

IN THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL.

Within our land a garden grows bright
flowers,
Some white as love, and some as sunset
red;
They open wide in springtide's balmy hours,
And their perfume in o'er abundance shed;
O soft they breathe the story of our praise,
And promise give of man's rich summer days!

They grow so fair for foreign eyes to see,
For those who sense the splendor of our
spring;
They emblem clear a nation brave and free,
And show what men unto the earth may
bring;
Such beauty enters in the longing heart,
And of its hopes and aims becomes a part!

Our children here in pleasure pure are
brought,
To catch the fragrance of the spreading
bloom;
Each flower holds a soul-inspiring thought,
And waves its banner o'er the heroes' tomb,
The little ones can then discern the sign,
And somehow feel the influence is divine!

O how inviting are these quiet ways,
Where lilies rise and blossom in their pride;
Let us in loving reverence on them gaze,
And think how soldiers in life's battle
died,—
For this the royal garden of the May,
And these the flowers of our Memorial Day!

—William Brunton.

Literary Department.

New Hampshire Psychic Lights.

Julia Augusta Bunker.

INTRODUCTORY.

It is a great pity that deft touch of naturalism, "Light Among the Hills," published in the "Progressive Thinker," should have come to so untimely an end, leaving its interested readers anxious, and in darkness, as to the future of the lovable Martha. The "light" of the story was snuffed out just when we began to tip-toe for a romance.

For just a little artistic focusing of sequences, that must have clustered in the wake of the wealth of Martha's experiences, would have toned and finished a most delightful picture of rural life.

However, suppose we shift the zone of romance over into the New Hampshire hills and pick up the threads of a life (maybe of an incarnation of the Vermont "Martha") never minding the et al. of change? We will christen our New Hampshire Martha, Bettie. A trifle more favored in worldly ways than the Green Mountain maid was our Bettie (short for Elizabeth). Elizabeth Emerson was her full name. Blooming like a peach bloom and reared to luscious peaciness according to the family recording, but willful as all bright girls ought to be, and lovable always, was this daughter of Henry Emerson. The Hon. Col. Henry his neighbors called him—though why Honorable I cannot really say, unless having served in the legislature would warrant the title?

Be that as it may, "Colonel" was another story of tugs of war and honors bravely won, but of his military deeds, Henry Emerson said little, only he did love to tell how he was elected to the state legislature, without bribing a voter, or making any dishonorable use of money. He was a credit to his town, so said his partisans. Anyway, if we can believe his biographer, he was courtly in manner and of incorruptible morals.

And this Bettie, daughter of his, whose life we will follow as long as she is, interesting, was a yellow-haired, motherless girl. I infer she was pretty by the record she kept in her diary of her social triumphs, and the woes of her luckless swains. You see she jotted her daily doings just as the up-to-date 1904 girl does.

As to Bettie's mother, she was an Eaton, whose forebears really did sail the sea in the "Mayflower," footed on "Plymouth Rock," and their offspring toiled and suffered, got scalped, maybe, anyway dropped out, one by one, of the world's doings and molded to dust. And Henry Emerson's wife, Priscilla (nee Eaton) after tussling with twelve sons and daughter, she, too, quit mundane things, and entered into rest, which I should imagine she would be only too glad to do. This ended the marital ventures of Henry Emerson.

PART I.—THE EMERSON FAMILY.

And now we will abbreviate things and bring the Emerson family matters up to time, 1820.

Bucolic days these, of tallow dips for every day use and bayberry candles for state occasions, such as weddings, funerals and merry-making times. Pillions were still in vogue, although the Col. Henry owned a curricule, which was high distinction. Spinning wheels

and looms hummed and thumped in every household, while itinerant tinkers, tailors, dressmakers, shoemakers and other craftsmen lifted many a burden of Charming-Fair's pastoral life and also contributed to Bettie's education and amusement. Just nature's way of speeding things these times.

So rich and full were home relations—nothing to wrench or mar the lovely days as they speeded, except death.

Col. Henry Emerson was considered wise in his time, but never dreamed of the shadings of radium, polonium or helium, so lumped the whole thing of observed phenomena and called sunlight just sunshine and radiations from earth metals and the lightning bolt, electricity, and all was well and nature was the doctor.

Bettie bathed her feet in the morning during the warm seasons in the dew and rain, and in the winter raced barefooted through the snow and was truly well and happy.

The Emerson chroniclers record at this time (1820) but three children left in the home nest of Henry Emerson—all married except Henry, Jr., the oldest boy of the flock; Sarah, the home-keeper, and our Bettie.

Henry, Jr., was the prop and pride of his father, as was also Sarah, and Bettie—oh, well, she was father's jewel and eclipsed the beauty of earthly things—all virtues and loveliness he saw in her.

Charming-Fair girls, I am afraid, were a trifle jealous of Bettie's accomplishments, good looks and family prestige. Anyway, it was a bit aggravating that Bettie should have been schooled as much as she wished at Pembroke and Concord and boarded in these two places, in land knows what grand style. Gowned in Haverhill-bought chintz, silks and satins, had plenty of leisure when at home, while they, poor country lasses, were reduced to Charming-Fair learning, homespun garments and plenty of work.

But Bettie was not naughtily prideful, for she truly loved and valued her townsgirls.

She had plenty of leisure to skip anywhere she pleased, and it pleased her to hang around her doting father and absorb wisdom, of which he had a store—so folks said.

Col. Emerson was what one would call a gentleman farmer—an unusual distinction for a man in these early New Hampshire days. His acres spread to all points of the compass from his big gabled homestead, and touched the horizon at every point except on the north, where four furlongs was the limit of his land, whose walled line stretched east and west until lost at the sky. Beyond this north stone wall, up, ever up, a mile away, stood the old white meeting-house, presided over by the Elder Libby, preaching a double-dyed, duplex creed of heaven for the "regenerate in Jesus" and hell to inflict immortal pains for Satan's sons and daughters, and lots of Satan's sons and daughters. Col. Emerson's household contained, according to the good elder's ideas and theological standard for regenerates! At any rate, Col. Emerson would have been an anathema had poverty pinched him, but being rich and of high influence in state and town affairs, he was simply a trifle odd, and in times of churchly stress, the elder and deacons may have called him a bit infidel, for you see Henry Emerson (and of course all his family) seemed to be sure the human race, and every living thing were safe in immortal life and salvation, an anomaly since there never was any danger of loss where all is omnipresent God; neither would God be likely to condemn himself to infinite pains since He is omnipotent, and being omniscient, would know enough to happily the ways for a cosmic integrity.

By this I have transcribed from family records one can get a bird's-eye notion of the social and religious status of Henry Emerson and his family.

I have heard my mother and grandmothers tell many a fascinating tale of these long-gone times, and of this particular event or chain of events I am going to write I was in an especial manner, impressed. As I was saying, the time of the year was May, 1820, day—not recorded. Just getting dusky-like in the evening, and the dampness from the meadows was loosening the apple-blossoms and the fluttering of a breeze, now and then, tossed the petals in lovely confusion from the apple trees in the orchard. A new moon hung straight down, all trembling-like, "For rain," Bettie's sister Sarah said, who was out in the orchard, enjoying the cool of the day and peeping frogs.

PART II.—THE PASSING BELL.

But there—I cannot tell this story myself, so I will just shift the burden upon Bettie, (or most of it) I will inscribe Bettie's letters (some of them) written to her dear friend, Molly Bradford, living in Boston, but in editing these letters I have taken the liberty to scissor all irrelevant matter so as to give only a comfortable length of story to these fore-gleams of New Hampshire Spirituality.

Of course I have altered names of people and locations somewhat to suit my fancy and also to avoid personalities.

Charming-Fair, N. H.
May —, 1820.

My dearest darling Molly—

Am I a lucky or a luckless lass? I am inclined to think, judging by the past days and the little wee-bit-peeps I get, of which one might easily prophesy (if not a dunce like Slah Smith) a little of the future, the good fairies have some nice surprise in store for me, for, look you, time and tide flee for me on golden wings, thanks to my dear daddy and other human incidentals.

But, oh, Molly, you ought to see my duck of a new (bran new) violet crape gown, dear daddy got for me when he was in Haverhill last week. And new shoes, guess they stand up on heels higher than yours—they are bronze, too. Father bought me a dear of a hat—a wide brim, leghorn, white, trimmed with wide white satin ribbon and white ostrich feathers. To tell you the truth, I almost hate to wear these lovely things, it makes me so conspicuous.

The girls here all look sweet and nice, but you know none of them can have what daddy buys for me, and so I don't feel quite so gay as I might when I wear my pretty duds. But, oh, they are good to look at, my new dress, hat and shoes.

Father bought sister Sarah a lace stomacher and a calash, a purple silk dress, new shoes and a hat—something like mine. Oh, we are in a gay feather.

I almost missed telling you of the cream of the bunch of our masculine extravagances for just me. Brother Henry bought for me the most adorable fan I ever dreamed of—white silk over sandal-wood sticks and trailing all over with pink roses. Oh my, I catch my breath every time I think of its exquisite loveliness. There, what do you think of my finery? But I started to tell of the strange thing that happened to us this evening but got switched off because my eye caught the chest containing my new things of gay plumage.

I am writing this letter by the light of one of Sarah's company candles (bayberry) the last better than the tallow kind. Guess Sarah will not scold, any way I am going to borrow it, willie-hillie (have I spelled that right?) Oh dear, how my quill needs mending but I have learned how to mend the things so they do very well.

Well, well, if I don't commence right off I will never tell the tale of tonight's happening. Molly dear, do you think I am pretty? There I will not write any more such nonsense only Jack said—Guess I am getting silly, so I will change the subject by spinning my yarn—which is this:—

I was running through the meadow grass in the north ten-acre lot, because the dew makes my feet white and smooth—wonder what folks wear shoes for?—I stopped in the apple orchard, under the trees, just to let the apple blossoms sift over my face—to make me pretty. Sarah says it will—guess that is what she was in the flurry of apple blossoms for. I almost bumped up against her in the orchard before I knew it—all getting so dusky like—but there she stood like a white ghost, shaking an apple limb with grandpa Paul's old witch-wood cane, when the meeting-house bell began to toll, and it was not nine either and time for the curfew.

Like a litany Sarah said it sounded. The "passing bell" we found it was.

"Some one dead," said Sarah.

"Wonder who it is?"

"A child may be."

"Have not heard of any one being sick."

"My there it goes again." Sarah was so tense and listening with her finger in the air counting strokes—and she looked so foggy-like it made me creep. The bell kept on—twenty, twenty-one.

"No child," said Sarah.

"That is strange"—on, the bell kept its solemn chant. Struck off thirty, forty, fifty, sixty—on it tolled.

"Did you ever?"

"It is surely quite an old person." Still the tolling went on—ninety we counted, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,—and it stopped.

"Granny Bagley is dead!" solemnly spoke Sarah.

She sounded sepulchral which gave me an awful shivery thrill. It seemed then as though every nerve in my body was quaking and tangling my stomach all up in knots of mysterious things and I felt as if I was kinder rising up like, and Sarah looked haloed and strange as if she wanted to fly away, like the old woman on a broomstick. I wouldn't been surprised to see Sarah jump up and catch hold of the moon and bite off one of its horns—"green cheese"—Sarah says it is, wonder how she knows?—looks more like a bit of lemon skin tonight. Everything is funny anyway, and what I am going to tell you now—you can't guess.

"Yes, Granny Bagley is dead," Sarah said again, and she lifted up the crook end of grandpa's cane for another shake of the apple limb, when she suddenly dropped it and exclaimed—"Oh, there comes Jack!"

"Oh, Jack, is Granny Bagley really dead?—who else could be ninety-nine in this town." I blurted out running towards him.

"Yes she's gone," solemnly answered Jack. You know, Jack is Granny Bagley's daughter's adopted son.

Oh I am so sleepy. I must tell you the rest tomorrow.

Good night, and happy dreams.

Your loving,
Bettie.

PART III.—JACKARD BONCOUR.

In editing these odds and ends of Charming-Fair (old-time name of one of New Hampshire's towns) biographs, I find I must go a little into detail as to the family relations of Granny Bagley and Jack, of whom Bettie wrote to her friend, Mary Bradford, a Boston maid.

Jack was the adopted son of Granny Bagley's daughter—married a Patten—Saul Patten—Capt. Saul Patten.

Jack's true name was Jackard Boncour. Evidently French lineage as inferred by the name but no one then knew, who he really did belong to or the social status of his family only this: Granny Bagley's daughter, Polly, in her young days, was quite a traveler—visited in Boston among the select Bradfords, and 'twas there she met Saul Patten—Capt. Saul Patten, of the good ship Petral,—then in from foreign parts, bringing as a souvenir of his voyage a baby-boy, whose mother died at sea. She, the mother, shipped with her son at Havre on the ship Petral, giving her name as Hortense Boncour—widow.

Capt. Patten was related to the Boston Bradfords, and 'twas at the home of his sister, Mrs. John Bradford, that he met Polly Patten, and she in marrying Saul Patten, fell heir to his sea-waif and adopted son, Jackard Boncour. So in the run of events Capt. Patten died and Polly Patten, his wife, went to live with Mother Granny Bagley (so called) in Charming-Fair, taking with her the much loved child, Jackard Boncour.

And now I think we will record another of Bettie's letters.

Wednesday Eve.

My Darling Molly.

Last night I almost fell asleep over my letter to you. Now I will try and finish this and send it by brother Henry. He starts tomorrow for Boston with a load of pelts and cheese, and of course he is anxious to see you.

Now I will relate the rest of my last night's happening. As I was saying, Jack was coming towards us, hat off and all flustered like, and I was so eager to hear what he had to tell of that passing bell and Granny that I gave a skip and a jump towards him, to be ahead of Sarah, when all a sudden-like something seemed to throw me back, and I could see nothing but Jack, Sarah and the lovely apple blossoms. But I was confused. Then something queer happened, after Jack answered Sarah: Right beside Jack, a few inches from the ground, floated the form of Granny Bagley, all in white, with her little knitting-bag hanging on her arm, and her dear hands outstretched towards me. And such a glow was over her, that I saw her very plainly, although Sarah and Jack were quite shadowy in the growing dusk.

Whether the dear old Granny's wraith was the good soul's showing, I know not; only this was sure: I was scared and let off such a screed as I guess woke the hens on the roosts. At any rate, down I went all in a heap in the wet grass, and the next thing I knew I was in the West chamber. Father was rubbing my hands and Sarah was holding the camphor bottle under my nose, while Jack, poor silly boy, was crying, and all the farm hands were in the hall and trying to peep in at the door. Our maid, Dolly Brown, stood at the foot of the bed with a candle in each hand. And candles, my dear! the room was full of them. Oh, I just wish you could have seen this ridiculous jerry-ma-diddle all over me, just because I howled and tumbled down in the orchard.

It all looked so funny as I opened my eyes and remembered what had happened that I laughed until the tears ran down my chin, and then—oh dear, I can hardly write from laughing, thinking it over. They all were more than frightened, thinking I had gone crazy sure. It was some time before I could really make daddy and the rest of the crowd believe I was right and sane, but my dear Pappy was awfully scared, to say nothing of Jack, and Sarah's camphor bottle seemed to work no end of charm on her nerves. You see all of the dear nonsensicals did not flourish camphor bottles, else they would have kept in better mental feather and their eyes and noses behaved better.

I did not tell (only father and Sarah) what I saw, in the orchard, the reason I acted so. Father, after I told him, snuffed and said "Pshaw!" and ended it as far as father was concerned. Sarah was interested, and I know she believes I really saw Granny Bagley's wraith. Sarah believes in ghosts, banshees, fairies and such 'like, and I know I saw Granny Bagley's ghost.

Jack just don't say anything, only looks thoughtful, but he seems glad he did not have a chance to see my ghost, silly boy.

You know, Molly dear, we have a haunted chamber, and I have just a mind to sleep there some night. Say, you and me sleep there when you come to visit me next August?

Wednesday my dear daddy reviews his regiment on our parade—you know where—the twelve-acre lot of level grass land just south of our house. All day long father, Henry and all the farm hands have been working hard, cleaning and rolling this lovely green. I hope it will be a clear day for father's sake, but, oh dear, we women folks do dread the after-time of cleaning up. You ought to see the goodies Sarah and our Dolly have cooked up for tomorrow, enough to make one giddy to look at the stuff. Daddy has had casks of rum and brandy put in the long pantry leading into the hall that opens on the parade—this is for his soldiers. He hates the stuff, but of course he must have it.

Sarah has finished my violet crape gown. You remember I wrote you father bought me lots of fine fixings the last time he went to Haverhill. Well you just ought to see how sweet my gown is, all trimmed with mother's lovely lace. I am going to wear my new fixings to the Anderson May dance. That is on the full of the moon, next week. Oh, I just wish you could be here, but of course you can't.

PART IV.—WITCHCRAFT.

And now I am going to tell you something people do say really happened. You have heard of the Browns, who live on the Libby road, and I am sure you have heard me tell things funny about Nancy Green, she that is called a witch?

Well, last week, Mrs. Brown was churning and the butter would not come, so she decided the cream was bewitched, and forthwith she ordered Nat, her son, to heat the brick oven, and after it was red hot they pitched the whole churn full of cream into the oven. You ought to hear the story first-hand—just horrid.

