating debt of \$200. The hall rent for the year was \$300. At present we hold conference meetings, and in other ways entertain our audience. We hold meetings every Sunday evening the year round. A Lyceum has lately been started and we hope it will be sustained. We have a library of about 100 volumes. Seating capacity is 400; we have a dining room, kitchen and all the necessary adjuncts to accommodate any occasion. Trusting this will answer your wishes I am very truly and fraternally yours, C. M. Hayes, sec. T. S. Assn., Titusville, Pa.

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