Such blood-curdling screams and groans were beyond telling, it was said, and the cream all turned to blood and spluttered out of the oven and ran all over the floor. They locked every door of the house, because they said the witch, whoever she was, would surely come and try to get in; and she did, and it was Nancy Green. She screeched and pounded at the doors and windows, and begged for a drink of water, but of course they did not give her the water nor let her in. Don't you call that cruel? She went away in awful agony they said.

This part of the boggy talk is really true: The next morning Nancy Green was found dead in her log hut, all black as though burned. Is that not a horrid witch story? The real Salem flavor, has it not?

Just think how absurd. They said Nancy Green was in the cream they threw in the hot oven. They also said (aint "they say" queer) Nancy Green and Mrs. Brown had a spat the day before, and Nancy Green shook her fist at Mrs. Brown, and said "I will fix you yet," but Mrs. Brown got in the fixing (whatever that twaddle means) first. Now is this not a queery of a yarn? Can you match its like in Boston? Or think you? Well, what is the use? Guess I will adjourn my scribbling until after father's parade.

Your loving
Bettie.

(To be continued.)

ANGEL VISITANTS.

We dwell in a land of sunshine,
A land of peace and song,
A land of rarest beauty,
In our Summerland of song.

Not a shadow clouds our sunlight,
Not a cloud to dim our morn,
Here all is peace and union,
In our Summerland of song.

We live and love each other,
As eternity rolls on,
As we work for you our loved ones,
In our Summerland of song.

Given by "Rosebud," spirit control of Mrs. J. H. Kane.
58 Everett St., Bangor, Me.

We put force and power in our thoughts,
words and deeds as we live the life—as we live in spirit.

By optimistic enthusiasm, born of a fervent love of God, are health, strength, power, honor and life.

Most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both—for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

Personal Magnetism is only another term for powers that attract in great and continuous measure all the good things of the universe. A really good man, who has a broad open, liberal and tolerant mind, is full of Spirit and what men call "personal magnetism." Such spiritual beings are always wonderfully successful, fortunate, progressive and happy.

MEMORIAL DAY.

We gather again this beautiful day
To deck with flowers the graves
Of those who gave their lives away
A nation's honor to save.

So lay them softly down, the violets so blue,
The daisies and buttercups bright,
The lilies sweet, that speak of home,
And lilies pure and white.

But shed not tears, they are not dead,
Only tenting just out there,
On the camping ground of the soul I ween,
Beyond earth's turmoil and care.

We shall join them soon, in the by and by,
When our earth life here is o'er,
We shall find them all, the loved and lost,
On a fairer, brighter shore.

Mother Nature has planted sweet flowers rare
On hillside, in valley, and lea,
For our unknown dead wherever they sleep
And those who passed out on the sea.

Oh they must not forgotten be,
Their grave the blue ocean's bed;
Scatter bright flowers o'er the waters calm,
While the trees sing their requiem o'erhead.

Yes, sing for the Boys of Sixty-one,
And weave their shroud of green,
While the blossoms fair and sweet May air
All make it brighter seem.

Harriet W. H. Hildreth.

Worcester, Mass.

The Reviewer.

About Marriage.

Happiness and Marriage. Elizabeth Towne.
The Nautilus Press, Holyoke, Mass. Price
fifty cents. For sale by the Banner of
Light Publishing Company.

This little book contains the following
chapters: Chap. I, "To Be Happy Though
Married;" Chap. II, "A Tale of Woe;"
Chap. III, "To Be Loved;" Chap. IV, "The
Pharisee Up-to-Date;" Chap. V, "So Near
and Yet So Far;" Chap. VI, "Marriage Con-
tracts;" Chap. VII, "Some Hints and a
Kick;" Chap. VIII, "The Heart of Woman;"
Chap. IX, "The Law of Individuality;"
Chap. X, "Harmony at Home;" Chap. XI,
"A Mystery;" Chap. XII, "The Family Jar;"
Chap. XIII, "The Truth About Divorce;"
Chap. XIV, "The Old Story."
There is a great deal that is amusing in
this book, and much which the authoress
desires to be inspiring and uplifting. It is written
in a lively, surface-skimming fashion, reminding
one of the graceful flight of a bird across the
rippling waves of the ocean. How much the
bird comprehends of the silent mysteries
locked up in the solemn depths of the sea may
be best known to itself. Its graceful gyrations
only suggest to the observer its freedom
from restraint and its happy method of skim-
ming over the profound depths beneath its
feet.

There is nothing particularly new suggested
by the authoress. Most of it will be familiar
to a class of readers who aim to be ideal and
practical in their dealings with what they call
the attractions of life. But a more serious
note than is sounded in these pages surely be-
longs to so vitally important a subject as mar-
riage, for that relation of life is the corner-
stone of domestic happiness and national
well-being.

The meaning of the foregoing remarks may,
perhaps, be better expressed by a quotation
from page 75, et seq. The authoress refers to
a letter which she says she wrote in reply to
a correspondent. In introducing the letter she
remarks of the many correspondents who
write to her, they "all want to leave the old
miss-mate, and go to the new found soul-
mate, and they all want my advice and en-
couragement to do it. Some of these writers
have already left their husbands (?) and want
to know whether or not they should go back
or go on. To one such I wrote the following
letter, which I publish in the hope that it will
help others to find and follow themselves.
Here are some of the extracts from the let-
ter: One thing at a time! Get off with the
old love before you get settling for that new
one. Don't think you are a silly girl to ask
anybody's advice as to whether or not you are
to go back to your so-called husband. If I
knew what you ought to do, I don't see what
you are worth to yourself. The truth is that
you are the only person in creation who can
make that decision. . . . If you don't yet
know whether or not you could go back to
him, then be still until you do know. . . . As
to the new one, not even you can know for
certain whether that other man would pan
out the soul-mate that you imagine him. But
the law of Love or attraction will prove
whether or not he is what you think. Your
own will come to you and all creation cannot
hinder. . . . Ages ago I had a similar expe-
rience to yours. I found the only and original
one intended for me, but I was tied to an-
other man, not by a ceremony, for that new
body, but by my own consciousness which com-
pelled me to "stand by" the man I thought
"needed" me. So I stood, though I thought
my heart was broken. In a few years I found
that my soul-mate was no mate at all! I
wouldn't have had him as a gracious gift. . . .
I afterwards found the real comrade, and
more than the joy I thought I had forever
missed! We are pretty silly children, dearie,
without the child's best quality. . . . The time
came when I left my husband and secured a
divorce. What is it that ties you to one man
and not to another? Not the words of the
priest or a justice of the peace. It is your
thought about the matter and his thought
about the matter, which ties you. If you are
ever freed from husband you must think
yourself free—just as you must think yourself
free from other bondage. I thought myself
free several years before I applied for a legal
separation; so that when I did apply it was
to me merely a technicality. Divorce or no
divorce, you are tied to a man until you think
yourself untied."

It is just such counsel as this that one has
to utter words of warning against. Silly-
minded women are easily impressed by it, and
a certain class of men naturally take advan-
tage of it. A little more thinking about mar-
riage before it is consummated would save a
great deal of bitter thinking about it after-
wards, and all this "rain-bow chasing" talk
about attractions, and love, and sweetness,
and poise, and beauty, reads pretty enough,
but it does not meet the real issues that the
stern realities of life constantly submit to our
notice. We credit the authoress with the best
intentions, according to her light, and those
for whom she writes will, no doubt, enjoy her
chatty, feminine production.

Physical Immortality.

How to Live Forever: The Science and
Practice. Harry Gaze. Stockham Pub-
lishing Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.25.
For sale by the Banner of Light Pub-
lishing Company.

The above book is surely not put forth in
real seriousness, for it is virtually a recrud-
escence of the ancient dream of perpetual
youth. The writer seriously asserts, "Recent
discoveries warrant the positive affirmation
that physical immortality is possible to every
intelligent being. The cause of somatic death,

(sic) or the death of the body as a whole, is
due to causes which may be averted. Old
age, which is somatic death partially consum-
mated, can also be prevented. It is possible
for every individual so to control the vital
energies that perpetual youth accompanied by
perfect health and strength may be realized."

In dealing with the question of Old Age
the author asserts that our bodies are not old
since they are in a constant state of renewal,
that is to say, the body of the man is not the
same as that of the child, and the body of the
aged man is not the same body as the man
in his prime, consequently, we have no old
bodies. He says, "If the physical body is
completely renewed in a few months, or even
in a few years, can it by any stretch of imagi-
nation be said to be fifty years of age? The
change is so gradual that man fails to recog-
nize its reality and importance. The body in-
habited today is new, though ignorance may
have given it contrary appearance!" Our
author apparently ignores the fact that whether
new or old, the body that a man possesses
when he is 60 is not in as an efficient
state of operation as the body he is assumed
to have possessed at 16. How does our au-
thor ask us to account for the slackening of
the vital forces, the diminishing of the ac-
tivities of the various organs, and the final
separation, even under the most advanta-
geous circumstances, of organic wholeness
and physical health. Apart from the extreme
views presented by the author, he presents
many excellent suggestions in regard to body
culture, health and beauty, breath, concentra-
tion, food, hygiene and so on. In an-
swer to the question, "Is life worth perpetu-
ating?" we will close this brief note with
the following quotation.

"Whether life is worth perpetuating rests
with the individual. Transferred to another
world or plane of action, we would doubtless
have similar problems requiring solution, and
that tend to progress and development. Let
this earth then be the seat of divine action.
A bright living soul blessed with an outward
form can express the inmost powers of be-
ing. . . . only the highest and best ideals
should ever be associated with the thought
of perpetual youth. It is in this harmonious
unfolding that man will live forever."
—U. T. P.

"I Am a Man and an Infidel."

God and My Neighbor. Robert Blatch-
ford (Nunquam), author of *Merric England*,
etc. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56
Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill. For sale by
the Banner of Light Publishing Company.
Price \$1.00.

The author of this book is a well-known
figure in the sphere of Socialistic effort in
Great Britain. He was the writer of a re-
markable book entitled "Merric England,"
which has probably enjoyed a circulation of
over a million and a quarter copies, and so
carried its examination of England's social
conditions and industrial position broadcast
throughout most English speaking countries.
It contained much that was startling. It
was to all appearances carefully written,
and sung the song of a heart striving to lift
the cloud hanging over the lot of the toilers
of the land. Whether it has produced any
direct effect may be an open question: That
it has set thousands thinking there can be no
doubt. The writer is the editor of the So-
cialist paper called "The Clarion," and its
pages from week to week reach the working
people of his country, infusing new thought
and purpose into their lives by his pungent
writings. Lately he contributed a series of
articles to the journal he so ably edits, and
they have now been gathered into book form,
under the title of "God and My Neighbor."

To those unfamiliar with the writings of
the old and present day critics of the Bible
and Orthodox Christian faith, this book would
come almost as a revelation. It is hard to
classify it; whether to describe it as the uter-
ance of the resentment of a soul which has
realized the shams of theology, or the expres-
sions of a mind that has become convinced
that Orthodox theology is an always has
been inimical to the welfare of the worker,
or whether it is the deliverance of one who
has outgrown religion of any sort and who
sees only the suffering of his fellows, and is
passionately desirous of doing something to
alleviate their woes. Indeed, the latter must
be the truer note running through these pages
which arraign the relation of the Christian
churches to the common people, and show
that ecclesiasticism is as of old, the oppo-
nent of right and justice when they concern
the slaves of the industrial world.

The main gist of the volume is divisible into
three portions; the first of which is entitled
"What I can and cannot believe" and under
which head the writer says he cannot believe
"that Jehovah the God of the Bible is the
Creator of the known universe" nor "that
Jesus Christ was God nor that he was the
son of God," nor the "Virgin birth of Christ,"
in all of which, of course, there is nothing
new except the startling fact that it is ut-
tered by so well-known a representative of
the Socialist idea.

The next section deals with the "Old
Testament," and the third, with the "New
Testament," and examinations in both cases
are trenchant, careful, and to the liberal
mind, of course acceptable, but there is noth-
ing new save only that in all cases men,
though widely differing in their position and
even widely separated by time and distance,
when starting with the same general ideas in
regard to the subject, usually reach fairly
uniform conclusions. Minus the Socialistic
trend, one is reminded of the Age of Reason;
plus the Socialistic trend, the volume is the
most powerful appeal for the liberation of the
masses from the thraldoms of Orthodoxy
which has appeared in many a day. The last
sentences of the book read thus: "Let the
Holy have their Heaven. I am a man, and
an infidel. And this is my Apology. Be-
sides, gentlemen, Christianity is not true,"
which quite sufficiently explains the attitude
assumed through these 190 odd pages, vigor-
ous and tersely written as they are.

The most sorrowful thing in connection
with the writer's attitude is that apparently
beyond the limit of the material and outside
world he has nothing to offer us. There is
apparently no hope of a survival after death;
no possibility of inspiration reaching us
from the wiser minds of the beyond; no
knowledge in fact, that man is seemingly
anything more than the beasts of the field,
and that what happens to them happens to
him also. "Man dieth and goeth down to the
grave." Yet we know that Spiritualism has
been brought to the notice of Mr. Blatchford,
with what result, we cannot say. Certainly
the book does not show that it has at all af-
fected his ideas on the subject of religion. The
preaching of the Gospel of Material Advance-
ment to those who are in the midst of hard-
ship and poverty and suffering may perhaps
be alluring and inspiring, but if we could add
to it the brighter note of Hope, and show
that every onward step in this life was a lift
to a better and higher estate beyond this,
it might be of service after all, for verily it
would seem that to preach to the multitudes
the Gospel of Material Well-being, is but to
erect a standard of selfishness which may be-
come as disastrous in its effect as that other
standard of selfishness, which we call
"Wealth" has proven itself to be in the
moneyed classes of the world.

We are glad this preacher to the multitude
has been brave enough to cast aside the shackles
of the century and strike a blow at the
chains of his fellows still in the bonds of
sacerdotal Orthodoxy.—U. T. P.

A Brief Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Spiritualism in Australia.

W. H. Terry, Editor of the Harbinger of Light.

To whom the credit of introducing Spiritu-
alism to Australia is due I cannot positively
determine, but as far as relates to Victoria,
I believe that honor is due to Mr. William
Murray, whose acquaintance I made in 1888.
He was a gentleman of advanced ideas and
an earnest believer in the facts and philoso-
phy of Spiritualism; the possessor, moreover,
of several of Andrew Jackson Davis's works,
some of which bearing his autograph subse-
quently came into my possession. He was a
quiet, unassuming man, and though not a
public advocate, never omitted an opportunity
to enlighten anyone seeking information.

Diligent inquiry on the part of my father
elicited the fact that there was at that time
three private circles in Melbourne. One
which Mr. Murray attended, and which was,
I believe, the oldest, was held at the house
of Dr. Berigny (homoeopath) in Collins street,
Melbourne. I did not have an opportunity to
attend this, but my father did on more than
one occasion and reported that very interest-
ing communications were received there, I be-
lieve by writing, though none to my knowl-
edge were made public. The second was held
at the house of Mrs. Phillips, a lady well
known on the Melbourne stage at that time,
and Henry Edwards, the actor (not unknown
in America since) was a prominent member
of the circle to which I obtained permission
to attend as an investigator, my only previ-
ous knowledge of Spiritualism being derived
from the reading of Judge Edmonds' admi-
rable book on the subject, which, though it
had deeply interested me, had not convinced
me of the facts. I had to ride a distance to
Mrs. Phillips', and having a difficulty in find-
ing stabling for my horse, I arrived several
minutes after the appointed time. The ser-
vant, however, agreed to let me into the
seance room if I would step in quietly and
take a seat at a side table, some eight or ten
feet from the sitters; this I did, the latter
taking little notice of me. My position gave
me the opportunity of observing them at
leisure and I was impressed by the serious-
ness and evident earnestness of the seven or
eight people composing the circle, who sat with
their hands lightly resting on the surface of
a large and heavy table. Presently this be-
gan to creak as though someone was making
ineffectual efforts to move it but there was
no palpable movement, though some said they
felt it move. Some one suggested that per-
haps the table was too heavy, and Mrs. Phil-
lips said as though addressing some invis-
ible person, "Spirits, if you would like us to
sit at either of the other tables, will you
please move this towards it?"

There was a pause and some minutes
elapsed without response when, suddenly, the
table moved with great force about three feet
in the direction of the side table at which I
was sitting. To see it move, the side
nearest to me had to get up precipitately, and
their chairs were thrown so violently to the
ground that one of them was broken. The
members of the circle who had all risen to
their feet were as evidently astonished as I
was, for though I was looking intently at the
time I saw no signs of muscular action on
their parts to account for the movement, and
while they were talking, with only the tips
of their fingers resting on the table, it again
moved nearly the same distance in my direc-
tion.

The small table was lifted to the centre of
the room, and I was invited to join the sit-
ters; it soon began tilting and answering
questions by affirmative or negative move-
ments. As it rose from my side I exerted
pressure, and while I found it yielded to a
pressure of perhaps fifteen or twenty pounds,
it sprang back as I relaxed the pressure, as
though it was being pulled upward by an in-
dia rubber cord. The questions and answers
were not particularly interesting to me, but
the phenomena impressed me. There was a
force manifested exhibiting some intelligence
and evidently not exerted by any of the per-
sons round the table. I pondered over it on
my return without being able to solve it.

The following week I obtained an entree
with my father and brother to the third circle
alluded to, held at the residence of Dr.
Crooke, North Melbourne. This was purely
a family circle consisting of the Doctor, his
wife and family. Here the phenomena were
raps and table moving, and the communica-
tion, the communications being mostly to
relatives of the family. After a while the
table began to rock and roll like the motion
of a ship at sea in rough weather, and the
name of a mariner known to the family was
spelt. A question was asked, could he refer
to anything in the Bible that would be ap-
propriate to his death. A chapter of the
"Acts" was indicated and on turning it up it
was found to be the shipwreck of St. Paul.
These evidences led to myself and father
commencing a practical investigation which
resulted in our personal conviction, the de-
tails of which are too lengthy for present re-
lation, though I may mention that our first
two "home" sittings were of a startling and
impressive character.

As soon as I became thoroughly convinced
of the fact its importance prompted me to
propaganda work among relations and
friends. My sister and her husband, Mr.
Henry Bamford, developed mediumistic
powers, and on their removal to Castlemaine,
an important mining township, it became
quite a centre of Spiritualism, several medi-
ums being developed. In Melbourne Mr. B.
S. Naylor, a personal friend of Nicholas
Trubner, the well-known English and con-
tinental publisher, having been cured of a
long-standing bronchial cough by spirit direc-
tion, became an active propagandist, gave a
number of lectures, published a series of
pamphlets, and finally started a monthly
journal entitled "The Glow-worm." It was
ably conducted, but at the end of five months
was discontinued for want of funds.

About this time Mr. Charles Bright, a lit-
erary gentleman connected with one of the
leading newspapers, took up the subject, giv-
ing a lecture on Andrew Jackson Davis. He
also wrote under a nom de plume a series of
articles on modern Spiritualism in America,
which were published at intervals in "The
Argus," the leading conservative paper. At
a later period this gentleman became a promi-
nent advocate of Spiritualism on the public
platform. A Mr. Oliver, who was an enthusi-
astic convert, engaged in a discussion with
Mr. Kinsman, minister of the Free Christian
Church, and Mr. G. C. Leach, a barrister,
gave Sunday lectures on Spiritualistic sub-
jects at Castlemaine, which were so highly
appreciated by their hearers that they raised
a fund for their publication and two thou-
sand were distributed weekly.

In 1870 the need for a spiritualistic paper
was realized by the directors of the move-
ment on the spirit side, and through a private
medium a vision was shown of the form and
title thereof, and myself indicated as the edi-
tor. I was incredulous about this part of it
and took no action in the matter, but the in-
junction was repeated and friends promising
financial help the first copy of "The Harbinger
of Light" with its motto as given by the
spirits appeared in September of that year.
Another spiritualistic centre was formed
about this time at a mining town in the
northwest named Stawell, the promoter and

propagandist being Mr. Jas. McLean, Crown
lands bailiff; the society formed there sub-
scribed for fifty copies of the paper to help
it along during its infancy. At Bendigo Mr.
John Tyerman, minister of the Church of
England at Kangaroo flat, was inhibited by
his bishop for affirming the truth of Spiritu-
alism, and the newly formed Victorian Asso-
ciation of Spiritualists invited him to Mel-
bourne where he lectured under their aus-
pices for several months and subsequently
made a congregation of his own.

The first annual address of the association
was given by the president, Dr. W. Lindsay
Richarson, in November, 1871.

A circle appropriately named the "Ener-
getic" for eliciting physical phenomena was
established at Sandhurst, by Mr. W. D. C.
Denovan, an ex-member of Parliament; the
best conditions on the part of the members
were insisted upon by the chairman, and
many interesting phenomena, including mate-
rialization without a cabinet, direct writing,
and the passing of matter through matter
were evolved, a full description of which is
given in a large volume subsequently written
and published by Mr. Denovan, under the
title of "Evidences of Spiritualism." Re-
markable phenomena also occurred through
the mediumship of Mrs. L. Paton, a private
medium at Castlemaine.

The arrival of Dr. (then Mr.) J. M. Peebles
in Melbourne, October, 1872, formed an epoch
in the development of Spiritualism, in Aus-
tralia. He was accorded a public welcome in
the Masonic Hall on Friday, Nov. 1st, and on
the following Sunday commenced his lectures
in the large Temperance Hall. Although the
secular press tried to write him down he was
successful from the first, and after the first
few lectures it was found necessary to en-
gage the Prince of Wales Theatre which was
filled Sunday after Sunday with an enthusi-
astic audience.

A Children's Lyceum had just been started,
Mr. Peebles and young Dr. Dunn (a phys-
ical medium who had accompanied him) joined
the work, and within six months all the
groups were full and the institution is in suc-
cessful operation to this day.

Charles Foster's visit is an event not to be
overlooked, his marvelous phenomena were
the means of convincing many clear-headed
but skeptical men, among whom may be men-
tioned Mr. H. Junor Browne (author of "The
Holy Truth," and numerous other works),
and the late Drs. Hohner and Mueller.

Dr. Peebles' second visit in 1877 was as
successful as the first; crowds filled the the-
atre and his lectures and letters to the press
attracted much public attention. Mrs. Brit-
ten, in the following year, was equally suc-
cessful and filled the Opera House for 26 con-
secutive Sundays, and William Denton who
followed four years later made an impression
on the scientific minds of the community. He
was a grand man and helped materially in
the upbuilding of Australian Spiritualism.

Though Victoria has been the "Hub" of
Spiritualism in Australia, the neighboring
state of New South Wales has not been with-
out its workers, the most prominent of the
pioneers being the late Hon. John Bowie Wil-
son, M. D., who was an open advocate of it
nearly forty years since. Of the condition
and status of Spiritualism here and in New
Zealand the past year it is unnecessary to
speak, the editor of the "Banner" can give
you an impartial report from observation and
experience. He has placed many good stones
in our edifice which are greatly admired by
not a few.

The work of the Victorian Association of
Spiritualists is supplemented by the Lyceum
and several smaller bodies of workers in Mel-
bourne and its suburbs, and although there is
a lack of enthusiasm among the workers
there are many sowing the seed, which gives
promise of a good harvest in the near future.
Those who look beneath the surface can have
no doubt that the roots are spreading.
Melbourne, Australia, April 4, 1904.

A Visit to the Morris Pratt Institute.

A CANDID CONFESSION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A few weeks ago, at the time of the Mass
meeting and Convention of the Illinois State
Spiritualists' Association and National Spiritu-
alists' Association here, the writer met at
our own church social, The Band of Har-
mony, some of the officers of the Wisconsin
State Spiritualists' Association and of the
Morris Pratt Institute.

I was charmed and cordially invited to at-
tend and address the then forthcoming An-
nual Convention of the Wisconsin State Spiritu-
alists' Association, which was to be held
at the Morris Pratt Institute. Mr. Will J.
Erwood, Moses and Mattie Hull and Mrs.
Clara L. Stewart were those who invited me.
I was to be the guest of the Institute while
at Whitewater.

Needless to say, it was a pleasure to visit
Wisconsin on such a delightful errand. For,
as perhaps you and some of your readers
may recall, Wisconsin was the state, and the
place Lake Mills, (not far from Whitewater)
where my work in Spiritualism first com-
menced when I was a little girl ten years of
age.

I was charmed with the personnel of the
Convention, and with its earnest work. With-
out any invidious comparisons, for there can
be none where all work so well, I consider
Will J. Erwood, the efficient Secretary, the
"right man in the right place." The Presi-
dent, Mrs. Brown, is a dignified presiding
officer and most earnest and capable worker.
Indeed all the workers in Wisconsin seem
most efficient and enthusiastic.

But that of which I wish to write chiefly is,
my "impressions of the Morris Pratt Insti-
tute," for that is precisely what so many have
asked me since my return.

I have always objected to schools that are
in any degree "sectarian" or "denomina-
tional." I have thought that our Public and
High Schools afforded all needed opportunities
for the first principles of an education. There
were several other points of former objec-
tion in my mind in connection with special
schools for Spiritualists and mediums, many
of which are now very much modified and
some of which have melted away since my
visit there.

I knew the Pratts in my childhood and
have seen them at intervals ever since. Nor-
man Pratt, a brother of Morris, was a con-
stant visitor at my father's house when I was
a little girl expounding the, then new, teach-
ing of Spiritualism, he lived in an adjoining
town. Morris Pratt also came frequently,
and I visited his home in Whitewater before
the large new home (now the school) was
built.

It was well understood, after Morris Pratt
made his money by investing in the iron mines
discovered by my former teacher, Mrs. Mary
Folsom Hayes (now Chenoweth), that he in-
tended his beautiful home for the Spiritualists
and for specific work in Spiritualism, (school
and institute combined.)

I found the Institute a large, well-arranged,
beautifully kept, economically managed home
for the 18 or 20 young people who are there
for study in the higher branches of education
that will qualify them for the work they wish
to do.

There are most competent teachers. The
Principal, Prof. W. C. Brown, is eminently qual-
ified, by education and experience, to give a
finished education in all the higher branches.
The corps of teachers is fine in personality
and qualification. No one can handle the

theological conundrums that every speaker
must meet better than Moses Hull. And in
the realm of psychic encouragement and ex-
planation what milder influence and intuition
could be found than Mattie Hull? While
the real mother who cares for their bodies is
Mrs. Weaver. We all know the work and
earnestness, the unflinching, of Mrs. Clara
L. Stewart, the Secretary.

In the first place the Institute is a home
in every sense of the word. Education there
can be a personal adaptation more than in
other schools and colleges. It is not a sec-
tarian institution; but the children of Spiritu-
alists attending there will not be ridiculed
on account of their belief, nor expelled if
found to have mediumistic gifts. The atmos-
phere is one of toleration for all beliefs and
of encouragement in any psychic or medium-
istic gifts that may be manifested. Of
course, there can be no such thing as teach-
ing mediumship and that is not expected nor
attempted. But to explain as far as is known
the principles governing our spiritual na-
tures, and to welcome any spiritual gifts and
surround the possessors with sympathy and
harmony is the attainment of a great desir-
endum.

These points are foremost in my mind:

1st. Young people are sent away, or de-
sire to go away to school.

2nd. The children of Spiritualists go
away to school like those of other people.
They often find their surroundings uncon-
genial, inharmorous and persecuting.

3rd. The training received in the Morris
Pratt Institute is equal in point of schol-
arship, to that of any other institute of learn-
ing.

4th. The added advantage is the home
influence, hygienic teaching, the recognition
and encouragement of knowledge of
Spiritualism and its influence in daily human
life.

5th. The advantage of a place known to
present the most advanced scientific, ethi-
cal and spiritual truths as far as known
in the world.

6th. The carrying out of the life-long
purpose, and the earliest and latest wishes
of Morris Pratt is one of the sacred duties
entrusted to Spiritualists both of the state
and nation.

Will they let it lapse?

Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of what
I saw and felt there and the great enthusi-
asm and progress of the students, an enthu-
siasm I have never seen equaled for all the
officers and all the teachers, I cannot close
this letter without expressing an earnest
hope that this beautiful home school will be
borne forward by the rank and file of the
Spiritualists through the state and national
associations to a grand future fruition.

Personally, I wish to express my thanks to
the officers and members of the Wisconsin
State Spiritualists' Association for their wel-
come, and appreciation of my work while
with them in convention. And to the faculty
and officers of the Morris Pratt Institute, in-
cluding the lovely and interesting students,
for their hospitality, and for one of the most
interesting visits of my life.

Cora L. V. Richmond.
Chicago, May 15th, 1904.

Dr. Peebles' Opinion.

J. M. Peebles, M. D., one of the most popu-
lar authors in the ranks of Spiritualism,
writes as follows of that remarkable book,
"In the World Celestial." "There are bodies
terrestrial and bodies celestial," wrote Paul to
the Corinthian church. Considering the law
of adaptation, celestial bodies only can dwell
permanently in a world celestial. And by
happy coincidence this is the telling title of a
most interesting and spiritually instructive
book by Dr. T. A. Blaud, so well known in
the literary world. This book treats of the
hereafter not as a dream, but as a series of
facts witnessed by one, who, released tempo-
rarily from the physical body, traversed, not
the earth-encircled zone only, but the celestial
spheres, and then returning to earth related
what he saw in those realms immortal. The
whole trend of this book is spiritually and
morally uplifting. It should have an immense
sale." For sale by the Banner of Light Pub-
lishing Company.

TEARS.

Oh! the sobbing, sobbing rain,
Why these tears, why these years,
You've had your moods complaining,
Why not cease? your grief restraining.

Can no voice of Nature soothe you?
Is it sorrow that so moves you?
Why this sobbing, sighing, wailing?
Are your tears of source unailing?

Send some Angel from the Heavens,
Send some voice to waiting ears,
That would know of grief unending,
Ever so for countless years.

This is what a voice told me,
In the darkness and the rain,
Plainly spoke and I remembered
For I've heard the voice again.

Nature's tears are but her offering,
To the helpless lives below,
That reach to God in supplication,
From whom the living waters flow.

Life pleads for life and Nature yielding,
Gives her all both smile and tears,
Answers all the natural callings,
Enduring ever, endless years.

Attleboro, Mass. —J. N. Read.

Not Enough Chalk.

Papa (at the breakfast table)—Willie boy,
why are you looking so thoughtful? Are you
not feeling well?

Willie (very seriously)—Yes, papa; but I
had a strange dream this morning.

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.

The Blue Book.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I was very much surprised to read of Miss Elizabeth Harlow's attack on the phenomena of Spiritualism. It is most unwise and very unkind for a lecturer to make such statements as published in your issue of May 7th regarding a so-called "Blue Book."

If Miss Harlow knows of the existence of such a book, and I believe she would not make such a statement if not true, I as a worker ask Miss Harlow to enlighten the public as to the existence of such a book and by whom used for the purpose she designates. I believe it would do more to purify the ranks of fraud and uplift the Cause.

Permit me through the columns of your valuable paper to ask Miss Harlow for a clearer explanation as to the uses of said Blue Book. She says, "thanks to the Blue Book the Medium" "does not have to rely on inspiration" "or spirit control."

Why do these unscrupulous people need "guides" when the "Blue Book" guides them and makes for them the ill-gotten gains?

Miss Harlow places herself in a very unpleasant position, when, if she recalls that frequently she has claimed the arisen "Clara Banks" as her guide and control, then the world has as much right to doubt her "inspiration" as to find fault with the phenomena.

That the future existence of man is a fact can no longer be doubted. There are too many intelligent people not easily imposed upon by "blue book" tests, etc. The statement of Miss Harlow is vicious to say the least or she would have given the names of such as use the so-called "Blue Book."

It is unjust to thousands of honest mediums. If Miss Harlow has had the misfortune to associate with such fraudulent imitators of Spiritualism, I am truly sorry for her and feel that it is her duty to at once dispel the general wave of distrust created by her remarks and charges, and it behooves her to give to the public the name or names of such persons, calling themselves mediums, who use the "Blue Book" through the columns of the public press for the good of the Cause.—Margaret Gaulle.

New York City, May 13th, 1904.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching feet. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Why am I a Spiritualist?

James H. Young.

This question each one should ask of himself or herself and then search within the mind for the answer.

For myself I would reply as follows:
First. Because Spiritualism brings to me truths in relation to earth life, and also in relation to continuous life, or life in the Spirit-world which I can comprehend.

Second. Spiritualism opens the door of communication between the two worlds; between the spirit while in the body and the decarnate spirit, thereby bringing us into communion the one with the other and proving (beyond the power of science or theology to set aside) that we are immortal beings and must live forever.

Third. Spiritualism has given to man the best code of morals he has ever received; and teaches him how to apply them to earth life and thereby win for himself a higher and better condition in the life beyond.

Fourth. Spiritualism strips from the grave its terrors, converts death from a dreaded enemy to be the best friend of man, and banishes superstition and ignorance, and releases the mind from the weight of error which hath bound it for these many centuries past, giving to man knowledge in place of faith, and truth in place of error.

I could give many other reasons for the belief we entertain, but these should be sufficient to lead the mind to investigate and know for itself of what we affirm. I know of no case where investigation honestly and earnestly pursued has not freed the mind from the galling chains of creed and dogma, and caused it to find truth where before it found only ignorance and error.

Spiritualism brings to you as well as to me new truths in relation to both earth and spirit life. In regard to this life, or life on the earth sphere, it teaches us under all circumstances to do what is right, both by ourselves and by others, and for our guidance gives us the old, old rule called golden, because it has been with man throughout all time as the basic law of action between man and the neighbor, and assures us that if we so act and so do, or if we follow its teachings we shall reap the reward in that world which Spiritualism opens up to our view.

In regard to that world toward which we are traveling day by day, we are taught that progression depends upon the willingness of the spirit to receive the truths presented to the mind, or rather his or her desire for knowledge, to know the truth that he may be governed thereby. If we receive these truths and are governed by them while in earth life, the path of progression is open to us; but in spirit life we can find the gate only through the knowledge of truth.

Many dwellers there on reaching a certain point or place to which they have aspired, are willing to rest and rehearse the lessons which they have learned, making themselves more perfect therein. When they desire to visit lower spheres and circles, oftentimes visiting circles on earth in order to find those who will receive these truths from them. Finding receptive minds on earth, or in the lower circles of spirit life they impart of their knowledge, thus leading other minds to higher planes or conditions of life.

Should they find the minds they sought unresponsive, unprepared to receive the truth, they again return to study and learn how to attract these minds and bring them into the condition of desire to learn and know these truths.

This work (we are told) is a work of love, a work that brings more knowledge and advancement on Progression's path to the soul working therein, though no desire to dwell in a higher sphere until perfected in the work, and other minds are also prepared to occupy the homes they leave.

Again, we are told that teachers from higher spheres oftentimes inspire these minds with a desire to know something more about the next advanced sphere or condition of life, and then conduct them there and open the mind to realize what their new homes will be when they, by their work for humanity, are fully prepared to dwell therein.

Many minds still dwelling on earth, clouded by their beliefs, their dogmas and creeds, suppose that Jesus, or Christ, has prepared their homes in a place called heaven, and because of their faith or trust in him they will (when death opens the door) be immediately taken there and also into his presence. All minds who have been so taught will be sadly disappointed, for neither priest nor people of his charge will find a home in spirit life such as their mere belief had painted on the mind, nor will they find Jesus or Christ waiting to conduct them thereto.

These minds may go mourning for months or years, seeking but never finding Jesus, nor any semblance of their fancied home; but their spirit friends are always near and, if the desire for help or knowledge arises in the mind, will present the truth and conduct them to their proper homes, the homes earned during earth life, and also to the schools of that sphere.

In various ways Spiritualism answers our second reason and opens the door of communication between the seen and the unseen worlds. I need only refer each reader to his or her own experience. How often in the twilight hour, or when communing with self alone, have you felt another's presence? How often have impressions or thoughts been presented to your mind in such form as to change the current of your previous thought? How often have the eyes been partly opened and the ears unsealed so that for the moment you could see and hear unspeakable things? But have you cultivated these conditions, or have you relegated them to the domain of the imagination? Have you investigated to know whence came these impressions, these thoughts and visions, or have you thrust them aside, thus grieving the dear friends who were trying to open the door of your mind and lead you to higher and better conditions of life? Death does not take our friends away from our homes. Oh, no! For the two worlds interblend, and it is only because our eyes are blind and our ears are deaf that we do not see and hear them every day.

No people have such truthful lessons, such splendid opportunities to gain knowledge, and such loving, painstaking friends to assist them as the Spiritualists, and no people neglect them more. Think you that we will not be able to answer before the bar of self judgment for our neglect of the various opportunities of earth life? Yes, emphatically yes. Looking backward from the home to which Death has led us, viewing and reviewing the panorama of life on earth, we will say, "Had I listened at such a time, had I obeyed the impression of that hour, or yielded to the thought and inspiration so kindly given (as I now know) by spirit friends, I might have had a more beautiful home and surroundings in a higher sphere of spirit life. In the wasted hours of earth life I might have acquired knowledge and have been more capable of teaching others, loved ones still in earth life."

Wasted moments, neglected opportunities, sins of omission as well as sins of commission will arise to condemn us before that bar where self will be the judge.
Referring to our third reason why I am a Spiritualist, because Spiritualism has not only opened the door and drawn aside the veil between the two conditions of life, but has given to man the more truthful teachings and the most comprehensive code of morals needed to attain happiness both here and hereafter ever known. You may search all the bibles in the world, all the encyclopedias and books of definition to be found in all the libraries that civilization owns, and you cannot prove to the satisfaction of mind that man is a soul, an immortal being, or the fact of continuous life. Excepting Job's question, "If a man die shall he live again?" there is in the Old Testament no sign of continuous life. Solomon the wise says, "That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth the beast . . . as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust and all turn to dust again." Solomon's life proved him honest in his belief.

The New Testament—being the outcome of the Old, both mostly drawn from (so-called) pagan sources, garbled and mutilated until the parent source would hardly know its child; changed and revised by man through all its MSS. life, until types multiplying copies rendered this impossible—gives us no positive proof of continuous life, only assertion which is surrounded by doubt. All religions are founded upon these books and they all speak of man as possessing a soul, a something which can be separated from himself, and can be saved or lost independent of himself. This doctrine is the central dogma of every known cult. "Be saved," "Be saved," and from whence? Saved by being washed in the blood of a mythical Christ and from an equally mythical hell. No matter how much the many cults may differ upon dogma or creed this one plank is the central plank of each platform, and all other doctrines are built around it.

Mankind demands proof. The day of mere assertion is past. "Believe or be damned" has no longer power over mind. "Scatter our doubts by proving your assertions," says man. Here Spiritualism steps to the front and presents her varied phenomena as proof of her teaching. The tiny but intelligent rap, the pencil held by the automatic hand, the rattle slates, yet your spirit friends will write messages of love between them; the test medium who proves that as your friend still lives you also shall continue to live; the many other phases of mediumship crowned by materialization, where you can talk with your loved ones face to face and know for a surety that they are not dead. That the soul alone has not been saved or lost, but they are still human beings dwelling in a spirit world. Then think of the inspirational or independent written message descriptive of their homes, conditions of life, their work for humanity in lower spheres and on earth and the assurance that in the near future we shall join them and be as they. What more can be given? The answer is, "No more!" for we know that there is no death, for man shall live forever.

Our fourth reason, viz.: "That Spiritualism strips from the grave its terrors," has already been proven; it being almost impossible to write any thesis upon Spiritualism and its many and varied phenomena without proving that by reason of her advent death hath no sting, and the grave gains no victory over man. Only the temple in which man dwelt goeth to the grave and it remaineth not long there.

It, therefore, only remains for us to ask, How shall we reach the home or higher sphere and pass the first or darker sphere on entering spirit life? By strictly following the old, old rule as spoken by Buddha, Confucius, Apollonius or Jesus, which rule called the Golden is familiar to all. By giving ear to "the still small voice within," and never forgetting your duty towards your own child or the children of your neighbor. A child's mind on entering school in earth life may be compared to a clean slate ready to receive whatever may be written thereon, and remember that you are responsible for what may be written there and must in the future life give an account of your guardianship during this period of tender and impressionable years. Knowing the truth can you allow the errors of theology to be written on that childish mind and then hope to escape the penalty of that crime? Your child is yours to mold as you please until it reaches the age when it can reason for itself and then it may or may not be yours to guard and guide longer. Then see to it that only truth is written there.

A Christian's mind is a slate covered with

error. Dogma and creed, superstition and bigotry are written in every corner, leaving no room for truth. In the first or darker sphere (we are told) they find their homes and cannot progress from thence until they are willing to clean the slate of mind and write the truth thereon. Therefore see, as you value your own future happiness that your child's mind is truthful and free, so that from spirit life you may continue to influence it in the ways of truth and be able to welcome it home when it also leaves the earth life and enters the life above.

While there is no localized heaven or hell, no place where sinners (so-called) are punished, or tortured forever, as taught by the old theology, still I fancy that the remorse a mother, a father may feel, one who knows the truth, yet thrusts a child into the quicksands of error, will be nearer hell than any torture the material body can feel.

I may have rambled somewhat from my question, but one who at times influences both mind and pen says:

"In spirit land where I now dwell
I find no Heaven, have found no Hell;
The spirit sphere is to each one
As good or evil they have done,
"Within the mind," so reads the Law,
You evil love or good adore.
While there on earth, as mortals dwell,
You win your heaven or make your hell."

"Then let the law for ages taught
Guide every act, inspire each thought;
"As to yourself," you'd have them do
Example set," they'll learn from you,
Need have no fear of future state
If thus with Truth and Good you wait,
If by your neighbor you've done well
Your heaven's won, need fear no hell."

"This state of peace immortals love
And oft do leave their homes above
To guide you out life's barren strands
To homes prepared in spirit-land.
To mortals they would truth unfold,
Would dwell with every truthful soul,
To all, this truth they'd ever tell
If home is heaven, there'd be no hell."

"The state called Heaven you there will find
Is truth and good stored in the mind.
No local place with meads and bounds
Where'er is Love there Heaven is found.
'Tis Love that makes our homes so bright,
We live in love's refulgent light,
Joy, Peace and Hope, with Love doth dwell,
For Love is Heaven, but Hate is Hell."

Onset, Mass.

Man and His Ancestors.

Haeckel in his "Riddle of the Universe," a book which is obtaining a wide circulation through the energy of the Rationalist Press Association, has demonstrated that the resemblance between the body of man and that of the ape is remarkably, unpleasantly close. There is hardly a detail in the human physique which has not its counterpart in his uncanny prototype. Until recently, however, there was thought to be one saving difference between the lord of the creation and his hairy caricature. The human brain was supposed to be distinguished from that of the ape by the absence of what was known as the simian fold on the posterior portion of the main hemisphere. Unluckily, though this fold has, apparently, ceased to be noticeable in the European, Professor G. Elliot Smith, of the Egyptian Government School of Medicine, has, according to "Knowledge," been able to detect it in the brains of Egyptians and Sudanese. This seems to be a calamitous discovery, and at first sight the only course open to us is to recognize frankly our poor relations. There is, however, an alternative which we may still prefer. It is to disown the Egyptian and Sudanese, who have set up egregious pretensions to be human beings.—Ex.

The New Thought Age.

Bishop A. Beals.

This is a wonderful age of discovery of scientific research and achievement along the lines of intellectual and spiritual growth.

A new race of men, as it were, are now anchoring their ships to the shores of a new thought world and storing them with the riches of heaven's treasures. The rapid advancement in arts and sciences in the discovery of nature's hidden treasures has accumulated beyond the most sanguine dreams of the visionary mind, and their significance and value is hardly realized so swiftly does one discovery follow the heels of the other.

That certainly was a most wonderful achievement which not long since at Oyster Bay a message was sent around the world in twelve minutes and a reply sent around in the opposite direction in nine minutes and a half. It almost staggers the comprehension to see such an evidence of man's mastery over nature, yet your spirit friends will write messages of love between them; the test medium who proves that as your friend still lives you also shall continue to live; the many other phases of mediumship crowned by materialization, where you can talk with your loved ones face to face and know for a surety that they are not dead. That the soul alone has not been saved or lost, but they are still human beings dwelling in a spirit world. Then think of the inspirational or independent written message descriptive of their homes, conditions of life, their work for humanity in lower spheres and on earth and the assurance that in the near future we shall join them and be as they. What more can be given? The answer is, "No more!" for we know that there is no death, for man shall live forever.

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A Christian's mind is a slate covered with

mercy in the lives of noble men and women; where religion finds its priceless worth in good works and noble deeds and God is made manifest on earth.

Back of the outer world of phenomena is the unseen world of spirit, where thought and wisdom radiates through the souls of men supreme over mind and matter. The philosophy and intellectual and moral culture are giving to this age an uplift and awakening such as never before in any age, and the breaking away from old forms and dogmas make the past religious beliefs seem like Hamlet's ghost in the dawn of the new age of reason and spiritual light.

The curse of fear that made the old religion one of torture to the human reason by its unnatural doctrines of hate and vindictive punishments has happily passed away from the world and no longer shadows the human mind and in its stead comes the peace brooding spell with whispered messages of arisen soul—warm and fresh as violet flowers in the scent of sun-lighted spring.

Then away with the old-time past
There's a higher and wiser plan
With the in-coming year full of good cheer
And our Twentieth Century Man.
Summerland, Calif.

"Atonement Through Blood" Pernicious and Demoralizing.

At a revival meeting recently held in an Eastern state it is reported that preparations were being made to kill many children as a sacrifice; and officials took action to prevent the slaughter. This illustrates the pernicious dogma of "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

Russia is striving to gain the favor of the nations by claiming that her war with Japan is between paganism and Christianity. Japan is a Buddhist nation, and to illustrate the beneficent character of the founder of that great religion, Buddhism, the following from the great poet-prophet, Whittier, is pertinent: When the animal was to be slain, in the presence of the king, Buddha interposed and softly said:

"Let him not strike, great king," and there-with loosed
The victim's bonds, none staying him, so great
His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take, but none can give—
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep—
Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest. . . .
The king came near,
Standing with clasped hands, reverencing Buddha;
While still Buddha went on, teaching how fair
This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,
Bloodless and pure: the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats.

As between Japan and Russia almost every intelligent person favors the former. The history of the latter is a blot on the civilization of the age. Russia's treatment of the Jews has been atrocious—more cruel than even the most barbarous tribes mete out. The history of civilized nations in times of peace furnish no instance of such atrocities as Russia has perpetrated. That nation has been false to the divine dictum—Justice. "Only justice shalt thou pursue that thou mayest live."

Great Britain and the United States should interpose in the interest of peace, dismember Russia, and make her a republic under the suzerainty of Great Britain and the United States. It is in the power of the two latter nations to preserve the peace of the world. Not only are they competent, but it is their duty to do it. They can initiate The Golden Age—no more slaughter to adjust international differences. All bright and aspiring spirits on both sides of the ocean will rejoice to see the two greatest nations on earth interpose and establish peace.

"The creator of the speech of the lips (commands) peace to him that is afar off, and him that is near, saith God; and I will heal him." Isaiah-lyli, 19.
Quaker.

He Returned to Tell the Story.

Dr. Franklin, with his unexcelled mind for research and deep thought, was so impressed with the thought of practical communication between us and the spirit land that he and his two close companions agreed that whichever departed this life first should come and tell the other, if in his power, of the spirit land. About sixty-five years ago the writer read a book giving a particular account of two young men in Massachusetts who were dear friends, one of whom was a doctor. The other was taken sick and the people said died; but his friend said he was not dead. He prepared his hands so as to be sure and after careful examination said he could feel warmth, and his loved friend was alive. After waiting the usual time the funeral day was appointed. The neighbors gathered for the burial. The Doctor pleaded for delay, assuring them that life was not extinct. They answered his plea by giving time, a shorter time, and, at last, gave him only five minutes, but during that time his young friend gasped. When he awoke he told them the beautiful story of the spirit land; of its glories, its joys and its sweetness; and said he pleaded with them that he might abide with them, but that they told him he must go back to the earth. He told his earthly friends of the friends who had passed from earth, whom he met there; and said that a well-known esquire living some distance away came to the spirit land while he was there. Those who were doubting, then announced their assurance that it was all a dream, imagination; as they knew the esquire was in good health. This did not shake the young man's understanding. He knew he saw him there. Upon inquiry it was found that while the young man was apparently, in the arms of death the Esquire had departed this life.

The writer has had numerous communications from the spirit land, guiding, warning and cheering him on in this earthly existence. Surely the light is coming! Let all persons, who wish and dare to learn the truth, investigate. They will soon see that whoever disbelieves, or does not comprehend the reality of spirit communication with all its blessings and beauties and glories is behind the age in which he or she lives. And, indeed, is lost to the fullness of this earthly existence.—Hope, Challis, Idaho.

Pile's Cure is an effective remedy for Cold on the Lungs. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

We all have our ideas of justice, integrity, purity, benevolence, and we cannot estimate their value to us. We may and do fall far short of them in social life, but we never can go beyond them, for every new ascent in virtue shows fresh heights to be gained.

LIFE SAVED BY SWAMP-ROOT

The Wonderful Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy.

SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT FREE BY MAIL.

Swamp-Root, discovered by the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, promptly cures kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles.

Some of the early symptoms of weak kidneys are pain or dull ache in the back, rheumatism, dizziness, headache, nervousness, catarrh of the bladder, gravel or calculi, bloating, sallow complexion, puffiness or dark circles under the eyes, suppression of urine, or compulsion to pass water often day and night.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything, but if you have kidney, liver, bladder or uric acid trouble you will find it just the remedy you need.

Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and a pamphlet that tells all about it, including many of the thousands of letters received from sufferers cured, both sent free by mail. Write Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and please be sure to mention that you read this advertisement in the Banner of Light. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Five Toasts.

A story is told that recently in Los Angeles five prominent gentlemen of foreign birth chanced to meet. One was a Russian, one a Turk, one a Frenchman, one an American, and the other an Englishman. The gentlemen became bosom friends, and finally a champagne supper was proposed, at which each gentleman, in turn, was to give a toast to the others, to be in keeping with the times, was to give a toast to his native country, the one giving the best toast to be at no expense for the wine. Here are the toasts given:

The Russian—"Here's to the stars and bars of Russia, that were never pulled down."
The Turk—"Here's to the moons of Turkey, whose wings were never clipped."
The Frenchman—"Here's to the cock of France, whose feathers were never picked."
The American—"Here's to the stars and stripes of the United States of America, that never trailed in defeat."
The Englishman—"Here's to the rampin' roarin' lion of Great Britain that tore down the stars and bars of Russia, clipped the wings of Turkey, picked the feathers off the cock of France, and ran like a— from the stars and stripes of the United States of America."

The Englishman paid for no champagne.—The Sheepsfoot Echo, Wiscasset, Me.

A RELIABLE HEART CURE.

Alice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any suffer from Heart Disease will write her she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect home cure she used.

No one can enter the Kingdom of God through Fright or Fear—the Kingdom is attained when we recognize and realize that God is Love. The fear of the Lord is an obstruction to wisdom and attainment; the love of the great God tendeth to more life—fuller life. Love is constructive; fear destructive; love maketh one free; fear, a slave.

The Wisdom of Passion.

BY SALVARONA.

In modern philosophy there are three great treatises on the Passions, that of Spinoza, that of Hume, and that of Salvarona.—Philosophical Journal.

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The extraordinary merits of "The Wisdom of Passion" are the copiousness of human insight and content in the way of fact and reference with which the book is crammed. I can assure I agree with—Prof. William James, Harvard University.

I have found "The Wisdom of Passion" to be a book of great erudition and fine intuition. It is the best I have 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 the most profit, placed "The Wisdom of Passion" among the first on the list.

Salvarona gives more satisfactory reasons for his conclusions 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 on the motives of men. I expect to go over it again in order to mark and margin the epigrams, the gemlike sentences, the gems of poetic beauty. I 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 retailing 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.—Alison 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 worth of 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 Bailey's and Brewster's philosophy. "The Wisdom of Passion" fits in with their contributions. The main theme of the book—that the soul forms its own frame by the choice—I can ascribe to—Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs, University of Chicago.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1904.

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

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

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

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression 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 personal 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.

If you have not yet procured a copy each of "The Widow's Mite," and the new book concerning Mrs. Piper's mediumship, send for one at once. Both are most valuable additions to our literature.

Read Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond's interesting contribution regarding the Morris Pratt Institute and her visit thereto. It is a graceful tribute to the labors of Moses Hull and his earnest coadjutors.

This issue contains a valuable contribution from the pen of W. H. Terry, the able editor of that sterling antipodean monthly, The Harbinger of Light, of Melbourne, Australia. Mr. Terry gives us a fine pen picture of the beginnings and development of Spiritualism in Australia, notably in the states of Victoria and New South Wales.

Says the Boston Herald, "The Methodist brethren continue to pass resolutions in favor of the colored brother, but they don't elect him a bishop." Once we read quite a strong argument somebody made in favor of Jesus being a black man! Universal brotherhood somehow seems to be always up against race prejudices—"all men are brothers," says the Caucasian, so long as he is a white man!

The following dissimilar but interesting items are worth putting on record. The American Bible Society has at last sanctioned the issue of the Revised version of the Bible issued under the authority of King James. Another step is thus taken in breaking away from the ironclad traditions of the past. On Sunday morning last the dead body of a man was found hanging at the end of a rope in the belfry of the fashionable Emanuel Baptist church, Michigan avenue, Chicago, which is about as unique a suicide as can be found on the record of such events. And lastly the supreme court, lately in session at Goshen, N. Y., has directed that all papers which had passed between the departed Luther R. Marsh and the "spirit medium" Clarissa J. Huyler shall be produced in court and it is said some remarkable statements may be made public.

The British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union was recently in annual convention at the celebrated seashore resort, Blackpool, England. As soon as we receive the official organ of the body with its report of the proceedings we will present a resume of the same to our readers. Meanwhile we cordially acknowledge the receipt of a souvenir postal card signed by the auditors and some of the coun-

cil, worded thus: "The Palestine Hotel, Blackpool, May 8th, 1904. Greeting and all good wishes from Jno. J. Bennett, H. A. Kersey, Frank Chiswell, W. C. Tompkins, S. S. Chiswell, John Venable, staying here for B. S. L. U. Conference."

The attention of our Boston and New England readers is specially directed to the V. S. U. Announcements appearing in another column. Your presence at Pequa's Anniversary will afford you an interesting occasion, and also enable you to assist the funds of this worthy Union. While, should you attend one or other of the Summer Sunday Services, you will spend a profitable hour on each occasion.

Owing to the great demands upon our space the past two weeks several interesting communications are unavoidably held over. Will our friends kindly understand that no discourtesy or favoritism is implied if their favors do not immediately appear? In all cases where communications are not suitable for our use they are returned at once. If your favor has not yet been printed kindly note the preceding remarks.

"We Universalist ministers write books, and lead tourists' excursions through Europe, and go on the lecture platform, and do other things to make more money, and thereby take just so much bone and sinew and gray matter out of the pulpit which we are paid a salary to fill."

The above was the utterance of the Rev. J. F. Albion in the Columbus Avenue Church at the Universalist Ministers' Meeting, and if true shows that even preachers of the Gospel are not averse to the turning of an honest penny outside their regular stipends.

The Unitarians have just been celebrating their Anniversary Week, during which Dr. Alfred Lazenby delivered an address on "The New Agnosticism," and as the following quotation will show virtually in approval.

"Dr. Lazenby applied the title of 'new agnosticism' to the positions taken in a recent book by Sir Henry Thompson, a distinguished English physician. Our author, he said, tells us that 'the infinite and eternal energy' is to be known by a careful study of phenomena, and by collecting all data respecting it which are proved to be facts. No revelation has ever, he tells us, been given to man, for whatever men may have discovered or accomplished, they owe entirely to their own unaided efforts. The supernatural character of the Bible is a figment; miracles are discredited; the claims made for Christianity are alike disregarded; and Sir Henry Thompson rests our knowledge of God simply on the natural powers of the human mind exercising themselves on the facts of the universe."

Verily the times are moving and the sectarian bodies are being carried along by a momentum they are powerless to resist. It is a good sign.

Hands Across the Grave.

The thirtieth day of May in each year is set apart by the people of this great Republic for the purpose of paying honor to the memory of those of their sons who fought and died in the sad strife which stirred the nation to its centre in the days that seem almost ancient now, so rapidly do time and events proceed. To paraphrase a well known sentiment, it can be said that "the blood of the patriot is the cement which unites nations," and without doubt in this case it was not shed in vain. As a military exploit alone it still stands the wonder of the world. For the ability and capacity it called forth probably no nation can produce an exact parallel, while of the crowning magnanimity which closed the bitter strife, one may almost search the pages of history in vain to find its equal in intent, to say nothing of fulfillment. To fight for justice, for the freedom of the bond, for the perpetuation of national existence is justifiable, if fighting can be justified at all. But when the roar of the guns is silenced and the groans of the wounded are hushed and men set to thinking coolly it comes to them in the after years that nearly every war might have been avoided by some calmness and concession on either side. Still history rests upon accomplished facts rather than what might have been, so the record stands, the nation was saved, the slave freed, and, in the end, the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray forgot their feuds, and sat as brothers around the campfires and recounted without heat or anger their several shares in the terrible four years' tragedy.

But alas! hundreds were mustered out. Their physical ears no longer caught the "Reveille" or "Taps." Pale were their faces, bedabbled their brow or breast with their blood, twisted their forms on the field as they lay in the pale moonlight of the southern skies. The soldiers' grave gave these torn bodies honorable sepulture, and North and South alike mourned the bravest of the sons of this fair land. Each believed in his own case and side, each was willing to die for his faith, and right or wrong, no man can do more, none can do less in such a crisis. They were as truly martyrs to truth as any bound to the stake in ages past. We honor their faith to all this Nation stands for, the sympathetic tear adorns our cheeks as we at this far off day dwell on their sufferings that we might be free and our glorious Union secure today. Place the flag, the wreath, the humble flower, deliver the customary speech, tell of the heroes of the strife lying in nameless graves in the areas where the conflict raged and once more feel

"The one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin,"

and the resultant emotions will reinspire your gratitude for those who died and fill you with renewed patriotism for the land we love.

Then, when all was over and the survivors of the southern and northern hosts wended their ways homewards how many were hurt and maimed, and so made unfit for the duties of daily life? Then the heart of the people opened and what money could do to aid the veterans of the war was nobly and unstintingly done. But one by one these scarred heroes fell by the wayside. In many a hand-some cemetery and quiet burying ground the mortal form was laid to rest, thus closing the chapter of the life that dared and suffered so

much for us. History tells the story of it all, many a book and song retells it all over and over again, and fathers and mothers teach their children, and the school teacher with the rest helps to keep alive the memories of the cruel sufferings our brothers bore. And now within a few days the flag will form again, the bands, and the banners; the veterans—men and officers—their friends, their men folk and women folk, will make pilgrimage to the green hillsides and place the flag of the Post brought by loving comrades' hands, and some tears will flow and many a heart will ache for the faces no longer seen and the voice no longer heard. Some will recall in their mind's eye the "taps" and the rattle of the musketry and the screech of the shell, and it will remind them of the day our comrades fell. "I was by his side when the bullet found its billet," will be the sobbing whisper that will rise to many lips.

Truly death is the gate of life. Not there under that little grass-grown mound lies thy heroes, oh people, who honor them today. The battered house was emptied of its tenant when you laid it away. The real man took flight from its prison house whether in the midst of the battle's shock, or in the placid quiet of home. Let us not seek the living among the dead. Our flags and flowers, our music and our eulogies need not be expended upon the graves of the moldered remnants of the men of the North and the South, buried therein are not the souls who have long since risen above the sectional hatreds of the past. By all means let us have speech and song, music and flowers, decorate these hills of silence if you will, but let us convene in nature's groves, or temples made by hands, rather than among the tombs. We as Spiritualists look upwards, we reach Hands Across the Grave with the dear and true ones on the spirit side of life and they will rejoice heartily, for if we do this it will assure them we realize they are still alive, still our heroes, and our beloved. And if we so assemble it will make it easier for those boys in Blue and Gray to assure us by their presences that they now know no North or South, but one great Republic of eternal brotherhood where right, justice and freedom are enjoyed by all.

A Muddled Minister.

Spiritualism is spreading and evoking increased interest. The signs to that end are that the public press devotes an increasing consideration to our work, and to the occurrence of occult phenomena of various sorts. Many papers give creditable reports of Spiritual meetings in the same spirit with which they report the assemblies of other bodies. Then, further evidence of the truth of our opening statement is found in the opposition and denunciation coming with a noticeable frequency of late from a certain type of minister, for such men do not touch our Cause only when they fear its growth, or having no theme of particular interest to present their flocks fall back on a relish of the stale productions of the old-time denunciations of Spiritualism and all its works by theological critics of fifty years ago. Accepting the foregoing as a premise it must be concluded that Spiritualism is advancing generally, and, possibly, in Manchester, N. H., particularly, at this time.

The First Baptist Church of the above named city has for pastor the Rev. J. B. Lemon, who for all we know to the contrary—except a report of his sermon delivered on Sunday the 8th inst., and reported in the Union of the city in question, may be a perfect Solon. Yet, after perusing the almost one column and a half of said sermon we are afraid that our good brother may disappoint a dispassionate enquirer into his wisdom. Let us briefly discover what the gentleman has to say upon us as a body.

He commences with the text Lev. xix, 31, which reads: "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God." Yet he ignores other texts which show that God himself used spirits to carry out his purposes, and that not in all cases were such evil spirits. Our brother asserts that the text virtually has a power similar to one of the ten commandments! Has it ever occurred to him that the god of the Old Testament was "a jealous god," and that his jealousy is well expressed in his command "thou shalt have none other gods but me?" It may not have occurred to our brother and his like that the prohibitions against consulting spirits and gods were not so much aimed against the practice, per se, as it was to prevent the people turning from Jehovah, (Yah Weh), and giving their allegiance to Baal, Ashtoreth, and other gods, whom they worshipped previously?

How much our "reverend" brother is muddled in his ideas of what Spiritualism is may be gathered from his presentment regarding it, as, when he says: "Suppose all your true friends and relatives who have gone to the other side are at liberty to come back and speak with you, to whisper to you what will cure you of your disease, to declare to you in what state your loved ones now are, and to make known to you how to conquer in battle, how to win fortunes in business, how to make the most of this life, and yet they do not love you enough to do it. Can you imagine such a thing? And to make the matter worse, can you imagine that in order to come back to you they must patronize a medium, who wants and gets all of your money that he can, who has more interest in your money than he has in you, a man (or in nine cases out of ten a woman whose character is in question,) and who like the woman that King Saul visited, lives in a back alley in a barn alongside of a calf in the stall." If we were inclined to use a Tu quoque we would remind the brother that even Jesus himself it is alleged was born in a manger, in a cow shed, was it not? In another portion of this sermon the preacher asks, "If Spiritualists do not commune with spirits then what is that they see? Some of them seem to be honest, well-meaning people, and are evidently sincere. They do tell some wonderful things. How do they get their information?" and then

proceeds to give the following luminous answers to his queries, by saying that "some people have the happy faculty of making good guesses. Some are mind readers. Some people are possessed of demons, evil spirits who have never lived on earth as men and women. In the sixteenth chapter of the Acts we find a girl possessed of such a spirit and telling fortunes precisely as those elsewhere in the Bible described as having 'familiar spirits' were accustomed to do. It is not necessary for us to explain how these things are done. It is the duty of those who practice them to show that they are of God rather than of the devil. For the scriptures declare that they are of the devil, and the scriptures have the right of way to our faith."

It will be noticed that the last two words in the last sentence but one of the foregoing quotation disclosed the presence of the Afro-American in the necessary adjunct of the domestic cooking stove. The simple, and simple it is, explanation of the matter is that it is all done by Satan and his angels, for they "are perfectly familiar" with our past and present and "know what the future is going to be, and consequently Spiritualists never can foretell the future." Who ever said they did?

An usual woman of Endor is trotted out, and as usual she is falsely described as a "witch," and the sermon tells us what the minister thinks about it all, as previously mentioned, and then with charming accuracy sums it up thus:

"King Saul went to the witch of Endor and asked her to call up Samuel. She went through certain incantations and there appeared to her a person whom she described to Saul. Saul concluded it was undoubtedly Samuel. There was his fatal mistake." What was Saul's "fatal mistake?" That he called the spirit who appeared Samuel? Or that in defiance of his own edict he consulted the medium against his own law?

Does the record lie, was Saul befooled, did Samuel not appear, what does this muddled minister mean we should understand? We believe the record, we believe Saul was not fooled, we believe the story as stated, but our bemuddled brother evidently does not.

Now let us see how this bemuddled preacher stands: He says in effect that Spiritualism is mainly for the foretelling of the future, that spirits if they return should cure our diseases, tell us how to conquer in battle, to win fortunes in business, and how to make the most of this life. And that to enable the spirits to do this you must patronize a medium who "wants to get all your money," and "in nine cases out of ten it is a woman whose character is in question and who lives in a back alley!" What absolute drivell for a man and a minister to give utterance to. What unpardonable slander against the character of women whose only misfortune is that they are channels of communication between the two worlds, and what an absolute misrepresentation as to the number of mediums in the two sexes. Then comes the muddle mindedness that in one case mixes up the Holy Ghost with Satan for we are told that it "is in the power of Satan and in the power of the Holy Ghost to represent to us in visions persons or things that are purely imaginary."

This well informed student of modern scientific psychical research stands as the superior of James and James, Minot J. Savage, Heber Newton, Dr. Funk; of Albert Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, to mention merely a few names. He would tell us it is Satan, but how knows he that? Has Satan revealed himself among the New Hampshire hills, or in the busy streets of the pretty city in which the sermon was preached? In person, a live and active personality? We trow not, nor has our acidulous friend ever seen him, we venture to assert. But in one respect we could agree with our brother, for if Spiritualism only meant what he refers to we should think it was of small value to the world. Fortune telling is but fortune telling whether it is practiced under that appellation or not, and is degrading at all times. Spiritualism is not fortune telling. Neither is it communion with devils. Nor is its aim to help men to win battles or fortunes, and if the "reverend" brother has made any sort of inquiry into the topic he knows it is for none of the things in his catalogue of aspirations.

It stands for a demonstration of life beyond the grave, for the facts of man's relationship to the spiritual world while living on earth. For the science of the evolution of the universe, leading up to the continuity of man's life on another plane, the spiritual. It stands for moral consciousness, the doing of right because it is right. It stands for pure living and pure thinking. For a reverent study of God's laws in all departments of the universe. For decent citizenship free from the rum shop and the harlot house. It stands for an intelligent study of the Bible with a view of a proper comprehension of the miraculous portions as our brother would term them. In short it stands for nothing he alleges, and his allegations are either the result of a wilful perversion of what he knows Spiritualism stands for, or they are the clap trap vaporings of an ignorant man who for his purposes goes out of his way to misrepresent his fellow citizens who are children of the same Father whom he claims as parent.

We leave him to his Satan, his hell, his evil spirits, they belong to him, not to us. We are Christian enough to remember not "to covet thy neighbor's goods," so we will not deprive him of these fond possessions of his heart, but would remind him that his own book, as he would call it, has something to say about those who bear false witness, which something we would cordially commend to his serious meditation.

Anniversary Exercises at V. S. U. Home, Waverley.

For fifteen years the fascinating guide, Pequa, has held Anniversary Exercises in Brookline, either at the home of her medium, Mrs. H. M. Cory, or in some place provided by her in the town. This year, owing to illness in the family, the occasion has

passed for holding the Sixteenth Anniversary. At the last Directors' Meeting of the V. S. U. it was arranged by Pequa and Mrs. Cory to hold the exercises at the V. S. U. Home, in Waverley, and on Saturday afternoon, May 28th, they invite the public interested in the V. S. U., as well as their personal friends, to be present on this occasion. The usual admission of 25 cents will be charged, and it will interest the friends of the V. S. U. to know that the entire proceeds are to go into the treasury of the Veterans' Union. The ladies of the Board will also have for sale on that occasion some light refreshments with tea or coffee. Have you taken it into your plans of the week to be present?

V. S. U. Sunday Services at the Waverley Home.

Those having in charge the Sunday services at the Waverley Home wish to announce that the services for 1904 will commence the first Sunday in June. Vice Presidents Minnie M. Soule, Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. H. M. Cory, have assumed responsibility for the services. It is expected at least one of them will be present on the first Sunday. Other talent will be announced in next week's "Banner."

Mems. from Maine.

Orcin J. Dickey.

Dear Banner Readers:—Many, many times since my return home from the south, have I thought of writing to you, but the departure of a loved member of my family to higher realms has not permitted the freedom of the pen by reason of earthly duties. Life in the sunny south fitted in a measure for the great strife brought to bear in the parting of earthly ties and the sorrow which should have been pleasure at the spirit's freedom.

One of our old friends at Temple Heights, Peris Mullen of Lincolnville has lost a loved one, in his daughter, Miss Etta Mullen of Boston, who passed away during the month of March. She was a teacher in the Camden (Me.) high school for some years, resigning by reason of sickness and when the end of this life came was visiting with her sister in Boston. She was a young lady of sterling qualities and one who was loved in a wide circle. The remains were interred at Lincolnville, where her father and one brother Joseph, reside, while another sister resides in Portland, Miss Louise Mullen.

'Tis hard to see our own depart and yet we cannot wish them back, 'Tis hard to see the sickle of death, their weakened bodies rack; Oh grave, your victory lies but in the whitened clay alone, Oh Death, you have but freed the spirit for yon bright heavenly home.

Walter Sherman Hobbs passed from this life in Belfast on April 27th, after but twelve days of suffering and loosed the cares and trials of a life which short in years was long in deeds of kindness and valor. He was the son of Jefferson Hobbs, late of Brooks, and one of a large family of Spiritualists. While hard to part from the young wife and dear ones, the spirit slipped away in the knowledge of the beauty and pleasure awaiting him. He was a frequent visitor at Temple Heights and one who lived in the sunshine of the light of those friends who, although unseen, were ever with him. But 33 years of age, his goodness will be his memorial. His wife was Nina E. Dickey of Northport. The interment was made at Brooks. The parting of young lives is hard, but the blessed thought which the return of the spirit brings is that which makes easier the earthly burdens, until the two with earth friends unite in heaven.

"Though with bowed and breaking hearts, With sable garb and silent tread; We bear his senseless dust to rest, We know he is not dead.

The season is opening very early at Temple Heights and there are indications of a delightful season there with lots of good, lots of messages from loved ones and the gathering of both spirit and earthly friends for the annual reunion, which some day will blend into one eternal life of happiness and no parting.

Among those who spent the winter on the grounds were: Pleasant View cottage, Mr. and Mrs. George Benson, Master Paul Benson; Veterans' Home, Mr. and Mrs. Collins McCarty, Belfast; Mrs. Heal and Mrs. Bishop of Camden at the Heal cottage. The Hassan cottage was open all winter, but Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Hassan and family have moved to Aroostook county this spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Goodwin and son, Manson and Greenville Goodwin, have been spending a few weeks at the Goodwin cottage, while it has been receiving general repairs. They have returned home to Portland, Belfast, Me.

Enormous Crowds Visiting St. Louis.

PERFECT ACCOMMODATIONS—INTERESTING FILIPINOS.

It is about two weeks since the opening of the St. Louis Exposition, and the admirable accommodations furnished by St. Louis reflect great praise upon the city. The Exposition is all that has been claimed for it. In fact, it is much more than the imagination can possibly conceive. The perfection and completion of the exhibits speak well for the Exposition managers. The Philippine exhibit attracts crowds daily. The natives appear entirely oblivious of the gaping multitudes. They chatter and play and work just as in their native islands. The American Indians, numbering over sixty-one tribes, are another interesting exhibit on the famous "Pike." This section of the Exposition is marvelous. It far surpasses anything of the kind ever before attempted.

This is an excellent month to visit St. Louis, and on the Boston & Maine route you can stop off at Niagara Falls. You can also journey via Montreal and Niagara Falls; and through cars from Boston carry you right outside the Exposition gate into the new Wabash Station.

For full information describing the Exposition and the rates and routes, send to the Boston & Maine Passenger Department, Boston, for their beautiful descriptive booklet on the Exposition. It will be mailed to any address free.

The power of Love is beyond all human comprehension; it is only the perfectly spiritualized mind that is at one with the All that fully knows and comprehends Love-God.

Come! let us speak the fine and gentle words of truth always—that our love natures are not our weak side, but the finer; that woman is not the weaker vessel, but the finer. Throughout the universe all that is subtle and lasting partakes more of the eternal Spirit. Carpal-mind cannot comprehend the finer forces and alludes to them always as the weaker forces.

The Connecticut State Association.

The Connecticut State Spiritualist Association held its eighteenth annual convention in Unity Hall, Pratt Street, Hartford, Saturday and Sunday, May 7 and 8. Business meeting was opened at 11 a. m. by the president, Mr. A. A. Gustine; the report of the secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Dillon, was read, and accepted; Mr. Edward Brewer gave a report as one of the delegates to the N. S. A. Convention held in Washington last October. Reports of individual work in the city of Hartford and other places throughout the state were given. The old board of officers were re-elected: President, Mr. A. A. Gustine, of Meriden; 1st vice president, Mr. G. M. Tracy, Meriden; 2d vice president, Mrs. A. E. Lambertson, Poquonock; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. J. E. B. Dillon, Hartford; trustees, Mr. Dumont Kingsley, Hartford; Mr. George E. Cooley, Hartford; Mr. Edward Brewer, East Hartford. The old board of solicitors, twenty-five in number, were re-appointed. Delegates to the V. S. A. Convention to be held at St. Louis in October, are: Mrs. J. D. Storrs, Hartford; Mrs. Julia Fields, New Haven; Mrs. Flavia Thrall, Poquonock. They were given the power to appoint their own alternates if unable to go. It was voted to hold the next convention in Unity Hall, Hartford, the first Saturday and Sunday in May, 1905. The matter of holding mass meetings was left with the executive board. A vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Dillon, who has held the office of secretary and treasurer twelve years. The afternoon session opened at 2.30 p. m. President Gustine made remarks relating to the work of Spiritualists in the state. After music by the Ladies' Schubert Quartet, Rev. May S. Pepper gave an invocation and took for the subject of her lecture, "Death and Its Tomorrow." At 7.45 p. m. Mr. J. C. Grumbine of Boston gave a lecture on "Radium and the Astral Light." Sunday morning the conference was held in Alliance Hall, at 10.30. Remarks were made by President Gustine, Mrs. T. Reynolds, Mr. Wellman C. Whitney, Mr. Keynon, Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Tuttle and others; three little children of Mr. R. Badcliffe gave an illustration of Lyceum work, with singing and some of the exercises for concentration, which proved very interesting. The quartet sang several selections. After the conference was over the committee met and authorized the secretary to correspond with speakers for the next convention and also directed Mr. Gustine to procure a Charter from the state of Connecticut. It was decided to hold a mass meeting in Meriden in the fall, the date to be decided later. At 2.30 the convention convened again in Unity Hall, and was largely attended, with Rev. May S. Pepper as speaker, who spoke of the criticism made regarding the youth of Spiritualism. The final session opened at 7.30 p. m. more than crowded house. Mr. J. C. F. Grumbine, the speaker for the evening, took for the subject of his lecture "God," giving a deep address. After each lecture Mrs. Pepper gave a test seance, giving perfect satisfaction in all that she gave; her accuracy was a revelation to the audience. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet of Boston, who have been with us at convention for seven years, were listened to with great pleasure. We were pleased to have with us at conference Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., who came to Hartford from Somerville, where she was to lecture in the evening.—Mrs. J. E. B. Dillon, sec.

A Letter from Mrs. H. T. Brigham.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Next Sunday will close our present season's work, during which we have had great success and such generous and whole-hearted support as only comes from harmonious helpers.

Mr. B. F. Austin, and the remarkable psychic, Mrs. Margaret Gaule-Heltenger, and the magnificent lectures of Mr. J. J. Morse, have added to the interest awakened.

On June 1st Miss B. V. Cushman and myself will start on our long western trip. We intend to go to Denver, and after stopping three or four days, proceed to Manitou, and from thence to the Yellowstone Park and to the Yosemite Valley. I expect to remain for two or three weeks in or near San Francisco. Should any of the Spiritualist societies near that city wish me to speak for them (during the brief time I am to be there), I should be glad to correspond with them. Letters should be directed to 1227 South 15th Street, Denver, Colo., care—Mrs. Mary Burk, until June 12th.

We have planned to return via Northern Pacific R. R., and would like to speak in Portland, Ore., if it is desired. I expect to be at my home at Elm Grove, Mass., about July 15th, where we are to remain until we resume our meetings in New York on Oct. 1st. We have removed from our previous address and hope to have this for our permanent home, i. e., 64 West 129th Street. With all good wishes for the success of the "Banner of Light"—which is indeed worthy of all praise—2 am.

Yours truly,

Helen Temple Brigham.

64 West 129th St., New York, May 22, 1904.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association.

The above association will hold its next Quarterly Convention in the Opera House, Barre, Vt., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 17th, 18th and 19th.

The speakers and mediums will be Dr. B. F. Austin, of Geneva, N. Y.; Mrs. Edie I. Webster, of Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. Abbie Cross, of New York; Mrs. Emma Paul, Mr. Alonzo Hubbard, Mrs. Sarah A. Willey, and Mrs. Ida Lewis, all of whom are expected to be present.

First session Friday, at 2 p. m. Saturday and Sunday three sessions each day. Miss Alma Leonard, sec.

East Calais, Vt.

J. J. Morse at Worcester, Mass.

On Sunday next, May 29th, J. J. Morse closes his four weeks' engagement with Worcester Spiritualist Association. He lectures in G. A. R. Hall, Pearl Street, at 2 and 7.30 p. m. Afternoon subject, "For God and our Fellow-men." Evening topic, "The Nation's Heroes, a Memorial Address in Three Sections."

Dr. C. E. Watkins, the Physician and Spiritual Seer Again Established in Boston.

At his home in "The Westland," corner of Westland and Massachusetts Avenues (next Symphony Hall) the Doctor will daily devote his mornings to free diagnosis of disease, and his afternoons to experiments in Independent State Writing.

Office hours, 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Announcements.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.—Spiritualistic meetings conducted by Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor, every Sunday.

The Boston First Spiritualists' Ladies' Aid Society will hold the final meetings of the present season at Appleton Hall, Appleton Street, on Friday, May 27th, when they will hold memorial services at 3 and 7.45 p. m. Supper will be served at 6.15 p. m. A fine array of speakers will be present afternoon and evening.—Ester H. Blinn, sec.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, president, 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 7.30 p. m. Good talent every Sunday.—A. M. Strong, clerk.

The First Spiritual Church of Cambridge, 627 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 23d, "Cyrus the Persian," Mrs. Abbie Burnham, Alice M. Whall, Indian control, "Big Dog," and others will be with us. Song service precedes each session. "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

Lynn.—The Spiritualists' Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres. Sunday, May 29th, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding will be the speaker. This is Mrs. Harding's first visit to us for a number of years and a cordial welcome awaits her. A short address and tests will be given at 2.30 and 7.30. Circles are held from 4 to 5; supper served at 5, song service at 6 and concert at 6.30. Sunday, June 5th, opening day at Unity Camp; Mrs. Ida Whitlock and other good speakers.—Sec. Mr. Douglas H. C. Thompson, inspirational speaker and spirit messenger, is about to take an extensive journey through Vermont and New Hampshire. He would be pleased to receive engagements from societies or camps. He expects to start during the first week in June. Address communications to 34 Summer Street, Watertown, Mass.

The Ladies' Auxiliary Spiritualist Phenomena Society will have the installation of their speaker, Newmarket P. Smith, on Sunday evening, May 29th, at 7.45 p. m. Prof. J. C. F. Grumbine, Miss Myra G. Freneyar, of the Church of the Higher Life, will make addresses. Prof. Grumbine's subject will be "Spirit and Spirits." Mrs. Mary G. Carbee, Mr. J. Bachstand, and Miss Annie J. Webster will also participate. Mr. Nelson Desmond, soloist.—Annie J. Webster.

A New Bird's Eye View of Lake Winnepesaukee, Published by the Boston & Maine R.R.

The numerous vacationists who annually journey to Lake Winnepesaukee, and those persons intending to take a vacation in this section, will be interested in the new publication issued by the Passenger Department Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston. It is a Bird's Eye View of Lake Winnepesaukee, the different glens and coves on the lake and the hundreds of islands. Each mountain peak, island and cove is numbered and at the bottom is a table giving the name of each number. This map is interesting and useful in furnishing one with the geography of the lake, and prospective vacationists and New Hampshire enthusiasts should send six cents in stamps to the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, for it.

Notes of the June Century.

Queer little fellows are the pocket-gophers, and very important factors in the production of the vegetable mold of the West, according to Ernest Thompson Seton. The result of Mr. Seton's study of pocket-gophers in California, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, the Dakotas, Manitoba, and British Columbia will be presented to readers of the June Century under the title of "The Master Plowman of the West." Mr. Seton's drawings, as always, will add greatly to the interest and value of his sketches.

KEEP THE PEACE.

My friends whatever else you do, Keep peace and friendship always in view; Let no cross or harsh words be said by you, And always endeavor to be kind and true; Keep the peace; keep the peace.

Let truth and humanity be your aim, And live a life with which no one can find any blame. May trouble and sorrow throughout the world decrease, And let war and turmoil forever cease; Keep the peace; keep the peace.

Why should we brothers and sisters wrangle? Do keep the peace, and never yourselves entangle; In any way with old superstitious creeds, Nor stain your purity, by performing unholy deeds; Keep the peace; keep the peace.

Be sure to obey God's holy and righteous laws, And work for the good of humanity and never pause Until you reach the heavenly heights above, Where all is joy and harmony and love; Keep the peace; keep the peace.

—M. C. Gay.

A few days ago we overheard remarks (Light of London, Eng.)—and could not help it—the following brief conversation, after a lecture:—

Hearer: They tell me you have joined "The New Thought movement." Is it so? Your lecture sounded like it.

Lecturer:—What do you mean? Are you thinking of the enterprising little regiment of people who work that name?

Hearer: Yes.

Lecturer: Why should I join them? There is always plenty of new thought about, and from all directions. It is nobody's freehold. New thought is too big for anybody's possession; and no set of people can have it for their freehold. There is a good deal of impudence as well as enterprise in some people's labels.

A lecturer was a trifle too severe, but the provocation was a trifle too obvious. There are far too many attempts to exploit the truth, to bottle the spirit of the age, and to pin labels on men and women who want to think for themselves and be free.

JUST ISSUED.

THE WIDOW'S MITE
And Other
Psychological Phenomena

By I. K. FUNK

Was it Beecher's SPIRIT that made known the whereabouts of the Widow's Mite? Was it a spirit that showed Swedenborg where was the lost receipt as sold by Immanuel Kant, the German Philosopher? Was it a spirit that told Mrs. Piper where was the lost book of the Mother-in-law of Prof. James, the great psychologist of Harvard, as told by himself? Was it a spirit that revealed who stole the watch as told by the scientist Alfred Russel Wallace? In all these cases and a thousand more, are spirits the explanation, or are the answers to be found in the Subliminal Consciousness or subjective mind of the medium?

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Over Their Graves.

Again the lily and the laurel leaf
With rose and fadeless immortelle we twine,
And yield the wedded garlands of our grief
And unforgetting love at Valor's shrine;
While June's unfolding splendors round us burn,
And lovely May's departing blooms are shed,
We lay on pale memorial shaft and urn
Our floral tribute to the Nation's Dead!

The Great Disbanded—who to glorious arms
Shall leap at War's wild summons never-more
Whose peaceful camps no rude surprise
alarms,
Whose silent tents are pitched on hill and shore;
Their sweet repose no earthly troubles mar;
Here all unholy feuds and discords cease;
For them the lurid, crimson flower of War
Hath ripened to the golden harvest—Peace.

Unvext they lie; above each martial breast
The daisies whiten and the grasses creep;
No clang of arms disturbs their utter rest,
No shock of battle breaks their solemn sleep.
In vain the hollow winds at even fall,
Or morn, their ghostly muster-roll repeat,
The muffled drum, the wailing bugle-call,
For them have sounded the last, long retreat.

Sweeten their memories with rose and bay!
Strew garlands o'er the heads that lie so low!
On Glory's roster wreath their names for aye,
While spring times dawn, and summers wake and blow!

Keep their graves. Their deeds are deathless;
Where Valor sleeps, the sacred task be ours
To crown and consecrate, year after year,
The Nation's solemn Festival of Flowers!

Strew myrtle, heart's-ease, tender violet;
Heap rose and lily on the ruthless scars;
Till we, in nobler memories forget
The record of our ancient feuds and wars.
So shall we know these did not die in vain,
When one united people, standing forth,
Clasp hands across the altars of their slain,
And link with flowery fetters South and North!

Heap tender heart's-ease on each quiet breast;
Strew their sweet dust with eglantine and bay;
Here, where they fell at Duty's stern behest,
We make their graves our holiest shrines for aye.

Honor and Love shall keep with faithful ward
The lonely outpost of each hero's grave,
While Heaven's eternal watch-fires burn to guard
The silent bivouac of the Fallen Brave!
—Emma Alice Browne-Waite.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

SUBDUCE YOUR FOE BY BECOMING HIS FRIEND.

Another holiday is upon us and back to the past we go to find the cause and purpose of this day set apart from its fellows.

From the public buildings the flags are flying and from many houses can be seen the Stars and Stripes floating in the spring breezes. In the distance the sound of drums is heard and women with flowers are hurrying through the streets.

"What day is this, little girl?"
"Decoration Day, wait a minute and you will see the parade."
So we waited. The sounds grew louder and the crowd increased.

Pathetically the flutes piped their tunes and the drummers bowed as they beat upon the muffled drums. But who are these with grizzled beards who march through the dusty street? And what has that torn and tattered flag to do with this bright day? From the carriages, dim, old eyes are watching it as its ragged ribbons are snapped in the wind.

An empty sleeve, two empty sleeves, crutches and a cane.
Ah, now we see! These are the heroes of some war. Too old and too feeble to march they are riding while their gray-haired brothers walk manfully on. Some strong young men are bearing them company.
But where are they going? We will follow on and see.

Through the crowded streets we make our way. Away from the houses we are moving but the tattered flag is still waving up there at the head of the line, so onward we go. Strange to wander to the fields or is it to some grove for there are trees all about and the gurgling waters of a brook make music in our ears.

But these portals! 'Tis a cemetery! Those are the gates through which the dead and those who mourn are daily passing and now the flutes and the drummers and the soldiers too, have passed under the shadow of them for we can see them moving about, among the mounds.

Silently they find their way to tiny flags that here and there can be seen between the saggy mounds. There they stand. The living paying tribute to the dead. The stillness is broken by the deep tones of one in prayer and on-bended knee with bare head the young men wait and listen to the tribute to those who went away to that far land for love of country and of God.

And when the bugle sounds and those young men arise, sweet flowers share the glory of the little flag that marks the soldier's grave.

Now with happy smiling faces the people walk away and the men who wear the blue march silently back through the busy streets. And these are the men who came home from the war making glad the hearts of their loved ones. These are the men who responded when their leader called "to arms" and stood by until the country was at peace. These are the men who can sit by our fire-sides and tell us of the pangs of hunger, the pains of fatigue, the heartaches of homesickness, the horrors of war until we are filled with indignation that war can be carried on.

How few there are, and indeed how few there ever were, who came back with strength and manhood for the calm life of good citizenship.

The body is the temple of the spirit and how disastrous to us as a people to have the temple of the living spirit desecrated and degraded by being made a target for shot and shell or a loophole for a demon to shoot through.

Whatever we may say in excuse for our action we still know that "war is hell." Do you think that an exaggerated statement? Go back and question that crippled old man who for forty years has been denied the activities of life, of service, of joy.

Ask that portion of a man who sits in the carriage and smiles as he waves the stump of an arm to the flag he is passing.

Ask that bronzed old veteran with scars and seams what heavenly features there are to war. Let him tell you of the atrocities and barbarities that are the natural outgrowth of force against force.

Do you say this is a thing of the past? Then go into that home where today the mother sits desolate and dumb in her affliction, while the bones of her only boy lie bleaching in the hot sun of a tropical country.

What can we do?
Pay loving tributes to the dear ones gone on before in the awful struggles of the past.
Lay sweet flowers on their graves as a token of our loving recollection and undying gratitude for their brave deeds. And in the name of the pains which they have suffered, the losses which we have borne, the mother's hearts that still are bleeding, the widowed and the fatherless who most keenly suffer, and by the hell which war does make, swear fidelity to our holier, higher and more spiritual impulses which forbid war and command us to love the children of men.

Why Is It?

Why is it, when I ask my ma
If I may go to play,
She says, "I do not think so, dear,
You may some other day."

But if I tease and coax her some,
She says with signs of bother,
"Well, I don't know that I care much,
But—run and ask your father."

When I ask pa right quietly,
If I may go to skate,
He says he thinks I'd better not,
It's getting most too late.

But when I tell him Johnnie Jones
Is going, and his brother,
He quickly says, "Well, I don't care
But—run and ask your mother."

Lazlebrook Stories.

VI.

Mime Inness.
This was a new experience for the Brook boys for now they had to work. No one could get through the Mill wheel without working and working hard. In the close, dark box which contained the wheel, each boy had to push the blades of the wheel round and round. First one blade and then another, with many a hard lift and tug, the Brook boys had to keep moving, pushed by the crowding waters behind and lashed to their work by the stern master, the Mill wheel. The blades struck them and bruised them, but still they must work, each his allotted time, until their turn was over.

Then, wounded and tired and sore, they were pushed roughly out into the suction-tube and sent slam bang out into the race way below the mill.

What a sorry-looking lot of Brook boys they were when they got out. How they raced and ran as best they could down into the stream again. Broken and bruised, covered with foam, iron rust and dirt, they sought the first quiet place they could find to rest and get well again.

They soon found there was no rest for them. They were slaves of the wheel, doomed to work like all of earth's creatures, until they won their freedom by their own labor.

Not in the comfortable stream of the river, but in the narrow dirty canal, they found themselves confined. The banks were high and straight and the bottom and sides were foul and muddy.

No rest was given them. The hurrying current bore them along to the next mill. Another plunge into the dark, another turn at the whirling monster in the dark, then out again into the canal.

So down went the Brook boys with their beautiful color gone, their clothing and faces all grime and dirt, down through mill after mill for days, until at length they came out of the canal into the broad, open, rushing river again, below the falls.

They were so torn and bruised that they scarcely knew themselves. And, indeed, it was hard for the poor fellows. Taken from their Lazlebrook place and forced into such hard work at once, it would have been hard for man-boys.

The work they had, they were not grateful for. They never learned to like it. They came out from every mill, frothing and foaming in anger. Yet there was more work still for them, although of a very different kind.

The river where they now found themselves, was broad, but not deep. Its bed was rocky and the stream rushing. They were hurled over the rocks very much as they had been in the gorge of the mountains before they reached the Lake, the memory of which was so delightful. But then there were only Brook boys. Now, a lot of dirty chaps who brought with them the cast-off chemicals and all manner of filth from the mills and the villages which clustered around them, came jumping and leaping along over the rocks with them.

Dirty as the Brook boys were from their bitter labor in the mills, they grew still more dirty by having to rub against these scavenger fellows. And that was not the worst; for they ran along past towns and cities and, from the sewers of every one of them, came the muddy chaps who had washed the city streets and they brought all their mud with them.

These sewer boys were quite necessary to the cities; for it was they who kept the cities clean and made them safe dwelling places. But it was terrible for the Brook boys to have these sewer chaps with them and they were glad the river hurried on so fast.

The farther they went, the cleaner they got. The waters of the Great River washed them whiter and whiter. As they went, they dropped behind them almost all the grime they had gained in the mills. The Sewer chaps couldn't stand it. They did it if they grew clean and they kept dropping to the bottom until at length, as the river approached the sea, the Brook boys grew rested and well and got back most of their blue color while the Sewer chaps were so few, one could hardly find them at all.

At last the current grew slower and soon it stopped and stood still.

"Now," said the Brook boys, "we will get a good rest and then we shall feel well enough to have some good games once more."

Then—what did it mean—they began to go backward and the Brook boys in front came running back, shouting.

"The tide is coming in. Run. It is pushing us hard. There are a lot of fellows who are all sea-green and they say they will come up the river and they don't care who says they shall not. They will. They are pushing us back in spite of all we can do. They are cold and salt and much stronger than we are. Run back. Run back."

So back rushed the Brook boys, back through the green marshes, back into the highlands. Here they found so many other Brook boys beside a lot of the Sewer chaps, that they made a stand and said,

"Back no farther will we go. Let us fight. We are now stronger than these Sea boys. Let them come on."

It was not much of a fight. The Sea boys said,

"Oh, pahaw, fellows. What's the use of fighting. We have come far enough. We won't push into the country any further. Come on. Let's be friends. Some of you come over here among us. Some of us will go over among you. We will talk and play and have a good time together. What do you say? Is it a go?" The Brook boys talked it over. They said,

"These Sea boys look nice and clean in their green jackets. If they are cold, we will get used to that. They sound well. There are so many of us here that we can go through them, if they don't do as they say they will. Let's try it. What do you say?"

The Brook boys all said,
"All right. Let's."

But the Sewer chaps said,
"Not much. They are too cold for us. It is all right for you Brook boys. You are nice and clean now and when you were up in the hills, you got used to the cold so that you can stand it. But we can't. We have all these loads of stuff to carry and cold will make it so heavy it will sink. No, sir. Excuse us."

This only made the Sea boys angry and they just began to fight the Sewer chaps and knocked them all to the bottom and made them lie there and keep still.

But the Brook boys and the Sea boys got along together so well that they began to change jackets and when the tide began to run out to sea, the Sea boys said,

"Come on down to the ocean with us—will you?"

"All right. We will," said the Brook boys and ran right along with them and so many of them had changed jackets, one could see no difference and, when they got to the wide ocean and had left the river, they were all Sea boys in appearance.

But although they had changed jackets, they were Brook boys still. Although the blue of the Brook boys gradually turned green with the salt water, yet they were Brook boys still.

And now they were in the ocean, the deep, deep sea which covers so much of the earth, and, as they had no banks to keep them in, they went just where the winds and the tides took them and never went back.

And there they stayed for years, until they grew old in the ocean and seemed like regular old salts.

But although they were old, they were still the Brook boys who had come down Lazlebrook from above the Beaver Pond and had done all the work that was asked of them, until now they were old men Brook boys. Old men are serious old chaps and when they felt very serious, they used to meet and together they would sing in the salty, husky voice of the sea, this prayer:

THE OLD BROOK-BOYS' PRAYER.

Tired of the noise and bustle,
Tired of the work and the strife,
Tired of the row and the rustle,
Tired of all but just life.

Rid us of worn-out bodies;
Rid us of work and of dole;
Rid us of naught like what God is;
Rid us of all but the soul.

Rest us in bosom of ocean,
Rest us from smirch and from care,
Rest us from every commotion,
Rest us in God, is our prayer.

Cleanse us from soil of the river,
Cleanse us from filth and from sin,
Cleanse us, O God, our Forgiver,
Cleanse us, new life to begin.

My Mail Box.

To Mr. C. L. Oregon, Mo.—I am convinced that our spirit friends are never careless of our sufferings. They are constantly giving us evidence of their devotion and loving care, but they are not omnipotent after they leave the body. They still have limitations.

Many times we are in fault and perhaps through ignorance, perhaps through prejudice, close doors through which they might enter to relieve us.

A mother who sits by a dying child and watches it gasp its little life away, while she is utterly unable to do anything to relieve its suffering is not careless or heedless of that suffering. I fear from your letter that you are a sufferer and I am so sure that those who love you are trying to help you that I urge you to give them some time each day when they may come to you without fear of interruption. In this way you can establish vibrations of happiness and peace. I am sorry that you have been so unfortunate in your effort to place the communications you write about. It is rather strange, too, for during the time of which you speak very many have been recognized, some publicly and more privately as the parties receiving them were diffident about having any publicity about the matter. Hoping that you will find comfort and strength in some manifest expression from those you love, I am your friend,

—M. M. S.

A German interpretation (in English) of "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." was this: "The ghost is purposing, but the meat is soft."—Anon.

Decoration Day.

Do you know what it means, you boys and girls

Who hail from the North and the South?

Do you know what it means—

This twining of greens

Round the silent cannon's mouth;

This strewn with flowers the grass-grown grave;

This decking with garlands the statues brave;

This flaunting of flags,

All in tatters and rags;

This marching and singing;

These bells all ringing;

These faces grave and these faces gay;

This talk of the Blue and this talk of the Gray,

In the North and the South, Decoration Day?

Not simply a show-time, boys and girls,

In this day of falling flowers;

Not a pageant, a play,

Nor a holiday,

Of flags and floral bowers;

It is something more than the day that starts War memories a-throb in veteran hearts;

For, across the years,

To the hopes and the fears,

To the days of battle,

Of roar and of rattle

To the Past that now seems so far away,

Do the sons of the Blue and the sons of the Gray

Gaze—hand clasping hand—Decoration Day.

For the wreck and the wrong of it, boys and girls,

For the terror and loss, as well,

Our hearts must hold

A regret untold

As we think of those who fell,

But their blood, on whichever side, they fought

Remade the Nation, and Progress brought!

We forget the wrong,

For we live, and know

That the fighting and the dying,

The falling and the dying,

Were but steps toward the Future—the Mar-

tyr's Way!

Adown which the sons of the Blue and the

Gray

Look, with love and with pride, Decoration

Day.

—Elbridge S. Brooks, in May Wide Awake.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held May 17, 1904, S. E. ST.

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?

Invocation.

O may the blessed power of spiritual benediction fall upon us as we sit here waiting for the word from those who have passed through the portal and eagerly seek expression to those they love. So earnestly we seek to understand this truth that is beautiful and strong in its expression. So eagerly we seek every effort to express for ourselves our love to them and to help them to express to us all that they feel, all that is borne to them of knowledge and growth in that new and free life. Out of the pang of separation, out of the pain of sorrow, comes the joy of reuniting ourselves with those we have thought lost, and the sunshine of hope shines brightly upon us while we sit here and ask that the message shall be strong and clear for those who are anxiously waiting to receive it. There is no home where the shadow has not fallen and no heart that has not suffered, and while this is true there is something for us to do; something for the spirit who would seek and strive to lighten the shadow and make lighter the burdens; something for that spirit to do. Bless us in our undertaking, and may we not in our effort to get nearer to the spirit and have the spirit get nearer to us forget all those who are standing outside in the shadow who know nothing of this beautiful expression of God's love. May we remember them with tenderness and with love, and may they be drawn to us to understand something of this thought through our very simplicity and our love for them. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Benjamin Hargraves.

The first spirit who comes to me this afternoon is a man about five feet and seven or eight inches tall. He is broad shouldered and rather a strong, able looking man. His eyes are quite blue and his hair is gray and thin on top. His face is full and round and he has a gray mustache and no beard. He says his name is Benjamin Hargraves and he is from Mattapoisett, Mass. "It is a long time since I came to the spirit and it is with a good deal of trepidation that I come today, but I have thought for many weeks that I would make this effort because I am anxious to connect with my own. I have friends who are interested in this philosophy and they are striving to get communications from somebody whom they know; so I have come at this time to tell them that I am conscious of their reaching after some definite message and that I will try to make it clear and plain to them at some of their home sittings. With me is Eliza and she is not quite so ready to acknowledge that we can come into communication as she is. She says that she will feel better about promulgating this truth when she sees what effect it has on her friends. That is just like Eliza, always as cautious as possible. Also I have with me, Joseph. He has not been gone so long and is, perhaps, even more anxious than I to come, and he says, 'Tell Sarah that I am often with her and am striving to make her know it by the sounds I am able to produce in her presence.'"

Mary Hobbs.

A spirit comes now who says her name is Mary Hobbs and she lived in Cleveland. "I want to reach Joseph Hobbs. There is no particular reason why I should be so anxious; he is not sick; he is not in trouble, and yet it seems to me that I must make him understand how near I am to his home and his conditions. I have found the baby and she is growing into womanhood. I have seen that there has been very little change since I came over and it has helped me to steady myself. I am really glad that things are left just as they are and that I can come and go at will without being disturbed by great changes. Your mother, Joe, is anxious to have me say to you that she loves her boy and is part of him, and you will be glad to know that we are together. I did not know her very well before I came over here, but she is as good to me as my own mother could be and that helps me very much. I am eager to have Alice unfold herself to the spirit. She will be less nervous and I think will have better health if she does it. God bless you all, dear. I have to leave you in his care for I am not able to do anything except stand near and love you. Good bye."

Augustus Harding.

A spirit comes now, a man about forty-five. He has got side whiskers and brown hair that is pushed back pretty well from his forehead, blue eyes, broad, full face and is quite tall. He is really a very pleasant, agreeable looking man. He seems to have a will of his own, because as he approaches me I find him pushing everybody else aside in rather a peremptory manner, and he says, "Here, let me get a chance as quick as I can, for I have been trying a good while and I don't want to get left today. My name is Augustus Harding and I lived in Baltimore, Md. I was a doctor, and like most men of my profession I attended to everybody else before I attended to myself. I need not have come over here when I did if I had been half as particular to carry out orders for my own conditions as I insisted that my patients were. Since I came Lucy has come, and she told me that frequently she felt me about the home just before she came, so we decided we would see what could be done. I had made no particular note of my influence about the place, but together we have talked the matter over and we want to get to Lulu and to Willie. We thought that possibly by coming here we could get a leverage on the conditions and make it possible to do what we want to do. Most of my people are religiousists; not because they have had anything particular to make them so, but because it seems to be the decent thing. Respectable people have some religion just as they have a top coat and a

tall hat for special occasions, and that is the way most of my people are interested in religion. It seems to me it is folly to go on in the same old line just because people would think you were a little peculiar if you stop asking, and I desire more than all else to awaken myself to a sense of the ridiculous position they are in when they are naturally independent and naturally make their own way and not follow the fashion in this thing without any idea of seeking for themselves to see what there is in life. I have had a great desire to talk with Mr. Caldwell. He seems to be more sensible along these lines than any one I came in contact with and has made some investigations. I expect before he goes many more times to the circle that I shall have been able to give him a word. I don't know what to say that will be the most interesting except that I found it very different from what I expected, and since I have grown accustomed I think it is rather better than I expected. I am not sure but I was too much absorbed along material lines to try to think of the future life in any way except as an indefinite condition that God would take care of and I find a very definite condition that I am obliged to take care of myself. I have not lost God nor have I found him one whit nearer than when I was down there doctoring the people and trying to make them understand how to take care of their bodies. I did not mean to give a dissertation on religion, but it seems to me that is what I have done. I would like to have you add to it that I send my love and my loving interest, and that I shall never leave there as long as any one is in the body that I have been associated with or have interests connected with."

Grace Blanchard.

A spirit of a young girl stands here now. She says her name is Grace Blanchard; that she was about sixteen when she came to the spirit and that she came very suddenly. She wants to go to Charlie Blanchard. "I am his child. They always speak of me as Gracie and I often hear them talking about me now and wish they could know how I am. I have come to say that I am happy; I am growing; I am steady. I can make them understand what my life is like no better than to tell them that I live in the house with Aunt Jennie. She takes care of me and she is just as real to me as any person I ever knew. I can go about to other places and I have been on the trip with C. All this I tell them just to help them to know that I have practically a life in both places and I love them just as much today as ever; if anything, more. I bring beautiful lilies of the valley because they were put with me when I was put away."

Frank Caleff.

A spirit comes now of a man I should think about thirty-five. He has red hair, blue eyes, sandy mustache and is rather tall and slender. He says his name is Frank Caleff and he lived in Salmon Falls, N. H. He is rather profane, I think, because he uses a little peculiar word and says, "This is a strange way for me to try and get a communication to my father and mother. If I could write a letter or send a telegram I might understand something about it, but to come and tell my story to an interpreter and then have the interpretation printed is rather far-fetched. Nevertheless, I want to tell them that I am not in the place they are very much afraid I went to. I did very many things that were not according to their prescription, but I am sorry, if that does anybody any good, because I believe that I might have been with them now and would probably have helped them very much, but that is gone. We will let bygones be bygones, and I only want to let them know that I am safe and sound and able to reach my friends. It is a pretty good place over here, if you are not it is as bad as you want it to be. I have wanted to see Clara but she doesn't seem at all anxious to hear from the spirits. I have seen her husband and the child, and I think she did pretty well. I sometimes go to Jennie, but for the most part I am busy seeing what there is to see over here."

Mrs. George Blake.

The spirit of a woman comes about the medium height. She is middle aged, fifty-two or three years old. She is quite stout, has dark eyes and hair with very little gray in it, hardly any at all. She says her name is Mrs. George Blake and she lived in Dayton, Ohio. "My husband was interested in stoves and hardware. I tell this simply to identify myself with him. When I came over here it was after a serious illness and I hardly realized that the change had come. It took me some time to understand that I could not get back into the old life, and when I did fairly get it into my head there had been many changes made by my husband. The rest of the family were away and he has gone with them. We used to have some talk about spirits, but more in a questioning way as to whether it would be quite possible to communicate intelligently enough to be understood. Now I am able to tell these few things hoping I may get closer to my own people

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Societary News.

Correspondence for this department must reach the Editor by the first mail delivery on Monday morning, to ensure insertion the same week. We wish to assist all, but our space is limited. Use ink and write plainly.

Boston and Vicinity.

Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Friday, May 20th.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allie, president, held its last public circle for this season in the afternoon, a large number being present and several mediums participating. We feel that these circles which have been held on the afternoon of the third Friday each month have been productive of much good and have created an interest in our Cause among some who would not have been reached in any other way. Supper was served at six o'clock, and the evening was "Mediums' Night." It was mostly devoted to manifestations of the phenomena, which were very satisfactory evidences of clairvoyance and test mediumship. Those taking part were Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. M. F. Lovering, Douglass Thompson, Mrs. Lizzie Shackley, Mrs. H. G. Berry and Mrs. Dick. Mrs. M. F. Lovering and Mr. Will Sheldon furnished the instrumental music. Don't forget the Memorial services on next Friday, May 27th, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., which will be the last meeting of this society until fall.—Esther H. Blinn, sec.

First Spiritualist Church, 694 Washington Street, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor, Sunday, May 22.—Grand mass meeting was held, the subject, "The Rights of Spiritualists." Those taking part were Mr. Hill, Mr. Prevost, Mr. Burns, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Foster, Mr. Clough, Miss Sears, Dr. Brown, Mr. Cooper, Mrs. Millan, Mrs. Blanchard. Another mass meeting first Sunday in July. Mediums assisting: Dr. Clough, Mr. Hill, Mrs. Millan, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Hall, soloist. A birthday anniversary of Mrs. Wilkinson consisting of an entertainment and dance Tuesday evening, May 31, in Pilgrim Hall, 694 Washington Street.—Reporter.

First Spiritualist Church, Inc., America Hall, Washington Street, Sunday, May 23.—Rev. Clara E. Strong. Meetings all well attended. Morning, topic, "David and Goliath." Mr. Mason and Dr. Ellis, Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Nutter and others assisted. Afternoon service, topic, "Daniel in the Lion's Den." Speakers, Mrs. Strong, Mr. Mason and Miss Strong, and Mrs. Cutter. Evening topic, 1 Cor. xiii, spoken by Mr. Mason, Mr. Graham and Miss Strong. Spirit communications and full names were then given by Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Morgan. Mr. Van Vleck in "Mottoes on the Wall" and Bertha Van Vleck in "Like the Stars from Heaven Falling" were heard with great pleasure, as was also the instrumental work of Miss Packer and Mr. Bowens.—A. M. Strong, clerk.

General.

Fitchburg, Mass., May 22d.—Rev. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday. Mrs. Ruth A. Swift of Haverhill was, by reason of sickness, unable to be present. There was a good attendance at each service. Mrs. Yeaw's addresses, "The Sacredness of Mediumship" and "The Religion of Spiritualism" were most ably presented. Mrs. M. A. Beams of Medford, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.—Dr. C. L. Fox, president.

Greenfield, Mass., May 18th.—There is a very healthy growing interest in progressive religious thought in this little conservative town among the hills. Largely owing to the efficient and devoted efforts of the president, Mr. R. F. Churchell, whose work is an inspiration and example to us all, the Greenfield Spiritualist Society has been favored the past year with gifted platform speakers, who have both the ability to instruct and to interest an audience. The attendance at these meetings has steadily increased until the hall is taxed to more than its capacity. Sunday evening, May 8th, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding gave a lecture brimming with instruction and food for thought, also a number of spirit messages which were recognized. May 15th Mrs. Kate R. Stiles spoke to us, choosing for her subject, "Twentieth Century Spiritualism." There was a large number present who listened with intense interest to the discourse, which was so eloquent and convincing that all went away feeling that they had received an inflow of truth both comforting and lasting. The musical talent secured is the best the town affords. At our last meeting Handel's beautiful sacred song, "Angels ever bright and fair," was sung, also a song by Mr. Cleveland, of Boston, and choice piano selections were also given. This is a point that our society considers most important—choice and appropriate music as a part of its religious services. Much could be written on this subject in general. The power and influence of music as a factor in arousing and fostering religious sentiment, and in the promotion of spiritual growth.

We are nearing the end of our meetings for the season, but are planning for an auspicious opening in the fall, when we intend to buckle on the armor anew, and with fresh courage and strength, work for the advancement of the truth that shall make us free.—L. Clark, cor. sec.

Malden, Mass., Progressive Spiritual Society, Sunday, May 15th.—Meetings for the day well attended. Class at 3 p. m. for heal-

ing, development and readings, had many good mediums present. Mrs. Morton and her guide, "Morning Dew," gave fine messages from spirit life. Mr. Goddu, a song in foreign tongue, very good. "Golden Hair" was with us and did her work in her own sweet way. "Prairie Flower" also gave fine readings. Our floral offerings were both numerous and beautiful, given by our people, and as Mr. Redding has abolished the collection box, takes no floral collection or any other, they were much appreciated. Evening session opened with some service from our new books. Scripture reading and remarks by our president, Harvey Redding. "Cyrus" gave a poem entitled "Oh! Zion," which was well rendered. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Stiles were with us and were greeted with applause. They both gave remarkable messages to many. Mr. J. S. Milton's solo was delivered with much feeling. Alice M. Whall and her guide, "Twilight," did excellent work, as usual. Mrs. G. B. Mosler also gave fine delineations. Indian control, "Big Dog," gave full names. The Banner of Light on sale at all our meetings. Strawberry supper, Friday, May 27th, at the hall, from 6 to 7:30 p. m.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

New York, May 4th, First Association of Spiritualists.—After a most prosperous season, lasting since October 1st, 1903, this association will hold its closing meetings on Sunday next, 29th inst., to resume them on the first Sunday in October. Too much cannot be said in praise of the conscientious work done for the spirit world by Miss Margaret Gaule, who has faithfully stood at her post during every Sunday of her engagement, bringing comfort to the afflicted and healing balm to countless sorrowing hearts, proving that their loved ones still live, and can, though unseen, watch over them as of yore. What grander or more blessed gift can be bestowed upon mortals than this positive knowledge of communication between the two worlds? From time to time during the past eight months our platform has been visited by Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, who is always a welcome guest, and to whom we tender grateful thanks for many favors. Since our last notice to the "Banner," our people have had an opportunity to extend a welcome to our friend and brother, J. F. Morse, of London, Eng. Owing to illness J. F. was unable to be present, a matter of deep regret to me. But we were glad of the occasion to introduce him to our audience once again. On the first Sunday in October we shall reopen the meetings, and Miss Gaule will, after her summer's rest, continue to minister to our spiritual needs. The notice will be given of place of meeting, and any other items that may be of interest. I tender the best of good wishes to the "Banner" and its readers and remain ever fraternally,—Marie J. Fitz-Maurice, sec.

Norwich, Conn., Sunday, May 15th.—G. W. Kates and wife held meetings Sunday in the Spiritualists' Academy on Park street.

Mrs. Kates gave a fluent and eloquent address at the morning session upon "Lo, the Stone was Rolled Away." She referred to the rolling away of the stone before the tomb of Jesus and said all barriers to human knowledge of life beyond the grave were being removed. But there are stones blocking human pathways that must be removed, until we shall not have crime, misery and decrepitude that now runs riot. She pleaded for a moral development of humanity, first by the law of heredity, and then by Christian humanism, instead of the barbarism that now characterizes civilization. She said that war is a degrading condition and until we could abolish it in our national life we would have no right to call ourselves Christians.

Mr. Kates addressed the evening meeting upon "Surprises After Death." His text was: "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be shown." (Matt. 10:26.) He referred to Jesus telling the woman of Samaria all things of her life, and said it was the revelation of the soul to the psychic man, proving that we cannot hide our sins and that they will all be revealed. If we are not able to sense these things here on earth we shall all know each other and be known as we know ourselves when we enter the spirit life. The speaker said that mind, spirit and soul never die—and thus the ego carries memory as well as the tablets of record.

Death is never absolute—for the process we call death is but physical evolution. Some will be surprised that they live—others that it is natural; for there is nothing supernatural. Heaven and hell are conditions of the soul, and not environments places will surprise many. To meet all who are gone before will bring its surprises—good or bad—and the reunions will be according to assimilation. Occupations will be necessary labors to undo wrongs and to achieve a continued progress. The maimed, the deformed, the blind, the deaf, the deformed, will each and all be surprised to inherit and unfold release from these misfortunes. The young child will mature and the old person physically grow into the youthful embodiment that God and nature provides. But errors of life on earth will tarnish the soul and we must labor for aeons, perhaps, to wash away the effects. Our increased responsibility will be the most fearful surprise of all. "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." The old apostle realized the law of eternal rewards and punishments. Drummond said: "The spiritual world is simply the outermost segment, circle or circles of the natural world." Kant said: "The other world is not another place, but another view." Paul said: "Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet." All that is Spiritualism.

Mrs. Kates followed with some spirit messages and descriptions that were clear and accurate.—The Bulletin, Norwich, Conn.

Campmeeting News.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

In my recent article about our summer convocation, in which I gave the names of speakers and mediums, I omitted the name of Mr. Roy S. Thompson, of Brooklyn, who will lecture on the afternoon of August 22d. Mr. Thompson is a comparatively new worker in the ranks, but his lectures given before our association a year ago fully warranted his re-engagement this season.

The bridge between the old grounds and the Highlands was finished last week and is a credit to the place. The erection of this handsome and substantial structure is due entirely to the generosity of less than 25 good friends of the camp who donated money enough to cover the entire expense.

Cottages are renting rapidly and probably by the middle of June it will be hard to find one to let.

Among the early arrivals are Mrs. Josephine Haslam and son, Mrs. and Miss Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Barron, George Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Randall, who are erecting a new cottage, and Mr. and Mrs. Fremont who have bought the Harvey cottage and are making extensive repairs; Mrs. J. A. Steele, Mrs. John Johnson and Miss Edna Johnson, Mrs. H. E. King, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Woodbury, and Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Blinn.

Mr. Phillip Yeaton will arrive on May 25th and will open the Lake Pleasant Hotel for guests on June 1st.

Our old workers, one by one, are passing away. Last month we were saddened by the loss of our energetic director, David P. Barber, whose transition will make a vacancy in our board hard to fill; and on May 11th came the news that Mrs. Marilla Knapp (who for fifteen years has been a cottage owner at Lake Pleasant, and an active supporter of the camp), had passed away at her home in Norwich, Vt., the day before. Mrs. Knapp was a firm believer in Spiritualism and had expressed the wish that when she passed away she would like to have a Spiritualist attend her funeral. The funeral was held at Norwich on Thursday afternoon, May 12th, with the writer, assisted by Rev. N. R. Nichols, the Congregationalist minister, officiating. Mrs. Knapp will be greatly missed at the camp.

Mr. John Glickland, of Boston, has again leased the boat privilege and will be ready for business June 1st. Mr. J. R. Stratton will open the dancing pavilion July 1st.

Mr. Edward Putnam has bought the Mullana cottage on Broadway, and is making extensive improvements. Mr. Dwight Hilliard is erecting a small cottage on Turner street. Mrs. A. S. Wheeler, who bought the Knight cottage, has built a piazza on the front and side and has greatly improved its appearance. The cottages of Mr. John W. Wheeler, of Orange, and Mrs. J. V. Storrs, have been newly painted. I will be pleased to mail circulars to all who desire them, and answer inquiries as to cottages, tents or rooms.—Albert P. Blinn, sec.

61 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

Unity Camp.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association will open meetings at Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Mass., on Sunday, June 13th. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock and other good speakers will be present. Services, under the direction of President Caird, will be held every Sunday at 2, 4 and 7. Some of the best speakers on the platform have been engaged. Mr. A. P. Blinn will be the speaker on June 12th; Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, June 26th; Rev. May S. Pepper, July 3d and 10th; Mrs. Kate M. Ham, July 31st; Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Aug. 7th; Mrs. Whitlock, Aug. 14th; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates, the whole month of September.

Other dates will be filled later. June 19th will be "Haverhill Day," when the "Helping Hand Association" of Haverhill, Mr. S. S. Ham, president, will visit the camp. Special cars are to be chartered and a very large delegation is expected from Haverhill. A cordial invitation is extended to all friends, from both the Lynn and the Haverhill society, to be present on that occasion. The grove will be lighted by electricity for the evening services. The music will be, as in the past, of a high order. Refreshments can be procured at the society's restaurant. There will be a test seance every Wednesday afternoon. Admittance to all services free.—Sec.

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The Ladies' Schubert Quartet having withdrawn from the Boston Spiritual Temple, are open for engagements after June 1st. The quartet can be addressed at 18 Huntington Ave., Boston. Anna L. Whitcomb, Manager. See advertisement elsewhere.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

J. H. EMERY, WHITEWATER, WIS.

Passed to the higher life on the evening of the 6th inst., from his late home in Whitewater, Wis., J. H. Emery. The subject of the notice was converted to Spiritualism upwards of thirty years ago, and from that time to the last moment of consciousness in his earthly existence, he was a faithful defender and staunch advocate of the Cause. The brother made all of the arrangements relative to the funeral exercises, which occurred on the morning of the 9th in Morris Pratt Institute Temple. The services were conducted by Rev. A. J. Weaver and the writer; beautiful vocal selections were rendered by Mrs. Sanford and a choir of young ladies—students of the Morris Pratt School. Mr. Emery belonged to the Order of Odd Fellows, the members of the Lodge and the "atobecass" attended in a body. At the conclusion of the spiritualistic service a portion of the ritualistic burial service of the Odd Fellows was read. The remains were taken to Iowa for interment. Mr. and Mrs. Emery had walked the journey of life together for nearly fifty years. It was principally through her mediumship that he was converted to a belief in Spiritualism. Together they shared its manifold blessings. She will miss his bodily presence, but she knows he is not lost to her. On the morning of the funeral, she said amid her tears to the writer, "for him, it was a happy going away. He said all his bright and cheerful before him, that his spirit friends were with him, he saw them and knew them. But in his going, what a physical loss has come to me." Yes, dear sister, but you will be made to feel his presence, and you will still walk with him. Spiritualism will prove to us, as never before, the sweet and divine comforter.—Mattie E. Hull.

HENRY DEAN ORVIS, CHURCH'S FERRY, N. D.

Passed to spirit life, at his home in Church's Ferry, N. D., May 5th, 1904, Henry Dean Orvis, of shaking palsy, aged seventy-one years, nine months and eleven days. He was one of the first of the old-time Andrew Jackson Davis Spiritualists, who never wavered in the certainty of his knowledge of the intercommunication of the two worlds.—G. O.

WILLIE F. PYE, MELROSE, MASS.

Passed to spirit life on Wednesday, May 18th, Willie F. Pye, from pneumonia. His illness lasted for six weeks. He is the son of Mrs. J. M. Pye, the well-known platform worker. The funeral was at Wyoming Cemetery on Friday afternoon, the 20th inst.—Charles H. Darborn.

Vacation Resorts in New England.

WAITING FOR HOT WEATHER.

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